

Revival 666

Chapter 666 The Older Generation

Feng Quan's two simple sentences revealed a wealth of information.

He had been deceived into coming here by Tong Qian's satellite-located phone, then suffered a terrible attack, and the attacker was not a ghost from a supernatural event but a strange spirit tamer.

Although the attack methods of spirit tamers and ghosts are the same, they can be easily distinguished through various attack details.

"So, you haven't seen Tong Qian yet?" Yang Jian furrowed his brows.

Tong Qian had arrived in J City even earlier than he had, but whether it was the subsequent talented ghost event, team leader meeting, or even the fights within his circle of friends, Tong Qian had never shown up. It was as if she had disappeared, although Yang Jian had tried searching. Cao Yanhua had given him an address, but Yang Jian, preoccupied with other matters, hadn't paid attention to this minor detail.

Now it seemed that the situation was quite troubling.

"No, I searched the address you gave me last time. It was a residential complex where Tong Qian indeed lived for a while, but then she left. This was a fact I confirmed by pulling up surveillance footage." Feng Quan said, "Because the team formation was already confirmed, I decided to track Tong Qian's phone signal to look for her."

"And then, Brother Tui, as you know, I ran into a bit of danger—almost died without even seeing the source of it. I could only be sure that I was attacked by a spirit tamer, but I was uncertain if it was just one person attacking me or what their attack method was. So, to be safe, I could only maintain this state."

Feng Quan shook his head with a helpless expression.

He was currently in a state of double-resurrection from Grave Soil and Ghost Fog but had achieved a balance between the two, allowing him to coexist peacefully for a prolonged time.

In taming two ghosts, Feng Quan clearly had plenty of experience and was now capable of making such dangerous moves with ease.

If a novice had been in Feng Quan's situation just now, even the slightest problem would have resulted in being buried alive.

"An uncertain enemy? It seems they used Tong Qian's phone signal as bait... and they also knew you were looking for Tong Qian." Yang Jian pondered, "In this place, anyone with such great influence is either from headquarters or from the circle of friends."

"But the circle of friends has now been taken over by headquarters, and even if there are some fish that got away, they wouldn't have the nerve to kill a leader from headquarters."

"And headquarters has no reason to do such a thing, either."

Yang Jian was now a bit perplexed. After all, Feng Quan was an old hand at spirit taming, the first leader in Dachang City, an entity controlling two ghosts—who would dare to attack Feng Quan?

At that moment, Huang Ziya reminded him, "Feng Quan, aren't you going to wash up? How can you meet people looking like this?"

"Do you really care about these things?" Feng Quan replied, his expression calm, showing no concern.

Huang Ziya said, "Image, image. We, as a team, have to meet people. Looking like this, you'd frighten children. If someone doesn't know better, they might think we've dug up a corpse from the mud. Someone might even call the police."

"You seem to have a point. I'll go rinse off." Feng Quan nodded, then headed into the bathroom to clean up.

He had been deeply eroded by a fierce ghost. It had resurrected once before, and if it weren't for Yang Jian helping him achieve a new balance, Feng Quan would have died long ago.

The only reason he was still alive was that the last string had not yet snapped.

He was just one step away.

Therefore, Feng Quan was not in great shape, but that last string wouldn't snap so easily—after all, the balance between the two ghosts was still there.

"Splish splash..." Feng Quan went to bathe.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian continued to ponder his own experience and the matter of Tong Qian, for he could not figure out who could have made Tong Qian disappear and forced Feng Quan into self-preservation.

"Could it be some potentially dangerous foe?"

That was the only conclusion he could come to.

There were many supernatural events in the world, and no shortage of spirit tamers, so understanding that some of them were crazies made sense.

"Captain, now that we've found Feng Quan, should we head back to Dachang City, or continue looking for Tong Qian?" Huang Ziya asked again.

Yang Jian snapped back to reality and lifted his head, "Of course, we must find Tong Qian. She's a very special existence—we can't just leave her unattended. If I don't pursue her whereabouts, Tong Qian might just mysteriously disappear, and we may never find even her corpse. I don't want that to happen."

Of course, there was another reason—Tong Qian was currently using Zhao Lei's body. If something happened to Tong Qian, Zhao Lei would be gone too.

"Feng Quan was in danger. This matter is probably not as simple as it seems," Huang Ziya commented.

Yang Jian responded, "What danger? Compared to the supernatural events happening right now, finding someone is the easiest task. If you're scared, find a place to hide and wait for news. I can handle this."

"Who said I'm scared?"

Huang Ziya immediately became serious, "I just think it's better to be safe. After all, Tong Qian's situation involves other spirit tamers."

"Humans are much easier to deal with than ghosts," Yang Jian replied.

While they conversed, Feng Quan had already taken a quick shower and came out of the bathroom, "Brother Tui, have you decided to look for Tong Qian?"

"Can you still locate her information?" Yang Jian asked.

"I can, but the phone is definitely not with her, and it might be another trap," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian stood up, "It's okay. If there is a trap, that's actually a good thing. At least we have a clue. Besides, at this crucial juncture, nothing that happens seems like a big deal to me."

"The signal is still in Xiao'an County, I know where it is." Feng Quan checked his phone at this time and confirmed the location.

"Let's go there now," Yang Jian said.

Immediately, the three of them set off.

At this moment, the dense fog on the streets began to dissipate quickly. They hadn't gone far from the building when everything around them returned to normal as if the illogical mist had never appeared.

The Ghost Fog originated from Feng Quan, and now that he was fine, the anomalies here naturally dissipated as well.

The signal from Tong Qian's phone came from inside Xiao'an County, within an unassuming construction site. The area was overgrown with weeds, and the ground scattered with debris, sand, and gravel, obviously abandoned for some time.

Feng Quan arrived at the wasteland alone. He looked around and saw neither a person nor anything out of the ordinary.

Although Yang Jian and Huang Ziya had followed him, they stayed out of sight.

It was Feng Quan's own suggestion. Believing he was already attacked, and it was bound to happen again, it made sense to keep Yang Jian and Huang Ziya's presence unknown and unexposed. Concealing them temporarily might yield some unexpected results.

After all, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain could manifest in an instant when used, which wouldn't affect anything.

"The signal is over there."

