

Revival 641

Chapter 641 to go

Yang Jian walked alone on the streets of Dachang City, which were very familiar to him as he had grown up, studied, and lived there since childhood...

But now, the streets were far less bustling than before.

Desolate and depressed, the majority of the shops on either side of the road had closed down, and many were directly transferring or selling their properties.

It seemed that the impact of the last incident was still lingering, and a return to the past vibrancy seemed unlikely.

"Although it's a lot quieter, at least the city is stable now, and no new incidents have occurred," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He wasn't wasting time wandering the streets aimlessly; he was making a round of the city to get a grasp of the situation and also to inspect it. If there were any unsolved supernatural incidents in the city, he wouldn't mind resolving them before he left, considering his current state was well-suited for dealing with such matters.

A moment later.

Yang Jian arrived at Shangtong Tower.

Although the building was very quiet, there were quite a few staff members around.

Yang Jian contacted Zhang Han through the reception desk.

Soon, a person in charge named Zang Hua rushed over in the elevator, out of breath.

Zang Hua had a dual role; one was as the liaison officer of the headquarters, and the other was to assist Yang Jian with his work in Dachang City because sometimes, cooperation is needed for certain affairs, highlighting the significance and capabilities of his role.

But now, with nothing urgent to attend to, he had enjoyed a rare period of leisure.

"Mister Yang, hello," Zang Hua greeted him warmly.

"Have you just returned from a business trip? I'm sorry, I didn't receive any notice from above, please forgive my negligence in work."

Yang Jian said, "I'm just back for a quick visit and will return to Big J City tomorrow. It's normal for you not to have received a notice. How have things been recently here? Nothing untoward, I hope."

"Everything is normal, of course. If there was an emergency situation, I would find a way to notify you. This is my job, and I wouldn't be negligent," Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian asked, "How come I heard that lately, people suspected of being ghost handlers have been sneaking into my residential area at night? Haven't you received any news about this?"

Zang Hua looked around, then spoke in a hushed tone, "Mister Yang, indeed, such an incident has occurred, and we are investigating, but so far, there has been no news. However, a bizarre death case happened the day before yesterday in the old city district. The file has been sent to your office, and Zhang Han has also taken a look, but no conclusion has been drawn yet. He wanted to wait for your return to deal with it."

"Alright, I will talk to Zhang Han," Yang Jian said.

Soon.

Both of them took the elevator to the top floor of Shangtong Tower.

That level was Yang Jian's office space. He chose this location because Shangtong Tower is situated at the city center, and from that height, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye could overlook the whole city, allowing him to detect any abnormalities in any location as quickly as possible.

Zhang Han was not in Yang Jian's office; he had his own rest room, usually spending a few hours there every day, mainly to be on call just in case an emergency occurred and a ghost handler was needed.

Although it was somewhat monotonous, he felt lucky just to be alive.

Looking back at a few months ago, he was drinking and chatting in Wang Xiaoqiang's club with Yan Li, Ye Jun, and others. Who could have imagined that in the following months, all the familiar ghost handlers would die, including the most formidable Ye Feng, who perished in the Hungry Ghost incident, while it was he, who had little ability, who survived.

The inexperienced newcomer Yang Jian, whom I first met, has now become the person in charge of Dachang City and even solved that unsolvable supernatural event.

Every time he reflected on this, Zhang Han couldn't help but feel emotional.

Zhang Han, your vigilance isn't suitable for getting involved in supernatural events, you might end up dying a horrible death."

Unbeknownst to Zhang Han, Yang Jian and Zang Hua had already walked into the lounge, and their arrival seemed not to have startled him.

Zhang Han suddenly snapped back to reality and immediately stood up upon seeing Yang Jian, apologizing with an embarrassed smile, "Sorry, sorry, I might have become too comfortable lately. My current state has relaxed far too much compared to before. Moreover, the issue with the Hungry Ghosts resurrection has been temporarily resolved, which has eased my mind quite a bit."

"Living a comfortable life isn't too bad," Yang Jian said. "Zang Hua told me someone recently died in the Old City District, how is the situation when you went to check?"

Zhang Han nodded and said, "Yes, since we couldn't rule out a special cause of death, I went to the scene. The relevant files are in your office; you can check them out."

"Files are created by people, and anything written by people means it might not be accurate. I trust your judgment more than those," Yang Jian replied.

"Actually, it's hard for me to judge, but my gut tells me it's caused by supernatural forces, even though the autopsy report says brain hemorrhage. I don't really believe that; there was an indescribable feeling at the scene," Zhang Han said.

"Wasn't it a supernatural event?"

"No, there were no signs of a supernatural intrusion," Zhang Han said earnestly. "If it was a newly emerged supernatural event, it definitely wouldn't have ended with just one person dead, and I checked the scene as well."

"Then it must be the work of a ghost manipulator. Five nights ago, someone suspected of being a ghost manipulator intruded into the residential area. It's possible that it's the same person."

Yang Jian said, "When I came here earlier, I took a round in the city center, searching with the Ghost Domain but found no one suspicious. Maybe that person is no longer in Dachang City or maybe they are in hiding. Anyway, I'm not going to allow any shady people to stay here. Work a bit harder recently, cooperate with Zang Hua, and find that person."

"And after we find them?" Zang Hua asked, "How should we proceed?"

"Warn them to leave. If they agree, then there's no issue. If not, I'll take them out next time I'm back. I may not care about other places, but I'm the one calling the shots in Dachang City. I won't allow any disturbances here. Anyone who tries to make trouble has to die," Yang Jian stated.

"Alright, that's what we'll do," Zang Hua nodded in agreement. He was already familiar with Yang Jian's way of handling things, so this decision wasn't surprising.

Moreover, he preferred this approach, since his own family was also in Dachang City. An individual slipping into the city secretly was indeed disconcerting. Had they come openly to visit, there wouldn't be a need for such vigilance.

"I'll do my best to cooperate," Zang Hua also nodded, silently consenting.

When it came to matters of supernatural events, the decrees of Yang Jian, the person in charge, were orders to be followed without question.

"Come in," Yang Jian suddenly said, his expression shift, addressing the doorway.

At that moment, the door to the lounge opened, and a woman dressed in professional business attire, bearing a few cups of freshly brewed coffee, walked in. The woman looked pretty and pleasant to the

eyes, seemingly in her late twenties, exuding mature charm. Her eyes moved slightly, finally resting on Yang Jian.

"I've made coffee for everyone; I hope it doesn't disrupt President Yang's work," she said.

Zhang Liqin wore a smile and spoke in a gentle, soft voice, adept at receiving guests.

"Indeed, Yang Jian, your vigilance is really high, you noticed people arriving at the door, unlike me who didn't even react when they came in," Zhang Han said with a laugh, taking a sip from his coffee cup.

Yang Jian said, "It's just a normal reaction, if possible, I'd like to relax for a while like you too."

