

Revival 466

Chapter 466 463: The Last Ability

Zhang Lei's words immediately invigorated everyone.

He had deciphered another part of this ghost's abilities?

What was it?

Someone couldn't wait to ask, as it could relate to their ongoing survival; after all, knowing more about a ghost increased one's chances of living.

But before anyone else could ask, Zhang Lei hurriedly revealed the information he had gathered through personal attempts; "This ghost takes possession of other ghosts, and every time it takes possession of one, it gains a portion of that ghost's abilities, and its own ability to suppress other ghosts increases, but this suppression comes at a cost."

"Every time it suppresses a ghost, it loses some bizarre ability within its body. In suppressing Yang Jian, it should have lost three abilities, and in suppressing the ghost that attacked me, it lost another three abilities, so the deadly situation of the ghost turning back has been solved. If it could suppress nine ghosts, then all of the ghost's abilities would be lost."

"Without its bizarre abilities, this ghost naturally won't be able to kill anymore, and that is the real reason one won't be attacked if they don't isolate themselves."

"Another three people, Wang Jiang, Huang Ziya, come up together, and as soon as you touch this ghost's body, it means our side's number of ghosts has completely overwhelmed them, and we can fully suppress it."

Towards the end, he became somewhat excited.

This purely numerical competition, they had won; they could completely suppress this ghost, rendering its abilities in the body completely ineffective, and reducing it to an ordinary and harmless corpse.

"Is that so? That's great," Wang Jiang was incredibly excited.

Huang Ziya also felt surprised and delighted; this form of suppression meant they could confront this ghost now, without fear of being killed by it.

However, just as the three of them were getting ready to act together, Yang Jian's voice suddenly rang out.

"Stop, do you want to die together here?" Yang Jian's face contorted at that moment, "Suppress this ghost? Do you think I hadn't thought of that? I was the one who personally transported the Ghost Coffin to give to Wang Xiaoming, and I've been in contact with this ghost before. If a perfect suppression is formed, it will trigger the ghost's second ability."

"It will abandon this body and reappear under a new identity for a second wave of attacks. Thus, this is a ghost that cannot be suppressed, Zhang Lei, your method is wrong; I've risked my life to test this before."

Previously, he had repeatedly mentioned this ghost's restart-like ability.

But clearly, Zhang Lei had overlooked it.

Under such extremely dangerous circumstances, believing they had found a way out, it was all too reasonable to forget Yang Jian's previous warnings in their excitement.

But he had forgotten, Yang Jian would not; he remembered each and every detail.

"What?"

Yang Jian's shout frightened Wang Jiang and Huang Ziya, and they froze on the spot.

Zhang Lei also felt as though a bucket of cold water had been poured over him, his complexion changed dramatically, and he suddenly felt an inexplicable dread.

That's right.

How could he have forgotten about that?

Yang Jian clenched his teeth and said, "And you've also miscalculated the number of people. If the number of ghosts to be suppressed is nine, then adding myself and Zhang Lei together makes six, but Qian Yi, who's hanging in mid-air, is still within the range of suppression. At most, two more people could come into contact with the ghost... So not only are you wrong, you're wildly off the mark."

"Now isn't the time to correct your mistake. Wang Jiang, come here, make contact with this ghost, initiate its suppression, and ensure that the ghost is left with only one ability on the outside, so there will be no chance of a restart, and the remaining two people will fend off the next attacks."

"Alright, sure," Wang Jiang agreed subconsciously, although he feared the stiff, darkened corpse, the actions of Yang Jian and Zhang Lei gave him confidence.

He immediately approached and grabbed the corpse's arm.

A cold, eerie sensation invaded his body, causing him to shiver, and then he felt some bizarre power within him begin to wane, a feeling of being suppressed.

The number of ghosts was nine, and currently, the number of ghosts suppressing Yang Jian's side was eight.

If the deduction was correct, now the ghost should have only one ability left to use.

Yang Jian didn't have time to think more.

The dim sky seemed to stir up a breeze, and without anyone noticing, strands of old grass rope began to hang down over everyone's heads.

These grass ropes dangled in mid-air, with a noose at the bottom resembling that used for hanging a person, extending towards the position right above each person's head.

The other end of the grass rope, controlled by an unknown force, seemed to be able to precisely find each person's neck.

"Damn it," Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart upon witnessing this scene.

This was the Ghost Rope's resurrected ability.

Was this final ghost choosing to use the Ghost Rope?

The attack of the Ghost Rope wasn't terrifying, but what was frightful was its indiscriminate assault after resurrection; and the eerie ropes it spawned seemed endless. You might block one, ten, but not a hundred, a thousand.

A ghost's power has no limits, while that of a ghost master does.

Huang Ziya and the other unknown ghost master, both having taken control of a ghost, wouldn't last a minute under these circumstances.

No, they wouldn't last even thirty seconds.

Soon they would die to the resurrected fierce ghost.

And once they were dead, without anyone to protect them, Yang Jian, Zhang Lei, and Wang Jiang would also be swiftly hanged alive by the Ghost Rope.

This was a dead end.

Therefore, time was running out for Yang Jian, he had to find a way to break through this predicament in less than thirty seconds.

"Of all the ghostly abilities to pick, it had to choose the Ghost Rope," Yang Jian gnashed his teeth in anger and regret.

Because the Ghost Rope was wrested from his hands by force by this very ghost.

The reason for the struggle was to preserve the human skin paper.

But then again, if Yang Jian hadn't saved the human skin paper, they wouldn't have made it this far and would have been killed by the ghost long ago in this dark Ghost Domain.

"Take one step at a time, and carry out my plan first."

Yang Jian could no longer concern himself with everything, he had to do something while the Ghost Rope hadn't started killing yet.

Although the ghost inside his body was suppressed, his own movements weren't greatly hindered.

Right then, he suddenly took out a blood-stained old newspaper from somewhere and without any hesitation, placed it over the ghost's face.

Although there wasn't enough time to rewrite the ghost's memory, he still had to do this.

The next moment.

The hanging Ghost Ropes moved closer to the people, and a noose of one rope was already approaching the neck of Wang Jiang, who was off to the side.