Feng Quan walked to the center of the wasteland. His dim, cracked eyes slightly moved until his gaze settled on a concrete pillar.

A satellite tracking phone sat upon that pillar, extremely conspicuous and eye-catching, as if deliberately placed there by someone.

"Tong Qian's phone," Feng Quan's expression flickered.

He looked around once more.

There was nothing amiss; everything appeared very normal, which made him suspect if someone deliberately left the phone there to hinder his tracking.

"Finding Tong Qian's phone is crucial. Even if Tong Qian has truly disappeared, the information on the phone could help track where she went recently, what places she visited, and what happened..."

Feng Quan knew better than anyone that this phone was not just for calling and location tracking; it was a powerful recorder as well.

It may look ugly, but it was high-tech.

Feng Quan walked over.

He hesitated, but in the end, he picked up Tong Qian's satellite tracking phone.

However, just as Feng Quan picked it up, his face suddenly changed dramatically.

The sky around him darkened abruptly, the nearby land vanished, grass became smooth ground, discarded trash turned into towering buildings, and a chill filled the air. Strangely, the sun in the sky was red. Everything had changed drastically.

"I've entered a strange Ghost Domain... Someone tampered with Tong Qian's phone, leaving some sort of medium. Anyone who picks up the phone gets pulled into the Ghost Domain. This technique is clever; it's not something an ordinary ghost manipulator could do."

"Come out. Since there's a Ghost Domain, there has to be a source. You've been waiting for me to fall into the trap, haven't you?"

Feng Quan immediately analyzed the situation and then said in a deep voice.

His voice echoed in the vast environment, which felt quite unreasonable.

"Ghost Fog Feng Quan, truly a seasoned ghost manipulator from headquarters. Your experience is evident, instantly seeing the situation for what it is. I knew you might not have died. But it's too easy to get lost in your Ghost Fog, finding you was a bit troublesome, so I thought it better to wait for you here."

A voice appeared. A figure emerged from one of the vacant buildings in the vicinity, looking this way with indifference.

"Your voice sounds a bit familiar..." Feng Quan frowned, it should be an old acquaintance, someone he knew.

"We haven't seen each other for almost a year, and you've forgotten me. Makes sense, people like us die quickly, so it's normal to be forgotten." The figure inside the building twisted and swayed, like a vicious ghost wandering.

But the next moment, that twisted figure disappeared.

A person emerged from the empty building's ground floor, a man in a trench coat, wearing a peaked cap, who grinned, his face skin seeming to have been torn apart, exposing crimson flesh beneath.

"His body is severely possessed by the ghost, even more so than me."

Feng Quan assessed, "And indeed, the face looks familiar, a bit like an old colleague..."

He tried to remember.

Indeed, there had been a number of ghost manipulators who joined the headquarters before he became the person in charge, but they weren't closely acquainted. He had briefly met them before taking divergent paths, then became the person in charge of Dachang City and later got trapped in the Ghost Coffin in Huanggang Village. Upon returning to headquarters, half a year had passed.

There had been no news of those people; he had inquired. Some were killed by fierce ghosts, some disappeared, some left the headquarters... The only one he could find was Wei Jing, who had died and resurrected.

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"Captain, did you see that? Feng Quan suddenly vanished into thin air," Huang Ziya, who was watching the wasteland from a distance, was stunned.

"I saw."

Yang Jian was standing on the rooftop of a building, his eyes searching, but he could no longer see Feng Quan's figure.

"Feng Quan was right; Tong Qian's signal was a trap. Someone had already set up a scheme waiting for Feng Quan to fall into it. He must have been targeted for some time, but it's unclear why the other party would take such actions, offending two supervisors, and even falling out with headquarters—it's not a smart move."

Even friends have to compromise when facing off against headquarters.

"What do we do now?" asked Huang Ziya.

"Let's go have a look. It's just an ordinary Ghost Domain, I won't have any difficulty infiltrating it," Yang Jian said.

When it came to the depth of the Ghost Domain, he had never feared anyone.

Meanwhile.

Feng Quan, who was in this eerie place, was staring intently with his lackluster eyes at a man in a trench coat. There was no doubt that this person was a ghost controller, and although Feng Quan had seen him before, due to the long gap in time and a faint impression, he had forgotten him.

"Since you recognize me, why are you targeting me? I should have no quarrels or grudges with you," Feng Quan said with a calm expression, showing no fear.

He dared to deal with supernatural events alone, so he was naturally not a cowardly person.

The thought of actually fighting made Feng Quan believe that it wouldn't be difficult to take down this guy.

"Indeed, we have no enmity. In fact, we are kind of colleagues. It's just your bad luck that you followed the clues here, so I'm in charge of cleaning up after you," the man in the trench coat said as he moved closer.

"A newbie like Tong Qian disappearing is nothing new; there are quite a number of supervisors going missing these days. They didn't expect anyone to care about it. Headquarters should be busy dealing with the Circle of Friends issue and the Ghost Painting incident. As for other matters, they probably don't have the time to spare."

"If you really didn't want me to find out, you could have just destroyed the phone," Feng Quan said, while sensing some imminent danger as a thick fog began to appear around them.

However, the fog was not as impenetrable as outside; it was obviously restrained to some degree.

The man in the trench coat stopped walking and stretched into a smile, his mouth tearing at the corners, looking gruesome and terrifying: "I considered it, but doing so would more easily attract the attention of headquarters. After all, if a supervisor's phone gets destroyed and the signal vanishes, headquarters would have to investigate. People, after all, always harbor a bit of wishful thinking—even our kind isn't an exception."

Feng Quan understood upon hearing this.

This guy had deliberately left Tong Qian's phone behind, creating an illusion for headquarters that Tong Qian was still safe, just out of contact. This reduced the likelihood of them sending someone to investigate, especially since headquarters was already overwhelmed by the Ghost Painting issue.

Of course, if someone from headquarters did come to investigate, they'd also end up mysteriously dead in Xiao'an County, just like Feng Quan had been attacked before.

However, Feng Quan hadn't been taken out, which made things a bit more complicated.

"So, you plan to kill me here and cut off the investigation from headquarters?" Feng Quan said. "Is Tong Qian that important that you'd go through so much trouble?"

"This is our business; it has nothing to do with you. But I haven't considered taking you out here. After all, you are indeed a bit troublesome, which is really annoying," the man in the trench coat said, taking off his hat to reveal sparse hair, marred by scars that seemed as if something had violently torn at them before healing over.

