

Revival 656

Chapter 656

The peril that occurred within the building of the Ping'an Technology Experimental Base was unknown to Liu Xiaoyu, who was at that moment in the urban district.

She was on suspension and not at headquarters, but that evening she received a very urgent call from headquarters. The call was from a former colleague named Qin Meirou.

"Liu Xiaoyu, there is an emergency. There's been a situation with Professor Wang, and we need your cooperation in the investigation," Qin Meirou said rapidly, but because she was once responsible for Yang Jian for a time, she knew quite a bit about his affairs.

She naturally became involved in the investigation.

"Elder Sister Qin, what happened?" Liu Xiaoyu instinctively sat up in bed as soon as she received the call.

Even though it was around one in the morning, her professional habits allowed her to immediately switch into work mode.

"It's about the Ghost Infant." Qin Meirou spoke very quickly. "There is a Ghost Infant around Yang Jian. Do you know about this?"

Ghost Infant?

Liu Xiaoyu was immediately startled; she recalled the events from a couple of days prior when she had gone to the suburban villa to see Yang Jian. She had been frightened by the eerie child. Later, had it not been for Yang Jian asking her to keep it a secret, she would have reported the incident with the Ghost Infant.

"I know."

It seemed impossible to conceal it any longer, so she immediately answered.

Qin Meirou said, "Now I'm asking you, who, apart from Yang Jian, has had contact with the Ghost Infant, or who does Yang Jian trust the most and who has he recently returned to Dachang City to meet with? This investigation is very urgent, and many colleagues are already getting involved. I have several names here: Jiang Yan, Zhang Wei, Zhang Liqin, Zhang Xiangu, Zhang Han... Wang Shanshan, Wang Bin."

In an information-driven society, there are few secrets.

In such a short time, headquarters already knew who Yang Jian had met with and seen on his last return to Dachang City.

Of course, this investigation wasn't without basis; in Dachang City's Shangtong Tower, Zang Hua was Yang Jian's contact, and many situations could be understood through him.

"Among these names on the list, who do you think is most likely to have made contact with Yang Jian's Ghost Infant?" Qin Meirou pressed, "Time is pressing, and Professor Wang is facing great danger. You must be very precise and quick with your answer because there is no time to investigate everyone."

"Let me think."

Liu Xiaoyu frowned, deep in thought.

Having kept in regular contact with Yang Jian, she was quite familiar with several people around him and even understood the nature of their relationships with Yang Jian very well.

"Wang Shanshan, it's Wang Shanshan. The Ghost Infant must be related to her."

Very quickly, Liu Xiaoyu said earnestly, "Wang Shanshan was Yang Jian's classmate from No. 7 Middle School. After Zhou Zheng died and the vengeful spirit revived, the Ghost Infant appeared at the school, and Wang Shanshan was attacked by it and suffered its curse. Yang Jian even asked me for information about Ghost Slaves to save her."

Although these details were from some time ago, her memory was good; she not only recalled them but also relayed the causes and effects.

"Okay, I'll contact Wang Shanshan immediately," said Qin Meirou.

As long as they knew who the most suspicious person was, headquarters could quickly locate them.

Only a few seconds had passed.

A phone call was directed to Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City.

Inside a high-rise apartment building.

This was the home of the Wang Bin couple.

Although it was a time when everyone would usually be asleep, at this moment, the Wang Bin couple's phone, as well as the phone in the next room where Wang Shanshan was, all rang simultaneously.

The whole family was awakened.

Wang Shanshan, who was lying in bed, also opened her eyes and looked at her brightly lit phone. The caller ID showed the name: Yang Jian.

She hesitated for a moment before answering the call.

However, the voice on the other end was not Yang Jian's but that of a man: "I'm Wang Xiaoming; you should know me. We met during the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City."

The call was directly transferred.

Wang Xiaoming, located on the first floor of the experimental base, was on the line, directly stating his identity to save a lot of hassle since he had met the people around Yang Jian while in Dachang City. Although not very familiar with them, they had met face to face and knew each other, so they weren't complete strangers.

This disclosure of identity could reduce suspicion and gain trust.

"I know you, Professor Wang," Wang Shanshan spoke faintly, her tone cold, like an ice princess, emotionally detached.

"I'll get straight to the point. Yang Jian is in trouble. He has been invaded by a ghost. Currently, the Ghost Infant with him is in combat with another ghost, and the situation is very perilous. I must now save Yang Jian, and to do so, I need to make use of the Ghost Infant."

"So, can you control the Ghost Infant?" asked Wang Xiaoming, eager to know if this Wang Shanshan was a contingency that Yang Jian had left behind.

After careful investigation by headquarters and Liu Xiaoyu's confirmation, this Wang Shanshan was the most likely candidate.

Wang Shanshan went silent for a moment, not immediately responding. She was considering the authenticity of the call. Although she had met Wang Xiaoming, she remembered that Yang Jian didn't have a good relationship with him. The fact that he was calling at this time could indicate a genuine emergency, but it might also be a scheme or a trap.

She had received many messages about telephone fraud.

However, the matter concerned Yang Jian's safety, so after a brief silence, Wang Shanshan said, "I can command the Ghost Infant; it will listen to me."

"Very good," Wang Xiaoming breathed a sigh of relief as he spoke.

His previous judgement had been correct; Yang Jian indeed had a fallback plan, and this Wang Shanshan genuinely could control the Ghost Infant.

"Listen closely to what I'm about to tell you..." He began to persuade Wang Shanshan, asking her to command the Ghost Infant to follow his instructions. If successful, there was still a chance to turn the dire situation around.

However, at this moment,

Although the out-of-control Yang Jian was immobilized, watched by the decaying Dead Man's Head, Wei Jing had made it to the entrance of the first-floor lobby.

The Ghost Child was outside the doors, watching Wei Jing.

As Wei Jing stepped halfway through the doorway, the rule that those who leave would die was instantly triggered. The Ghost Child moved then, as if its ghastly nature had been awakened. It pounced on him, its tightly closed mouth opening once more.

The pitch-black void of its mouth seemed ready to swallow Wei Jing alive.

But the next moment,

Wei Jing halted in his tracks. Faced with the oncoming Ghost Child, he reached out and grabbed it.

His darkened palm seized the Ghost Child by the throat, and the previously fierce ghost seemed suppressed. It closed its mouth, its body went limp, like a lifeless infant, suddenly devoid of its supernatural power, no longer able to move.