His face was full of fear, wanting to run, but not knowing where to go, for these terrifying ropes were everywhere in this dim area. And he was holding onto a ghost's arm, maintaining his balance. If he let go, the ghost would not only start killing people with the Ghost Rope but would also use a second eerie ability.

"Yang Jian, what do we do now?" He turned to look in Yang Jian's direction, his eyes full of fear.

If they didn't come up with a plan soon, they would all be hanged alive by the Ghost Rope.

Not only did the Ghost Rope attack him, but strands of rope also floated towards Zhang Lei, Yang Jian, and Huang Ziya.

The moment anyone came into contact with the Ghost Rope, it would lock onto that person's neck and hang them straight away.

This seemed like a checkmate.

Chapter 467 464 Taking the Initiative to Lead Away

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Just dozens of miles away from the training base.

Here lay a secret laboratory located in the suburbs of J city.

Earlier on, due to special circumstances, all staff of the laboratory had been evacuated from the premises as quickly as possible and the laboratory was urgently sealed.

But now, a group of ghoulish tamers from headquarters had come here again and reopened the laboratory, taking some dangerous items from within.

Some dangerous things were transported away, while others were left behind due to certain risks associated with them.

"Is this the place where they kept the Ghost Coffin? Quite secure, isn't it? It's rather surprising that despite such precautions, the ghost inside managed to escape."

A group of people once again stepped into the deepest part of the laboratory.

This was a highly secure experimental area, and within this zone, one isolated room now seemed particularly conspicuous.

The room's walls were built with Gold in combination with a special steel, making them incredibly robust. Moreover, due to the gold's properties, they could prevent any supernatural intrusion. And to observe the inside of the room, a piece of transparent golden glass, which was not very clear, was installed on one of the walls.

Through this glass, everyone could see a dark red lacquered solid wood coffin placed inside the room.

The red paint looked as if it had been recently applied, and the thick wood pieces joined together gave the whole coffin a sense of solemn weight.

At first glance, the coffin looked ordinary, similar to what many rural areas would use for funerals.

But everyone in the laboratory knew this was not just any coffin but the so-called Ghost Coffin, suspected of being able to nurture fierce ghosts. Information about this Ghost Coffin had also just been declassified today; previously, it was highly confidential.

If it wasn't confirmed that the ghost from the Ghost Coffin was no longer in the laboratory, they wouldn't dare to stand around here so nonchalantly.

"The lid of the coffin has been opened; this is evidence that the ghost has left the Ghost Coffin." Jang Shangbai strode over from within the crowd, scanned the area, and concluded.

However, after speaking, he frowned, "But the eeriness of the Ghost Coffin remains. We cannot let our guard down just because the ghost has left. Who knows what dangers this sinister thing might still bring?"

He saw that the inside of the opened Ghost Coffin was dim, the bottom completely invisible, leaving a bad impression on everyone.

"Look, the lid is cracked. Did it get damaged when the ghost opened it?" Another ghoul tamer approached, pointing at the coffin lid inside the room with some unsettled doubt.

The thick red lid was now overturned on the ground. Whether it was because it fell with too much force, what was originally one whole piece had cracked down the middle. At the crack, the wood had turned dark and rotten, as if it had been buried in the earth for many years.

Wang Xiaoming's gaze shifted as he stared at that coffin lid thoughtfully.

Next to him, Li Jun's face was somber because he had witnessed many experiments in order to protect Wang Xiaoming and had some knowledge of this Ghost Coffin.

The lid of the Ghost Coffin was definitely not something that could be broken by a fall,

since this kind of experiment had been conducted in the past.

Forget about a few drops; even if a bomb was thrown at it, not a single scratch would appear.

However, the lid of the Ghost Coffin was indeed broken, split into two halves, as if it had lost some kind of strange power and could no longer maintain its previous state.

"There's nothing wrong with the Ghost Coffin; it's the lid of the Ghost Coffin that's the issue..." Wang Xiaoming had a calm expression, connecting this to the scene he witnessed when he escaped from here previously.

There had been signs that the lid of the Ghost Coffin had been moved.

Could it be that the real source of the ghost from the Ghost Coffin was this lid?

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Now that the supernatural presence had left the coffin lid, the lid itself lost its eeriness and became nothing more than an ordinary piece of wood.

While they were investigating and conducting research here.

Over at the training base, Yang Jian and the others were already facing the most dangerous crisis.

They risked their lives, overcame several threats of a group wipeout, and finally suppressed the ghosts with sheer force, momentarily halting the source of terror and preventing further murderous growth.

But this suppression wouldn't last long.

In the dim sky, those old, hanging grass ropes, like life-claiming specters, drifted towards everyone here.

These were the resurrected Ghost Ropes.

However, right now it wasn't Yang Jian in control, nor were it the Ghost Ropes themselves, but the ghost right before their eyes.

From the previous encounter, it could be determined that this ghost currently had nine entities. Yang Jian and his group had cancelled out eight with the fierce ghost, leaving only one entity—the Ghost Rope.

But this lone entity couldn't be neutralized.

It wasn't that Yang Jian's side lacked numbers, but that taking such action would have allowed the ghost to abandon its rigid, darkened corpse and reappear beside you in a new identity, like a reboot, launching a second wave of attacks.

So, all they could do was exactly this.

What to do?

At this moment, everyone panicked, sensing the urgency and danger. If they didn't find a way to deal with the situation, the revived Ghost Rope would send them all to hell.

If it were under normal circumstances.

Yang Jian could easily restrain the Ghost Rope using the Headless Ghost Shadow's power, and if combined with the Ghost Domain, even the sky-full of hanging ropes could easily be dealt with.

But now, the ghost inside his body was suppressed, utterly powerless to resist.

The Ghost Rope seemed to be the last straw that would break the camel's back.

Yang Jian's face was covered in beads of anxious sweat; he had never felt such urgency before, not even when he first entered the Caesar Hotel in Z city, where he had a semblance of self-preservation.

But now...

"If there were still a red Ghost Candle, even half would do, we could hold on for a moment, and then I could try to alter this ghost's memory, finding a way to leave this place," he urgently needed a red Ghost Candle now, as it was their only chance of avoiding death by Ghost Rope.