Each crack tore at his skin as if it could rip it open at any moment. It seemed these wounds had not yet healed, and any movement could make the wounds appear.

The pain of skin tearing was constant, yet the man seemed indifferent to it. His expression was numb, as though he had long grown accustomed to this kind of pain.

Feng Quan paused for a moment, as if the man's scars jogged a memory. His eyes narrowed with a mixture of shock and suspicion, "It's you, Pei Dong. You're actually still alive."

In that moment, he confirmed the man's identity.

One of the first batch of heads at headquarters, named Pei Dong, codenamed Ghost Head Petter.

Although the codename was rather common, even comical, this guy was dangerous. Feng Quan had once been wary of him for a period. But later, he heard that Pei Dong had fallen during dealing with a paranormal event in the city he was responsible for, and vanished without trace. As time passed, people stopped paying attention.

His file was also archived.

After all, there had been several batches of heads since then, and the earliest ones had long been forgotten.

"Oh, you recognized me? Have I changed that much? I used to be a bona fide tall, rich, and handsome guy, but now I've been tormented by this ghostly thing into...Heh, but look at you, still the same old, not much change."

Pei Dong touched the hideous scars on his head.

He exerted a little force, and all the scars turned inside out, as if the entire scalp was about to be torn apart, making onlookers' scalps tingle.

But soon, all the wounds healed again, returning to their prior appearance.

"But you're going to die sooner or later. How many of our old batch of heads are left? Tell you what, I'll give you a chance today. Give up the pursuit of Tong Qian, and let's pretend today's incident never happened. Just report back to headquarters that Tong Qian is missing. I guess they won't continue to waste manpower and resources chasing it down."

Feng Quan said, "So generous? But even if I really agreed, would you believe me? You've dragged me into the Ghost Domain, so I suppose you wouldn't let me off so easily."

"Don't be like that. I thought a newcomer would come, as these things are usually left to newcomers. Who knew it would be an expert like you who came? If I really wanted to kill you, I would definitely suffer losses, and if I'm not careful and you start playing with resurrecting fierce ghosts, that would be troublesome."

"Do you take me for a three-year-old? Seeing the Ghost Fog constantly enveloping Xiao'an County, you would have known it was me coming."

Feng Quan was not fooled; he said coldly, "Knowing it would be like this and still using signals to lure me over, you must have been ready to kill me. But you alone won't cut it; you must have an accomplice."

In a one-on-one fight, he did not fear Pei Dong. Moreover, he remembered that Pei Dong did not have a Ghost Domain.

Of course, it couldn't be ruled out that during his disappearance in the past year, this guy might have tamed a second ghost.

Even if he tamed two ghosts, it would be difficult to kill a ghost tamer of the same level, because if it came to a head-to-head fight, both would die, which was not worthwhile. Hence, ghost tamers rarely stirred up trouble without sufficient reasons.

Pei Dong smiled, revealing his teeth, and the flesh on his cheeks tore again, "Feng Quan, do you know? If a ghost tamer dies suddenly enough, the ghost inside his body won't reach the level of revival, and such a high-level ghost can be tamed by the living. At that time, you just need to swap in someone to actively allow the ghost to invade, and what do you think happens?"

Upon hearing this, Feng Quan's eyelids twitched with a strong sense of imminent danger.

"The answer is simple. A new ghost tamer will emerge," said Pei Dong, slightly lifting his head to look at the still undeveloped, empty building surrounding them.

In the corridors of those buildings, several sinister figures appeared out of nowhere. These figures were not human but ghost tamers. Not many, but not few either—there were a total of five.

Feng Quan's face darkened. The Ghost Fog around him gradually started to thin, revealing his form which had been hidden within the thick fog.

His Ghost Domain was being invaded.

"There's nothing easier than directly inheriting the ghosts inside the body of the previous ghost handler, safe, risk-free, and no need to deal with those complex supernatural events, analyze the patterns of the ghosts, just kill the previous ghost handler."

"Simple and direct."

Pei Dong stretched out his finger and pointed at Feng Quan, "You could have found a way to leave after the first attack, and I didn't plan to kill you. We're not greedy, we stop when we're ahead. After all, we're not ready to come out in the open. This trap was just to play it by ear, but who knew you would actually walk into it."

"So you killed Tong Qian?" Feng Quan asked seriously.

He finally understood what Pei Dong had been up to after disappearing, hunting other ghost handlers to take the ghosts from their bodies.

Indeed.

If it's sudden enough, it's very easy to kill a ghost handler, much easier than dealing with ghosts.

But this method is very cruel and easily draws attention from headquarters.

Any sane person wouldn't allow these madmen to exist.

"It doesn't matter if I tell you, Tong Qian turned out to be more special than I thought, holding great value to us. He isn't dead yet, but this information is probably of no use to you now, because you're about to die yourself. I'm a decent person, you know, seeing as how we were colleagues once, I'll let you die with a clear understanding," Pei Dong said.

Feng Quan's expression shifted slightly.

He knew Pei Dong was not chatting with him out of kindness to reveal the truth, but rather waiting for his Ghost Fog to be suppressed and then instantly kill him.

The Ghost Fog grew thinner, about to completely vanish.

This was very unusual.

Because when he first entered here, his Ghost Fog could still envelop the surroundings, but now, the Ghost Domain seemed to have grown stronger.

"Continuously suppressing my Ghost Fog, the other party must be suffering as well. But looking at Pei Dong, he seems to show no sign of strain. Could it be that this Ghost Domain comes from someone else?" Feng Quan glanced at the silhouettes standing in the distance inside the buildings.

Could the Ghost Domain belong to one of these people?

Pei Dong was in no hurry, waiting for Feng Quan's Ghost Fog to dissipate. Once the Ghost Fog dispersed, Feng Quan, without protection, would be easy prey to any ghost's power, easily finished off.

Feng Quan watched the surrounding thick fog disappear, yet he was not panicked.

Under normal circumstances, he would have been doomed today, useless even if he turned into a mound of Grave Soil, he would still be dead.

"Brother Tui, Brother Tui, hurry up and come in, I can't hold on much longer," Feng Quan thought to himself, feeling a bit anxious,

Ten seconds later.

