

Revival 721

Chapter 721 Awakening

Yang Jian, lying on the ground, felt the slipping away of his life at this moment.

This dream was so real, it was almost indistinguishable from reality. You could feel pain, fatigue, and also excitement... Of course, you could feel death as well.

"I made a mistake."

Right now, Yang Jian stared intently at the strange and mysterious person in front of him, wanting to kill it but powerless to do so.

This person was the ghost in the dream.

But now he realized this problem a bit too late. He had fallen into a habit of thought, believing that the ghost was hiding among those things from before. Little did he know, those things were meant to distract and cloud his judgment.

Instead, it was the inconspicuous worker carrying the Ghost Coffin who was the ghost in disguise.

The ghost never came within five meters of Yang Jian.

It just watched quietly, waiting for the moment when death would finally claim Yang Jian, and did nothing else.

If nothing went wrong, soon, Yang Jian lying on the ground would die within this dream. As for whether his real self would suffer any mishaps, although it was uncertain, no one dared to bet on it, because this was not a common nightmare, but a paranormal one.

"If this continues, I'm definitely going to lose... I've completely lost the ability to move, and my injuries are getting worse. The only way now is for someone else to appear, to find this ghost in the dream, and to swiftly kill it, ending this nightmare. Otherwise, I have no chance."

Yang Jian was not panicked, still calm even as death approached. He understood his current situation very clearly.

"To place hope on someone else's actions is very foolish, but that's all I can do now. Otherwise, it's a gamble, gambling that the Ghost Manipulator can survive after dying in the dream."

There were no better options.

As time passed.

His consciousness began to blur, his eyelids felt heavy and wanted to close.

He understood that his loss was not unjust. It was only because he couldn't adapt to being a normal person after losing the identity of Ghost Manipulator that led to this series of accidents.

However, just when Yang Jian was about to die in this nightmare.

Amidst the confusion.

Footsteps appeared.

The footsteps were very faint, coming from far and nearing, gradually reaching Yang Jian's side.

"Is it the ghost?"

He thought this, but his body could no longer move; he could only maintain a faint consciousness and couldn't even open his eyes.

Without letting him think further.

The person who approached him suddenly grabbed one of his arms and started dragging his body along the road, leaving this place, leaving the market.

The rain, it got heavier.

It was a downpour now. Under the dim light, the black rain seemed to soak everything, the air turned chillingly cold, and a sense of inexplicable coldness washed over him.

Cold.

It had been so long since he had felt this way, but Yang Jian was experiencing it just as he was about to die.

It was a painful yet long-lost sensation.

If it were any other time, he might have been very happy, but now, Yang Jian mustered what little strength he had left and allowed this mysterious person approaching him to drag him forward.

This person was very strong. The body of a grown man was like a light piece of cargo, easily pulled forward.

"This is not the ghost, it feels different from before. It's not Xiao Yuan, nor is it Lin Xiaoxi. Who could it be? Is it someone else within this dream?" Yang Jian thought, trying to open his eyes to see.

But he couldn't.

Despite his efforts, his eyelids didn't move at all, completely disobedient.

Yang Jian didn't know how long this person dragged him for; he passed out during the process, thinking he would remain unconscious forever, yet unexpectedly, there came a time when he woke up.

Groggy, as if experiencing a brief return to lucidity, he became alert.

His spirit seemed to recover.

At this moment, Yang Jian could finally open his eyes. He didn't wonder why he was still alive but instead quickly surveyed his surroundings.

Unawares.

I had already come to the entrance of the village.

Before, it was with my cousin Xiao Yuan and Lin Xiaoxi that I walked out of the village, and I didn't expect to have circled back again.

Yet, he had not seen what the person dragging him looked like; it was as if someone was lying at the village entrance.

The wound was still bleeding; the long Coffin Nail that had pierced his body remain unchanged, embedded in his abdomen, everything was unchanged, but Yang Jian didn't understand why he hadn't died. Normally, he should have already died in this dream.

Or could it be that the ghost within him was still at work, that this injury could kill an average person, but not him?

Or perhaps, it was the person who had dragged him that had done something.

Since it was a dream, anything could happen. If one mastered some tricks within the dream, keeping someone from dying was not impossible.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian felt a strange sensation on his face, as if an invisible hand was touching his cheek.

The next moment.

In the middle of the night, inside a room on the second floor of an old house in Meishan Village.

Yang Jian, lying in bed, suddenly opened his eyes. His eyes were slightly red, with a hint of eeriness, as if emitting light in the darkness. But soon, this abnormality disappeared. No, it calmed down.

At that moment, Yang Jian felt the restlessness from the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

But after he became lucid, the sensation disappeared.

Suddenly sitting up from bed, Yang Jian's body was drenched in cold sweat; his heart raced, and he gasped for breath, unable to calm himself for a long time.

Returning to reality from a nightmare carried an unreal feeling.

As if that was reality, and this, his current state, was the dream. The emotions experienced in the dream burst forth at this moment, overwhelming Yang Jian for a time.

"What's wrong, did you have a nightmare?" Jiang Yan, half-asleep, was woken by the noise. She wrapped her arms around Yang Jian's neck and said, "You used to be like this; it's not the first time. Lie down and rest already, I'm really tired in the middle of the night. It seems like we have to attend a feast tomorrow. I don't even know which relative of yours is hosting."

Yang Jian, however, did not hear Jiang Yan's words. He touched his abdomen but felt no pain or wound.

He had indeed left the dream.

He touched his face and felt Jiang Yan's slender hand, now understanding that the sensation from earlier was just that.

"Did you dream just now?" After catching his breath, Yang Jian gradually regained his composure, or perhaps the influence of his ghostly nature reemerged, allowing him to quickly return to his previous state.

In the pitch-dark room, Jiang Yan shook her head slightly: "No, I didn't dream. I saw that you were having a nightmare, sweating profusely. I was worried all night. Just now, I was wiping the sweat off you. Fearing you'd catch a cold, I kept holding you as we slept. Look, the towels I brought are all soaked. I don't know where all your sweat is coming from."

"Are you thirsty now? I still have water here."

With that, she took a bottle of water from the nightstand and handed it over.

Yang Jian didn't stand on ceremony and chugged it down.

However, he didn't feel thirsty, and his body didn't seem dehydrated, yet he was indeed covered in a cold sweat.

Clunk.

After finishing the bottle of water, Yang Jian tossed it aside and said coldly, "This village is not normal. No, it's not just the village—the entire area is abnormal. There must be some unseen supernatural event occurring, only its exceedingly secretive nature has kept it from causing a great commotion."

"What should we do? Should we leave? Let's take your mother with us and go back to Dachang City," Jiang Yan suggested, shrinking into Yang Jian's embrace, terrified.

To her, supernatural events were the scariest.

"Leaving may not be very effective. I feel like I've been targeted. You haven't become a target, and my mom has lived here so long without becoming one. If everyone living in this village were to die, the village would have been gone long ago. So don't be too nervous; let's wait a few more days," said Yang Jian.

He wouldn't flee right away.

He had to find out the reason and the root of it all and solve the problem.

And the matter of having nightmares was baffling; he did not want to get trapped in that dream, continuously fighting against the malicious ghosts within.

"As soon as the day breaks, I'll check out the three places my father left behind to see if I can find some clues. Moreover, in this period, I must not sleep again or even consider wanting to sleep."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

If it were indeed a Nightmare event, then according to the information provided, not sleeping would allow one to avoid it.

He had been caught off guard once before, but it should not happen again.

After all, with his current physical state, he could go ten days without sleep and not feel tired at all.'

Chapter 722 The First Item

After experiencing a nightmare, Yang Jian dared not sleep, and he withdrew the Headless Ghost Shadow back into his body.

Without a shadow, he was now actively enduring the influence of the fierce ghost.

In this state, Yang Jian was extremely rational, did not know fatigue, and at the same time, human emotions were suppressed to the minimum, almost non-existent, making him indifferent, not like a normal living person.

Usually, he wouldn't be like this.

But Yang Jian wasn't sure whether he would inadvertently enter that nightmare again in the dead of night.

The night passed.

In the early morning, the free-range roosters in the countryside crowed.

Yang Jian had been sitting quietly on the bed for most of the night, he didn't even close his eyes.

And next to him, Jiang Yan had long since fallen asleep, even snoring, because she was just an ordinary person who had not been affected by any supernatural influences, naturally succumbing to sleep when it was time.

Attracted by the crowing in the village.

Yang Jian looked at the sky outside, which was already bright, and immediately got out of bed and left the room.

He planned to go downstairs and take a walk outside the village to check on the three suspicious locations he learned about yesterday, to explore the situation.

However, as Yang Jian was preparing to leave, he suddenly noticed that the door of the next room was open.

The faded wooden door wasn't entirely open, but half-concealed.

Yang Jian's expression darkened, he walked over to take a look, then peered into the room.

It looked the same as before.

The room was empty, with only a wooden table and a simple shrine. On the shrine was a photo of his deceased father, whose features bore a strong resemblance to Yang Jian's but had a sunnier and sportier temperament, lacking Yang Jian's somber, indifferent feel.

"I closed that door yesterday; although I didn't lock it, it wouldn't be possible for the night breeze, or rodents, cats, and dogs to open it. It must've been opened by someone."

"Since waking from the nightmare, I haven't slept at all, which means it's impossible for someone to have come upstairs."

"Then the only possibility is... there's something in the room."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, and his rational self quickly eliminated various possibilities and pinpointed the issue.

He walked into the room once again.

Perhaps he hadn't been thorough enough yesterday, so he had to confirm it again today.

At this moment, Yang Jian did not skimp, and directly activated his Ghost Eye.

Ghost Domain unfolded, simply covering the entire village.

In an instant.

The sky turned red, and all the crowing and barking in the village disappeared, the whole world seemed to have fallen silent.

Ordinary people did not realize they were within the Ghost Domain; they were no different from reality.