"You are burdened with more work because you're capable. Honestly, without you on the front lines, I wouldn't be able to relax like this," Zhang Han said. He may be relatively mediocre, but he was self-aware.

At this moment, Zang Hua asked, "Now that the matter has been confirmed, when do we start working?"

"Now, the sooner we get results, the better," Yang Jian stated as he stood up. "I don't have time to be involved in this matter, it's up to you, I'm heading back."

"No problem, I can handle this," Zhang Han nodded, expressing confidence.

After all, having been a ghost manipulator for so long, it would be impossible for him, mediocre as he might be, not to deal with someone who's merely showing a bit of their head and tail.

"Good, I'll wait for your news," Yang Jian said before leaving Zhang Han's lounge.

Seeing this, Zhang Liqin immediately followed behind him.

On the way back to the office, Yang Jian asked, "How did you know I was here with Zhang Han?"

Zhang Liqin smiled and said, "I heard from colleagues downstairs that you came to the company, so I came over to check. It must have been just now because I didn't see you when I left home so late this morning."

"It was just a temporary return, so I didn't inform you all. How is the company doing recently?" Yang Jian sat down by the office sofa.

"Pretty good. Although we're still operating at a loss, there's no shortage of investors. A boss named Wan Delu invested several billion in one go and actively brought in many investors for us. Many projects are now developing smoothly. For specific progress, you'd have to ask Wang Bin, after all, he's responsible for the company's project operations."

Zhang Liqin also took a seat, leaning close to Yang Jian, displaying an intimate manner.

"I was just asking casually. I'm not too interested in the company's development. I just thought of forming a company to unite everyone to do something, considering the future. After all, I never thought about making money. If something goes wrong with the situation, as long as the company can serve some of the purposes I envision, that will be enough," Yang Jian said.

"It is necessary to plan ahead."

Zhang Liqin said, "I can't do much, but I will help you as much as I can. Of course, I also hope that you will take care of me as you did before."

"Sounds like a deal," Yang Jian remarked.

Zhang Liqin coyly glared with a touch of charm, "How could a man taking care of a woman be considered a transaction? I've always belonged to you. If it weren't for you saving me several times, I probably would have died long ago. Sometimes I think, if one day you dismiss me or throw me out, I really don't know how I'd live."

Having gone through a lot, she understood more than ever the importance of Yang Jian in her life. At first, she was somewhat hesitant, but now she felt that meeting Yang Jian was a very fortunate event.

"Just talking, don't take it seriously. I've always been known for not speaking nicely," Yang Jian said.

He didn't dislike this Zhang Liqin.

A harmless woman who understood boundaries, she was much more likable than the others he knew.

By comparison, Auntie Jiang, Jiang Yan, really had many strong points too.

"I'm not angry with you," Zhang Liqin smiled.

After some thought, Yang Jian said, "However, I do have one thing I'd like your help with."

"Tell me."

"You know a bit about the matters of the Supernatural Circle. Although I have the ability to deal with ghosts, I've also paid a significant price, so it's unsure when I might die. If I were to die, you'll have to take care of my mother," Yang Jian explained.

Zhang Liqin was taken aback for a moment, surprised by his words and seemingly not expecting Yang Jian to ask her to take care of his mother.

"Isn't it a bit early to talk about this?"

"It's just making arrangements in advance, after all, no one can predict the future. You can refuse, and I'll make arrangements with someone else when the time comes," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin immediately said, "Don't worry, I'll take good care of your mother."

"It's not as easy as giving a casual promise, once you agree, you must follow through," Yang Jian emphasized.

"I will definitely fulfill what I've promised you," Zhang Liqin earnestly replied.

Yang Jian nodded, considering the matter settled.

He didn't expect a single promise could bind someone for long, but he was only doing what he could as far as he was able.

Of course, he could modify Zhang Liqin's memories to ensure she kept her promise, but Yang Jian didn't want to do so, as he couldn't be sure if altering a person's memory would leave any side effects.

"I need to leave," Yang Jian decided to set off after confirming there were no more matters to attend to.

"Leaving so soon?" Zhang Liqin asked with surprise.

Yang Jian said, "I still have unfinished business over there. Once it's done, I'll come back. Don't mention my return to my mom this time."

"Got it."

Soon, he left Shangtong Tower again.

However, not long after he left, Jiang Yan, seemingly having heard the news, burst into the office excitedly, "Yang Jian, you finally came back. How are you, did you miss me?"

"Yang Jian just left; he said he had matters to attend to and would take some time to come back," Zhang Liqin said, pointing outside with her finger.

"Ah?" The color drained instantly from Jiang Yan's face.

Before leaving, Yang Jian returned to the old house in the residential area.

After greeting Wang Shanshan, he took the Ghost Infant with him.

But now, calling it a Ghost Infant was no longer appropriate; after growing into the Second Stage, it would be better to refer to it as a Ghost Child.

Although it wasn't raised on ghosts, its ferociousness was very high. If Wang Shanshan hadn't kept it in check every day, Yang Jian believed it could definitely grow into another Hungry Ghost.

"It's dangerous, but at least before it goes out of control, it is very trustworthy. It would complete my orders without any hesitation. With it as a bodyguard, if necessary, I could consider continuing to nurture it," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He had control over a few ghosts, and some things could serve as pieces of the puzzle for the Ghost Child's growth.

Chapter 642 The Terrifying Child

"The Ghost Child can freely come and go in my Ghost Domain."

When Yang Jian used his Ghost Domain to travel between locations again, he realized that the Ghost Child he had brought from Wang Shanshan's side had become part of it upon entering his Ghost Domain. Not only did it follow closely without falling behind, but it could also move to any place within his domain.

He had experimented along the way.

No matter which level he opened his Ghost Domain to, the Ghost Child could invade it at will.

In other words, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was incapable of stopping this thing.

"An incomprehensible eeriness, this Ghost Child has the characteristics of a Hungry Ghost and a Ghost Eye," Yang Jian glanced at the Ghost Child roaming about within the domain, and his wariness deepened.

If this thing went out of control, he would be the first to be attacked. Opening the Ghost Domain not only failed to block it but would also become an opportunity for it to get close to him.

"Although I've altered its memory, I'm not certain it will work, so I must be cautious no matter what."

Yang Jian had considered killing it.

But this world was too dangerous. Be it the human skin parchment, the Ghost Cabinet, the Ghost Mirror, or even the Ghost Infant from the Second Stage, they were all assets to increase his chances of survival. He couldn't avoid using something just because it was dangerous—he would have been dead long ago without these items, not surviving to this point.

Absolute safety didn't exist. As long as the risk was within a controllable range, Yang Jian was willing to take it.

"Come here."

Yang Jian gave a command to the Ghost Child. He needed to grasp its behaviors in a short time and then determine in what situations he should allow it to appear.

In the distance, the Ghost Child that was standing atop a tree in the mountains vanished in the blink of an eye.