The Ghost Fog completely disappeared, and Feng Quan reappeared clearly in the midst of the Ghost Domain, his body covered with dark, stinking Grave Soil, used to balance the just-suppressed Ghost Fog and inhibit its resurgence.

"Go." Pei Dong once again grinned.

A shadow inside the building twisted and then vanished instantly; soon after, a ghastly shriek echoed around. The scream was terrifying, not something that seemed humanly possible, like the horrible howl of an unknown ferocious ghost.

Following the shriek, the Grave Soil on Feng Quan rustled and fell.

The Grave Soil, which was supposed to erode Feng Quan, now served as a barrier to protect him. However, this barrier was far too fragile. Once the Grave Soil fell away completely, he would be as vulnerable as any ordinary person and would instantly perish.

The eerie shriek echoed through the Ghost Domain; Feng Quan had no space to escape and could only stand his ground, enduring the assault of this fierce ghost.

"Brother Tui, come on, hurry up. There are too many people on the other side, if you don't come now, I'm going to die. Don't let something happen at this time..." Feng Quan felt his body collapsing.

As the Grave Soil fell, his skin and flesh were peeling away. These had mingled with the Grave Soil, forming his body, but once the soil mixed with his flesh and bones fell away completely, he would be utterly ruined, with no chance of survival.

But the next moment, an unexpected change occurred.

The terrifying shriek abruptly stopped, and everything around was covered by a red light, illuminating the dim surroundings as if brightened, casting everything in a layer of scarlet.

"What's going on?"

Pei Dong's splitting cheeks tensed up. Faced with this sudden change, he felt a strong unease.

"Smart guy, to think you believed this Ghost Domain was still in Xiao'an County. It's already gone from there, pretty cunning. If not for my Ghost Eye covering a decent range, I really might not have found it," a cold voice sounded, and Yang Jian's figure suddenly appeared in the nearby clearing.

The red eye on his forehead restless, he was taking off his gloves and walking over, his dark shadow flickering behind him as if about to rise from the ground.

"Feng Quan, are you okay? I've come as fast as I could, don't tell me you couldn't hold out for a few minutes," Yang Jian glanced over.

Feng Quan was fine, looking intact apart from some skin peeling off here and there, appearing somewhat incomplete.

"I'm fine, if you had been a minute later, I wouldn't have held on," Feng Quan exhaled in relief.

He had only lost some flesh, not severe, basically a flesh wound. If it had continued, his body would have completely disintegrated.

"Ghost Eye... Yang Jian?"

Pei Dong frowned upon seeing the newcomer, not recognizing him immediately. But as he looked closer and compared this person to the information in his mind, his pupils shrank and he couldn't help but step back.

"What a joke, you fought with Fang Shiming from the friend circle and you're still alive? You're actually still alive?"

The sight of Yang Jian was like witnessing something utterly unbelievable.

It seemed in his eyes, Yang Jian was considered already dead.

"Oh, you think I should be dead by now?" Yang Jian looked at him, "Seems like you're well-informed, knowing quite a bit."

Actually, Pei Dong's assumption wasn't wrong.

Yang Jian had indeed encountered a problem and had disappeared for a while, being mistaken for dead was normal.

Chapter 668 A Pair of Sixes?

Yang Jian and his confrontation with President Fang Shiming some time ago were well-known in the city, and word spread quickly among circles. The result was devastating for the circle; all core members perished, and the remaining spirit tamers were forced to resign and disconnect from the circle.

The remaining assets were seized by headquarters.

The speed and magnitude of these events led outsiders to suspect that headquarters had orchestrated the downfall of the circle.

As a result, the authority of headquarters was greatly reinforced.

However, Pei Dong was indifferent to these shifts in power. Among all the factors, he was most concerned about two individuals—Yang Jian and President Fang Shiming.

Now, President Fang Shiming had disappeared. Some asserted that he was already dead; others believed he had fled abroad, unable to stay any longer. Regardless, the chances of Fang appearing were very slim.

As for Yang Jian, who single-handedly challenged the circle, he had become well-known to many.

But the details of that night's events had somewhat leaked out, with Fang Shiming himself stating upon departure that Yang Jian seemed in an unusual state, likely not long for this world.

Subsequently, Yang Jian mysteriously vanished, neither returning to Dachang City nor appearing at headquarters.

Though his disappearance was brief, it was proof enough of many things.

Therefore, it was not baseless for people within the circle to speculate that Yang Jian was dead.

But now...

There stood Yang Jian, the Ghost-eyed, very much alive before Pei Dong, who at this moment looked extremely displeased, his forced smile vanishing instantly.

In nearby buildings, the shadows of onlookers began to stir and wander, showing signs of unrest—or perhaps sensing trouble—uncertain whether to remain or to cut their losses and flee promptly to avoid colliding with this top-notch spirit tamer.

If they really broke into a fight here with Yang Jian, many would die...

They could take down Feng Quan in an instant if they joined forces, but with an individual of this caliber added to the mix, even a victory could turn pyrrhic, not to mention the risk of total annihilation.

Unbeknownst to them, Yang Jian had become a significant threat, instilling fear even in a group of spirit tamers.

"Brother Tui, Tong Qian is in their hands, suspected to be under control, but probably not dead. That person opposite us, Pei Dong, was from the same batch of directors as me. He later mysteriously disappeared, and headquarters has his file; they thought he was dead. Be careful—most likely, he's tamed two ghosts. His former code name was: Ghost Head Petter."

At that moment, Feng Quan spoke, revealing the latest developments as well as other intelligence.

"Really love to run your mouth, don't you, Feng Quan? If I'd known earlier, I wouldn't have spared you—I ought to have killed you on sight," Pei Dong said, scowling, his gaze fixed on Yang Jian.

"So, the famous Ghost-eyed Yang Jian, coming to his rescue? One on six—if it really comes to blows, you couldn't withstand the first wave of attack, right? Better to stop here and now. Let's just call it a misunderstanding today and pretend nothing happened, how about it?"

Yang Jian frowned. "Where is Tong Qian? Hand him over."

Pei Dong said, "If you, Yang Jian, agree to my earlier proposal, I'll consider the matter of Tong Qian. I assure you, before that, he's absolutely unharmed, simply needed for some matters."

"You need to understand, I'm not begging you, I'm warning you," Yang Jian said.