In this instant, the Ghost Envoy seemed to establish dominance over the Hungry Ghost.

The Ghost Child had lost.

However, at that moment, the dirty, black mourning clothes on the Ghost Child began to stir. The sleeves rose and wrapped around Wei Jing's arm, seemingly resisting the suppression, unwilling to let it continue. The wet corpse fluid on the Ghost Child seemed to have dried up, failing to display any trace of the supernatural.

"Bang!"

With a rigid and cold swing of his arm, Wei Jing flung the Ghost Child in his hand like a lifeless body, crashing it to the ground before it finally hit a nearby wall and stopped.

The Ghost Child's body was twisted, still without a twitch.

Controlled by the ghost, Wei Jing continued forward, his resolve clear—he wanted to leave this place and head somewhere specific.

"Wei Jing is unstoppable," noted Wang Xiaoming, his face darkening as he continued the call: "Is the Ghost Infant not as powerful as we thought, or is the truly out of control one not Yang Jian, but Wei Jing?"

"The ghost from the spirit tablet is not in Yang Jian, but in Wei Jing?"

Yet Wei Jing hadn't gone far.

The Ghost Child, flung to the floor, suddenly opened its eyes. Its eerily crimson pupils fixed on Wei Jing again, and its contorted body rose, becoming wet once more, reverting to its previous state.

The suppression was only temporary; once Wei Jing let go, the Ghost Child could move again, not completely dead.

The next moment,

The Ghost Child vanished from the spot and reappeared on Wei Jing's back. Its blue-black arms wrapped tightly around his head, with drips of corpse fluid continuously falling, as if intending to invade Wei Jing.

Wei Jing came to a stop.

His head mechanically turned to glance at the Ghost Child clinging to his back.

The Ghost Envoy's suppression manifested again.

Immediately, the Ghost Child lost its ability to move, once again becoming like a dead infant, softly falling off Wei Jing's back and lying motionless on the ground.

"The gap is too wide."

After two attacks from the Ghost Infant, even the most foolish could tell the current situation. Biting his teeth, Wang Xiaoming directed over the phone, "Wang Shanshan, I need you to transfer the Ghost Infant's control to me temporarily. It won't be for long, just an hour will suffice."

"The Ghost Infant only listens to Yang Jian and me. There has never been a third person who could command it," said Wang Shanshan.

"Since it can obey your orders, likewise, you can issue a command for it to obey mine," Wang Xiaoming reasoned. "The situation has changed dramatically. If you're left in charge of commanding it, things will undoubtedly spiral out of control here."

Wang Shanshan was unaware of the situation on site. How could the Ghost Child make the right decisions based solely on Wang Xiaoming's verbal instructions?

Attacking Wei Jing repeatedly like this was bound to lead to accidents.

Now, the key to breaking the situation was for Yang Jian to wake up.

If Yang Jian did not awaken, then Wei Jing would certainly leave this place, and where he would go or what he would do after that, Wang Xiaoming did not know. However, his intuition told him it would definitely be connected to the Ghost Envoy incident.

The jigsaw theory had been validated.

Should the Ghost Envoy complete this last piece of Wei Jing, perhaps not even ghost drawings could confront the Ghost Envoy.

What consequences that would bring, no one could predict.

"Okay, I'll try letting the Ghost Infant temporarily obey your command, but only for today," Wang Shanshan was persuaded on her end, willing to trust Wang Xiaoming this time.

Chapter 657 Turning the Tables

The Ghost Child, yet to fully grow, simply had no way to stop Wei Jing from leaving. The only reason Yang Jian was intercepted was because of the rotten Dead Man's Head; currently, the Ghost Child wearing the Ghost Shroud mostly possessed the ability to resist the harm caused by other malevolent ghosts.

Therefore, even if Wei Jing suppressed the Ghost Child, he couldn't kill it, and without continuous suppression, the Ghost Child could come back to life again.

This point was crucial.

The reason Yang Jian chose the Ghost Shroud for the Ghost Child to wear was out of a concern that the Ghost Child was not a true ghost and could potentially be killed.

Previously, in Dachang City, he had killed a Ghost Infant of the Second Stage.

As for why he didn't allow the Ghost Child to control other ghosts, it was to prevent the Ghost Child from becoming uncontrollable, so Yang Jian was very conservative in his choice of ghosts.

Now, the conservative choice had its effect.

Wang Xiaoming didn't need the Ghost Child to stop Yang Jian; he only needed the Ghost Child to be alive.

Wei Jing continued to walk forward, stepping over the body of the dead infant on the ground, already leaving the building and soon about to reach the road outside. His speed wasn't fast, and it seemed it would take hours to reach downtown.

But don't forget, Wei Jing also had a Ghost Domain; it was just that his Ghost Domain was affected by Yang Jian's.

The area covered by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain wasn't very large at the moment.

At this rate, in a few minutes, Wei Jing would be out of the range of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

At this moment.

The unmoving Ghost Child on the ground once again opened its eyes. Its killing routine continued, unceasing unless it died; it intended to launch a third attack on Wei Jing.

At that time, a voice came through a phone call—it was Wang Shanshan's voice, "From now until nine o'clock tomorrow, you will follow Wang Xiaoming's orders."

Although it was over the phone, Wang Shanshan knew her words could command the Ghost Child. She had tried this before, so she was quite confident. As for whether the command would be effective and whether Wang Xiaoming could order the Ghost Child around, Wang Shanshan had no idea and could only give it a try.

The Ghost Child, which had stood up, suddenly stopped in its tracks and turned its head towards Wang Xiaoming. Its red, eerie eyes seemed to be pondering and judging.

But the old command had already become ineffective.

The killing rule given to the Ghost Child by Yang Jian was changed by Wang Shanshan, so it didn't continue its attack on Wei Jing.

"Did it work?" Wang Xiaoming's gaze shifted slightly, "We'll know if it's effective once we try it out."

"Come here."

Wang Xiaoming was quick to adapt; he immediately gave orders to the Ghost Child. If it were someone else facing a ghost standing right in front of them, they would hardly think of giving orders, not to mention, not running away in fear would already be quite an achievement.

The next moment, the Ghost Child disappeared.

It did not come to Wang Xiaoming's side, but it also did not completely ignore his command. It appeared behind a counter in the lobby, poking out its head to look at him—a cautious observation, yet seemingly hiding its form.

