

Revival 651

Chapter 651 The Anomaly of the Coffin

"What time is it now?"

In the underground fifth floor of the laboratory, Wang Xiaoming had just woken up. After washing his face, he heated a packet of emergency food with an alcohol lamp and asked while eating.

Wei Jing still stood not far from the experiment room, staring at the movements inside. He was like a corpse, not needing to eat or drink, not needing to sleep, never feeling tired, capable of working non-stop for twenty-four hours.

"It's already eight in the evening. According to the time we determined before, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box will erupt in four hours," he answered stiffly, without a hint of emotion in his voice.

"At this time, the operation against the Ghost Painting should have already started," Wang Xiaoming's expression shifted as he continued to eat. "How's Guo Fan's condition?"

"It seems like he fell asleep. He lay down in the Ghost Coffin five hours ago and hasn't moved since. I can't see what's inside," Wei Jing said.

Wang Xiaoming pulled up the surveillance, swiftly scanning through it.

Indeed, five hours earlier, Guo Fan, controlling Yang Jian's body and yawning and stretching, lay down inside the Ghost Coffin.

"Wake him up at eleven if Guo Fan isn't awake by then," Wang Xiaoming frowned.

"Alright," Wei Jing nodded in response.

"What's the situation with Doctor Chen? Is he dead?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

Wei Jing replied, "We confirmed the situation through headquarters earlier. There indeed is a ghost wandering in the building, its danger level unknown. However, Gao Ming has come into contact with the ghost in the building, and the ghost's image was captured on surveillance as well, with the data on the computer next to you, Professor Wang. As for Doctor Chen, he's alive for now."

"Let me take a look."

Wang Xiaoming turned on the computer and saw indeed, there was a new folder.

After opening it, there were surveillance videos and photos that had been processed technically.

In the photos was a corridor of the building, and in this corridor, a child whose skin was blue-black and wearing the shroud of a dead person carried a rotting Dead Man's Head in their hands, looking up at the camera. Those eyes lacked pupils and glowed an eerie red, appearing just like... a pair of Ghost Eyes.

"A Hungry Ghost?" Wang Xiaoming's gaze sharpened.

"Did you look up relevant information?"

Wei Jing answered, "We did. The shroud worn by the ghost is the Ghost Shroud that used to belong to Jang Shangbai. After Jang Shangbai's death, Yang Jian stripped it off of him, and the rotting Dead Man's Head is the ghost left behind by a spirit controller named Liu Dong who died. The ghost of the Dead Man's Head is highly dangerous; a living person can't be stared at by it, otherwise, within a few seconds, the living person would die. Similarly, if a ghost is stared at by the Dead Man's Head, it will be suppressed."

With the gathering of information about spirit controllers as well as other ghosts, the Ghost Child's characteristics were thoroughly understood in many cases.

"Moreover, we've checked Yang Jian's files and found that the appearance of this ghost is almost identical to Yang Jian's when he was a child."

Wang Xiaoming nodded, "I see."

He found a photo of young Yang Jian in the folder and, after comparing it, realized the ghost looked exactly like Yang Jian, only the Ghost Child was a supernatural version of young Yang Jian.

Wang Xiaoming's eyes flickered, "Yang Jian is deliberately nurturing this ghost. He has put other supernatural objects and Ghost Puzzles on this ghost, enhancing its horror. Aside from the ghost's own presence, with that shroud and the Dead Man's Head, just these two ghosts are enough to confront the most top-notch spirit controllers."

"Gao Ming must have suffered after the encounter; otherwise, Doctor Chen wouldn't still be trapped in this building."

"Incredible, truly incredible. I wonder how Yang Jian commands this thing."

The existence of the Ghost Child piqued Wang Xiaoming's interest.

If Yang Jian really could control it, then as the Ghost Puzzles on the ghost increased, it would become an insoluble S-level dangerous ghost in the future.

The most important thing was that this ghost didn't have to worry about the resurrection of dangerous ghosts, because it was a ghost in its own right, with no possibility of resurrection. But control was key.

If uncontrollable, this little ghost would be a potential disaster.

"Do we need to deal with it?"

Seeing Wang Xiaoming silent in thought, Wei Jing, thinking he was concerned, said directly.

Wang Xiaoming's lips revealed a slight smile, "Deal with it? Why would we do that? It's an intriguing existence, a deviant among deviants, a product of clashing supernatural phenomena. It belongs neither to the Hungry Ghosts nor to Yang Jian, and while I don't know how he managed to control this ghost, I'm sure he has been successful. Otherwise, considering the Hungry Ghost's killing pattern, Doctor Chen and the others would be dead by now."

"I didn't expect Yang Jian to have such a trump card up his sleeve; he has indeed given me a surprise."

Wei Jing said, "Professor Wang, this is not the time for research. If Yang Jian has control over this thing, then it will be incredibly dangerous in the future. If it loses control, it could become another S-level supernatural event."

"You also said 'loses control.' What if it doesn't? So there's value in keeping it around. And that thing is not so easy to deal with; no need to take the risk now," Wang Xiaoming assessed the situation calmly and felt that the Ghost Child's value in being kept was greater than the value of destroying it.

"Let headquarters handle the related files; don't let any of it leak out..."

However, while the two were discussing,

Bang! Bang!

Suddenly, a dull thumping sound echoed in the lab. Although the sound was isolated, it still reached the ears of the two men, causing ripples in the alcohol of the alcohol lamp in front of Wang Xiaoming's desk.

Hmm?

Almost at the same time, Wang Xiaoming and Wei Jing looked towards the experiment room.

The sound came from inside, more precisely, from the coffin. Inside that wooden, old coffin, there seemed to be a living person violently struggling, banging against the coffin and creating such a loud disturbance.

"What's happening?" Wei Jing immediately turned to focus on the shaking Ghost Coffin in the room.

Wang Xiaoming once again checked the time. There were still more than three hours until the curse was set to erupt at midnight; it should still be Guo Fan controlling Yang Jian's body at this moment.

"Is there a problem with Guo Fan, or is the timing of the curse's eruption off, happening earlier?" he pondered.

Looking at the Eight-Tone Music Box on the other side,

it was still open, not closed, proving that the curse persisted, undispelled; otherwise, the box would have immediately closed, as it had before.

Bang!

The huge impact continued, and even though the room was well soundproofed, it was still very clear.

The wooden black coffin shook violently, and cracks even appeared in some places as if the Ghost Coffin had reached its limit and was no longer able to contain what was inside.

But the Ghost Coffin had no lid because what imprisoned its contents was not the strength of the coffin itself, but an incomprehensible eerie force. The Ghost Coffin could suppress a ghost, but not a living person.