Because Yang Jian hadn't altered reality, they couldn't feel it.

But this room...

"Still no problem?" Yang Jian's face turned grim.

Within the Ghost Domain, he had changed some things, even making attempts, and even dared to check his father's photograph, despite the taboo, yet still couldn't find anything suspicious.

"If there's nothing wrong with the room, then there's only one possibility. Something happened in this old house while I was dreaming, but I was not lucid at that time and didn't realize it."

After pondering for a moment.

Yang Jian didn't waste any more time. Although there were no signs of recovery after he unfolded the Ghost Domain, he tried not to use the ghostly power if possible. It wasn't a superpower but came at the cost of life.

Before closing his Ghost Eye, he vanished from the room.

The next moment.

Yang Jian arrived at the southern side of the village.

To the south of the village was a fish pond, which was once connected to a nearby river and later was artificially transformed into this fish pond by Yang Jian's father.

The water in the fish pond was crystal clear and flowing.

In the past, it was used to irrigate the nearby fields and served as a natural reservoir. Although it might not seem like much now, back in the day, countless would have coveted this fish pond.

Yang Jian had asked his mother about it yesterday.

After his father had set up the fish pond, they had bred fish for a while but failed to generate any substantial income, and before long, it was abandoned and left to be used by relatives and villagers.

At first listen, it sounded exactly like the behavior of a prodigal son not engaged in proper business.

Yang Jian was standing by this fish pond at the moment.

Time had passed for too long, and the nearby scenery had undergone significant changes. When he was a child, there were wild grasses everywhere, and the mountains and waters were verdant, but now the pond had shrunk somewhat, and the water was not as clear as before, appearing somewhat murky.

He surveyed the fish pond left by his father.

It was nothing special, indistinguishable from any other rural fish pond, with no oddly shaped things in sight.

"There are very few fish, the pond is too calm."

Yang Jian had only stood there for a while when he came to this conclusion.

In the early morning, a fish pond with fish would always have bubbles surfacing, even fish jumping out of the water, but the pond in front of him was eerily calm, without a ripple, like a stagnant pool; yet clearly, this could not be the case.

A fish pond not stocked with fry would be thriving after a decade or so regardless.

Yang Jian squatted down, his hand reaching into the cold water of the pond. A chilling cold seeped through his skin.

His face changed slightly, and he quickly withdrew his hand.

"The pond's water temperature is too cold; fish simply cannot survive in such cold conditions. Even if they could, their breeding rate would not be quick, so this temperature is the reason this place cannot be used for aquaculture. It can only be abandoned here, becoming a water reservoir."

"Strange, isn't it?"

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, then immediately opened one ghastly red eye to peer into the pond.

There was no need for Ghost Domain; the vision of a Ghost Eye was unique in itself.

Darkness cannot cover it; it can even see through walls to observe people and objects. If this capability is extended, it becomes Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian disregarded the water of the pond, searching for any possible bizarre things that might be lurking within.

The water got murkier as he moved downwards, reaching a level of murkiness that seemed abnormal because it exuded a hint of strangeness. Although it was deep and not very obvious, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye could see it because the murkiness interfered with his vision.

"There is something underneath the pond."

Yang Jian looked toward a clump of silt in the deepest part, uncertain what it was, only knowing it was a dark mass.

"Sure enough, there is something there. What was my father thinking, digging a fish pond just to bury something? If he wanted to bury it so deep, why didn't he just dig a hole? Why go to such great lengths? Or did he think sticking it in a fish pond would be safer?"

It was incomprehensible.

Yet, instinctively, he sensed that whatever was wrapped in that silt was related to the supernatural.

As for how dangerous it was, Yang Jian could not be sure.

The likelihood of it being highly dangerous was low.

After all, the fish pond had been there for years; if there were any problems, they would have arisen by now, not wait until today.

The villagers of his hometown are all living well, which speaks volumes.

After pondering for a moment, since the Ghost Eye could not see through it, Yang Jian decided to find a way to dredge it up.

He did not use Ghost Domain but instead took off his gloves, placing his blackened, stiff palm into the pond water.

Dead palms started to float up in the slightly murky water, densely packed and making one's scalp tingle at the sight. But as these dead hands emerged for a while, they gradually sank below the surface again, quickly disappearing from view.

The silt at the bottom of the pond was stirred up, and the dead palms writhed underwater.

Gradually, a clump of silt was brought out.

In a short while, the silt rose to the surface; as the water rinsed it, the original appearance gradually became visible.

An old wooden box.

It was soaked black, rotting, yet still intact, whether because of the special material of the wooden box or because it contained something that led to this result.

"Is this the secret left by my father?"

Yang Jian's gaze slightly darkened.

The reason he used Ghost Hand to dredge was out of caution, after all, Ghost Hand has the power to suppress other ghosts, allowing him to handle any unexpected events.

However, as he picked up the object, the surface of the entire fish pond actually sank half a meter, which was astonishing.

"Should I open it to take a look?" Yang Jian didn't notice anything unusual, and he picked up the wooden box.

It felt somewhat heavy, confirming that there was something inside.

What he did not notice, though, was that when he picked up the wooden box, Yang Jian's reflection on the water's surface suddenly tilted its head and stared at him intently with hollow, bizarre eyes, like a lurking ghoul beneath the water.

Chapter 723 The Forest of Raising Dogs

"The box itself isn't special, just an ordinary wooden box, not made of gold... Was it because they were too poor at the time, the conditions did not permit it, or was the thing inside not considered a great enough threat to bother with?"

Yang Jian looked at the wooden box buried in the mud he held in his hands and pondered silently.

There was no doubt that this thing was odd.

Yet it hadn't caused any supernatural incidents, which seemed a bit inconceivable.

He wanted to open it to take a look but was also worried that his actions might break some kind of balance, leading to some unpredictable consequences.

After all, judging by its appearance, the box was buried deep, probably meant not to be discovered.

"But I've already dug it out. If I don't open it, I'll probably feel very unsatisfied," he thought to himself.

He looked around.

There was no one nearby.

But just to be safe, he carried the wooden box along the field, moving away from the village. If there indeed was a problem with this thing and a supernatural event were to break out, it should not happen near the village. At least he needed to find a relatively safe place, considering everyone in the village was his relative or friend.

Even if relationships weren't always good, he couldn't shirk his responsibilities.

Yang Jian just started to move.

What he didn't notice was that the reflection in the pond paused for a second, not moving at all initially, maintaining the same posture as Yang Jian with a strange expression in its gaze, peering at him.

Only after the next second did the reflection beneath the pond start to move.

Passing by every puddle, one could see the shadow that closely followed Yang Jian.

At first glance, there seemed to be nothing unusual about the reflection, but upon closer examination, it clearly wasn't Yang Jian's reflection at all, but seemed more like an incomprehensible supernatural entity quietly trailing him.

When did it start?

It began just after Yang Jian took the wooden box.

This reflection was peculiar, only appearing in places where there was standing water. If he didn't pass by such places, this eerie reflection wouldn't appear, and perhaps for this reason, as Yang Jian had been walking, he hadn't noticed this subtle change, his attention fully captured by the wooden box.

Soon.

Yang Jian halted his steps, arriving in the middle of a vast field.

He was already far from the village by then.

It was only at that moment that he opened the wooden box with a grave expression.

Upon opening it,

a putrid smell immediately wafted out, the scent of sludge mixed with sewage.

Once the mud was cleared and the sewage dispersed,

Yang Jian's face abruptly changed; inside the wooden box were two ghastly white human legs. Yes, he wasn't mistaken—definitely two ghastly white human legs. These legs, having soaked in water for more than a decade, had not rotted, nor were they damaged or incomplete. They looked almost as if they were sawed off yesterday.

The only plausible aspect was that the legs were bloodless, their flesh soaked to pallor, but not swollen.

An intensely cold feeling emanated from the pair of ghastly white legs, making one's hair stand on end even in broad daylight.

"Plop."

Very soon.

Yang Jian came to his senses and immediately covered the wooden box, not wanting the contents to remain exposed any longer, as he had a vague sense of unease.

"These are not the legs of a normal person, but they are definitely not the legs taken from a ghoul either... They are somewhere between human and ghost, yet they don't quite seem like the legs of a ghoul controller. If they were, they couldn't possibly be this well preserved; even when my body was controlled by the Headless Ghost Shadow, it would still rot."

"But they are not the legs of a ghost either because a true ghost, even just a body part, can revive itself and stir up a supernatural event."

"Superior to the ghoul controller, yet not reaching the level of a true ghoul, this is an existence that lies between the two, almost like... a different kind."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered with this astonishing speculation.

The owner of these legs must be an extraordinary individual, he guessed that this person had somehow perfected the control of ghouls, eliminating the effects of their revival and breaking free from the ghost's corrosion.

"My father buried these legs here during his lifetime, which means they can be traced back to an even older era. Could it have something to do with the Republic of China Period?"

With that thought,

Yang Jian immediately took the wooden box and quickly returned to the village.

First, he found a body bag in the car and placed the box containing the ghastly pale dead person's legs inside, adding a layer of security to ensure that nothing unexpected or problematic would happen along the way.

Then he looked in another direction of the village.

It was to the west of the village.

In the distance, he could faintly make out a dense forest.

"Let's take a look." Carrying the body bag, Yang Jian hurried over.

To the locals, the forest to the west of the village was known as the Sandy Forest. He was not a botany expert and knew little about species of trees, only that these trees grew tall and were prone to shedding their needle-shaped leaves, which would prick your feet when you walked over them after they had fallen to the ground.

Stepping into this forest, the light around him darkened instantly. The trees planted over a decade ago were closely spaced, and now that they had grown, the space inside the forest felt particularly cramped, and the view was greatly obstructed.

Yang Jian had only walked a short distance inside when he began to feel disoriented, unable to see the sky or the outside world—all around him was covered.

The ground was covered with a thick layer of fallen leaves, walking on it felt like treading on a plush carpet.

