

Revival 476

Chapter 476 Ghost Coffin Murders

The menacing ghost had been lured into the Ghost Coffin, and it seemed the supernatural incident had been resolved. The Ghost Domain that shrouded the vicinity was dissipating, and brightness was quickly restored, making everything around clearly visible.

Moreover, the menacing ghost did not continue to restart.

When a ray of sunlight fell on everyone, many looked at Wang Xiaoming, who was standing by the Ghost Coffin, with disbelief and astonishment.

Could it be that the terror known as the Ghost Envoy, an S-ranked supernatural event, had just been resolved by Professor Wang?

If that was the case, then it was too dramatic. Previously, everyone at the headquarters had been on high alert, dead serious about the meeting, and the intelligence from the training base had confirmed the ghost's horrific nature.

Even though they had learned the rules and understood the ghost's method of killing, nobody dared to say they could definitely handle such an event.

Yet, the most improbable had happened.

Wang Xiaoming, who was not a ghost controller and had no resistance to the menacing ghost, had easily resolved this terrifying incident by making the ghost return to its coffin.

"Are they playing with us? Is it over just like that?" Some still couldn't believe it.

"It's the same as what I experienced in Huanggang Village; the event ended with the ghost returning to its coffin," Feng Quan remarked as he looked at the nearby Ghost Coffin.

This scene felt familiar to him, so he found nothing strange about it.

"What's going on? All this fuss and it's over just like that? I thought it was a seriously grave event. From what I can tell, those people from the training base died in vain."

Jang Shangbai shook his head and smiled with a hint of mockery, "Horror incidents really do make a joke out of other people. In my opinion, this doesn't qualify as an S-ranked event. At most, it's an A-ranked supernatural event, no, some A-ranked events are far worse than this. It would be more accurate to label it as B-ranked."

"You can't say that. If it weren't for our prior knowledge of the ghost's killing method, the adjustments to the killing rule made due to Yang Jian, and Professor Wang's research experience on the connection between the Ghost Coffin and the ghost, how could it have been so easy? If those above had no idea and got involved, the losses would have been severe," Tong Qian said with a glance at him. "Just because you've benefited from others doesn't mean you should dismiss their achievements. Without Yang Jian risking his life, this scene wouldn't have happened. Everyone knows how terrifying the Ghost Envoy is. An entity that suppresses ghosts without resolution, anyone outnumbered by this ghost would be killed instantly, defenseless."

"Before Yang Jian changed the ghost's killing rule, what level do you think this ghost had reached by now?"

Jang Shangbai's gaze shifted slightly as he looked at Tong Qian.

Feng Quan siding with Yang Jian made sense, given they were both ghost controllers from Dachang City, but why was Tong Qian defending Yang Jian too?

When did Yang Jian become so well-liked?

Tong Qian is right; there's no point in being wise after the event. Others have paved the way for us, making it easy for us to walk it. If we had faced this thing from the start without knowledge of the rules, all of us would have been picked off one by one. Now that it's been resolved, that's for the best. I need to get this wrapped up; I want to go back to sleep," Cao Yang yawned, seemingly really looking forward to sleep.

While they were talking, Wang Xiaoming was frowning, staring at the Ghost Coffin.

The coffin lid next to it was still damaged; the return of the menacing ghost to the coffin didn't result in any changes to the Ghost Coffin, nor did it fix the broken parts.

However, the Ghost Coffin still presented a perfect shape. What replaced the coffin lid was not a plank of wood but a swath of intense darkness. This darkness was like a black stone, forming the shape of a coffin lid and covering what was previously open.

But this darkness was not a solid substance; Wang Xiaoming tossed a bullet toward it, and the gold bullet passed through the darkness and into the coffin.

"The plank was just a cover; the true nature of the Ghost Coffin is not a mere coffin but a Ghost Domain... or perhaps a ghost,"

Wang Xiaoming's eyes twinkled, "A Ghost Domain in the shape of a coffin, hence we were not in a typical Ghost Domain before but inside a coffin. That's why the ghost could restart infinitely, unable to be confined."

"If the Ghost Domain is the ghost and the ghost is the Ghost Coffin, if this is an integrated whole, naturally one can't confine others inside. Just like a bug can't jump out of a sealed box, the only way to solve this is from outside the box," he deduced after a brief analysis and personal observation.

His conclusion nearly matched Yang Jian's.

The only difference was that it had taken Yang Jian a lot of time and he had encountered many dangers to get the answer, but for Wang Xiaoming, it was effortlessly deduced.

"But, how did the original ghost controller confine an entire Ghost Domain?" Wang Xiaoming was considering a plan.

However, the movement inside the coffin directly interrupted his thoughts.

"Bang! Bang!"

From the pitch-dark coffin, a series of dull knocking sounds emanated, as if someone was pounding on something, and with each strike, the force grew stronger, the sound more intense, until finally the whole coffin shook violently.

"Professor, the Ghost Coffin still has many hidden dangers, you mustn't get any closer," Li Jun, standing beside, changed his expression instantly and immediately began to pull Wang Xiaoming back.

"Hurry, follow the plan to confine this Ghost Coffin, we can't let any more accidents happen."

This time they came prepared, and although they didn't bring a box big enough for a coffin, they did have plenty of materials like gold, enough to restrict the Ghost Coffin.

As long as it was initially confined, it would later be placed into an even safer container.

If necessary, like other impounded ghosts, it would never reappear in the world again.

Wang Xiaoming, while being pulled away by Li Jun, was still pondering.

He had studied the Ghost Coffin for a while, but due to certain concerns, he hadn't dared to research it thoroughly, yet this supernatural incident had suddenly made many things he hadn't understood before clear all at once.