"Guo Fan, can you hear me? If you can hear me, stand up from inside the Ghost Coffin," Wang Xiaoming said, turning on the walkie-talkie to transmit his voice into the room.

But Guo Fan inside did not respond; the heavy Ghost Coffin continued to shake violently, and the number of cracks on it was increasing. He could even hear the sound of wood splitting.

This way, the Ghost Coffin would completely shatter, destroyed.

"Is it unable to suppress the ghost within Yang Jian's body?" Wang Xiaoming speculated.

He believed that during Guo Fan's rest, Yang Jian's body had undergone some unfathomable eerie change, a change that led to the ghost's revival, which then conflicted with the Ghost Coffin's own power, causing this problem.

As the Ghost Coffin continued to shake, the room underwent another change.

A pale hand suddenly emerged from the pitch-black Ghost Coffin, gripping the edge tightly, clawing into the wood, leaving deep marks.

It seemed as if the person inside was struggling with great force, trying to climb out.

The strength of one hand appeared insufficient; soon after, another hand emerged on the coffin, also gripping the edge tightly, the fingers looking rigid from excessive force.

"It's not Guo Fan struggling; are these two right hands?" Wang Xiaoming's face slightly darkened.

He had studied human anatomy and recognized at a glance that both pale hands grasping the coffin's edge were right hands. Since a living person has only one right hand, the other hand likely belonged to the ghost in Yang Jian's body, or perhaps both hands belonged to the ghost.

This was a sign of revival.

Wei Jing's numb expression also shifted slightly. "Do you want me to go in and check? Pulling Guo Fan out of the Ghost Coffin poses no difficulty for me, and I don't even need physical contact."

After saying this, he glanced at the black, old hemp rope hanging at his waist.

"No need; the curse has not yet reached its critical point, the experiment is still underway. There'd be no point in you going in, even if the ghost in Yang Jian's body really revived, it has to wait until the curse erupts before we restrain it," Wang Xiaoming said quickly and decisively, without a hint of hesitation.

"Continue observing; just make sure Yang Jian doesn't run out of there."

Although the room was specially constructed, he was still somewhat worried about whether it could contain Yang Jian in this state.

The shaking of the Ghost Coffin continued.

But Wang Xiaoming chose to ignore it, continuing to wait for the time to arrive.

As time went on, the movement and anomalies of the Ghost Coffin became increasingly clear.

Before, only two palms were grasping the edge of the coffin, but now the darkness within seemed to be struggling, trying to spill out. Upon observation, it was a person's silhouette — resembling the deceased Yang Jian, but also like another unfamiliar face.

When there was one hour left until the curse erupted,

the room containing the Ghost Coffin seemed to be invaded by supernatural forces; the surrounding environment suddenly darkened, as if enveloped by a layer of darkness, and the cracks on the Ghost Coffin had become more numerous. Many boards were shattered, revealing gaps that were blocked by countless dark hands.

It seemed like an attempt to seal the Ghost Coffin, and at the same time, prevent outsiders from peeping.

As time marched on,

and there was half an hour left until the curse erupted, another strange event occurred.

The eerie spiritual portrait of Yang Jian at the side began to seep fresh blood incessantly, the blood red and viscous, quickly covering the image of Yang Jian, making it impossible to discern his face anymore.

The blood flowed down, soaking through the spiritual portrait,

turning the originally dirty and darkened portrait into a reddened hue, as if painted with a layer of red paint.

The violent shaking of the Ghost Coffin intensified once more, even bouncing off the ground several times. The heavy wood splintered in all directions, the floor littered with broken wood chips; the Ghost Coffin had surpassed its limit of endurance.

Were it not for an incomprehensible supernatural force sustaining it, the Ghost Coffin would have completely fallen apart.

"Incomprehensible anomaly," Wang Xiaoming's heart sank.

This experiment seemed not as simple as he had thought; some unpredictable potential hazards were emerging.

When did it start...

A few hours ago, something went wrong after Guo Fan went to sleep.

At the same time,

on the ground floor of this building,

the Ghost Child, who was holding a Dead Man's Head and walking barefoot through the hallway, suddenly stopped, then cocked its head in a direction.

Immediately after, the Ghost Child ran out quickly towards the front door on the first floor.

It seemed to sense something had invaded the building, invisibly triggering its inherent murderous impulse.

Chapter 652 The Moment of Returning to Tranquility

As described on the human-skin parchment, the Eight-Tone Music Box curse on Yang Jian would erupt precisely at midnight tonight.

The current time was eleven fifty.

Ten more minutes until the final deadline, but in the fifth sublevel of this laboratory, incomprehensible anomalies had already begun to surface several hours before.

The Ghost Coffin vibrated incessantly, seemingly indicating the resurrection of a malevolent spirit within, a spectral entity struggling in the coffin, attempting to break free.

Without the Ghost Envoy, the Ghost Coffin was merely relying on a faint remnant of Supernatural Power, which seemed incapable of fully suppressing whatever was inside. As the coffin shuddered and jarred, it became increasingly fractured, and by now, it was severely damaged with over a dozen gaps.

Yet through these gaps, one couldn't discern the interior of the Ghost Coffin; they were plugged by blackened hands, freakish and terrifying to behold.

And on the spirit tablet next to the Ghost Coffin, the portrait belonging to Yang Jian still oozed fresh blood ceaselessly.

The blackened and dirty spirit tablet was now thoroughly drenched in red, as if soaked in blood, its thick, coagulated fluid clinging atop, akin to a layer of red paint, unnaturally vivid.

Blood continued to seep out, obscuring the dark portrait and trickling down onto the floor, pooling into a strange, spreading puddle.

The puddle gradually expanded and darkened as if the portrait were floating on it, bobbing up and down, seemingly on the verge of sinking at any moment.

Watching this phenomenon, Wang Xiaoming furrowed his brows, a grave look in his eyes.

Even he could not comprehend what was happening now because there was no basis for it, no precedent; everything had occurred abruptly, far beyond the expectations laid out in the experimental proposal.

"Eight minutes left," he glanced at the time, then at the Eight-Tone Music Box placed on the other side.

The Eight-Tone Music Box had not changed up to this point, still appearing open. This meant that the curse had not yet dissipated.

No matter what happened, as long as the curse did not vanish, Wang Xiaoming would take no action. He would not interfere with any of the strange phenomena but instead chose to observe from a cold distance.

The curse was of utmost importance. Without eliminating it, whether Yang Jian or Guo Fan survived would be meaningless.

