

Revival 461

Chapter 461 The Danger in the Team

The situation was more complex than imagined.

It was unclear how many ghosts the Ghost Coffin could suppress. Instead, that attack had led Yang Jian to release a ghost with his own hands.

As for the nature of the ghost in the golden bottle, Yang Jian had no clue, and it hadn't revealed itself even after being released.

He speculated that the released ghost might be hiding in the third layer of the Ghost Domain like the Ghost Hand, invisible to ordinary ghost controllers who relied on sight, which was why he hadn't seen any trace of the ghost from the bottle.

Perhaps that ghost was lurking among the five of them.

But it didn't matter anymore.

As long as the Ghost Candle didn't go out, they could continue to attract the ghosts from the Ghost Coffin and use the coffin to suppress the unknown ghost.

Now, they needed to find a way to meet up with the remaining people and look for a way to escape.

The longer they stayed here, the more dangerous it became.

"Follow me and be careful. The ghosts here have undergone some sort of unforeseen change. Wang Jiang's attack is the best example. Don't rely too much on the rule that sticking together will keep you safe. Moreover, there might be another ghost hidden among us. But right now, you're not being suppressed. In a critical moment, you can use the power of your fierce ghosts to save your lives. That's all I can do."

Yang Jian looked at the empty soul bottle, gritted his teeth, gathered himself, then picked up the Ghost Candle and started to act.

This action plan was far from perfect, fraught with grave danger, but at least it was certain that the ghosts in the Ghost Coffin had not continued their killings. They had managed to delay their total annihilation.

This time was their final hope.

Whether they could leave this place alive depended on the actions to come.

"Yang Jian, are you sure this is okay?"

Zhang Lei asked with some uncertainty, "What if the ghost you released is taken away by the Ghost Coffin? The balance among us might be disrupted."

"We can't worry about that now. I can't control the entire situation alone. As it stands, this is the best I can do," Yang Jian said. "At least we have lit the Ghost Candle and haven't been attacked by the ghosts from the Ghost Coffin, which means the plan has mostly been completed."

"In a paranormal situation, no one can guarantee that everything is under control. I am just a human, not a god. Besides, what's the point in being picky at this stage? As you've seen, the moment I did not increase the number of ghosts, we were immediately attacked."

"This indicates that the number of ghosts currently suppressed is nine. If it kills just one more person, just one more, we will all perish because we have reached our limit."

At these words, a chill ran down everyone's spine.

They realized just how perilous their situation was. If the Ghost Candle had been lit a moment later, and the ghost took that opportunity to kill again, they would lose any chance of survival.

Now they had the chance to live and possibly turn the situation around. Even if it meant taking some risks, it was worth it.

There was nothing to criticize.

"Let's move, Yang Jian. Even if the ghost you released attacks us, we'll find a way to fend it off," Wang Jiang said, having just calmed down a bit. The thought of a ghost possibly infiltrating their group had sent shivers down his spine.

However, the ghosts lurking in the darkness outside were even more terrifying, so they had no choice but to continue on the path with the ghosts.

As for whether they could survive, he had no idea; he only knew that he was not dead yet, and he would live for as long as possible.

"You're right. At this point, we can't expect too much. You've done very well. If it were me, I'd already be dead. We still have a chance, don't give up, we'll definitely find a way to get out of here," another ghost controller expressed understanding.

Doubts dispelled, ready for a do-or-die struggle.

Thereupon, the group continued to advance.

With Yang Jian leading at the front, everyone else groped their way forward in the dark, continuing to search for traces of the others in the training base shrouded by darkness.

The flame of the Ghost Candle in Yang Jian's hand flickered, as a cold and gloomy aura enveloped them, causing chilling sensations throughout.

There were even times when he could smell a faint stench of decay nearby, and occasionally, he could catch glimpses of strange figures darting past the edges of his vision.

Ghosts were lingering all around them.

The Ghost Candle served as a guide light, while they were bait.

Together, the two attracted the terrifying ghost firmly to their vicinity, preventing it from leaving to kill others.

However, the risk of group extermination was taken just for this step of the plan; at least two more steps were needed to completely escape the danger and leave this place.

What dangers these would involve, nobody knew.

"My arm is gradually losing sensation, as if it has been eroded by a Ghost Hand," Yang Jian noted while walking that since the Headless Ghost Shadow forcibly replaced his arm with a ghost hand, his entire arm had become numb.

It had no sense of touch, no awareness of coldness or heat, nor pain, but strangely, it could still move freely.

Moreover, after the ghost hand had been attached, the innate urge of the Headless Ghost Shadow to replace bodies subsided.

Yang Jian knew that this innate urge of the Headless Ghost Shadow was only temporarily quelled because his body had become more ghostly, and his physical deterioration had partially 'improved,' so the urge had disappeared.

But such arbitrary body exchange could easily disrupt his own balance, leading to even more severe problems.

"No matter how bad my own situation is at this time, I can't care about it; if we can't survive, nothing matters," he said with a grim expression.

He felt that if he made another mistake today, he might truly die here.

The ghosts here were too terrifying, leaving him feeling profoundly powerless.

An inescapable supernatural occurrence was very likely to cause despair.

In the midst of his continued action,

The meeting back at headquarters was still ongoing.

After Wang Xiaoming had spoken with Yang Jian, he returned to the conference room and forthrightly arranged a task, "The situation with Yang Jian is worse than we imagined. If we don't do something, everyone in the training base will die there."

"The situation has been stabilized by Yang Jian for now. He has gathered four exorcists around him, barely maintaining a state of not being alone, temporarily safe."