"It's all the same to me. You indeed are unique, but if you're keen on taking us down here, whether you'd survive is another matter. And the aftermath wouldn't be easy to manage. Stirring up paranormal events benefits no one. And with headquarters still troubled by the affair of the Ghost Paintings, your turn as captain to be conscripted is inevitable. Better save your energy for bigger things instead of fixating on us," Pei Dong said.

What Pei Dong suggested sounded like a concession but was in fact a threat.

The gist was that if pushed too far, they wouldn't hesitate to cause several paranormal incidents here, to see whether their losses or his would be greater.

"Are you trying to teach me how to do my job?" Yang Jian challenged, looking at him.

Pei Dong's expression hardened, sensing that this Yang Jian was not as easily persuaded as he had hoped, perhaps a hot-headed youth, or maybe he just didn't take them seriously enough to dare such an attitude.

"Don't forget, you're also just one person. Everyone dies. I gave you a good suggestion; you should listen. Feng Quan, you should persuade your captain here. You know the consequences."

"It's not your place to dictate our decisions, Pei Dong. We can stop here, sure, but only after you hand over Tong Qian. Otherwise, I can't guarantee what might happen next," Feng Quan interjected.

Backing down was out of the question.

He knew Yang Jian's character well; since entering this line of work, he'd never seen him back down in the face of the living.

"A bunch of rats skulking in the dark, thinking you have the right to negotiate with me just because you outnumber me?" Yang Jian saw that negotiations had failed. His face was expressionless as he slowly advanced forward.

The surrounding red light intensified, quickly corrupting the Ghost Domain.

"If you want to fight, go ahead and try. Let's see if I can slaughter you all in one go today."

Yang Jian closed in on Pei Dong, not far away. The redness of the Ghost Domain grew more pervasive, covering everything nearby like it was soaked in blood.

"Threaten me? You're hardly qualified. Since you're so keen on stirring up a supernatural incident at the cost of your lives, let's see if you have the guts to do it. If you really manage that, I might actually respect you. At least you're not cowards who pick on the weak. If it's just about scaring people, you've picked the wrong target."

"You said it was one against six before, right? I'm sorry, now it's one against five."

Yang Jian suddenly stopped in his tracks and then kicked forward.

A corpse appeared out of thin air, which he kicked out of the Ghost Domain with sheer force. The mouth of the corpse was stretched wide open. Although the person was already dead, a ghostly scream emanated from the gaping mouth—a sinister and terrifying sound that made one's hair stand on end.

"You dare to fight like others with just one ghost under your control; it's stupid indeed. Such a person would have died sooner or later, so I might as well send you on your way to prevent future trouble."

Pei Dong, upon seeing the corpse with its mouth wide open on the ground, had his eyes narrow in shock and rage as he looked at Yang Jian.

Dammit.

When did this guy make his move? Was it while he was speaking just now? But even if it was during that time, that would be much too fast for someone to die, wouldn't it?

It was as if he had been instantly killed by a fierce ghost.

The next moment.

The corpse of Zheng Long appeared next to him. Although the Ghost Domain was being eroded by Yang Jian, it was still within a controllable range.

Pei Dong hurriedly closed the wide-open mouth of the corpse, and then the surrounding eerie ghostly screams came to an abrupt halt.

But the person was already dead. If they didn't handle it quickly and allowed the corpse to continue screaming like this, the revival of the fierce ghost was inevitable.

"Yang Jian, don't go too far."

Pei Dong was also someone who cared about face. Being a manager of the same batch as Feng Quan and now being oppressed and bullied by a newcomer was something he could not take lightly.

"Whose Ghost Domain is this? The next one to die will be him. You like playing tricks, right? Today, I'll join in and have a good time with that guy."

Yang Jian continued to walk forward, his body emitting a red glow that seemed to light up the dark world. In just a moment, the surrounding buildings began to disappear rapidly, and the color of the sky started to change as well.

The invasion was intensifying.

He admitted that this man's Ghost Domain was indeed decent.

It suppressed Feng Quan's Ghost Fog, and according to his Ghost Eyes, it should be at the fourth level of the Ghost Domain, similar to Wei Jing and Ghost Envoy. Unfortunately, the person controlling this Ghost Domain had issues and dared not use it for extended periods. After dealing with Feng Quan, he was now unable to resist the Ghost Eyes.

Moreover, Yang Jian didn't overuse the power of the Ghost Eyes, maintaining an equal level of power.

In a battle of attrition, he was not afraid.

"Pei Dong, this Yang Jian is hiding his strength. The ghost inside him is unbelievably stable. Right now, this guy is deliberately draining my Ghost Domain to death by attrition. Think of something quickly; otherwise, people will die again," a voice rang out next to Pei Dong's ear.

Within the dim building, a hidden figure twisted and deformed, pacing back and forth anxiously.

"Shit."

Pei Dong couldn't help but curse under his breath. He looked up at Yang Jian, feeling a trace of fear.

Yang Jian had resisted the Ghost Domain while killing Zheng Long and still conserved his strength. Most unsettling was that he had only used the power of the Ghost Eyes so far.

The records stated that this guy had controlled three ghosts.

"What's wrong, you were fine just a moment ago, and now your face looks so terrible? You were smiling so happily when you dealt with Feng Quan, why aren't you smiling now?" Yang Jian had already arrived in front of Pei Dong.

But his Ghost Domain hadn't invaded just yet.

Even face to face, being in different Ghost Domains meant they couldn't truly interact.

"That corpse just now was your final warning. Hand over Tong Qian, and I might consider letting you all leave here alive. Otherwise, all of you will die here," Yang Jian said coldly, staring at him. "You don't really think my invasion of your Ghost Domain takes a long time, do you?"

"Think about how that corpse got in front of you."

"If I want to suppress your Ghost Domain, I wouldn't need even a second."

Pei Dong was startled and looked down at the body of his companion, his back drenched in cold sweat.

Only now did he realize that he was not even in the same league as Yang Jian when it came to controlling ghosts. Even if they waited for the fierce ghost to revive, they wouldn't be able to take this guy down.

President Fang Shiming, his friend, had to flee even when he had the upper hand in their last confrontation. It seemed there was a good reason for that.

Yang Jian, it seemed, had already eliminated the risk of the fierce ghost's revival.