There were no weeds or shrubs around, making the area seem clean and tidy.

The only unbearable aspect was the claustrophobic environment; an average person might scare themselves to death just spending a day or two here.

Quiet, mysterious, with many ancient burial mounds faintly visible around.

These were old graves left behind after the traditional rural earthen burials, some with headstones no longer visible.

The forest was not particularly large.

Yang Jian walked alone, trying to find traces, while carrying the body bag that contained what had been retrieved from the pond, worried that if left elsewhere, someone might secretly open it.

"My father actually raised dogs here before? And a lot of them at that. What did he raise dogs for? To distract people? No, that shouldn't be right; the fish farm needed just a few fish fry to serve as a distraction for burying the box, but this forest clearly is not like that."

When he pondered, he quickly discovered remnants of traces within the forest.

A small wooden cabin.

The roof of the cabin had rotted away, leaving only a vague outline.

One could tell that someone had lived in this cabin once; otherwise, there would have been no reason to build such a structure here, quite a distance from the village, where a normal person would not stay.

Yang Jian walked over.

The wooden door of the cabin had vanished, leaving no clue whether it was taken by someone or buried under the leaves at our feet.

Once inside, the space was very small.

Barely enough room to fit a single bed, with very little space to move around.

Yang Jian glanced around and found that the wooden cabin was empty, a result of far too many years having passed, erasing all traces.

But if he guessed right, this must have been built by his father when he raised dogs in this forest.

"My father really was an odd one, to build a small wooden hut for raising dogs in the woods near a graveyard... Such behavior always seemed abnormal. Indeed, as Old Qin said, his death was tied to supernatural events, and even my father had early contact with the spirit realm."

Yang Jian estimated the time, and it was roughly fifteen years ago.

Even back then, the supernatural already existed.

Which meant that the resurgence of malevolent spirits was not a recent phenomenon, but one that had existed for a long time. It's just that it wasn't as serious in the past, and the impact wasn't large enough, so it was well concealed.

"There's nothing visible in this forest, only Ghost Domain will do, only by invoking Ghost Domain can I quickly find some traces."

After thinking for a moment, without any hesitation, Yang Jian activated Ghost Domain once more.

In an instant.

The forest was shrouded in red light, and a sinister aura enveloped the area.

Very soon.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as the thick layer of leaves in front of him disappeared, revealing a pile of bones.

These bones had been buried underground, but he had shifted them above ground with Ghost Domain.

Not human bones, but those of dogs.

There seemed to be at least dozens of them, and they were all of similar large size, all sturdy big dogs.

"A relative mentioned that my father raised dogs here, only for them to vanish overnight... Not sold off, but killed."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

For so many dogs to be killed overnight, it surely couldn't have been by normal means.

However, he couldn't understand why his father would kill so many dogs. What for?

To vent a killing intent?

Or to test the capabilities of malevolent spirits?

Or perhaps, these dogs served some specific purpose...

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, unable to think of any special purpose.

Quickly.

He discovered something with Ghost Domain.

A wooden box buried underground, looking plain and old with some remnants of red paint. He wondered whether it was the dowry chest his parents had during their marriage. He remembered his mother mentioning that a chest had gone missing from their home, never knowing where it went.

So it was here.

Quickly.

The chest appeared before Yang Jian.

He didn't retract the Ghost Domain, but instead chose to directly open the chest.

His gaze froze immediately.

A mutilated corpse.

No legs, no head, just an upper body and arms.

"And the legs found previously belong to it," Yang Jian's complexion changed.

It seemed to be a complete body that had been divided and stored separately.

With the legs and torso accounted for, only a head remained.

Yang Jian immediately turned his gaze towards the temple behind the village.

The third and suspicious place left by his father.

If he wasn't wrong, the head would be there.

"If there really is a head, what would happen if the body is put back together?" Yang Jian frowned, feeling uneasy.

There must have been a reason for the body to be divided, and perhaps his father had expended great effort to do so. If he carelessly put it back together, he might end up reviving a terrifying ghost.

"Regardless, I should first check out the third location. This body shouldn't be disturbed for now."

Yang Jian placed the chest in a spot and left the forest.

He arrived at the third place.

The small temple.

An old lady from the village guarded the temple. Yang Jian didn't know the family, but he had some memories from his childhood. Surprisingly, even after all these years, the old lady was still there.

She had risen early, sitting at the doorway basking in the sun, mumbling something under her breath.

Yang Jian glanced at the old lady but didn't say much, heading straight into the temple.

He was there to get things done, not for small talk with the elderly.

Upon entering, he saw two towering statues of deities.

Yang Jian didn't even know which deities they were supposed to be, probably not any famous ones, given they were unrecognizable.

The temple was deserted, seldom visited by people except on specific days for incense burning.

"There are objects hidden inside the statues," Yang Jian concluded after a brief sweep, his focus finally resting on the deities above.

It was as if the two statues were covertly watching him, giving him a particularly uncomfortable feeling.

This strong sensation allowed Yang Jian to pinpoint their exact location, thanks to the instincts of a ghost hunter.

Chapter 724 Mysterious Events

The two statues in the temple were both very tall, at least four meters high, and it was unknown how much effort it had taken to carry them over from another place.

Yang Jian wasn't superstitious about these things, nor did he plan to burn incense or worship the clay statues.

Without any hesitation, he clambered onto the high platform where the statues were placed, seated himself on the shoulder of one statue, and then touched the statue's head with the black Ghost Hand he had just removed his glove from.

His hand eerily penetrated into the statue.

This was the combination of the Ghost Domain and the Ghost Hand; he had once retrieved the Ghost Infant from Zhang Liqin's body through the abdominal wall, so by now he was quite practiced at it.

Soon,

Yang Jian's extended hand felt a clump of dense hair that felt like a dead man's, chilling to the core, embedded tightly in the clay statue.

Another Dead Man's Head.

He even felt the contours of the facial features, not decayed, very well-preserved, just like the two sections of the corpse he had unearthed before.

He tried to pull the head out, but then Yang Jian's expression changed dramatically, and he quickly withdrew his hand.

Yang Jian looked at his hand, now bearing a row of faint bite marks.

He had been bitten.

"What a joke, even if that head were a ghost's, it shouldn't be able to move under the suppression of the Ghost Hand, let alone bite," Yang Jian felt a chill, because this was beyond his understanding, an unprecedented event, whether facing humans or ghosts.

"Very strange, but these bite marks are not a problem, and I wasn't injured,"

He glanced at his hand, and instead of reaching out again, he simply slapped the head, knocking it out from inside the statue.

Thud!

A heavy Dead Man's Head fell out of the statue, landing heavily on the altar before rolling onto the ground and knocking over several oil lamps.

The old woman basking in the sun at the door seemed somewhat hard of hearing and didn't notice the commotion inside, not even turning her head to look.

Yang Jian jumped down and walked towards the head rolling on the ground.

This Dead Man's Head was different from the rotting one held by the Ghost Child before; its features were clear, its skin was ghastly pale, showing no signs of decay or damage, and its hair was thick, looking as though it had died just yesterday, showing no indication that it had been sealed in the statue for over a decade.

"My father really knew how to hide things. Legs in a fishpond, a body in the woods, and a head in this temple; he separated the body parts of a bizarre person into three pieces, placing them in different locations. Yet, I still have a few doubts."

Yang Jian frowned.

If it was about hiding things, why choose a fishpond, a dog-raising wood, and this temple?

Digging a deep pit and planting a tree as a marker, or choosing an easily recognizable spot to bury, wouldn't that be better?

Not considering these things now,

Yang Jian approached the pale and closed-eyed Dead Man's Head and took a closer look.

He didn't recognize the face.

There was an inexplicable disharmony about it; the whole face didn't seem naturally born, somewhat as if it was... pieced together from different sources. A cursory glance revealed nothing odd, but upon closer inspection, it was clear that the eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth didn't match at all.

Yet, there were no traces of being pieced together.

"It's just like a dormant fierce ghost," Yang Jian made this assessment in his mind.

After observing for a bit, he saw the head showed no signs of movement, no hint of resurrection, nor any trace of opening its eyes and awakening.

To be on the safe side, he didn't touch it and let the head remain on the ground.

Then, Yang Jian went to the second statue and, just like before, he removed the object inside.

To one's surprise, it turned out to be another Dead Man's Head rolling out.

What kind of joke was this?

There were two statues here, and each concealed a Dead Man's Head.

Yang Jian quickly went over to see what the second Dead Man's Head looked like, to understand the difference from the previous one, and to figure out why his father had specifically placed two heads here. After all, there was only one body, which simply couldn't accommodate two heads.

However, when he got a clear look at the second Dead Man's Head, Yang Jian froze completely, as if seeing something unbelievable, he just stood there, stunned.

The second head was similar to the first: pale skin, short hair, eyes closed, clear features, and no signs of decay or destruction.

...

But that appearance... it actually bore a striking resemblance to Yang Jian himself; no, not Yang Jian—the face was more like that of his father in the portrait.

Right.

That was indeed his father's face, without a doubt. So, did that mean this head was a part of his father's corpse?

"How could this be, how is this possible," Yang Jian felt an inexplicable chill.

If this head belonged to his father, then the timeline made no sense at all because his father was still alive at that time, not yet dead. He was digging fish ponds in the village, raising dogs in the woods, engaging in questionable activities, and only occasionally going out to work... It was impossible for him to have severed his own head and hidden it within the statue.

A mystery.

An inexplicable, eerie phenomenon.

Yang Jian thought he could unravel these events, but he found the whole affair growing even more bizarre. The deeper he dug, the more restless and confused he became, gaining not answers but rather even more frightening information.

Perhaps, his father had long been dead, and the person doing these things was not his father but someone else.

Or, perhaps many people's memories were flawed.

Yang Jian suddenly remembered the bloodstained newspaper. If that object could alter memories, then all these inconsistencies could be explained.

It wasn't reality that was flawed, but rather himself.

