

Revival 791

Chapter 791 The Ones That Got Away in the Garden

The danger and horror arrived all too suddenly.

Previously, Yang Jian had been puzzled why the knocking sounds were so prolonged, completely different from the previous times.

In this moment, he understood.

It turned out that the ghost was engraving his own name.

The reason the ghost engraved so slowly, Yang Jian believed, was likely related to Ghost Porcelain; when he arrived, he had placed a piece of Ghost Porcelain in a hotel room in Dahan City.

That Ghost Porcelain could protect a person from being harmed by ghosts.

But such protection was limited; if it exceeded its maximum limit, the Ghost Porcelain would shatter and then lose its effect.

It was a one-time supernatural item similar to a Ghost Candle, originating from Japan's Exorcism Club.

The moment the knocking sound stopped.

Yang Jian, who was originally standing on top of an old grave, immediately felt the grave soil beneath his feet collapse, as if a giant abyss had opened below to swallow him whole; his body sank down instantly, sinking exceedingly deep.

This feeling was like suddenly falling into a pre-dug trap.

Half of his body had already sunk into the grave soil, and he was still sinking further.

The sinking was incredibly fast.

Yang Jian felt as though his legs, enveloped by the grave soil, were being held by countless rigid, cold hands, rendering him immobile, and he quickly lost all sensation, unable to struggle any longer.

At the same time, there was a sensation within his body as if the ghost was being peeled away, seemingly extracting from his very flesh.

This sensation was terrifying.

What allowed a Ghost Controller to exist like a corpse was entirely dependent on supernatural power; should there be a problem with the ghost within his body, he himself would also perish instantly.

"Use Ghost Domain to transfer."

Without a second thought, Yang Jian attempted to use Ghost Domain to leave this place, hoping to preserve at least his upper body, relying on Ghost Shadow to survive.

But then.

The situation turned out to be worse than he had imagined.

The opened Ghost Eye now slowly closed, as if entering a deep slumber, unable to be controlled as per normal.

"Ghosts buried in grave soil fall into a deep sleep... kind of like suppression," Yang Jian's heart skipped a beat.

Now he realized why Luo Su Yi had been unable to resist and was killed by the ghost before.

These old graves were practically the bane of malevolent spirits.

Graves that could put ghosts to sleep.

This was not a burial ground for ordinary people; it was a garden for burying malevolent spirits.

The brief shock had allowed Yang Jian's body to sink once again, the soil now reaching his chest, leaving him with little time.

Ghost Shadow, Ghost Eye, all were buried by grave soil, entering a state of uncontrollable slumber.

The only thing left was Ghost Hand.

However, in these circumstances, Ghost Hand could not make contact with the ghost to form suppression.

Therefore, the effect Ghost Hand could have was also significantly limited.

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A miscalculation had put Yang Jian in grave danger, his cold sweat flowing freely as he began to think of a strategy, not wishing to be defeated so easily here.

However, the sinking of his body continued.

The ghost did not halt its attack simply because Yang Jian was thinking.

If Yang Jian could not find a solution before, then like Luo Su Yi, he would die here, buried in this old grave that bore his name, completely disappearing from this world.

What use then was being Yang Jian, Dachang City's big boss, or even a captain?

Facing such an attack from a ghost, Yang Jian found himself utterly powerless to resist.

Perhaps it wasn't that he lacked the power to fight back, but that anyone buried in grave soil would be just as powerless to resist.

This place was far too wicked, far too bizarre.

In that moment, Yang Jian could feel a tremendous pulling force from his body; the grave soil had already buried up to his mouth, and he could clearly smell the sickening and faintly putrid stench emanating from the grave soil. Only his head was left outside, and once even his head was buried, he would likely cease to think and die outright.

Ghost Hand, tightly clutching the ground.

This hand astonishingly did not sink into the grave soil, which contradicted his previous observation that any limb touching the soil would sink down.

Was Ghost Hand special?

Or was it because of suppression at play, resisting the ghost's attack?

Clenching his teeth, Yang Jian tried to use Ghost Hand to wriggle his body out.

But it was futile.