"The coffin's vibrations are intensifying," Wei Jing's numb, empty eyes fixated on the room.

Under some force's influence, the Ghost Coffin had begun to hop from the ground, striking fiercely against the adjacent glass pane.

Fortunately, the glass was sturdy and did not shatter; otherwise, heaven knows what might happen once the Ghost Coffin came out.

The room grew visibly plagued by supernatural invasion, the light dimmed, and the lamps outside could not penetrate; darkness was gradually swallowing the space.

In the final five minutes, the room was completely enveloped in darkness.

This came from the spread of the supernatural forces within the Ghost Coffin, like the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Envoy, pitch-black, where one could not see their own hand before them.

"The restraints of the Ghost Coffin are completely ineffective..." Wang Xiaoming felt a chill in his heart.

This outcome was within his expectations; perhaps the residual Supernatural Power in the Ghost Coffin was insufficient to suppress the ghost in Yang Jian's body. But it didn't matter, as this room could temporarily replace the Ghost Coffin, confining the uncontrollable ghost.

Moreover, this level had been sealed off. Even if the Supernatural Power leaked, it would hardly affect the outside.

Not to mention, Wei Jing was watching over it.

If the defenses laid out on these levels were breached, then Wang Xiaoming would have nothing to say.

"Three minutes left," Wang Xiaoming checked the time once more.

But at this moment, the room's glass window again displayed numerous blackened hands, writhing on the pane as though seeking crevices to seep through.

"Bang! Bang!"

Once again, loud noises emanated from the room, not from the vibrations of the Ghost Coffin but an actual person violently striking at the door and walls.

The only thing inside with the power to bang on the door was one particular object.

That was Yang Jian's corpse.

The corpse had lost control.

Perhaps now, Guo Fan no longer dominated Yang Jian's body, but an unknown ghost did.

"Two minutes left," Wang Xiaoming's expression grew more grave. He had a premonition that under no circumstances could they allow Yang Jian's corpse to escape from there.

Otherwise, the consequences could be unimaginable.

However, such relentless battering was not without effect.

Soon, a slender crack appeared in the sealed room, with scarlet blood oozing out and streaming along the floor.

The blood spread rapidly, soon covering a large area.

"Back off," Wang Xiaoming said, watching the seeping blood, signaling Wei Jing not to approach.

At this moment, any action could potentially lead to unimaginably horrific outcomes.

In the last few minutes, other sounds emerged from the darkness-shrouded room, no longer the thudding against the door and walls, but screams, sounds of struggle, which seemed partially like Guo Fan's yet strangely unfamiliar, making it indistinguishable and utterly eerie.

"The time is almost up." Wang Xiaoming glanced at his watch, only a dozen seconds remaining.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was about to end.

Suddenly, as the hands of the clock met the 12 o'clock mark, the appointed time of midnight arrived.

The noise in the room came to an abrupt halt.

There was no longer the sound of a coffin shaking, nor the noise of something hitting doors and windows, and the screams had also faded into nothingness... Everything had returned to silence.

Click!

On the other side, the Eight-Tone Music Box that had been open suddenly closed.

This phenomenon indicated that the released curse had vanished, and it also awaited the next person to open the Eight-Tone Music Box, while the last person to bear the curse must have been killed, as there had been no special cases of survival to this day.

Yang Jian wasn't the first to use the Eight-Tone Music Box, so Wang Xiaoming was very clear about its workings.

"There's no mistake, the timing is accurate, the curse indeed ends at midnight," Wang Xiaoming said.

"The darkness in the room is dissipating," Wei Jing, who had been observing, reminded them.

Sure enough.

The darkness that previously filled the room like a Ghost Envoy from the Ghost Domain was now rapidly fading, a speed both swift and unfathomable. This appeared to be a good thing, at the very least it allowed for a clear view of the inside of the room, so as not to be utterly clueless.

As the darkness dissipated, everything inside was revealed once again.

The Ghost Coffin was gone, leaving only scattered wooden fragments on the ground. This supernatural object had been damaged beyond repair after losing the Ghost Envoy, and now it had finally reached its limit and been utterly destroyed. Unless the Ghost Envoy could be captured again and confined within the coffin, it was impossible for the Ghost Coffin to reappear in this world.

And in the middle of the room, atop the broken wooden pieces.

Yang Jian's body lay there intact, motionless, stiff and straight.

His complexion was slightly pale, revealing an unhealthy color, eyes closed, tranquil and serene, as if he had just recently died, and was very calm. This calm meant that the corpse had not undergone any supernatural phenomena.

It's important to know that Yang Jian was now housing three ghosts, and any abnormality could potentially lead to a terrifying supernatural event.

"The experiment has ended, Guo Fan didn't survive; he was killed by the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box," Wei Jing stated.

Wang Xiaoming fell into deep thought.

According to his plan, there was actually another outcome: the possibility that Guo Fan could withstand the curse's onslaught with the power of the Ghost Coffin. However, when he had first learned about the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, he did not possess the Ghost Coffin; the idea came to him later.

Therefore, theoretically, Guo Fan's death was not a certainty; there was still a possibility that he might survive.

If Guo Fan had survived this time, perhaps he would have made other arrangements for Yang Jian.

Now... the Ghost Coffin had shattered, Yang Jian's body remained still, and Guo Fan was presumed dead.

The only choice left was to awaken Yang Jian.

Looking at the body lying in the room, Wang Xiaoming was somewhat concerned. The various bizarre changes that had occurred earlier sent out a dangerous signal.

The corpse had undergone inexplicable, eerie changes, and rash contact could be extremely dangerous.

"Professor Wang, did you hear what I said? Should we put the spiritual plaque back on Yang Jian's body and let his consciousness return?" Wei Jing asked.

Wang Xiaoming's expression was uncertain: "Wait a moment, I want to observe the situation. Yang Jian's body is too peaceful, the ghosts inside him are also silent, this is a bit illogical. Normally, after Guo Fan is killed by the curse, the moment Yang Jian's body loses the consciousness of a living person, the probability of the ghosts' revival is very high."

"Maybe the suppression of the Ghost Coffin is still in effect, and the ghosts within Yang Jian's body are being suppressed by the coffin, now in a temporary state of 'crash'," Wei Jing proposed his guess.

"It's possible, but not very likely."

Wang Xiaoming approached the room, and through the glass window, he could clearly see inside. Yang Jian's body was still motionless on the ground, and that eerie spiritual plaque was still soaked in a pool of blood, a bright crimson. Although it was equally quiet, it emitted an unusual aura in every aspect.

It seemed that with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box dissipated, the room had established some sort of incomprehensible balance.