A headache.

Truly a headache.

Yang Jian felt it would have been better if he hadn't made this trip at all. At least he would not have to consider all this, and could have just stayed in Dachang City to work calmly. Now that he had unearthed these things, he felt as if a shadow enveloped him.

Maybe.

He was not a normal person.

The encounter with the haunted newspaper in the rental was not an accident.

After pondering for a moment,

Yang Jian stared at the head that might belong to his father, then looked at the body bag in his hands.

He wondered, if he reattached the head, would the person resembling his father wake up?

"This is foolish, how could someone dead for over a decade resurrect? Even if that were possible, it's likely not his father, but a ghost merely wearing his father's appearance—just like the other Ghost Handlers who died and revived due to malevolent spirits."

Yang Jian then shook his head, finding his own thoughts ridiculous, entertaining such an idea.

It seems he still clung to a sense of familial affection; even if he had never met this father, he would probably try to resurrect him without hesitation if possible.

But.

There were two heads here, one his father's and the other belonging to a strange, eerie stranger.

Yet there was only one body to join them to.

At first glance, both heads seemed fitting to attach.

It was a choice to make.

Yang Jian did not immediately choose, but rather collected these things and began to leave the place.

There was nothing more here worth lingering over.

He had found everything he ought to find, save for some lingering doubts.

But then again, those probably weren't important.

Yang Jian returned to the village with the body that had been divided into three parts.

Yet, he still hadn't noticed that every time he passed a place with standing water, his reflection watched him with a strange expression. Though there were no overt signs of suspicion, the reflection didn't leave his side and kept following him covertly.

Because it was certain that the reflection wasn't Yang Jian's own: it had been invaded by some supernatural force, or one might even say, it was a ghost.

The nightmares at night, the dismembered bodies, the head that could be his father's, and the peculiar reflection in the water.

The seemingly tranquil Meishan Village was not as peaceful and serene as imagined.

The village had long harbored an incomprehensible eeriness; it was just unknown why these latent supernatural elements had yet to reveal themselves.

Chapter 725 Asking for Directions

Yang Jian's thoughts were very complex.

He could now confirm that Old Qin's words were correct, and his own father indeed had some problems. However, discovering these problems made him more uneasy because the body bag in Yang Jian's hand could very well contain the corpse of his mysterious father.

A person who had been dead for over a decade, their body was intact, only dismembered.

The most incomprehensible part was that his father had apparently been alive when the body was dismembered and sealed away.

Dismembering his own body?

No matter how he thought about it, it seemed impossible.

With this bizarre notion in mind, Yang Jian decided to head back to the village first. If nothing unexpected happened today, he planned to take the item back to Dachang City for handling, not wanting these things to disturb the peace of the village.

After leaving the temple, he reached the road next to the village, intending to follow the highway back to the village.

On the way, Yang Jian walked while deep in thought.

He was somewhat distracted.

It wasn't until a car passed behind him and slowed down to honk its horn beside him that he was jolted awake.

"Fellow villager, may I ask you about something?" A jeep rolled down its window, and the driver, a man in his thirties wearing a down jacket that made him look somewhat bulky, called out.

Inside the car, there were three other people, both men and women, with faces that were hard to make out.

Yang Jian frowned and looked at the man, "What is it?"

"Nothing much, just wanted to ask if Meishan Village is up ahead." The driver smiled warmly, offering a cigarette.

Yang Jian did not take it but instead asked, "Are you from out of town?"

"That's right, we're from out of town. We're looking for someone here," the driver said.

"Looking for someone? I am a villager of Meishan Village. Whose relative are you, and who are you looking for? I might be able to help you out," Yang Jian said, glancing briefly inside the jeep.

He noticed that the people inside were staring at him, seeming to size him up, as if warning him.

Their gazes were strange, not like those of ordinary people.

The driver's face stiffened slightly, then he said with a smile, "No, no, actually, we're not looking for a person but a place. Since you're from Meishan Village that's even better. Do you recognize this place?"

As he spoke, he pulled out a photograph.

The photo was black and white, a bit old, but well-preserved.

It showed a forest under a dim background, with a small wooden cabin in the middle. The nearby area was dark and eerie, with ghostly shadows, and its oppressive, dark tone was distinctly uncomfortable to look at.

Yang Jian was slightly startled.

The scene in the photo was clearly the forest he had visited before, and the cabin was the one his father had built. Now it was almost completely decayed, whereas the photo must have been taken over a decade ago, when everything in the forest was still fairly well preserved.

Only... why did this man have this photo, and moreover, was looking for this place?

"Do you know this place?" the driver continued to ask, "If you could lead me there, I would give you a thousand yuan as a reward."

He took Yang Jian for an ordinary passerby.

"What do you want with that place? It's just a forest, not many people go there," Yang Jian asked.

The driver chuckled, "There's a personal reason, not convenient to say."

But seeing Yang Jian's suspicious look, he chuckled and said, "Actually, it's nothing secretive, just that a relative of mine was buried in these woods, and now I want to bring them back."

However, seeing Yang Jian's reaction, the driver knew he hadn't been believed.

But whether he believed it or not, he believed himself.

"So, what do you say, young man, can you show the way?"

Yang Jian handed the photo back to him and then said, "Don't go there, there's no grave left, it was leveled a long time ago. Now there's just a forest left. You all should leave this place. The New Year is approaching, and the village isn't too welcoming of strangers like you."

"We won't stay long, just to handle some business and then we'll leave. Could you just point us in the right direction, okay?" the driver continued, then readily took out a thousand yuan.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

The money was actually old currency.

The old currency had been out of circulation for quite a few years and was no longer popular in the market. Currently, it was only collected and not officially used, yet the money in this man's hand was brand new, as if he had just withdrawn it from the bank.

It shouldn't be fake.

Yang Jian could somewhat make this judgment in his mind.

Because, no matter how foolish one was, it would be impossible to deceive people with a fake old 1,000-yuan note. To do so would be too insulting to one's intelligence.

"Alright, I can show you the way."

Yang Jian directly took the 1,000 yuan and then told the driver how to get to the Sandy Forest they had passed earlier.

"You can't get there by car; you'll need to walk. It's a wooded area amid the fields. You can see it from that side; it's not hard to find."

"Thank you, young man."

The man suddenly smiled and then drove off.

Yang Jian frowned. Although he did not know what these people were planning to do, their group was a bit strange, and so was the place they were heading to.

But he still gave them directions.

Because the place was not difficult to find, if he didn't tell them, someone else would. Sooner or later, they would find it anyway.

Looking at the stack of money in his hand, Yang Jian rubbed it and then carelessly stuffed it into a body bag before following the vehicle.

At that moment.

On the Jeep that had driven away, the driver's smile faded, and his expression turned sinister and cold, a complete contrast to his previously pleasant demeanor, somewhat resembling a change of face.

No, this was the expression he should truly have.

"Why were you so polite to that guy just now? A few threats and he would've spilled everything. Seeing how arrogant he was, one might think he owns this place," a female voice in the Jeep snorted coldly, feeling that they had wasted a lot of time.

"It's very dangerous," the driver suddenly stated.

"Li Yue, what's very dangerous?" another man in the passenger seat asked.

The driver, named Li Yue, slowly explained, "That person just now was very dangerous, no, I should say terrifying. He simply doesn't seem like a living person... To tell the truth, I didn't pay much attention at first, but when I spoke to him, I realized something was off. I wanted to leave but feared I had already attracted his attention, so I had no choice but to tough it out."

"Did you notice something in his hand?"

"A luggage bag?" the passenger asked.

Li Yue, with a cold expression, responded, "No, it's a body bag. It probably contains a corpse; I could even smell the stench of the dead."

"Carrying a corpse in broad daylight, walking down the road expressionless, greeting people without any surprise, and without even a flicker of emotion, it's something too unnerving to contemplate. Also, when I gave him the money, it was a test."

"That man's hands were dreadfully cold, completely devoid of warmth. His clothes were strange too, wearing long sleeves and a jacket in this weather."

"Could he be a ghost whisperer?" the man in the passenger seat murmured.

"Most likely."

"Who is currently in charge of Dachang City?" a woman in the back seat asked.

"Apparently someone named... Yang Jian, but I don't know much about him. We lack understanding of the current circumstances in the circle; we're not on the same path as those people."

Li Yue, the driver, said, "Let's not worry about that. Let's get to our destination first. The task at hand is all that matters. That person, although terrifying, should pose no threat to us. Everything is in chaos

now, and paranormal incidents will soon become impossible to hide. With humans and ghosts intertwined, all sorts of aberrations might emerge."

"We'd better avoid such people next time."

As they talked, the group quickly arrived at the forest outside the village as per Yang Jian's directions.

The group swiftly got out of the car, took their luggage, and without any concern, they directly walked across the farmland towards the woods.

What they didn't know was that Yang Jian had been keeping an eye on their every move from behind.

However, Yang Jian was too far away for them to be aware of this surveillance.

"He's not a ghost whisperer; there are no traces of ghosts, but there's some disquieting presence." Yang Jian touched his Ghost Eye and frowned, "They're heading to that little cabin; is it for that body? Or is there some other purpose? But the secrets of the forest should have been gone already, right?"

He had investigated it before.

With the Ghost Domain, so his checks were thorough.

Chapter 726 The Same Purpose

Yang Jian was somewhat curious about the group driving the jeep.

Because their actions were bizarre, and it seemed they knew something about that forest. If they weren't after something specific, who would venture into that old forest in such cold weather, and as a group no less?

Besides that.

The timing was ingenious.

No sooner had he visited that place than others came looking.

The party of four quickly entered the woods.

Leading them was Li Yue, who wore a down jacket with a somber expression. He carried a heavy backpack, its contents unknown. Followed by two men and a woman, all similarly burdened with packs, they resembled hikers or campers.

However, they all looked unwell, their faces drawn and haggard.

But their eyes were peculiar.

They surveyed their surroundings with an odd gaze, unlike that of ordinary people.