This action was because the Ghost Child could not appear in front of the living; it had to avoid crowds.

Wang Xiaoming was a living person, so the Ghost Child had to avoid him, but it still had to obey the command.

Confronted with these conflicting instructions, the Ghost Child took a compromise approach; it had gone over, but it had hidden itself.

"It's effective, Wang Shanshan's order worked. Control over the Ghost Infant is temporarily in my hands," Wang Xiaoming observed the Ghost Infant hiding behind the counter.

Although the experiment wasn't perfect, it at least provided a way to deal with the current situation.

"Eat this and control it," Wang Xiaoming said as he threw out the blood-stained spiritual tablet that didn't have a portrait on it.

The Ghost Child peering out at Wang Xiaoming suddenly rushed out. It disappeared in the blink of an eye, and only a dark, greenish hand was seen touching the top of the spiritual tablet before it vanished from the ground.

The Ghost Child hid behind the counter once more.

Wang Xiaoming's command also had an effect, and the Ghost Child's pitch-black mouth opened once again.

From the perspective of body structure, such a small Ghost Child should not be capable of swallowing a whole spirit positioning tile, but clearly, it defied common reasoning. The Ghost Child forcefully stuffed the spirit positioning tile into its mouth, its head getting so distorted in the process, yet it seemed to suffer no harm at all.

Very soon.

The spirit positioning tile that had impacted the experiment's outcome and caused two individuals to lose control was forcibly swallowed by the Ghost Child.

If one does not consider the Ghost Shroud on the Ghost Child's body,

it had now swallowed the earlier corpse water and this spirit positioning tile, which may not be two complete ghosts, but at least could be considered as two incomplete ghost puzzles.

"It has successfully swallowed it," Wang Xiaoming walked to the side and observed the Ghost Child from a different angle behind the counter.

Its belly was noticeably swollen, stretching the Ghost Shroud it wore, and it began to resemble the Hungry Ghost that was the source of its confinement.

And in just a short moment, the Ghost Child, which initially appeared to be around five or six years old, had grown taller and bigger in stature. It still looked like a child but now seemed to be about nine or ten years old, no longer the image of a Ghost Infant, but truly a peculiar child.

"Wei Jing shouldn't have gone far, there's still time," Wang Xiaoming glanced outside.

He could still see Wei Jing's retreating figure.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian inside the hall, as well as the rotting Dead Man's Head, were still locked in a stalemate, with no new supernatural incidents occurring during this time, which was very fortunate.

The situation had now turned back around.

At this moment, Wang Xiaoming took out a black and white obituary photo from his pocket, which had just fallen from the spirit positioning tile. It contained the true consciousness of Yang Jian.

"Following the previous plan, since the Ghost Infant successfully ate the spirit positioning tile, it should now possess the ability to switch the consciousness of the living. Even if this ability is insignificant, it can play a crucial role right now."

Immediately, Wang Xiaoming passed the obituary photo of Yang Jian to the Ghost Child and commanded, "Send Yang Jian's consciousness back to his body."

Upon the command,

The Ghost Child disappeared once again, traversing the Ghost Domain. Soon, a cyan-black little hand appeared next to Wang Xiaoming, and a pulling force manifested.

The obituary photo signifying Yang Jian was promptly taken.

After snatching the photo, the Ghost Child ran about in the hall, now vanishing, now reappearing, reveling in the Ghost Domain. At last, the terrifying child with a cyan-black complexion appeared beside Yang Jian's corpse.

The Ghost Child looked up at Yang Jian's body, then at the photo in its hand, and leaped up, slapping Yang Jian's forehead with the black and white obituary photo.

The photo, stained with sticky crimson blood, now adhered to the forehead of the corpse.

The Ghost Child, having commandeered the spirit positioning tile, possessed the ability to switch consciousness. This simple action indeed signified the exchange of consciousness.

On closer observation, one could notice the eerie smile on Yang Jian's face gradually fading, and the crimson blood on the black and white spirit positioning photo rapidly dripping off, revealing the photo's original appearance.

Before, when Wang Xiaoming held the photo, he couldn't wipe off the bloodstains no matter how he tried, as if it had seeped into the photo and could not be cleaned off.

But now... the blood was actively peeling away from the photo.

"It's yet another kind of strangeness," Wang Xiaoming noted as he saw the dripping blood from the photo, keenly sensing that something was amiss.

He couldn't pinpoint this uneasiness because there was no precedent to refer to, and he couldn't analyze the cause.

Too many accidents had occurred today, with many events completely exceeding expectations.

As the blood dripped from the obituary picture, Yang Jian's face covered by blood was revealed, and the Yang Jian in the photo appeared calm because he had already accepted the outcome of consciousness transfer during the experiment, thus he was not panicked or scared, resembling someone

who had passed away peacefully, without pain, struggle, or fear.

Unlike the grotesque obituary photo of Guo Fan seen before.

But now, with the swapping of consciousness once again, Yang Jian in the photo underwent a change.

Originally calm and serene, Yang Jian at this moment revealed a creepy smile, a pair of eyes seemed to be spying on the people outside from within the photo, creating an indescribable sense of horror.

Very soon.

The black and white portrait with the creepy smile that was attached to Yang Jian's forehead slowly fell off.

With the end of the consciousness swap, Yang Jian managed to break free from the confines of the portrait and successfully came back to life.

The next moment.

Yang Jian opened his eyes, as if a person who had been sleeping for a long time was abruptly awakened, taking in the world around once more.

"This isn't the Ghost Coffin in the lab? Did something go wrong halfway through?"

He saw everything around him, and instantly knew his current location. He was in the lobby on the first floor of the building, not in the experiment room on the fifth basement level. But then Yang Jian also noticed that the short piece of music that had been playing repeatedly in his mind had disappeared, stopped.

This proved that although the experiment encountered some issues, his Eight-Tone Curse had been resolved.

"However, why is this rotting head staring at me?" Yang Jian tried to control the ghost within his body, but found himself suppressed.

Directly in front of him on the floor, a rotten Dead Man's Head was staring at him with a pair of greyish-white eyes.

This was a terrifying gaze, possessing the eerie ability to make someone die instantly.

Despite this, Yang Jian noticed the Ghost Child beside him and, although he still couldn't understand the current situation, it didn't impede him from giving an order, "Take that Dead Man's Head away."

Immediately, the Ghost Child ran over and picked up the Dead Man's Head that was staring at Yang Jian.