This balance appeared stable at first glance, but he knew it was very fragile.

The three ghosts inside Yang Jian weren't so readily managed.

In other words, if all three ghosts within his body had fallen silent, what could be the cause?

"The problem lies with the spiritual plaque..."

After a short reflection, Wang Xiaoming's gaze sharply turned towards the blood-stained, aged spiritual plaque.

The photo on the plaque had become indistinct, so covered in blood that Yang Jian's features were totally obscured.

The anomaly emerged from the spiritual plaque; he had studied the Ghost Coffin many times, it was impossible for any abnormality to exist. The only uncertain factor was the spiritual plaque.

"If Guo Fan really was killed by the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, then the ghosts in Yang Jian would revive, but the situation is different from what was expected," he mumbled to himself, head lowered.

"Unless Guo Fan is still alive, still in control of Yang Jian's body and the ghosts within."

"But the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box has indeed ended..."

"Another possibility is that Guo Fan lied, the curse persists on Yang Jian, and the one who died when the curse ended was Yang Jian. But this likelihood is slim, Guo Fan didn't know about the curse on Yang Jian, he had no information on this, and even if he had, he wouldn't have needed to pretend to be cursed."

"That leaves only one possibility, Guo Fan did indeed suffer the curse, and he is indeed still alive. But under the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, a living person can't survive. The only one who can block the curse and not die must be another ghost..."

Ghosts cannot be killed, and a ghost will remain unaffected by the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, because no curse is strong enough to annihilate a ghost.

"Therefore, Guo Fan is a ghost."

Once Wang Xiaoming realized this, his eyes narrowed slightly, and he recalled the information revealed by the piece of human skin paper.

So, this solution to dispelling the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was a trap set by a ghost for the living.

Chapter 653 The Most Terrifying Trap

Wang Xiaoming had never dealt with human skin parchment before; he had only borrowed it for half an hour and obtained a lot of information. He didn't believe the content of the information, but Wei Jing's existence proved that the information on the parchment was real.

It was somewhat credible.

It was precisely because of this that Wang Xiaoming came up with the plan involving the Ghost Coffin and the ancestral tablet to solve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box inside Yang Jian's body. As for

the trap, he hadn't guarded against it, thinking that in the end, either Guo Fan or Yang Jian would survive, so he wasn't worried about accidentally killing someone.

But why would Guo Fan become a ghost?

There was no reason at all.

Wang Xiaoming stood still, thinking, analyzing, gathering all the clues together, and then stringing them into a logical line.

No paranormal activity could be completely random; as long as you carefully discover and study it, everything can find its cause. What seems unreasonable might have become reasonable at some moment, but if you're unaware of it, if your thinking remains in the past, you simply won't be able to comprehend it.

"That time, when taking the Ghost Candle to lure the ghost out of the suburbs, Guo Fan swapped with the ghost inside the ancestral tablet, and then he... lost control. The out-of-control Guo Fan led to the failure of the ghost drawing mission, but for some reason he recovered afterward, not dying from the resurgence of the malevolent ghost."

Suddenly, an important clue was grasped by Wang Xiaoming.

"Does this mean that Guo Fan 'died' at that time? Died, due to the resurgence of the malevolent ghost inside the ancestral tablet... No, he must still have been conscious, not completely dead. It's that at that moment, the ghost from the ancestral tablet had already invaded his body, and he had been under the control of the ghost ever since that incident, completely unaware."

"A ghost that invades consciousness? Or is the ancestral tablet a source so that anyone who comes into contact with it, who enters within it, will have their consciousness invaded... If that's really the case, then Yang Jian is no longer trustworthy now, he may have also become a ghost."

"No, no, no."

Wang Xiaoming continued to think: "If a ghost has set this trap in the plan, then how can I be so sure that Yang Jian really has become a ghost? This might be a form of misinformation, using habitual thinking to make me believe that Yang Jian's consciousness has been invaded by a ghost, while in fact, he's still alive, and my disbelief could end up killing the real Yang Jian..."

"So why is Yang Jian's body now motionless and the ghost inside his body seems to have crashed? Even the Ghost Eye didn't open. If it's a ghost that is controlling Yang Jian's body, it should be active now."

"Doesn't fit the pattern of killing... or is it waiting for me to open the door?"

His emotions began to become anxious because his recent reflection made Wang Xiaoming realize that this was not as simple as it seemed.

Very complicated.

The whole thing was far from as straightforward as he had first imagined; all information was being concealed, only revealing itself bit by bit before the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was to strike. The

information was fragmented, and before any outcome was clear, even the smartest person could not come up with everything out of thin air.

But once the result actually appeared, all clues would lose their meaning.

"Professor Wang, what's wrong with you? You look pale." Wei Jing said, noticing Wang Xiaoming's condition.

Wang Xiaoming had a gloomy expression on his face; he felt like he was being used.

The Ghost Coffin, the ancestral tablet, the plan to resolve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box; as soon as he was tempted by it and began to implement this plan, it meant he had walked into a ghost's trap, and from then on he couldn't control the subsequent events. If the plan continued, he was destined to step into this trap.

There was no turning back.

And under the current circumstances, Guo Fan would die, Yang Jian would also die, and in the end, he would personally give birth to a terrifying malevolent ghost that would take over Yang Jian's body. Once this ghost left this place, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"The only chance is to have Yang Jian's consciousness return, betting that Yang Jian isn't dead... If Yang Jian's consciousness has been invaded by the ancestral tablet, the result would be no different from now."

Wang Xiaoming thought of the only method that might break out of this situation.

He turned his head, looking toward Wei Jing, and then toward the ancestral tablet lying in the pool of blood.

As long as the ancestral tablet touches Yang Jian's body, there's a chance his consciousness might return.

But that was just a possibility; the ghost currently inside Yang Jian's body might not want to switch back. It's very possible Yang Jian would remain trapped within the ancestral tablet, becoming a new portrait.

"The chances are slim, but I still have to bet on it while Yang Jian's body hasn't started moving. Otherwise, Wei Jing might not be able to withstand the current Yang Jian."

Honestly, Wang Xiaoming didn't like this kind of risky gambling.

But he had no choice, and he even suspected that it might be a trap. However, even if it were a trap, he had to step into it, because if the ghost inside Yang Jian's body slowly regained strength, the danger would increase without limit. If he waited too long, even if he managed to switch back Yang Jian's consciousness, it would be too late.

He didn't want to personally nurture an Unsolvable Level ghost.

"But should I really take the gamble?"

