

Revival 741

Chapter 741 Inconspicuous Places

"Damn Yang Jian, stabbing his own girlfriend like that, do you have to be so vicious, I was just kindly reminding you."

At this moment, Jiang Yan lay alone on the ground, on the verge of tears. She had just barely escaped a ghost attack, only to be wounded by the person she loved most. Perhaps this was her fate.

Blood was flowing from her abdomen, with every movement bringing tear-like pain.

But Jiang Yan didn't blame Yang Jian, because he had already said he couldn't tell who the ghost was.

"You have to succeed. Otherwise, my pain would be for nothing." Jiang Yan watched as Yang Jian chased into the ancestral hall, anxious but hopeful at the same time.

As long as this nightmare was over, everything else could be discussed.

At this very moment.

Yang Jian locked the door to the ancestral hall, trapping the ghost that had just run inside. He didn't intend to let any escape.

But there were quite a few people in the hall as well.

The villagers had been organized by someone, all hiding in there.

"Did any of you see Jiang Yan run in just now?" Yang Jian stared at everyone as he asked.

But what met him were wary, suspicious glances. Seeing the blood on Yang Jian's hands and his murderous aura, they quickly associated him with the strange occurrences in the village and suspected him of being the killer, especially since they hadn't seen him around before then.

"Yang Jian, what are you doing? Did you orchestrate all of this? What are you trying to achieve by barging in like that, planning to kill more people? I don't care how much money you have, but the events of tonight are far from over."

A middle-aged man yelled loudly, looking menacing. His name was Yang Hai, and he was a relative of Yang Jian. As for what kind of relative, even Yang Jian didn't know—after all, there were plenty of extended kin in one village.

"Put that thing down and wait here until daylight. Then we'll report this to the authorities and let them handle it."

These bizarre dreams made these people think they weren't dreaming but instead dealing with some incomprehensible, extraordinary events in reality.

Yang Jian stared at the man: "A ghost has infiltrated our group. The person who entered just now is the ghost. If any of you noticed, kill it immediately. Otherwise, more people will die here. I came here to deal with that ghost. If you stop me, the ghost will eventually kill us all."

As he spoke, he strode forward to begin identifying the ghost.

It must be someone who has blended into the crowd hurriedly; the nearby people would surely know but just hadn't processed it yet.

"Nonsense. Are you saying there's a ghost causing trouble tonight? Since when does a ghost kill with knives or steel rods?"

Yang Hai laughed out of frustration, and though the night had brought some inexplicable events, he absolutely didn't believe in the ghost theory.

"This is a nightmare, a supernatural nightmare. Everything is happening in a dream. Ghosts kill in the dream, and whoever is killed by the ghost also dies in reality. Remember what happened this morning with my cousin Xiao Yuan? Her friend Lin Xiaoxi died under strange circumstances; she beheaded herself."

"Reporting this to the police is useless. It will be deemed a suicide. The real reason is that Lin Xiaoxi was killed by the ghost in her dream."

Yang Jian scanned the room with his gaze: "So, no matter who the person who entered just now is, and no matter how well you think you know them, they must be the ghost. If you don't speak up, the ghost will slowly kill everyone here. If you want to survive, help me take it down."

"What do you mean by that, Yang Jian? Explain yourself clearly..." Yang Hai grew increasingly confused as he listened, unable to accept such information at the moment.

"Just stay out of the way and don't interfere with what I'm doing. I don't have time to explain to you right now."

Yang Jian suddenly stepped forward, stabbing Yang Hai in the stomach and then shoving him aside.

The middle-aged man called Yang Hai clutched his stomach, looking at Yang Jian in disbelief, as if he hadn't anticipated such a sudden attack.

"Who else wants to waste time talking? I said I'm only after the person who just came in," said Yang Jian coldly.

"The person who came in just now seemed to be... her." Suddenly, someone pointed to another individual.

"Right, it seemed like her. She walked over from the direction of the door not long ago, but I'm not certain, I wasn't paying much attention."

"It should be."

Seemingly intimidated by Yang Jian, the people now began to cooperate and point fingers.

The person being pointed at was a woman in her forties; she was Yang Jian's mother, Zhang Fen.

"Nonsense! I was indeed standing over there just now, but someone bumped into me, and that person didn't even look back as they entered. They immediately disappeared into the crowd. Yang Jian, don't listen to their nonsense; your mom wouldn't lie to you," Zhang Fen said indignantly.

"No one blended in. You clearly came over just now," said someone nearby while simultaneously stepping back as if in great fear.

Zhang Fen retorted, "Do you think my son Yang Jian is so easily deceived? You asked to borrow three hundred and fifty thousand from Yang Jian during the day, and now you're turning your back on me? If you think there's a problem with me, fine, I'll have Yang Jian come to your house tomorrow to collect the debt. If you don't pay up, I'll report it with the IOU."

The man's mouth twitched, and he lowered his head, not daring to retort.

After all, he had indeed borrowed the money, and his words lacked conviction.

Yang Jian's expression was chillingly grim as he gripped the bloody steel rod tightly in his hand. For the first time, he felt such fury against a ghost. It wasn't enough to manipulate Jiang Yan; now it had used his own mother as well.

Had the ghost seen through his weakness? Is this all deliberate?

...

So, the Zhang Fen before me, is she a ghost, or is she also dragged into this nightmare as a mother?

Many people have pointed out that the probability of her being a ghost is very high.

Of course, it's also possible that she has been used by the ghost to create confusion, just like it previously used Jiang Yan, only this time it's doing the opposite.

"If I were the ghost, what would I do now? It reads my mind, so I need to be one step ahead with my next thought in order to break this situation; otherwise, I'll always be passive. The last time was an accidental injury, and this time it might also be an accidental injury..."

"Of course, it's also possible that the ghost knows I wouldn't dare to harm my mother severely, so it deliberately transformed into this appearance."

"Or is it neither of the two?"

Yang Jian's gaze was icy cold as he walked forward step by step, his mind racing with thoughts.

Stay calm, stay calm.

Don't let emotions restrict your thoughts.

To deal with a ghost, you have to understand its patterns of behavior.

Yang Jian recalled the first time he was killed by the ghost. He suspected that the other people at the market were the ghost, but none of them were. The real ghost was watching everything from an inconspicuous corner.

An inconspicuous corner.

A place that is currently being overlooked.

Halfway there, he abruptly stopped walking, then immediately turned and looked back in the direction of the main entrance.

All eyes were on Yang Jian, and his attention was on his mother, Zhang Fen.

A most important place was being overlooked.

The entrance of this ancestral hall.

When Yang Jian turned his head, a villager was already standing by the entrance of the ancestral hall. That villager, with a stranger's pale and slightly eerie face, was not making any moves, merely standing there, calmly looking this way.

But that person's hand was already on the door latch.

It seems that as soon as Yang Jian makes a move, that person could leave without a sound.

Because no one would notice one less person around at that time.

"Found you," Yang Jian burst forth instantly, charging over.

Ghost Face's expression did not change; it felt no fear, nor did it show any emotions, just creepily watching as Yang Jian rushed towards it.

Yang Jian's assault was very smooth.

The body of the ghost was pierced, and just like ordinary people, it could be killed in the dream.

Yang Jian's first attack pierced its body, the second his throat, the third attack saw the rusty rebar piercing its eye socket and going deep into its head.

His strikes were ruthless and swift.

By the time he made the fourth attack, Yang Jian's hand suddenly smashed into the cement.

The ancestral hall was gone.

The rebar in his hand was gone.

There was no blood.

Everything around him had disappeared.

Yang Jian's expression flickered for a moment, and he found himself back in the room on the second floor of the old house, kneeling on the ground as if still in the position of attacking the ghost.

He looked up at his surroundings.

It was not yet dawn; the sky was still dark.

The time was half past one in the morning.

"Has the nightmare ended?" Yang Jian stared at his left hand, which was wearing a glove.

In the dream, this hand did not exist, so it was easy to tell what was reality and what was a dream.

"Did I just slaughter that ghost?"

Yang Jian was a bit startled and felt somewhat unreal. The nightmare that had toyed with him twice was truly over.

Although it was only the first success, as long as he could follow through this once, he could forever eliminate the nightmare that had troubled this place for a long time.

Chapter 742 The Resurrected Corpse

"This is really a troublesome supernatural event. If I can't deal with that ghost today, after tonight, it's very likely that I will be dragged into a nightmare again tomorrow."

In the silent and empty old mansion room, Yang Jian slowly stood up.

His gaze was gloomy; he could feel the horror of this supernatural event.

You should know that the ghost entering your nightmare is not yet a complete existence, and the dangers within the nightmares are not considered great. It's hard to imagine what would happen if the ghost were to complete the puzzle, or if it were to find its body.

Did my father and Old Qin team up to deal with this thing more than a decade ago?

Although they were successful, they clearly paid a heavy price.

Because my father fell at the hands of this ghost, he disappeared from this world, leaving only a segment of past memories within the world of nightmares.

However, it seems that my father didn't want to reveal specific experiences and past events.

"The disjointed body is the key to resolving the nightmare," Yang Jian recalled the conversations from the dream.

He had three things to do.

Mark the body, piece it together, and suppress the awakening of the fierce ghost... until the body decayed more than half.

Yang Jian thought that this was about influencing the ghost in the nightmare through external intervention, and then disrupting the balance, gradually tilting the control of the nightmare towards a dog.

He had just walked out of the room.

The door of the room next door opened, and there was Jiang Yan, drenched in sweat, tears welling up in her eyes, standing there and looking at him, obviously just having woken from a nightmare.

"That dream just now scared me to death," Jiang Yan threw herself at him, hugging Yang Jian tightly.

Yang Jian was unmoved; "Being alive is enough for you, and your courage isn't that small. If you were really scared, you wouldn't possibly be so spirited right now."

"Damn it, you actually stabbed me without hesitation in the dream," Jiang Yan said indignantly: "Do you know how painful that stab was? I almost thought I was going to die, and you really went through with it, without any hesitation. And I'm your girlfriend."

"If I hadn't done that, it would have been the ghost that died, the ghost was already approaching, and you saw the situation at the time," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan pouted: "I don't care, I want you to apologize to me."

"Just take one million from the account as compensation," Yang Jian said directly.

"I don't want it," Jiang Yan refused outright, exceptionally indifferent to money.

Yang Jian asked, "Then what do you want?"

Jiang Yan's eyes twinkled, and with a giggle, she wrapped her arms around the man's neck and said, "I want you to stay with me tonight. We haven't been together in a long time."

"Your ability to recover yourself really exceeds my expectations. You were almost dead just a moment ago, and now you still have the mood to ask me to stay with you. You really are strong," Yang Jian said. "But that's good, in the future when you encounter some strange things, you won't be shocked."

"But it's so late, where are you planning to go if you're not going to sleep? Didn't the nightmare just end?" Jiang Yan said with a pitiful look again.

Yang Jian then looked towards the village enveloped in the Black Night: "Many people will die tonight. Make a call to Zang Hua and tell him to send someone over after dawn to deal with it. Also, this

nightmare will not appear in the village again. You can go to sleep peacefully. I have to deal with a ghost."

"What?" Jiang Yan immediately looked disappointed and said, "So I'll wait for you to come back?"

"No need, you better rest after you make the call; there's no danger around anymore," Yang Jian said.

"Well, alright then." Jiang Yan let go of his hand reluctantly, without interfering with Yang Jian's business.

She thought that her timing wasn't great today, and maybe she needed to find a better moment. As for the incident in her dream where she was stabbed, she didn't really blame Yang Jian at all; after all, she had unconditional trust in this man who had saved her several times.

Yang Jian didn't say much; after asking Jiang Yan for the car keys, he immediately went downstairs.