Right then, Yang Jian felt a relief throughout his body, sensation returned, and he was able to move again. He could also feel the ghost within his body.

Without the expected urge of a fierce ghost awakening, Yang Jian found a great calm within himself.

The ghost existed, but it was far from reviving.

It was as if a new balance had been achieved.

This was incredible.

Yang Jian was somewhat astonished, knowing that previously, when suffering from the Eight-Tone Curse, the Ghost Eye had been used to a very dangerous extent. He had always been worried that once the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box was resolved, he would have to face the perilous situation of the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

"Why is this happening?"

At this time, he noticed that his originally pale, stiff Ghost Hand had turned black, as if it had been eroded by some supernatural power, undergoing a particular transformation.

Now it seemed a bit like... the hand of a Ghost Envoy.

It also possessed the real ability of a Ghost Envoy to suppress ghosts.

Although Yang Jian still had one quota left to suppress a ghost before, this time was different, this time it was an enhancement, because the complete suppression of his Ghost Eye was the best proof of that.

"Now is not the time to be concerned about the changes in your body. There was a problem with the plan, and unexpected changes occurred halfway through. Not only did you lose control, but Wei Jing was also controlled by a ghost. He's now leaving this place. If you're up to it, go stop him. I'm worried something big might happen,"

Suddenly, the voice of Wang Xiaoming rang out from the side.

He was intently observing Yang Jian, still a bit uneasy in his heart.

After all, the question of who the ghost was had become unclear to him now as well.

"Wei Jing lost control?" At this moment, Yang Jian spotted Wei Jing, who was leaving the place.

He hadn't paid much attention before, but now, taking a closer look, he found that Wei Jing's condition was indeed very peculiar, showing not the slightest sign of life, unlike before when, though numb and cold, there was at least consciousness.

"The experiment was a trap set by ghosts, and even Guo Fan himself in the spiritual tablet didn't know he was being controlled by a fierce ghost. That's why what entered your body before wasn't Guo Fan but the ghost in the spiritual tablet... Now that ghost should have invaded Wei Jing's body,"

"This kind of invasion is infectious, that's the only conclusion I can come to," Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian frowned. He had been most worried about a trap occurring before he conducted his experiment, and now it seemed it had indeed happened. However, it appeared that the trap had been lifted with his awakening.

Was it the contingency of leaving behind the Ghost Child that played a key role?

That question would have to wait for later.

At this moment, Yang Jian said, "The first time I saw the Ghost Coffin, I noticed a spiritual tablet placed in front of it, so the spiritual tablet and the Ghost Coffin probably belonged to the same ghost. Wei Jing's loss of control was not an accident; it was highly likely that it happened because the ghost found its missing piece... How could the consciousness of the living possibly stand a chance against a real ghost."

"There's no reason for two people to lose control at the same time," Wang Xiaoming pointed out a flaw.

"I don't know about that, maybe something is wrong with me, or maybe it's as you said before, the ghost in the spiritual tablet is infectious, and anyone who uses it will be eroded by the ghost. I used it once and got eroded. Wei Jing didn't use it, but because he was part of the Ghost Envoy puzzle, he was also eroded,"

Yang Jian quickly said, "But that's not the point. The point is I've broken the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse and successfully survived."

"Since Wei Jing is now out of control, I'll do a good deed and deal with him for you, to save future trouble."

After saying that, he was ready to make his move.

Yang Jian hadn't much liked Wei Jing to begin with, and now was the perfect time, a legitimate reason to get rid of the guy.

Wang Xiaoming immediately said, "No, I fed the spiritual tablet to the Ghost Infant, which has the ability to swap consciousness. You can continue to imprison that ghost and let Wei Jing recover."

Wei Jing was unique and very powerful, so he was worth saving.

"What? You let the Ghost Child eat the spiritual tablet?"

At that moment, Yang Jian was somewhat surprised; he looked at the Ghost Child and indeed, its belly was swollen, unclear as to what strange things it had eaten while he was asleep.

"However, killing Wei Jing and saving Wei Jing are two tasks of different difficulty," he then added, switching tones, "What conditions can you offer me?"

"Let's get one thing straight; the business with the Eight-Tone Curse is over, we are even now. Anything else will be settled in clear terms. Of course, if you think I'm being mercenary, feel free to find someone else to deal with Wei Jing. I don't mind."

He felt Wei Jing could fetch a good price.

Squeezing a bit more out of Wang Xiaoming could be advantageous for his own survival in the future.

"Now is not the time to discuss this," Wang Xiaoming said.

"True, but you at least need to state some rough terms," Yang Jian said, "to prevent backtracking later."

Wang Xiaoming said nothing but simply held up three fingers.

"Alright,"

Yang Jian responded, and with the Ghost Child, he vanished from the hall, chasing after Wei Jing.

Three meant three conditions.

One condition might be exchanged for a Ghost Candle, helping one person to command a second ghost.

Or possibly taking away an item of the supernatural from headquarters.

Such a price was already quite high.

And Yang Jian was also curious to see just how the Ghost Child swapped the consciousness of the living, and he wanted to see his own changes in detail.

Wei Jing would make for an excellent subject to attempt this on.

Chapter 658 Yang Jian vs Wei Jing

Wei Jing, who had lost control, had now completely exited the gates of Ping'an Technology Experimental Base, and he now stood on the asphalt outside.

At the moment, there was a light rain falling from the sky, making the surroundings damp and cold.

But after Wei Jing appeared, the environment became even more eerie, as if the light around him began to vanish, with a layer of darkness emerging and enveloping the vicinity. This darkness was so thick and heavy that it almost seemed tangible.

This was Wei Jing's Ghost Domain.

It was also the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain.

However, as a part of the Ghost Envoys, Wei Jing's Ghost Domain wasn't complete, and the area it covered wasn't very large.

Though the range wasn't vast, Wei Jing's Ghost Domain was still terrifying. Yang Jian's three-layer Ghost Domain couldn't penetrate it, only the fourth layer could match it, and only by initiating the fifth layer could one counter-invade. Such a situation was incredibly despairing for the vast majority of ghost tamers.

There was a reason why a group of people got trapped and nearly died inside when they went to deal with the Ghost Envoy incident.

However, as Wei Jing's Ghost Domain spread, Yang Jian's figure appeared at the other end of the road, leaving the building to stop the out-of-control Wei Jing.

For safety, he brought the Ghost Child with him.