Wang Xiaoming hesitated, and his unease grew, because he believed that the whole affair couldn't be so straightforward; there must be something he hadn't thought of yet, something overlooked due to the lack of information.

Continuing, Wei Jing said, "Professor Wang, did you hear what I said? Are you okay?"

In his eyes, Wang Xiaoming had been in a daze, as if focusing intently on something, but his complexion didn't look good, which was cause for concern.

Wang Xiaoming came to his senses, waved his hand, and said, "I'm fine, I'm good. We're running out of time. Open the door and put the ancestral tablet back on Yang Jian's body; let his consciousness return."

"Okay," Wei Jing agreed without hesitation.

"Wait," suddenly said Wang Xiaoming.

Wei Jing asked, "What's wrong?"

"Be careful. If you encounter any abnormal situations, withdraw immediately. Also, do not have direct contact with the spirit tablet or Yang Jian. The current situation has already exceeded my expectations. Anything could lead to irreversible consequences, so don't put yourself at risk."

Wang Xiaoming said this, trying to advise and remind him as much as possible.

This was not his usual habit, but this time was different. He had no confidence and no assurance because such matters were not something he would normally do. It wasn't his style. However, this time he had fallen into the trap of human skin paper, leaving him no other choice but to do his best to minimize the losses.

This forced position left Wang Xiaoming with no options, and at such a time he couldn't just do nothing. If he did nothing, it would essentially be the same as him killing Yang Jian himself.

Although deep down, Wang Xiaoming hoped Yang Jian would die, it wasn't supposed to be at this time, nor in this manner.

Now, it was essential that Yang Jian stay alive—he could not die yet.

"I understand," said Wei Jing with a stiff nod, donning a pair of gloves. These gloves were made of Gold and could isolate paranormal forces.

"But just to be safe, Professor Wang, you should still choose to isolate yourself aside for the time being."

This laboratory level had more than one room; there were several isolation rooms designed for handling special circumstances.

"Don't worry about me. If an accident happens, I know what to do," Wang Xiaoming said.

Without further comment, Wei Jing walked to the sealed door and used the key and mechanical code to unlock the first door. However, the inner door had already been dented and deformed—it was no longer sealed—a result of a massive impact before.

Upon fully opening the sealed room, a chilling breath accompanied by a piercing smell of blood wafted out.

There was a small area within the room where blood was spilling, and the spirit tablet lay in the center of the pool of blood.

Wei Jing looked at it, expressionless, and walked over. He directly picked up the spirit tablet, prepared to place it back on Yang Jian's corpse to end this somewhat perilous experiment.

But then, in the next moment.

An ice-cold, stiff hand, blackened in color, materialized out of nowhere and gripped Wei Jing's arm firmly.

Crack!

Wei Jing's body shuddered, his head instinctively turned to the side, and the spirit tablet he had just picked up fell to the ground again.

Yang Jian, pale and exuding a chilly aura, somehow appeared next to Wei Jing. He looked at him with an eerily smiling expression, a restless ghost eye on his forehead moving around restlessly.

"Damn, it's an illusion. 'Yang Jian' came back to life a long time ago. It used the Ghost Domain to deceive our eyes. The corpse lying motionless on the ground is fake. This ghost was waiting for me to open the door... Wei Jing, get out," Wang Xiaoming nearly shouted as he realized what was happening.

His unease was valid, and the situation he'd least wanted to see had nonetheless occurred.

Why had he made such a foolish mistake?

No, this mistake was bound to be made eventually. Maybe he could resist for a day, maybe two, but he would inevitably be unable to resist opening that door, and the ghost was bound to be released because he was clear in his heart that he couldn't just watch Yang Jian die in the lab without doing anything.

The opportunity was lost the moment he fell into the trap and failed to realize Guo Fan was a ghost.

There was no chance for a gamble.

Because it was an assured loss.

However, Wei Jing neither fought back nor did he retreat as Wang Xiaoming had instructed. He remained rigid, as if he had lost the ability to move.

After a moment, he slowly turned his head to look at Wang Xiaoming.

The previously expressionless Wei Jing now wore an odd smile, the same as the one on Yang Jian standing next to him.

Wang Xiaoming's voice stopped abruptly, and his eyes narrowed involuntarily as he took a step back.

Had Wei Jing been possessed?

Now the situation was completely out of control; the ghost from the spirit tablet was even more horrific than imagined.

In this moment, Wang Xiaoming's heart trembled.

Chapter 654 Countermeasures

Drip, drip!

It was already past midnight, and a few clear dripping sounds echoed through the silent, empty first floor of the laboratory building.

For some reason, the floor of the lobby was covered with wet patches, looking as though someone had come in from the rain outside, making a mess of the ground, but even someone drenched in rain could not possibly leave behind so many puddles.

Moreover, the wet patches on the ground were black and foul-smelling, not like rainwater at all, but more like the fluid that forms after something decays.

The appearance of these stains made the first floor damp and foul-smelling, an environment no one could possibly withstand.

Yet on the floor of this lobby, there were many disordered footprints. Despite the chaos, a closer look would reveal that there were actually only two distinct sets of footprints: one was that of a child, with each little mark of the toes clearly visible.

The other set of footprints was somewhat eerie. Although large in size, their shape was bizarre, lacking toes or the natural curve of the sole, resembling irregular long streaks.

It was hard to determine what kind of 'person' could have left such strange footprints.

This peculiar set of footprints, wet and glistening, extended deep into the building but then circled back. After lingering in the lobby for a bit, they ventured deeper into the building again...

It seemed as if they were repeatedly entering and exiting the building.

But this was not intentional circling of the building, rather these footprints were constantly following another set that belonged to a child.

The child's footprints belonged to a Ghost Child roving within the building.

It was chasing something, and that something was likely not a living person, because if it were, they would have been killed long ago, not aimlessly wandering inside the building.

"Doctor Chen, that noise outside has started up again," Assistant Liu, Doctor Chen, and the others had chosen to hide in a room on the second floor.

Knowing the hazard of the Ghost Child roaming the building, they dared not venture out.

They had thought they could safely get through the night, but around midnight, an unusual disturbance had arisen in the building.

Two sets of urgent footfalls chased each other within the building, distinctive because they were the sounds of bare feet, unshod.

At first, they thought someone had come to deal with the ghosts in the building, but they quickly realized that wasn't the case. From the sounds outside, they determined that what had entered the building definitely wasn't human, for no person could maintain silence while constantly being pursued by a ghost.

The rapid footsteps passed their room, exceptionally clear in the silence. Although these hurried footsteps were just passing by with no intention to enter,

the mere passage was enough to make everyone inside feel their hair stand on end and their bodies go cold.