"I still have a creepy cloth doll in my luggage, a gift from Shen Liang. Just a drop of my blood on the cloth doll would save my life."

Yang Jian desperately searched for a solution, weighing the few resources he had on hand.

"No, the cloth doll can only save one person, and right now, everyone here is under attack."

But he really didn't have much time left to think.

The Ghost Rope had already floated over.

Huang Ziya and another ghost manipulator didn't dare to stray too far and had just come close.

Several people, including the ghost in the middle, were less than three meters apart.

Yang Jian kept a tight gaze on the Ghost Rope around Qian Yi's neck, with half of it wrapped in gold foil, which he had placed for the purpose of identifying the source of the Ghost Rope.

As long as the source of the Ghost Rope was suppressed, the ropes filling the sky would vanish.

But he couldn't do that.

Because the other end of the Ghost Rope was connected to the body of a ghost, apparently becoming a part of the ghost's body.

Once the Ghost Rope was suppressed, it would mean suppressing the ghost, and there was a very high possibility that the reset rule would be triggered.

As he was contemplating this,

a Ghost Rope had already touched Huang Ziya, merely brushing against her once, but the old straw rope eerily looped itself around her neck, instantly tightening and hoisting her into the air.

"Ah!"

Huang Ziya's face turned red in an instant, her tongue nearly protruding as the immense force from the Ghost Rope almost strangled her to death.

But she resisted.

The Ghost Rope holding her snapped, and Huang Ziya fell to the ground, pale and panting for breath.

Clearly, she had used a ghost's power to survive the attack.

But such attacks were not one-off occurrences.

More and more straw ropes were drifting over.

"Yang Jian, if you don't come up with a solution soon, we're all going to die," another ghost master cried out in shock and anger, feeling death and despair, but not wanting to die so easily here.

"There's no time, Yang Jian, any method will do."

Zhang Lei was also urging him, as he saw a Ghost Rope plummeting straight towards his head.

Since he had to suppress the ghost, he couldn't dodge; otherwise, if he let go, the balance would be disrupted, and the ghost's power would become even more terrifying.

Wang Jiang also looked at Yang Jian in horror, seemingly putting all his hopes on him.

The reason everyone had made it this far was actually thanks to Yang Jian's leadership; without him, they would have been wiped out long ago.

"Ghost Candle."

Yang Jian bit his teeth and roared, "Someone pick up the lit Ghost Candle on the ground and leave, draw the Ghost Ropes away. The Ghost Ropes should prioritize attacking the person holding the candle. Believe me, this is the only way to survive now."

What?

The others were stunned upon hearing this.

To have someone take this white-lit Ghost Candle and draw away all the Ghost Ropes?

Isn't that tantamount to a death sentence?

Perhaps success could buy time, but the person in action would have no chance of leaving alive.

But then, Yang Jian quickly added, "I have a rag doll in my hand, drop a drop of blood on it when you're in danger, it could save your life, there's a high probability it could prevent death. Huang Ziya and you, you two are the only ones who can move now, who will do it? Hurry up, there's no time left."

As he spoke, he took out a rag doll that was sewn crookedly.

This was the best method Yang Jian could think of in a short amount of time.

To use a person holding the Ghost Candle to lure away the Ghost Ropes, then use the rag doll in a moment of danger to save a life, thereby solving the crisis.

But talking was easy.

The action required courage, and it involved risk.

Because there was a possibility of failure, and Yang Jian's words weren't sufficient to make the remaining two people believe.

Perhaps the so-called rag doll was a trick, just trying to coax someone into sacrificing themselves.

Huang Ziya and the other ghost master looked at each other at that moment.

It had to be one of them who acted; the rest needed to stay by the side of the ghost to maintain balance and couldn't move.

"Trust Yang Jian, this is the only way, or else we'll all die here," Zhang Lei growled.

The Ghost Ropes were now less than a meter above their heads.

Since the speed of the drifting Ghost Ropes wasn't particularly fast, they still had about ten seconds to act.

Once the Ghost Ropes began their attack, it would only take about three seconds for someone to be hung.

Even if they weren't hanged instantly, the fragile balance would be destroyed.

"Yang Jian, I believe you, I'll do it."

The woman named Huang Ziya clenched her teeth, picked up the white Ghost Candle burning on the ground without saying another word, rushed to Yang Jian's side, took the eerie rag doll, then ran off without looking back.

She ran swiftly, her figure soon becoming blurry and disappearing into the darkness before their eyes.

At the same time,

the Ghost Ropes that had been hanging from the sky now changed direction, drifting towards where Huang Ziya had fled.

It worked.

Seeing this, everyone felt a surge of relief, understanding that they had once again escaped death.

But whether Huang Ziya, who took the Ghost Candle and drew away the Ghost Ropes, would be in danger, there was no time to worry about that now.

Because there were more important things to do.

Yang Jian quickly diverted his attention.

He saw the bloodstained newspaper sticking to the Ghost Face starting to slowly slide off, as if the time had come, and the face of the dead person on the ghost's head also began to slide away.

The most crucial step of the plan had succeeded.

The ghost's face had been taken down by the newspaper.

Yang Jian began to get excited because if the memory modification succeeded, they had a great chance of surviving.

Of course, if it failed, then naturally, it was all over.

Chapter 468 Deception

"Ah, huff!"

In the dark, the desperate breathing of someone running for their life could be heard. Although the breaths were already weary, the person dared not stop running.

Holding a Ghost Candle in her hand, Huang Ziya revealed deep fear in her eyes as she fled alone.

She dared not stop.

Because she could feel countless Ghost Ropes descending from above, drifting towards her.

She needed to buy time.

To give Yang Jian and the others a final chance, only then might they all possibly survive.

But the courage she had mustered at that moment could not sustain her forever.

When darkness began to erode her vision, when she had already lost her way and was all alone...

With no help and overcome by fear, Huang Ziya cried while she ran, her tears flowing uncontrollably.

Her spirit was on the verge of collapse.

However, Huang Ziya clenched tightly to a strange doll in her hand.

It was her only hope now.

Yang Jian had said that in a critical moment, she just needed to drop a drop of blood on the doll, and it could save her life, ensuring she wouldn't be killed by the Ghost Rope.