The belly-swollen Ghost Child seemed as if it had eaten its fill, its pair of red eyes curiously observing everything around it like an extension of a ghost's eyes. Beyond that, the Dead Man's Head in its hands looked even more dangerous.

The head, clearly in a highly rotten state, still showed signs of activity.

The dull, white eyes were peering out, causing a chilling fear.

"It really has no consciousness left," Yang Jian observed, seeing no trace of a living person on Wei Jing's dead face.

Numb, cold, like a walking corpse.

"Although it has no consciousness, it didn't attack me proactively, and it didn't attack Wang Xiaoming before either. This state is peculiar—it doesn't seem like a ghost, nor does it seem human..."

Like Wang Xiaoming had observed before, Yang Jian made a judgment as well.

He believed that the ghost's killing patterns had temporarily failed to apply to the out-of-control Wei Jing.

Since there was no pattern, Yang Jian decided to confront him directly.

"Have the Dead Man's Head keep an eye on Wei Jing," Yang Jian ordered the Ghost Child.

This was the most conservative confrontation. The Dead Man's Head, although a ghost, was a very special entity. Although highly dangerous, it could be used in hand, and felt like this thing was well-suited to become a paranormal object, like binoculars, double-barreled shotguns... aiming at a person would kill them, and aiming at ghosts could create suppression.

The rotting Dead Man's Head in the hands of the Ghost Child adjusted its direction, and those grayish-white eyes now fixated on Wei Jing.

Suppression occurred.

The Ghost Domain around Wei Jing was impacted, and the oppressive black darkness began to slowly recede. Although the process was slow, the effect was already quite noticeable.

"It works... but the suppression isn't enough," Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

Relying on a rotting Dead Man's Head could only suppress Wei Jing's Ghost Domain, but he was still moving, still coming this way, which made what was happening quite apparent.

The level of danger Wei Jing posed was extremely high.

Setting aside his range of influence, his level of danger had reached at least an A rating, which was the same category as the Door Knocking Ghost incident.

"Wang Xiaoming asked me to save Wei Jing, not to kill him, which is somewhat difficult for me, because some matters are hard to gauge," Yang Jian said, glancing behind him.

At some point, a tall, headless shadow had appeared behind him.

Moving around like a living person, the Headless Ghost Shadow started walking toward Wei Jing.

With the rotting Dead Man's Head and the suppression from the Headless Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian thought this should be enough.

But, the appearance of the Headless Ghost Shadow seemed to have alerted Wei Jing; he stopped in his tracks, his vacant eyes looking at the advancing Ghost Shadow, showing an incomprehensible change. This change provoked Wei Jing to counterattack; stiffly, he reached for the darkened ancient straw rope tied around his waist.

Ghost Rope!

This was a ghost, as well as a terrifying paranormal object, and it had already resurrected.

The reason it hadn't been causing any disturbances was that it had always been suppressed by Wei Jing, so it hadn't shown any activity.

Now.

Wei Jing let go of the Ghost Rope, releasing it from his control, and it fell to the ground.

"If you won't take it, I'll snatch it back," Yang Jian's gaze shifted, and the target of the Ghost Shadow's attack changed. He wanted to take back the Ghost Rope.

This rope was originally stolen from him by the Ghost Envoy. Later, Wei Jing mysteriously resurrected and brought it back from the Ghost Envoy, so Yang Jian had no objections to its ownership.

After all, Wei Jing had managed to retrieve it with his skills, and Yang Jian did not have the nerve to step forward and claim it as his own.

But now it was different, Wei Jing had lost control.

The Headless Ghost Shadow's arm, formed from shadow, lifted, seemingly reaching to grab the grass rope.

Ghost Shadow versus Ghost Rope, this scene had occurred before. The Ghost Shadow had won that time, for a simple reason: the rope that could hang a person to death could not hang a headless Ghost Shadow.

However, the next moment.

A bizarre scene unfolded.

Before the Ghost Shadow even touched the grass rope, the black Ghost Rope instantly wrapped around the Ghost Shadow, binding it tightly.

The Headless Ghost Shadow struggled, but it couldn't break free. This rope could even bind a shadow without a body, let alone a person, who would have been instantly strangled to death, leaving a twisted corpse.

"The Ghost Rope has undergone some kind of change I'm unaware of," Yang Jian muttered gravely.

This rope was somewhat different from before.

But the revival of the Ghost Rope continued.

In the dim sky, bizarre grass ropes began to hang down one after another, covering a small area but densely clustered together. These ropes started to converge towards Yang Jian, attempting to attack him.

A rope came too close, landing on Yang Jian's shoulder and instantly wrapping around his neck, then trying to hoist him up.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged. He reached out to grab the Ghost Rope but had not yet used any force.

The Ghost Rope that should have been incredibly strong snapped instantly, turning to black powder in his hand, which the wind blew away without a trace.

And that's not all.

On each of these drifting grass ropes hung a blackened hand, where the ghostly force of the Ghost Hand chose to confront these extending ropes.

The ropes kept breaking one after another, fragmenting and then dissipating without a trace.

The bizarre grass ropes hanging down from the sky had just started to recover and had not yet killed a single person before they began to retreat.

"My Ghost Hand has also acquired a part of the Ghost Envoy's jigsaw, and this suppression surpasses the Ghost Rope," Yang Jian said as he both fought and tested, coming to a conclusion as he looked at his darkened palm.

Then he turned his attention to the Headless Ghost Shadow.

At that moment, a real black hand appeared on the arm-shaped shadow of the Headless Ghost Shadow. This black hand grabbed the Ghost Rope, attempting to restrain it.

The Ghost Rope loosened, and the Headless Ghost Shadow struggled to break free from control.

The suppression was present, but the effect was not significant.

"Derived Ghost Hands cannot suppress the true Ghost Rope, which is the source. Although it's effective, to take this Ghost Rope, I need to do it myself," Yang Jian thought to himself, having made a rough judgment.

"If that's the case, then there's no need to bother with the Ghost Rope; suppressing Wei Jing directly is a better option. Since my Ghost Shadow is trapped, his Ghost Rope is useless."

The next moment, Yang Jian activated the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain.

With the rotten Dead Man's Head suppressing Wei Jing, his fourth layer of Ghost Domain was more than sufficient.

Yang Jian vanished from the spot and appeared behind Wei Jing, grabbing his arm. The eerie force of the black Ghost Hand focused entirely on Wei Jing, with nothing else to share the burden.