Still, they didn't feel at ease and continued to watch the door, fearing the footsteps heard outside would stop next and burst through the door.

"There's no need to be nervous. Since we were safe initially, it indicates that we don't fit the killing pattern of the ghost outside. As long as we don't act rashly, surviving shouldn't be a problem," said Doctor Chen softly, sitting on the floor in the dim room, trying to comfort his assistants.

In moments like these, he feared the young people might not be able to withstand the pressure and have an emotional breakdown.

"Moreover, I've checked; we have enough food and water here to last us a month with no issues. We have plenty of time on our hands, during which I'm sure Professor Wang will solve the problem. He hasn't shown up yet because he's still dealing with Yang Jian's situation," he added.

Upon hearing this, Assistant Liu and the others felt noticeably more at ease.

Meanwhile, inside the building.

The Ghost Child was running, chasing after the silhouette of an eerie individual ahead.

It didn't have a "Ghost Domain," so it couldn't immediately appear in a certain place, meaning that to get close it had to use the simplest method.

Facing the newcomer invading the building, the "Ghost Child" had only one way to deal with it, and that was to kill it. The intrusion of the new "person" had already triggered the killing rule set by Yang Jian, so there was no room for compromise or surrender.

This was an attack that never ceased.

While the "Ghost Child" ran fast, the eerie voice ahead was equally quick, and for a short time it was impossible to catch up.

The figure ahead flashed by, leaving behind a puddle of fishy-smelling water on the ground. It turned a corner and headed up to the third floor without any hesitation or dullness, seeming very familiar with the layout of the place. Every choice of route was extremely precise, constantly trying to increase the distance from the "Ghost Child."

The "Ghost Child" was in pursuit, but it wasn't as stable as one would imagine. It held a "Dead Man's Head" in its hands, and sometimes during sharp turns, the head would fall, but the "Ghost Child" would choose to pick up the decaying head and resume the chase.

Although the distance was occasionally widened, the "Ghost Child" was mostly able to catch up.

This game of chase had been going on for a while. Be it the first or the second floor, the third or fourth, nearly every level was covered with the stench of the watery trails left by the eerie figure.

However, from the route of the chase, it was obvious that the figure ahead wasn't trying to shake off the "Ghost Child's" pursuit, but was stalling for time.

"Why hasn't it ended yet? If this goes on, it's going to be difficult for me," Wang Xiaoming muttered to himself.

Outside this experimental building, Gao Ming was holding an umbrella in one hand and an ice cream in the other, watching and eating at the same time.

He frowned slightly, feeling a bit surprised.

The trouble here had been lasting a bit too long. He had slipped away for two days and had only snuck back tonight to check the situation, only to see two figures chasing each other inside the building.

Gao Ming shifted his sunglasses slightly, revealing the sunken eyes beneath, empty of eyeballs and pitch-black, yet he could still see clearly. He was peering very seriously at this building and that bizarre figure.

He seemed curious about which unfortunate soul had ventured deep into the building and was now being chased by a ghost.

Gao Ming immediately locked onto that strange figure, and upon a clear look, his expression turned to one of amazement, "No way... another ghost?"

He couldn't help but shudder, witnessing an incomprehensibly terrifying scene.

Time to get out, time to get out.

Gao Ming turned on his heel with his umbrella, planning to come back in a couple of days. This place was becoming increasingly dangerous, and the "Do Not Approach" sign needed to be placed even further away.

Not long after he left,

The real danger had already erupted in the fifth basement level of the laboratory.

At this moment, inside the experimental room,

The sealed doors had already opened, and inside, Yang Jian and Wei Jing were standing eerily still in their original spots, with strange expressions and a cold aura, silent and showing no signs of life. Their faces betrayed an inexplicable evilness, a look of what seemed like tranquility, and a semblance of a smile.

Wang Xiaoming saw this scene and could no longer calm his heart; he was shaking.

It wasn't fear but a profound unease.

Because now both Yang Jian and Wei Jing had been invaded by ghosts. The consciousness of one was in the spiritual tablet, while the other might have been destroyed or maybe was being controlled.

"They're coming."

Wang Xiaoming stepped back a few more paces as he saw Yang Jian and Wei Jing slowly walking out of the experimental room.

Immediately.

The lighting around dimmed as the lights on this floor flickered non-stop.

The supernatural force, unbounded by any room, began to affect this entire floor.

"If Wei Jing had not met with an accident, the situation where only Yang Jian is invaded by a ghost could still be under control, but now... even the doors to the experiment room are open. Under these circumstances, simply relying on the sealing of the fifth basement level is not enough to stop these two ghosts from getting outside."

Wang Xiaoming's gaze flickered slightly as he calculated in his mind.

Despite the irreversible and terrifying situation that had occurred, he did not give in to despair; instead, he thought about how to deal with the current predicament.

"Compared to Wei Jing's loss of control, I'm more concerned about the revival of the ghost within Yang Jian's body, but looking at the current situation, there doesn't seem to be any sign of the ghost reviving in him... This should be because the ghost in his body has reached a balance, but this state is unlikely to last long."

"As time goes by, Yang Jian's corpse, turned into a ghost, will become more and more terrifying until all three ghosts inside are revived."

However, Wang Xiaoming didn't have much time to think.

At this moment, Yang Jian and Wei Jing, both controlled by ghosts, were already walking in his direction.

There was no conflict between the two. Instead, they showed signs of collaboration, a situation that felt utterly hopeless.

Wang Xiaoming retreated once again, no longer staying outside, and entered the safe room.

But he did not close the main door.

He was waiting, using himself as bait to lure either Yang Jian or Wei Jing in to kill him. By doing so, he might temporarily trap one of them inside the safe room.

With some luck, both could be trapped simultaneously.

But the plan failed.

Wei Jing merely passed by. He did not attack Wang Xiaoming, nor did he enter the safe room.

"Has Wei Jing not inherited the Ghost Envoy's killing patterns?" Wang Xiaoming's expression shifted slightly, finding it somewhat unbelievable.

According to the Ghost Envoy's killing patterns, they would attack individuals who are alone or ghost masters. Now, being obviously alone, he should have a high chance of being attacked.

"Has the pattern changed, or have these two become anomalies among ghosts, making it impossible to judge their behavior with previous methods?" Wang Xiaoming was unsure but even more wary.

It seemed that Yang Jian and Wei Jing were about to leave this place.

Their silhouettes began to fade away, evidently because the Ghost Domain had already invaded outside, unbeknownst to Wang Xiaoming, a mere mortal.

Very soon.