"He won't be safe for long. Once the ghost kills the remaining exorcists, ramping up the number it suppressed, they will once again be in an isolated state, and this supernatural event will remain unsolvable," a young man named Jang Shangbai said with an unsightly expression; "So, Professor Wang, I still propose my previous suggestion."

"We should form a team and take out the Coffin Nail that restricts the Hungry Ghost. I am willing to lead a team personally to nail that thing down and resolve this S-grade Ghost Envoy incident."

Everyone present was a top exorcist, each controlling two or even three ghosts.

With team coordination, of course, they wouldn't be in a lone state.

And with someone in control of the Ghost Domain using the Coffin Nail like Yang Jian, they could possibly recreate the scenario that unfolded in Dachang City, effortlessly subduing the ghost known as the Ghost Envoy.

Jang Shangbai was confident enough to take on this matter because he knew, under permissible conditions, he could do as well as Yang Jian had before.

Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua fell into contemplation.

If the situation continued to develop, he would have to consider implementing Jang Shangbai's plan.

"I oppose implementing this plan at this time."

However, at this moment, a female ghost-controlling character wearing a headscarf spoke in a clear, cold voice, "The most urgent task right now is to figure out a way to rescue Yang Jian, not to consider the next step of action. If we implement your plan, it would be equivalent to directly giving up on everyone at the training base."

"Right now, we should prioritize rescuing people. We can discuss subsequent actions later."

"Tong Qian? You, a newcomer, don't yet have a clear understanding of the situation. You don't know that it's already too late to save the people at the training base," Jang Shangbai glanced at her and said. "Supernatural events are not like fires that can be extinguished by dispatching personnel to rescue the injured. If the method is wrong, going to support is seeking death. We need to learn to cut losses, not send people to their meaningless deaths."

Tong Qian ignored him and turned to say, "Professor Wang, do you have any good ideas?"

The others fell silent and looked at Wang Xiaoming again.

"I spoke with Yang Jian over the phone, and he told me something," Wang Xiaoming said placidly and indifferently, "The Ghost Coffin in the laboratory is still there; this piece of information is key."

"Is this ghost, code-named Ghost Envoy, the Ghost Coffin itself, or a ghost from within the Ghost Coffin? Now that the Ghost Coffin and the ghost are separated, it seems they are not one entity. If they are not one, then what significance does the current Ghost Coffin hold?"

"Has the Ghost Coffin lost its supernatural power and degenerated into a regular coffin, or does it still... have some kind of connection with the ghost?"

"I need to go to the laboratory to personally study the Ghost Coffin again. This might provide some help in the current situation. However, the training base is very close to the laboratory, so this trip might be a little dangerous."

At that moment, Tong Qian immediately stood up and said, "I will accompany Professor Wang on this trip. With me there, you won't be in any danger."

"How is one person enough? Count me in," Feng Quan said while smoking.

"Protecting Professor Wang is my duty. I will escort him to the laboratory to retrieve the Ghost Coffin," Li Jun, who had been silent, also spoke up.

Yet Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua suddenly spoke, "I, as the Deputy Minister, might as well make a decision for you now. This time I plan to have you all act together. Everyone present who can control at least two ghosts will escort Professor Wang to the laboratory. We must not only retrieve the Ghost Coffin but also take other important things from the laboratory."

"If we can find a way to resolve the supernatural event, that would be best. If not, at the very least, we should reduce our losses to a minimum and ensure that the impact of the Ghost Envoy incident does not spread."

A group operation?

Everyone was taken aback for a moment.

One by one, the top ghost-controlling characters from Dachang City had arrived to attend the meeting, for example, Tong Qian, as well as another person in charge from J City, Gao Ming.

These were Dachang City's top ghost-controlling characters.

Having these dozen or so people work together was unprecedented.

"If anyone disagrees, please voice your concerns," Cao Yanhua said again.

"I have no objections."

"I don't either."

"Getting a glimpse of this S-class supernatural event is interesting. Since the Deputy Minister has given the orders, naturally we shall follow," Jang Shangbai suddenly smiled, not saying anything more this time.

He understood the Deputy Minister's intention.

Pooling wisdom to gauge the severity of the event.

If this group of top ghost-controlling characters couldn't resolve the issue, chances were high—80 percent—that his plan would be used.

"Since everyone agrees, then let's set off," Li Jun said seriously.

The whole conference room was enveloped in a layer of blue-green light, and everything around it appeared particularly eerie and strange.

He had activated the Ghost Domain, directly intending to take everyone to the location of the laboratory.

As someone who had escaped from the laboratory, Li Jun was especially familiar with that place, so he was the most suited to lead the way.

The eerie blue-green light flickered like a faulty electric light.

In the conference room, except for Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua, everyone disappeared on the spot.

If it weren't for his being the Deputy Minister, regularly exposed to supernatural events, any ordinary person would have certainly died of fright in such a situation.

However, no matter what decisions were made at headquarters, at least for the time being, for those ensnared in darkness at the training base, like Yang Jian and the others, any form of support was not very realistic.

They, could only rely on themselves.

But although they couldn't be supported, it was still possible to provide some help with information.

"Yang Jian, there's news. That Qian Yi is still alive; he wants to convene with us. There's already his location on the phone, right in front of us, about five hundred meters away," Huang Ziya suddenly said while vigilantly monitoring her phone.

She had located a living signal source.

Through the information at headquarters, it had been confirmed that this signal source belonged to Qian Yi.

A ghost-controlling character like them, participating in the training.

"Qian Yi? That bastard's still alive?" Yang Jian paused slightly as he moved ahead, his voice exceptionally cold.