Huang Ziya felt she had been foolish. Yang Jian's words might have been a deception because someone needed to sacrifice themselves to create an opportunity.

She was filled with immense regret. Had she known, she wouldn't have volunteered to rush out.

But now, it was too late for regrets.

All Huang Ziya could do was to believe in Yang Jian's words, to trust that the doll in her hand would really work, and to have faith that their plan would succeed.

In the darkness, her breathing became heavier and her pace slowed down.

She no longer had the physical strength to continue.

Soon, she would collapse on the ground, exhausted, and that would be her chance to use the doll.

At this very moment.

The opportunity had arrived for Yang Jian.

He had successfully removed the face of the ghost.

Looking at the blood-stained old newspaper with its blackened, serene yet eerie dead face, a chilling unease surged in his heart.

Was this memory manipulation really effective?

If it wasn't, what then? He had used all his methods and had exhausted everything usable.

It could be said that he had reached this point with nothing left, even facing the danger of the ghost's resurrection. If he failed now, there was nothing left to do but wait desperately for death.

At that moment, the ghost had lost the ability to move.

Thanks to the cooperation of Yang Jian, Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, and others, they had managed to suppress the ghost to just eight.

The ghost had chosen to use Ghost Rope with its remaining energy. Even though its indiscriminate attacks nearly killed them all moments ago, it ended up losing its mobility. This is because controlling Ghost Ropes does not require it to move; the ropes would independently seek to kill others.

And because Yang Jian and his group had not achieved an absolute suppression, the ghost was not able to trigger a restart function.

Having lost its ability to move and unable to restart for a second wave of attacks, the ghost could only stand there as rigidly as a corpse.

Like it had crashed.

So, this was the perfect opportunity to act.

But this chance had been created by Yang Jian, who risked his life several times and exhausted all his resources. There would not be a second chance like this, nor could it be replicated. Even under the same conditions, he couldn't guarantee that they would reach this stage again.

Without wasting a single second.

He quickly picked up the blood-stained old newspaper, ready to start altering the ghost's memory to make it misjudge the number of its own kind.

The number of ghosts it believed it had should be nine, so what number should he change it to make the ghost misjudge?

Should he directly make it believe that there is only one ghost?

Yang Jian's gaze shifted as he prepared to make the change, but then froze.

Even if the number of ghosts was changed, how were they to leave this place? At best, it would only ensure that no one would be attacked by the ghosts for a while, but they would still be trapped in the Ghost Domain.

The Ghost Domain seemed unsolvable.

"The chance to alter memories comes only once. Once I give the face back, there may be unforeseen changes. If it doesn't work as expected, then this opportunity will be wasted," Yang Jian did not dare to be careless and furrowed his brows deeply.

"Yang Jian, the ghost seems unable to move now, but the surrounding Ghost Domain is still here, and there's no way to see the exit. What do we do next?" Wang Jiang looked at the vast darkness around him, still very anxious.

The ghost was restrained, but what next?

Zhang Lei said, "Stop bickering. Yang Jian is thinking of a solution. We've come this far, which proves Yang Jian's method is correct. I can feel we're at the last step, and we absolutely cannot make a mistake now."

"We need to hurry. It looks like Qian Yi is about to kick the bucket," another unfamiliar Ghost Controller remarked, tasked with observing the surroundings.

He saw Qian Yi, suspended in mid-air, had already passed out due to excessive blood loss. Although still breathing, death seemed imminent.

"Also, I'm not sure how much longer Huang Ziya can last. All the Ghost Ropes are going after her. If she dies, we'll immediately face the danger of being hanged."

"If you can't help, then shut up," Yang Jian turned around and shouted angrily: "You didn't dare to risk your life earlier, and now you've learned to spout cold words."

The man immediately kept his mouth shut, not daring to retort.

Yang Jian couldn't make a decision lightly. While altering memories was easy for him, he couldn't bear its consequences.

"Give me one more prompt. If I don't make it, you'll stay here with me."

...

He gritted his teeth and took out the human-skin parchment.

The outdated information plan was incomplete and could not be implemented. Now, having come this far, he needed a new guide.

After all, the previous plan had not counted on Yang Jian being able to restrain the Foot Ghost.

It could be said that arriving at this point had even exceeded the expectations of the original plan.

At this moment, the human-skin parchment was not silent; perhaps it too sensed the urgency of the situation. If the moment was missed, Yang Jian would die, and it would be left here, eventually falling into the hands of this ghost.

Soon, the characters on the human-skin parchment quickly became visible.

"My name is Yang Jian. By the time you read these words, I will already be dead.... Back then, at the training base, after several deadly encounters, I somehow managed to restrain that ghost, but this restraint won't last long. I must find a way to use this opportunity to leave this place. According to my earlier plan, it was to rally two groups of people while meeting the conditions of not being alone, and then use the Ghost Candle to lure the ghost away.... but by the time I saw that plan it was already too late."

"That plan was doomed not to be realized, but I still held a chance, a chance to make the ghost misjudge its own number and thus exploit a certain trait of the ghost to escape from this Ghost Domain."

"I tried making the Ghost General believe its number was 1, but the result was.... we were annihilated at the training base."

The eerie characters appearing on the parchment spelled a terrible potential outcome, manipulating the ghost's memory to believe its number was 1, which led to a conclusion of annihilation.

Upon seeing this, Yang Jian's pupils shrank.

The number of ghosts cannot be misconstrued as 1, then the smallest number won't work either; other numbers certainly don't stand a chance, 2, 3, 4... these seem to make no difference.

"Could it be zero?" Yang Jian wondered.

What will be the consequence if the ghost is made to misjudge its own number as zero?

Would it negate its own existence?

"I have tried making the ghost misjudge its own number as zero, and yet, I still died," followed on the parchment, sinking Yang Jian's heart with the words that emerged next.

Is zero also not viable?

This is a dead end then.

But at this moment, the parchment didn't stint on continuing to reveal characters: I tried several schemes to manipulate memories, even considered implanting some memories to control the ghost, but all plans failed because the ability to alter memories lasted a very short time. Once I release the ghost's restraint, the altered memories will be forcefully erased. After all, this ghost can suppress any other ghost's abilities, including the old newspaper in my hands.

