

Revival 686

Chapter 686 The Body in the Closet

"Do you think that Yang Jian can easily walk out of this house?"

After Yang Jian had left for a moment, Nagase, who stood at the entrance of the house, leaned against the door and suddenly asked with a smile, "I saw him enter and then disappear from sight shortly after. Mishima's perception should be accurate this time; this house indeed harbors wandering malevolent spirits."

"He's likely to encounter danger."

The middle-aged man's mouth moved as if he wanted to speak, but he didn't dare to utter the words, instead squatting beside the road, smoking a cigarette with a worried expression on his face.

"Please do not make such speculations; Mister Yang is sure to come back safely," Keiko said.

"Bored of idling, discuss, discuss. Miss Keiko, you seem quite concerned about Mister Yang's safety, don't you? Shouldn't you be more concerned about your own situation? It's very easy for an ordinary person to die here, and your Mister Yang seems cold to the point of being unsociable," Nagase added.

"Actually, I do hope something unfortunate happens to Mister Yang. At least it would allow us to end this mission early. If we continue to stay here, those of us with insufficient powers are sure to die," he said.

Speaking thus, Nagase looked up at the dim sky.

It seemed that another completely decayed Dead Man's Head had fallen somewhere in the city, but at the same time, somewhere else in the city, a pale-faced Dead Man's Head rose up.

Clearly, there were still several survivors in the city; this was an unlucky fellow who had just been killed by a malevolent spirit.

"Nagase, I think we still have to take responsibility here. This is Kobe City, our place, and our president went to great lengths to seek help from abroad. Your thoughts are a disgrace," the middle-aged man squatting and smoking suddenly countered.

Nagase, however, kept smiling and didn't care about his attitude, but just as he was about to speak, he suddenly felt a huge force pushing him from behind.

The door he was leaning against was now closing again; it seemed an invisible supernatural power within the house was influencing everything.

"Hmm?"

Nagase reacted quickly, adjusting his stance to brace against the closing door, but the powerful force kept pushing his body forward.

"This force..."

His expression changed; he was unable to resist this power. If he didn't let go and move away in time, he guessed he would be crushed alive by the closing door.

"What's going on?"

The others also saw Nagase's predicament and were immediately startled, realizing that the house had begun exhibiting abnormalities. Almost subconsciously, they started to retreat.

Keiko, being an ordinary person, was at a loss, while Mishima, the woman, was even more overwhelmed. Sensing the malevolent spirit wandering in the house, she panicked and moved far away, not daring to get any closer. If it were not for some restraint, she would have run away by now.

At that very moment.

On the second floor of the house.

Yang Jian had already opened the sliding door and entered the room where there had been noises.

This seemed to be the master bedroom of the household. It was quite spacious and tidy, without any signs of mess or damage, as if the homeowners had made an effort to clean up before they left. But the stench of decay in this room was even richer than elsewhere.

It was as if this was the source, and the odors throughout the house were all emanating from here.

"There's something wrong with this room."

At that moment, Yang Jian increased the number of his Ghost Eyes, allowing his gaze to cover every corner of the room, to detect anything amiss.

Finally, his gaze settled on the wardrobe in the room.

The Ghost Eyes could not peer into it, and he also sensed great danger. This feeling made Yang Jian hesitant.

Under normal circumstances, he would never touch the wardrobe.

But the Ghost Child had disappeared inside the house, and if the child could be anywhere, it was undoubtedly inside this wardrobe.

"Let's take a look."

After a brief hesitation, Yang Jian made his decision. He believed that if there were ghosts in this house, they should be within the realm of the Ghost Domain Knocker, and therefore not terribly frightening. He should be able to withstand them.

Innate confidence took over.

He immediately walked up to the wardrobe and opened the door with a cold, darkened palm.

"Thunk!"

Suddenly, an adult male's corpse fell from the wardrobe. The body was decayed and foul-smelling, having been left for many days, and was unrecognizable. But strangely, this corpse wasn't wearing any clothes; it was completely stripped naked.

And it wasn't just a single corpse.

The wardrobe was stuffed full of bodies. Yang Jian could roughly discern there were at least six or seven based on limbs and heads protruding outward, including both men and women, each varying in decay. The freshest appeared to have died only yesterday, the body still retaining a hint of healthy complexion.

Like building blocks, the twisted and compressed bodies filled the not-so-large wardrobe to the brim, leaving no gaps.

Moreover, all the bodies, like the one that had just fallen, were naked, and the clothing of these victims could not be found in the room.

Yang Jian's face changed slightly as he looked at the wardrobe full of corpses, feeling that the footsteps he had heard downstairs earlier came from one of these bodies.

That is to say, the ghost might be one of the corpses within the wardrobe.

As for which one, Yang Jian couldn't tell in such a short time because all the corpses here bore signs of supernatural invasion, unlike normal deaths.

"Found it."

Suddenly.

As Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes moved, he saw a corner of a garment on the spot where the male corpse had just fallen.

The garment was familiar—it was clearly the style of a shroud, and the Ghost Shroud had always been worn by the Ghost Child. Thus, it seemed that after the Ghost Child had entered the house, it had been attacked by the malevolent spirit and then pulled into this wardrobe, ending up among these bodies.

...

The closet door closed, and everything fell into silence, but the Ghost Child was trapped inside, unable to escape.

He roughly judged the situation before and believed that it should be like this.

"Even a Ghost Child wearing a shroud can be attacked and dragged into the closet without resistance, the ghosts in this house are very aggressive, and it seems that they are not brought here by the Door Knocking Ghost but are local supernatural events in Kobe City. This house is a cursed place; it just happens to be brought into the limelight by the Door Knocking Ghost incident," he thought.

Yang Jian felt an inexplicable chill,

If this was indeed the case, then once the ghosts here gave up on continuing to suppress the Ghost Child, they would likely turn to attack him.

"The Ghost Child cannot be abandoned; it still has a lot of potential to grow, it cannot be left trapped here by this cursed house." Yang Jian knew that the Ghost Child was not dead, at least the ghost in this house was not yet capable of killing the Ghost Child.