Chapter 669

Yang Jian's current state might not be enough in front of a real ghost. He still needs to be cautious and there's a risk of flipping the car, but in the circle of ghost controllers, he is definitely one of the top-notch figures. Not to say he's the best of the best, but he definitely belongs to the top tier, having gone through several life-and-death ordeals to get where he is today.

Other people, like this Pei Dong, might have become ghost controllers earlier than him, but most of the time they are just struggling to survive, wasting their lives away.

Now, his appearance is like a wolf that has slipped into a flock of sheep, enough to make everyone feel fear.

A ghost controller who has tamed a ghost, if not an especially strange variety, is just an ordinary person in front of Yang Jian, and the mortality rate of ordinary people facing supernatural incidents is quite imaginable.

So it's not surprising that this ghost controller named Zheng Long was instantly killed by Yang Jian.

At this moment.

Pei Dong could no longer keep calm. His face changed again and again. Faced with Yang Jian's dominance, he found his words completely ineffectual. This guy was totally presenting an attitude that he was going to crush you, overwhelming and suffocating, which was exactly what Yang Jian was doing.

He started by slaughtering one person first.

And that was after invading the Ghost Domain.

"Let's retreat, this Yang Jian is too terrifying. I think Fang Shiming has mostly died by his hand, we might have the numbers, but there's no need to fight against such a guy right now."

In the dim building, a shadow started to speak, though in the Ghost Domain, it seemed a great distance away.

In reality, this could be an illusion. Maybe the person was just nearby.

"Retreat? How do we retreat? You need to understand that it is not us who are actively controlling everything, but Yang Jian. I used the Ghost Domain to take a look outside, and guess what? There's not a soul in Xiao'an County, eerily quiet, which means the outside has already been covered by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. I don't even know how he did that."

"But I'm sure that once my Ghost Domain fails, we are going to face Yang Jian's most terrible attack. In an instant, all of us will be scattered, and then end up like Zheng Long—picked off one by one, and numbers will be totally outmatched," another anxious shadow said.

"We might as well go all out, there's no escape, we can only fight desperately. Do you really want to kneel and beg for mercy? I too have my pride," Pei Dong said through gritted teeth.

"We can't fight to the death; we're not qualified. As long as we can't invade Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, no matter how much we use the power of the ghosts within us, we can't hurt him, because even the most terrifying ghost needs a medium to trigger it to kill. Take you for example, Pei Dong, you can suppress even ghosts with your nearly fatal attacks, but now, if you are to touch Yang Jian's head, can you do it?"

Pei Dong's face darkened. Looking at Yang Jian, enveloped in a red glow, he indeed felt as if he didn't have a leg to stand on.

"You can't, right? Yang Jian's Ghost Domain is much more complicated than I imagined. You think Yang Jian is standing right in front of you, but in reality that could be an illusion. The real him might be squatting somewhere, munching on sunflower seeds while watching us. When you finally manage to

counterattack, you may find that you've attacked a stranger; worse still, your ghost reaches out and what it touches might not be Yang Jian's head, but a lump of crap in the toilet."

The agitated shadow moved back and forth within the building, then quickly voiced his opinion.

"Give up on Tong Qian. If it were Feng Quan who came, we might have had a chance to win, never expected to be fishing and catch a shark. It's a pity to lose this opportunity, but it's still better than all of us dying here."

"After all, only the living can hope, the dead have nothing left."

"That makes sense. Our chances of taking down Yang Jian now are slim; it's okay to suffer a little loss."

Pei Dong said, "Do you really think that after we hand over Tong Qian, Yang Jian will let us go? Don't forget what we've done to her. To uncover the secrets she possesses, we've already completely offended him. Once we let him go, we must prepare for his mad revenge, not to mention Tong Qian standing behind him then."

The others fell silent.

It was precisely because they understood this that they were caught in a dilemma; otherwise, why would they be at a stalemate for so long?

"We don't have much time, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain is going to invade soon, and then we won't have any room for negotiation," the agitated shadow urged.

"Damn it, Fang Shiming misled us, didn't he say that Yang Jian would die soon? Who would have thought this guy would still be alive and kicking?"

Pei Dong gnashed his teeth with a somewhat ferocious expression, the marks on his face torn open again, revealing the crimson flesh beneath.

They had calculated everything, but they hadn't anticipated that behind Feng Quan stood a Yang Jian, who turned out to be more difficult to deal with than expected, and instantly caused their side to lose one person upon meeting.

Before, facing six on one, they were hesitant to make a move; now, facing five on one, they were even less confident.

Their voices were chaotic, a noisy babble of opinions that varied, but the general direction was the same—they simply could not play this game with Yang Jian, they had to show weakness this time. As for how to show weakness, how to peacefully resolve the issue, that was up to Pei Dong to decide.

"Yang Jian, we were wrong this time. I will hand over Tong Qian to you, let's end it here today, what do you think?" As opinions converged, Pei Dong could no longer put on a tough front; he gritted his teeth in concession.

Pride was completely lost today.

Being trampled on by such a newcomer, if it were anyone else, he would have killed the opponent long ago.

"Oh, now you admit you did something wrong? Since you did something wrong, you should look the part. What's with that murderous look? Not convinced? If not, that's fine too, let's keep fighting. I don't mind." Yang Jian's expression was cold. At that moment, his gaze shifted, staring intently at an empty area of the dim world.

There, was someone.

With the Ghost Domain invasion reaching this extent, Yang Jian was gradually able to perceive the situation inside.

Although it was blurry.

But through the eyes of the ghost, one could still make out that it was a human figure.

"This is the source of the opposing Ghost Domain."

In an instant.

The agitated shadow, with a horrified face, felt his hairs stand on end as Yang Jian's ghostly gaze fixed on him: "What kind of joke is this, he can determine my position through the Ghost Domain?"

Wait, something's not right.

The restive ghost controller suddenly realized that within the opponent's Ghost Domain, an even more substantial red light had appeared, which instantly tore through his own Ghost Domain and forcefully suppressed it in an unstoppable manner.

"Pei Dong, Yang Jian is making his move, he doesn't want to settle this peacefully with us, run." A scream tinged with fear echoed.

Now he understood that Yang Jian's previous remark about killing him, a person with a Ghost Domain, wasn't a joke but rather him looking for an opportunity, locking onto his location.