Seeing this, Yang Jian's face grew even more solemn.

The memory alteration must be done while the ghost is under restraint, and the effect can only last during the time it is suppressed.

Once the suppression is released, the ghost's abilities will forcefully eliminate the altered memories.

"Am I really going to die here?" Yang Jian felt his chances of survival dwindling.

Even the human-skin parchment seemed out of ideas at this point.

But if it couldn't come up with a way to survive, why then would the parchment go on about all this?

Suddenly, Yang Jian realized something, staring intently at the parchment in his hands.

It might have a plan, but it seemed reluctant to reveal it.

Perhaps this plan could have some adverse effects on the parchment itself, or maybe it would allow Yang Jian to benefit from it, reducing his reliance on the parchment over time.

"Not willing to reveal the plan? If that's the case, then we'll die here together, just like back at school. After all, it was you who saved my life then; we might as well go back to the beginning and pretend we never left No. 7 Middle School," Yang Jian said, staring it down.

He was gambling.

Gambling that the human-skin parchment, under the same circumstances, didn't want to stay in this Ghost Domain; the last time, in the Door Knocking Ghost's realm, the parchment was unwilling to be lost. If it were lost now, here in the Ghost Coffin's domain, it would never see the light of day again.

The characters on the parchment began to disappear swiftly.

When the last traces vanished, they formed a crooked sentence: Make the ghost misjudge its own number as 3; that is the only chance to survive.

"Three?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

Why this number?

However, before he could ponder further, the assembled characters disappeared, only to be followed by another sentence: Once the ghost has misjudged the correct number, it will lift the restraint on us and begin to restart, and I will take that moment to immediately dismember the ghost, extracting the Coffin Nail that contains three ghosts.

"I understand now," exclaimed Yang Jian, eyes widening as he instantly grasped the meaning of the parchment's sentence.

First, make the ghost think its number is 3, then extract the three ghosts.

So, when the ghost restarts, it will think its own number is 0.

This misconception isn't formed by manipulating memory, but through the ghost's own mistake in understanding, as it deceives itself. After all, the ghost shouldn't be unable to trust itself.

If all goes well, after the restart, the ghost will continue to think its number is 0.

If that's the case, will the ghost still begin to kill?

"An outlandish and eerie strategy, taking advantage of even the ghost's ability to restart; this human-skin parchment is truly sinister and terrifying," Yang Jian mused, feeling a mix of elation and increased wariness toward it.

But there was no time to concern himself with the parchment's eeriness, as he immediately sprang into action.

Yang Jian still had one hand that could move. Despite the limitation, he began to immediately manipulate the ghost's memory, making it misjudge its own number as 3.

To ensure the memory manipulation was successful, he repeated some crucial contents several times over.

Finally, confident there were no errors, he took the bloodstained old newspaper, along with that peaceful yet ghastly dead face, and covered the ghost's head with it, restoring the face to its place.

Up until now,

All actions had ceased, and what remained was just to wait.

Seizing the moment, Yang Jian had to plunge the Ghost Hand deeply into the ghost's body and extract the three ghost-infused Coffin Nails.

Zhang Lei and Wang Jiang, watching Yang Jian's odd actions from the side, didn't understand but dared not ask. They knew Yang Jian was devising the next step, so they refrained from disturbing him.

The human-skin parchment, the bloodstained old newspaper, was reluctant to show itself under normal circumstances.

But now, its exposure was inconsequential. After all, they only saw Yang Jian had these items, without knowing their capabilities.

Chapter 469 New Balance

Yang Jian's actions on the other side progressed smoothly.

Meanwhile, Huang Ziya, who had been running with the Ghost Candle in the darkness, had also reached her limit. Her legs gave way and she stumbled and fell onto the hard concrete pavement, the fall dazing her and nearly knocking her unconscious, while the Ghost Candle in her hand was extinguished by the impact.

She wanted to find the Ghost Candle, but she had no idea where it had fallen to. Fear and dread made her breathing and gasps even more frantic.

The surroundings remained eerily silent, but Huang Ziya could feel a cold draft nearby, sending shivers down her spine and deterring her from searching for the Ghost Candle any further. Instead, she considered how to keep herself alive.

After all, she had already bought some time; it should be enough.

Just as she was trying to stand up, suddenly, it felt as if something had fallen behind her. At the same time, she felt something touch her arms and legs—rough yet gentle, like wild grass caressed by the wind against her body, giving an innocuous impression.

But this gentle prelude heralded a terrifying onslaught.

In an instant.

An old rope in the darkness wrapped tightly around her neck, nearly breaking her bones, and hoisted her into the air.

The only downside to the Ghost Rope was its slow fluttering movement, but it still managed to catch up with Huang Ziya.

She had been attacked.

And it was an attack she couldn't resist, for even if she used her ghostly powers to fend off the Ghost Rope once, she couldn't withstand the countless attacks that followed, and would ultimately die when the vicious ghost revived.

Huang Ziya didn't even consider resisting. The instant she was hoisted up, she immediately threw out a strange cloth doll from her hand.

The doll was stained with blood, from her other hand.

She was a ghost controller who had undergone training, after all—her skills weren't that poor. She'd been prepared to dab her blood onto the cloth doll at any moment prior to this.

The crooked doll made of old cloth and black hair stitches got up creepily after it fell to the ground, twisting its head as if surveying its surroundings with great curiosity, looking around.

As it was stained with Huang Ziya's blood,

the eerie cloth doll seemed to have taken Huang Ziya's place. The Ghost Rope that had been attacking her suddenly changed direction and reached down for the doll.

Huang Ziya, hanging mid-air, felt her neck suddenly loosen, and she dropped to the ground.

"It works, it really works. Yang Jian didn't lie to me," she couldn't care less about the pain, her face in the dark revealing the joy of a narrow escape from death.

The cloth doll, sensing that the Ghost Rope was about to attack it, started running rapidly and dexterously on its short limbs.

A Ghost Rope came fluttering, and the doll actually jumped straight over the loop before continuing to hop forward.

When it encountered a tree in its path, the doll would go around it; faced with steps, it would clamber over them.