It was very likely that the Ghost Coffin could resolve the resurrection of other people's malevolent ghosts because it itself might be a malevolent ghost that for some reason had fallen into a deep slumber or, to put it another way, had crashed, so when a ghost controller entered into it, they essentially became one with a terrifying ghost, and the problem of their own malevolent ghost resurrecting was naturally forcefully suppressed.

But if that was the case, wasn't it true that the Ghost Coffin was in a state of gradual resurrection?

Given that, were the assumptions about the previous failed research that led to Wei Jing becoming a ghost within the Coffin wrong?

It wasn't that the experiment had failed, but that a part of the ghost had resurrected within Wei Jing.

"The part that had resurrected was on the outside, the part that hadn't stayed behind and became the Ghost Coffin, so the ghostly Wei Jing represents the coffin lid..." Wang Xiaoming's gaze grew increasingly serious, "Allowing the malevolent ghost to return to the coffin wasn't a restriction, but an indulgence. Given enough time, the Ghost Coffin would completely disappear and turn into a complete ghost."

Realizing this, he suddenly turned back and urgently said, "Quickly confine the Ghost Coffin with the utmost speed, we can't allow any more anomalies to occur."

But before he finished speaking,

The knocking sounds from the Ghost Coffin suddenly stopped, and at the same time, the faces of several ghost controllers who were confining the Ghost Coffin stiffened.

They saw the pitch-black lid of the Ghost Coffin, formed by the darkness, beginning to disperse gradually like a dense blackness again casting its shadow over the surroundings, as if to replay the previous scene.

"Can't be, right?" someone beside murmured with a shudder.

The experienced ones immediately realized that it was too late to confine the Ghost Coffin, as something supernatural had already permeated from within it, and without any restriction of the ghost, this attempt at confinement was a wasted effort, like drawing water with a sieve.

Retreat.

Without waiting to be reminded, they all began to drop their tasks and swiftly move away from the Ghost Coffin.

However, it was already too late. They hadn't gone far when suddenly their necks twisted back uncontrollably in a bizarre manner, followed by two distinct sounds of snapping bones.

Two ghost controllers lay on the ground with broken necks, dead on the spot.

The most eerie part was that the ghosts within the bodies of these two ghost controllers did not help them survive this strange attack, resulting in their deaths without any more resistance than ordinary people.

Seeing this, the pupils of the others sharply constricted.

Chapter 477 Give Up

"Dead?"

Bodies of two spirit manipulators lay motionless near the Ghost Coffin, both in the same bizarre state of death, with their necks twisted unnaturally behind them, evidently having broken their own necks.

The sight shocked the others instantly.

How could this be?

Those two spirit manipulators might not have been amongst the top tier, but they commanded two ghosts each. Under normal circumstances, breaking a neck, let alone beheading, wouldn't necessarily result in death, as their bodies were no longer those of normal humans. The common causes of death didn't apply to them anymore.

Yet just moments ago, as if sensing something amiss, they turned to flee and were affected by some supernatural force, leading directly to their "suicide."

The ghosts within them had been of no help whatsoever.

Furthermore, after the ghost entered the Ghost Coffin, the patterns of the killings underwent some unpredictable change. Previously, the target had been Wang Xiaoming, an isolated individual, but now... even spirit manipulators had become targets.

"An unpredictable change, huh?" Wang Xiaoming, seeing the death of these two, realized the issue at hand.

The pattern of the ghost's killings was not unchangeable; Yang Jian had proven that before. He had just been worried that after countless restarts by the ghost, some anomalies might occur, hence his desire to resolve the event swiftly. Now it seemed that it was no longer a matter of multiple restarts—the malevolent ghost had changed upon returning to the Ghost Coffin, and the previous pattern had altered.

"It's too late for containment now. There was a flaw in our preparations," he subsequently added with a hint of dejection.

If this operation hadn't been so hurried, and a sufficiently large box had been brought to immediately seal the ghost as soon as it returned to the coffin, this situation could have been avoided. After all, there had been an excellent opportunity, which had even led everyone to believe for a moment that the incident had concluded.

However, there were no ifs.

The failure to contain the ghost swiftly enough had caused this particular incident, something nobody could have anticipated.

"Hey, Professor Wang, what do we do now? This has gotten complicated. We've lost two spirit manipulators in one fell swoop, and this is seriously not a good sign," Cao Yang, one of the spirit manipulators, said directly.

"The ghosts inside those two were suppressed and showed no signs of revival—no wonder they died that quickly."

Jang Shangbai, with a stern face, analyzed the situation, "Don't get close to the Ghost Coffin. That thing is sinister, and it's getting more and more suspicious. I advise against staying here any longer. We should retreat. If we get caught in that kind of Ghost Domain again, it will put everyone in danger, and from that Ghost Domain, there's no way out."

"So we just leave it like that? What about this thing?"

Feng Quan asked, "Are we just going to leave it here unattended? If we let this go on, won't the supernatural occurrences remain unsolved? If it were someone else, they might just run, but if we run, there'll be no one left to deal with the Ghost Coffin."

Jang Shangbai turned and said, "The plan was unsuccessful, it's just a temporary retreat. To stubbornly grapple with a supernatural phenomenon is courting death."

"I agree, we've tried multiple times to contain it and failed. We have also tried having the malevolent ghost return to the coffin, which clearly had an immediate effect, but it was short-lived, and unexpected changes occurred yet again. It shows that this matter isn't simple, and a temporary departure is the safer option. While we still can leave, we should, because if we stay, we indeed risk being entangled in the supernatural occurrence once more." The speaker was Zong Shan.

He chose to support Jang Shangbai.

It had nothing to do with others; he just believed this decision was the right one.

"Professor, what do you think?" Li Jun fell silent for a moment before asking for Wang Xiaoming's opinion.