Arriving at the parking location in the village, he opened the trunk and found the body that was packed in separate pieces.

The body bag, like the box, was all opened up, and as soon as he did, a foul smell hit him.

A human head was beginning to decay, and decay very quickly at that. It had been intact before, but in less than a day's time, it was already in a complete mess.

The head was that of Yang Jian's father's corpse.

"Has it already started?" Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart.

This phenomenon indicated that the person was disappearing in the dream, supernatural power was being stripped away, or perhaps transferred, thus affecting reality. Without the support of supernatural power, the head couldn't maintain the freshly dead appearance.

Eventually, it would decay rapidly just like a regular corpse.

But though the decay was rapid, it halted before the process was even half complete.

"Is it waiting for a signal from me?" Yang Jian pondered.

He arranged the body parts on the ground.

A pair of ghastly pale dead legs, half a torso, along with a strange head that looked as though its features were assembled, and next to it, that decaying head that didn't count.

At this very moment,

The eyes of the strange dead head were eerily open, indistinguishable from those of a living person.

The eyes were pitch-black and bright but emotionless, giving off a somewhat dull expression.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

He could sense that once the ghost reclaimed this body, the terror level would be unimaginable.

The reason the ghost hadn't fully awakened yet was because it was still struggling in a nightmare with that person. It would only fully awaken the day the battle was decided.

"The ghost has opened its eyes, indicating that the nightmare has ended. When the ghost closes its eyes again, the nightmare will descend once more."

Yang Jian looked at the rotting head next to him.

The head was currently closed-eyed, suggesting that the nightmare wasn't over, just that the roles in the nightmare had switched, and identities had been exchanged.

"I need to leave a mark on this corpse, an indelible mark, so no matter how the ghost changes in the dream, that mark will remain. To accomplish this, ordinary weapons are useless. Certainly, something special is needed..."

After pondering for a moment, Yang Jian's hand suddenly held a rusty, strange-looking firewood knife.

This condition was as if it was tailored especially for him.

If Yang Jian hadn't possessed this Firewood Knife, it would have been impossible for him at this moment to harm the body of a ghost, even though he had already taken control of three ghosts.

With this eerie Firewood Knife in hand, and after pondering for a bit, he set his sights on the hands of the corpse.

He used the Firewood Knife to make two cuts across the pale back of the corpse's hands.

The cuts crossed each other, forming an "X" mark.

The mark was quite visible, easily seen at a glance.

The Firewood Knife was blunt, with a rolled edge, but it sliced through the corpse's skin with an unbelievable sharpness, as if merely touching the skin caused it to split.

Underneath the pale skin, there was no blood flowing, as if it had already been drained, revealing only an indescribable, bizarre flesh color.

However, with the use of the Firewood Knife came the curse.

Two cuts also appeared on the back of Yang Jian's hand, his blood flowed out, yet he felt no pain.

That was expected, though.

He glanced at the wound on his hand.

The Headless Ghost Shadow moving underfoot entered his body, and the wound soon healed, blood flow halting.

But the scars simply would not heal regardless.

The curse of the eerie Firewood Knife was not simple; this healing by the Ghost Shadow was only temporary. Over time, the wound would rot, and if Yang Jian continued to use the Firewood Knife, he would end up just like that tall, rotting corpse inside the Caesar Hotel.

So this terrifying and eerie object had to be used with extreme caution.

"That should do it,"

Yang Jian put away the dangerous Firewood Knife, only to find that the rotting of the nearby severed head had intensified.

Yes.

He wasn't seeing things.

Just before, it had maintained a general outline and shape, but now, bodily fluids wouldn't stop flowing out, the skin on the face and hair continued to peel off, and a foul stench wafted towards him, quickly making the head unrecognizable.

"Now that the marks are made, the rest is to reattach this corpse, which requires the use of Ghost Shadow's abilities," Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

It was as if it had all been arranged in advance.

Without the Ghost Shadow, normal means couldn't reattach the body; even if it was stitched up with needle and thread, you couldn't make the corpse heal itself.

"Once the body is reassembled, there will be a risk of awakening, and then the Ghost Hand must be used to suppress it... Is this another coincidence?" Yang Jian felt as if everything was designed with meticulous care.

Yet he could find no trace of such design.

Every supernatural event was unknown, the result of one accident after another.

Even if a ghost controller could foresee the future, they shouldn't be able to predict this far.

He couldn't figure it out.

Neither did he dwell on this question anymore.

The Ghost Shadow at Yang Jian's feet began to cover the dismembered corpse before him, then using the Supernatural Power of the Ghost Shadow, he started to piece the body back together.

The corpse that the Ghost Shadow had covered now seemed as if it had come back to life through trickery, body shaking, limbs raising, twitching, and even starting to twist on the ground in strange postures. As the body was being reassembled, a chilling aura began to spread around.

This sensation felt like danger was imminent, as if a fierce ghost was about to be revived.

Yang Jian watched the corpse intently. Now that the body hadn't even been fully pieced together and was already reacting so strongly, it was evident that the Ghost Shadow couldn't fully control the corpse and suppress its movements.

So, any unexpected event could happen once the body was completely reassembled.

But the process had already begun and, of course, could not be stopped.

The process of piecing together the body didn't take long; in less than a minute's time, the body that must have taken great effort to dismember had now returned to its original state.

A man with distorted features and mismatched facial traits, his entire skin pale without a hint of blood color.

Now, it was no longer just a corpse.

It was a ghost, a complete ghost.

Something eerie happened.

The body on the ground slowly closed its eyes, and at the same time, the nearby head rotted even further. Now, the hair and skin on the head had rotted away, leaving behind only a skull covered in bits of flesh, a sight that was frightening to behold.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged; such a scene was no longer strange to him.

It was real ghosts he feared, not a rotting, changing corpse.

After the body closed its eyes, everything seemed to return to calm, the strange movements coming to a halt.

But this calm did not last long.

It was difficult to say whether it was twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour later.

At a certain moment, the corpse with the distorted features and pale complexion abruptly sat up straight and stiff from the ground, its closed eyes suddenly snapping open.

The eyes had changed from before.

There was a hint of eerie expression through the dullness, and at that moment, they seemed to be staring at Yang Jian nearby.

"It has revived so quickly?" Yang Jian's face changed dramatically.

He had been watching the body the whole time, never leaving it, so he reacted immediately as soon as the body showed any abnormality.

Without the slightest hesitation, a dark palm rapidly covered the corpse's head.

The suppression by the Ghost Hand was in place.

The body, which had just opened its eyes, slowly closed them again.

Chapter 743 The Endless Beginning

Now Yang Jian's Ghost Hand can indiscriminately suppress a ghost, and since he stole a part of the puzzle from the Ghost Envoy, he possesses certain characteristics of a Ghost Envoy.

This Ghost Hand is quite terrifying. Ordinary ghosts that come into contact with Yang Jian will be immediately suppressed by his touch until they are unable to move. Thus, when Yang Jian's Ghost Hand touched the head of this corpse, suppression had already been formed.

The ghastly corpse with its eyes open now once again closed them slowly.

It was as if it had fallen back into sleep after just waking up.

Perhaps during the process of this deep sleep, a terrifying nightmare unknown to others was taking place, but what exactly was happening in the nightmare, Yang Jian did not know.

All he had to do was what that person had told him, just do these three things.

As for what consequences would occur, Yang Jian had no confidence; typically, given his nature, he wouldn't so easily trust the words of a stranger, no, a foreign entity. But this time, he didn't doubt if there were traps in what that person wanted him to do.

Could it be because that person was his own deceased father?

No.

That should be impossible. After more than a decade, Yang Jian's memory of his father was almost nonexistent, just a vague concept. It was impossible for him to believe him just because of that relationship.

"I must be under the influence of a nightmare," Yang Jian thought he might be out of his mind.

The eerie corpse in front of him had closed its eyes. Although it was still sitting on the ground and hadn't lain down, that was enough.

Not opening its eyes meant that the suppression was in place, and the third condition was also fulfilled.

Next, Yang Jian needed to wait for the corpse to undergo a change... According to what the man in the forest had said earlier, after entering deep sleep, the corpse would gradually decay, and once the decay exceeded half, all would be over.

In the meantime,

the suppression must be maintained continuously, not allowing the ghost to open its eyes and regain consciousness, and also not isolating the corpse in a body bag or in a Gold Box.

Yang Jian fell silent, he didn't speak, he just lifted the corpse and placed it in the trunk.

He found a few outer coats Jiang Yan had left in the car and covered the corpse with them, then sat there alone, one darkened hand still gripping the corpse without letting go.

Gripping a ghost and sitting together,

Even a general ghost suppressor wouldn't have such audacity, and to a greater or lesser extent would feel nervous and afraid.

But Yang Jian was as still as if nothing had happened, his body invaded by Ghost Shadow, in a state of absolute reason, and he would not feel sleepy or tired. In such a state, he was very close to a real ghost, the only difference being that he had reason and could think, while a ghost could not.

"The corpse is decaying."

As he sat in silence, Yang Jian noticed that the corpse beside him was gradually showing signs of livor mortis, then turning black, showing a tendency to decay, while another human head had already rotted away to nothing, its skull shattered, completely disappearing from this world.

A struggle between ghosts was probably already underway.

That person was trying to dominate the lingering nightmare.

No one could guarantee success.

However, as soon as Yang Jian had finished these tasks, with the end of last night's nightmare, everyone in the village woke up from their dreams, and some horrific consequences began to appear.

Those who died in the nightmare were still affected in reality. Through various methods, with their eyes closed, they brutally committed suicide.

Before dawn, the number of deaths in the village was rapidly climbing.

Screams and heart-wrenching cries soon filled the silent village, clearly showing that many villagers had lost their relatives to the nightmare and could never wake up again. Although it was impossible to estimate the exact number of people, at least twenty to thirty had died within the nightmare.

Yang Jian had anticipated such a result.

In supernatural events, death is inevitable. This was considered a low number, as these people had only entered the nightmare once and did not stay long, ending around one o'clock in the morning.

If they had stayed a few more hours,

the entire village would have become a ghost town.

This time Yang Jian had managed to minimize the casualties as much as possible. In comparison with some of the supernatural incidents he had experienced before, the number of deaths was far greater.

Time passed by little by little.

The corpse beside him was also decaying bit by bit, but the rate of decay was not fast.

In that unresolved nightmare,

there was still that gloomy, dense forest.

This time, within the dream, there was only the forest left, no village, no roads to the outside, and no other people.

Inside the cabin in that forest,

a man who looked somewhat like Yang Jian lay on a wooden bed, his body continuously disappearing, merging with the surrounding darkness as if the power of the supernatural could no longer sustain his existence and was erasing him.

Facing these eerie changes, the man's dull and rigid face showed no signs of alteration.

There was no fear, nor tension.

Instead, there was a sense of relieved ease.

He had been trapped here for over a decade, all for the moment that had come today.

Throughout the entire process, he didn't utter a word, perhaps there was nothing to explain, or maybe he couldn't send a message out from this place, simply looking towards a large black shadow by the bed before fading away.

It was like a relay.

He had passed the task of combating the ghost to it—a dog that had been dragged into the nightmare.

"I should have died more than a decade ago..." he murmured softly, seemingly reminiscing about something, but then he stopped, and his figure was gradually swallowed by the darkness, vanishing without a trace, leaving nothing behind.

After he disappeared,

a large black wolf-dog stood up from beside the bed, then barged through the door and walked out, its eerie eyes sweeping over the dim forest.

The forest wasn't vast, but it seemed like the whole world.

Because this dream was a dog's dream.

The dog had never left this forest in its life, so its world was only this big.