"Did he offend you? You seem to really dislike him," Zhang Lei asked.

Huang Ziya explained, "Earlier in the dormitory building, Qian Yi actively contacted me and Yang Jian. He asked us to meet him at the second-floor corridor. As a result, he deceived us. He told us to wait there for him, but he ran away and turned off his phone, blocking the signal. Otherwise, our meeting with you all could have been earlier."

"If it weren't for his delay, I might have been able to save a Ghost Candle, and even the ghost might not have grown so fast," Yang Jian said coldly. "Now that he can't get out of this training base, he knows to turn on his phone to contact us?"

Zhang Lei said, "Although what he did was excessive and could even kill all of us, at times like these, we should put aside some of our grievances and focus on finding a way out first."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered; he was unwilling to swallow this anger.

But Zhang Lei wasn't wrong; finding any people to team up with now was challenging.

Finding a surviving ghost-controlling character meant increasing their chances of survival. If one more died, they would be one step closer to annihilation.

"Let's meet up with him first."

Yang Jian fell silent, then abruptly stated.

"That's right," Zhang Lei nodded. "We'll teach him a lesson later."

And while they spoke,

In the darkness nearby, the sound of heavy footsteps followed them like a shadow, never leaving their side.

Moreover, a chilling presence lingered, hidden among the team.

Chapter 462 460: The Perilous Convergence

Yang Jian, holding a Ghost Candle in the darkness, moved forward with the others closely following, ready to rendezvous with a lone ghost controller named Qian Yi through positioning.

Yet, due to a mishap in their previous actions, a great potential danger had emerged.

A ghost, invisible, had possibly infiltrated their team.

The certainty that the ghost was among them stemmed from the enduring flame of the Ghost Candle in Yang Jian's hand; since the candle had not been extinguished, the ghost could not stray far from their group—it was surely nearby.

The ghost within the Ghost Coffin of the dark stalker five meters away.

Within and without, a ghost was following them all the way.

One might say that every step forward was filled with danger and despair.

However, Yang Jian had barely managed to maintain a fragile balance.

The number of ghosts among their team surpassed the enemy's; they were not isolated and thus far had avoided casualty—this was the only piece of good news.

However, as the operation proceeded, the hidden ghost within the team was likely to begin killing at any moment.

It was a matter of who would be unfortunate enough to meet the conditions required by the ghost to kill.

Similarly, no one knew the pattern of the ghost's killings within the team.

But Yang Jian was certain that the ghost he'd released did not indiscriminately kill; it was supposed to attack only those who met certain conditions, and this judgement seemed to be quite stringent—for despite there being five people together, none had been attacked.

For now, they could not concern themselves with the ghost within their team, and they even needed this infiltrating ghost to continue following them along their path.

After all, what lurked outside was even more terrifying.

The Ghost Candle in his hand kept burning; Yang Jian dared not let it be extinguished, for only while the flame continued to burn could they ensure this fragile equilibrium would be maintained.

The group advanced with caution, each person tense and sweating profusely.

Fear and death lingered close by; they understood their plight—should another accident occur, they would all perish here, with no chance for a turnaround.

And Yang Jian was no different.

The resources in his hands had almost been depleted.

The plan regarding the human skin paper, the red and white Ghost Candles, the sealed Ghost Hand, the unknown ghost within the golden bottle, the imminent revival of the Ghost Eye, the lose of control of the Headless Ghost Shadow, the potential hidden hazard within himself... Yang Jian had utilized all the means at his disposal.

Had it not been for his shrewdness and thorough preparation before coming to J city, he would not have made it this far.

But after striving until now, Yang Jian had nothing left; he did not even know whether he would be able to survive what was to come.

Maybe this was the end of his life, dying like the others in this paranormal event.

Or perhaps he could struggle forward, enduring just a bit longer.

A distance of five hundred meters was not far.

As they proceeded with extreme caution to avoid any mistakes, their pace was slow.

During this time, Yang Jian did not stop thinking.

He was still making efforts.

But this paranormal event seemed unsolvable; the limited information and means available could not sustain his survival—it was not a matter of intelligence, but rather that Yang Jian had no room for error.

"Can you give me any other plan?" Yang Jian pulled out the human skin paper again, looking at it as he unfolded it with one hand.

The writing on it had not vanished and was still that outdated plan.

However, there was no longer any chance of success for this plan—he had borrowed parts of it to extend his survival time, but it did not solve the fundamental problem.

"You once swallowed a ghost in Huanggang Village... Can you now swallow the ghost inside this Ghost Coffin?" Yang Jian asked in a low voice after a moment of silence.

In addition to revealing some dreadful information, the human skin paper was suspected of possessing the ability to devour ghosts.

But this ability had manifested only once.

After that, due to his apprehension, Yang Jian did not let the human skin paper come into contact with any ghost to prevent accidents.

No information appeared on the human skin paper; it seemed to choose silence as well.

"Not possible?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "Right, the ghosts here can suppress the existence of at least nine ghosts. Whether human skin paper is a ghost or not, it has to be suppressed. That ghost had contact with the human skin paper before, and nothing happened—it showed how naive my idea was."

If the human skin paper could swallow this ghost, he would use it without hesitation.

As for any terrifying changes that might occur later, that was beyond his concern.

"My name is Yang Jian, and by the time you read this, I will have died..." While Yang Jian was deep in random thoughts, the writing that was previously on the human skin paper disappeared, and then a sentence emerged anew.

Just like the usual opening, there was no change.

But Yang Jian pulled back his train of thought, focusing on what followed the sentence.