Although Wang Xiaoming was not a spirit manipulator, his decisions were still to be taken seriously.

"Abandon the Ghost Coffin and leave," said Wang Xiaoming without much thought. Perhaps the answer had always been clear in his heart, and he stated the conclusion with calm.

Two spirit handlers had already died, indicating that the balance was disrupted; the previous plan had failed.

If they continued to linger here, the damage would only worsen, and the more severe risk of group extinction could occur right in this place.

Such a risk of group extinction was something no one could afford to take. Wang Xiaoming wasn't willing to gamble with everyone's lives; a temporary retreat from the Ghost Coffin to consider other options was the most prudent course, although this could likely lead to unforeseen changes with the Ghost Coffin once again.

The supernatural event had started to evolve in a direction beyond control.

"If that's the case, then we retreat," Li Jun said without any objections. If Professor Wang ordered a retreat, then he would carry out that command.

The others shifted their gaze and began to distance themselves from the Ghost Coffin immediately.

Perhaps there was still a chance to contain the Ghost Coffin, but regrettably, what they currently lacked was a container large enough to hold it. If they could return to headquarters, they might be able to quickly produce such a container, but by the time they got back here, it would certainly be too late.

However, just as they were about to leave,

Ghost Ropes began to hang down from the sky without notice; the area where they stood was seeping blood, a chilling wind was whipping around them, and what was even more terrifying was that, while just moments before the Ghost Coffin had been undisturbed, suddenly there was someone sitting inside it.

To be precise, it was a shadowy figure lurking in the darkness, with a vague appearance. The figure seemed to only show the upper body outside the coffin and faced forward, leaving just a side profile visible.

But now, no one was concerned with the situation within the Ghost Coffin—they were more worried about the supernatural changes happening around them.

This was no longer simply a supernatural phenomenon; it was a mix of bizarre and eerie changes.

It was as if a host of ghosts was steadily awakening...

"Escape using the Ghost Domain," Wang Xiaoming instructed.

Li Jun didn't dare to take any chances and immediately used the Ghost Domain. Unlike Yang Jian, whose ghost was not in a crashed state, he normally wouldn't recklessly use his powers—only in a situation would he resort to the Ghost Domain. If he were as careless as Yang Jian, he'd have succumbed long ago.

But this wasn't the time to be frugal.

However, as soon as Li Jun's Ghost Domain was activated, it vanished instantly, as if a green light had been forcefully snuffed out.

The Ghost Domain disappeared in an instant.

Li Jun's face darkened immediately, and he glanced back towards the direction of the Ghost Coffin.

"Did it fail? It seems like it's been suppressed. The ghost's power is still there; it can still suppress other ghosts, but this time the Ghost Coffin appears to be selectively targeting what to suppress."

Wang Xiaoming quickly realized; "Run for it. Put distance between us and the Ghost Coffin. Now that the ghost is inside the coffin, its range of influence must be limited. Although we failed to contain it, it seems like its most troublesome ability has been mitigated."

The absence of the Ghost Domain from the Ghost Coffin was the only piece of good news for everyone.

"Are you serious, we have to run out of here?" someone exclaimed in shock.

At this moment, the supernatural occurrences were affecting a range of at least one to two miles. Although not exceptionally large, escaping on foot meant braving some dangers and literally fighting a way out to stand a chance.

And that prospect felt very unsettling.

Chapter 478

Inside the Ping'an Hotel.

Before he knew it, Yang Jian had fallen asleep on the sofa. Although his body allowed him to go long periods without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he was still extremely tired mentally after the encounter with the Ghost Envoy at the training base. That constant nerve-wracking tension, like walking on a tightrope every moment, was more exhausting than anything.

It was already impressive that Yang Jian had held on for so long.

After all, the mental state of most ghost manipulators is often in a pretty bad place.

If they suffer from fear, panic, leading to insomnia, loss of appetite, paranoia, and a host of other symptoms, that would indicate that the ghost manipulator's mental state was edging towards collapse.

Being able to eat and sleep normally indicates that a person's mental state is not problematic.

However, when Yang Jian first became a ghost manipulator, his mental state was indeed very poor. But now, as the ghost inside him gradually came under control, whether through growing from his experiences, he had seen significant improvement in his own problems.

Yet, that was about all.

He was still being subtly influenced by the ghost within him, gradually losing some emotions, even those of a normal person.

While Yang Jian could sleep, some, however, suffered from insomnia.

Down on the lower floors.

This was the room of the ghost manipulator, Zhang Hui.

Having witnessed the incomprehensible paranormal events at the training base with Yang Jian and the others, he got a taste of insolvable supernatural incidents that cast a terrifying shadow over his heart. He used to think that paranormal events, at worst, posed a threat to ordinary people, but not to ghost manipulators. At worst, if they couldn't handle it, they could escape. Thus, he was fairly confident and composed.

But the Ghost Envoy incident taught him a harsh lesson.

This kind of inescapable terror, this unassailable existence that offered no weakness, demolished his courage.

So there were such supernatural occurrences in the world where ghost manipulators felt weak and helpless.

Even though he survived, every time he recalled what had happened, he would wake up from his confusion, and had experienced insomnia many times already.

"Can't sleep again, damn it." Zhang Hui abruptly opened his eyes, his face covered in cold sweat,

As soon as he closed his eyes, trying to sleep, it felt like he was back in that dark place, isolated and helpless, surrounded by fearsome ghosts possibly lurking at any moment. Sometimes, he felt the ghost was right beside him, never truly gone.

The room was bright with light, but he didn't feel a trace of safety.

"At this rate, I will go insane eventually." Zhang Hui knew in his heart that he was experiencing psychological issues.