Both of them disappeared, likely having left this floor.

"The state of the two is very peculiar... They are like puppets being controlled, yet they also seem not fully accustomed to their new circumstances, the ghost's abilities, and the killing patterns have yet to manifest. Currently, only Yang Jian's Ghost Eye is active, his Headless Ghost Shadow is still, Wei Jing's Ghost Domain is unused, and the Ghost Rope has not revived."

"An opportunity, this is an opportunity."

Wang Xiaoming used himself as bait to test out a lot of information. He deduced that Yang Jian and Wei Jing, though dangerous, were not at their most perilous.

On the contrary, this was when the two were most vulnerable.

That's because the ghosts in the spirit tablets were not yet familiar with their new bodies. After all, Yang Jian had controlled three ghosts, and total takeover would surely take time.

"I remember Yang Jian left a Ghost Infant outside the building, a Second Stage Ghost Infant, to use its power to seal the building. Thus, Yang Jian and Wei Jing, who are about to leave, will likely clash with that Second Stage Ghost Infant."

"If that Ghost Infant truly possesses the abilities of a Hungry Ghost, then it must be capable of growth."

Wang Xiaoming immediately left the safe room and rushed to the laboratory room, picking up the spirit tablet drenched in a pool of blood with gloved hands.

But at this moment, an unexpected event occurred.

The black and white photo, soaked in blood, fell off the spirit tablet, as if it had been immersed in blood for too long.

The photo and the spirit tablet had become separated.

The photo representing Yang Jian's consciousness was swiftly picked up by Wang Xiaoming and put into his pocket; then he quickly left with the spirit tablet.

"It's alright that the photo fell off. The spirit tablet and the photo are two different things, after all. The photo, a product of the Ghost Camera, represents consciousness. If I can control this spirit tablet, I will have the ability to switch consciousness."

"And right now, the most suitable entity to control this spirit tablet is the Ghost Infant, which is the Second Stage Hungry Ghost."

Wang Xiaoming was clear that once the Ghost Infant devoured the spirit tablet, it would grow like the Hungry Ghost and also take control.

But there was a prerequisite.

Who would control the Ghost Infant?

In other words, who would the Ghost Infant obey?

"I'm Wang Xiaoming. The situation is urgent. Please contact Yang Jian's previous operator, Liu Xiaoyu, immediately. I need to know all of Yang Jian's recent activities: who he has met, where he has been... and who he has had close contact with."

He immediately dialed headquarters.

Instinct told Wang Xiaoming that Yang Jian, since he had left a Ghost Infant, must have prepared a contingency, a countermeasure, similar to what he did in Dachang City before. Otherwise, with his character, he wouldn't have come to participate in this experiment alone.

If he could find it and use what Yang Jian left behind, he could turn the situation around.

"Alright, contacting immediately." A voice came from the other end of the phone, followed by specialized personnel at headquarters quickly carrying out Wang Xiaoming's orders.

Wang Xiaoming's intuition was sharp.

Yang Jian had considered the possibility of something happening to himself, so when raising the Ghost Infant, in addition to himself, there was one other person who could command it.

That was Wang Shanshan.

But at the same time.

Yang Jian and Wei Jing, now controlled by ghosts, had already broken through the containment of the fifth basement level and officially arrived on the first floor of the building.

The lights in the entire building began to dim, one floor after another.

The Ghost Domain was spreading, though not as swiftly as imagined.

But at this moment, the number of ghosts inside the building had reached a very frightening level.

Yang Jian, Wei Jing, the Ghost Child, and an unknown menacing ghost that had invaded from outside—a total of four terrifying entities.

Chapter 655 Block everything

Headquarters was urgently contacting Liu Xiaoyu, attempting to find the key clues to control the Ghost Infant by starting with the people around Yang Jian.

This was critically important, as it was the key to salvaging this failed experiment.

Wang Xiaoming had thought about enlisting the help of others, but he dismissed the idea as soon as it arose—who could possibly stand against the combined force of a rampaging Yang Jian and Wei Jing?

Moreover, continued confrontation would only make matters worse.

As the lights dimmed, layer by layer within the building, it seemed they would soon be extinguished. The Ghost Domain began its invasion from the basement, gradually affecting this floor.

This was Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

The lockdown on the fifth basement floor had stalled it for some time, but it wasn't completely impenetrable.

"The ghosts are going out the door."

At this moment, Wang Xiaoming was making his way up the stairs and noticed that every floor's door was open, which compounded his troubles.

What did this mean? It meant that the ghosts most likely had the memories of living people...

The spirit tablet imprisoning a ghost within the ancestral portrait was even more special than imagined.

Just as he was panting while chasing after it...

The first, second, and third floors of the building had already been corroded by the Ghost Domain, and when the Ghost Domain reached the fourth floor, an anomaly occurred.

The Hungry Ghost in the Second Stage, also known as the Ghost Child.

It was on the fourth floor.

The Ghost Child had been chasing an eerie figure that had invaded the building, but due to some deficiency, it was never able to kill or expel the intruding specter.

However, as soon as the Ghost Domain covered the floor from the third, the Ghost Child was naturally enveloped in it as well.

Within Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, the deficiency of the Ghost Child was compensated for.

While constantly chasing, the Ghost Child now held a rotting Dead Man's Head and stopped, tilting its head slightly as it watched the hastily fleeing apparition, no longer in a rush but observing as the figure moved further away.

The Ghost Domain continued to spread, covering the fourth floor up to the fifth.

The eerie figure roaming the building seemed to have realized something was wrong; it became agitated, footsteps quickening, leaving behind stinking puddles.

But that figure's speed could not outrun the Ghost Domain that Yang Jian had let loose.

Thus, the eerie figure was in panic, fleeing, no longer bothering with the Ghost Child.

On a corridor on the fifth floor, a window opened.

The eerie figure immediately went to the window, attempting to climb out from the fifth floor and flee the building, realizing that the situation here exceeded all expectations and that the existence of the Ghost Child was an unforeseen variable.

A ghost of low Terror Level facing a Hungry Ghost in the Second Stage would only result in one outcome.

That is, being devoured and becoming part of the Hungry Ghost's puzzle.

The eerie figure had already climbed onto the window.

And just as it was about to leave, the Ghost Child had already appeared behind it.

At that moment, the Ghost Child finally caught up.

A small, cyanotic palm grabbed the shadowy figure that was about to jump out of the window.

At this moment, the true form of this eerie figure was revealed—a human silhouette with a head and limbs, but without facial features, hair, fingers, or toes... It was like a frame draped in a layer of terrifying dead skin.