"I attempted to use a special method; though the progress wasn't perfect, I maintained a fragile balance, which bought me precious time for survival. But the true danger had just begun. As I proceeded with the Ghost Candle attracting the ghosts to follow, another ghost controller started to converge with me."

The writing emerged, each stroke carefully scripted, seemingly conveying information from three minutes into the future.

"Once I rendezvous with the other ghost controller, it might break free from the attraction of the Ghost Candle and turn to attack that controller. If successful, the number of ghosts will be reversed, the balance will be broken, and we will all die here..."

"Damn it," Yang Jian found himself wanting to curse at that moment.

The moment they would converge with Qian Yi was when danger would surge.

They could possibly be wiped out on the spot.

With this thought, Yang Jian couldn't help but come to a halt.

The 500-meter distance wasn't towards the direction of hope, but the entrance to hell itself.

Yet, the information on the human skin parchment didn't stop, but continued to write, "For me at that time, that one contact was the only chance to survive. I realized that the ghost's growth had become irreversible, but hidden within that ghost was the hope for survival."

"I had to take advantage of that attack to make the first move, to remove something from the ghost's body. If I could succeed, not only could I reduce the ghost's number, but I might also be able to initiate the next step in the escape plan. Remember, you can only reduce the number of ghosts, don't attempt to imprison them, or else the ferocious ghost will be revived, and all efforts will be in vain."

Below the writing was a pattern.

This pattern was a diamond shape, but Yang Jian immediately understood what it was.

The Coffin Nail artificially made by Wang Xiaoming.

He had spoken to Wang Xiaoming on the phone before, and this thing had fallen into the hands of this ghost, which is why from the start this ghost had the capability to suppress three other ghosts.

"Reduce the number of ghosts, find the balance again, take away this Coffin Nail, alter the ghost's memory, make the ghost misjudge its own number, and then split into two groups, light the Ghost Candles..."

All the information linked together in Yang Jian's mind, forming a new plan.

This was also the ultimate plan that the human skin parchment wanted to reveal.

But leaving this place was still in question.

However, the human skin parchment had one last phrase to reveal: Behind the ghost lies the path to life.

Huh?

Yang Jian stared intently at the last sentence, unable to comprehend its meaning, but the parchment revealed information about a path to life. Could this mean that if their plan succeeded, they really could leave this place alive?

After all, the parchment had never lied.

"Yang Jian, Qian Yi's signal is just ahead, about fifty meters away," Huang Ziya suddenly interrupted Yang Jian's further contemplation.

"So soon?" Yang Jian snapped his head up.

He had clearly slowed his pace, even stopped; it shouldn't be possible to converge with Qian Yi so quickly.

Right.

He almost forgot, the positioning was mutual; just because his side's convergence was slow didn't mean that Qian Yi wouldn't actively run over to this side.

But Qian Yi probably didn't know that the moment he converged, he would be the first to suffer an attack from the ferocious ghost.

And once the ferocious ghost succeeded, the balance of Yang Jian's team would also be shattered.

The dangerous situation mentioned on the parchment was about to occur.

He didn't even have time to prepare.

No.

There was no need to prepare anymore.

Yang Jian immediately put away the parchment and turned back with a grave voice, "Everyone, be careful. Qian Yi will be attacked by the ghost as he converges with us, and that moment will be our last chance."

"What?"

The others were collectively startled.

"There's no time to explain, I'll try to dismember that ghost later and to reduce its number, but during the contact with the ghost, there might be some uncontrollable changes. If I'm not attacked, all the better, but if I am, you'll have to block the ghost's attack for me."

Yang Jian gritted his teeth, "If I die, everything is meaningless, but if I live, you all have a chance to leave this place."

"Can this work? Facing that ghost head-on? Don't we have no way to contain the ghost? It will launch a second wave of attacks." Zhang Lei said, sounding slightly anxious.

"We must do it, and we have to act before Qian Yi is attacked and killed. Otherwise, if the ghost gets hold of what's within Qian Yi's body, and if the number of ghosts it suppresses reaches 10, we're done for," Yang Jian said.

Right now, their numbers had the advantage, but if they failed to converge with Qian Yi, then the ghosts would have the advantage.

Absolute suppression would take place, disabling all of their ghost master abilities, and they would become ordinary people.

That would be a certain death scenario.

Without waiting for others to respond, Qian Yi's signal overlapped with Yang Jian's.

They were less than ten meters apart.

However, Yang Jian's line of sight was limited to five meters; anything further, and he could only discern a vague outline.

He stared intently around him, scanning the area.

As expected.

A human silhouette was approaching from ahead, heading in his direction.

Was it Qian Yi?

Yang Jian's expression remained calm, despite this guy having messed up his affairs, he couldn't die yet – at least not now.

But just as Qian Yi's silhouette began to appear in his field of vision, another large, rigid human silhouette was quickly moving towards him from the darkness.

The target had indeed changed.

The allure of the Ghost Candle was now at a disadvantage, with a lone person coming so close to the ghost, the ghost's actions had recovered.

"Follow me."

Yang Jian simply roared, and immediately charged into the darkness towards the two merging silhouettes.

Life or death would be decided by this encounter.

Chapter 463 461 Terrifying Contact

Qian Yi, advancing through the darkness, was still unaware that the moment he would meet up with Yang Jian, he would enter the range of a ghost attack.

All he knew was that it was impossible to leave the training base now and according to the killing pattern of the ghosts here, being alone was extremely dangerous. He had to find enough teammates to group up with in order to survive.

After learning that Yang Jian hadn't died in the dorm building, and that he had gathered several Ghost Handlers to survive with him, Qian Yi had complicated feelings.