The next moment, it appeared by Yang Jian's side.

Just one look at the Ghost Child with its dark greenish-black skin made one feel afraid, those red eyes without pupils strangely exuded a bizarre ferocity. At this moment, it was tilting its head slightly, looking at Yang Jian as if waiting for the next command, but this seemingly innocent and naive gaze was inexplicably chilling.

However, Yang Jian had no further instructions. He needed to judge what the ghostly thing would do next without his command.

Would it continue standing there foolishly, or would it have some independent ideas?

At this moment, Yang Jian was observing, and he was also watching the time.

About ten minutes passed.

Without further instructions from Yang Jian, the Ghost Child started looking around rather than staring at him.

About twenty minutes later, the Ghost Child began to move around Yang Jian's vicinity but didn't stray too far; its range of activity was roughly within five meters around him.

Finally, after thirty minutes, the Ghost Child no longer seemed affected by the previous command. It began reverting to its prior behavior, roaming all over Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. Sometimes it would perch on a branch, staring into the distance, and other times it ran around the domain seemingly playing on its own.

"Less than thirty minutes of constraint time, it also proves that the Ghost Child can understand what I say," Yang Jian noted down this time.

"Do not leave the area within ten meters of me."

The next moment, he issued another command.

The Ghost Child looked at Yang Jian, then suddenly ran back. Its range of activity was restricted; although it still ran around haphazardly, it did not leave the ten-meter radius around Yang Jian.

"Go stand under that streetlight," Yang Jian said, pointing toward the distant light.

The streetlight was at least thirty meters away from him. Just before, he had issued a command not to leave a ten-meter radius from himself. In other words, these two commands conflicted with each other, and he wanted to confirm what reaction the Ghost Child would have to the issuing of conflicting commands.

Would it, like a real ghost, experience a crash?

The answer soon became apparent.

The Ghost Child ignored the previous restriction of staying within ten meters and ran to stand under the streetlight. Moreover, it didn't run back.

Yang Jian frowned slightly, "The new command overrides the old one. The Ghost Child won't crash due to command conflict like a real ghost would, so there's no need to worry about that."

After some probing, he gained a rough understanding of the Ghost Child.

"The only thing left is to analyze the Ghost Child's own condition... But before that, there's something else I need to confirm."

Yang Jian looked over at the Ghost Child not far away and said directly, "Call me daddy."

It wasn't that he was indulging in a twisted sense of humor, but rather he wanted to see if this thing could actually speak.

The Ghost Child looked at Yang Jian, opened its mouth as if trying to speak, but no sound came out. The inside of the Ghost Child's mouth was pitch black; there was no tongue, no throat, and not even teeth. It seemed underdeveloped, with many parts of the body not fully formed.

"Unable to speak, yet still trying to do so... Is it because it's missing pieces of the puzzle?" Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

He remembered that the original Hungry Ghost had teeth, as did the other Ghost Infants that had been derived from it, but this thing did not.

"Now, I'm a bit curious to see what kind of change will occur in the Ghost Child after it consumes a ghost. Will it be eroded by the consumed ghost, just as a living person is when a fierce ghost revives, or will it be able to control the consumed ghost? Turning the consumed ghost into one of its jigsaw pieces?"

This answer was extremely important.

If it was the former, the potential of the Ghost Child wasn't as great as imagined. Although it could provide significant help, the chances for utilization might not be many.

If it was the latter... That would be terrifying.

Yang Jian might be able to raise a Hungry Ghost that would obey his commands.

Someday his nickname, Ghost Eye Yang Jian, could be changed, perhaps to Dachang City's Foster Dad would be more appropriate.

Raising such a creature, wouldn't that be like fostering a father? Yang Jian would have to hold onto its coattails in the future.

"If I'm to feed it with a ghost, the first one must be a harmless existence that can be dealt with, to prevent bad luck from befalling me if it gets out of control," he mused.

The number of ghosts he held captive wasn't many.

Some had been subdued by him, some handed over to headquarters, and the most suitable ghost remaining in his possession was just one.

The Ghost Skeleton that was left behind after Wang Xiaoqiang was taken down.

It was among the least dangerous ghosts, Yang Jian guessed, likely a piece of some devoured corpse that had been dismembered and scattered, akin to his own Ghost Hand. Although it was a ghost, the level of danger it posed was quite low.

"That thing, although minimally dangerous, is too singular. It could be directly controlled by a live person in a critical moment, saving someone close to death. Feeding it to the Ghost Child might be a bit of a waste."

"Or perhaps the Dead Man's Head I obtained after the scuffle with that circle of friends last time?"

Yang Jian considered another ghost.

A ghost whisperer left a ghost after his death, a dead man's head.

However, the ghost was somewhat dangerous, a terrifying head that couldn't be expelled even by the power of the fifth level in the Ghost Domain. If swallowed by the Ghost Child, it might pose a certain risk of going out of control, but the dead man's head was very effective. Ghosts targeted by the dead man's head were suppressed, and the person it focused on was likely to die within a short period.

As for the risk of revival, Yang Jian didn't know; after all, his knowledge was still quite limited.

The rest, like bloodstained old newspapers, worn embroidered shoes, and the Ghost Shroud, were all items of supernatural significance. To some extent, they were not true ghosts, and Yang Jian didn't want to experiment with these things.

While contemplating, Yang Jian had once again arrived at a villa community on the outskirts of the city.

Villa No. 8, left behind by He Tianxiong, was his temporary residence in Big J City, so there was no need to stay at Ping'an Hotel anymore. After all, Ping'an Hotel was full of headquarters staff, and many things and secrets couldn't be hidden there—like his appearance today with the Ghost Child, which would be immediately known to headquarters.

Yang Jian looked around.

The survivors from abroad, including Li Yang, had already left during the day. They must have received headquarters' arrangements and no longer needed his worry.

However, when he entered the villa, he found the inside brightly lit.

There was a young woman sitting on the living room sofa. She was petite, with twin ponytails, and had a pure and adorable appearance. She was currently eating various snacks and fruits on the table while watching TV.

"Liu Xiaoyu? What are you doing here?" Yang Jian frowned, then looked around.

It seemed she was the only one there.

"Yang Jian, you're finally back. I knew you would be here. I've been waiting for you for hours," Liu Xiaoyu said, hastily putting down the snacks and switching off the TV before standing up from the sofa.

"Just you alone?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu nodded quickly, "Yes, just me. I received a call from that Li Yang and found out that you were staying here after leaving Ping'an Hotel. The deputy minister asked me to accompany you for a few days, so I came over."

"Accompany me for a few days? What do you mean?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

Liu Xiaoyu giggled, "It means wherever you go, I'll follow. The deputy minister asked me to stay close to you for easy contact at any moment."

Yang Jian thought for a moment and understood Cao Yanhua's consideration. Tomorrow was the deadline given by Wang Xiaoming for his response. Cao Yanhua was worried about not being able to find someone in time and causing a delay, so he had Liu Xiaoyu come directly.