So he decided to take action.

Once again he reached out and pulled the corpse that was stuffed in the closet down.

Yang Jian's Ghost Hand possessed an unstoppable ability to suppress a ghost. This power came from the Ghost Coffin, having stolen a part of the Ghost Envoy's puzzle, and it did not weaken over time or with increased use, a clear improvement over the counterfeit he had made before.

There were no strange phenomena after the Ghost Hand touched the corpse, and he easily pulled it down.

As the bodies continued to fall to the floor, Yang Jian discovered the Ghost Child buried inside.

The Ghost Child's body was squeezed between two corpses, its one dark blue arm pushing, but the Ghost Child was still unable to push the pressed bodies away. The corpse on top of it was like a heavy coffin, firmly pressing down on the Ghost Child, making it immobile.

It wasn't that the Ghost Child lacked strength, but these bodies possessed supernatural elements, unlike ordinary corpses, they couldn't be overcome with strength alone.

But next to the Ghost Child, it was wet, and corpse fluid kept flowing down, accelerating the decay of the adjacent body.

Although the Ghost Child was being pressed down, it was also using corpse fluid to corrode the bodies.

At this rate, the Ghost Child would eventually be able to get out, but it would take a long time.

"Hasn't the ghost appeared yet?"

Yang Jian moved a male corpse from the top, slightly freeing the Ghost Child, but his ghostly vision still kept an eye on every movement around.

Soon, the Ghost Child could move.

It jumped out of the closet, regaining its freedom.

"Take out that Dead Man's Head," Yang Jian said.

He felt he had been too cautious. If he had taken out the rotting Dead Man's Head from the Ghost Child's backpack earlier, the Ghost Child might not have ended up in this situation, after all, the Ghost Child's weak point was the lack of ability to confront other ghosts.

That was also intentional on Yang Jian's part, afraid it would be hard to deal with if it lost control one day.

The Ghost Child began to lift the Dead Man's Head from its backpack.

But just then, as if the Ghost Child's escape had broken some kind of balance within the house, it shifted the attention of the ghost.

At that moment, the sliding doors in Yang Jian's room were violently closed, and at the same time, the rotting corpses scattered on the floor all opened their eyes. Moreover, there seemed to be some movement in the closet that had just held many corpses.

Something was about to emerge from the bottom of those bodies.

Yang Jian noticed these anomalies. He only saw the tattered clothes piled under those bodies, soaked with bloodstains, presumably stripped from the dead.

"Leave this place."

Yang Jian didn't want to entangle with the ghosts here. He immediately prepared to leave with the Ghost Child,

The Ghost Child held the Dead Man's Head in its arms, and as soon as it appeared, a pair of grey-white, numb eyes stared at the closet ahead.

The noise from the closet subsided momentarily.

Then the Ghost Child followed Yang Jian and turned to leave.

The noise from the closet resumed and even intensified, but now the direction the Dead Man's Head faced had changed.

Although the room's sliding door had been firmly closed, as soon as it was stared at by the Dead Man's Head, it slammed open.

The supernatural influence that belonged to this house was being suppressed.

Yang Jian quickly evacuated, soon leaving the room and descending the staircase to the second floor.

But as soon as he left, the remaining bodies in the closet all fell down, each body with eyes wide open, as if refusing to close in death.

But at the very back of the closet, amid the buried ragged clothes, a grotesque corpse suddenly sat up straight.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!"

Having reached the first floor, Yang Jian heard the sound above again, the heavy thump of a corpse on the wooden boards.

Unlike before, the direction of the sound had changed; it seemed to be... following down the stairs.

"Has it targeted me?"

Yang Jian's gaze darkened as he quickly retreated with the Ghost Child, following the way they had come.

However, this house had undergone some unknown changes due to the ghost's influence. While it seemed there was no alteration inside the house, once someone entered, they would find it complicated and eerie. Though it seemed just a few steps should take him to the door, Yang Jian kept moving through the hallway.

The exit seemed to have vanished ahead.

But looking back, everything behind seemed unchanged.

The bodies that had emerged from the closet were still active, and although Yang Jian didn't see the ghost coming after them, he could clearly hear it descending the stairs, drawing ever closer, without any decrease in speed.

Yang Jian led the Ghost Child out and was ready to leave the dark and eerie house, not wanting to continue confronting an unknown ghost. After all, this ghost could suppress even the Ghost Child, making it incredibly dangerous. One slip, and it was entirely possible for him to fall victim within this small house.

But as he quickly returned to the first floor and prepared to leave the building through the hallway,

the sound of hurried footsteps descending in the pitch-dark, corpse-stench-filled house began echoing as if someone were swiftly chasing after him.

Yang Jian's pace did not stop; instead, he quickened his steps upon hearing the activity behind him.

"If the ghost has followed, it means I have met its killing criteria, and it is about to attack me. My previous guess was correct; the Ghost Child was taken into the cabinet to cleverly maintain a balance that prevented the ghost from coming after me, which is why I was able to reach the second floor unobstructed."

"Now that I've taken the Ghost Child out, there's nothing to suppress that ghost, so it has become active again."

In just an instant, Yang Jian roughly analyzed the situation.

This ghost, with a Terror Level similar to the Ghost Child's, was perhaps even more formidable.

Yang Jian's footsteps hastened, but the corridor in front of him seemed to stretch infinitely. The path back was more perplexing than the one he came by; no matter how far he walked forward, he couldn't see the door, always stuck inside the house.

"The whole house is under the ghost's influence. Anyone entering will get lost here, almost like a different kind of Ghost Domain. And even though my Ghost Eye can see the correct path, my body can't walk out... What the Ghost Eye sees is real, but my body is still trapped in the house influenced by the ghost."

"What I see and what my body feels are not synchronized; this is the first time I've encountered such a situation."

Suddenly, Yang Jian stopped in his tracks.