His body was extremely heavy, and no matter how strong his Ghost Hand was, if he continued to push like this, he would only feel his body being torn apart, never leaving this old grave no matter what.

It seemed like his body had taken root in this cemetery.

He had fused with this eerie place, becoming a part of it, no longer able to escape.

"The ghost is suppressed, the body has lost sensation, and now I only have one hand that can move. Under these circumstances, there's only one way." With a determination in his heart, Yang Jian surprisingly gave up struggling and retracted the Ghost Hand that was propped outside.

Without this last support, his body sank faster than before.

Very quickly.

Yang Jian's head was covered by the grave soil.

His other hand reached out, like a person drowning stretching a hand above water, desperately signaling for help from someone on the shore.

But this arm projected out of the grave soil was sinking as well.

From the forearm to the wrist... finally, only a single palm remained above the grave soil.

Yang Jian seemed to have sunk completely, no longer able to emerge.

But at that moment.

Suddenly,

the sinking stopped.

Just above Yang Jian's head, the grave soil loosened suddenly, and something broke through the ground, emerging from the top of the old grave.

It was a dirty, old cloth doll, sewn together with black hair as thread.

The doll had a nose, eyes, and limbs, but it was poorly made, skewed and twisted, giving its body a distorted, malformed look.

Yet, this eerie cloth doll could walk on its own.

After squeezing out of the grave soil, the doll shook its little head and flung off the grubby dirt, then quickly rolled down from the top of the old grave, tumbling over a dozen times.

Upon reaching the ground, the doll flipped over to stand up, then quickly ran in a certain direction.

It seemed to sense some danger or was driven by some kind of instinct.

The doll, with one leg longer than the other, sprinted across the muddy ground.

One would think it could run a great distance.

However, before the doll had covered ten meters, it suddenly tripped and fell straight into the mud.

It struggled, flailing its arms, trying to crawl out of the mud.

But it was futile; something beneath the mud seemed to be dragging at the doll, preventing it from standing up.

With its hands exposed outside, it desperately clawed at the mud nearby, to no avail.

Ultimately, it was slowly and hopelessly pulled deeper into the mud.

As the doll was dragged into the mud, a hand that had stuck out from that old grave just moments before suddenly moved, then Yang Jian propped up his body and gradually climbed out from the old grave.

His head emerged first, followed by his body, and then his legs.

Covered in mud, with a grim expression, Yang Jian had broken free from the constraints of the grave soil, avoiding the attack and miraculously surviving.

"Indeed, only a substitute doll could save me at times like these. Luckily, I came prepared and brought one with me. Otherwise, even if I had my firewood knife in hand, I would have been buried in this ghostly place. It was truly perilous,"

His pale complexion looked slightly somber.

If not for the substitute doll, Yang Jian would truly have died just now, and it was no joke.

He had skirted the edge of life and death.

Yang Jian didn't even have time to reflect on his close call. He shook off the mud from his body and looked towards the spot where the ghost had appeared just before.

That old Liu... no, that ghost had vanished without a trace.

All that was left was an old grave with a freshly erected tombstone.

The tombstone was inscribed with Yang Jian's name, the letters seeming to bleed, running down the stone as if the name had been subjected to a terrible curse.

"So, this is a grave that the ghost set up for me?" Yang Jian walked over.

He did not suffer another attack this time.

Because there was already something buried in that old grave: the strange cloth doll.

The substitute doll had taken Yang Jian's place and been buried in the old grave.

But Yang Jian stared at the new tombstone, slightly dazed, because the name on it was slightly different from his own.

"I remember asking Liu Xiaoyu to alter my name for me before... could it be that against this kind of name curse, changing one's name is useless?" His brow furrowed deeply.

However, he didn't dwell on this problem.

If simply changing one's name could avoid such curses, then supernatural incidents would be too simplistic, so it seemed he had wasted his effort.

Forget it.

It doesn't matter.

After all, it was just a trivial matter anyway. If it worked, great; if not, no big deal.

"So, what does my situation amount to now? This graveyard already has a grave for me, so will I continue to be attacked by ghosts, or does this mean the ghosts will no longer attack me from now on?" Yang Jian pondered.