Because he had deceived this Ghost Eye, Yang Jian.

In Qian Yi's opinion, such deception wasn't a big deal, as long as he could stay alive and leave. Whether Yang Jian lived or died didn't matter much to him.

However, now,

Qian Yi started to worry. How would he explain the previous incident after meeting up with Yang Jian?

"I've looked into Yang Jian's file and some intelligence reports. He's not an easy person to deal with. Once he gets ruthless, no one can stop him, and if it weren't for special reasons, I really wouldn't want to meet up with this Yang Jian at all. Who knows if he would kill me when we meet?"

Qian Yi was restless in his heart.

For a Ghost Handler, death was a daily occurrence. If they truly wanted to kill a few people, it would be as simple as eating and drinking.

However, Qian Yi found the ghosts here even more frightening than Yang Jian.

Interacting with Yang Jian might not necessarily lead to death, and there might be a chance to communicate, but with ghosts, you wouldn't even get the chance to talk before being killed on the spot.

In order to survive, Qian Yi had to bite the bullet and meet up with Yang Jian, hoping the man would think of the bigger picture and not take action against him. After all, now was the time to stick together for warmth. Fighting among themselves would only lead to a quicker demise.

"He shouldn't be someone without rationality. Since I've decided, there's no time for further considerations. I need to hurry up and meet up. I feel like something's getting more and more wrong around here..." Qian Yi checked the location information on his phone. Despite the surrounding darkness, he moved quickly.

"Yang Jian and the others are right ahead; we're about to meet up."

Seeing that the signals had overlapped, he became somewhat excited.

Once they met up, he could finally take a breathe, no longer needing to worry about being killed by a vengeful ghost for the moment.

However, at that moment, he realized that the darkness around him was permeated by a faint stench of decay, and a heavy, urgent set of footsteps emerged nearby.

A cold breath accompanied the darkness, penetrating the air and causing one's hair to stand on end and the body to tremble.

Qian Yi's face suddenly changed, and he turned his head sharply to look around.

He saw nothing.

"Yang Jian, is that you?" he called out into the darkness, halting his step.

His voice trembled slightly, betraying an inexplicable fear.

Something was wrong, terribly wrong.

The abnormalities around him and the instincts of a Ghost Handler sent him a very dangerous signal... Perhaps, the real ghost was right nearby.

"Could I be this unlucky, to have a problem at this critical moment?" Qian Yi was sweating profusely as he looked at his phone.

In the darkness, the phone still emitted a faint glow, enough to see the screen, but this light didn't carry far. The darkness swallowed everything within half a meter, so he had to hold it very close to see clearly.

The phone's screen displayed a signal source.

This signal source had already overlapped with the signal on Qian Yi's phone, meaning Yang Jian and the others were nearby, as the location's margin of error wouldn't be more than ten meters.

"Could the footsteps just now have been Yang Jian and his group?"

Qian Yi wondered if he was scaring himself; maybe there were no ghosts at all, and it was just Yang Jian and his group who happened to brush past him in the darkness.

Although a bit naïve, this was not impossible.

Qian Yi didn't dare to stop. He had to keep moving. If he did, he might run into Yang Jian and his group. If he could meet up with them, he might survive this crisis.

But just as he was about to move,

The light from the phone screen suddenly dimmed, and a stiff, darkened hand emerged from the darkness, covering the phone screen.

The only sliver of faint light was snuffed out.

At the same time, a cold breath with a faint smell of decay enveloped him, and although he couldn't see clearly what was in front of him, Qian Yi could distinctly feel that a person was standing eerily in front of him, blocking his path and seemingly waiting for him there.

"Ghost!"

Qian Yi shuddered, and a word filled with fear appeared in his mind.

Standing in front of him couldn't possibly be a human, even if Yang Jian's signal was nearby.

Without any hesitation, he turned and ran.

No matter if he could escape or not, it was the only thing he could do at the moment.

However, it was clearly unrealistic to think of running away after being targeted by a ghost.

In an instant, Qian Yi felt as if a pair of hands were tightly choking his neck, a strong sensation of suffocation overwhelmed him, and a terrifying force came from the darkness, lifting him up into the air.

He struggled violently, instinctively reaching for his neck.

Qian Yi felt an old, worn hemp rope, coarse and chilling, akin to the kind used for hangings in the past.

An instinctive desire to use his own ghostly power to resist surged within him.

But his inner ghost seemed to be completely silent, as if it had disappeared, with no response at all, making him feel like he had suddenly become an ordinary person.

"Is it the ghost that wants to kill me, or does Yang Jian want to kill me?" Qian Yi's tongue was almost forced out by the choking, his face turning red, and he recognized the rope around his neck.

It had been used by Yang Jian at Ping'an Hotel, to trap a person who was about to have a ghostly resurgence.

However, his thoughts were not important.

Right near him, a pair of stiff, ice-cold, and darkened palms emerged from the darkness, tore his clothes, and forced their way into his flesh and blood... searching for something inside his body.

And this seemingly random search was already tearing his body apart, twisting his bones, causing him immense pain.

"Gah..."

Qian Yi's body trembled violently, he spat out blood from his mouth, his eyes bulging as he made a difficult sound, unable to resist this desperate terror.

"Damn it."

However, just as he was on the verge of death, an extremely anxious voice rose from the darkness, tinged with some astonishment and anger.

Qian Yi seemed to hear the voice, and with difficulty turned his head in the direction from which it came.

He saw nothing in the darkness, just a flickering flame.

The flame was also black, but the black twisted and danced, and one could faintly make out a contour.