"In woods like these... if you died here, nobody would know," a man joked as he stepped inside and saw the gloomy, dense forest.

"It's probably been at least twenty years since anyone's been here. There's no trace of human activity."

Li Yue's voice was somewhat deep, and the thick layer of leaves under his feet felt unsettling.

"There are graves everywhere nearby; who knows what problems there might be. This place feels dangerous," the woman said, her glances flitting over the old, isolated graves.

"Don't scare yourself. These lonely graves are from local villagers who were buried here. Nothing has gone wrong for many years; there can't possibly be any accidents now," Li Yue reassured.

The group chatted as they ventured deeper into the forest.

Since the woods weren't vast, they quickly found the cabin shown in the photo, its roof rotten through, ready to collapse at any moment.

"This is it."

Li Yue held up a photograph for comparison.

The location matched perfectly, though the scene had changed due to the ravages of time. However, the key landmarks were unchanged, clearly recognizable.

"This is the place, let's get to work," he said, pointing to a spot before addressing the others.

Immediately, his three companions set down their backpacks, drew out shovels, and began to dig.

But as soon as they touched the earth, they realized something was amiss.

The ground was littered with bones.

"Why are there so many bones here?" the woman quickly asked.

"These aren't human bones; they're animal bones. I noticed them earlier but didn't pay much mind after identifying them. The only strange thing is that these bones look like they were recently left here, not sunken into the mud... wait, someone's been here recently. There are footprints inside the cabin."

Suddenly, Li Yue's expression changed as he noticed a clear set of footprints in the cabin.

He hurriedly crouched down to examine them.

The prints were very fresh, as if someone had just stepped there.

"It must be that person..." Li Yue immediately thought of the man who had carried a body bag across the road earlier.

If he wasn't mistaken, that person had been here before.

"Impossible, how could he know about this place?"

Deep confusion gripped him, rendering Li Yue's expression increasingly unsettled, the situation inexplicable.

"We've found it, it's a box," said one of the men behind him at that moment, his voice tinged with surprise and uncertainty.

Li Yue spun around, only to see a patch of earth dug up, revealing a faded red wooden box. The box wasn't buried deep at all, even somewhat shallow, and the three hadn't exerted much effort.

"Open it and see."

He immediately said, then walked over: "Be careful. If anything goes wrong, we'll all die here. You all know the situation; I won't elaborate further."

"This box has been opened before, the lock is broken," someone remarked in surprise.

"Hmm?" Li Yue immediately looked over.

Indeed.

The box had been opened.

His expression abruptly changed as he opened the box, only to find it empty except for a wafting, decayed smell that made them instinctively cover their noses.

The others crowded around, their complexions turning just as troubled.

"Where's the corpse? There should be a body here; without it, what are we going to do now?" someone panicked.

"Could it really have been that person?" Li Yue clenched his teeth.

"What are you digging up in my family's forest? If you're relocating an ancestor's grave, it's not on this side."

Suddenly, an abrupt voice rang out. Unbeknownst to them, a man had appeared behind them, standing not far from the forest, calmly and indifferently watching the group of four.

"Who?"

The four men jerked in shock, turning to look in unison.

But they saw Yang Jian standing there, who seemed to have been watching them for quite a while, and they hadn't noticed him until now.

Was the forest too sinister to take notice, or was there something strange about this man himself?

"Ah, it's you, young man." Li Yue smiled, "Thanks for the directions earlier, otherwise we wouldn't have found this place so quickly."

"Are you looking for that body?" Yang Jian didn't beat around the bush and got straight to the point.

The faces of the group changed again.

"No need to look any further, the body is with me. Although I'm not sure how you found this place, I'm very curious about the reason you're here." Yang Jian tossed the body bag in front of him, seemingly indicating to the group that the corpse they were looking for was inside.

"State your reasons, no hiding anything, and I'll pretend this never happened."

"What can you do if we don't tell you?" a man to the side said somewhat menacingly.

Yang Jian said, "It's better to just tell me. It's better for all of us. Otherwise, I'll feel uneasy, and I can be petty. Once I'm uneasy, there's no telling what I might do."

"Heh, you dare to do such a thing?" The man suddenly pulled out a handgun, aiming directly at Yang Jian, "We need that body. Hand it over, and it'll be better for both of us. I don't care what you are, but pushing us comes with bad consequences."

"Four of you, there must be a leader, right? Doesn't someone have the final say?" Yang Jian seemed unruffled by the handgun and asked.

Li Yue stepped forward. He pushed his companion's hand down because he had seen that this kind of threat was ineffective against the person in front of them.

No need for these tired, scare tactics anymore.

"My name's Li Yue, and may I ask for your name, young man?" Li Yue smiled, still very polite.

"Yang Jian."

What?

As soon as this name was uttered, the Li Yue in front of them suddenly widened his eyes, and the three people beside him instinctively took a step back.

The head of Dachang City?

What a joke.

In such a remote village, they would meet such a person?

Li Yue and his teammates exchanged glances. Some found it suspicious, considering it fake, while others thought they should test the waters.

He too found it hard to believe.

Perhaps this person had just heard the name and was trying to scare them.

Of course... there was also the possibility that it was true.

Yang Jian's expression was calm. He felt he could get the origin of the corpses from these people, which would help him understand the secrets of the past.

"What? You know me?"

He could see the abnormality in their expressions, especially upon hearing his name.

But Yang Jian wasn't surprised. He was well-known in the supernatural circle; even if people hadn't seen him, they must have heard of him. These people were after the body in the chest, so they were probably also from the supernatural circle, but likely not from headquarters—probably civilians.

"Hey, I've heard of Yang Jian, the head of Dachang City. But I've never met him. He and I are from different worlds, we shouldn't be involved with each other." Li Yue forced a smile, "Just didn't expect to encounter Yang Jian in person here. I thought you just shared the same name with that Yang Jian."

"Good that you know. It spares me a lot of trouble. You know about this body here? Tell me, where did you get the news? This thing has been buried here for over a decade and was just unearthed by me. If I had been any slower, maybe you guys would have already taken the body away."

Yang Jian felt somewhat relieved at that moment. Fortunately, he had awakened from the nightmare early enough and acted quickly; otherwise, the body would not be intact.

"A letter. That's all we know." Li Yue paused for a moment before speaking.

"A letter? Where is it?" asked Yang Jian.

Li Yue took out a yellow envelope from his clothes. The envelope was quite new, just the style was somewhat old-fashioned.

"Let me see it," Yang Jian immediately said, sensing unease from that letter.

It seemed like a supernatural object.

"You can't see it, you're not the messenger. You shouldn't look at it, it's not good for you," said Li Yue.

Chapter 727 Strange Things

Messenger?

From this person's words, Yang Jian gleaned a rather crucial piece of information.

However, just from the name "messenger," one could tell it was a profession that had been phased out.

It must have been a popular job twenty or thirty, or even thirty to forty years ago, but now with societal development, the role of messenger had evolved into courier and gradually vanished from sight.

"Regardless of whether I can read that letter or not, I'm interested in that thing, I need to take a look. If there's nothing wrong, I'll return it to you," Yang Jian said.

Li Yue shook his head; "Though I'm not sure if you are Yang Jian or not, we cannot afford to lose this letter, otherwise, we will die very miserably. I've already shown great sincerity by bringing it out for you temporarily. I hope you won't make this difficult for us."

"You've been digging around suspiciously in the woods by my house, I haven't made things difficult for you, which is already quite generous on my part. Just based on the fact that just now, the person beside you pointed a gun at me, I have every reason to kill all of you right here." Yang Jian's face suddenly turned cold, his eyes indifferent and void of emotion.

At his words, the few people beside Li Yue immediately became alert. They watched Yang Jian intently, seemingly ready to counterattack at any moment.

Yang Jian glanced at them, "You're not even ghost tamers, you wouldn't survive a casual attack from me. Being nervous is pointless; you'd better change your attitude and think about how to prevent me from taking action rather than stupidly provoking me."

Is this guy really Yang Jian?

Li Yue's eyes flickered slightly, and he began to grow more convinced in his heart that this man might indeed be Dachang City's person in charge, Yang Jian.

The timing seemed to match. After all, with the New Year approaching, Yang Jian returning to his home village was conceivable, and more importantly, the attitude that this man expressed through his speech and demeanor.

He simply didn't regard human life as anything, treating his few companions like mere ants that he could easily crush to death.

Life indifference? No, it should be said devoid of emotion.

This was a characteristic of ghost tamers.

"Heh, hehe."

Li Yue laughed, his expression turning sober as he scratched his head apologetically: "I'm really sorry, I didn't know that the woods were your family's. I was just following the address to deliver this letter, not trying to steal anything. As soon as this matter is done, we'll restore everything here to the way it was, then leave quietly."

"We also don't know what's inside the box that was dug up."

"Give me the letter," Yang Jian reached out his hand, "This is the second time I'm saying it."

Li Yue showed a troubled expression; "Yang Jian, this letter is really of no use to you, on the contrary, if we lose it, something very unfortunate will happen, it's not that we don't want to give it to you, but that we don't want to lose the letter and die."

"Lose the letter and something unfortunate will happen? Tell me about it," Yang Jian asked, "I'm a bit curious."

"A ghost will attack us," a man beside him said in a low voice. "Such an attack is almost certainly fatal. Of course, there are a few messengers who, after losing a letter or failing to deliver one, have successfully evaded an attack from a fierce ghost. But the next attack... the terror multiplies."

"Oh, it sounds like you're under a curse from a fierce ghost, working for some strange things," Yang Jian became immediately serious.

He thought of a ghost.

The mastermind behind the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City, Zhao Kaiming, who was working for the ghost, had made a mess of things, nearly killing him, and had nearly caused the death of everyone in Dachang City.

Working for a ghost, no matter the process, the outcome was tremendously horrifying.

With this thought, Yang Jian immediately harbored a killing intent, rather than just trying to scare these people as he had before.