His circumstances were highly unusual.

The curse the ghost had targeted at him had already taken shape but had been transferred to a substitute doll.

This led to Yang Jian becoming a fish that escaped the net in this graveyard.

The most obvious indicator was that Yang Jian stepping on the mud didn't sink into it.

"If I won't suffer any more attacks from ghosts, then the danger this graveyard poses to me will be greatly reduced. Is this the advantage of having a narrow escape from death? However, when I first saw that old Liu, it seemed like she held something in her hand."

"A coffin nail."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered: "The ghost was using a coffin nail to inscribe the name on the tombstone, and that coffin nail seemed to be exactly like the one I used to seal the Hungry Ghost."

"Could it be the third coffin nail?"

He remembered discussing it with Zhang Lei, codenamed Ghost Eater, back at the headquarters. Zhang Lei had consumed a ghost and seen the memory of the coffin nail.

It was a graveyard, and the main gate of the graveyard was pinned with a rusty coffin nail.

"Wait, the graveyard's main gate... could it be this graveyard?" Yang Jian's expression shifted as he recalled this crucial information.

Therefore,

the coffin nail wasn't the third one; it was the second.

But soon,

what surged in Yang Jian's heart was not delight but horror.

The coffin nail that was originally pinned to the graveyard's gate had been removed?

What kind of consequences would that unleash, what kind of balance would that disrupt? Yang Jian didn't know, but it was definitely not going to be anything good.

Because when he removed the coffin nail before, it had released an unknown vicious ghost.

It was just that for some reason, no information file for that ghost had surfaced yet.

"I must find that old Liu and after successfully delivering the message, I must take the coffin nail from her. I cannot let such an item remain in the hands of a ghost," Yang Jian made up his mind immediately.

That thing was too important. If he could obtain it, he would have the means to confront any S-class spectral ghost.

Chapter 792 The Ownership of the Curse

Meanwhile.

At the headquarters of the Supernatural Forum, inside the top floor.

Ye Zhen, the boss of the Supernatural Forum, was currently sitting on the sofa, sipping on fresh sweet milk and leisurely watching television.

The TV was playing an anime from Japan.

This had been his daily entertainment for almost a year now, and there were seldom any interruptions.

So, setting aside his identity as the boss of the Supernatural Forum, Ye Zhen was strictly speaking just an otaku who liked the two-dimensional world, which was something many people could not understand. After all, as the top spirit master in the country, his power and status had reached their peak.

It was indeed bizarre that such a person would be addicted to the two-dimensional world year-round.

"President Ye, something really happened at Fushou Garden, and it's serious. A Ghost Domain has appeared in that area, and it has been confirmed as an unknown level supernatural incident."

Suddenly, at this point, the office door was pushed open.

A middle-aged manager in a suit walked in with a serious expression.

"Luo Su Yi, Lin Luomei, and the other seven members we sent before have all lost contact with us. Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and Li Yang, three more people from Fushou Garden, have also lost contact. The Ghost Domain is persisting and shows no signs of ending," the manager said rapidly, indicating the urgency of the situation.

Without even lifting an eyelid, Ye Zhen continued to cross his legs, holding his sweet milk, sipping it, and watching the anime intently.

"President Ye, this is very unusual. There are five spirit masters involved, including Yang Jian leading them. If it were an ordinary supernatural incident, with Yang Jian's capabilities, it should have been resolved by now. The fact that it's still unresolved indicates that the situation has gone beyond our expectations."

"I just established a file called 'Fushou Garden Incident' and rated it directly as A Level. I have already contacted headquarters about it too, and Cao Yanhua personally replied to the message. He said that if needed, headquarters would provide a certain degree of support."

"Such prompt cooperation is unprecedented. Cao Yanhua must also be aware of the severity of this issue."

The manager continued his report.

"Don't interrupt my work. Let the other administrators handle it. I'm busy now," Ye Zhen said indifferently, waving his hand to signal the manager to leave.

He disliked being disturbed at this time.