At that moment.

Yang Jian was holding the Ghost Candle, he and the others had hurried to Qian Yi's side.

Within a radius of five meters, he could see everything around him.

Qian Yi, suspended in mid-air as if about to be flayed by the ghost, and the true appearance of that ghost.

At that moment, the ghost, with its back to Yang Jian, had the appearance of a normal human, donned in a tattered shirt, the fabric filthy and blackened with thick bloodstains that were putrid, emitting a stench akin to that of a corpse, and its exposed hands and feet were stiff and dark.

Like a body that had been left somewhere for a long time and was in a state of being about to decay but had not yet decayed.

Yang Jian knew that the ghost's current appearance was that of the necromancer called Wei Jing.

A failed experiment, the corpse of the deceased Wei Jing had been taken over by a ghost from the Ghost Coffin, turning it into a shell, or rather, a vessel for the ghost.

This appearance did not matter.

Because if anyone destroyed Wei Jing's corpse, then the ghost from the Ghost Coffin would appear in another form and start a second attack.

Despite being prepared, confronting the fierce ghost directly still made Yang Jian apprehensive.

But he did not hesitate one bit.

Upon seeing the ghost, he immediately charged towards it.

Because distance was the key.

If he could gather Qian Yi and the others together, the rule that one would surely die if isolated would be broken, and Qian Yi would be regarded as part of their collective.

Without retreating, Yang Jian forged ahead, and naturally, so did Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, and the other two necromancers behind him. They couldn't see what was happening around them, so even if the fierce ghost was in front of them, they would unhesitatingly move forward, not letting fear immobilize them.

It was only a matter of two or three seconds.

Yang Jian and his group neared the ghost, and also got close to Qian Yi.

What was expected happened.

Just two meters ahead, the ghost stopped its actions; it did not continue to kill Qian Yi, although he was already distorted and bleeding profusely, a step away from death, he still managed to survive.

"The 'Skin Paper' was not wrong, this is our only chance," Yang Jian realized, seeing that the ghost had halted.

He had only one opportunity to make a move.

It was at this moment, when the rules changed and the ghost paused.

This moment, his task was to reduce the ghost's powers, otherwise it would be much too difficult to find another chance once the ghost resumed its actions.

Chapter 464 462 Ghost Turns Back

Ghost Coffin's ghosts cannot be imprisoned.

Because imprisoning a ghost will trigger its second ability, similar to a reboot. The ghost will discard its identity and reappear before you under another guise.

Yang Jian had already experienced this once in Huanggang Village, so he was crystal clear about this.

Since it could not be imprisoned, what he could do was to reduce the ghost's power, decreasing the number of ghosts it could suppress from nine to six.

Only by reducing the ghost's level of terror would Yang Jian dare to proceed with the next step of his plan.

The best way to reduce the number of ghosts it could suppress was to take away the Coffin Nail left in him by Wang Xiaoming.

As for why the target was that particular Coffin Nail.

There was only one reason.

Because the Coffin Nail was made from the combination of three 'crashed' ghosts and the power of the Ghost Coffin, removing it would have no consequences. Conversely, if another ghost were to be taken, the lack of the Ghost Coffin's restraint after removal might cause it to turn and kill someone on one's own side.

"My fierce ghost abilities can still be used..."

At that moment, Yang Jian was swiftly scanning the ghost before him with his Ghost Eye.

He needed to find traces of that Coffin Nail.

It certainly wasn't true that Wang Xiaoming had just lost it; it must have been expended to delay the ghost and buy time for escape.

So it was very likely that the Coffin Nail was on the ghost's body.

"Found it."

All of a sudden.

Yang Jian saw a pitch-black mark on the ghost's shoulder, a mark that penetrated the cold corpse and seemed to extend right into its heart.

However, what made his scalp tingle was the fact that...

The form of the Coffin Nail had disappeared and the black mark that remained had merged with the ghost's flesh, indistinguishable from each other.

Had the Ghost General integrated the Coffin Nail into its own body?

Or was it the convergence of various paranormal activities that brewed this fierce ghost, plunging everyone into despair?

No time to think about that anymore.

Even if the Coffin Nail had fused into a patch of darkened flesh, Yang Jian was determined to dismember it.

With the power of the Headless Ghost Shadow, he should be able to.

He gritted his teeth, the Headless Ghost Shadow concentrated on his arm. Yang Jian did not dare to be careless; he decided to test the Ghost Hand that had previously been grafted onto his body.

The Ghost Hand, capable of remaining within the third layer of the Ghost Domain, should logically be able to invade the body of this ghost.

His pale, bloodless palm covered by a black shadow, Yang Jian immediately charged forward and grabbed at the ghost's shoulder with this hand.

The first direct contact with the fierce ghost.

The combination of Headless Ghost Shadow and Ghost Hand formed a new paranormal ability, aiming to infiltrate the ghost's body, using the Ghost Shadow's ability to graft corpses and the Ghost Hand's ability to invade the third layer of the Ghost Domain to forcefully dismember part of the ghost.

The collision of ghosts caused the surrounding environment to change.

The darkness retreated as quickly as a tide, and everything around was no longer pitch black. It was as if morning came in an instant, and a faint light from nowhere appeared, restoring everyone's visibility. Although not particularly bright, it was enough to clearly see the surroundings.

"What's happened? Is it morning?"

"No, the Ghost Domain has receded."

"The Ghost Domain hasn't receded, the distance is still engulfed in pitch darkness, it's just our location that has returned to normal, it seems like the ghost is temporarily not affecting our surroundings, could it be because we've met up with Qian Yi?"