"I suppose there's also an element of surveillance, isn't there? Cao Yanhua wants to know what I've been up to recently? He doesn't trust me. But you've got guts, daring to come here alone to keep an eye on me. You should know it's not safe around me. One carelessness could be fatal."

Liu Xiaoyu made a helpless expression and retorted, "What can I do? Someone has to do this job. I'm your contact person. Now that you're suspended, I'm on leave too, so I'm the most suitable choice."

"There are plenty of staff at headquarters, definitely no shortage of people. The only reason they sent you is probably that they think we have a good relationship. If it were someone else, they might mysteriously disappear the next day. Outsiders might not know, but don't you know? Because of the friend circle incident, I've already had a falling out with Cao Yanhua," Yang Jian said.

"That's all in the past, don't dwell on it. Besides, I cried for you for half a day, and I didn't blame you, did I?" Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian did not respond to her but suddenly sensed something and shouted, "Come here."

Liu Xiaoyu was startled and then pouted, "What are you being so fierce for? I'm coming, I'm coming."

"I'm not calling you." Yang Jian's gaze turned cold. "I'm calling the thing behind you."

"What?"

Liu Xiaoyu instinctively looked back and her pupils suddenly constricted. Her heart seemed to stop beating at that moment, as she saw a child of about six years old standing behind her, eerily watching her. The most bizarre aspect was the child's dark blue-black skin, which made him look like a dead person, and his blood-red eyes without any pupils exuded a terrifying ferocity.

As if he wanted to devour her alive.

However, in the next moment,

the Ghost Child gave up on Liu Xiaoyu. It ran across the floor barefooted, its movements swift like a shadow flashing by, and quickly hid behind Yang Jian like a scaredy-cat.

"Is this... a Ghost Infant?"

Liu Xiaoyu's heart was racing, and her body felt as if it had frozen, her eyes filled with unmistakable terror.

She had seen the Hungry Ghost's files because she had created them, so she was very clear about the image of the Hungry Ghost. She even had specific illustrations for the changes in each stage of the Ghost Infant.

To compile the Hungry Ghost's files, Liu Xiaoyu had even suffered from insomnia and nightmares for a whole week.

"You were almost attacked by it," Yang Jian said seriously as he looked at her.

Just now, the Ghost Child had come behind Liu Xiaoyu without any orders from him, and after observing her for a bit, he even sensed its intention to attack.

This intent to attack was becoming stronger as time passed.

If Yang Jian hadn't called out in time, the Ghost Infant might have really pounced on her.

"The Ghost Infants of the Second Stage will attack anyone they see or come into contact with. To some extent, Ghost Children are also affected by this rule—they will attack living people they see... But it seems the blood-stained newspaper has modified its memory and had some effect,"

"It will hide if seen by living people."

Yang Jian glanced at the Ghost Child hiding behind him.

Because the blood-stained newspaper written to modify its memory had stated:

First, obey the orders of Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan completely.

Second, the Ghost Child is forbidden to kill without the orders of Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan.

Third, it is forbidden to appear arbitrarily in crowds.

So, the Ghost Child avoided people because of the existence of the third command, but the second command had a flaw; it forbade killing but didn't forbid harming.

In other words, once you are seen by the Ghost Child and you are unaware, it will attack you from a position outside of your field of vision.

Thinking back to something Wang Shanshan had mentioned, about the Ghost Child running out five days earlier and returning with a few human fingers in its mouth,

Yang Jian believed the Hungry Ghost's instincts were still present, and even if it didn't kill, it would still harm people.

But to what extent it would harm, Yang Jian couldn't determine, as people could also die quickly from serious injuries.

Therefore, to prevent the Ghost Child from killing completely seemed an impossible task; it could only be continuously constrained.

Any indulgence might lead to this creature attacking living people nearby.

"I must issue another order forbidding the Ghost Child from approaching living people, and considering that orders can be overwritten, this command needs frequent updating. I have to repeat it whenever there's an opportunity; I cannot let this Ghost Child go out of control," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Chapter 643 Who Will Survive

Liu Xiaoyu looked at Yang Jian, deep fear revealed in her eyes, not out of fear of Yang Jian himself, but of the Ghost Infant hiding behind him.

Only a few months had passed since the Hungry Ghost incident, and she often found herself recalling the entire supernatural event.

Dangerous, terrifying, desperate... Even as an operator, she could feel the hellish scene as if she were there, and today she saw that Yang Jian had a Ghost Infant with him.

"You, how could you?"

Liu Xiaoyu felt a chill throughout her body, she opened her mouth trying to ask, but the thrill in her heart messed with her thoughts.

Yang Jian knew what she wanted to ask, and simply said, "How do you think I've survived till now? Without finding a breakthrough from the ghosts, it's hard for a normal spirit practitioner to live through one incident after another. The Hungry Ghost incident is over, but there were still undeveloped Ghost Infants left behind. I found one and controlled it, as simple as that."

"You're keeping a Hungry Ghost?" Liu Xiaoyu's shock made her cover her mouth.

Although she knew that Yang Jian was audacious and sometimes violent, raising a Hungry Ghost seemed too crazy. Any rational person would think it impossible.

Everyone in the supernatural community knew this.

Ghosts are too dangerous and frightening, an uncontrollable and incomprehensible oddity; not only raising one by your side was daunting, even just living in the same city would give people nightmares at night.

Yang Jian readily admitted, "That's right, I'm keeping a Hungry Ghost, or more precisely, just a Ghost Slave. Not many people know this, and I plan to keep it that way. I don't want it to become widely known for now, so you have to keep this secret for me temporarily, and make sure not to leak this information."

The matter of the Ghost Child was bound to become known sooner or later as long as it stayed by his side, but as long as it wasn't discovered at this critical juncture, it was fine.

As long as he got through the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, this secret wouldn't matter anymore.

"I..." Liu Xiaoyu wanted to refuse Yang Jian's request. Although she had covered up many things for him, this matter was too significant.

A slip-up could result in terrifying consequences. According to her professional guidelines, this was something that had to be reported, with no room for omission.

"I can't agree."

Clenching her teeth, Liu Xiaoyu looked at Yang Jian with a troubled expression, showing her firm stance.

Yang Jian was silent for a moment, then he calmly said, "Every spirit practitioner has their own secrets. If every operator acted like you and reported the secrets they discovered, do you think that would be a good or a bad thing? I'm essentially retired, and you are on vacation. There's no need to do everything by the book,"

He tried to convince her, and if that didn't work, he would alter Liu Xiaoyu's memories.

However, Yang Jian had no idea what the consequences of a normal person coming into contact with a supernatural power might be, so he tried to avoid such situations as much as possible.

"Moreover, the Ghost Infant is not as dreadful as the real Hungry Ghost and doesn't possess the same level of danger. You can regard it as a ghost that I control, just like the Headless Ghost Shadow."