There was no point in continuing forward unless he used the Ghost Domain of his Ghost Eye to forcibly disconnect from the house's influence. But in doing so, he would also leave Kobe City, then have to break back into Ghost Door Knocker's domain and then find those colleagues waiting outside.

Without that person named Mishima, it would be quite difficult for Yang Jian to find the Ghost Door Knocker in the short term.

Going back and forth, plus searching for people, would take too much time. Yang Jian didn't want to do that, especially since he was still under the curse of the Ghost Cabinet trade, it was best to strike while the iron was hot.

"Then I'll have to withstand the ghost's attack. With the Ghost Hand and the rotting Dead Man's Head in the Ghost Child's hand, I should be able to suppress this ghost. Two against one, my odds are pretty good."

Yang Jian's eyes revealed a hint of cold determination, deciding to face the ghost's onslaught.

No reason not to; after all he's been through to get to this day, was he supposed to slink away at the slightest paranormal event? Couldn't he strike back just once?

The rushed footsteps behind him grew closer, and the stench of rot in the air intensified.

In the invisible darkness ahead, it seemed as if a corpse was rapidly approaching him.

Yang Jian turned around, his Ghost Eye peering into the distance with an eerie look, his cold and darkened palm ready to strike like that of a ghost, while the Ghost Child next to him, clutching a Dead Man's Head and tilting its head, stared in the same direction.

It was reminiscent of a father and son ready for battle.

Seconds ticked by.

About five seconds later, the ghost haunting the house finally revealed its form.

The first thing to catch Yang Jian's Ghost Eye were a pair of legs. He didn't know if they were human legs; he just saw the shape of two human legs wrapped in various dirty, old clothes that seemed to have been stripped from corpses, as most of the clothes were stained with blood.

The upper body was a rotting corpse, chilly and emitting a foul odor, also dressed in several different pieces of clothing: shirts, overcoats, wrapped tightly around the body.

"A ghost dressed in various clothes?"

Yang Jian's heart chilled: "Then, what is the ghost's method of attack..."

He had lost interest in the killing pattern at this point; since he was about to face the ghost's onslaught, he was curious as to how exactly the ghost killed its victims.

The next moment.

Yang Jian felt an anomaly, he noticed an unusually cold presence brushing up against his clothing, not invading his body, but enveloping it. His clothes at this moment seemed as though they were under some sort of curse, becoming extraordinarily strange, as if they had... come to life.

Then, those clothes, eroded by supernatural power, began to tear on their own, as if something was forcibly ripping them apart.

It seemed that not only Yang Jian's clothes were being torn, but also his life.

A terribly intense pain emerged, with no visible wound on his body, yet it felt as if his skin, flesh, and even bones were splitting apart. If this continued, there was no doubt he would be torn to shreds alive. However, with the influence of the Ghost Shadow, the tearing sensation was constrained, unable to proceed further after a certain point.

The extent to which the clothes were torn was also affected.

At that moment.

Yang Jian realized that if his clothes were torn, he would definitely die; his life and his clothes were now linked together.

"Would taking off my clothes help?"

He tried to remove the jacket eroded by the supernatural power, but the process made no difference. The sensation of his clothes and body tearing continued, although countered by the resistance of the Ghost Shadow, the struggle between the forces of the two ghosts was still palpable.

Clearly, to escape the fierce ghost, it wasn't as simple as taking off a jacket. The trick here wouldn't work.

Which meant that once targeted by this ghost, the attack began; it was no longer about the clothes one wore. The only way was to use the power of other ghosts to fend off this assault, or to avoid being targeted by the ghost from the beginning... perhaps the way to avoid attention from the start was to not wear clothes at all?

Without a trigger medium, the ghost's killing pattern is not satisfied, and naturally, there would be no trouble.

Through this little probe, Yang Jian had roughly gathered much information about the ghost, which seemed easy but was actually quite dangerous as he risked being attacked. If it were an ordinary person, they probably would have been torn to pieces by the initial attack, dead right there.

If he couldn't counter next, he would be killed like the others who had entered this room because, although the Ghost Shadow was resisting, it eventually began to falter and be suppressed over time... The sensation of his body tearing was intensifying.

But Yang Jian wouldn't just sit there and wait for death; he had only been cautiously probing the ghost's method of attack.

The next moment.

Yang Jian's Ghost Hand picked up the jacket from the ground, and instantly, the suppression belonging to the Ghost Hand took effect.

The jacket, which had been eroded by the ghost, immediately returned to its original state, and its role as a medium was completely nullified, and with it, the sensation of being torn to shreds dissipated as well.

The ghost's attack was easily neutralized by Yang Jian.

This was the strength of a top-tier ghost controller, not only easily warding off an attack by a ghost but also quickly responding with measures to turn a situation where he was passively attacked into one where he gained the upper hand.

"Take action."

Yang Jian commanded the Ghost Child.

Immediately.

The rotting Dead Man's Head held by the Ghost Child promptly turned, its pair of ashen white dead eyes eerily focusing on the opposite side of the dark corridor.

The longer the Dead Man's Head stared, the more apparent the suppression became.

Yang Jian immediately saw the corpse clad in rags stiffening in place, its clothes starting to fall off piece by piece, while at the same time, the darkness in the hallway rapidly dissipated. At this point, he could even feel the light from the entrance door shining in, no longer pitch black as before.

"Huh, is the door back to normal?"

At that instant, Nagase, who had been desperately pushing against the door to the point of nearly being crushed to death, suddenly felt the peculiar force on the door vanish, and a sense of relief washed over him.

The middle-aged man named Sakai, who was also helping at the moment, pulled the door open with a force that sent him staggering, nearly falling to the ground, as the oppressive force of the ghost inside the room had been suppressed.

"Mister Sakai, are you alright?" Mishima called out anxiously, standing not far away.

"Heh, it looks like we've been saved."

Nagase sat on the ground, somewhat drained, and saw Yang Jian appear in the hallway that had regained some light, along with the figure of the Ghost Child.