The others were all amazed and felt that the situation must have improved.

However, when they saw the scene before them, they were terrified beyond measure.

Qian Yi's body, blood flowing freely and twisted out of shape, hung by a grass rope in mid-air, but he wasn't dead, still struggling in agony, though it was futile.

An icy, darkened corpse stood with its back to them, rigidly erect and motionless.

Yang Jian's hand, pale and bloodless, was covered by the shadow of a Ghost Shadow and startlingly sunk into the shoulder of that corpse, as if consumed, or as if he had actively reached into it.

This, this is... a ghost?

That extra, eerie corpse made everyone's scalp tingle and filled them with a chilling dread.

This scene made it clear that the Ghost Envoy almost killed Qian Yi, but Yang Jian intervened in time to block the ghost's attack.

It was indeed because of Yang Jian's intervention that part of the ghost's powers were nullified, the darkness dissipated, and they could see clearly.

"I've lost feeling in my arm, I can't control the Headless Ghost Shadow either..." Yang Jian's eyes narrowed at that moment, feeling that his entire arm no longer belonged to him, even though it had been eroded by the Ghost Hand before, it had never been immobilized like this.

Unable to move, to retract, or to continue dismembering the ghost.

This was a form of suppression.

It was also the most despair-inducing ability of this ghost, the ability to unmistakably suppress the powers of other ghosts.

But Yang Jian had already anticipated this.

He had calculated that this ghost could at most suppress nine ghosts, and now what he needed to do was to challenge the ghost's limit.

At that moment.

The true ghost seemed to react to Yang Jian's attack; it no longer just stood stiffly there, nor did it choose to leave, but instead its head began to eerily turn backward slowly with its stiff neck emitting a grating sound as if its vertebrae had already broken, but this had no effect on a ghost.

The ferocious ghost turned its head, apparently targeting Yang Jian.

This was a transformation.

Because Yang Jian had made direct contact with the ghost, the so-called principle of being isolated would be changed.

If one did not make contact with the ghost, it would assess a larger area, possibly a small region. Once Yang Jian made contact with the ghost, this three-meter assessment would disappear.

At that time, whoever touched the ghost would be in an isolated state.

Furthermore, Yang Jian was in prolonged contact, and he didn't quickly withdraw his hand after touching it.

As the ghost turned its head, Yang Jian felt that his body, especially his neck, seemed to be out of his control, twisting in a terrifying and astonishing force, unable to resist, as if his body involuntarily made that motion.

If it continued, Yang Jian felt his body would be twisted into a pretzel.

Zhang Lei, seeing this, seemed to realize something and immediately cried out in horror, "We can't let this ghost turn its head; this is another ghost master's ability called Ghost's Turn. After the ghost turns, the person behind will surely die without a doubt."

"I will block this attack."

Clamping his teeth, he rushed forward immediately.

The plan had been exactly this; Yang Jian was responsible for taking action, while the others had to withstand the ghost's attack, ensuring Yang Jian wasn't killed by the ghost during the suppression period.

If Yang Jian died, all hope would be lost.

If they could successfully withstand the attack, then they would have a chance to leave this place.

Chapter 465 462: The Man Who Eats Ghosts

After contact with a ghost, the level of danger will sharply increase because any patterns you could find before will become invalid, and the vengeful ghost might undergo some unexpected and eerie changes due to the exorcist's touch or resistance.

This change is unpredictable, and you can only rely on the ghost within your own body to fight back.

If unable to withstand it, then death is the result.

Therefore, it's easy to survive in paranormal events, but it is extremely difficult to completely imprison a ghost.

However, the ghost that Yang Jian and his team are facing is no longer a common one found in paranormal incidents, but an almost insoluble ghost, capable of annihilating any exorcist team. Surviving such an encounter is an incredible struggle.

At this moment.

Yang Jian invaded the ghost's body, trying to reduce the number of ghosts.

But his action was hindered, all the ghosts in his body were suppressed, a deadly restraint, since from now on he has become an ordinary person with no ability to resist.

Meanwhile, the ghost was not affected in the slightest and still had the ability to move and kill.

Watching the ghost, with its back to him, slowly turn its head around, Yang Jian's neck and even his entire spine seemed to be controlled somehow, also involuntarily twisting along.

His bones seemed to be forcibly turned by an invisible power, making a cracking sound, as if his whole body was about to be snapped into several pieces by the ghost using some incomprehensible curse, to be killed alive.

Yang Jian trembled all over due to the pain, with cold sweat pouring down his face.

He could actually escape.

Abandoning an arm, breaking free from the restraint, and turning to leave might allow him to temporarily steer clear of danger and preserve his life.

But Yang Jian did not do so, as doing that would eliminate any possibility of survival afterward; he had to fight.

Clearly.

At this moment, as the fierce ghost turned its head back, Yang Jian, being targeted, triggered its murder rule.

This was a new kind of eeriness, a new way of killing, and Zhang Lei had some understanding of this ghostly ability; it was not originally the ghost's, it had belonged to an exorcist named Zhao Hao.

Zhao Hao was also one of the trainees of this batch, just like them.

But now, it's clear that the exorcist Zhao Hao has died, and this ghost dubbed "Ghost Turns Back" had been seized by the ghost in the Ghost Coffin. Maybe it had already become a part of its bodily puzzle, its abilities fused into the ghost.

If that's the case, then it's terrifying.

No matter what, Zhang Lei must stop the event of Ghost Turns Back from happening.

Once the ghost's neck is fully turned to its back, one of them will surely die, and looking at the current situation, the person targeted by Ghost Turns Back is obviously Yang Jian.