He had occasionally accessed some documents from headquarters and knew that many former ghost manipulators had developed psychological issues, gone mad, or taken extreme steps, including suicide.

Such cases of failure, however, were not highlighted; most files were simply archived.

Just like with this incident at the training base.

The deceased ghost manipulators would only become a number in the archives, not remembered by anyone.

"Who's there, who is it?"

Suddenly, as Zhang Hui was about to try to sleep again, he caught something out of the corner of his eye and suddenly saw a shadowy figure reflected on the floor outside his room door, as if someone was standing there.

There was no movement from the shadow outside, and no one responded to him.

Zhang Hui immediately frowned, got up from bed and left the room.

But when he came out to the living room, he found no one, not even a trace that the door had been opened.

Zhang Hui turned back to look at the light reflected into the room.

Had the shadow disappeared?

"Impossible, I clearly saw a shadow on the ground just now, I definitely wasn't mistaken," he said, startled with cold sweat on his back.

He scanned the surroundings once again.

The spacious and bright living room was eerily quiet. Having just left the training base, Zhang Hui suddenly felt that something was not right.

He didn't know if it was his tense state of mind that was mistaken, or if there had indeed been something wrong in the room just now.

Or perhaps some ghost manipulator was secretly watching him...

"I should change where I'm staying first," Zhang Hui thought. Regardless of whether there was anything abnormal here, he quickly packed his things and hurriedly left the living quarters.

This place was once haunted, with someone previously dying here due to the resurgence of a malicious ghost. Perhaps some supernatural occurrences had been overlooked. Moreover, since this was a hotel where ghost manipulators stayed, it was bound to be somewhat unusual.

Already psychologically shadowed, he was now exceptionally sensitive and even a bit superstitious.

Soon, Zhang Hui fled from Ping'an Hotel as if escaping from disaster. He no longer dared to stay here, only feeling a trace of safety in the hustle and bustle of the city.

The others didn't know about Zhang Hui's departure.

They wouldn't care about a ghost controller's temporary exit, especially when there were more important issues to address.

The Ghost Coffin incident was far from over.

Although it was good news that Yang Jian and the others had left alive, as long as the source of the paranormal remained, terrifying events would continue to occur.

"Ding Ding!"

A sudden ring from a phone broke the silence.

In Yang Jian's room, a satellite-positioned phone on the coffee table in front of the sofa began to chime.

Yang Jian, deep in sleep, was jolted awake by the ringing, almost instantly regaining consciousness. He opened his eyes wide, and even his ghost eyes were revealed, shrouded in a faint red glow.

It was an exaggerated subconscious reaction.

Just like a professional boxer instinctively throwing a counter-punch, Yang Jian as a ghost controller had also gradually developed this instinctive physical response.

"How long was I asleep?"

Yang Jian assessed his condition and the red light around his body gradually extinguished. He glanced at the satellite phone emitting the sound beside him.

It indicated an operator was trying to connect.

"Is Liu Xiaoyu looking for me?" His gaze shifted slightly, and without getting up, he lazily reached for the phone and answered the call.

"It's me, Yang Jian."

Liu Xiaoyu's voice immediately came through the phone sounding anxious, "Yang Jian, something's happened."

"What happened?" asked Yang Jian, his eyes narrowing slightly at her words.

"The Ghost Envoy's containment failed, Professor Wang's operation has been hindered, and they were attacked by a paranormal force."

Liu Xiaoyu quickly and succinctly briefed him on the events that had transpired while he had been asleep.

Yang Jian said, "Failures in dealing with paranormal incidents happen all the time, that's nothing new. With over a dozen top ghost controllers protecting Professor Wang, even if they can't handle it, they can still leave. Why are you contacting me?"

He wasn't worried about their safety.

These people were not like the ones from the training base; they had gone prepared, knowing the habits of the ghost in advance. Plus, he had successfully altered memories, reducing the Terror Level of the ghost by at least one notch. Even rookie ghost controllers wouldn't be in mortal danger.

Of course, there were risks involved in forcefully containing the Ghost Envoy.

"You're right, Professor Wang indeed could have left, but he changed his mind at the last moment," Liu Xiaoyu continued.

"Professor Wang's original plan was to have the evil spirit return to the Ghost Coffin, thereby restoring the previous situation. Although it was successful, the Ghost Coffin was not secured in time, and then it mutated, allowing the ghost to come out again quickly," she explained.

"..." Hearing this, Yang Jian was briefly taken aback.

Mutation?

This word made him feel that Wang Xiaoming had been unlucky lately. Indeed, after the Ghost Coffin came into contact with the ghost again, it was possible for some unexpected outcome to occur. But he hadn't expected it to happen so quickly.

However, he wasn't surprised. Hadn't there been mutations when he dealt with the Hungry Ghost? The Hungry Ghost kept evolving, changing its patterns at each stage.

As the Ghost Coffin was defined as an S-grade supernatural event, it naturally might undergo mutations as well.

"Why did he refuse to leave?" Yang Jian asked.

"Because Professor Wang insisted on taking the Ghost Coffin with him. He believed that the Ghost Coffin should not be in contact with the ghost for long, as it could lead to irreversible and terrible consequences. Moreover, Professor Wang thought that even if it meant sacrificing a few top ghost controllers, it would be worth it to remove the Ghost Coffin," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

"Would anyone agree to that? Just tie him up and take him away," Yang Jian said. "After all, he's just an ordinary person."

"But Li Jun and Feng Quan agreed," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"What? Feng Quan was involved too?" Yang Jian was surprised.

He hadn't been privy to the specific details of the headquarters meeting earlier and didn't expect Feng Quan to be involved in the Ghost Envoy event as well.

Chapter 479 Overtime Pay

After asking Liu Xiaoyu, Yang Jian learned the details.