"I, I felt that if this continued, I would definitely have to use the ghost's power. Luckily, it stopped, otherwise..." the middle-aged man named Sakai said with immense relief.

He was just an ordinary ghost manipulator, and if he had continued to consume his energy against the ghost here, he surely would have been the one to die.

A person who had subdued a ghost only had a few brief chances to make mistakes in a supernatural event and had no capital to fight against a fierce ghost because if the confrontation continued and the fierce ghost revived, the person would surely die.

Quickly.

Yang Jian saw that the corpse wearing various shredded clothes, after being subdued by the rotting Dead Man's Head, began to make a strange movement. The ghost, as if alive, slowly sat down on the ground and then lay back.

In the end, it was as still as a dead person, motionless.

"The suppression was successful."

Yang Jian glanced at the rotten head in the Ghost Child's hand.

Indeed, that object did not disappoint him. The ghost that couldn't be driven away even by the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain was certainly terrifying. It was a pity, however, that this ghost was incomplete, with only a head remaining. If it managed to find the rest of its pieces and reassemble itself, it's hard to imagine how fierce it would become.

"It's just that, under these circumstances, I don't have the conditions to detain this ghost, nor do I want to waste manpower and resources on it, so I can only give up..."

Although Yang Jian felt it was a pity, he did not take the ghost and stuff it into a body bag to take away.

First, keeping it close posed the risk of it getting out of control, and second, his main target was the Door Knocking Ghost, not this entity.

"Follow me and leave this place."

Yang Jian quickly led the Ghost Child to retreat.

The house, unaffected by supernatural powers for a short time, returned to normal. After a few steps, they had already crossed the threshold and successfully evacuated.

But just as Yang Jian and the Ghost Child left, the suppression became ineffective.

The ghost regained its ability to move.

The corpse lying in the hallway suddenly sat up again, and as the tattered clothes fell off, the corpse's original attire was revealed.

It was a black, filthy suit, one of the Exorcism Club's uniforms.

This meant that the person was a deceased Exorcism Club member who, after death, revived as a fierce ghost and caused this supernatural event.

"Bang!"

The next moment, darkness engulfed the house again, and the open front door was closed by a tremendous force.

The ghost continued to wander in the house.

However, since there were no victims that met the ghost's target for killing, no further deaths occurred.

"You didn't run away? That's quite commendable." Yang Jian, who had emerged, praised Nagase and the middle-aged man named Sakai.

Nagase, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, said with a smile, "After all, it was something entrusted to us by a senior. How could I dare to disobey?"

"Then keep it up. I hope you maintain such courage and boldness. As for the ghosts in this house, I have no interest in dealing with them. Let it stay here. I need to find the source of this incident, so let's move on," said Yang Jian.

"Okay, okay."

Nagase and the middle-aged man named Sakai responded.

But as they left, Nagase couldn't help but look back at the dreadful house shrouded in shadows, thinking to himself, "How long have we been in there? Has the paranormal event inside already been resolved? It's overwhelmingly powerful. If it hadn't been for the intervention of the target, that ghost would definitely have been captured, wouldn't it? After all, it had reached that stage, just short of the final wrap-up work."

At this thought, he felt an immense sense of pity.

For Nagase believed that if he, Sakai, and Mishima had been the ones to handle the ghost in the house, they probably would have been wiped out without being able to deal with it.

Upon reaching the street, Keiko suddenly hurried over, her face shifting from anxious and frightened to joyously relieved; "Mister Yang, seeing you safe and sound is such a relief. The situation just now must have been very dangerous, right?"

Yang Jian didn't speak, his expression remained calm as if the recent event was just an appetizer at a banquet, barely worth mentioning. He shifted his gaze to a woman in her thirties hiding not far away.

"Come here."

Keiko immediately reacted, "Miss Mishima, Mister Yang is asking you to come over."

"Yes, yes," Mishima said, although frightened, she was filled with dread towards Yang Jian, and she walked over.

Yang Jian said, "Keep leading the way to the next place where you sense a ghost. I hope your sensing is more accurate this time. Don't waste everyone's time. Otherwise, if we continue searching like this, many people will die here. You want to live and leave this place too, right?"

"I, I understand, I will work very hard to lead the way for Mister Yang. Please don't abandon us," Mishima hurriedly replied.

"Then what are we waiting for?" Yang Jian said.

Mishima, despite her fear, closed her eyes slightly, sensing the terror of the place.

Soon, Mishima continued pointing ahead, "Over there... in that direction..."

"Let's move out."

Yang Jian didn't delay and immediately took big strides towards the direction Mishima pointed to. Although she couldn't discern what kind of ghost it was in the sensing area, this ability to detect danger was still quite useful, especially in the context of a large-scale paranormal event. It necessitated someone like her to pinpoint the location of the ghosts.

"Mister Yang, please wait for Keiko."

Keiko quickly trotted after him. As a normal person, she dared not fall behind. Only by closely following Yang Jian could she hope to survive safely.

"Not even a minute's rest, huh? But following someone like him, maybe we really can resolve this easily," Nagase mused and chuckled lightly, also following along with Sakai.

Although they hadn't encountered the Door Knocking Ghost this time, Yang Jian's ease in entering and leaving the haunted houses, and his calm and composed exit, was indeed very attractive.

At the very least, Yang Jian's authority among these people was now established.

The most apparent sign was that Mishima, who had been too scared to move forward, was now quickening her pace, closely following behind.

However, as they progressed, Yang Jian also noticeably sensed an unusual change in the surroundings.

The nearby buildings seemed to have aged suddenly, becoming old and mottled, completely different from the pristine, clean houses they had seen before. It was as if they had entered an old district of the city, where traces of the years lingered everywhere.

"These changes in the houses are because of the Door Knocking Ghost's influence, meaning that the ghost had been here before, had knocked on these doors... and it might even be lurking nearby," Yang Jian observed, looking at the doors of the houses.

The doors were not open, because the Ghost Door Knocker didn't need you to open the door to kill you.