The manager did not leave but continued, "The Ghost Domain shrouding Fushou Garden is too strong to breach. We've already tried, and the other administrators are powerless."

Spirit masters who possessed a Ghost Domain were already few.

Moreover, Ghost Domains vary in strength, and a weaker Ghost Domain was helpless against the cemetery at Fushou Garden. Therefore, the Supernatural Forum faced a difficult problem that probably only the boss, Ye Zhen, could solve.

Yet, Ye Zhen remained indifferent. Frowning slightly, he said, "Are you the boss or am I the boss? Don't nag me. We'll talk after I finish this episode of the anime; it's the latest one."

Upon hearing this, the manager did not say anything further and silently left the office.

Upon exiting,

Ah Wu standing at the door asked, "What did the boss say?"

The manager looked at the people outside and said, "President Ye is having his afternoon tea and doesn't have time to deal with it right now. Let's wait a little longer."

"We can't wait. Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei have already lost contact, and the Ghost Domain has engulfed Fushou Garden. We don't know what Yang Jian is doing inside. If we don't handle this well, it could turn into a huge problem," Ah Wu said anxiously.

"I know, but so far the situation hasn't spiraled out of control, has it? The Ghost Domain hasn't expanded, and we have Yang Jian's team in charge inside. The situation isn't so dire that it requires immediate action. It's okay to wait and see; maybe Yang Jian will resolve it soon. We don't want to rush and make things worse," the manager replied gravely.

"Just keep an eye on Fushou Garden and report back at any time. If something unexpected happens, I believe President Ye will not tolerate it. You all know his temperament," the manager continued.

The others heard this and immediately calmed down.

"This really is the most unfortunate timing, of all the moments to choose from, it had to be the afternoon. Once the boss's afternoon tea time is over, we'll probably have to wait until four or five o'clock."

Ah Wu started to feel a headache coming on.

This wasn't the first time this had happened.

Not even the most pressing matters could disturb Ye Zhen from his anime watching sessions in the company office.

The manager said, "However, President Ye will definitely take action this time, just like always. All we have to do is prepare as usual."

"Of course."

The others nodded repeatedly in agreement.

At this moment, within Fushou Garden.

Having narrowly escaped a certain death from a ghost attack thanks to the substitution doll, Yang Jian didn't feel any sense of joy from his close call, but rather his expression grew even graver.

Because everything hidden behind this incident seemed unusually complex.

The resurrection of the old Mrs. Liu as a fierce ghost, the coffin nail from the graveyard, along with the red letters, and the ancient grave that could bury a fierce ghost.

When these elements were connected together, it was as if they formed a vast and complicated mystery, within which lay unimaginable dangers.

Yang Jian was very curious at this point.

What would happen if he successfully delivered the letter into old Mrs. Liu's hands now?

The danger hadn't been resolved yet, so now was not the time to ponder such things.

His gaze moved back to the tombstone etched with his own name, as he continued to observe and reflect.

Although his glance before was brief, it revealed much and very important information.

"The ghost used a Coffin Nail to carve the letters, but according to the sensation I had when I first acquired a Coffin Nail, it didn't seem to possess the ability to curse others by engraving names. Of course, it's possible that I haven't discovered it, but I am more inclined to believe that this cursing ability is not from the Coffin Nail."

"But from the tombstones here."

Yang Jian suspected there was something eerie about the tombstones here; each nameless tombstone had an empty slot, and whoever had their name carved upon it would be attacked by the eerie forces of the graveyard and then buried in the ancient grave.

It seemed Mrs. Liu was merely a tool.

A tool for carving names, not unlike the Ghost Slaves in the Ghost Domain, because the actual attack didn't come from Mrs. Liu herself.

If that were the case, it could easily explain why Mrs. Liu could die and resurrect, becoming a fierce ghost.

Mrs. Liu might not have become a real fierce ghost but was instead controlled by supernatural forces, turned into a Ghost Slave in the graveyard.

The real fierce ghost must be elsewhere.