As Yang Jian spoke, a tall Headless Ghost Shadow standing behind him had already risen, wandering around the living room like a corpse, lingering nearby without dissipating, seeming like an awakened vicious ghost beyond control, capable of killing anyone around at any time, dangerous and terrifying.

He was demonstrating the commonality between the two.

Seeing this, Liu Xiaoyu couldn't help but retreat. Compared to the Ghost Child, this tall Headless Ghost Shadow in front of her seemed even more daunting; she felt goosebumps all over her body without it even coming near.

A cold, gloomy chill was already creeping along the air and the floor towards her, as if it was infiltrating her whole body.

"I, I understand, I'll keep this secret for you, but, but you have to promise me to restrain this thing... otherwise, a lot of people will die," Liu Xiaoyu pleaded with a sob in her voice.

The Ghost Shadow behind Yang Jian quieted down, turning into an inconspicuous shadow on the floor. He said, "Nowadays, supernatural incidents occur frequently. Is there any incident that doesn't cause death? Do you think the Hungry Ghost incident was the most severe one? I'm telling you, it wasn't. As time goes by, any supernatural event that spirals out of control could inflict more harm than the Hungry Ghost incident."

"You're my operator, and you've interacted with many people. You should understand what being a spirit practitioner means. Simply put, it's using the power of ghosts to fight against ghosts. If you think the Ghost Infant is dangerous, that's exactly what I need. It's dangerous to the living and equally dangerous to ghosts. I wouldn't have kept it if it wasn't dangerous enough."

"So I can't guarantee that it won't go out of control or that it won't kill people."

He felt it necessary to refresh Liu Xiaoyu's perceptions; otherwise, he couldn't tolerate her being his operator.

"You're... right," Liu Xiaoyu's lips trembled as she thought, unable to refute Yang Jian's words.

Which spirit practitioner doesn't control malevolent ghosts to fight against other ghosts?

Yang Jian controlling the Ghost Child was fundamentally the same.

It's just that the impact of the Hungry Ghost incident was too great. If the headquarters learned about Yang Jian raising the Ghost Child, it would definitely be taken away, and it would be nearly impossible to keep it, as he was still cursed by the Eight-Tone Music Box and had no bargaining power.

Only after the curse was lifted could he regain his strength.

Seeing her change her mind, Yang Jian then said, "Since you've agreed to keep this secret for me, I'll trust you this time. However, from tonight until tomorrow night, you must not leave this house. If you do, I'll have to take some compulsory measures, and you wouldn't want to experience any of that."

Trust is trust, but he would still take precautions.

"I won't be able to sleep with that thing beside me, I'd better go home," Liu Xiaoyu said timidly.

Yang Jian said, "It's too late to leave now. Go to your room and sleep. If you can't sleep, play with your phone to pass the time. Don't wander around aimlessly, and don't be curious enough to open anything. I've placed many dangerous things here, so I'm warning you in advance, to let you be on your guard."

"The more you say that, the more I want to leave," said Liu Xiaoyu, almost crying.

She had thought this place, with its splendid decoration and dazzling lights, would be very safe. It never occurred to her that this was just a facade, that the real dangers were hidden in places she couldn't see.

"You shouldn't have stayed before," Yang Jian said.

However, in the end, Liu Xiaoyu, trembling and intimidated, had no choice but to rest in a relatively safe room under his insistent retention.

Yang Jian took the Ghost Child to the third floor of the villa.

There was a study and a safe room here; he told the Ghost Child to hide in the safe room and not come out. But just to be sure, he locked the door anyway. Under normal circumstances, it shouldn't be able to get out.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still echoing in his mind.

But Yang Jian felt very tired, as if his body's functions had reached their limit and were on the verge of collapse. If he didn't continue to rest, his body would soon die again, then decay and deteriorate. So, he planned to rest for a few hours and wait for the news tomorrow.

He wasn't worried about dying in his sleep; now with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and the trading rules of the Ghost Cabinet, he was sure nothing would happen to him.

This rest was a luxury, as if it was the last sleep before death.

Although wasteful, it was necessary, somewhat like the feeling of being ready to go after eating and drinking one's fill.

Meanwhile.

In a suburban area far from the city.

There was a very secretive laboratory here.

Even though it was night, the place was still heavily guarded and brightly lit.

In the most secure part of the laboratory, Wang Xiaoming appeared. In front of him, there was a special partition with a glass that allowed a clear view of an old coffin displayed inside. In front of the coffin was a small stool with a spirit tablet on it.

On the spirit tablet was a black-and-white photo of a young man with a frightened expression, looking somewhat abnormal.

"How did Doctor Chen's previous Ghost Coffin experiment turn out?" Wang Xiaoming looked to the side.

The man called Doctor Chen was a bespectacled man in his thirties, in charge of the laboratory and several projects. Previously affiliated with the "Circle of Friends," but now with its demise, the headquarters had taken over, and many projects had been handed over.

"It's going smoothly, but I can't be sure if this incomplete Ghost Coffin can suppress all the ghosts inside Yang Jian's body," Doctor Chen said with some concern.

"If we can't suppress them, there might be a risk of losing control. After all, Guo Fan is an outsider with no experience in controlling three ghosts."

"As long as it's going smoothly, that's what matters; control is not important. After all, there's only one chance, and next time this thing will be completely useless," Wang Xiaoming replied, his gaze fixed on the coffin.

The Ghost Coffin was losing its supernatural essence due to the revival of the Ghost Envoy; now it lacked not only the coffin lid but also the darkness within.

After all, a coffin is just a vessel; the real Ghost Coffin was the ferocious ghost codenamed Ghost Envoy.

Without the ghost, a coffin is just a normal coffin.

Doctor Chen then asked, "So, what are you thinking? If Yang Jian agrees to your proposal, it means his consciousness will enter the spirit tablet. Once his consciousness enters, you could easily find someone else to replace his body, eradicate Yang Jian, and create a new Yang Jian."

"So, do you want Yang Jian or Guo Fan to survive?"

Wang Xiaoming said coldly, "That depends on whether the spirit tablet can successfully strip away the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box. If it fails, Yang Jian will still die, but his body can be controlled by Guo Fan. If successful, the person who suffers the curse and dies will be Guo Fan. I simply made the best choice in the worst-case scenario. Regardless of the outcome, Yang Jian will survive."

"And in this situation, all he needs to do is to stay alive. As for who survives, that doesn't matter."

"That really is your style," Doctor Chen remarked.

"It's a pity that my previous Ghost Coffin experiment lacked this spirit tablet; otherwise, the situation would be much better now. But let's not talk about that. How is the progress of your other project? I've been following it for a year, but due to redeployment I was unable to participate. It should be showing results now, right?" Wang Xiaoming said.

"Not bad, there's some progress, but not as much as expected. It still needs more time to perfect, though success is just a matter of time," Doctor Chen replied.