"Is the suppression successful?"

Yang Jian felt that Wei Jing seemed to have stopped moving as if he was frozen in place.

Chapter 659 Lock Up

Wei Jing was not as easy to deal with as imagined, he was an outlier who survived the Ghost Envoy incident, with a starting point too high among those who commanded ghosts. Yang Jian endured the risk of the fierce ghosts' revival several times and suffered repeated attacks from them before he finally managed to scrape together some semblance of achievement.

But a single accidental experiment allowed Wei Jing to sleep for a while and then face off against Yang Jian.

Indeed, there's no comparing people.

"Using the Dead Man's Head from the Ghost Child's hand and the Ghost Shadows that neutralized the attack of the Ghost Rope, as well as the suppression from the Ghost Hand and the Ghost Domain from the Ghost Eye, there's no reason for Wei Jing to hold on."

At this moment, Yang Jian was gripping Wei Jing's arm.

Although he was only holding a hand, he felt as though he was actually touching a real ghost, with not a single bit of confidence in his heart, but rather a sense of unease,

Wei Jing stood there motionless at the moment, seemingly the suppression had indeed worked. The rich darkness around him was rapidly dissipating, and the Ghost Domain belonging to the Ghost Envoy couldn't be sustained any longer, just like how it had once confined the Hungry Ghost, the Ghost Domain over the entire city was dissipating in a very short time.

The source of the Ghost Domain came from fierce ghosts; as long as they were restricted, naturally, the Ghost Domain would cease to exist.

However, although Wei Jing's Ghost Domain had dissipated, at that moment, his body began to stir.

His body did not move, but his head slowly turned, accompanied by the crisp sounds of neck bones breaking, Wei Jing's expressionless, icy face rotated a full one hundred and eighty degrees to look behind at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's pupils constricted, his hair standing on end.

What kind of joke was this?

After being suppressed to this extent, he could still move? Could it be that he really needed to take out that rusty Firewood Knife to chop this guy up into pieces to ensure he was dismembered?

But the cost of using the Firewood Knife was too great; it wasn't worth it in such a situation.

Should he retreat?

The idea of retreating appeared in his mind, Yang Jian didn't want to fight Wei Jing, who was now controlled by a ghost, to the death. He had just resolved the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, and the Ghost Eye, Ghost Hand, and the Headless Ghost Shadow inside his body had reached a state of unprecedented balance.

If nothing went wrong, he could live for a long time.

"Forget it, let's not earn this money," Yang Jian decided to retreat, not wishing to engage in a life-and-death struggle with the current Wei Jing.

Taking the Ghost Rope as compensation for taking action, he left the rest to those who should be concerned.

However, just as he was about to let go and prepare to leave with the Ghost Child, Wei Jing, who had just turned his head, actually opened his mouth at this moment and made a sound: "Yang Jian?"

A single call caused Yang Jian's pupils to shrink sharply.

What's happening?

Wei Jing had come back to life.

Or had he been invaded by the ghost so deeply that the ghost now possessed Wei Jing's memories and could pretend to be a living person?

In any case, the most prudent approach for Yang Jian when faced with this incomprehensible eerie scene was to choose to withdraw.

He let go of his hand, no longer wanting to suppress Wei Jing.

But as he loosened his grip, Wei Jing's cold, darkened hand suddenly grasped Yang Jian's wrist, seemingly not wanting him to let go or to withdraw.

"It's me, I, am still alive."

Wei Jing, like a corpse, opened his mouth, his voice drifting around, like a fierce ghost whispering, emotionless.

Yang Jian looked at Wei Jing's hand gripping his own and stared solemnly at the dead face that had twisted one hundred and eighty degrees. Confronted with this voice that seemed like a living person's inquiry, he found the situation incredibly unbelievable.

"Is it a person speaking, or is it a ghost speaking?"

He stared hard at Wei Jing, and in his hand, unbeknownst to when, appeared a rusty and eerie Firewood Knife.

With Wei Jing now suppressed to this extent but still capable of some movement and now speaking, Yang Jian sensed that the situation was grave, so he prepared himself to use the eerie Firewood Knife.

He hadn't been carrying the knife with him.

Before participating in the experiment, he had left it near the experimental base, and now, with the Ghost Domain covering the area, he could naturally retrieve it with ease.

"I am Wei Jing." The strange, sluggish voice echoed, giving one the feeling of a mechanical stiffness.

Yang Jian gripped the Firewood Knife even tighter, "You say you're Wei Jing, and I'm supposed to believe you are? Even if you really are Wei Jing, in this state you're close to being done for. Invaded by a ghost, how long can your consciousness last? Why not just let go, wait for me to deal with you, and prevent a greater casualty if you revive as a fierce ghost?"

He didn't care whether Wei Jing was still alive, speaking with lingering consciousness, or if a ghost had taken control of Wei Jing and had gained his memory to masquerade as a living person.

Dealing with it now is the safest option.

So, Yang Jian no longer wanted to complete the transaction with Wang Xiaoming, but instead decided to kill Wei Jing.

At that moment, Wei Jing fell silent. He seemed to be truly reflecting on Yang Jian's words, feeling they might be correct. His consciousness had perhaps returned temporarily due to the ghost in his body being suppressed during the recent confrontation, which allowed him to regain clarity.

But this suppression couldn't last forever.

It would be advantageous for the situation if Yang Jian eliminated him while he was lucid.

"You're right," Wei Jing said slowly, releasing Yang Jian's wrist. He had made up his mind.

"Wait."

However, at this moment, Wang Xiaoming's voice came from not far away. Unbeknownst to the others, he had already arrived on the street and witnessed the scene that had just unfolded.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye watched him: "What do you want to do?"

"Keep him. There's no need for you to extract the ghost from Wei Jing's body. Just find a way to lock him up in one of the laboratory's rooms. I'll handle the rest," Wang Xiaoming solemnly said.

"What, you want to create another Ghost Envoy?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "The three conditions I promised you still stand."

Yang Jian's expression became serious: "He's now invaded by a ghost. It could be a brief return of consciousness or it might be the ghost speaking. You wanting to keep Wei Jing alive is impossible, don't attempt the impossible."

"It won't be your responsibility if something goes wrong. Just lock him up, and whatever happens after that has nothing to do with you," Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian frowned deeply.