Agile leaps and maneuvers allowed it to dodge the Ghost Ropes falling from the sky. The nooses, like traps, attempted to catch the cloth doll but failed. After evading multiple attacks, the doll would even stop to clap its hands, appearing very delighted.

The cloth doll's will to survive was commendable; the Ghost Rope couldn't touch it for a good while.

However, the doll was subject to wear and tear.

Being stitched together from old rags, the quality wasn't great. After a while, due to friction with the pavement, the old cloth started to show signs of wear and tear, with what seemed like white paper coming out.

At the same time, one of the doll's legs seemed crippled, its movements no longer as nimble, walking with a limp.

But it kept desperately fleeing, the Ghost Rope persistently chasing after it.

Because the doll had encountered a step, its small stature was not able to overcome it smoothly; it had to climb over, which caused it to slow down. A rope made contact with the doll's body, and as expected, looped around its neck, tightening to hoist it up.

But the doll was too small. When the Ghost Rope tightened, it didn't catch its neck but locked onto one of its arms instead and lifted it into the air.

The cloth doll struggled violently and finally sacrificed an arm to free itself from the Ghost Rope, landing smoothly and starting to run in a different direction.

But the trend was clear.

Eventually, the doll would certainly die from excessive damage.

But until then, Huang Ziya would be safe.

At this time.

Yang Jian's actions had reached the final juncture.

However, a minor complication had arisen.

The ghost's face couldn't be fitted back on smoothly, still sticking to the old newspaper.

That's right.

The ability to piece the face together used to require cooperation with the Headless Ghost Shadow, but now that his body's ghost was suppressed, he couldn't use that ability, and the face couldn't be attached.

"Wang Jiang, let go," Yang Jian urged at this moment.

"What?" Wang Jiang was startled at the moment: "Do you really want me to let go?"

"Yes, release the restraint, let the ghost regain some motion; only then can my plan work," Yang Jian said.

If the ghost possessed the instinct to take over other ghosts, it should also have the ability to retrieve its own face, especially since it could even piece together other ghosts.

"Okay, okay," Wang Jiang didn't ask why, since Yang Jian had said so, he would just do it.

Right then, Wang Jiang released his grip and no longer held onto the corpse's arm.

It was the moment he let go.

Zhang Lei and Yang Jian distinctly felt the stiff corpse move slightly.

But at the same time, the old newspapers stuck to the corpse slowly fell down, the face on them disappeared, successfully integrated onto the ghost's body.

It had retrieved its own face.

Simultaneously, Yang Jian said, "Wang Jiang, come back and suppress it."

Wang Jiang was even more puzzled, but he still approached the ghost without any hesitation.

Yang Jian's action was only to let the ghost retrieve its face, but he couldn't continue to let the ghost move freely, otherwise, the ghost might render its ability to manipulate memories ineffective.

"Will this work?"

Although the plan had changed somewhat, he felt exceptionally anxious.

The next moment.

Yang Jian, Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, and even the half-dead Qian Yi clearly sensed their abilities were no longer suppressed, regaining movement.

The plan to mislead the ghost about the number of ghosts present had succeeded.

"Now's the time." Yang Jian's Ghost Hand that was trapped within the corpse regained movement, and seizing this sole opportunity, he swiftly invaded the ghost's body and began to take away a crucial part of it.

At the same time.

The stiff, darkened corpse suddenly collapsed onto the ground, as if it had lost some eerie support, becoming a regular corpse.

"Yang Jian, what's going on?" Zhang Lei, pressing down on the collapsed corpse, started to panic.

"It's nothing, the ghost has rebooted, we've restrained it, and it has abandoned this identity," Yang Jian slowly withdrew his arm from inside the corpse.

Zhang Lei's eyes widened, "How is this possible? We clearly counted the number correctly; there shouldn't have been a limit."

He simply couldn't understand what Yang Jian had done before.

"Now's not the time to ask that; the question is whether we can leave this place," Yang Jian retracted his numb arm.

He then frowned.

A black brand remained on his arm, which displayed a diamond shape, resembling the Coffin Nail that Wang Xiaoming had held earlier, and also resembling a peculiar piece of flesh that had replaced part of his arm, becoming a part of it.

"The Coffin Nail made by the three ghosts turned into a clump of black flesh due to the presence of a ghost. Now that I've taken it away, it has been grafted onto my body due to the Headless Ghost Shadow, merging with the Ghost Hand, forming something new."

His hand had remained in the ghost's body a bit too long, undergoing some unpredictable change.

Feeling for other changes in his body.

Yang Jian then noticed that the urge of the Headless Ghost Shadow to switch bodies had disappeared, the forcibly grafted Ghost Hand seemed calm and freely movable, and even the restlessness of the resurging Ghost Eye had vanished.

"A new balance?"

The Coffin Nail produced by the three ghosts was supposed to suppress the three ghosts, after all, it originated from a ghost and contained a part of the ghost's characteristics. Now, with exactly three ghosts within Yang Jian's body—the Ghost Hand, Headless Ghost Shadow, and Ghost Eye, his own ghosts were suppressed.

And since the Coffin Nail was in a halted state, it couldn't revive for the time being.

In other words, Yang Jian had reached a perfect balance.

"So you're saying, my hand is something incredible now?" Yang Jian examined his numb arm.

Although the skin of the arm was darkened and the palm icy cold, pallid without the slightest hint of color, the stark contrast made it look exceedingly eerie, yet he could feel that this hand had become a new ghost.

A ghost that couldn't be understood, created from a range of coincidences.

A ghost that could now be perfectly controlled.

As he was scrutinizing himself, Zhang Lei suddenly pointed into the distance and exclaimed, "Yang Jian, look quickly, the Ghost Domain is disappearing!"

Hearing this, Yang Jian quickly looked up,

Indeed, he saw a mass of darkness coalescing together, swiftly moving towards one place, while the surroundings grew brighter and even the morning sun could be seen behind them.

The receding darkness at a glance looked like a coffin; if one moved farther away, it would literally appear as a black coffin moving, sending shivers down one's spine.

"So this is the true form of the Ghost Coffin... one ghost, one Ghost Domain?" Yang Jian's pupils contracted.

The Ghost Coffin seemed even more mysterious.

Wait, the direction the ghost was leaving towards was... the laboratory.