During the conversation, it was revealed that the two may have collaborated on a special project before.

"What about the Ghost Painting incident outside? Aren't you going to pay attention to that?" Doctor Chen inquired once again.

"The situation has worsened, but there will be an operation tomorrow, a containment operation. However, I'm not very optimistic about it, due to the lack of crucial intelligence support. I wouldn't have allowed any action to be taken if it weren't for the new intelligence that appeared in the afternoon. But, just to be safe, I had someone bring out the Ghost Camera," Wang Xiaoming stated.

As he spoke, he looked at the black-and-white photo on the spirit tablet once again.

The photo on the tablet bore the same style as the photos taken by the Ghost Camera.

This meant that someone had used the camera in the past to capture a ghost and then left the ghost's photo on the spirit tablet.

This was a trace left by predecessors.

Many such traces are easy to discover if one pays careful attention.

But Wang Xiaoming was not interested in those; he was interested in beings like Old Qin, who despite having human consciousness, possessed ghostly characteristics.

If this could be achieved, supernatural cases could be thoroughly resolved.

Chapter 644

Yang Jian was sleeping, but his sleep was light; he could even keep hearing the echoing, ethereal, and eerie chiming in his mind, a melody made up of just a few notes that played incessantly, a kind of mental torture that was hard for anyone to endure.

The chimes from the Eight-Tone Music Box were both a death talisman and the key to preserving one's own life.

Once the music started, the first person to open the Eight-Tone Music Box would be cursed with an inability to die, a curse that could last for days on end.

Conversely, as soon as the music stopped, the cursed person was doomed to die without a doubt.

There was no known solution to this curse.

It was too dangerous; hence it was sealed away by headquarters most of the time and rarely used.

But today, Yang Jian was less than forty hours away from the outbreak of the curse.

However, as he slept, in his daze, he seemed to have a dream, led by that melody in his mind, he abruptly arrived at a narrow, sealed room that looked like it had been covered in dust for ages, dim and dark, devoid of light, imperceptible to everything around.

Moreover, there were no walls around, no points of reference whatsoever.

The only thing present was an old piano in the center of the room. Although Yang Jian felt he was standing right next to it, he could not move or approach the piano.

But he saw a pair of dreadful hands resting on the old piano, hands that were shriveled, blackened, meant to decay, yet they were trembling ever so slightly, as if moving, as if playing the piano. And yet, these dreadful hands were incomplete, several of its fingers missing.

The old piano, too, was missing several keys.

Therefore, as the horrible hands moved, they could never press the keys or play any sound.

The missing fingers and the missing keys aligned perfectly as if deliberately made that way by someone to prevent the shadow in the darkness from using the piano.

But this prevention seemed to be gradually failing.

Yang Jian saw that where the original keys were missing, a few new ones had been added, shiny and new, clashing with the rest of the keys.

There were already quite a few of these newly installed keys, a total of five.

But when he tried to approach for a closer look, he found the dreadful hands in front of the piano had disappeared. Simultaneously, a shadow began to emerge in the darkness, drawing ever closer to him, terrifying and bone-chilling, like a malicious ghost lingering by your side.

But the chimes of the Eight-Tone Music Box echoed around Yang Jian.

The chimes prevented the ghost from getting closer, ensuring Yang Jian was safe and unharmed.

The dream was absurd, yet also bizarre.

It felt like a long time had passed, and yet in an instant, everything had changed. Yang Jian was gradually moving away from the sealed room; he had not moved, it seemed as if the room was moving away from him.

Then his consciousness returned.

His body gave a slight shudder,

Yang Jian suddenly opened his eyes, his mind clear, with no trace of sleepiness.

"Did I actually have a dream?" He felt surprised and couldn't help but frown and ponder.

Ever since he became a ghost controller, he rarely dreamed, only at special moments such as when he was eroded by his own ghost, or when his body was severely deteriorated. But the dreams during those times were not dreams, but a leakage of information, as a result of the interaction between humans and ghosts.

Yang Jian remembered Zhang Lei had said he had received memories that were not his, hence he knew about the existence of that graveyard, even though he himself had never been there.

"Is this an information guide from the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box? A fierce ghost that plays the piano? It's likely the source of the curse... I'm about to be killed by the curse now, so my body has become a kind of medium, through either the response or the reaction of the ghost inside me, reaching that original source."

He pondered deeply, remembering carefully, yet he had no idea where the room from his dream was located.

It definitely wasn't room number 71 at the Caesar Hotel, he was sure of that.

"Yang Jian, are you awake? Get up quickly, I've already received notification. Professor Wang has asked for you to come over," Liu Xiaoyu's voice came from the living room. She was shouting loudly, not knowing which room Yang Jian was staying in, so she just yelled haphazardly.

Yang Jian looked at the clock; it was nine o'clock in the morning, which meant he had somehow slept through the night, though it felt to him like only half an hour had passed. It seemed his body was just

too tired, and even though his consciousness could bear it, his body could not after being active for so long.

"I gave Wang Xiaoming two days' notice; it looks like he's on time and didn't make me wait any longer."

His eyes shifted slightly, naturally knowing what Wang Xiaoming's call was about today; after all, it was the time he had been waiting for.

"I can't fully trust Wang Xiaoming, even with the Ghost Cabinet transaction rules in place; I still need to take some precautions."

Yang Jian didn't take measures on himself; instead, his gaze turned to the tightly closed door beside him.

The existence of the Ghost Child, kept a secret from everyone, served well as an emergency measure or a backup plan. It hadn't yet entered the third stage and become a Hungry Ghost by devouring other ghosts, so it was uncertain how effective it would be now.

He decided to nurture the Ghost Child temporarily.

Immediately.

Yang Jian obtained something from underground through the Ghost Domain.

A black, filthy shroud, resembling what dead bodies wear for their burial.

Dressing the Ghost Child in the Ghost Shroud had been a thoughtful decision; unusual as the shroud was, the critical moment to utilize it had come—time for it to serve its purpose.

"Put on the clothes and come out," Yang Jian said as he opened the box containing the Ghost Shroud, then tossed it into the room.

The room held the Ghost Child within.

One could predict what would happen when ghosts interacted with each other.

It didn't take long.

The door opened.

An eerie child, around six years old, now appeared before Yang Jian, dressed in the Ghost Shroud. The original size of the shroud was much too large, but on this Ghost Child, it fit extraordinarily well, as though it had automatically shrunk to fit.

"Indeed, the Ghost Shroud won't conflict with the Ghost Child itself and, if my assumptions are correct, the Ghost Child should be able to perfectly wield this garment."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

The Ghost Shroud, when worn by the living, could ward off attacks from other ghosts, but the consequence would be a gradual erosion of the living body, turning it into a corpse, and once worn, the living could not remove it.

Therefore, the true bearer suited for this garment wasn't a person, but a ghost.