One would die upon hearing the knocking sound.

Chapter 688 The Sudden Peril

"How could this place have become like this? The city seems so old."

"It feels like we've come to a strange place, not like we're in Kobe City at all. This sense of unease is really unsettling, there's an eerie atmosphere everywhere."

As Yang Jian and his party delved deeper into the city, they were astonished by the changes before them.

Old houses, a sense of decay, the dim sky, and the faint stench of corpse drifting through the air.

This place seemed like a hell where fierce ghosts lingered.

Especially in this silent and deserted environment, ordinary people would feel their hairs stand on end after just a few minutes, and living here for a few days might cause mental breakdowns since in this area, there were real fierce ghosts roaming, ready to take your life at any moment.

"It's much worse than I imagined. Although the Door Knocking Ghost's Ghost Domain has grown larger, the area it truly affects is not that big. Back in school, it only affected half a classroom... But now, it's likely nearing half a city. Under such circumstances, there are only two possibilities."

"One is that the Door Knocking Ghost has become more terrifying, and the other is that ghosts roam this city unbridled, killing people, accumulating over time to form such a scene."

Yang Jian looked around.

Traces of the Door Knocking Ghost's invasion were everywhere.

Though this ghost kills slowly, the existence of the Ghost Domain means once ordinary people enter, they can't leave and can only await death.

"What, what is that?" Suddenly, the middle-aged man called Sakai exclaimed, pointing at the second-floor window of a house ahead.

The others quickly looked.

Fear instantly spread.

At the window of that house on the second floor stood a person who looked long dead, face deathly black, motionless as if their body had stiffened, resembling a strange puppet. Most terrifying was the large piece of flesh that had rotted away on that person's face, but their eyes kept staring in this direction.

A dead person, long gone, but still looking this way?

"That, that's a ghost, isn't it?" Nagase's hair stood on end, and at that moment, his face no longer bore any easy smile.

"Mister Yang, please look over there."

Keiko quickly moved forward a few steps, nervously and fearfully tugging at Yang Jian's sleeve, pointing out the person standing at the window.

"I see it."

Yang Jian didn't stop walking, but he slowed his pace.

"Don't be nervous, it's not a ghost, just an unlucky guy killed by a ghost. His soul didn't disperse after death and turned into a Ghost Slave. It's somewhat dangerous, but only really for ordinary people. If he dares to come over here, I can easily take him down. And this kind of dead person can't last long."

"They'll die when the time comes."

"Is that so?"

Keiko, eyeing the corpse at the second-floor window, shrank her neck and quickly averted her gaze, not daring to look any longer.

But following the direction indicated by the woman named Mishima, Yang Jian could clearly see that the further forward they went, the more bodies they found. Some of these people were indeed dead, while others seemed to have become Ghost Slaves, with supernatural power supporting their bodies, still displaying some bizarre activities.

Without a doubt.

All these people had died at the hands of the Door Knocking Ghost.

The others also noticed the peculiarity of the area. The number of terrifying dead people was increasing.

And as they passed, they even saw the eyes of those people moving as if watching them. Even without any actions, just the bizarre feeling that emanated was enough to send chills down their spines. They could hardly imagine what the scene would be like once these so-called dead people started moving.

A city of ghosts?

Just the thought alone was enough to fill them with despair.

Nagase and the man called Sakai exchanged glances, each reading the fear and unease in the other's eyes, as if they already sensed that they would soon become part of these corpses.

But for someone like Yang Jian who had seen much worse, this was nothing.

"A massive number of Ghost Slaves? To ordinary people, it's nothing short of a nightmare. Even ghost controllers would be worn down to death here. The ghost from that house earlier must have been a member of the Exorcism Club, who died here and was revived by the fierce ghost, triggering a supernatural event."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

"In this situation, it's suitable for a ghost controller like Tong Qian to take action. Not worried about the fierce ghosts reviving, able to indiscriminately attack all Ghost Slaves without burdening herself."

Just as everyone continued to make their fearful way deeper into the terrifying city.

"Ding ding ding!"

On the road, a phone ringtone suddenly sounded, coming from the woman named Mishima.

Immediately.

All their footsteps stopped in unison.

"Ah!"

Mishima reacted as if sensing something, screaming and hastily tossing her phone away. It hit the wall beside her and fell to the ground, the flip phone breaking into two pieces, with several electronic circuits sticking out attached to the screen.

The screen flickered with light, an unknown caller ID displayed on it.

"Ding ding ding!"

The phone was still functioning, and the ringtone continued to sound. It seemed the person on the other end hadn't intended to hang up and kept calling.

The others stared at the ringing phone, their hearts lifted.

At such a time, even the signal was under severe interference, so receiving a call was definitely unusual—everyone was aware of that.

"Mishima, do you sense anything?" Nagase inquired.

"The caller on the other end isn't a living person... it's a terrifying ghost. This isn't a normal call, make sure you don't answer it," said Mishima, his face pale, lips quivering.

"As I thought."

Nagase thought to himself, confirming his own speculation. He glanced at Yang Jian, but on Yang's face, he saw only calm and indifference, with no sign of astonishment or bewilderment.

"Don't casually answer any calls, or you'll be targeted by ghosts," Yang Jian reminded them.

It was the Ghost Slave dialing numbers, spreading the curse of the Door Knocking Ghost.

As soon as you answered the phone, you'd hear a series of knocks, and then the fierce ghost would appear near you.

Yang Jian also had an audio file of the knocking sound, but he hadn't used it because he didn't want to attract the Door Knocking Ghost, especially since he couldn't predict what would happen if he became the target.

"We should throw away our phones, it's too dangerous. If it picks up a call automatically, that could lead to death," suggested the middle-aged man named Sakai.

The others agreed it made sense and started discarding their mobile phones.

"Mister Yang..." Keiko held a mobile phone, looking towards Yang Jian.

It was the special satellite-positioning phone that President Mishima had given her earlier, quite similar to Yang Jian's old one.