The number of participants at the emergency headquarters meeting was indeed substantial.

Not only was Feng Quan involved, but even Tong Qian, who had been temporarily transferred from J City, was there, as well as several international ghost hunters from J City—like the hot-tempered Chen Yi they had encountered at the airport, and Zong Shan, who had invited him to form a team. There was also Cao Yang, who had previously supported Dachang City... Of course, there were also a few top ghost hunters whose names Yang Jian had not heard and whom he did not recognize.

If it weren't for the urgency of the situation and the need to maintain a presence of ghost hunters in J City, there would have been even more people participating.

When Yang Jian heard that several acquaintances were involved in the event, he couldn't help but frown slightly.

This was unexpected.

To tell the truth, he was not too keen on having Feng Quan and Tong Qian get involved in this supernatural event.

Although he had managed the danger of this supernatural event to some extent, considering the terror of the ghost itself, the best method would have been to stay away.

Even though they were now ghost hunters who had tamed two ghosts, if a mutation occurred, even controlling two ghosts would probably not be enough.

The ghost known as Ghost Envoy could suppress the existence of six ghosts right from the start.

If those people played with fire and let the ghost regain its previous pattern of action, the situation would become serious.

Whether it was Feng Quan, Tong Qian, or any other ghost hunters, they might all end up dying in the Ghost Domain.

"However, the fact that Liu Xiaoyu still had time to phone me indicates that the situation isn't as grave as I imagined," Yang Jian subsequently dismissed his pessimistic thoughts.

He felt that this call was more like a request for help.

Not a cry for help, but a request for assistance.

Because there were other more influential ghost hunters in J City, if it were a cry for help, they would have certainly thought of him first.

Yang Jian still had some self-awareness.

"So, does this mean that some people, along with Wang Xiaoming, have encountered danger in their attempt to retrieve the Ghost Coffin?" Yang Jian said, "But surely not everyone is willing to take risks with Wang Xiaoming, right? Although his identity is special, not everyone is willing to follow his orders in the face of such a supernatural event."

"Yes, it's just as you guessed, there are indeed several who have had disagreements with Professor Wang and have temporarily fled the dangerous area."

Yang Jian said, "So you're asking on behalf of headquarters how I would deal with this supernatural event?"

"The headquarters would like to hear your plan if you have one, especially since the information you previously provided was indeed of great help. No one knows better than you about the Ghost Envoy event," said Liu Xiaoyu.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

It looked like he could sell his unique goods for a good price now.

Otherwise, why would he keep holding onto this satellite-positioned phone, doing thankless work?

Perhaps exploiting the situation for a better price at such a time seemed somewhat unscrupulous, but the only reason he was still alive was due to the items he had painstakingly earned. If he hadn't previously requested the life-saving dolls and Ghost Candles from Shen, he wouldn't have survived the training base event.

"I have a plan for dealing with this, but I want you to reimburse me for my previous expenses before I'm willing to continue the conversation. Business is business, and favors are another matter," said Yang Jian.

Liu Xiaoyu replied, "What expenses do you want the headquarters to reimburse?"

"The red Ghost Candles and a rag doll. My small stockpile was completely used up yesterday, and without it, I don't have much confidence in getting involved in the Ghost Envoy event again," said Yang Jian.

"Wait a moment, I'll apply to the minister," said Liu Xiaoyu.

She didn't find anything inappropriate with Yang Jian's request; every time he was involved in a supernatural event, he had used up these special items, so reimbursement was warranted. Besides, he had not only survived the Ghost Envoy event but had also saved four ghost hunters, which was a significant merit.

The reimbursement request was likely to be approved.

Perhaps because the situation was urgent, the communication on Liu Xiaoyu's end was quickly transferred.

"Yang Jian, it's me, Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua. We spoke on the outskirts of Dachang City, you should remember me," came the voice of a steady middle-aged man.

"Deputy Minister, good to hear from you. You're up early working, have you had breakfast? You probably haven't slept a wink all night..." Yang Jian said with a smile.

In the temporary meeting room.

Upon hearing Yang Jian's voice, Cao Yanhua's mouth twitched, and he said, "Your request is approved. We'll reimburse you for the previous items. You did well this time. Although the issue hasn't been resolved, you helped several ghost hunters survive. Just wait until after this is over to be officially commended."

When it came to business, he was quite affirming of Yang Jian's merits.

"Did Liu Xiaoyu mention to you that you have a plan to deal with this situation?" he asked straightforwardly.

Yang Jian said, "I can't say I can handle it. At the very least, rescuing a few people from that Ghost Domain is not a problem, but to thoroughly deal with this issue, it's beyond my abilities. Perhaps the deputy minister should consider bringing in a more powerful ghost-master."

"That's enough. Just getting the others out is already good. The headquarters will handle the rest," Cao Yanhua said.

"Since the deputy minister is so forthright, then how about this, what about hazard pay?" Yang Jian said, seeming a bit embarrassed.

"You want hazard pay too?" Cao Yanhua's voice suddenly rose.

The temporary meeting room's other staff members all turned to look in their direction.

Yang Jian said with sincere tone, "Well, having some hazard pay just makes one feel more secure, you know, and gives more motivation to work."

"Can you guarantee to get everyone out?" Furious, Cao Yanhua put down the communicator, paced in a circle beside it, and almost clenched his teeth before picking up the communicator again.

Yang Jian said, "If the hazard pay is good, I can even sell you my life."

Of course, he wasn't referring to money with hazard pay, but to things like Ghost Candles and dolls—odd, special items that could help him handle supernatural events, or even help him survive.

"Fine, I agree to it. You'll get your hazard pay. I'll give you a list later for you to choose from," Cao Yanhua said.

"What's on it?"