"You could say that. We don't know exactly what thing we're working for; we only know that when the letter arrives, we have to deliver it. The places we deliver to are very weird and dangerous, with a high death rate. But there's no shortage of newcomers joining too. I'm afraid you don't know that two months ago, I was also a completely uninformed newcomer," Li Yue said, and his mood didn't seem to improve as he spoke of this matter.

At this moment, Yang Jian was already stepping closer; "I don't care whether you are cursed and being coerced, or if there's some other compelling reason for your actions, I know you're being controlled by some ghostly thing, and what you're doing is likely to cause inconceivable danger outside."

"What do you want to do?" the man who had previously carried the gun suddenly warned.

"I don't want to do anything, just simply wish to take a look at your letter, and by the way, slaughter all of you, so you don't become a future scourge. I've encountered some people similar to you before. To survive, you people dare to do anything, to some extent, even crazier than me," Yang Jian said coldly, as he slowly removed his left glove.

A blackish, icy-cold, rigid palm was revealed.

"What a joke, who said anything about slaughtering us just like that? I've put up with you for a long time, don't be too arrogant. Who knows if you're really Yang Jian, even if you are, we are not entirely without means to fight back against your kind, and in desperation, we could still take a bite out of you," the somewhat gaunt man raised the gun in his hand, again gritting his teeth, his expression vicious as he aimed it at Yang Jian.

"You talk too much, so I might as well get rid of you first," Yang Jian said expressionlessly as he walked straight toward the man.

He completely ignored the threat of the gun pointed at him.

To him now, such a thing was already useless.

"This is bad," Li Yue's face changed dramatically in an instant.

He never expected Yang Jian to be so decisive, coming up to kill his people without leaving any room for discussion or negotiation, overpowering to the point of suffocation.

But he didn't even have time to try to talk things out.

The conflict erupted.

"Bang!"

Under immense pressure, a gunshot rang out. The man holding the weapon clenched his teeth and made the first move—he didn't dare gamble on Yang Jian making the first move because if Yang Jian really was the leader of Dachang City, the moment he took action, he would definitely die horribly.

Surprisingly,

this shot should not have affected Yang Jian at all, but his chest bizarrely sported a fresh wound.

The skin and flesh were torn apart.

A ghastly pale section, like a piece of bone, appeared within the wound.

The gun didn't fire bullets, but rather a segment of human bone, more precisely, a small piece of finger bone.

Although the power of the firearm wasn't significant, the fact that it fired a finger bone—seemingly carrying a sort of supernatural power—allowed it to momentarily repel malevolent spirits.

This wasn't a paranormal object but rather an ingenious modification technique.

Somehow making use of bizarre items, turning them into weapons.

It was crude, but it was indeed effective.

"Is this your means of combating supernatural forces? Just a small piece of a dead person's bone?" Yang Jian said, still expressionless, as he pulled out the piece of finger bone and crushed it with force.

The bone shattered.

The lingering supernatural power wasn't enough to contend with him.

Moreover, the wound on Yang Jian's chest was healing rapidly; a cold, dark shadow was stitching up the damaged area as if a ghastly spirit lurked under his ribcage, mending his wound for him.

"What?"

This scene seemed to shock the group of people immensely; they widened their eyes, feeling an indescribable horror.

The shot that could momentarily repel malevolent spirits seemed to pose no obstacle to Yang Jian. Though a wound appeared, everyone could see it was inconsequential.

The person who fired the shot was also momentarily stunned.

He even doubted whether he had actually hit Yang Jian.

But his brief hesitation had already started to bring about the consequences of taking the initiative to attack.

An icy, darkened hand appeared on his shoulder as if someone reached out from behind to pat him.

His body shuddered, and he turned his head instinctively,

only to hear the sound of a snapping neck reverberating; the gunman's eyes popped wide open as he died on the spot.

"A bit of a trick, but it's not much use. Against a real ghost, you'd still die without putting up any fight. The curse you're under hasn't protected your safety after all. Seems like this messenger role isn't all that great," Yang Jian said coldly.

Killing one was just a test.

To see if they had any other tricks that they hadn't used, but it seemed there weren't any. The only thing this man had that could save his life was that old-fashioned pistol.

The gun that could use finger bones as bullets.

However, it seemed the number of bullets was not ample. Such special, odd items definitely couldn't be mass-produced; they could only create one or two pieces on a small scale.

Chapter 728 The Cursed Letter

A person died without any resistance.

The whole process was swift and brief, not bloody, not even violent, just a bit eerie.

But what truly concerned Li Yue and the remaining two wasn't these details, but the fact that Yang Jian had actually withstood a gunshot, then blocked his own companion on the spot. The kind of strength displayed was particularly frightening. It was known that even when facing a real vicious ghost, such despair wouldn't be felt.

Had the person in charge of Dachang City now reached this level of controlling vicious ghosts?

It seemed the outside world had changed too quickly, and they were struggling to keep up.

Cold sweat broke out on Li Yue's forehead as he felt the situation spiraling out of control. He had always thought that the most worrying part of this letter delivery would be the ghost hiding in the box, but that turned out to be harmless. The real danger was coming from a single individual.

"If you have any more tricks up your sleeve, use them now or you won't get the chance," Yang Jian said with a rough and icy tone, yet he seemed incredibly arrogant.

He wasn't the least bit worried that this group might pull off some sort of last-ditch effort and kill him in return.

He had faced Class S paranormal events numerous times and had imprisoned more than a few vicious ghosts. His confidence had grown from experience and wasn't foolish arrogance. Furthermore, he needed to collect some information, some data.

With just a glance.

The eerie and vividly red Ghost Eye spied on the three remaining individuals, as if waiting for their counterattack.

But Li Yue and the remaining man and woman didn't dare take any action. They felt that Yang Jian before them had already surpassed the ordinary level of vicious ghosts. If they truly started a fight, it would surely be a death sentence.

"Since you have no intention of taking action, then I'll show no mercy. Serving inexplicable things, I simply cannot let you go. It's not about personal grudges but rather my responsibility as a person in charge. I will not allow disturbances in my territory, especially near my hometown."

Yang Jian said, fixating his gaze on Li Yue as he articulated his reasons, so they wouldn't die confused and uncomprehending.

Besides, this one was their leader.

As the Ghost Eye fixed on him, Li Yue felt the hair on his body stand on end as if being targeted by a soul-harvesting ghost, and instinctively, he retreated several steps, but then he realized retreating was also futile.

"Yang Jian, calm down a bit. Things aren't what you think. Our delivery of the letter is to deal with some potential dangers, not to cause chaos everywhere as you're thinking. I am very clear on that," he said.

Yang Jian remained silent, his face still cold as he moved closer.

Li Yue understood that the man before him could not be persuaded by mere words; he was someone with powerful resolve.

"After I kill you, I'll naturally be calm," Yang Jian said.

The shadows behind Yang Jian started to shake and flicker as though a person shrouded in shadow was about to stand up.

The ability of a vicious ghost cannot be used for a long time in the same way. Alternating methods can maintain a better balance; this is a regularity for ghost tamers when they take action.

"We're done for," said the other two when they saw this, panicking instantly.

They didn't know what to do.

They even feared confronting Yang Jian; he was simply too dangerous. Normal weapons were certainly useless, even the gunshot that could momentarily repel ghosts had been easily resisted by him. They were utterly helpless against Yang Jian.

"Wait," Li Yue said, clenching his teeth, then added, "The letter's for you, for you to see. I apologize for the incident earlier."

Then, he promptly took out the yellowish-brown envelope from his clothes.

"After I kill you, there's plenty of time for me to look," Yang Jian's attitude remained unchanged.

"No, if I die, this letter will disappear. Whether it will reappear, I do not know. I've witnessed the deaths of others. Those who didn't deliver the letter within the allotted time were killed by ghosts, and their letters disappeared with them," Li Yue explained.

"What matters more to you than our lives is the truth, isn't that right? After all, there isn't much left that can capture the interest of someone like you."

At this point.

Yang Jian halted in his tracks. Li Yue was right; killing these few was a preventative measure, but what concerned him more was the truth behind these people, and why this letter needed to be delivered and placed inside that box.

Inside that box was a headless corpse.

How could a corpse read a letter?

If it had been sent to the temple they had visited earlier, he could somewhat understand.

"Give me the letter," Yang Jian said as he approached, extending his slightly stiff, chilly palm.

When dealing with incomprehensible, eerie things, the Ghost Hand was the safest approach.

If it hadn't been for the Ghost Hand during his last encounter with the Door Knocking Ghost, he would probably have fallen victim to the Corpse Spot Curse by now, his body already decayed.

At this moment, Li Yue didn't resist. He handed over the envelope that was tied to his very life: "I do not know what's inside or what it contains. We are only tasked to deliver and not to look. There have been messengers who peeked at the letters before, and without exception, they all died."

"So opening the envelope is dangerous. That's all the warning I can give you. If something goes wrong, don't blame me for trapping you."

Yang Jian didn't speak; he simply observed the envelope.

It certainly hadn't been opened before.

Because the envelope was intact, with no signs of being sealed; it seemed as if it had been made as a whole. If he wanted to consider opening it, he would definitely have to tear the envelope.

He touched it.

Inside was a thin sheet of paper, with little sensation, but there was definitely something inside, not empty.

"How many times have you delivered a letter like this?" Yang Jian asked again.

"This is the third time, basically one letter delivered each month. Although there is plenty of time, each delivery always brings with it unforeseeable dangers. The person you just killed was delivering his second letter," said Li Yue.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian promptly reached out and tore open the envelope.

The paper envelope felt bizarre and unusual, yet it did not exhibit too many abnormalities and opened quite easily, just like any normal envelope.

One sheet of paper.

A slightly yellowed sheet was slowly pulled out of the envelope by Yang Jian.

A line of black, somewhat distorted characters appeared before Yang Jian.

"Do not open this letter."