"Keep this phone, don't throw it away," he said.

"Okay, got it," Keiko replied, discarding her own phone and keeping only that one.

However, after they discarded their phones, the devices on the ground began to ring one after another. The incoming call melodies varied, echoing ceaselessly through the street. Most bizarrely, the caller ID on everyone's phone displayed the same number as the phone that had broken earlier.

"A ghost's call, are we being targeted now?" Nagase laughed again, "This feeling of getting wiped out at any moment is truly exhilarating. I'm really looking forward to what happens next."

"Mr. Nagase, please don't say things like that," protested Keiko, who was hiding behind Yang Jian and looked like she was about to cry.

At this moment, Yang Jian frowned.

It was close.

Receiving such a call at this time meant the real Door Knocking Ghost was nearby.

But...

Yang Jian looked up.

Dead Man's Heads were floating in the dim outer space, and it seemed there were more in this area. Although they were just mindlessly drifting, their number was noticeably higher.

The source of the Human Head Balloons was also in this area.

"Indeed, it's a complicated supernatural event. It seems we're facing the Door Knocking Ghost, but we must also be wary of the Human Head Balloon incident," Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, observing the Ghost Children still wandering aimlessly around.

The Ghost Children felt no fear, devoid of the emotions of the living, driven only by a strange curiosity.

The child bounced happily with a small backpack on, seemingly with the responsibility of scouting ahead.

"How far are we from the ghost?" After walking a bit further, Yang Jian felt the unease of his ghost eye grow stronger and suddenly asked.

Keiko translated.

The woman named Mishima, with a look of terror, said, "It seems... we're right here."

"What?"

Everyone exclaimed in shock at once.

Unbeknownst to them, they had already reached the ghost's vicinity.

"Thump!"

Just at that moment, the man named Sakai suddenly collapsed to the ground, soundlessly. His rosy-cheeked head, with eyes shut tight, detached from his neck and started rising towards the sky.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression changed drastically, staring in disbelief at the headless corpse that once belonged to Sakai.

Had the Human Head Balloon Ghost attacked just now?

You must be kidding, he hadn't sensed anything.

"Ah!" Keiko hastily covered her mouth to prevent herself from screaming in terror.

"Sakai, is he dead?" Nagase, who was nearby, stared at the floating head of Sakai, his eyes wide with incredulity.

Without even using his ghostly abilities, he was so easily done away with.

"In the moment he was speaking... did he meet the ghost's killing pattern, and that's why he was killed?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, intently watching the floating Dead Man's Head as he remained ignorant of the killing rule of the Human Head Balloon Ghost.

It felt somewhat random.

But that seemed unlikely.

If it were random, under these circumstances, there was no way so few people would have died.

Chapter 689 The Lit Candle

Watching the middle-aged man named Sakai's head leave his neck and fly off, in that moment, everyone realized that true terror had already arrived at their side. Perhaps the ghost hadn't appeared yet, but it had already started killing.

Silent and stealthy.

No greetings, no forewarnings.

It was truly spine-chilling.

Yang Jian even doubted himself; if the person who had just been attacked had been him, could he have withstood that kind of assault?

The blood began to flow from the severed neck of the body on the ground, quickly pooling around it. However, Sakai's bodily condition obviously wasn't very good, the blood was very thick, not like that of a healthy living person, but rather like that of a severely ill patient.

And without its head, Sakai's body didn't just die. On the contrary, there were signs of continued activity.

After a ghost controller dies, the ghost will resurrect on the body, and without a living person controlling it, the resurrection speed will be very fast.

At that moment.

The remaining few all turned their gaze to Yang Jian.

The crisis had already emerged, and the only one who could handle the current situation was this top ghost controller whom President Mishima had paid a huge sum of money to invite from abroad.

Yang Jian, frowning, walked over without a word, picked up Sakai's body from the ground with one hand, dragged it to a nearby house, opened the door, and threw it in.

If a vengeful spirit was about to resurrect, then it was better to keep it at a distance, at least so as not to affect his subsequent actions.

The others watched in silence as Sakai's body was casually thrown into the house not far away. They knew this was the best way to handle the situation; Sakai's death at this time would surely bring great trouble to everyone, making the already dangerous situation even more perilous.

"Can you still sense the ghost's location?" Yang Jian returned and asked again.

Mishima's mental state was a bit off, she was under immense pressure because she had been sensing the ghost's location since the beginning. And while sensing the ghost, she also felt as though she was being watched by it, as if someone was always standing behind her, something lurking in the shadows.

She shook her head, then added, "I can only be sure that it is here. It could appear at any moment, but I don't know its current position."

Yang Jian took his eyes off her, knowing that Mishima had done her best. After all, she wasn't a true ghost controller. This kind of sensitivity could only determine a rough location. Once there was a

paranormal presence nearby, her perception would be affected as if the ghost was right beside her, unable to accurately discern the source.

However, Yang Jian didn't demand too much, as he was more concerned about the floating Dead Man's Heads in the sky at the moment.

This was an entirely unknown ghost, and it was unpredictable what would happen if it targeted someone.

"I was the one who lured the Door Knocking Ghost into the Caesar Hotel, indirectly resolving the Dead Man's Head balloon incident. Now, after a full circle, this matter has still fallen on my head," Yang Jian's gaze shifted, deciding to change his strategy.

"Everyone, follow me."

He got moving again, this time decisively and quickly.

The others, not understanding the reason, could only hurry to keep up,

Yang Jian didn't go far, knowing that the ghost was in this area, but the houses in Kobe City were crowded, the roads narrow, and the situation complex. He couldn't determine which corner of the area the ghost was hiding in, and Mishima's sensing ability had already temporarily lost its effect.

But he had another way.

Soon.

Yang Jian appeared at a relatively open intersection with a fairly clear view around. He immediately opened his luggage bag and took out a white candle.

This was a Ghost Candle.

The white Ghost Candle could attract the surrounding vengeful spirits.