Clearly, Wei Jing's recent surge of consciousness had piqued Wang Xiaoming's interest. Who knew what crazy idea he might have next.

"Suit yourself. This makes my job easier."

Yang Jian hesitated for a moment, then decided not to use the Ghost Domain directly to invade the previous laboratory.

He grabbed Wei Jing, including the Ghost Infant, and transported them straight to the fourth floor of the lab. There was a special room on this level because the room they had used for experiments on the fifth floor had already been destroyed.

Although Wei Jing was capable of movement, it was limited. Being suppressed, he was easily relocated into the room by Yang Jian.

Wang Xiaoming looked around, realizing he was back in the underground fourth-floor laboratory. He immediately opened the door to the special room: "This room can definitely hold him."

"Don't forget Wei Jing also has a Ghost Domain, and it's a high-level one at that. Ordinary people can't invade it. If he escapes, don't come looking for me to clean up the mess," Yang Jian said as he tossed Wei Jing into the room and quickly closed the door.

Wei Jing lay on the floor, stiff and immobile, like a corpse.

The situation only changed after Yang Jian let go and had the Ghost Child retract the rotting Dead Man's Head.

Wei Jing, who was locked up in the room, stood up again. His neck, which had been twisted 180 degrees, quickly returned to its original position. Not only that, but the broken bones in his neck also reverted to their unbroken state, and the wounds on his body rapidly healed at that moment.

"This guy... his injuries disappeared, his body's practically like it's been rebooted," Yang Jian said with twitching eyelids.

No wonder this Wei Jing was so difficult to suppress. After being invaded by the ghost from the spiritual tablet, he seemed to have compensated for some flaws. It's worth noting that he wasn't even a real Ghost Envoy yet. If a real one acquired this ability, it would be terrifying. Even if he were dismembered with a Firewood Knife, he probably could recover quickly.

"All right."

Wang Xiaoming observed for a moment and saw Wei Jing standing behind a glass window. His ashen eyes were gazing over as if spying on them.

But this special room could isolate many things, such as the perception of fierce ghosts... Therefore, Wei Jing made no further movements.

"He's tougher than expected. If he hadn't lost control, he'd surely be a top-notch ghost manipulator," Yang Jian said. "Too bad, he fell before he could be of any use."

If Wei Jing were alive, he would certainly be able to contend with ghost manipulators of Fang Shiming's caliber.

"He's not dead yet, I can feel it," Wang Xiaoming said. "As long as Wei Jing reaches a new balance, suppressing the ghost within his body, he'll recover."

"Heh, even if he wakes up, it's still unknown whether Wei Jing will be human or ghost," Yang Jian scoffed, clearly not optimistic.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I'll make that judgment myself. Your part is finished. You can go now."

"No, I want to know the whole story, especially about that... the existence of the trap," Yang Jian said.

Though Wang Xiaoming had briefly mentioned it before, Yang Jian didn't fully believe it.

Yang Jian needed to know where exactly the trap with the human skin parchment was located and what it was planning. Although he had survived this ordeal, narrowly escaping danger, there were matters that he couldn't help but keep in mind.

After Yang Jian had locked the out-of-control Wei Jing in the fourth sub-level of the laboratory, he didn't rush to leave.

He had Wang Xiaoming investigate the entire incident to understand what had happened after he'd been deprived of his consciousness.

"That's all I can tell you about the incident," Wang Xiaoming said, "If you have any questions, you can investigate them yourself. You're better at this than I am."

Wang Xiaoming added, "All right, you can leave now; I need to deal with Wei Jing's situation."

Yang Jian said, "I'm taking the Eight-Tone Music Box with me."

Even though he had almost died from the curse of the music box, he still planned to keep this dangerous item.

If one day he could find a way to break the curse of the music box, perhaps there might be some unexpected gains.

"Suit yourself," Wang Xiaoming didn't care.

He had studied the object and found it terrifying; delving deeper seemed to bring no significant benefits but only greater crises, so that research project had been halted long ago.

Yang Jian said, "You owe me three conditions; I'll contact you when I need them."

After speaking, without any hesitation, he went downstairs, took the Eight-Tone Music Box, and then left the underground laboratory.

Now that the danger had passed, there was no need for Yang Jian to continue using the Ghost Domain; he didn't want to face the risk of vengeful spirits waking up again so soon.

"It seems something happened in this building."

When Yang Jian returned to the lobby on the first floor, this time without any distractions, he took a careful look around.

He saw many not-yet-dried water stains on the ground, densely covering the corridors and staircase entrances, with small footprints from the Ghost Child on them. But what caught his attention was a larger, strange mark that kept appearing along the path—it looked like an adult's footprint, except it had no toes and the shape was off.

"Something entered the building while I was deprived of consciousness, which then triggered the Ghost Child's killing pattern, and so the Ghost Child was chasing that thing..." Yang Jian mused.

So far, that was all he could analyze.

"Let's follow these marks and see."

Yang Jian followed the staircase to the second floor, tracking these traces.

Because the building was not complicated, he could determine where the thing that had entered the building ended up by following these latest, not-yet-dried footprints without the need to specifically use the Ghost Domain.

The abilities of a vengeful ghost should not be used if not necessary.

A moment of convenience would only hasten the awakening of the vengeful ghost.

Following the latest footprints, Yang Jian arrived at the second floor with the Ghost Child trailing behind him; the Ghost Child still clutched a rotten Dead Man's Head, wandering about like an unruly child, albeit within a limited range, swiftly catching up once it overextended a certain distance.

As he tracked the footprints down the corridor, he stopped abruptly in front of an office door. Although the movement was slight, Yang Jian still heard faint whispers from inside—as if people were secretly discussing something.

"Are there still people here?"

Yang Jian frowned and peeked through the door slit. There was no light in the room, pitch-black darkness.

"Open the door," he commanded the Ghost Child, and then stepped back several paces to stand aside.

Whether there were people inside or another situation, having the Ghost Child in front was a prudent approach.

The Ghost Child ran to the office door and started violently banging on it with its small, dark blue hand. The force was so great that it vibrated the door frame, and the door caved in, leaving behind clear palm prints.

Yang Jian's face darkened.

If the Door Knocking Ghost had knocked like this in the past, he would've died back in the school building, never able to leave.

Thuds of enormous door knocks echoed throughout the floor.

Doctor Chen, Assistant Liu, and others inside the room were instantly awakened, their complexions changing, bodies trembling uncontrollably.