Chapter 470 467 Survivors and Hidden Dangers

The darkness that enveloped the training base dispersed, terror left, and light reappeared around.

Under the morning sun, the few surviving ghost hunters on an open ground inside the base were all sitting on the ground, their faces showing the joy of a narrow escape.

Yang Jian still wasn't careless but chose to watch the darkness leave.

He wouldn't let his guard down until he was absolutely certain of his safety. Being turned at the last moment could happen to others, but he would never allow it to happen to him.

"Has that ghost left?" he asked when he saw the darkness completely disappear from his line of sight, and only then did he breathe a sigh of relief, sitting on the ground as if all his strength had left him.

Despite basking in the warm sunshine, Yang Jian felt no warmth in his body at all, but rather an indescribable chill.

Up to now, he still found it hard to believe that he had actually survived.

It was so difficult.

This was his most disheveled experience among all the supernatural events he had gone through.

He had tried his utmost just to survive, and the danger involved was unimaginable; one wrong step meant death.

Especially when competing over numbers with the fierce ghost before, the pressure was enough to make one collapse.

On one side, ghosts were continuously murdering people, and on the other, he had to grope in the dark to find other ghost hunters.

During that process, his nerves were tensed every second, and he couldn't afford to give up halfway. If he gave up and the ghosts killed enough people, the supernatural event would become completely unsolvable.

"To imprison this ghost, you definitely can't do it from the inside; it has to be from the outside. Once you're swept into the Ghost Domain, it means you've lost the chance to imprison it. You must think of a way from the outside to completely restrict the ghost," Yang Jian couldn't help murmuring to himself.

In his mind, he was still recalling the scene of the ghost leaving.

A pitch-black Ghost Domain took the shape of a coffin, a coffin formed by the Ghost Domain that could bury all ghosts, all to cultivate an even more terrifying and unsolvable existence.

That was the true meaning of Ghost Coffin.

"Damn Wang Xiaoming, he should never have touched that coffin in the first place," he thought, wanting to curse.

Yang Jian guessed that the Ghost Coffin he had encountered in Huanggang Village before was not unfinished in its cultivation but had not fully revived yet. It had released just a hint of supernatural energy, which is why the ghost needed to return to the Ghost Coffin and continue waiting for the chance to revive.

So much time had passed since then; naturally, the Ghost Coffin had also revived.

That's why the ghost started to wander away from the coffin to kill people, and it prioritized killing those solitary ghost hunters.

Of course, this was just one of his guesses; he didn't know if there could be other possibilities.

He didn't want to deal with it now because, if he was swept into the ghost's Ghost Domain again, he had no confidence that he could survive and come out alive.

"Yang Jian, we've survived, we've survived. You're incredible, finding an opportunity to turn things around in this situation. I thought all of us were going to die here," Wang Jiang said, still with energy, laughing excitedly and joyfully.

The joy of a narrow escape is something many people don't get to feel.

This joy is more precious than anything in life because it contains the value of life itself.

"Right now, I just want to go back and have a good sleep. I feel like I'm about to collapse."

Zhang Lei lay on the ground without any grace, a look of relief painted across his stiff, corpse-like face, "I can't believe I actually survived an encounter with a ghost of that level. Before, I thought the supernatural events I experienced were already terrifying, but compared to this ghost, those things seem as adorable as bunny rabbits."

"This is a truly unsolvable supernatural event that not only kills other ghost controllers as they grow but can also restart after being restrained, and yet we still can't leave this Ghost Domain..." said another ghost controller who had narrowly escaped death, his face shadowed with lingering fear. Though he had survived, his eyes still betrayed a deep-seated terror.

"I swear, as long as I'm alive, I will never again deal with such things. If it's truly unavoidable, I would rather kill myself."

He had already developed a psychological shadow.

If it weren't for Yang Jian leading the team, he couldn't imagine any other way to have survived.

If he'd encountered it alone, rather than waiting to die in fear, he would have preferred a direct suicide, at least to die more peacefully.

"Choosing this path of a ghost controller is all about struggling to survive, those who wanted to die early are already dead, those who are alive are the ones who don't want to die." After resting a bit, Yang Jian slowly stood up, "That's why conviction is important. You won't last long with this mindset; if you want to survive, you have to change."

He glanced at this unfamiliar ghost controller.

Though the guy hadn't been much help, at least he hadn't caused any trouble, so Yang Jian felt no malice towards him, only a reminder.

"Yang Jian, is that guy named Qian Yi already dead?" Suddenly, Wang Jiang, who was in the midst of rejoicing over having survived, noticed a person lying on the ground nearby.

This person was seriously injured, collapsed into a pool of blood, unconscious, it was unclear whether he was dead or alive.

Though the group didn't know him, they had learned his name, Qian Yi, during the mission. He was a ghost controller who had participated in the training and had once deceived Yang Jian inside the dormitory building, wasting a lot of time and almost causing everyone's deaths.

"Let me check."

Yang Jian walked over without immediately touching him, just standing to the side, his shadow casting over Qian Yi's body.

His shadow was very dark, somewhat chilly, and headless, which was exceptionally eerie.

Qian Yi was also a ghost controller. Without being sure whether the ghost controlling him had been taken away, rash contact was risky, so using the Headless Ghost Shadow to investigate was the best course of action.

Even if there was a ghost present, the Headless Ghost Shadow had the power to suppress it.

"Still alive?" As his shadow invaded Qian Yi's body, Yang Jian confirmed the situation.

The guy was still breathing, but very faintly. He'd fallen into a coma due to severe blood loss from his injuries. In such a case, even an immediate ambulance wouldn't make it in time.

Unless Yang Jian used the Headless Ghost Shadow to patch up his wounds and transported him to a hospital using the Ghost Domain for an immediate blood transfusion.

This way, there might be a chance for survival, but it was just a possibility.

"I won't kill you, but I won't save you either. You brought this on yourself. If you had agreed to join me back then, none of this would have happened."

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze indifferently, and his ghost shadow retracted from Qian Yi's body.

"This guy is close to death, Zhang Lei, notify headquarters so they handle this. Maybe they still have the capacity to save him."