"This is..."

When Nagase saw the white candle, he immediately felt something was off. He realized Yang Jian seemed to be about to make a very dangerous move.

"Once this candle is lit, it will attract the nearby ghosts. I don't have time to continue wasting here. The ghost from the Dead Man's Head balloon incident has already begun killing, which means that from the moment Sakai died, everyone has continued to be exposed to danger. The next person who dies is most likely to be among us," Yang Jian said while summoning the Ghost Child to come over.

To light a Ghost Candle, in order to attract ghosts, would certainly be overwhelming for me; even the most skilled ghost controllers wouldn't dare to flaunt this white Ghost Candle in public.

The Ghost Child makes for a very good target.

Clad in its Ghost Shroud, it can withstand the assaults of malevolent spirits; and with its own special characteristics, it's quite hard to kill. There's nothing more suitable than it.

"So, there's no time to waste—I must take initiative and act against the ghosts," said Yang Jian.

Yang Jian didn't give the others time to prepare. In his view, President Mishima had sent these people knowing they were prepared to die here. Even though that Keiko was cute, sexy, and outside would be considered a beauty, here she was just an expendable presence.

Reality is that cruel; everyone's life is cheap, regardless of gender.

"Hold this Ghost Candle, stand here, and don't move," instructed Yang Jian.

The Ghost Child's ghastly pale hand grasped the Ghost Candle, its head tilted as it seemed to size up the object in its hand.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted nimbly as he quickly produced a lighter and lit the white Ghost Candle.

At once, the flame leapt up.

The light of the candle was eerie, a dark flame, casting a thicker shadow over the already dim surroundings, plunging the environment into pitch darkness. To any ordinary person, they would be as good as blind, and even a ghost controller would find their vision significantly impaired in such conditions.

Yet the Ghost Child at the center seemed as if it had submerged into the darkness, vanishing completely from sight.

Yang Jian's ghostly sight turned, penetrating the dark shroud, observing everything.

"Mister Yang, I can't see anymore, may I hold your hand?" The darkness was oppressive, with strangeness potentially appearing at any moment. Keiko, who was nearby, gripped the corner of Yang Jian's clothing, seeking support in fear.

Yang Jian replied calmly, "As long as I can see you, that's enough. Stand here and don't move. Chances are nothing will happen; but if anything unforeseen does occur, whether you can see or where you stand makes no difference. You saw what happened to Sakai earlier."

"Okay, okay, I understand," nodded Keiko.

Nagase and Mishima also heard Yang Jian's words. Although rational, the sudden change in the environment, coupled with the invisibility of their teammates, made feeling fearful unavoidable.

They felt like a lone boat amidst the darkness, ready to be buried at any moment.

Yang Jian remained silent, standing near the intersection, waiting for everything to unfold.

The ghost was nearby, of that he was certain. He planned to have the Ghost Child draw out the Door Knocking Ghost, and then, using the rotten Dead Man's Head that the Ghost Child held, combined with the suppression of the Ghost Hand, he would swiftly resolve the threat.

If the opportunity was seized well, without any mishaps, success was attainable.

As for why he didn't use the Ghost Candle earlier, he couldn't be sure if the Door Knocking Ghost would arrive first. What if he attracted something even more terrifying before it arrived?

So lighting the white Ghost Candle up close was the safer choice.

Actually, the safest plan was to find the location of the Door Knocking Ghost; that was Yang Jian's initial intention. But as the head balloons began to take lives, he couldn't delay any further, fearing that after a while, all the people he'd brought might be dead.

"It's here!"

Suddenly, Yang Jian's expression changed; he saw a door of a nearby house open by itself.

The effect of the Ghost Candle in attracting ghosts was undeniable and immediate.

A woman's corpse, freshly dead and expressionless, emerged from behind that door.

"Not the Door Knocking Ghost, but a Ghost Slave," Yang Jian's gaze shifted again.

He also noticed the silhouette of someone lurking on the third floor of a nearby building, peering down at them, moving closer.

At the same time, a rotting body began to crawl towards them from a nearby shop because its body was contorted and deformed, preventing it from standing upright.

The first to be attracted by the Ghost Candle were not the fiercest of ghosts, but those who had perished in the Ghost Door Knocker incident; they had become Ghost Slaves, typically hidden in the city like lifeless bodies, but still instantly lethal to any ordinary person they met, and very dangerous.

"There's someone coming, and not just one," Nagase heard the noises and his face stiffened.

Footsteps echoed from the previously deserted street behind them, eerie noises coming from nearby shops. However, lacking Yang Jian's vision, he couldn't see clearly and could only make rough estimations based on the sounds.

Chapter 690 The Ominous Dangers Approach

"Thump, thump thump."

At this very moment.

In an apartment building in Kobe City, within a dark, unlit corridor, a repressed and dull knocking sound rang out. It had no echo and was bizarrely strange, each knock as if hammering on one's heart, making it nearly impossible to breathe.

The one knocking in the darkness was an old man in a retro long gown. The old man had been dead for quite some time, his skin shriveled and covered in livor mortis, his pair of eyes hollow and numb, devoid of any emotion.

"Thump, thump thump"

The knocking continued, the door of the rental room in front of him had opened, but the old man did not enter, still knocking on the door.

"Ah!"

A scream came from inside, but then abruptly stopped, followed by something heavy falling to the ground, dull and profound. Eventually, all returned to silence.

The frightful old man in the long gown robotically lowered his arm; he turned around and continued walking forward, passing by places where buildings aged, where walls peeled off, and became spotty and darkened, as if weathered by time, giving off an unfathomable feeling.

And with the departure of this door-knocking old man.

In the rental room, two bodies lay on the ground, a man and a woman, both with eyes wide open in death, without a hint of injury on their bodies, all physical functions seemingly healthy, yet devoid of any signs of life, an eerily inexplicable medical phenomenon.

Killing by knocking, it was just that bizarre and eerie.

The departing old man kept moving on, still lingering in the building, with more targeted victims in sight.