It was traditional Chinese, not the simplified Chinese that Yang Jian was familiar with. It seemed to have been written quite some time ago; the ink was old, and it didn't at all resemble a letter received within the recent month.

"What nonsense, if I hadn't opened this letter, how could I have seen these words," Yang Jian frowned and continued to pull out the letter.

Very quickly.

The second line of text appeared: "The one who opens this letter will be killed by a malevolent ghost."

Yang Jian's face darkened. He felt that this letter said nothing at all; it was merely a threat against those who peeked at it. It seemed as though the letter itself held no significance, perhaps the act of delivering the letter was what truly mattered.

However, he did not rush, but instead continued reading.

The third line of text appeared before his eyes: "The ghost is coming."

Huh?

The more Yang Jian read, the more he found the message on the letter baffling, lacking any critical content he had anticipated.

During his reading.

Li Yue had already sensed that something was amiss.

The light within this forest was growing darker. It was clearly morning but the sky seemed to suddenly grow dim, making this already dark forest feel as if night had fallen. Whether it was an illusion or not, the surrounding environment also grew colder and more sinister.

This wasn't the cold of winter but a bizarre and eerie chill that infiltrated the body, unstoppable.

"Li Yue, it's not good, Yang Jian reading the letter has attracted the ghost, we're doomed," the sole female shouted in terror.

"This is definitely targeting us. The opening of the letter means our delivery has failed, so the ghost will appear to attack us. If we can't withstand this, we'll all die," another man said.

"I know more than you do, but if we didn't let Yang Jian read the letter, we would die even quicker," Li Yue said with a touch of anxiety. "Get ready quickly, let's focus on surviving before discussing anything else."

Immediately.

They started to frantically brace for the imminent dangers.

Another man picked up an old handgun next to their companion's corpse, while the woman pulled an old, tattered piece of paper from her pocket. No, it shouldn't be called tattered paper, but rather more like a piece of paper money—although not the typical square kind, but round.

Li Yue couldn't afford to be careless either, taking a box out of his backpack.

It was an urn.

Upon opening, inside was half a box of gray-white ashes, as to what bones were burned to create the ash, no one knew.

Li Yue grabbed a handful of the ashes, gritted his teeth with an agonized expression, and scattered them on the ground. Then, he stood atop the area sprinkled with ashes, motionless, quietly waiting for the impending dangers to arrive.

The light in the forest grew even darker.

Now they could only see fuzzy outlines of each other and couldn't make out any faces.

If Yang Jian weren't blocking here, the three gathered together would have a somewhat greater chance of survival.

Amidst the changes around him.

Yang Jian still had no reaction, continuing to hold the envelope in his hand, seemingly mesmerized, still observing it.

This state was very strange.

Because Yang Jian himself did not feel any absence of mind, he was just observing the letter in the envelope quite normally; only a few seconds had passed.

But for Li Yue and the others, several minutes had already passed.

Yang Jian now completely pulled out the letter from the envelope, and at that moment, the fourth line of text, and also the last line, appeared before his eyes.

"The ghost is right beside you."

"Huh?"

When he saw this line, Yang Jian's gaze immediately sharpened, becoming alert to his surroundings.

Only then did he realize that the forest, which had been somewhat bright, had without his notice turned utterly dim, and most unsettling was that although he had been constantly vigilant of his surroundings and wary of Li Yue and the others, how had such a drastic change occurred as if in a moment of absent-mindedness?

"Whoosh! Whoosh!"

It seemed as if wind had arisen in the forest, blowing on Yang Jian's neck, as if a cold hand was touching him, with a clear tactile sensation.

"This letter... is indeed strange, has a ghost really been summoned by it?"

Yang Jian clenched his fist tightly, crumpling the letter, and his Ghost Eye directly spied all the anomalies within the forest.

Chapter 729 Wandering in the Woods

The forest was shrouded in shadow, yet outside, everything remained normal, still as bright as before, unaffected. It seemed that the only problem was with this particular forest.

Engulfed in darkness, the woods now appeared exceptionally sinister.

The cold wind blowing through the trees rustled the leaves, producing a shushing sound. Shadows loomed uncertainly, as if figures hid in the dark, and faint footsteps could be heard, stepping on the fallen leaves, drawing nearer.

In the forest, unbeknownst to everyone, something had appeared.

There could be no mistake about this feeling.

Something incomprehensibly eerie had indeed slipped into the forest.

Because at this moment, no one was moving about rashly—all were standing still; the noise couldn't have been them.

"The ghost is near."

At this moment, the man holding the pistol, named Zhou Lin, had replaced a teammate who had died. By his qualifications, he shouldn't have been able to easily obtain this pistol.

"It's up to you now, Zhou Lin. This gun should be able to fire once more. We must hit the ghost as it approaches us to repel it temporarily, ensuring we aren't killed," the woman beside him leaned in and said. She was called Zhao Li, around thirty, and despite the fear and tension, she seemed relatively composed.

Life and death were at stake—remaining calm was essential.

"I know," Zhou Lin's hands trembled with nerves. "But I have no experience repelling ghosts, and with only one shot, the margin for error is too low..."

Hitting a ghost accurately with a single shot was difficult enough.

Now, with only one chance left, under this nervous fear, it's uncertain when a shot might be fired in panic.

"You have to manage. Don't be too afraid. I'll use this 'spirit money' when the crucial moment comes," the woman called Zhao Li said.

Zhou Lin glanced at her.

He knew this woman was holding back, trying to keep something in reserve to save her own life, but at this moment, even if she had ideas, there was no stopping it.

The ghost could very well be nearby; any discord could get everyone killed.

"Ghost Eye's vision has been affected," Yang Jian frowned.

In Ghost Eye's view, everything was a shade of red, but the trees were too dense. For some reason, he couldn't see through them now—an entirely different situation from before. He didn't know if it was due to the letter received earlier or because of the presence of Ghost Shadow.

Fortunately, the impact wasn't significant.

This also meant that the threat level of whatever was emerging wasn't insurmountable.

He should be able to contend with it... Yang Jian couldn't be sure because some ghosts didn't seem threatening, but in reality, encountering them meant certain death. He had experienced this firsthand with the ghost footsteps on the staircase in *The World of Ghost Drawing*.

Out of the corner of his eye, a flicker.

He thought he saw a figure shaking behind a tree not far away.

The figure stood motionless, seemingly hidden between several trees, creating a blind spot in the field of view from this angle. The trees, lined up and intersecting, seemed to form a wall, blocking Ghost Eye's surveillance.

"A ghost?"

Yang Jian's heart tightened, not out of fear but as he moved to get a better look and see just what the eerie letter had brought into this forest.

But as he changed direction and looked toward that position again...

The figure had vanished.

Behind the tree, there was no one; only the shadows of leaves on the ground, not at all a human-shaped shadow.

"Coincidence, or an illusion?"

Yang Jian returned to his initial spot but when he looked again at the previous position, the figure beside the tree did not reappear; it wasn't as it was before.

He realized something from this situation.

Perhaps he hadn't determined correctly—at that moment, the ghost was indeed there, Ghost Eye had glimpsed the ghost's shadow, but now the ghost had shifted its position.

And by comparing the previous location...

Yang Jian could be certain.

The ghost's position was very close to where he and the others were...

"Ghosts that appear under such special circumstances are likely no longer bound by any rules of killing; everyone in this forest is probably going to suffer attacks from the ghost. These few people, like we mentioned before, probably failed to deliver the message and are now subject to the wrath of the malevolent spirit. As for me, it is most likely because I read that letter."

"Perhaps there was originally content in that letter, but it changed when I forcibly tore open the envelope, turning into a curse that summons the malevolent spirit. Or perhaps the letter's intention was just that from the start, aimed at me."

Yang Jian didn't panic; he calmly waited for the ghost to appear.

Unable to pinpoint the ghost's location, blind actions would only put him at a disadvantage.

The wind rose again in the woods, trees swaying, casting elongating Ghost Shadows; the rustling sound of branches and leaves colliding filled the air, and a faint smell of decay seemed to emerge within it.

The ghost seemed to be moving again.

Yang Jian noted this detail; whenever the ghost made a move, anomalies would occur nearby. Previously, the ghost had stopped in one spot without moving, hence the brief moment of silence in the woods just now.

But even though the ghost was moving, it was still impossible to discern towards which direction it was heading, or which person it was attempting to approach.

Silence, oppression, the coming and going of the ghost.

Such extreme environments tested a person's endurance.

Yang Jian remained expressionless, even preparing himself for a direct confrontation with the ghost when it appeared. But the others were not so composed.

Li Yue, who stood on the ground covered with bone ash, was tense all over, dripping with cold sweat. In just a short while, he felt both sore and tired, but he dared not make the slightest move, not even stepping out of the ash-covered spot, because as long as he didn't leave the safety of the ashes, the ghost would not attack him.

In the past, it was thanks to this very thing that he had survived.

But bone ash wasn't omnipotent. If this situation couldn't end and the ghost lingered, hovering nearby indefinitely, he would eventually be attacked.

The cold wind continued to blow.

The swaying of the trees masked the approach of an eerie set of footsteps.

These footsteps were heavy, falling on thick layers of leaves, incessantly drawing nearer.

The first person the ghost approached was not Yang Jian, nor Li Yue, but a man named Zhou Lin.

Nobody could be aware of this creeping proximity. Even Yang Jian's Ghost Eye could glimpse the anomalies, but with the trees obstructing his view, he could not pinpoint the ghost's location immediately. He only knew, the ghost nearby was moving, unable to discern the specific range.

Perhaps, if he were to activate the Ghost Eye to the third or fourth level, he might be able to see.

But Yang Jian didn't do so.

He only needed to ensure that there were no ghosts approaching him; recklessly confronting the ghost without understanding the situation was an extremely foolish act.

"Zhou Lin, there seem to be footsteps behind us," the woman beside him, named Zhao Li, suddenly said with frayed nerves.