This noise was definitely not from a living person knocking; no human could possess such strength.

Had the ghosts in this building discovered them?

"What do we do?" someone asked, their face ashen and body breaking out in cold sweat.

"Let's jump from the second floor; it's not high enough to kill anyone," another person immediately prepared to escape out the window as if they had been ready for this scenario.

Seeing this, others followed suit.

At this moment, facing a ghost bursting in seemed less fearful than jumping down; even though jumping might result in encountering ghosts again or triggering a deadly ghost pattern, it was better than doing nothing and waiting for doom.

"Bang!"

With a loud noise, the office door was deformed by the Ghost Child's strike, the lock completely broken, and now the door swung open.

The light from outside poured in, revealing a ghastly child with skin tinged blue-black holding a decaying Dead Man's Head, its head slightly tilted, eyes filled with a curious and eerie crimson glow as it peered into the room.

Those alive felt chills down their spine, their hearts trembling.

The next moment.

The first assistant to climb onto the window sill didn't hesitate; he gritted his teeth and jumped down.

He couldn't wait any longer.

A real ghost had entered, that same terrifying child that had been wandering throughout the building.

"It's not dangerous, is it?" Yang Jian saw that the Ghost Child at the door hadn't been attacked, while cries of surprise came from within.

This indicated the room was safe.

"Come back," he said.

He allowed the Ghost Child to step back and decided to go in and take a look himself.

The sound of Yang Jian reached the room, and Doctor Chen immediately noticed. He saw the Ghost Child turn around and run away again, realizing that the situation might be turning around, he quickly said, "Everyone, wait a moment, perhaps the danger has been lifted, that's Yang Jian's voice."

Although Doctor Chen did not recognize Yang Jian.

But he had already looked over his file, along with the personal information of some of the top ghost manipulators at headquarters.

"So it's you guys," Yang Jian turned on the light in the room, glanced over, and recognized these people.

He had met Doctor Chen and his assistant during his first visit here two days ago.

"Mister Yang, hello," Doctor Chen wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and hurriedly stood up from the ground.

Yang Jian did not speak but turned and left, "I was just taking a casual look, there's nothing to worry about, the paranormal event here has been settled, you all can leave at any time."

"Wait a moment."

Doctor Chen quickly followed him out, but when he saw the Ghost Child chasing the rotting Dead Man's Head around the hallway, he was so frightened that he couldn't help but stumble back several steps.

The ghost is still here?

Why has it not attacked Yang Jian?

Wait a moment.

Could it be that the ghost was brought here by Yang Jian?

In an instant, Doctor Chen thought about a lot and then it dawned on him, he looked at Yang Jian with astonishment.

This man can actually control this ghost?

If he wasn't mistaken, this should be a Hungry Ghost from the Second Stage, right? He had seen the file, and it matched the profile of the Hungry Ghost closely.

"Is there something you need?" Yang Jian turned around, his expression impassive.

Doctor Chen, still shaken, took his eyes off the Ghost Child and then said, "Mister Yang must have come to the second floor to investigate the peculiar events that occurred in this building before."

"You're quite smart, with good observational skills. You could tell at a glance what I am doing. Do you have any leads?" Yang Jian said.

Doctor Chen said, "Indeed, earlier I heard footsteps coming into the building from outside, and then that ghost... a ghost was chasing something that had invaded the building, even passing through this hallway several times."

"I can see that," said Yang Jian.

"The last time was around the fourth or fifth floor."

Doctor Chen said, "I heard a noise and could roughly make it out, you might want to check the area around the windows on the fourth and fifth floors."

"Not bad, somewhat useful,"

Yang Jian nodded, "You can save me some time. But why are you telling me all this? You don't happen to need something from me, right?"

"No, no, just trying to offer whatever little help I can to Mister Yang," Doctor Chen forced a slight smile.

Yang Jian looked at him calmly. Since Doctor Chen didn't have any issues with him, it was most likely an overture.

After all, Yang Jian was now considered a top-tier ghost manipulator equivalent to a team leader. If he could survive into the future, he was sure to be a person of high status, whereas Doctor Chen was merely a scientific researcher, even if the principal of a laboratory, but at the end of the day, he would still need to rely on some people, some power to survive.

"I understand," Yang Jian left after dropping that line.

The Ghost Child picked up the Dead Man's Head that had rolled away and followed him to the fourth and fifth floors to investigate.

Doctor Chen watched as Yang Jian and the Ghost Child disappeared into the staircase, and only then did his tightly-wound nerves relax a bit, and he couldn't help but let out a long sigh of relief, his back drenched in cold sweat.

"What a dangerous character..."

"Doctor Chen, why do you contact Mister Yang knowing he is a dangerous person? His current state is very special, just now I was watching his eyes, and he looked at us as if he was looking at corpses, not sensing any human emotion, I'm still shaken just from being glanced at by him," said Assistant Liu in a lowered voice.

"Can't help it, the resurgence of evil spirits is intensifying, and in the future, if nothing unexpected happens, these types of people will be in control, and Yang Jian's name will undoubtedly be among them," Doctor Chen said with a sigh. "It's better to greet him in advance, get to know him, and leave some impression; who knows if we might have to turn to him in the future."

Although he was a scientific talent, at the end of the day, he was still just an ordinary person.

Assistant Liu immediately understood and nodded seriously.

Although ghost manipulators are scary, ghosts are even scarier. At least when facing ghost manipulators, you still have a chance to live, but when it comes to ghosts, frankly speaking, an ordinary person has nothing to do but await death.

At that moment, Yang Jian followed the traces to the fifth floor.

Next to a window, he saw a puddle of water on the ground, and floating motionlessly on that puddle was a piece of dark brown Dead Man's Skin, with a dark greenish-black small handprint on it, which must have been left by the Ghost Child.

Human skin paper?

Yang Jian was first stunned, then his eyes narrowed.

What kind of joke is this, how could human skin paper appear here? He remembered that he had previously put it in a box and then buried it underground with the Ghost Domain.

Without knowing the exact location and lacking a considerable level of Ghost Domain, it's impossible to retrieve it.

But before he could think any further.

The Ghost Child saw the piece of human skin paper on the ground and immediately ran over, grabbed it, and stuffed it into its mouth.

Immediately, the Ghost Child's cheeks bulged out, as it intended to eat the human skin paper outright.

"Quick, spit it out," Yang Jian immediately shouted.