"To prove this, a bold experiment is necessary; find an unmarked tombstone and let me, in place of the ghost, carve someone's name on it. Only then can we determine whether the curse stems from the Coffin Nail in Mrs. Liu's hand or from the tombstone itself."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered as a daring idea took shape in his mind.

If an experiment was to be carried out, then why not carve Mrs. Liu's own name on the tombstone?

Using the curse of a ghost to defeat a ghost.

If the attempt succeeded, Mrs. Liu, who roamed this graveyard, would be buried just like Luo Su Yi, and then whether it was taking the Coffin Nail or delivering the letter, everything could easily be accomplished without needless loss of life chasing down the knocking sounds to find Mrs. Liu.

"It's worth trying; I remember seeing some ancient graves with blank tombstones on my way here."

Yang Jian recalled the scenes he had passed on his way here.

Very soon.

He found the place with the blank tombstones in his mind.

It was the area they had just passed, near the twentieth grave site.

"Let's do that."

After quickly planning, Yang Jian turned and left, swiftly retreating to meet up with Sun Rui and the others.

Although they had lost a decoy doll.

They had found a solution to this terrifying supernatural incident, and the loss was acceptable. Moreover, if successful, he might obtain a second Coffin Nail.

"Why hasn't he come back yet? Yang Jian has been gone for quite some time; could he have encountered danger? If something really happened to him, then things would be serious."

At that moment, Sun Rui looked in the direction Yang Jian had left.

Several minutes had passed without any sign of him.

Moreover, the knocking had stopped, but no victim had emerged; the one who died was not one of them.

"Maybe Yang Jian has already dealt with the ghost."

Li Yang speculated, "Don't always think the worst; it only adds unnecessary stress."

"I'm just worried. If Yang Jian were to fall here, we'd die too; we don't have a Ghost Domain to escape from this place."

Sun Rui said, leaning on his cane, "When that time comes, we'll have to fight the malevolent spirits here, and as you've seen, our odds of winning aren't great."

"Once targeted, death can happen in an instant."

Listening to his words.

The others, who thought they could leave this place alive, were nearly driven to despair.

It turns out, the key to leaving lay with Yang Jian, who had just left. Neither Sun Rui nor Li Yang, nor even Lin Luomei from before, were qualified to leave this place.

In other words.

If Yang Jian didn't appear, they would all be trapped here alive.

"Ding, ding ding."

Suddenly, a familiar yet terrifying sound rang out, breaking the oppressive atmosphere and causing everyone's hearts to skip a beat again.

It had come again.

The fatal knocking sound.

The ghost had not been dealt with and was still inscribing names.

Upon hearing this sound, Sun Rui's mentality almost blew up as he growled, "I knew there could be trouble; the ghost hasn't been resolved and is still inscribing names. Now another person will die, and we'll probably be trapped here."

"That can't be,"

Li Yang widened his eyes, not quite believing Sun Rui's words.

Could Yang Jian die here?

No, not possible.

He remembered witnessing Yang Jian blundering through The World of Ghost Drawing, where the ghosts were even fiercer, and yet Yang Jian was still alive and well, wasn't he?

"Seems like your mental state is worse than I thought. With that attitude facing an Unsolvable Level supernatural event, you definitely won't make it. Moreover, this event doesn't even reach an Unsolved Level—if I were to archive it, it wouldn't even qualify as a Grade A."

"The ghost hasn't been resolved, but I'm not about to die here either, and I've found a way."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's voice came through; he had circled back from behind an old tombstone and appeared before everyone's eyes.

"Yang Jian, you're okay?"

Sun Rui was slightly astonished, seemingly not expecting Yang Jian to return safely.

After all, he had gone chasing after the ghost, and his absence had been prolonged.

Anyone would have suspected an accident.

"No time for idle talk, follow me. We're heading back. Starting now, we won't be looking for grave number 78. Keep an eye on the tombstones of the nearby old tombs for any blank ones and alert me immediately," Yang Jian said.

He didn't waste time.

He immediately turned back.

Seeing Yang Jian return, the others were re-energized, as if they had seen a glimpse of hope.

"How is my grandmother doing..."

Suddenly, the girl named Liu Xinyue mustered the courage to ask Yang Jian.