In the woods, a person with a wounded hand stood stiff and numb, motionless, peering at the cabin with a sharp knife in hand, as if to close in and attack the person inside.

But as the dog came out,

the ghost began to turn away and leave, for there was no longer anyone inside the cabin.

Yet even as it turned to try and leave, the ghost could not walk out of these woods nor could it finish the transition to end this nightmare.

Because the body in the outside world and the dream realm were both influenced, the ghost was trapped.

This was a meticulously planned trap, set by that person to kill the ghost within the dreamscape.

If anyone knew all of this, they would be so shocked that they couldn't speak.

There really was someone in the world who could force an unsolvable ghost into such a deadlock, then accomplish a replacement...

The next moment,

wolf-dog snarls and tearing sounds echoed through the dim forest.

The ghost was being attacked and hunted down by a dog.

Soon, the ghost died once.

Because the dog had no human memories, no flaws, just the instinct to hunt, the ghost had no weaknesses to exploit and was bitten to death without even fighting back.

But the nightmare did not end, for the body in the outside world was suppressed, unable to open its eyes.

At this point, the ghost had to endure the second day's nightmare, for it was only on the second day that the ghost could continue with the Resurrection, so this was compulsory, as it was the ghost's routine, something that couldn't be changed.

During the second day's nightmare, the ghost was killed by the wolf-dog again.

Still unable to wake up, the ghost had to face the third day's nightmare.

On the third day, the ghost was still killed.

...

An unending cycle had begun within the nightmare.

However, the ghost had not completely mastered this nightmare; it mostly did, for this inconspicuous wolf-dog was also one of the sources of the nightmare, albeit a weak one, but it carried a piece of the ghost's puzzle.

So while the ghost was being killed, it was also a contest of replacement between them.

With each death, with each demise at the hands of the dog that was also a source of the nightmare, the ghost's control over the nightmare weakened, and if this continued, the ghost would eventually vanish completely, leaving the dog to replace everything.

Yang Jian's father's plan would then be successfully carried out.

Moreover, this was a plan that living humans could not participate in.

Because human memory is too complex and easily exploited, once pulled into the nightmare by the ghost, they are unlikely to be a match for it, and once killed, the ghost within the nightmare would fully revive.

So an animal was the best choice.

Especially an animal that had always been confined to one place.

This was the preparation made to restrain the ghost.

Chapter 744 Waiting and Conflict

A nightmarish night had passed, and it was now light outside.

But what had happened in the village was irreversible, and by this time, most of those who had died in their nightmares had probably already taken their own lives in eerie ways. The cries and heart-wrenching screams had gradually subsided, and those who had lost loved ones were slowly coming to terms with the brutal reality.

For Yang Jian, sitting in silence like this was a kind of enjoyment, even if he was sitting side by side with a Ghost Hand in the trunk, it didn't affect his mood.

He had checked the body several times.

It was decaying.

But the rate of decay was not particularly fast; if it continued at this pace, it would take at least a day or two for the body to decay to over half its state.

In other words, Yang Jian had to suppress this corpse for a day or two.

During this period, he had to avoid using the abilities of other fierce ghosts as much as possible to prevent his own balance from failing.

So far, without the aid of supernatural objects, being able to use the abilities of fierce ghosts for a day or two without the risk of revival was something only he, as far as he knew, could do. Wei Jing might also be able to do it, but that guy seemed to be half-dead, his consciousness eroded by fierce ghosts; whether Wang Xiaoming could save him was unknown.

"Hehe, cousin, why are you here? I just went to your house to find you, Auntie Jiang said you left the house tonight."

Suddenly, a laughter rang out, and a sweet and lovely girl came over from the village. She seemed very enthusiastic when she saw Yang Jian.

"Cousin," Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, with a hint of wariness in his eyes.

That person in the nightmare had said that Xiao Yuan was an accident and not part of his arrangement.

As for what kind of accident it was, Yang Jian didn't know—the other person might know, but he hadn't said.

"Do you need something from me?" Yang Jian asked.

"Nothing much, just wanted to hang out with cousin," Xiao Yuan said, her gaze wandering over Yang Jian and then looking toward the open trunk.

It was a corpse covered by clothing, with a faint smell of decay wafting over.

Yang Jian said, "I can't accompany you today. Go find Jiang Yan, she can take you shopping in the city."

"Auntie Jiang is busy now, when I left, many people in the village were looking for her,"

Xiao Yuan giggled, and as she spoke, she came to Yang Jian's side, sitting directly on the opened trunk, her legs dangling in the air and gently swinging.

"What do the villagers need her for?" Yang Jian asked with a frown.

"I don't know, I didn't ask... Huh, what's this? A person? Who's sleeping here?"

Suddenly, Xiao Yuan lifted a piece of clothing beside her, revealing a ghastly pale and cold corpse sitting in the car's cabin, eyes closed.

Yang Jian grabbed her wrist, his gaze turning sharp, "Are you curious about this body?"

This was to prevent her from touching the ghost.

You must understand that the ghost was currently in a suppressed state, which was not stable. As soon as he loosened his grip and stopped the suppression, the ghost would awaken from the nightmares.

What kind of accident would happen then, no one could predict; perhaps another supernatural event would occur.

The village had suffered many deaths last night. Another incident like that, and Yang Jian's home might become a deserted village, an outcome he didn't want to see.

"No, I just thought this person looked familiar, like I've seen them somewhere before," Xiao Yuan said, tilting her head, a thoughtful look on her face.

Then she shook her head, "I can't remember; it's so annoying."

"Is there a problem with your memory?" Seeing Xiao Yuan's somewhat pained expression, Yang Jian pondered internally.

Her friend Lin Xiaoxi died yesterday, and she had only felt pain and guilt for a day. With last night's village ordeal, she now seemed oblivious... Even a person with a big heart and a forgetful nature couldn't adjust that quickly. The only possibility was that Xiao Yuan's memory had always been problematic.

She would forget some things, or fail to remember others that made a deep impression on her.

So when relatives or friends died, she couldn't retain the memory of their passing and naturally wouldn't feel sad or distressed.

"If you can't think of it, then don't keep trying. You shouldn't buy knives anymore, nor do you need to sleep in a raincoat. That nightmare has ended, and if nothing unexpected happens, it probably won't reappear," Yang Jian comforted her.

"Is that so?" Xiao Yuan pondered something else.

But she failed to recall many things, as if she had overlooked something important yet, at the same time, not.

Yang Jian went on, "Don't touch this body. Stay away from this thing; it's very dangerous."

"Okay, then."

Sitting in the trunk, Xiao Yuan jumped down and said with a smile, "If Cousin isn't busy, come fishing with me. I don't think I've ever fished before."

"Fishing?"

Yang Jian was taken aback, not expecting Xiao Yuan to suddenly make such an odd request.

Who fishes in the cold of winter without fearing the chill?

"I'm not free right now, can't leave. If you want to fish, wait a few days. Once I'm done with what I'm working on, I can accompany you fishing," Yang Jian said.

"No need, I don't feel like fishing anymore, hee hee, thanks, Cousin," Xiao Yuan changed her mind just then.

This unforeseen change really confused Yang Jian.

But at that moment, his phone rang.

He looked down to see it was a call from Jiang Yan.

Generally speaking, Jiang Yan wouldn't call him. After all, Yang Jian had already mentioned that he could be dealing with supernatural events at any time and only significant matters should be communicated over the phone.

For this reason, whether it was the company or some of Yang Jian's assets, everything was left in Jiang Yan's care to manage, to avoid the inconvenience of her seeking him out constantly.

"What's the matter?" Yang Jian answered the phone.

Jiang Yan spoke with a hint of urgency and grievance, "Yang Jian, where are you? I'm surrounded by people from the village, and I don't know what to do. I think only you can handle this. Please come back quickly..."

After listening to Jiang Yan's description, Yang Jian roughly understood what was going on.

Actually, it wasn't a big deal.

It was about the compensation.

Yesterday, Lin Xiaoxi died, and Yang Jian generously compensated her family with five million to keep the peace. However, people from the village also died in a nightmare last night. Not knowing who led the charge, they went to Yang Jian's house early in the morning, seeking the same compensation.

Yang Jian had left the previous night, and nobody found him, so they surrounded Jiang Yan and his mother Zhang Fen, demanding the payout.

Five million was enough to arouse envy.

Plus, most of the family members had lost loved ones, emotions ran high, and so Jiang Yan became their outlet.

"I know. I'm sitting by the car, let them come find me," Yang Jian responded calmly, his expression unchanged.

"Okay, okay," Jiang Yan replied as if a heavy burden had been lifted off her shoulders.

After Yang Jian hung up the phone, he immediately contacted Zang Hua, "Hello, Zang Hua, it's me, Yang Jian."

"I'm here. Yang Jian, do you have any missions?" The voice from Zang Hua's end came through quickly.

Yang Jian said, "Jiang Yan must have contacted you before. The situation in Meishan Village is almost settled. When are your people coming over? There are some follow-up matters that need to be handled by you."

"I've already sent Xiao Hu to handle it, and their car is on the way, should be about fifteen minutes before they arrive. Yang Captain, do I need to rush over there?" Zang Hua said.

"No need, have your people bring more over, there are quite a few dead, and it has caused some conflicts." Yang Jian said.

Zang Hua responded, "Okay, no problem, Captain Yang, is there anything else you'd like to instruct?"

"No, I'll contact you if there's anything." Yang Jian no longer elaborated, and hung up the phone.

However, at this moment, he discovered that Xiao Yuan, who had been here just now, had left at some point, and there was no trace of her around.

Gone?

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly.

This cousin of his still had other secrets, and the bruises or mottled spots like livor mortis on her body were the best evidence.

It's just that he currently needed to deal with the ghost, and he temporarily had no energy to investigate.

Very soon.

A lot of people from the nearby village appeared.

Jiang Yan, being egged on, took the lead and walked over here. When she arrived in front of Yang Jian, she looked very embarrassed, lowering her head as if she had done something wrong.

"Go sit in the car." Yang Jian motioned.

"Oh." Jiang Yan did not hesitate, obediently following the instructions, opened the car door, and sat in the passenger seat.

Clearly.

The subsequent matters were no longer related to her, Yang Jian was going to handle these issues personally.

But just as Jiang Yan had sat down, the arguing outside began.

"Look here, Yang Jian, when a foreigner died yesterday, his family was compensated five million, but now a local has died, how can you not feel ashamed to not pay a single penny? Your girlfriend already said, if anything happened here, you would take responsibility, now you better not go back on your word."

An unfamiliar aunt spoke up without any reservations.

"Exactly, your girlfriend also said you're the person in charge of Dachang City, now that people have died, are you going to take responsibility or not?"

"We are not asking you to take the full responsibility, but with such a big incident happening, you should at least offer some compensation."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, looking at those who were speaking.

"Is it just about compensation? Nothing else?"

The others were immediately taken aback, apparently not expecting Yang Jian's response to be so calm, with no intention of arguing or refusing at all.

"Yang Jian, you are also from this village, just handle it as you see fit. You are responsible for this, and you should compensate as necessary, not a dime less." A middle-aged man frowned and said while smoking a cigarette.

As if he took it for granted that this should be the case.

"Strictly speaking, I am only responsible for handling the matter, not for compensation. The compensation yesterday was merely to avoid my cousin being hassled by others, so I settled it privately. Today, people in your families have died, instead of figuring out how to take care of the aftermath, you first encircle me demanding compensation; doesn't that seem a bit unreasonable?"

Yang Jian maintained a calm demeanor.

He thought he was emotionless, but these people seemed even colder.

Their relatives had died not half a day ago, and they were already clamoring for compensation.