Ghosts aren't afraid of the shroud's erosion, so they can wield it perfectly.

In other words, the Ghost Shroud is a universal puzzle piece for any ghost, a one-size-fits-all, which means the Ghost Child can also control it perfectly.

"Take this Dead Man's Head with you and follow me. Do not attack anyone without my command," Yang Jian ordered coldly, tossing over a body bag.

If the Ghost Child could wield the Ghost Shroud, then it should be able to withstand the terrifying assaults of the Dead Man's Head once it was dressed in the garment.

Today, Yang Jian didn't want to hold anything back—he wanted to be fully prepared.

Dealing with Wang Xiaoming wasn't easy.

After doing all this, Yang Jian even carried a decoy doll with him before stepping out of the room.

"What are you doing, why are you up so late?" Liu Xiaoyu was already ready, still dressed in her cute-styled dress, looking pretty and proper.

However, her eyes were somewhat evasive, seemingly searching for traces of the Ghost Child, very afraid of that thing appearing beside her.

"Where is the address, I'll go by myself. You can head back to headquarters later tonight, no need to stay here anymore, this place isn't safe," Yang Jian said.

In another room of his lay ghost paintings, not a place suitable for ordinary people to stay for long, especially when he wasn't there.

Liu Xiaoyu responded, "How can that be? I need to take you there, it's my job."

"No more talk, give me the address," Yang Jian insisted seriously.

"Alright, then I'll send you the location, and you can go on your own," Liu Xiaoyu, seeing Yang Jian's firm attitude, had no choice but to send a location to him.

After receiving it, Yang Jian glanced at it and strode towards the door. The Ghost Child, flickering in and out of sight, secretly followed him all the way, never appearing before the living and thus avoiding Liu Xiaoyu's view.

Today, he was going to resolve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Whether he could succeed or what terrible things might happen along the way was something Yang Jian could not predict; he could only do his best.

Chapter 645

This place was a suburb far from the city.

A seemingly newly built asphalt road ran down alongside the highway, all the way to the distant mountains, and nestled among those mountains was an institute resembling a base.

On the map, this place was marked as Ping'an Technology Research Base, registered as a legitimate research company.

In reality, this was merely a cover.

The weather today seemed to be rather poor, with the sky a dull overcast and a drizzle falling, turning the winter climate damp and cold—such weather rarely encouraged people to venture outside unless there was something important to do.

But just a moment ago.

On the deserted oil-slicked road, where not a single vehicle or pedestrian was in sight, suddenly there appeared a figure.

This person, alone, trudged through the persistent drizzle, seemingly determined to follow this road to its end.

Yet the figure on the road did not linger too long.

Within a blink, the figure vanished, leaving the road empty once more as if the presence before was nothing more than an illusion, never having appeared at all.

"Right here?"

Yang Jian now stood before the entrance to what was known as Ping'an Science Research Base. He slightly lifted his gaze to look inside, where numerous secrets were revealed under the scrutiny of a strange red line of sight.

But there were even more areas that could not be probed.

"I'll send you in first."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, and he found a rather concealed spot that would not be easily discovered.

The next moment, a dark-skinned child flashed by his side and disappeared in the blink of an eye. When it reappeared, it was already standing in front of a window in a large building inside, curiously looking around as if searching for something of interest,

"Stay there and don't move."

He gave an order to the Ghost Child, instructing it to lay low and not show itself unless absolutely necessary.

Yang Jian then closed his Ghost Eye, causing the Ghost Domain that covered the area to disappear.

He thus appeared out of thin air before the eyes of the living, also showing up on nearby surveillance.

Without hesitation, he strode towards the interior of the research base.

The security personnel noticed Yang Jian's direct intrusion. They did not intervene but felt a sense of dread, promptly confirming his identity through the recognition system and then reporting it up the chain.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian has arrived..."

The message spread.

Some people in the research base were stirred.

Before Yang Jian reached the first building, a person waiting for him had already appeared at the entrance.

It was a middle-aged man dressed in a black suit, with a cold face, dark skin, a pair of hollow and numb eyes, and a rigid body as if he were devoid of breath—a veritable corpse standing at the dim doorway. He seemed to lift his head slightly in anticipation of Yang Jian's arrival.

Ghost Envoy Wei Jing?

This must be his new code name, an anomaly among the Ghost Handlers. He didn't seem to control any ghosts because... he himself had become a ghost.

That strangely familiar Ghost Rope hung casually from the belt around Wei Jing's waist.

The old straw rope and the modern suit looked out of place with each other, yet the now reawakened terrifying Ghost Rope made no movement, perhaps suppressed by Wei Jing.

"I thought I would be received by Li Jun. It seems he's been busy since becoming captain, no longer acting as Wang Xiaoming's bodyguard. Have they switched to you now?" Yang Jian's eyes moved away from the darkened Ghost Rope as he spoke.

Wang Xiaoming was still treated very well.

For his safety, headquarters had actually arranged a Ghost Handler with a Ghost Domain for him.

The previous Li Jun, and now Wei Jing, were both able to utilize a Ghost Domain, a rarer type of Ghost Handler that could greatly increase a team's survival rate when included within.

"Ghost Eye... Yang Jian?"

Wei Jing's hollow and numb eyes moved slightly, his voice was cold and carried a weird rasp that living people couldn't produce.

"We have seen each other many times, but today seems to be the first time we truly meet. As a Ghost Handler, you are too dangerous. If you keep fooling around like this without restraint, there won't be a good outcome."

He was warning.

And he expressed dissatisfaction with what Yang Jian had been doing recently—this was Wei Jing's personal view and opinion.

Yang Jian said, "The real Ghost Envoy is still trapped in the Ghost Painting, yet you managed to break free from the Ghost Envoy event... Such anomalies are rare. Who knows if you are really Wei Jing, or perhaps a ghost that escaped from the Ghost Envoy. So, in terms of danger, you rank higher than me."

Although he was wary of this Wei Jing, he wasn't afraid.

Because Yang Jian didn't believe this Wei Jing could perfectly suppress other ghosts like the real Ghost Envoy could.

"Follow me."

Without speaking further, Wei Jing turned with a stiff gait and headed inside the building.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, having already thoroughly understood the architecture here. Apart from many areas that remained unsearchable, a map of this place already existed in his mind.

Therefore, he didn't hesitate and followed Wei Jing directly.

There were no elevators in this research base building, as if to deliberately avoid interference from supernatural events, or perhaps to avoid complicating the structure of the building further, with a desire to keep it as streamlined as possible. As a result, floors were accessed solely by stairs.

The staircases were spacious and well-lit, not narrow, allowing for large numbers of people to evacuate in a short time without clogging the stairs.

Wei Jing led Yang Jian to the stairs heading down to the basement.

"Professor Wang is waiting for you in the lab on the fifth basement floor. The plan regarding the Eight-Tone Music Box curse has been prepared and is just waiting for your arrival," he said on the way, seemingly to prevent any misunderstanding.