"It won't be worse than a Ghost Candle, that's for sure. It's highly classified. Don't ask any more. Even if you did, I wouldn't tell you. If you agree, take immediate action," Cao Yanhua said.

He didn't want the situation to escalate. If they were to mobilize more forces, it would inevitably alert the higher-ups and might even affect the stability of Dachang City.

For the sake of the bigger picture, he, as the deputy minister, had to resolve the Ghost Envoy incident within his own authority.

Yang Jian was one of the more suitable candidates among those at his disposal.

Of course, compared to the other alternatives, Yang Jian was a priority—after all, Cao Yanhua wouldn't overlook someone with rich experience in resolving S-class supernatural incidents and opt for someone else.

However, if Yang Jian was unable to resolve the issue, he would have no choice but to seek out those other alternatives.

To his surprise, things went smoothly, and Yang Jian actually had the ability to deal with the current thorny issue.

Cao Yanhua didn't want to waste any more time and immediately decided.

"Something worth more than a Ghost Candle, highly classified?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly.

Indeed, the organization's stockpile was nothing to scoff at.

He remembered when he first became a ghost-master, the Ghost Candle files had just been declassified and could be accessed with certain clearance.

And then, the files on dolls that could replace someone in death were declassified, which he could now access with his current clearance.

Little did he know that beyond those, there were many more items yet to be declassified.

"I'm in."

Yang Jian had no reason to refuse. He couldn't sit by and watch Feng Quan and Tong Qian get swept up in this supernatural event, not knowing whether they were dead or alive. After all, they were teammates whom he had painstakingly recruited. They couldn't just be abandoned; he had to rescue them. In future confrontations with supernatural events, he would still need teammates' help. If he were alone, he would have been long dead.

Moreover, the headquarters was showing considerable sincerity this time, offering reimbursements and indeed providing the hazard pay.

To not put in the effort now would surely earn him criticism from others.

But since he entered the business, he had never let people down; he had that basic integrity.

"This time, just rescue the people and avoid contact with that thing. Right now, even though I've resolved the issue of the specters' revival, I'm not sure I can detain that Ghost Envoy. Thankfully, it seems that headquarters has made other arrangements and just wants me to save the people," he said.

Yang Jian set his rough action plan, then a red light flashed from the Ghost Eye on his body. It flew out the window, streaking across the city skyline toward a suburban direction.

The next instant.

He disappeared from the sofa.

Without any other supernatural influences, his Ghost Domain could easily cover a medium-sized city. If he controlled the range, he could teleport instantly between two cities.

Unbeknownst to others, Yang Jian was no longer the weak and struggling wretch he once was.

He was truly deserving of the name Ghost Eye.

Chapter 480 Counter Invasion

"Professor Wang is really quite stubborn," one of them said. "He could have left but changed his mind halfway to forcibly take the Ghost Coffin with him. Isn't that just asking for trouble? That thing is now occupied by a ghost, so if you want to take the Ghost Coffin away, you must drive out the ghost. Moreover, it has undergone some unpredictable changes and has become incredibly dangerous."

In a suburb near the laboratory.

Several people stood on a hill, looking out at the area that was gradually being covered by darkness.

The Ghost Domain had formed again, and beyond that, something unpredictable had occurred within it, seemingly manifesting the abilities of multiple ghosts.

"It must be that Professor Wang has discovered something even more important on the spot, which made him decide to take the Ghost Coffin."

Jang Shangbai narrowed his eyes and said, "What on earth did he find to willingly take such a great risk to change his mind and try to take that coffin from a ghost's clutches?"

Whatever Wang Xiaoming valued so highly must be extremely valuable.

Unfortunately, he knew too little to guess any of the secrets behind it.

"No matter what Professor Wang has discovered, given the current situation, this is the best course of action. The ghost doesn't seem to be moving anymore. Let's just leave it here, and even if we can't contain it, at least it won't cause any harm," the speaker was Zong Shan.

He had previously disagreed with Professor Wang and others, believing the risk of further adventure wasn't worthwhile.

During a crisis, this brief disagreement led to two drastically different outcomes.

One group had successfully left the dangerous area while the Ghost Envoy incident was brewing again, and another followed Wang Xiaoming back into the Ghost Domain.

"You make a good point. Aren't there enough dangerous places we know from the files? Several problematic areas in Dachang City haven't been resolved; one more doesn't matter," someone else agreed with a nod.

Dachang City wasn't devoid of supernatural events.

There had been paranormal events, some of which were resolved, others were sealed off, and since they were controlled, people didn't worry too much.

"Headquarters has been notified. They will arrange for a rescue. The rest isn't our concern anymore; it's about time we head back," Jang Shangbai said, as he glanced at the darkening Ghost Domain, not wanting to face such danger and risk falling into it.

The recent changes had made him aware of the horror before him.

An entity with the ability to suppress other ghosts and constantly exhibiting supernatural phenomena could easily kill any ghost manipulator.

Had he not experienced it himself, he would have found it hard to imagine that the group of novices from yesterday's training camp had actually managed to escape alive from this ghastly being.

"Unable to be contained, unable to be dealt with, possessing endless restarting abilities, able to suppress other ghost manipulators, and seemingly able to use other malevolent ghosts' powers... Moreover, it seems to be in a semi-awakened state. This thing is simply a perfect ghost, with no flaws. Once it sets its eyes on you, even the strongest ghost manipulator could be worn down to death inside," he said with his eyes slightly closed, pondering over what he would do if he faced this being.

It seemed... One could only wait for death.

At that moment, he suddenly sensed something, opened his eyes sharply, and looked to the side.

There was an additional person there.

A person who did not belong to their group.