The moment had come.

"What?"

Pei Dong subconsciously turned his head back, but by the time he realized Yang Jian was making his move and wanted to stop him, he found that the figure before him had vanished.

The person standing before him wasn't Yang Jian at all.

It was merely an unremarkable tree by the roadside.

He had been talking to a tree for quite some time, looking like a complete fool.

"You talk too much, I gave you a chance and you didn't seize it, and now you want to settle this peacefully with me? Dream on."

The next moment, a cold, stiff, darkened hand seemingly appeared out of nowhere and instantly grabbed the man by the throat.

Zhou Jiefeng immediately felt a powerful sense of suffocation surge forth; his neck emitted a cracking sound as if his cervical bones were about to be crushed. What was most terrifying was that he found his entire body crawling with pale, bluish hands. These hands wriggled within his body, firmly clutching every tendon, every inch of his flesh.

His body was losing sensation.

Not only that, but the ghost inside him seemed to have vanished at this moment, falling into complete silence.

He tried to struggle, to speak, to lift his hands to pry Yang Jian's hand from his neck, but he couldn't do anything; he could only bulge his eyes and watch this indifferent young man before him.

The Ghost Domain had vanished at this moment.

In its place was a world bathed in red.

"Another one controlling a ghost?" Yang Jian frowned, feeling somewhat surprised.

It had been the same with that Zheng Long who he had killed before, and it was the same with this Zhou Jiefeng. In this case, every one of them must be similar; there couldn't possibly be anyone who controlled two ghosts.

Not controlling two ghosts but able to live as long as Feng Quan, could it be they've mastered some special method?

Thinking this, Yang Jian didn't immediately crush Zhou Jiefeng to death, but instead loosened his grip slightly.

"Not bad, you care about your teammates. At the last moment, you sent away that Pei Dong along with the remaining few. Your use of the Ghost Domain isn't bad," Yang Jian glanced at him, noting that as this man's Ghost Domain disappeared, the others also vanished.

"Facing a dangerous fellow like you, one can't afford the slightest carelessness, cough cough... in just an instant we were scattered, a team of six ghost controllers undone in minutes. Truly worthy of the headquarters' reputation." Zhou Jiefeng took deep breaths, but his face remained red.

Even though Yang Jian had loosened his grip, Zhou Jiefeng still couldn't move because the suppression of the ghost still lingered; it wasn't something that would vanish with just a loosened grip.

"Take me to Tong Qian, and I might consider letting them go. Otherwise, if I'm set on finding them, they won't get far," Yang Jian said coldly.

"Brother Tui, might as well let me chase after them and finish off Pei Dong and the rest, to save future trouble," Feng Quan approached with a very determined attitude.

He had suffered a setback earlier and now wanted to beat the fallen dog.

Yang Jian said, "If you chase after them, there will definitely be trouble. A cornered rabbit will bite; the ghost controllers even more so. Focus on the important things first; find Tong Qian, then we'll discuss. Their lives aren't worth much, not as important as Tong Qian."

"If you don't root out the problem, what will you do if they seek revenge later?" At this moment, a woman's voice sounded, and Huang Ziya suddenly appeared at the side.

She had been there all along, merely concealed by the Ghost Domain.

Zhou Jiefeng's pupils shrank as he felt an inexplicable chill in his heart.

Were there still others hiding nearby?

If they had chosen to fight just now, it would have been certain annihilation for them, not because it was one against six, but rather three against five.

In reality, if they had truly fought, it wouldn't have been three against five at all, but four against five, because there was still a child wearing a bell and shroud who hadn't appeared. Yang Jian only needed to extend his Ghost Domain to the suburban villa to make it appear.

That was within his range.

Yang Jian glanced at Huang Ziya, "Your way of thinking is quite strange. They can't beat us; they should be more afraid of our retaliation, not daring to retaliate against us. Have you ever seen any common folk dare to seek revenge against the wealthy after offending them? It's good enough if they don't flee the country to hide."

"Uh..." Huang Ziya blinked.

That seemed to make sense.

Could this be the thought pattern of a bigshot?

"What's the matter? Too tough to talk, or are you just stalling for time so your teammates can get farther away?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted, eyeing Zhou Jiefeng in his grip.

His feet off the ground, he hung limply, his body covered with many terrifying hands, like a corpse already dead.

"Don't forget, you are now just an ordinary person, and there are many ways for me to make an ordinary person talk, so don't waste my time."

Zhou Jiefeng fell silent, then said, "Fine, I'll take you to Tong Qian."

He harbored no doubt about Yang Jian's words. Rather than endure the agony, he preferred to be quick and straightforward.

After all, even suicide was impossible for him now.

Chapter 670 Time is Life

"Son of a bitch, this damned guy, this damn thing set us up. Had we known, we would have teamed up against him the moment we met."

"How did he survive after fighting Fang Shiming last time? Why isn't he dead yet?"

"Feng Quan, that animal, sneakily acknowledged a team leader and even learned to play tricks. Knowing full well that Yang Jian was right there, he deliberately pretended to have fallen into a trap."

Out of nowhere, Pei Dong and his companions appeared in a bustling market town not far from Xiao'an County. He quickly surveyed his surroundings and immediately realized what had just happened.

It must have been Zhou Jiefeng trying to use the Ghost Domain to transport himself at the last moment, to dodge Yang Jian's attack.

Once he was free from that Ghost Domain, he couldn't help but curse out loud, though Pei Dong himself was unharmed. But today could be considered a massive loss. If it weren't for their quick escape, they would have been completely annihilated.

"That Yang Jian is too dangerous, and the man is very alert. Throughout the entire meeting, he didn't show any weaknesses, but instead, we were defeated one by one. Next time we encounter someone like him, the thought of escaping might be unrealistic," said someone next to him after a moment of silence, still feeling a sense of lingering fear.

Just a moment ago, they seemed evenly matched, but as soon as an opportunity arose, Yang Jian's action left them unable to defend themselves.

"Zhou Jiefeng, where is he? He sends us here and then he disappears."

Pei Dong was angry, but after calming down for a moment, he realized that another person was missing from their group.

The key figure, Zhou Jiefeng, had vanished.

As for Zheng Long, he was already a corpse on the ground.