At that moment, Zhang Lei clenched his teeth and charged forward, tearing open his shirt.

Below the shirt was a gaunt, sunken chest, with hardly any flesh, just a layer of greyish-brown human skin tightly clinging to the ribs as if part of a dried-up corpse, and in the middle of his sunken chest was bizarrely embedded a human head.

The head had a nose and a mouth, complete with facial features, closed eyes, in a state of decay, emitting a stench of corpse.

The others, seeing this scene, felt their eyelids twitch and their hearts were startled.

While every exorcist had their peculiarities, few were like Zhang Lei with a Dead Man's Head growing on their chest.

Without a doubt, that Dead Man's Head was the ghost on Zhang Lei.

And what was even more terrifying was that below the Dead Man's Head on Zhang Lei's chest, down his stomach, was outlined a silhouette of a torso with four limbs.

From top to bottom, the outlines of the arms, legs, and torso became from clear to blurred.

As if, that Dead Man's Head was parasitizing on Zhang Lei's body, gradually gestating a new form.

It was somewhat similar to the Hungry Ghost of Dachang City but completely different from the Hungry Ghost.

Because this ghost itself was a decaying human head.

Zhang Lei had already approached the ghost; facing the corpse that was slowly turning its head to him, he said nothing and directly pounced, holding the turning head of the corpse in his embrace.

Daring to embrace a ghost directly?

The others watched in astonishment.

Leaving everything else aside, Zhang Lei's courage indeed far exceeded that of the average person.

Actually, Zhang Lei had no choice in the matter. His handling of supernatural incidents was quite crude, simply finding the ghost and then tightly embracing it.

As long as a ghost made contact with him, the rotten Dead Man's Head that grew out of his chest would wake up and devour the ghost whole.

But this ability was very dangerous. After successfully dealing with two supernatural incidents and consuming two ghosts, the rotten Dead Man's Head on his chest had already started to outline a body. He felt that if this continued a few more times, he might give birth to a horrifying creature similar to the Hungry Ghost.

That's why he sought out Yang Jian, looking for a way to resolve his problem.

Now, the issue wasn't about worrying whether his own ghost would revive, but about withstanding the attack of this ghost.

After Zhang Lei embraced the ghost, the rotten Dead Man's Head on his chest eerily came to life at that moment, its eyelids flickered open, revealing a pair of white, slightly decayed eyes, and then its mouth opened as if to swallow the ghost he held in his arms.

Zhang Lei did not entertain the thought of swallowing this ghost entirely.

He would be satisfied to just devour the ghost's head because as long as the head was consumed, the Hungry Ghost's turning attack would be blocked, and Yang Jian would not be killed by another of the ghost's abilities.

The mouth of the rotten head grew larger and larger, as if it were connected to hell itself, capable of consuming everything.

The unnaturally stretched mouth now covered the ghost's head, forcibly swallowing the position of half of its skull.

"Crack! Crack!"

The vicious ghost turned its head, and the sound of colliding bones emanated, like a jammed spring in machinery, trying to turn completely to the back, but was blocked by the rotten head on Zhang Lei's chest.

If the ghost insisted on turning its head, it would be like delivering its own head into the mouth of the rotten head.

Which was more ferocious, the Ghost Coffin's ghost or Zhang Lei's rotten Dead Man's Head on his chest?

This was a clash between ghosts, and no one knew what the outcome would be.

"Can it be blocked?" Zhang Lei felt that the rotten head on his chest seemed to be under crushing pressure.

Even though the rotten dead head was a ghost within his body, it felt as though it was connected to his pain nerves, and as the head suffered the compression from the ghost's turning, his entire body felt as if it were being crushed, with a pain like his body was falling apart.

However, the severe pain of the body amounted to nothing in this environment. The most terrifying thing was the hopelessness of waiting to die.

And it wasn't just him suffering this torment—hadn't Yang Jian almost been killed by the ghost's turning?

"Can Zhang Lei hold on?" Wang Jiang asked with a tremble in his voice.

He wasn't unwilling to help, but he dared not act rashly, because he might very well make things worse. Also, he needed to fend off other attacks.

Previously, Yang Jian had speculated that once he made contact with the ghost, he might face more than one kind of attack.

"Don't need to help me," Zhang Lei gritted his teeth and endured the pain.

At that moment, he felt the Dead Man's Head on his chest gradually subsiding, the opened eyes closing, and the gaping mouth starting to close... and this change was irreversible, beyond his control.

The Dead Man's Head on his chest was gradually being influenced by some force, forcefully put to rest.

But likewise, the trend of the ghost's turning was also stopped.

Eventually, the ghost's neck ceased its rotation.

The dreadful attack was forcefully resisted by Zhang Lei.

This attack could only be blocked by him because inside his body were three ghosts. To subdue the Dead Man's Head on his chest, the ghost had to pay a price, and that price was the cessation of the attack and the nullification of three abilities within the ghost's body.

"Was it resisted?"

At that moment, Yang Jian felt a release throughout his body, that terrible feeling of his body being bizarrely twisted and deformed disappeared.

He glanced at Zhang Lei.

It truly was worthwhile to have used a Ghost Candle to rescue him from the hands of the ghost. If he had cherished the Ghost Candle back then and hadn't taken the risk, he would certainly be dead by now.

One wrong step could affect the entire outcome.

Looking back, Yang Jian felt it was extremely dangerous.

"I know now, I know the other part of the ghost's ability," said Zhang Lei suddenly after withstanding the attack, as if this direct confrontation helped him discover some secrets about the ghost.