The man was wearing a white shirt, about one meter seventy-eight tall, with a somewhat handsome face but pale complexion, emitting a strange aura that was cold and eerie. His eyes were sharp like a hawk or a lone wolf, with a feral edge that was uncomfortable to the onlooker.

What drew the most attention was the crimson eye on his forehead, an eye without a pupil, exuding an evil air, restlessly moving left and right as if spying on everything around.

"Who are you?"

The other ghost manipulators quickly realized what was happening and almost instinctively took several steps back, then watched on alert.

"Yang Jian, what are you doing here?" Zong Shan saw the young man without any reaction but with a hint of surprise.

Theoretically, Yang Jian should be resting somewhere after having just come out alive from a supernatural event yesterday. It seemed unlikely for him to come here again.

Yang Jian?

The other ghost manipulators next to him sized him up a bit, and then recalled Yang Jian's dossier, quickly compared it, and then lowered their guard.

Is this the Ghost Eye Yang Jian?

Although they had heard of his name, they were seeing him in person for the first time, and to their surprise, he matched the description in his file exactly, a youth not even twenty years old.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian?" Jang Shangbai's eyes shifted slightly, paying particular attention.

"Someone offered me overtime pay to fetch a few people, so here I am," Yang Jian said calmly. Although his eyes were on Zong Shan, his Ghost Eye had already taken in the surrounding people.

Ultimately, his Ghost Eye lingered on the young man extending himself out of his suit.

That person gave off a much stronger presence than the others.

Overtime pay?

Hearing Yang Jian's words, Zong Shan immediately understood; "Headquarters actually sent you for support? That doesn't seem like their style. After all, you've just dealt with a supernatural event; you're probably not in the best shape."

"My operator mentioned it to me, and I could have refused, but considering the substantial overtime pay, I decided to come anyway," Yang Jian explained.

"Just you alone?" Zong Shan felt somewhat incredulous.

That Yang Jian had survived the Ghost Envoy incident was a stroke of luck, yet here he was dealing with a supernatural event again. Wasn't he afraid of a ghost resurgence?

Yang Jian said, "For now, it's just me. But if I fail, headquarters is sure to arrange for someone else to take over."

"Hey, Yang Jian, can you divert that eye of yours for now? Being stared at by your Ghost Eye probably isn't a good thing," Jang Shangbai said, feeling somewhat uneasy because Yang Jian's Ghost Eye was continuously looking in his direction.

"Sorry, sometimes it's not something I can control," Yang Jian said. "It's just being cautious around you, which means you're much more formidable than the others."

Jang Shangbai's face darkened.

This Ghost Eye also has that ability? Can it sense the danger level of a ghost manipulator?

Zong Shan said, "Even if you want to save people, it's not going to be that easy, right? After all, you couldn't escape the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain immediately."

He didn't quite believe that Yang Jian could provide support.

"Actually, by dealing with these supernatural events, you must have noticed some issues already. The reason the ghost cannot be contained is because you are inside the ghost's body. Perhaps that's not quite accurate, but you could think of it that way," Yang Jian said.

Jang Shangbai glanced at him and said, "Professor Wang had a similar theory before, that the Ghost Domain is a part of the ghost itself, making it impossible to contain, and it can restart at any time."

"It's not surprising that Wang Xiaoming would say something like that. He could probably guess it as soon as he got involved, but by then it would have been too late," Yang Jian said.

"Exactly, because by the time you discover this, you're already within the ghost's Ghost Domain. That means you've already lost, and further understanding of the ghost is useless," Zong Shan nodded.

Jang Shangbai asked, "So, do you have a solution?"

"Wow, it's so obvious and yet you still don't know?" Yang Jian was a bit surprised.

"..." Jang Shangbai's mouth twitched fiercely; he completely failed to understand what Yang Jian and Professor Wang meant.

Their words sounded similar, but the meaning was totally elusive, although Zong Shan seemed to have grasped something.

"Actually, I've figured out a bit and just want to know what method you plan to use," Jang Shangbai said.

He actually didn't know anything but he couldn't admit it.

Zong Shan said, "I'm somewhat curious about your plan."

"To solve this Ghost Envoy incident, we must act from outside, meaning that ghost manipulators cannot fall into that piece of Ghost Domain," Yang Jian said. "There is a solution, simple and brutal; use a stronger Ghost Domain to forcefully suppress the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain, compressing it to the smallest area possible."

"If possible, you could even trap this Ghost Domain in a small bottle, of course, made of gold."

This plan came to him after his own Ghost Domain was suppressed during his first contact with the Ghost Envoy and upon understanding the nature of the Ghost Envoy, he decided to do the opposite.

Fierce ghosts were able to suppress their own Ghost Domains, so as long as other Ghost Domains were strong enough, they could push back.

"So that's how it is..." Jang Shangbai muttered under his breath, a look of sudden realization flashing across his face.

"What did you say?" Yang Jian asked.

"It's nothing."

Jang Shangbai said with a cold face, "Your plan is almost impossible to implement. Do you think you can suppress the Ghost Domain of an S-grade supernatural event? Wasn't the Dachang City incident also covered by a Ghost Domain? Didn't it remain unsolved at the beginning?"

"Dachang City was different. At that time, I lacked the ability to deal with it," Yang Jian said.

Yang Jian continued, "Besides, I'm not thinking of completely suppressing this Ghost Domain. We just need to find a way to break in and rescue the people, after all, this time it's about saving lives, not handling a supernatural event."

"Alright, we've talked enough; it's time to act. Stay alert and make sure no one interferes with me. Also, keep an eye on the condition of the Ghost Domain, and inform me of any changes," Yang Jian finished speaking and started walking towards the area shrouded in darkness.

"We don't take orders from you," Jang Shangbai said.

Zong Shan waved his hand and said, "It doesn't matter. Let's cooperate with him this once to get the people out. We can't let Professor Wang die here, otherwise, we would all bear responsibility."