It was as if those deceased were no longer important, but the money was of greater importance. Their rational weighing of pros and cons was almost on par with Wang Xiaoming.

"Yang Jian, what do you mean by that? Are you saying you won't compensate?" No sooner had the words been spoken, someone nearby became emotionally agitated.

Someone died and not a cent of compensation could be gotten. That was something they simply could not accept.

Besides, the compensation was a huge sum.

"That's a separate issue," Yang Jian remained indifferent. He now had Ghost Shadow within him, so his emotions were completely unaffected.

"I'll pay you compensation if I'm willing. If I'm not, you won't get a dime. Don't get it wrong. And remember, when asking for help, you should show the right attitude. My family doesn't owe you anything. Besides, you came to make trouble at my house early in the morning, which is too much."

"First, apologize to my mom and Jiang Yan, then we can discuss the compensation," Yang Jian said firmly to the group.

Apologize?

None of these people who came here so aggressively for compensation had thought about apologizing.

"Apologize for what? Yang Jian, if it weren't for you, would so many people have died? If anyone should be apologizing, you should apologize to us. If it weren't for you, Old Liu in my family wouldn't have died... Wah, wah, wah..."

The middle-aged woman started crying again and then pointed at Yang Jian, crying and cursing him.

It seemed as if everything was entirely Yang Jian's fault.

Jiang Yan, sitting in the car, looked worried,

She wasn't worried about what would happen to Yang Jian, but about these ignorant villagers.

These people probably had no idea just what kind of identity, status, and power this seemingly ordinary young man sitting there possessed.

If it were not for considering they were from the same town, they would never even dream of speaking a word with someone like Yang Jian in their lifetime.

That's why Jiang Yan feared they might anger Yang Jian.

Because when Yang Jian got angry, he was truly willing to take action and kill, and it was no joke.

"You have twenty seconds to apologize. After that, we can talk about what comes next," Yang Jian ignored these people's accusations and simply gave them a deadline.

It was a choice.

"What do you mean, Yang Jian? Are you going to pay compensation or not? Just give us a straight answer. The way the village is in an uproar, that person in charge of yours is very much responsible. We saw everything that happened last night, and if you had dealt with it sooner, it wouldn't have come to this."

"An apology? Your family didn't lose anyone, mine did. And you want me to apologize to you? Pah!"

"Look, Yang Jian, I want to say something fair. Making a big deal out of this isn't good. I know you're rich, you've made it, but you can't ignore the people in the village, can you? Just do it like the compensation we discussed yesterday, pay each family a sum and consider the matter closed. What do you say?" said the middle-aged man who was smoking.

Yang Jian looked down at his phone where a countdown was displayed; "You have five seconds left."

"What kind of attitude is that? Don't think you're something just because you have a nice car. I'm telling you, if you provoke me, I won't let you off so easily,"

the woman claimed while crying and picked up a rock from the ground, throwing it at the car next to Yang Jian, denting it.

"Time's up," Yang Jian put away his phone, ignoring their actions.

"You get no compensation, not a penny. Furthermore, I could regard this as an attempt at extortion. If you don't mind, why not sit in jail for a few months first?"

He didn't resort to particularly forceful measures because he didn't think these people were worth the effort.

"What? Go to jail because you said so? Who do you think you are?"

Yang Jian didn't say much, just glanced toward the entrance to the village.

Zang Hua's people had arrived, and a convoy of vehicles drove into the village—the investigation team that had been arranged for this incident.

Chapter 745 The New Codename

The nightmare this time indeed bore some responsibility on Yang Jian's part. If he hadn't moved those bodies, today's nightmare wouldn't have occurred. He was well aware of this in his heart, so he wasn't unwilling to consider the emotions of the villagers and offer some compensation.

After all, money was really just a number to him. He had no life to spend the money on, nor did he have the time. Of course, even with Yang Jian's current assets, it would be difficult to run out of money.

Playing the sucker and giving the villagers a break wasn't out of the question.

However, these people were too despicable.

And too indifferent as well.

The deaths in the village had just occurred last night, the bodies not yet collected or cremated, and here they were early this morning demanding compensation, displaying an indifference colder than that of a ghost manipulator.

Moreover.

They had disturbed his own family's rest, solely focusing on their benefit and completely disregarding others.

Yang Jian found dealing with these people utterly disgusting.

This kind of public sentiment and spirit—it was no wonder his mother chose to live with him in Dachang City, preferring to rent a house rather than return to the village.

Coming back, they would likely endure ridicule and contempt.

At least outside, they could be treated as normal people.

Yang Jian hadn't experienced much outside of supernatural events. He had little interaction with others and had never handled complex interpersonal relationships before, making this the first time he had this kind of revelation and produced some thoughts.

As he refused to offer compensation.

The already agitated atmosphere showed signs of spinning out of control. However, as vehicle after vehicle drove into the village, this threat of chaos subsided.

"The case officers have arrived."

"So many vehicles—how many people have come?"

"With so many dead, it's bound to be a major case, hence so many people."

Amid the discussions, the vehicles stopped on the open ground nearby, and a large number of officers got out of the cars—at least a few dozen, more than the onlookers from the village.

Leading them was a young man under thirty who seemed unusually capable. His name was Hu Kai⁴, a subordinate of Zang Hua⁵, responsible for handling special cases in this area.

With Hu Kai's arrival.

The villagers around suddenly quieted down, not daring to speak recklessly anymore.

"You're quite a bit later than the agreed time," Yang Jian said.

Hu Kai came over and immediately apologized, "I'm terribly sorry, Captain Yang. The roads in the township are quite narrow, and there was some traffic congestion, so we were delayed a few minutes."

Although Yang Jian didn't know this person, Hu Kai recognized Yang Jian.

Internally, Yang Jian's file and data must have been widely circulated, and even though it was classified, important personnel inevitably knew of him.

"No worries, just deal with the aftermath. That thing has been taken care of; you need not worry about danger," Yang Jian stated.

Hu Kai breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you, Captain Yang. That puts my mind at ease."

Captain Yang?

The other villagers witnessing this scene were momentarily stunned, uncertain of what to do next. Up until now, they had merely thought Yang Jian had come into a fortune, but they didn't expect that even the leading case officer treated him with such respect.

This was not just about having money; it also spoke of his status.

"Take these people away and find a way to isolate and observe them for three to six months. The reason... they're involved in a supernatural event and could be abnormal," Yang Jian said coldly, pointing at the crowd.

Hu Kai hesitated for a moment, but then quickly understood what he meant.

The reason was impeccable; there would be no issue to report up the chain, as it concerned a supernatural event. No one else had the right to question it, and Yang Jian had full authority to handle it.

"Yes, Captain Yang, I understand."

Then Hu Kai gave his subordinates instructions: "Take them back and settle them in properly. Isolate them for a while and be polite about it. Don't cause any conflict or trouble. They aren't criminals; they're just ordinary people."

Yang Jian didn't care how Xiao Hu handled it; he was only interested in the results.

He just needed these bothersome people to disappear; as for how, where they went, and what they did, he had no interest at all.

"Yang Jian, what do you mean by this? What have we done that you would treat us this way?" Suddenly, a middle-aged man said in a panic as he was being escorted away by the officers.

"Yang Jian, you cold-hearted beast! You're cut from the same cloth as your old dad. If you don't want me to live, I'll fight you with all I've got." A woman screamed, refusing to be taken away. She broke free from the crowd and charged at Yang Jian, determined to fight him to the death.

But the next moment, the woman seemed to be grabbed by something at the ankle and with a thud, she crashed to the ground.

Yang Jian would not allow this person to approach him and disrupt his efforts to suppress the ghost.

Before she could get up.

Bang!

A gun sounded loudly, making everyone's hearts skip a beat.

Yang Jian's face was indifferent as he pulled out a golden pistol. After firing a shot into the sky, he slowly placed the gun aside, "Whoever dares cause trouble, I'll shoot to kill."

At that moment.

The other villagers all widened their eyes at Yang Jian.

Goodness.

Yang Jian had a gun in his hand.

Like seeing a ghost, everyone instinctively retreated quite a distance, not daring to crowd around anymore. Had it not been for the presence of the case officers, they might have even scattered and fled.

...

After all, even the bravest person wouldn't dare to confront someone with a gun, right? What if it went off accidentally? That could kill someone.

A gunshot rang out.

Next to him, Hu Kai looked at Yang Jian with some surprise, feeling that there was no need to shoot under these circumstances unless there was something else far more critical to deal with, something that necessitated such an action.

So he looked closely around Yang Jian.

Quickly, he noticed that there seemed to be someone sitting beside Yang Jian.

No, that wasn't a person but a cold, faintly smelly corpse, veiled by clothing but whose outline was still discernible.

A corpse?

Why would there be a corpse in the trunk of the car at this time?

Wait, maybe that wasn't a corpse, perhaps it was... a ghost.

The ghost was sitting right next to Yang Jian, and this situation seemed to be not yet completely dealt with, which would explain why he would keep ordinary people away, even if it meant using some violent means to do so.

"Damn it."

Emotionally agitated at this point, Hu Kai shouted, "Take them all back, nobody stays, martial law at the village entrance, no one else is allowed near."

When it came to ghosts,

this incident was on another level entirely.

It wasn't just about handling the aftermath; things could go seriously wrong.

If this messed up the situation, Hu Kai felt that resigning ten times wouldn't be enough.

With the command issued, Yang Jian's demonstrations had a deterrent effect.

Those trying to cause trouble became compliant.

The reason was simple: they were afraid.

Not only did Yang Jian have a gun and was willing to use it, but most importantly, no one was intervening. The officials acted as if they hadn't seen anything and didn't deal with the situation, which meant what?

Anyone with half a brain could figure it out.

The weapon in Yang Jian's hands was sanctioned, which meant he was allowed to fire it.

Realizing this, the look in people's eyes when they saw Yang Jian was no longer one of greed but fear, even terror. They were afraid of being targeted later for retribution, concerned about the ramifications after being taken away, wondering if they might never return.

As for compensation, no one mentioned it again.

Matters of money were irrelevant now; being safe was all that mattered.

Yang Jian coldly observed as the people were escorted away. To his current state of being, this was the utmost mercy he could offer. If it were any other spirit controller, a couple of complaints would have been enough to slaughter them all, considering that many spirit controllers were psychopathic and lacked humanity.

"A lot of people in the village have died. Go take care of the corpses, and then do me another favor. Fetch me two files; I want to take a look," Yang Jian ordered.

Not daring to approach, Hu Kai stood off to the side and asked cautiously, "May I know whose files you need, Team Leader Yang?"

"My father's, and one is for my cousin."

"May I know your cousin's name?" Hu Kai asked, since it wasn't a next-of-kin matter. He needed the exact name to expedite the process.

Yang Jian replied, "Meishan Village, Liang Yuan."

"All right, no problem."

Hu Kai immediately agreed and instructed a subordinate to take care of it.

"Also, after the files on this incident in Meishan Village are compiled, send them to Zang Hua. The codename is... Ghost Dream," Yang Jian said.

He felt that this incident differed from the Nightmare case, even though there were similarities. However, if it turned out to be the same, he wouldn't mind renaming it and creating a new file of his own.

After all, the Nightmare files were from overseas, not domestic occurrences.

Then, Yang Jian patted the car: "Auntie Jiang, what are you doing? Fallen asleep?"

"No, I haven't slept," Jiang Yan replied with a shiver, hastily.

She'd been watching the drama unfold and hadn't expected Yang Jian to deal with this bothersome matter in such a way. She had thought it would drag on for quite a while, but what worried her most was Yang Jian losing his temper and getting physical.

"Follow Xiao Hu around the village. Families of those who didn't show up today, if someone died, compensate them with five million each... this is my personal compensation," Yang Jian said calmly.