She wasn't concerned about her deceased grandmother but wanted to know why she had become a vengeful ghost, wandering here and constantly killing people.

Yang Jian glanced at her and asked, "What was your grandmother's original name?"

"Liu, Liu Lan."

Liu Xinyue's gaze shifted evasively, not daring to face Yang Jian's cold and strange eyes.

Every time she looked into them, it made her feel suffocated.

Those were not the eyes of a living person but resembled the ghostly figure of her grandmother she had seen, too terrifying.

"Liu Lan? Good, no matter what has become of your grandmother, whether a corpse or a ghost, today I will personally bury that thing."

Yang Jian said coldly, "You probably won't get a chance to pay respects to her again after this, and if you make it out alive, I doubt you'll dare to come back."

"The ghost is still killing, Yang Jian, have you thought of a way to stop it?"

Sun Rui was somewhat embarrassed; his mental state indeed wasn't great, and he couldn't maintain his composure in the face of life-and-death pressure like Yang Jian could.

Yang Jian said, "Don't bother with it; let the ghost kill one more person. If my method works, it'll be the last one it kills."

"If the method fails, then we all have to make a run for it."

He wasn't worried about his name being inscribed, for he already had his own grave here.

As for the others.

If they were nearby, he would try to save them if time permitted.

Because Yang Jian had a new hypothesis.

Here, not all paths led to death.

Ordinary people also had a chance to survive.

Whether it was true or not, someone had to prove it.

Chapter 793 Utilizing and Countering

In the dim cemetery, the rhythmic clinking of tapping resounded.

Ghosts wandering the cemetery were inscribing tombstones, leaving the names of the living upon them.

Once a new name was completed, the person with that name within the cemetery would be buried, forever remaining in this field of graves, becoming a slowly decaying and vanishing corpse in an old tomb.

Yang Jian, expressionless, still walked briskly along the muddy path lined with mounds of graves, despite the tapping sounds.

The ghost's efficiency in killing was too slow.

Killing only one person at a time, if it weren't for the bad luck of being targeted earlier, he wouldn't have been so anxious.

After all, having figured out the method of murder, he had some confidence.

Soon.

The group returned the way they came, seeming to have wasted their time on this trip, recklessly losing Luo Su Yi, a member of the supernatural forum, and nearly causing Yang Jian to perish in this haunted place.

But this waste was not without benefit.

Yang Jian now held the key clues and methods to resolve the situation at hand.

"Captain Yang, there's a blank tombstone here with no inscription on it."

Suddenly.

The blank tombstone was quickly located, which wasn't as hard to find as imagined. Despite the large cemetery, the majority had names and portraits, but there were quite a few blank ones.

A member of the supernatural forum shouted loudly, pointing to a tombstone in front of an old grave.

The tombstone was made of bluestone, and whether it was affected by the environment here or not, the stone was a mix of dark green and black, gloomy and cold, making people feel uncomfortable.

As if it was infected with a terrible curse.

"Who has a small knife? Give it to me," Yang Jian immediately walked over to the tombstone and said.

Immediately.

A member of the supernatural forum handed over a folding knife he was carrying.

Yang Jian took it without a word of thanks and squatted down in front of the tombstone, trying to carve the name of the old Mrs. Liu, Liu Lan, with the knife.

However, the sharp blade left no mark whatsoever on the bluestone tombstone; it was as if it had scraped against diamond. No, it might even be harder than diamond, nothing like any material of this world should be.

A strange curse lingered on this tombstone.

Under the influence of supernatural powers, a mere pocket knife had no effect.

"This tombstone is so hard? Captain Yang, step aside, let me try," Sun Rui stepped forward, having realized something. He took out a gun and fired directly at the tombstone.

Bang!

The sound of the gunshot left the tombstone unscathed, the bullet deflected off, spraying dirt around and almost causing an accidental injury.