"The last I saw, he was attacked by Yang Jian. He probably didn't have time to get away. After all, Yang Jian was determined to kill him at that moment. If he had run, Yang Jian would definitely have chased us down. Moreover, we can't stay here long. We're too close to Xiao'an County. Once Yang Jian's Ghost Domain locates us, we are as good as dead."

Someone warned them.

Drained of anger, Pei Dong shuddered, suddenly feeling that every casual glance from passersby seemed amiss, as if danger lurked within the crowd.

"Let's go, move it. We can't save him; let's ensure our own safety first."

Without any hesitation, they started to flee.

At this moment, Pei Dong felt that the biggest mistake of his life had been encountering this Ghost-Eye Yang Jian today. In the blink of an eye, they had lost two team members, a disaster like never before. Even real ghosts wouldn't have caused such a swift defeat.

"Better than a total wipeout..."

He could only console himself with this thought and swore that he would never deal with Yang Jian again.

A group of people, who came fiercely, was now escaping in a panic and disarray.

Meanwhile, at this very moment.

Zhou Jiefeng was forced to make a reluctant confession, "He's being held in Xiao'an County and has never left."

"Held captive? Why?" Yang Jian frowned.

"Because we found out that Tong Qian is special," Zhou Jiefeng said.

"Special? What's so special about him?" Yang Jian continued to inquire.

Zhou Jiefeng explained, "Feng Quan should know about this. Tong Qian mentioned you, though not much... After a supernatural event, Tong Qian changed. He used to be a woman, but now he's become a man. His face is still the same, but the body isn't. This proves that he must have swapped into a living body at some point."

"The reason why ghost tamers have short lives is that their bodies are eroded by fierce ghosts, only to be eventually killed by them. Whether it's controlling two ghosts or three, the real purpose is to slow down the erosion by the fierce ghosts."

Dragging him along, Yang Jian said, "Keep talking."

Huang Ziya and Feng Quan were watching the man closely, as if preventing him from suddenly breaking free, or perhaps they were also curious about the purpose behind these people taking Tong Qian away.

Zhou Jiefeng, like a lifeless body, was dragged along by Yang Jian, with only his eyes and mouth still able to move.

He didn't hide anything but cooperated and said, "So, we saw hope in Tong Qian. If we could switch bodies, not only could we solve the problem of the fierce ghosts reviving, but we could also escape a curse."

...

"A curse? What curse?" Yang Jian halted his steps and turned to ask.

The need to switch bodies to escape the curse piqued his curiosity, and there was indeed a possibility it could address the issue of a malevolent ghost's resurgence. However, by swapping bodies, one would become an ordinary person. Moreover, since this process was influenced by supernatural power, it was uncertain whether there would be any lingering effects.

Therefore, the idea of changing bodies had been swiftly extinguished in Yang Jian's mind.

"I'm not sure. It's a curse of life. This curse comes from an old pendulum clock... That clock has set a timeline for us. When time is up, we die. The only thing we can do is try to extend the curse's timeline. It's not just us suffering from the curse; Pei Dong and his group are too. Besides them, there are others. All of us are currently trying to find a way to break free from this curse," Zhou Jiefeng said, looking quite downcast.

"Switching bodies is the only viable method. It allows one to escape the curse and leave behind the identity of a ghost manipulator to start a new life."

Yang Jian said coldly, "So you've set your sights on Tong Qian."

"Yes," Zhou Jiefeng admitted straightforwardly.

"That curse can't be that simple. You're still hiding something."

Yang Jian continued to press. The curse reminded him of the Eight-Tone Music Box, which also spelled death once the allotted time was up.

It's just a different method.

Zhou Jiefeng explained, "Actually, the curse isn't entirely a disadvantage to ghost manipulators. It has the power to suppress the revival of malevolent ghosts, under the condition that you don't control more ghosts. Otherwise, the suppression weakens... Some have tried and found that once you control three ghosts, the curse completely vanishes, but the ghost manipulator doesn't get off scot-free. Instead, they die instantly."

"Previous experimenters have speculated that the curse's timer is linked to one's life span. When the curse's timer runs out, so does life."

"Incredible, there are such terrible things in this world, a pendulum clock that can cast curses."

Feng Quan listened in surprise, "I had heard before that the headquarters had collected some supernatural artifacts. It seems this pendulum clock you speak of is also one of them."

Huang Ziya touched the crystal necklace below her neck: "Since it's an object of curse, why not just lock it up? Encased in gold, it should block the curse's influence."

"It's no use. The place isn't large, but it's very special. No one has found that pendulum clock to date. Its image is only seen in some old photos kept there. While there, we only ever hear the chime of the clock when it strikes the hour," Zhou Jiefeng explained.

The others became even more astonished.

A pendulum clock that could never be found, a curse where time equaled life, a place beyond comprehension.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, sensing that there was a lot more involved, and the inside story was not as simple as Zhou Jiefeng made it out to be. There were many things he still didn't know.

However, this explanation did enlighten him as to why these individuals, despite controlling a ghost, were not worried about the revival of malevolent spirits.

It was another curse that was helping them.

"Regardless of what you've been through, or what kind of curse you're under, you shouldn't have targeted Tong Qian. And I'm curious, with your abilities, you should be incapable of confronting Tong Qian. I understand his situation well. He is an anomaly who controls two ghosts, someone even I am wary of," Yang Jian said.

Zhou Jiefeng's gaze flickered, "He is terrifying, I almost died at her hands, but that was only clear in hindsight. To be safe, we used a little trick beforehand."

"What trick?" Yang Jian asked.

"A potent sleeping pill," Zhou Jiefeng revealed. "Tong Qian is more naive than we thought. We never expected it to be that easy to succeed."

"Damn, that works?" Feng Quan's eyes widened in shock.

Ghost Face Tong Qian, the person who controls two ghosts, was actually taken down by a sleeping pill? This has to be a joke.

While it seemed unbelievable to Yang Jian as well, he knew Zhou Jiefeng wasn't lying.

Tong Qian's physical condition was excellent.

But it was precisely because it was too good that he exhibited many traits of a living person, such as the need to eat and drink, the need to sleep, even if the duration was short, or he could switch to another Ghost Face to stay conscious. But in the end, there were still physical needs.

Plus, if both Ghost Faces crashed, and he truly fell asleep, there wouldn't be any movement from Ghost Face.