"Don't joke around, don't scare me," Zhou Lin's heart almost leaped from his chest.

"No, I'm not joking, I think I heard the sound of branches breaking. Under these circumstances, we haven't moved, Li Yue hasn't moved even less, and Yang Jian has been cursed ever since he read that letter, staying near that spot... so tell me, who else would appear beside us, breaking branches?"

Although Zhao Li was frightened, her clear head allowed her to analyze the situation in front of them.

"I—I think we might have been targeted," Zhou Lin stuttered, his hands trembling as he clutched the old-fashioned handgun.

Only one chance.

He must hit the ghost, or the outcome would be dire.

But as much as they speculated, they did not act on it, didn't daringly change their positions to escape the ghost's approach. They just stood there, tense and afraid.

As the two conversed with each other, attempting to seek a bit of safety,

The ghost appeared.

Behind the nearest tree, a terrifying shadow emerged—it was a person, yet not someone who could be called a living being. Only half of its body and face were visible; the other half was concealed by the tree, not revealed at all.

This person seemed to have been dead for a long time, his body covered in mud, as if he had just been dug up.

Zhou Lin and Zhao Li had no clue at all, not even aware that the ghost had arrived right beside them.

They were only about half a meter apart, close enough that a reached-out hand could touch.

But at that moment, the ghost stopped.

The wind in the woods died down, and everything once again seemed to take a turn for the better.

Chapter 730 Unusual Movement

Yang Jian felt the unsettling calm around him and immediately realized that the ghost had stopped again.

This was the third time.

Although the forest was dense, it wasn't very large. The ghost had moved three times within this forest. Yang Jian had only seen the ghost's shadow during the second movement, then lost track of it. Now, he had no idea where the ghost had moved to.

One thing was certain—the ghost must have gotten very close, perhaps right beside someone.

"When the ghost attacks someone, I can start to move. There are four of us here including me, and the chances of me being the first one attacked are not high, so I can be a little bolder," thought Yang Jian to himself.

Three Ghost Eyes were already spying in the darkness.

These eyes could observe many things around but were still unable to see through the trees, which were affected by supernatural power, creating many blind spots.

Yang Jian didn't choose to stand still at this moment.

He began to move about, wandering around to confirm his surroundings and also to search for the ghost's position.

Because the ghost most likely had stopped moving, Yang Jian believed this was an opportunity to search.

However, just as he had started to take action,

At Zhou Lin and Zhao Li's location,

The ghost had already stood behind a tree, only about half a meter away from them. And during the brief calm, the most dangerous thing had already begun to happen.

In the dim shadows, it seemed as if an arm extended out, covered with soil and a putrid smell, like a body exhumed from Grave Soil. But a normal body wouldn't stand creepily in the middle of a forest.

Before even touching,

An abnormal smell was already permeating the air.

Zhou Lin was tense all over, pushed to the extreme. He couldn't maintain his composure in this dim environment where a ghost was lurking. In just a short moment, his body was soaked with cold sweat. Due to excessive tension or fear, his body began to shake uncontrollably.

But at that moment,

Zhou Lin felt as if he sensed something or perhaps was just overly sensitive due to his high-strung state—he smelled a chilly, putrid odor emerging beside him.

This odor hadn't been there before. He was sure of it, extremely sure, but now it appeared.

At this moment, a somewhat desperate thought flashed through his mind.

The ghost might be right beside him.

As this thought surfaced, Zhou Lin almost broke down. He didn't want to be so unlucky as to be the first one the ghost targeted. He had even fantasized that Yang Jian would be the one, since it was Yang Jian who had read that letter, making him very likely to be the first target.

However, just as this thought crossed Zhou Lin's mind, what happened next chilled him to the core.

A sudden coldness touched the back of his neck.

An unnaturally cold something touched his skin, which definitely wasn't leaves or branches falling from above, nor a drop of cold sweat. The sensation was like... a few fingers.

Was the ghost right behind him?

Suddenly, like a tightly coiled spring, Zhou Lin leaped up, letting out a terrified shout, and without hesitation, fired a shot into a shadowy area behind him.

"Bang!"

The sound of the gun rang out, the last special bullet made from bone in his old-fashioned pistol was fired.

However, the shot was in vain.

Several pieces of bark exploded from a tree in the shadows, wood chips flew, and a pale piece of bone lodged in the middle of the tree.

The woman named Zhao Li was almost scared enough to jump, asking in fear, "What, what happened? Did you hit it?"

There was no doubt that Zhou Lin must have seen the ghost to fire so suddenly.

"No, I don't think I hit it, it's over," Zhou Lin said with a deathly pallor, utterly despairing.

With his weapon now useless and unable to fend off the ghost, the next time he would be certainly doomed, as he had nothing left to fight the fierce ghost with.

"What are you kidding, you didn't hit it at that close range?" Zhao Li cried out, sounding rather angry, but beneath the anger was deep-seated fear.

Zhou Lin, trembling, said, "I, I just felt like the ghost might have been behind me, that's why I had no choice but to fire..."

He wanted to explain, but he couldn't continue.

Because at that moment, explanations were useless. He had missed, and the situation was about to get even worse than before.

"Hmm?"

At that moment, Yang Jian heard the gunshot and immediately turned to look in that direction. His view obstructed, he took a couple of steps forward and quickly located the two people.

"A ghost appeared beside them? That shot was definitely not aimed at a living person," he thought.

"Strange, they're unharmed. They haven't been killed by the ghost."

Yang Jian frowned, seeing the two people still standing there, tense and frightened, alive and well, not dead by the ghost's hand as he had imagined.

Could it be that the ghost brought by the letter wasn't too keen on killing?

"Let's get closer and take a look,"

Yang Jian was bolder in his actions now, because he could determine that the ghost was definitely not at his side, so there was no need to be so cautious.

However, as he approached, perhaps due to the noise and movement of his walking, he immediately attracted the attention of Zhou Lin and Zhao Li.

"Who's there? Who's over there?" Zhao Li asked with a piercing scream.

...

The dim forest enshrouded her vision, and she could see nothing except a blurry figure approaching rapidly from this side without the slightest pause or hesitation. Yet, she dared not confirm whether it was a ghost or not, so she asked loudly.

Meanwhile, Zhou Lin, who had lost his last bit of reliance at this moment, was somewhat on the verge of collapse.

He no longer had the courage to stay here. Without saying a word, the noise of Yang Jian approaching made him turn and walk away.

"Huff! Huff!"

The eerie wind picked up again in the woods. Trees swayed, a rustling noise echoed, and an abnormal scent wafted through the air, drifting down from somewhere above once more.

At this moment.

Yang Jian suddenly stopped in his tracks.

The appearance of this signal meant that the ghost had started moving for the fourth time.

The previous movement had already caused Zhou Lin to fire his gun, evident that the ghost was already very close. Did this time mean that the ghost was going to reveal itself actively? Or would it attack other people only after this movement?

As he thought this,

One of Yang Jian's ghostly eyes penetrated the darkness and observed Zhou Lin turning to flee.

His pupils suddenly constricted.

For he saw lying behind the man, a corpse seemingly unearthed from grave soil, wearing outdated, filthy clothes, its face not clear from the front—but without a doubt... it was a ghost.

The ghost was on Zhou Lin.

Perhaps Yang Jian's scrutiny had alerted the ghost. The ghost, seemingly clinging to Zhou Lin's back, slowly turned its head, revealing a sinister profile.

Pale, similarly smeared with dirt, its eyes shut as though stuffed with mud or gouged out.

"What a joke, a ghost is sticking to him and he doesn't feel a thing?" Yang Jian watched the escaping Zhou Lin with both shock and fury.

Being so foolish and yet daring to get involved in supernatural events, he deserved to die if he did.

However, shocked and angry though he was,

Yang Jian was somewhat aware that the ghost's method of attack might be related to this. Although he could see it, the person in question probably couldn't sense it anymore.

Yet the escaping Zhou Lin didn't get very far.

He didn't even make it out of the woods before he stumbled and fell to the ground, lying motionless.

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, and he quickly walked over; he didn't even use Ghost Domain.

At this distance, using Ghost Domain wasn't wise. Now that the ghost's location was confirmed, there was no need to be vigilant about other anomalies.

His ghostly eye kept a strict watch on Zhou Lin lying on the ground, to prevent the ghost from leaving abruptly.

Soon.

Yang Jian arrived. Throughout, he hadn't taken his eyes off Zhou Lin, but when he got there, the ghost that had been attached to the man was gone.

He disappeared without notice, even though just moments ago, the ghost seemed to still be there.

Unable to explain the phenomenon, Yang Jian encountered such a strange situation for the first time.

Staring at the person before him, he crouched down and checked the pulse on the neck.

The person... was dead.

The body was cold in just that moment, without any warmth left.

Zhou Lin had clearly been killed by a fierce ghost while escaping. As for how he was killed, it wasn't important at the moment.

"Wait, that's not right."

Yang Jian suddenly realized something and his instinct was to retract his hand.

But the next moment,

The corpse of Zhou Lin lying on the ground suddenly twisted its neck, revealing half of its profile smeared with dirt, resembling the ghost he'd just seen.

Had the ghost replaced this person? Or was it controlling him?

Before he could ponder further,

Zhou Lin lying on the ground raised his hand as if to grab Yang Jian.

No.

The action was not a grab but seemed more like a touch.

Yang Jian's pupils contracted, and Ghost Domain instantly activated. He vanished on the spot.

The ghost's attempt to touch failed, and the hand froze mid-air, motionless.

"If it's a ghost invading a living body, that would be terrifying," said Yang Jian, appearing five meters away, his expression grave. The situation just now was rather dangerous.

He even dared not use Ghost Hand to suppress the ghost before him.

Because if the ghost couldn't be suppressed and invaded his body, Yang Jian, a top ghost controller, would die instantly.

The reason was simple.

The balance of his own fierce spirits would be disrupted.

Yang Jian was clear on this, so he did not dare to be complacent.