The movement of the old man was not fast, step by step, stiff and slow, ceaselessly wandering in every corner of the building. Despite this, the old man quickly found his next mark, arriving in front of a rental room on the floor above.

The door was tightly closed, with no movement inside—seemingly an empty room.

But there was someone inside.

It was a survivor still living here, a man in his forties, hiding his head under the covers with a face full of terror. The mobile phone next to him had long since run out of power and stopped working.

Any hope for rescue was impossible; the only method was to stay here and strive to live on.

However, the man was very clear on what was happening to the city: the deathly quiet streets, the dead man's heads floating in the sky, all telling him that horrific ghosts were looming over every place he knew, leaving no hope to escape, only to hide here and pray he would not be targeted by the deadly spirits.

But the man felt his luck would not hold for much longer.

Because shortly before, he had received a phone call, and though no one spoke on the other side, only the thumping sound of knocks came through.

And that phone was clearly already out of service.

The man hiding under the covers watched his phone in horror, his mind echoing with the weird "thump, thump thump" from before.

"Thump, thump thump!"

Suddenly.

The silence was shattered; a knocking sound came from outside his rental room, its rhythm and frequency identical to the one from the phone call, with no difference at all. This real sound was even more muffled, stranger, and just hearing it made one feel choked at heart, struggling to breathe.

"No, can it be, who is knocking at my door? Could it be a neighbor? Or has that thing arrived..."

The man's mind went blank, fear flooding his entire body, but the knocking persisted.

"Thump, thump thump."

The sound echoed around the room, but it was too late; the man who had been contemplating just now suddenly stopped breathing, collapsing onto the floor, then lay still as his body gradually cooled down.

The Ghost Door Knocker continued his grim performance.

However, the dreadful old man stopped abruptly after knocking on this room's door.

He stood still as a rigid corpse, breathless, without a stir.

Soon, the old man moved again, but he did not continue deeper into the building. Instead, he headed back the way he had come, starting to leave along the path he had followed earlier.

For some reason, something was attracting him, compelling him to abandon his next target and instead move toward a specific location.

The effect of the Ghost Candle had manifested, drawing the Door Knocking Ghost toward it.

But before the Door Knocking Ghost arrived, the real horror had already descended quietly.

In the dreary sky above, those dead man's heads with closed eyes began to drift involuntarily toward a direction in the city, as if a breeze was pushing them to change position, or perhaps something was similarly attracting these terrifying heads.

It happened quickly.

More and more eerie events occurred near the Ghost Child holding the white candle at the crossroads—some were understandable, others were entities that even Yang Jian himself could not comprehend.

He watched everything around him like a bystander.

A cold female corpse numbly approached Yang Jian, but it was not a ghost. It was a Ghost Slave. With a cursory glance from his ghostly eye, the Headless Ghost Shadow behind him fluctuated, directly invading the corpse.

Soon, the body ceased to move and collapsed onto the ground with a dull thud.

The Ghost Slaves were too weak to handle. Just the presence of a Ghost Shadow was enough to dispose of them. The only thing Yang Jian truly feared was the real vengeful ghosts lingering in this place.

For example, those increasingly numerous heads above.

"Bang!"

A dead man's head fell from the sky, smacking onto the road and shattering into pieces, the stench of decay permeating the air.

This was a head that had reached its limit; it couldn't hold up anymore as it floated through mid-air.

Yang Jian remained indifferent, his ghostly eye surveying each head, seeking something distinctive in these divergent heads. Thus far, he wasn't certain what the Source Ghost of these balloon-like heads was, only aware that this ghost was related to the Caesar Hotel.

Now that he thought about it, the ghost from the supernatural incident that happened in Tong Qian's jurisdictional city was probably one of the fearsome ghosts that had escaped from those mysterious rooms.

The drifting of the heads, along with the nearby convergence of Ghost Slaves, were sufficient proof of how terrifying this city truly was. Under the attraction of the Ghost Candle, many potential dangers were about to be revealed.

Fortunately, it was the Ghost Child bearing the cost; anyone else holding that Ghost Candle would have died.

"The number is a bit much; the Door Knocking Ghost hasn't appeared yet?" Yang Jian frowned.

Several bodies had already fallen near him, all slain Ghost Slaves, but the source of the ghosts was still lurking, not yet exposed.

"The Ghost Candle must keep burning; I just hope nothing unexpected happens." A slight unease lurked in Yang Jian's mind. According to his plan, he should have been able to attract the Door Knocking Ghost quickly and then extinguish the Ghost Candle.

Now, it seemed that the location sensed by Mishima was a bit off. The ghosts were indeed nearby, but not the closest to this immediate vicinity.

Quickly.

Ghost Slaves had already reached the Ghost Child's side. Their pale hands stretched out, seemingly to strike it, to kill it.

The shroud on the Ghost Child fluttered as if it had come alive, warding off the attacks from those Ghost Slaves. Although it seemed like the Ghost Slave might be buried alive by those corpses, Yang Jian knew the Ghost Child was not in danger.

As the moist and sticky corpse fluids contaminated them through contact with the Ghost Child, these bodies, long dead, began to decompose rapidly, then lacking the support of supernatural power, they collapsed to the ground.

"Mister Yang, something is very wrong. If we continue like this, we're all going to die. That candle should be put out," Nagase shouted terrifiedly at this moment. Even if he hadn't realized it initially, by now he could see dreadful figures emerging from the darkness, drawing nearer and nearer.

Mishima turned deathly pale with fear. Her senses were overwhelmed by a dense multitude of ghosts all around, with nowhere to go. The only safe place was near Yang Jian.

Just like Keiko, who stood trembling with her eyes closed. Although she was scared, she remained safe.

Until they were actually targeted by a real ghost, their lives were temporarily secure. Yang Jian hadn't chosen to abandon them outright. Although they were indeed of little use at that moment, they provided some help, so they received his care.

"It's not time yet." Yang Jian coldly rejected Nagase's suggestion.