Jiang Yan, taken aback, said, "We're still compensating? That's unnecessary, isn't it?"

"It's unnecessary, but is it a problem if I want to do it? Moreover, it's not scarcity that provokes unrest, but inequality. I want those people to regret it for the rest of their lives," Yang Jian stated indifferently.

"To kill by breaking the spirit?"

Jiang Yan suddenly narrowed her eyes and covered her mouth, chuckling, "You're so wicked."

If those people returned and saw others were compensated with five million while they received nothing, they'd probably be furious to the point of spitting blood. That shadow would linger over them for life.

"I never said I was a good person," Yang Jian remarked.

"I'll get on it," Jiang Yan quickly got out of the car.

As Yang Jian saw people getting busy and also noticed several individuals remaining to keep watch,

he could now sit peacefully here and suppress the decaying corpse without anyone disturbing him.

The rate of decay of the body continued to intensify,

though not as rapidly as he had imagined.

Still, the process went very smoothly.

Chapter 746 The People Who Don't Exist Now

...

After dealing with the disturbance in the village, Yang Jian had been sitting quietly in the trunk of the car, suppressing the ghost so that it couldn't open its eyes and wake up.

The process was simple, yet it still contained hidden dangers.

During this time, he couldn't carelessly use the power of the malevolent ghost.

So while keeping an eye on the ghost, he also had to be mindful of his own condition. After all, this ghost suppression slot was usually used on himself; there was no problem using it briefly on a ghost, but Yang Jian had never tried it for an extended period.

Around noon.

Hu Kai came over with a file folder and handed it to Yang Jian, then said, "Chief Yang, there's something strange about this."

"What is it?" Yang Jian took the file folder with one hand and started to examine it without lifting his head.

"I only found your father's records, and those are quite old, with not much information. As for the cousin you mentioned, named Liang Yuan, I couldn't find her records," Hu Kai explained.

Yang Jian paused in his actions, lifted his head, and frowned, "You didn't find them?"

"Yes, I couldn't find any. There are simply no records of this person's existence. I can find the records of everyone else in Meishan Village, but hers are nowhere to be found," Hu Kai said in a low voice; "There's not a single person named Liang Yuan in the archives, but I have asked other villagers and confirmed that such a person indeed exists."

"So, I can only deduce that your cousin wasn't entered into the records; she's unregistered, without an identity. However, I took the initiative to register her. Here is her new household registration book and her new ID card."

After saying that, Hu Kai handed over another document bag.

Yang Jian waved his hand, "Wait a moment, all of this is secondary. I want to know, why can't my cousin's records be found? Normally, after a person is born, records are established, aren't they? You need these for things like school. It's impossible to have no records."

"That's correct. However, her name is an extra, unverifiable one. As for how she was born and enrolled in school, I'm not sure yet. I need some time to investigate," Hu Kai said.

"No, don't bother. Go check the past archives, the people of Meishan Village who were born and died in the past. Whether it's using facial recognition or manual comparison, it shouldn't be difficult to find some traces since there aren't many people in the village. Give me an answer before evening," Yang Jian instructed, staring at him.

"No problem, the records of this village's people are easy to find," Hu Kai responded. "I'll get right on it."

As he saw Hu Kai leave, Yang Jian's heart grew even more restless.

It seemed that he was uncovering yet another hidden existence.

His cousin was not as simple as he had imagined. The person in the nightmare had said that Xiao Yuan was an accident.

As for what kind of accident, Yang Jian was unclear, but that didn't hinder his search for the truth.

Afterward.

Jiang Yan returned. She had just finished compensating the remaining households and heaved a sigh of relief, "Finally, it's over. Yang Jian, you've spent quite a sum, a good few tens of millions. I've been busy until now, just finished transferring the money. But some people are really lucky. There's only an elderly person at home, with no younger generation present. They stumbled upon a fortune. When I called them, they weren't sad at all; they were almost ecstatic."

"Nowadays, people really value money over life. If they were here, they would certainly have caused a fuss."

"It's alright, you've done well," Yang Jian said with a slight nod. "A few tens of millions is just the price of an apartment in the community. But for them, it's an opportunity to change their fate."

"Hehe, thinking like that makes me feel less heartache," Jiang Yan said with a laugh.

Even though it was Yang Jian's money being spent, she was the one feeling the pinch. As Yang Jian's housekeeper, it pained her to see every penny go out.

"You go back and rest first. Go talk and have a chat with my mom. I still have things to take care of," Yang Jian waved his hand at this moment, signaling her to leave.

Since he saw Hu Kai returning.

"Alright then, what do you want to eat for dinner? I'll bring it over later," Jiang Yan blinked and said.

Yang Jian said, "Just anything is fine."

"Then I'm heading home." Jiang Yan also saw Hu Kai and obediently left.

Once she was gone, Hu Kai pulled out an old file.

"Chief Yang, I did find something special. Take a look at this archive. It's quite old and was supposed to be destroyed. However, due to the supernatural incidents years ago, we were ordered to preserve these old records, otherwise, we really wouldn't have found anything," he said.

While talking, he opened the file and handed a document to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian took it and glanced at it, his pupils instantly constricting.

The file was very old, with handwritten information, not printed. The photos were black and white, and some had faded a bit, slightly blurred, but he could still clearly see the person on the file.

It was a woman.

Approximately seventeen or eighteen years old, looking exactly like his cousin Xiao Yuan, with two large braids and long hair.

But his current cousin had shoulder-length hair, not that long.

The name was... Yang Yuanyuan.

The date of birth was... forty years ago.

...

Yang Jian didn't recognize members of his family or anything like that; they were strangers to him, and if they existed, they were probably all dead.

"This person is from my father's generation," Yang Jian said in a subdued voice.

Hu Kai said, "Yes, I've looked into this person's relations. To be precise, this Yang Yuanyuan was your father's cousin, but she wasn't from our village. As for where she was from, I don't know. The technology back then was not mature, and a lot of information has been lost."

"This person named Yang Yuanyuan is dead? And the cause of death is... drowning?" Yang Jian then found another document and immediately frowned.

Hu Kai said awkwardly, "That's correct, which is why I can't determine whether she has any connection to your cousin or not. They just look exactly alike, after all, a dead person can't be brought back to life."

Although he knew of many bizarre supernatural incidents, he still didn't believe the two were related.

"Who says the dead cannot be brought back to life?" Yang Jian glanced at him.

"Huh?" Hu Kai's eyes widened. "Has there been such a precedent?"

Yang Jian didn't answer. How could he say that he himself could bring the dead back to life?

The so-called resurrection was not truly bringing someone back to life but using supernatural methods to preserve that person's memory. For him, it was quite simple, using the blood-stained old newspaper, tearing off a person's face, and then attaching it to another corpse. This way, the dead had a high probability of being resurrected in a new body.

Of course, the time since the person's death couldn't be too long; if it was, it might not work.

There was another alternative method.

With the Headless Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian could also attach a living person's head to a new body, but this condition was stricter. It wasn't possible to bring back the dead, only to switch bodies.

In short, using supernatural means, it was possible to "resurrect" a person.

This type of resurrection was not a true return to life, but rather an alternative form of existence.

Turned into something neither human nor ghost,

"So, the accident that person mentioned refers to this? Xiao Yuan doesn't exist in the present, but is an anomaly existing because of supernatural powers?" Yang Jian pondered, still holding the document in his hand.

To achieve this, it was necessary to modify memories.

Otherwise, if a person suddenly appeared out of nowhere, many would be suspicious.

The blood-stained old newspaper could modify memories, or more accurately, the ghost that read the newspaper could modify memories.

If this were true,

It must have been done by my father before he passed away.

Indeed.

Did my father control more than one ghost while he was alive?

The nightmare ghosts and the memory-modifying ghosts were both connected to my father.

Unfortunately, the last memory must have been lost in the nightmares, a truth buried forever.

There was no way to find out about the past anymore.

"File away the document, make a copy, archive the new one, and send the old one to Zang Hua," Yang Jian pondered for a while after reading the two documents, then returned them to Hu Kai.

"Is there anything else you need me to do, Captain Yang?"

Yang Jian said, "There's nothing else for the moment. Leave a few people on duty here for a week; you can leave."

"Okay, I'll head back then. Captain Yang, call me if you need anything," Hu Kai said.

Yang Jian nodded.

Soon, a day had passed.

Hu Kai left the village with most of the personnel, leaving only a few people on duty.

Meanwhile, the degree of decay on the corpse beside Yang Jian had become very obvious, with visibly rotten parts, showing a significant change from before.

This change had come faster than expected.

If this continued, by tomorrow noon, the decay would surpass half, and he could stop suppressing the corpse.

After all, sitting hand in hand with the Ghost Hand was a rather objectionable matter.

But as evening approached, Yang Jian looked up at the sky.

Dull, clouds tightly packed.

Rain was imminent.

Chapter 747

The climate in winter rarely sees heavy rain, but today seemed to be an anomaly, with the rain pouring down heavily and urgently.

It hadn't even reached six o'clock when the rain began to fall.

It wasn't late, but the rainfall made it exceptionally dim, as if suddenly plunging into the dead of night, the air filled with a wintry chill that seeped into one's bones, making it hard to avoid shivering.

Yang Jian was still sitting in the trunk of the car.

Rain splashed onto him, soaking his clothes, but he seemed not to care at all, his demeanor calm, feeling not the slightest discomfort.

With Ghost Shadow residing within him, he could fend off even ordinary supernatural attacks, let alone a bit of rain.

But in this kind of weather, it was impossible for anyone to come out at night.

Jiang Yan said she would come to keep him company, but Yang Jian had refused.

The corpse only needed him for company; there was no need to drag another person into this.

He took a moment to check the decay of the body, and everything was progressing smoothly.

The rain continued to increase, showing no signs of stopping.

Gradually, rainwater gathered beside the car, forming streams and then a large expanse of standing water.

Yang Jian was unconcerned about the rain. Though he sat motionless, most of his attention was on the corpse of the ghostly apparition beside him. Although the corpse was in a suppressed state, there was no telling if something unexpected might happen in the meantime, after all, it was an intractable ghost.

If it spiraled out of control, the cost would be more than Yang Jian could bear.

But what he didn't know was,

as Yang Jian continued to sit there, passing the time, the puddles formed by the rainwater beside him seemed to create a blurred mirror.

Despite the lack of light, one could still make out things with some effort.

The reflection in the water showed Yang Jian, but strangely, the Yang Jian in the water wasn't sitting on the opened trunk of the car but standing beside it, his movements completely different from Yang Jian's current ones. Moreover, his face was deathly pale and still, with an indescribably eerie gaze looking this way.

It was as if the reflection in the water could see through the barrier and look at the real Yang Jian.

Yet, Yang Jian remained completely unaware of all this. After all, who would pay attention to a reflection in a small, insignificant puddle?

However, as time went on,

the reflection in the water began to move on its own; the stiff and pale figure, wearing a face identical to Yang Jian's, was gradually moving forward.

But this motion did not increase distance.

The reflection remained underfoot, unchanged.

Yet the distance underwent a terrifying change.

From the puddle beside, a drenched head with dense black hair slowly emerged from under the water. This process was slow, even sluggish, but with no interference, after a few minutes, half of a ghastly head had become visible above the ground.

The figure in the water now seemed to be trying to step out of it.

Yang Jian, sitting in the car and resting with his eyes closed, was completely oblivious; he thought the supernatural event was over, and apart from the corpse beside him, there shouldn't be any other ghosts, especially since he had surveyed the area around the village more than once.

The sinister figure kept emerging bit by bit.

Now, more than half of the head had surfaced, and the head revealed a pair of lifeless eyes, without luster, dim and dull, like those of a dead person.