In the instant that the Ghost Child grabbed the eerie figure...

The dark brown dead skin began oozing liquid, seemingly in resistance.

However, the black shroud worn by the Ghost Child could withstand the damage caused by supernatural powers. Neither Yang Jian's five-layer Ghost Domain nor the revitalized Ghost Rope could harm it. The ooze that seeped out and dripped onto the Ghost Child was blocked by the shroud, serving no purpose.

At this moment, the Ghost Child opened its mouth wide, an abyssal, dark cavity ready to swallow the ghost before it.

The Ghost Child, which had always seemed harmless, finally displayed the terror befitting its status as a Hungry Ghost in the Second Stage.

And just like that...

The eerie visitor inside the building began to wither, the copious amounts of corpse fluid vanishing.

And the Ghost Child's belly swelled little by little.

The eerie figure writhed in the window, struggling to break free from the Ghost Child's grasp, but it was futile. From the recent confrontation, it was clear that the ghost that had entered the building was no match for the Ghost Child; it had only been delaying time.

As Yang Jian's out-of-control Ghost Domain covered the area...

The Ghost Child gained the ability to roam freely within the Ghost Domain, so the eerie figure could not escape.

Soon...

The body of this eerie person vanished, leaving only a dark brown human skin that fell to the ground.

The Ghost Child was drenched, as if having taken a bath, reeking of the stench of death. It stared at the dark brown skin on the floor, pausing as if to judge whether the skin met its killing criteria. After some deliberation, the Ghost Child made its move. Opening its mouth wide, it reached out to devour it.

But just at this moment, the Ghost Child suddenly turned its head and stopped, its blood-red pupil-less eyes looking in the direction of the first floor lobby.

Then, the Ghost Child disappeared on this fifth floor.

Because its murder pattern was triggered again, something was trying to leave the building, so it went to stop it.

The Ghost Child, moving freely within the Ghost Domain, arrived at the entrance in the blink of an eye, holding a rotten Dead Man's Head, and set its sights on a new target—two figures invisible to others, but perceptible to the Ghost Child.

As the two figures gradually became visible in the middle of the lobby from within the Ghost Domain, it became clear that they were the eerily composed Yang Jian and Wei Jing.

With the Ghost Domain out of control, the Ghost Child dealt with the intruder in the building, but now it was facing two top ghost controllers controlled by ghosts.

Yang Jian and Wei Jing, under the ghost's influence, did not attack the Ghost Child. It seemed that the ghost controlling them did not want to linger here; they wanted to leave this place and head somewhere else. It was just that in leaving the building, they triggered the Ghost Child's murder pattern, drawing it to them.

This was a situation nobody had anticipated.

The Ghost Child stood at the doorway, its drenched body, tilting its head, staring at Yang Jian and Wei Jing in front of it.

At this point, Yang Jian with the strange expression took a step forward, disappearing, attempting to use the Ghost Domain to leave the building directly, without intending to walk out step by step.

However, the next moment...

The just vanished Yang Jian reappeared in the lobby, retreating several stiff steps backward. He had been stopped.

The rotten Dead Man's Head in the Ghost Child's hands opened its eyes, its ash-colored eyeballs turning slightly, like a resurgent fierce ghost, staring motionlessly at Yang Jian in front, unleashing a terrifying ghostly force invisibly upon Yang Jian, who was forcefully pushed back.

And the suppression created by the stare of the rotten Dead Man's Head was persistent.

Under this suppression, Yang Jian, controlled by a ghost, seemed to be in retreat, becoming motionless, standing there like a cold corpse.

This was a confrontation between ghost and ghost.

It appeared that the Dead Man's Head had a slight advantage, but not a significant one, because on Yang Jian's forehead, a ghostly eye was still restlessly moving, signifying that the Ghost Domain still enveloped the building. However, the spreading had ceased, no longer reviving.

The suppression was not thorough, just a temporary balance had been achieved.

But it was not just the uncontrollable Yang Jian who wanted to leave the building.

Wei Jing also began to move. He couldn't use the Ghost Domain because the coverage of the ghostly eye affected him, but this didn't hinder his actions.

Wei Jing with the strange expression started to walk towards the outside of the main door, also eager to leave,

Even without the Ghost Domain, he would walk out if he had to.

The Ghost Child's murder pattern wasn't aimed at just one person but all people, even ghosts. Even if Yang Jian was controlled by a ghost, it would still attack the current Yang Jian, unless Yang Jian spoke to change its murder pattern.

But obviously, Yang Jian was currently unable to do that.

Wei Jing took step after step.

As the entity known as Ghost Envoy, after being invaded by other ghosts, he would become even more terrifying than before.

At this moment, the Ghost Child tilted its head, looking at Wei Jing and then Yang Jian, seemingly without its own thoughts, uncertain whether to stop Yang Jian or Wei Jing. After all, it had only been born a few months ago and everything was still very confusing to it.

But it was not merely a Second Stage Ghost Infant; it was a unique entity, born of the Ghost Eye Yang Jian, the living person Wang Shanshan, and the Hungry Ghost.

Such an exception could not be found anywhere else in the world.

So the Ghost Child possessed the eeriness of ghosts as well as a few characteristics of the living.

Right now, the Ghost Child seemed to be thinking, growing, because it had just devoured a ghost, gaining the condition to continue to grow. According to the Hungry Ghost's rules, the Ghost Child should have reached the Third Stage by now.

Although there were no apparent changes in the Ghost Child, undoubtedly, some unknown changes had occurred.

Quickly, it made a choice, and at this time, it actually put down the eerie head in its hands.

The rotten Dead Man's Head continued to stare at Yang Jian, maintaining a deadlock with no movement from either side.

Meanwhile, the Ghost Child itself moved in front of Wei Jing, its ferocious, blood-red eyes staring at him, waiting for Wei Jing to cross the lobby door before attacking him.

At this moment...

Violent gasps accompanied by hurried footsteps emerged at the first-floor staircase.

Now, Wang Xiaoming had climbed up from the fifth level below. He was a bit weak, and it was somewhat hard to run all the way up from the bottom, so he was now leaning against the wall, face flushed, gasping for air.

"I made it in time."

When he saw what was happening in the lobby on the first floor, his eyes narrowed slightly, surprised and with a bit of unexpected delight.

The Ghost Child had actually stopped Yang Jian and Wei Jing.

No.

Right now, only Yang Jian had been stopped; Wei Jing was still active and about to confront the Ghost Child.

Ghost Envoy versus Hungry Ghost.

Although it wasn't a confrontation at the source, Wang Xiaoming was still looking forward to the outcome.