Thinking of their earlier escape, Jang Shangbai realized that if Professor Wang died, the responsibility would naturally fall on those who had fled.

Immediately, he kept silent.

By this time, Yang Jian had already reached the edge of the area engulfed in darkness.

A few more steps and he would be inside the Ghost Domain.

He didn't act rashly, but instead wanted to make a preliminary attempt.

"I was able to see the truth behind this darkness when I unlocked the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, but it still isn't enough. To possibly invade the Ghost Coffin, I need at least five layers of the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian pondered.

Stacking five layers of the Ghost Domain was something he had never tried before.

However, after taking the Coffin Nail from the Ghost Envoy's body and incorporating it into his own, a new balance with the ghost in his body was formed. Based on his conjecture, he should be capable of unlocking five layers of the Ghost Domain.

Since it was inevitable to try eventually, why not now?

Yang Jian looked at his pale, slightly stiff palm, the Ghost Hand he had recently gained control over.

Part of a ghost's body, this hand hadn't rotted, nor did it bear any signs of livor mortis, preserved almost perfectly, but was terribly cold, no different from a dead person's palm.

Suddenly, a strange red glow began to envelop him.

As the red light covered him, Yang Jian completely vanished from the sight of Jang Shangbai, Zong Shan, and the others.

He had entered his own Ghost Domain.

To evade the perception of ordinary people, he only needed the first layer of the Ghost Domain; but naturally, that was far from sufficient. To counterinvade the Ghost Domain of a Ghost Envoy, it would take at least four layers, and five was just a guess. Perhaps in the end, he would need to go up to six layers, so Yang Jian needed to try.

Soon.

The red light around Yang Jian grew richer as the second layer of the Ghost Domain was activated; his world within the Ghost Domain began to turn illusory.

Then, the third layer of the Ghost Domain opened.

Everything from the real world disappeared; there was only what was created by his Ghost Domain, unaffected except by Gold or ghosts themselves.

Yet it wasn't enough. The darkness before him lingered; he couldn't see through it.

"The fourth layer of the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian stacked another layer with his ghostly vision.

The eerie red light forcefully dispelled the darkness in one part of the area but couldn't penetrate to the true source of the current situation.

Just as Yang Jian attempted to counterinvade this Ghost Domain.

In the depths of darkness, a bizarre and terrifying scene continued to unfold, but this time it wasn't Yang Jian who was in danger, it was someone else.

Strange, ghastly laughter rang out in the darkness, sending shivers down one's spine, leaving their skin crawling.

The laughter echoed incessantly, growing clearer as time passed, as if it was emanating from right beside one's ear, lingering and compelling an involuntary laugh in response.

This was the laughter of a malevolent spirit.

And the source of this laughter was a face.

A face with a smile, that of a dead person.

This face appeared on Tong Qian's body, in stark contrast to another face marked with tears.

One ghostly face on each side, this was the ghost controlled by Tong Qian, If not for the balance formed between the ghosts, she would have long perished at the hand of her own ghostly visage.

"Tong Qian, you can't keep going, or Professor Wang won't be able to withstand it, he will be killed by you," Li Jun's voice sounded, urgently halting the eerie laughter.

The ghost's laughter ceased.

They managed to fend off a wave of dreadful attacks, finding temporary safety.

"It's useless, without dealing with the source, such attacks could happen countless times," Wang Xiaoming spoke, "The only way now is to take the Ghost Coffin and wait for rescue. As long as we take the Ghost Coffin, the ghost will revert to its previous state of movement, and we will not be isolated, so we'll be safe."

"Why are you so adamant about taking the Ghost Coffin? Isn't that thing turned into a ghost?" Tong Qian turned her neck, her human face now looking at Wang Xiaoming.

In the darkness, Li Jun's body emitted a cyan-green glow, dispersing the shadows around him.

"Because I've made a new discovery, if we get through this crisis, I have a high chance of enabling people to control ghosts in a revived state," Wang Xiaoming said calmly, "This is a new advancement, but if the Ghost Coffin continues in contact, it will disappear and that Ghost General will go on reviving."

"Whether it's for subsequent research or to stop the revival of the Ghost Coffin, it's worth the risk for me."

"Are you so certain help will return?" Tong Qian asked, clenching her teeth.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I'm certain, because of this Dachang City."

"Then let's move forward," Tong Qian said.

They didn't leave but headed towards the direction of the Ghost Coffin. However, the further they went, the more terrible the supernatural encounters became, requiring teamwork to address, otherwise, survival would be difficult.

The only solace was that after the fierce ghost returned to the coffin, it did not emerge again.

It seemed that the truly terrifying source was somewhat restrained, so what they faced were other supernatural entities.

Entities such as Ghost Rope, Ghost Turnaround... these must have been other ghosts previously seized by the Ghost Envoy.

Even so, this group of top ghost controllers still found it exceedingly challenging to progress, risking annihilation at any careless moment. Thankfully, they were adequately staffed, with Tong Qian, whose ghostly faces were in shutdown mode, bearing the brunt, giving them the capacity to endure.

But the Ghost Envoy was still present.

In the darkness ahead, the coffin sitting on the ground was still motionless. This coffin had no lid, or more accurately, its lid was broken, having lost some kind of supernatural aspect.

But inside the coffin stood a person in an eerie manner.

This person used to be seated within the coffin, yet at some point, it changed posture and chose to stand up.

If things continued this way, it would soon step out of the coffin.

That would be the moment when the Ghost Envoy fully revived.

Perhaps, in a certain sense, the coffin was both nurturing the ghost and restricting it.

Only, no one knew when the balance had been broken, leading to the ghost ultimately escaping the confines of the coffin.