But these dead-like eyes were slowly moving, looking towards Yang Jian sitting next to them.

This kind of scrutiny was chilling.

Obviously,

it was a Ghost General.

From the water, no, perhaps the water only revealed the ghost; the ghost had invaded from somewhere else.

The apparition of the ghost did not cease; instead, it became even more distinct as time passed.

At first, it was only the crown of a dense head of hair, followed by half a skull, but now it was an entire head. Judging by this trend, it would not be long before the ghost completely invaded this reality. As for what would happen next, no one could predict.

Yang Jian, the targeted one, remained oblivious.

Because he didn't feel anything out of the ordinary nor hear the slightest noise.

No.

It wasn't completely silent.

Suddenly,

Yang Jian, who had been resting with closed eyes, abruptly opened them. He quickly turned his head towards the direction of the village. His eyes were faintly red as if emitting a red glow, an inexplicable phenomenon.

On the path leading into the village, a dark figure stood still, looking this way.

The person was dressed in a raincoat with a hood, standing in the heavy rain, holding a shiny blade in hand.

This attire resembled that of a criminal poised to commit an act of violence at night or a psychopathic killer that roams after dark.

"Xiao Yuan, the nightmare game has ended. You should go back and sleep well now. In such heavy rain, even if you don't get drenched, you can easily get sick," Yang Jian dropped his guard and said with a hint of concern.

"Cousin?"

Xiao Yuan first asked with a puzzled tone and then giggled, "Why are you here?"

She seemed to have lost her memory again, unaware that she had already seen Yang Jian here during the day.

"I've been here all along. But you, what happened to you?" Yang Jian slightly frowned, the file immediately came to mind.

The person from decades ago looked exactly like Xiao Yuan, likely the same person.

Was this an anomaly caused by the supernatural, or his own delusion?

Unclear.

Because the person who knew the truth had died.

But Yang Jian didn't want to dig into Xiao Yuan's past; he only knew that his cousin was still alive, living well, and that was enough for him.

Although there was a problem with her memory, it allowed her to quickly forget the sorrow, forget the tragedies, which was good.

"I'm looking for someone. It seemed not to appear during the day, only at night," Xiao Yuan walked over while talking.

"It? Who is it, where?" Yang Jian asked.

His cousin always spoke like this, her words disjointed, like a puzzle.

"Don't know, that's why I'm searching," Xiao Yuan replied.

Yang Jian said, "If you can't find it, then just go home and sleep. It's very late, and this heavy rain is not suitable for going out. Plus, you don't need to kill anyone today, so throw away that knife and just live a normal life from now on."

He was persuading her, hoping his cousin could stay away from supernatural events and live an ordinary life.

However, it seemed as though his cousin didn't hear him at all, continuing to walk towards him.

And as Xiao Yuan approached,

The head that had emerged from the water at Yang Jian's feet displayed some abnormality. It was struggling; it wanted to break free, yet the body remained trapped in the water and did not escape quickly.

Yet the ghost did not become calm because of this.

The ghost continued struggling and becoming increasingly violent. Its body began to emerge gradually, but not fully, like a shadow in the water, illusory, as if it could vanish at any moment.

Chapter 748 The Late Attack

Yang Jian watched as Xiao Yuan drew closer, and he glanced at the corpse covered by clothes sitting next to him, immediately issuing a warning.

"Stop, don't come near me, my current state is very delicate, whether it's someone I trust or not, everyone should keep a certain distance from me, otherwise my overly vigilant self might do something unexpected."

Saying this.

His gaze was fixed on Xiao Yuan.

This was not a threat, but a reminder.

Once the corpse awakened, and the ghosts from the nightmares invaded reality, it would cause terrifying changes.

At this point, Xiao Yuan stopped. She asked curiously, "Cousin, what's wrong with your eyes? Did you stay up late last night? They are all red."

Yang Jian's eyes were not just red, but the area below the eyeballs looked inflamed, blood red, even glowing red, which wasn't evident during the day, but at night it was very noticeable.

"It's the erosion of Ghost Eye... it's a minor issue for me, don't worry about it, you should obediently go back now."

He knew he was deeply eroded by Ghost Eye. As long as he didn't suppress it, some traits eroded by the Evil Ghost would show, and at the same time, the paranormal power would uncontrollably leak out. His view was slightly tinged with red light right then, as if his eyes were about to be replaced by Ghost Eye.

But once the quota of Ghost Hand was retracted, this phenomenon would disappear, because suppression had formed.

"Oh, I see. I don't really understand, but I don't want to go back right now, I want to find someone." Xiao Yuan was still very stubborn and couldn't be persuaded.

Standing in the raincoat amidst the torrential rain, her thin figure looked lonely and a bit eerie.

After all, which normal person would wander about dressed like that in the middle of the night?

"But you don't even know who you're looking for," said Yang Jian.

Xiao Yuan was slow to respond, her gaze somewhat vacant as if pondering or spacing out. After a while, she suddenly pointed at Yang Jian's side and said, "The person I'm looking for is that one."

"Me?" Yang Jian was taken aback for a moment.

"Not cousin! The person behind cousin." Xiao Yuan said.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted: "You want this corpse? It's already dead, and as long as I'm here, I can ensure it won't wake up. You don't have to worry."

It seems my cousin is still not at ease about this ghost?

After all, they had clashed more than once in nightmares, mortal enemies. Even if it awakened, she would want to strike at this ghost's body.

Yet Xiao Yuan puffed up her face and said, "No, cousin, you're such a blockhead, not the person in the car, but the one hiding behind the car, it's watching you right now. Didn't you notice? I saw it from a distance, it seems to want to kill cousin, but cousin won't let me help and is blocking me."

What?

Hearing this, Yang Jian was shocked.

Someone else was by his side?

The next moment.

Yang Jian, who was sitting in the car, immediately jumped out, one hand still grasping the wrist of the corpse, maintaining suppression, and then immediately looked over to the left side of the vehicle.

There was no one.

Only the torrential rain fell from the sky, drenching Yang Jian completely.

"No one?" Yang Jian's gaze swept quickly but found nothing. However, to be prudent, a crimson eye forced open the flesh like the gaze of an Evil Ghost peering around.

Besides being able to ignore the darkness and release the power of Ghost Domain, Ghost Eye actually has another ability.

It can see ghosts.

Some ghosts have no physical form, hiding from view, invisible to ordinary people, but Ghost Eye can see them.

Within the vision of Ghost Eye.

Yang Jian suddenly spotted clues.

On one side of the vehicle, a silhouette remained, the outline of two hands, which did not match the water stains flowing down the nearby paintwork, as if something had placed its hands there.

These were traces left by a ghost.

As long as he closed his "ghost eye," such traces would be very difficult to find.

"My cousin wasn't wrong, there really is something approaching me... But how is this possible? I'm sure I've escaped the nightmare and have suppressed this body. From beginning to end, the body has never woken, could there be other ghosts in this village?"

"No, that possibility is very small."

Yang Jian didn't believe there were other ghosts in the village, he was certain there was only one ghost.

Unless there was another possibility, there truly was only one ghost, but its abilities were perhaps not limited to one.

"Where is that thing now?" Yang Jian turned around and asked his cousin standing in the rain.

Xiao Yuan looked around, seemingly distracted, and did not even answer Yang Jian's question.

This behavior might seem impolite to others, but to Yang Jian, it was clear that she was searching for something, focusing so intently that she ignored everything else.

"Is it nearby?"

Yang Jian's heart sank; he started surveying his surroundings, but he saw nothing, not even with the sight of his "ghost eye."

His ghost eye could see the traces left by the ghost, but it couldn't see the ghost's figure.

"It seems... to be behind you," suddenly, his cousin Xiao Yuan spoke up and pointed behind Yang Jian.

Hmm?

Yang Jian quickly turned around.

Catching something out of the corner of his eye, and not sure if it was an illusion, he saw someone standing behind him, no, more like a shadow, similar to his own, because it had a striking resemblance to his own outline.

But that shadowy figure had its own movements.

The outline of an arm, like a blurry reflection in the rain, unclear and intermittent, as if it didn't exist in reality.

Yet, Yang Jian felt a chilling touch spreading up his arm.

It was like a drop of ice-cold rain had suddenly fallen on him, causing his pores to contract instantly and involuntarily making him shudder.

Ghost~!

In that moment, Yang Jian fully believed Xiao Yuan's words and understood what she had been looking for.

A ghost indeed lurked by his side, when it had appeared and how long it had been hovering around him, he didn't know.

Almost instantly.

A dark shadow emerged on Yang Jian's body, dense and pitch-black, tall, but peculiarly lacking a head, with only half a neck.

The Ghost Shadow made a move to confront.

The dark shadow was a true Evil Ghost, it moved swiftly, trying to make contact with the other ghost. Just a touch and the Ghost Shadow would have a certain restraining power, which might resolve the situation.

However.

The chilling touch vanished quickly.

The rain continued to fall, passing through the dark Ghost Shadow, splattering onto the ground.

The vague figure in the rain swayed a few times and then disappeared. The drops of rain in mid-air scattered as if breaking apart, and the figure was dispersed, vanishing from sight.

The Ghost Shadow had lunged at nothing.

Yang Jian turned to look around, but he saw no similar shadow.

It was as if the glance from the corner of his eye had been merely an illusion, a consequence of being too tired, a trick of poor eyesight.

"What was that just now?" Yang Jian asked with a stern face.

Although he hadn't seen it clearly, he wasn't foolish enough to think it was just a hallucination. Without a doubt, what had appeared was a ghost.

A ghost that looked similar to himself.

His cousin, Xiao Yuan, pondered for a while before responding, "It's a delayed attack."

"What do you mean, a delayed attack? What does that mean?" Yang Jian asked.

Xiao Yuan seemed to become serious again, as if some memory had been awakened, "After the ghost in the nightmare attacks a person, that person won't die immediately in reality. They will commit suicide at some point later, but it's not themselves doing it, it's the ghost that has invaded their body."

"Once the ghost invades the body, it can control the person and then kill themselves."

"It's like some kind of murder pattern... or a kind of curse infection. So, the ghost attacking me is not from yesterday's nightmare, but from the nightmare the day before yesterday? The attack of the ghost is not over, it's just delayed," Yang Jian immediately grasped the meaning behind Xiao Yuan's words.

Xiao Yuan seemed to go back to normal, giggling, "It seems so."

Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart.

He understood why this was happening to him. It was because the night before last, after being attacked by a ghost, he had awakened from the nightmare with someone's help.

The attack of the ghost had been interrupted.

But the attack didn't stop there.

It kept looking for opportunities.

But the next night, he entered the nightmare again, encountered the next day's ghost, killed it, and forcibly escaped the nightmare, which resulted in the first day's ghost's attack being delayed.

Delayed for too long, the ghost from the first day started invading from the realm of nightmares into reality.

That's why that inexplicable, bizarre phenomenon had just occurred.

After deducing this, Yang Jian's expression darkened.

"Are you kidding me? This is possible? I am being hunted by the ghost from the first day's nightmare? Even though I have suppressed the ghost, this kind of irrational attack can still exist... No, now that I think about it, this phenomenon is not entirely inexplicable. It's like a kind of alternative reboot," he said.

"Each day's nightmare and its ghost exist independently, but they share the same origin."

Suddenly, Yang Jian remembered the words spoken to him by that person in the nightmare.

If the ghost returned to reality and reclaimed its body, this nightmare would become incredibly terrifying, and someone like him wouldn't survive the first day's nightmare.

At the time, he thought it was an exaggeration.

Now, upon reflection, it might not be an exaggeration.