Yang Jian looked at Wei Jing's back and asked, "How long can you maintain this state? Without truly controlling a real Ghost Envoy, there must be some kind of flaw. You can't exist like this forever."

"That's my business. You shouldn't ask," replied Wei Jing, his chilling voice echoing in the stairwell, expressing a strong aversion to Yang Jian's probing.

"Since you don't want to talk about that topic, let's drop it." Yang Jian barely lifted his head to look above.

His Ghost Domain couldn't infiltrate downward, meaning that every level had a barrier that could block the intrusion of supernatural powers, as well as the Ghost Domain itself.

The only way up and down was the stairs.

But there were several doors on the stairs of each floor, and once these doors were closed, each level could be sealed off individually, like a giant Gold box, locking in ghosts and other uncontrollable dreadful supernatural entities within, preventing them from spreading outside.

"Wang Xiaoming is waiting for me in the fifth-floor lab," Yang Jian thought to himself. "There are only five floors underground. It looks like he's got some ideas. He's preparing for the event that my vengeful ghost resurrects after my death, and also targeting me, creating an opportunity to perfectly suppress me, even to take me down."

The appearance of Wei Jing was a dangerous signal.

Yet, he had no choice but to come.

For the moment Yang Jian appeared at the Ping'an Technology Research Base, it meant he had no other way to deal with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box except to find Wang Xiaoming.

And Wang Xiaoming had coincidentally made the arrangements, waiting for his arrival.

Soon.

Wei Jing and Yang Jian arrived at the lab on the fifth floor.

After pushing open three layers of sealed doors, and behind several layers of special glass walls, he saw several lab workers and one of them was Wang Xiaoming.

"Yang Jian has arrived," Wang Xiaoming said, turning slightly to look this way.

Dr. Chen at his side advised, "Please be extra careful this time. If things get out of control, the consequences will be unimaginable. It's not just about Yang Jian; there are other unidentified factors. You've done the research and should know that ghosts in supernatural events are much more complex than we imagine. We still know too little."

"It's okay. You and the others can temporarily evacuate this floor. Leave the rest to me," Wang Xiaoming said calmly.

"Since you've thought it through, then I won't say much."

Dr. Chen nodded and had the other assistants put down their work and leave with him.

Yang Jian walked over. He glanced at Dr. Chen and the others hastily departing, then his gaze shifted to Wang Xiaoming and he asked directly, "What's your plan for solving the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box? I want to hear the truth. Don't try to brush me off. I don't have much time."

Wang Xiaoming began, "The last couple of days, I took something from the body of Guo Fan, a spirit tablet. It is a very special thing, as touching it transfers the consciousness of the person into the tablet, while the ghost from inside the tablet replaces them. So, I'm going to use this method to transfer your consciousness."

"The specific execution plan is this: you need to first transfer your consciousness into the spirit tablet, then let another consciousness from the tablet replace you. The curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box should not enter the spirit tablet with you."

"The rules of two supernatural items will most likely clash; therefore, all you need to do next is wait for a period of time. After the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box has erupted, I will bring your consciousness back to your body, thereby avoiding the curse from killing you."

He gave a brief explanation.

"Is that all?" Yang Jian's gaze swept across, and he quickly noticed a coffin in a partition, as well as the spirit tablet in front of it.

The coffin had no lid, and was pitch black inside, but he recognized it—it was a Ghost Coffin used to incubate Ghost Envoys.

"So what are you doing with the Ghost Coffin here?"

Wang Xiaoming explained, "Considering the possibility of a fierce ghost reviving while you are unconscious, your body will lie inside the Ghost Coffin. Utilizing the Ghost Coffin to suppress the ghost within your body is a precautionary measure. You should understand my approach."

"What if the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box transfers with my consciousness?" Yang Jian asked coldly.

"I'm sorry, but there's a high likelihood that you'll die; after all, everything carries a risk, especially when it involves a curse from a supernatural incident," Yang Jian bluntly stated, seemingly with no intent to withhold any information.

He asked further, "So, at that time, will my body be taken over by another consciousness? To you, it doesn't matter whether I live or die."

Wang Xiaoming nodded and said, "In principle, yes. You are an anomaly among spirit manipulators, and it would be too costly to sacrifice a top spirit manipulator because of the curse. I need to be fully prepared, and it's for the greater good. Whether you understand or not, I will proceed this way. If you object, there's still time to back out."

His tone was calm, but there was an unusual cruelty and indifference in his voice.

This was to maximize Yang Jian's value.

"Who occupies the spiritual position now?" Yang Jian asked without haste or anger.

Wang Xiaoming answered, "Previously, it was a ghost, now it's Guo Fan,"

"So, in this plan, either Guo Fan or I will survive, and the other will suffer the curse and die?" asked Yang Jian.

"Isn't that fair? He's betting his life and his spiritual position against the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box engaging in a bet to see whether the curse will transfer to him or remain with you."

Wang Xiaoming revealed an indifferent smile.

"If the curse is stripped away, I will have Guo Fan die in your place. Otherwise, you will die, and your body will be taken over by Guo Fan."

Yang Jian replied with a cold smile, "That's very in keeping with your style, to so directly disclose your plan. Aren't you afraid I'll kill you right now? Do you really think having Wei Jing with you can stop me? I could take him down in ten seconds."

This time he was fully prepared, ready to unleash his full power. No spirit manipulator would be able to stand against him, not even Old Qin might survive.

Wang Xiaoming nodded and said, "I don't doubt you can do it, but it won't change the outcome. Even if Wei Jing and I both die here, you'll still carry out the plan as I've described. So what's the point in killing me and Wei Jing here? Just to blow off some steam?"

"Don't forget, you'll have to go on living after you survive. Killing me and Wei Jing, you'll probably be globally wanted, forced to flee everywhere. Such a price just to blow off steam doesn't seem wise."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly as he observed him.

He was not surprised by Wang Xiaoming's almost cruel plan. Still, he believed that it couldn't be so straightforward since the plan very likely originated from the human skin manuscript. Therefore, there had to be an invisible trap within it.

A trap unseen to him.

Perhaps even Wang Xiaoming couldn't see the trap, but it was already there.

The trap would only become evident at the moment the plan was executed.

By then, it would be too late.

Following the plan, Yang Jian's consciousness would enter the spiritual position, and his body would be taken over by Guo Fan, which would truly leave him no control over his own fate.

"Will the trading rules of the Ghost Cabinet come into play at this time?" Suddenly, Yang Jian thought of this particular item.

To resist the invisible trap, he would have to rely on the seven-day trading rule of the Ghost Cabinet.

"You have time to consider, but it won't be much. You'll decide when to implement the plan, and of course, refusing is also an option," Wang Xiaoming said, not rushing, willing to wait a little while.

That time wouldn't be long, as the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box continued, and the breakout period would probably be within the next twenty-four hours.