Indeed, Yang Jian resented Qian Yi. If he had acted as agreed, Yang Jian and the others would have been in a much better situation, at least having time to discuss strategies, rather than being driven into a dead end during the meetup.

"Alright, I'll notify them right away and report the situation here as well," Zhang Lei said.

Yang Jian remained silent, simply opening his ghost eye and releasing his Ghost Domain.

...

With no other ghosts to interfere, his Ghost Domain successfully replaced the previous darkness and once again enveloped the training base.

"This is..." Wang Jiang saw everything in front of him turn crimson, as if covered by a red light.

"At this time, why use the Ghost Domain?"

He understood Yang Jian's abilities, after all, he was the one known as Ghost Eye, and the red Ghost Domain had long been Yang Jian's signature.

"It's nothing, just tidying up a bit, the Ghost Domain is faster," Yang Jian said offhandedly.

"That's a bit too casual," Wang Jiang exclaimed in surprise.

After all, activating the Ghost Domain involved using the power of fierce ghosts, and even an exorcist who had harnessed two ghosts wouldn't be so careless.

"It's fine, I have it under control," Yang Jian said casually, as he assessed the entire training base's situation through the Ghost Domain.

But he wasn't in a hurry. He first collected the blood-stained old newspaper that had fallen on the ground, then retrieved the half piece of white Ghost Candle lying on the ground at a distance, and also saw Huang Ziya, looking exhausted but relieved, walking towards them.

Similarly, Yang Jian found a broken doll in a clump of grass.

The doll appeared in his hand, having completely lost its paranormal abilities, but as a source of information, Yang Jian naturally wouldn't discard it right away.

Then he moved the bodies scattered throughout the training base together.

The mutilated corpses were quickly arranged nearby.

There were quite a few: there were exorcists, as well as ordinary people from the training base... The casualties really weren't few.

"I didn't find that ghost," said Yang Jian, who after having done all this, began to muse with his head down.

He walked over and picked up a golden bottle.

However, the ghost that he released from this bottle had disappeared.

This ghost had not interfered when they were in contact with the Ghost Coffin, it didn't even kill anyone; it seemed to have vanished mysteriously.

"Perhaps that ghost is hiding within the third layer of the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian thought to himself, intending to activate the third layer of the Ghost Domain to confirm his suspicion.

If it were present, it would be a good idea to capture it immediately. If not... then it had nothing to do with him anymore. If it had run away, then it had run away. Maybe it was taken by the ghost in the Ghost Coffin, or it managed to escape on its own during the commotion.

After all, it was a ghost, not a factor that humans could control.

Just as Yang Jian decided to explore, suddenly, Zhang Lei said, "Yang Jian, I have reported the situation here to headquarters, and they will send someone to deal with it immediately. However, headquarters is asking about the condition of that ghost—whether it's been detained or has it left, and if it has left, where did it go..."

"That ghost can't be detained, and now it's heading towards the laboratory, the lab near the training base, which likely holds a Ghost Coffin. I suspect that the ghost might return to the Ghost Coffin," said Yang Jian; "This is my personal assessment, for your reference only."

He wondered if the ghost now thought the number was zero and therefore believed it had not fully developed, leading it to continue staying inside the Ghost Coffin.

Although it was just a speculation, it was quite likely.

If that was the case, this was an opportunity.

If the ghost really returned to the Ghost Coffin, then it could be detained.

As long as a gold casket was constructed, large enough to completely seal the Ghost Coffin inside, it would ensure that this kind of paranormal phenomenon would not reappear in this world.

However, if he could think of this, headquarters should also be able to. Thus, he didn't bother to explicitly remind them.

Zhang Lei nodded and continued reporting to headquarters.

Yang Jian had also finished cleaning up. He felt that after confirming whether the ghost that had emerged from the bottle was still around, he could leave.

"Yang Jian, your operator wants to talk to you." But Huang Ziya, who had arrived from afar, was running over with his satellite positioning mobile phone.

"Alright, give me the phone," Yang Jian took the phone.

"It's me, Yang Jian."

Hearing his voice, Liu Xiaoyu in the communication room became somewhat agitated: "Yang Jian, is that really you? You're alive, I just heard from the other side's temporary communications department that you resolved this paranormal incident and led many people to survive."

"Resolved is not the right word, I merely escaped from the ghost's grasp," Yang Jian spoke: "If there's nothing else, I'm going to disconnect now, as I have some follow-up work to do."

"Wait, don't hang up yet. I want to confirm whether that ghost really went in the direction of the laboratory," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Yes, is there a problem?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu said: "You probably don't know yet, but Professor Wang, in order to retrieve the Ghost Coffin for further research, took all the top exorcists from headquarters to the lab, and they should still be inside."

"Oh, then we have to abandon the Ghost Coffin and let them run away," Yang Jian said calmly, without any sign of panic.

The life or death of others didn't concern him much, and judging by the time, Wang Xiaoming should have enough time to escape.

After all, that guy was constantly guarded by a bodyguard, Li Jun, who also had a Ghost Domain, making escaping a matter of mere seconds.

"I will relay your message to them; for now, headquarters would prefer if you don't immediately return to J City. If you can stay in the suburbs for a few days, that would be best," finally, Liu Xiaoyu's tone was somewhat complicated.

"Are you worried that our survivors' state is precarious, and if a fierce ghost revives in J City suddenly?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted, quickly grasping the intent of headquarters: "I understand, I'll see to it..."

Before he could finish,

he suddenly turned around, looking toward the corpse of Qian Yi a short distance away.

At that moment, Qian Yi had died.

He had stopped breathing while still unconscious.

Because he was within the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian had complete grasp of the surroundings. Without even seeing, he could instantly control the entire situation at the training base, no movement could escape his Ghost Eye.

Since Qian Yi hadn't survived to see rescue, his body's ghost was likely about to emerge.

He might as well take it now.

The ghost residing in Qian Yi could still be useful to him. He hadn't thought of taking it earlier when Qian Yi was still alive to avoid giving anyone a handle to criticize his actions or in case Qian Yi managed to last until rescue arrived. But now with the man dead and the ghost emerging, taking action now would be considered meritorious, not a fault.

Yang Jian didn't continue the conversation but put down the satellite positioning mobile phone.