If you don't kill the first day's ghost and the second day's nightmare begins, the second day's ghost appears, but the first day's ghost continues to chase you, and then the third day's ghost... It goes round and round continuously. The longer you exist in the nightmare, the more ghosts there will be, adding up infinitely.

In the end, you will be overwhelmed by the number of ghosts.

And even if you can kill the first day's ghost, the next day's nightmare will come again, creating a vicious cycle.

Whether you're an ordinary person or a ghost controller, entering this dream means death.

Beyond that, there is no other path to take.

Having thought it through, Yang Jian didn't know why, but he broke out in a cold sweat.

Because once the ghost fully revived, his conjecture would manifest into reality.

This is an existence more despair-inducing than any S-rank paranormal event.

So far, the nightmares Yang Jian knew of and experienced, this one was the most unresolved.

And you can't even find a method to counteract it.

Thankfully.

Fortunately, this ghost couldn't fully resurrect, having been shattered into pieces like a jigsaw puzzle after a decade-long struggle against his own father.

But, that was only for now.

How was this ghost dealt with in the past?

Yang Jian couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat just thinking about this evil ghost that someone had managed to get rid of over a decade ago.

"Cousin, what are you thinking about? That thing has appeared again," Xiao Yuan said at this moment and then pointed to the side.

The heavy rain poured down without any intention of stopping.

Next to Yang Jian, that scattered figure began to coalesce again amid the raindrops in mid-air, blurred and twisted, but still recognizably bearing a resemblance to Yang Jian.

Was the ghost planning to take his form to invade his own body?

"It hasn't fully invaded reality, lacking a physical form, or maybe it isn't complete enough to fully enter our world," Yang Jian stared intently at the figure in the rain.

There was no fear, no trepidation, just analysis.

The figure in the rain also stared at Yang Jian, its eyes under the dim light as ghastly as those of a corpse, causing one's hair to stand on end.

These deathly eyes were identical to those of the corpse inside the train carriage.

"Yet, such an incomplete invasion can still attack me. Ghosts are indeed terrifying," Yang Jian glanced behind him slightly.

He didn't want to let go of the corpse.

The suppression had to be maintained.

The Ghost Eye shouldn't move recklessly; there were signs of revival, and the Ghost Shadow couldn't touch something without a physical form.

Should he use the Firewood Knife?

If he used the Firewood Knife, he could completely eliminate the ghost from the first day's nightmare by following the source of the curse.

But that would come at a great cost.

It wasn't worth it.

With this thought in mind.

Yang Jian involuntarily took a few steps back.

He needed a strategy.

A way to kill the ghost from the first day's nightmare.

But as Yang Jian hesitated and retreated, the ghost wouldn't give him such an opportunity.

The indistinct figure in the rain, like pieces of a puzzle being put together, was advancing towards Yang Jian.

Although it was just a shadow, it moved like a normal living person—no slowness, no hesitation, and very fast.

"Do you need help, cousin?" his cousin Xiao Yuan tilted her head and asked.

"Don't come over, I can handle it myself. This isn't just fighting against ghosts in a dream," Yang Jian immediately said.

This ghost had been able to pursue him from the nightmare of the first day for a reason; as long as he found this reason, he could definitely fight back.

The Ghost Shadow's probing had already been very obvious.

Normal methods of retaliation were no match for the ghost, only slightly disrupting the timing of the ghost's attacks, but after a short while, the ghost would reappear.

It was clear the ghost was not entirely present in reality.

The blurry shadow was the best proof of that.

Chapter 749 Death by the Presence of Media

...

A brief probe just a moment ago, coupled with Xiao Yuan's reminder, was already enough for a top-notch ghost controller like Yang Jian to analyze a great deal. After all, this wasn't his first supernatural encounter; there had been precedents, so he quickly deduced many aspects of the situation.

The ghost in the first day's nightmare could attack people in reality.

But the people in reality had no way to counterattack the ghost in the nightmare.

The cause behind this was still unknown.

Yang Jian's intuition, honed from his extensive experience controlling ghosts, told him there was only one possibility, a medium.

The ghost attacked him in reality through some medium from the nightmare, and because he didn't know what the medium was, his counterattack just now had been ineffective. To counterattack the ghost, he had to find out what that medium was.

Only if everyone knew the medium could the confrontation be fair.

Otherwise, Yang Jian would continue to be haunted by this ghost, even fearing sleep lest he be attacked and killed in his slumber.

He also didn't want Xiao Yuan to help because the ghost's target was simple, focusing only on him. Nobody else was within its range of attack, as evidenced by the first day's nightmare. When he was killed, Xiao Yuan was not, so there was no need to drag another person into this.

Moreover, it wasn't a dream now, and ordinary people were of no use.

"It's coming," Yang Jian's eyelid twitched.

As if something terrible was about to happen.

In the pouring rain, a blurry shadow swiftly approached on the ground. The shadow appeared and disappeared intermittently, occasionally revealing a ghastly pale face and at other times distorting so that only an incomplete body remained. Despite the shifting form, the shadow was decidedly aimed at Yang Jian, intent on attacking him.

"The body's manifestation is unstable... this indicates the medium isn't being triggered consistently."

"An unstable medium?"

As the ghost drew closer, Yang Jian's gaze remained chillingly calm and composed, eerily undisturbed, even without the Ghost Shadow within his body; no emotion touched him.

Suddenly.

He looked up at the sky.

The rain continued to fall, lingering in mid-air, sporadic, yet also forming a connection, though incomplete.

Just like the incomplete, intermittent body of the ghost in the shadows.

The medium was... rain?

No.

It should be water, in fact.

The ghost invaded reality through water as the medium. It rained heavily this evening, and on the first day of the nightmare, there was also rain in the sky, which grew heavier later on. Simultaneously, the heavier the rain, the greater the danger posed by the ghost.

That was why his cousin always wore a raincoat when entering the nightmares.

Rainwater?

Yang Jian immediately snapped to awareness; this was a detail he should have noticed much earlier. The heavy rain today meant the ghost used the rainwater as a medium to successfully invade reality. The rainwater was incomplete though, preventing the ghost from fully manifesting in reality, unlike if it were in a body of water or on a lake.

The situation would be quite different then.

"Let's verify it."

Yang Jian took a deep breath and then quickly stepped back.

With just that step, the lid of the car's open trunk blocked the rain above his head. Although the rain still splashed in, there was no rain at his location, interrupting the presence of the medium.

At that moment.

...

The shadow attacking Yang Jian had already closed in on his face, with not even a single step's distance separating them—they were nearly nose to nose.

The chilly breath, the pallid face, and the eerie shadow seemed as though they were about to cling onto Yang Jian.

Yet he remained coolly detached, waiting for the moment he would be struck.

To confirm the medium, such bold attempts were necessary.

The ghost in the rain didn't stop, its hand stretching towards Yang Jian as if it wanted to invade his body or rip open his chest. The ghastly white arm was intermittent, yet remained distinctly visible in the dim surroundings.

However, an incredible scene unfolded.

As the ghost's hand came within less than five centimeters of Yang Jian's chest, it began to rapidly disappear. The ghost continued to approach, and as it did, it kept vanishing...

Yes, you read that right.

The ghost, which could invade reality, was now facing an unexpected issue; it could not invade reality any longer. It was as if its supernatural power was being disrupted. Those few short centimeters became an insurmountable chasm, halting the dreadful assault and simultaneously safeguarding Yang Jian.

This wasn't a miracle, nor was it the intervention of any helper.

It was the disruption of the medium.

Yang Jian was standing in a spot untouched by the rain; the rainwater vanished before him. Without the medium, the ghost could not invade from the Nightmare, its attack couldn't affect reality, leading it to fail this time. This also explained why Yang Jian had been safe inside the train car before.

Because there was no water near him, no medium.

Thus, the ghost lurked beside the train car, waiting for the moment Yang Jian would come into contact with the medium.

If he hadn't discovered it earlier, one day while showering alone, he might have been doomed. The ghost could have attacked him instantaneously through the shower head or the bathtub, and Yang Jian would have had no time to react, possibly getting killed by the ghost in a blink.

"So, my guess just now... was right."

His gaze shifted slightly, as if everything was within his expectations, with little surprise to speak of.

After all, he didn't simply imagine it, but deduced it through various details and clues.

"Now that I know the medium, this ghost still thinks it can attack me? It's downright delusional. Today, I'll eliminate you and put an end to the first day's nightmare,"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted and he immediately made a call, "Hu Kai, have someone on duty here bring me a gun."

The ghost from the Nightmare could be killed normally.

Yang Jian decided to use a gun.

The gun in his hand wasn't suitable; it was made of Gold, unaffected by the influence, and in theory, couldn't make contact with the real ghost through the medium. He needed an ordinary gun, ordinary bullets to do the job.

"Okay, Captain Yang, I'll notify them right away," Hu Kai responded from the other end, not yet resting, and he immediately made arrangements upon receiving the call.

Despite the heavy rain.

In just a short while, two case officers had arrived, jogging over under umbrellas.

"Captain Yang, why are you still here? Aren't you going to rest so late?" one of the officers greeted.

The other officer came forward, delivering a service pistol.

"I still have some matters to deal with. Step back a little," Yang Jian indicated, then took the gun.

This time, he was not afraid. He stepped out of the train car and stood in the pouring rain.

He drenched himself in the rain, making contact with the medium voluntarily.

The ghost wouldn't miss this opportunity.

But neither would Yang Jian miss this chance to kill the first day's Nightmare Ghost.

As expected.

The eerie shadow appeared.

Yang Jian saw a ghastly pale face just appear out of thin air right in front of him, so close, very close.

But in the next moment.

Bang!

A gunshot sounded.

A bullet pierced through the heavy rain and struck the strange shadow.

Instantly.

Yang Jian saw the pale face in front his eyes burst open like a flower, but no blood flowed out, only flesh splattered.

The splashed flesh was blurry and ethereal and quickly disappeared from sight.

Yet, the person did not fall to the ground.

The twisted face still bore the gaze of a dead man, as if hurrying with resentment, yet also revealing a kind of terrible malice.

It was as if the ghost was angry, enraged.

Intent on killing Yang Jian.

But what met it was another gunshot.

Dreams might not have such weapons, but reality does, and its incursion into reality meant it had given up its greatest advantage.

Wasn't this seeking death?

Didn't it understand the power of the various weapons in modern society?

The second gunshot rang out, and the ghost was hit again.

It was already within the medium, and Yang Jian's retaliation was unavoidable.

In the rain, the ghost's chest seemed to have been ripped open by a gash.

But Yang Jian didn't even blink as he fired continuously until he ran out of bullets.

At last, the shadow in the rain began to fade.

Yang Jian even saw the ghost collapse onto the ground.

But that was all there was to it.

Eventually, even that scene disappeared.

The first day's ghost attack had failed and had been shot to death by Yang Jian.

This might well be the most frustrating death for a ghost since the revival of the supernatural.

Even though it wasn't the source, being killed by mere weapons was truly inconceivable.

"You can go back and rest now; the work here is finished," Yang Jian handed the gun back to the personnel.

"Alright, Captain Yang, notify us immediately if there is any situation," the two case officers were utterly terrified.

At first, they thought Yang Jian was shooting at nothing?

But when they covertly shone their flashlights, they discovered it was a terrifying figure, not a living person but like a fierce ghost, standing there and even moving.

Is this village so terrifying?

The two people felt deeply unsettled, not expecting to sleep peacefully tonight.

"It's all clear now. You can rest easy," Yang Jian said.

"Hopefully, all will be well," one of the personnel squeezed out a smile and said.

At this moment, his cousin approached and crouched down, poking the puddle with a knife: "It really is dead, huh? No movement at all. Cousin, what was that weapon you had just now? It's much more useful

than a knife. If I had that, I could chase and kill it several times a day, without the need to hit it with a car."

In her memory, there was no concept of a gun, or perhaps there once was, but it had been forgotten.

Yang Jian didn't reply to her but instead, his gaze slightly shifted back towards the sky.

Although the ghost was dead.

It was only that one attack that had been stopped, and he couldn't be sure whether there would be a second or a third day when ghosts would invade through the medium.

The only way was to interrupt the emergence of the medium.

At least until the body was more than half decomposed, it couldn't come into contact with water, nor could it go to the pond or lakeside.

And this downpour seemed to continue endlessly, without any chance of stopping.

"The rain stops today," Yang Jian, looking up at the sky, suddenly had his red Ghost Eye flash.

A red light like fresh blood instantly covered the sky, its reach vast, surpassing the entire village and even the surrounding tens of kilometers, drawing the attention of many common folk who were watching TV and dining at home, leading them to witness the flash of red outside their windows.

The red light was noticeable, and at a glance, seemed to have no bounds.

But as quickly as it arrived, it also disappeared.

After the red light faded.

The clouds and rains above also cleared away completely, as clean as a summer night's sky, where one could see the stars and the bright moonlight.

The rain was gone.

Not just the rain in the sky, but even the puddles on the ground had vanished without a trace.

"Next time it rains this hard, it will depend on my mood," Yang Jian's indifferent expression remained unchanged.

Using Ghost Domain to disperse the torrential rain.

Such an extravagant act was something only a top-tier ghost controller like Yang Jian would consider.

"What happened? The rain's stopped."

The two case officers who hadn't gone far were now stunned, filled with questions, instinctively turning their heads to glance at Yang Jian not far away, wanting to ask for details since this was out of the ordinary, far from normal.

But they saw the crimson ghost eye on Yang Jian's forehead emitting a faint red light, not looking this way, but towards the sky.

As if to tell them that the recent event was related to this eye.

Suddenly.

The two felt an inexplicable horror.

This type of person... could even manage something like this?

To change the weather over an entire region?

Chapter 750 Over Half

The ghost that had infiltrated reality in the first day's nightmare was shattered alive by Yang Jian with a gun.

It died very pitifully.

Although this death was only an illusion, it at least resolved the attack of the fierce ghost.

Moreover, to prevent any accidents, Yang Jian even used the Ghost Domain to change the weather of the entire area, dissipating the downpour, clearing away the dark clouds, and instantly transforming the gloomy sky into a clear, clean one with not a trace of mist, clearly revealing the starry sky above and the bright moonlight.

Standing there, Yang Jian felt the restlessness within his body, and his gaze slightly hardened.

Without the balance maintained by Ghost Hand, just by using the Ghost Domain once, the Ghost Eye began to react; if he were to directly activate the six-layer Ghost Domain, it would likely revive immediately.

However, the situation wasn't as bad as imagined.

The shadow behind him gradually disappeared, reentering his body.

The anomaly caused by this method also gradually subsided.

His own balance wasn't that fragile; as long as he refrained from misusing the Ghost Eye's power in the absence of the required number, he could still maintain it for quite a long time.

"Eh? The water's gone?"

His younger cousin Xiao Yuan was still squatting on the ground, poking at the spot where there had been a puddle of water just moments ago with a fruit knife.

It seemed she knew that water was a medium, but this knowledge stemmed from her instincts, so she couldn't convey this to Yang Jian and instead instinctively took this odd action.

"The water is gone, and it won't rain today; the ghost from earlier has been dealt with by me, so if there's no special accident, tonight, no, perhaps the village won't have any more issues from now on," Yang Jian said; "It's getting late, and I still need to keep watch here. Xiao Yuan, go back and rest."

He looked at the girl.

He couldn't determine her true identity.

Was she the Yang Yuanyuan who drowned decades ago, or the current younger cousin from the same village, Liang Yuan, or perhaps neither identity was the true one, and her origin was even more bizarre?

After all, she was entangled with his deceased father.

And now that he thought about it carefully, the father from his nightmare seemed to have deliberately concealed Xiao Yuan's presence; he wasn't unaware, he just chose not to speak of it.

Xiao Yuan raised her head and looked at Yang Jian; she cocked her head, seemingly pondering something again.

But her eyes revealed a bit of confusion, not at all like she was thinking about anything.

"Hee hee, seems like I'm really getting sleepy, so cousin, no more fun for today, I'm going home to sleep; my head seems to hurt a bit," Xiao Yuan said, touching her head, feeling somewhat uncomfortable.

Yang Jian nodded and said, "Okay, then you should rest early."

He watched Xiao Yuan's figure slowly leaving, rubbing her head, thoughtfully.

This Xiao Yuan was quite special, not like a ghost... but not like a human either.

So, to be on the safe side, Yang Jian would not allow her to approach the corpse; the plan had already begun, and he could not afford any mistakes.

"Continue waiting."

Yang Jian sat back in the trunk once more, his one hand always clutching the decaying corpse next to him, and he hadn't let go throughout. By now, the corpse's decay had become rather severe, a strong stench of decay wafting over him, making it somewhat unbearable, but he was used to such situations.

At that moment,

Xiao Yuan felt her headache drifting away more and more; she touched her head and continued walking toward the village, instinctively following her memory to find her way home, ready to go back and rest.

Yet, halfway there, she suddenly stopped.

She stood motionless.

Her headache was gone, but her face then suddenly changed, with a faint smile, revealing a strange and unfathomable look, vastly different from her previous absent-minded demeanor.

"Yang Jian..."

Xiao Yuan started laughing, her smile exaggerated, yet she didn't make a sound. This expression was peculiar, as if she were deliberately putting on a strange Ghost Face, even more bizarre than the face of a ghost itself.

In the silent night of the village, she stood there, smiling eerily.

Without a sound, and unseen by anyone else, like a lunatic, or a fierce ghost lingering in the night.

After a good while,

Xiao Yuan stopped her silent, peculiar laughter, discarded the fruit knife in her hand, and removed her stifling raincoat, leaving only the thin long-sleeved shirt she wore.

She looked back.

Glancing in the direction of Yang Jian, but her view was obstructed by houses, and she did not see Yang Jian.

However, under the moonlight in the sky, one could vaguely make out the blotches on Xiao Yuan's neck and some parts of exposed skin, turning blue-green, like bruises or mottled like livor mortis, baffling and especially eerie.

"Oh, my head hurts."

A while later, Xiao Yuan again suddenly touched her head, feeling a surge of pain, as if her old problem had flared up again.

But the headache didn't last long.

Xiao Yuan, holding her aching head, slowly ambled toward her home.

Someone had died in her family.

Lin Xiaoxi was the one who died yesterday, but to Xiao Yuan, it was no cause for fear; she still went back to her room to sleep as if nothing had happened.

She slept in the bed where Lin Xiaoxi had died.

Time passed quickly.

This night, after some incidents had occurred, eventually passed in peace. No one died, and there were no casualties. In the latter half of the night, nothing unusual happened—it seemed to have truly restored to calm.

Early the next morning.

"Auntie, I'm off to deliver breakfast to Yang Jian." Jiang Yan's voice echoed in the old house; she was very industrious, not indulging in a lie-in, and took the initiative to bring something for Yang Jian to eat.

"You should eat something before you go," called out Zhang Fen.

Jiang Yan said with a smile, "No need, Auntie. It seems like Yang Jian didn't eat anything all of last night. I'll bring him food first."

"Then make it quick and come back soon," said Zhang Fen.

Jiang Yan was in high spirits as she hurried with the breakfast to where Yang Jian was.

However, before she even arrived, a stench of rotting flesh overwhelmed her, nearly making her vomit.

At that moment, she saw Yang Jian, with an indifferent look, observing a rotten corpse. The body lay on the ground, its skin ghastly pale, dressed in very old-fashioned clothing reminiscent of styles from decades past, quite incongruous with modern attire.

Startled, Jiang Yan immediately stopped and didn't dare to get closer, but her endurance was much stronger than that of an ordinary person. From a distance, she called out, "Yang Jian, what are you doing? Auntie sent me to bring you breakfast. Why don't you eat something first?"

To others, the sight of a rotting corpse would be shocking, but she still thought to call Yang Jian to eat.

"I'll eat later," Yang Jian replied without lifting his head.

"Then I'll wait here for you. I won't come over," Jiang Yan called out, obediently standing at a distance, watching Yang Jian with a mix of fear and curiosity.

That corpse... It couldn't be the dead body of a ghost, could it?

She guessed as much in her heart.

Yet she wasn't afraid of the ghost, perhaps because it was daytime or maybe because Yang Jian was handling the situation.

"So it's like this, the meaning of a rotting degree beyond half is this..."

Yang Jian squatted beside the pale corpse, understanding the meaning behind the words spoken by that person the night before.

The eyes of the corpse had rotted away due to the decomposition being more than half complete, leaving behind only two foul-smelling sockets.

Without eyes, it certainly couldn't open them and wake up.

So, Yang Jian didn't need to restrain the body at all now.

The ghost had forever lost its chance to awaken.

Of course, unless someone foolishly gave the ghost a pair of eyes now, only then would the ghost have the chance to break free from its nightmare.

"Next, all I have to do is wait for this body to completely decompose. No need to watch it too closely."

Yang Jian thought to himself, "And after this ghost's body has completely rotted away, will the origin of that nightmare be replaced by that dog? And thus the plan will be fully completed."

"Once the plan is completed, we can artificially create a perfect ghost controller, no more worries of ghosts reviving, no fear of death... it's just that the thing isn't a person, it's a dog."

Thinking this,

He felt envious.

He wished he could replace that dog.

Being human is complicated, especially as a ghost controller, always hovering on the brink of life and death—it's really not as good as that dog's life.

No, not just him—probably more than ninety-nine percent of ghost controllers around the world were not as lucky as that dog, having the chance to control fierce ghosts, becoming perfect ghost controllers.

But no amount of envy would be of use.

That person seemed to have prepared well in advance, not even Xiao Yuan had become an alternative, showing that he could not have such expectations either.

"Jiang Yan, go order a coffin immediately. I need it before noon, have it delivered here," after a while, Yang Jian pulled away his gaze and approached Jiang Yan to speak.

"Okay, okay," Jiang Yan nodded hurriedly, and then said, "Here's your breakfast; it's almost cold."

Yang Jian nodded, "I'm going to wash my hands."

"Ah? It's okay to just leave the corpse there?" exclaimed Jiang Yan, startled.

"It's fine. I've been watching it for over an hour; it hasn't made a move in that time. There's no reason it would react the moment I leave."

Yang Jian was unconcerned, for he had now regained his balance and had the means to counteract fierce ghosts.

"I better stick with you," decided Jiang Yan, feeling uneasy.

"Suit yourself," he replied.

After washing his hands and eating breakfast, in less than an hour, the coffin—following Jiang Yan's repeated price increases—was delivered to the village. Yang Jian placed the rotting, foul-smelling body into the wooden coffin, and only after the lid was closed did the matter come to a satisfying conclusion.

All that remained was to monitor when the body within the coffin would completely decompose.

With the supernatural incident winding down, Yang Jian too felt more relaxed. He recovered some semblance of normalcy, planning to stay home for a few days, take a break, and not return to Dachang City for the time being to avoid getting entangled in more troublesome matters.

Best to hide out for a few days.

Meanwhile, waiting for the corpse to decay.

That person had said that one day, the dog would come to him.

Yang Jian was quite looking forward to it, perhaps that creature would become his helper. There was no reason to go through all this trouble to raise an Evil Hound, only for it to turn on him.

If that were the case, Yang Jian would be so angry that he would kill the dog with a single blow.