"This is not a regular tombstone; it's an object of the supernatural, or it has been eroded by some kind of supernatural force, undergoing an incredible change. We can't use common sense to deal with this tombstone anymore. I have researched this before. Ordinary objects, once imbued with supernatural essences, become very unusual, going beyond the boundaries of physics and science," Sun Rui said as he

put down the gun and shook his head. "This thing might remain intact even if we blow it up with a bomb, wait, I get it now. You want to use the knife to carve the old Mrs. Liu's name? You want to use the curse on this tombstone to eliminate her, turning the curse against the ghost. What a genius idea, I can't believe you thought of that."

Suddenly, he had guessed Yang Jian's intention and was astounded.

From his recent venture, Yang Jian had found a way to break this dreadful situation.

For a moment, Sun Rui felt a surge of surprise, for this meant they were no longer passively awaiting death, having found a method to fight back.

However, seeing Yang Jian's inability to leave a mark on the tombstone, Sun Rui frowned deeply.

He considered his own methods... which seemed ineffective.

"You've reminded me. Ordinary objects can't affect things of the supernatural, so I too need a special tool to leave a mark on this tombstone," Yang Jian realized.

That's why Ghost Hand's tool for inscribing was a Coffin Nail.

A Coffin Nail can suppress all fierce spirits, and the moment it touches a tombstone, it can turn an object of the supernatural back into an ordinary tombstone.

And naturally, names could be carved into an ordinary tombstone with a Coffin Nail.

Once the name was carved, and the Coffin Nail no longer touched the tombstone,

The curse on the tombstone would return.

And a terrifying method of murder would take form.

Yang Jian truly had no Coffin Nail in his hand, perfect for suppressing the curse on the tombstone, but he possessed an item of the supernatural that was just as powerful.

The rusty, eerie Firewood Knife.

A knife that could ignore supernatural influence and dismember even fierce ghosts, the curse on the tombstone probably couldn't withstand it.

The next moment.

Yang Jian took out the firewood knife he carried with him.

The knife, full of rust and stained with dried, darkened blood, exuded an inexplicable aura.

It was disconcerting; even ferocious ghosts would feel fear.

"This is..." Sun Rui, Li Yang, even the others were staring intently at the strange knife in Yang Jian's hand.

Especially Li Yang, he had seen this object in Yang Jian's hands before.

In the World of Ghost Drawing.

But he had only seen Yang Jian take it out, never using it.

"An unknown object with supernatural power?" Sun Rui speculated in his heart.

Yang Jian was not afraid to expose the bizarre knife to them; as long as the others didn't know the killing pattern and the horrific extent of the knife, it would remain just an unknown object to most, a mystery.

So, it didn't matter if it was seen, as long as no information was revealed.

"Carving on this tombstone, I wonder if it will cause me harm from the knife," Yang Jian thought silently.

The curse of the knife was equally terrifying.

Without triggering the medium, if he directly chopped at a ghost, he would sustain the same injuries on himself, and not even Ghost Shadow could heal the wounds. Only after completing the trade with Ghost Cabinet and clearing the curse could he recover.

If the medium was directly triggered, the curse would be even more dreadful.

It would consume an entire ghost suppression quota from Yang Jian.

Yang Jian now had only one quota left for suppressing ghosts, meaning he had one more chance to strike with the knife. After that, he would lose balance and face the risk of ghosts reviving.

Thus, this tool could only be used in a dire situation.

At this moment, without hesitation,

Yang Jian, holding the rust-covered, eerie firewood knife, began to carve on the blank tombstone in front of him.

The tombstone that had not shown any marks from bullets before now seemed as fragile as tofu, leaving a deep notch as the knife passed over it.

"It works; the knife can leave a mark on it. Indeed, to counter a supernatural object, one needs another supernatural object. The principle of fighting ghosts with ghosts is the same," Sun Rui's previously sunken heart brightened instantly at the sight.

"Captain Yang, quickly; after carving that ghost's name, completely bury it here. If there's no grave number 78, we'll create one ourselves, and then we'll be able to complete the delivering mission successfully," Sun Rui urged.

Li Yang also breathed a sigh of relief on the side.

It seemed that they had found the key to breaking through this deadly situation.

With the right method, it appeared to be easier than imagined. Luo Su Yi's death was truly wrongful, targeted right from the start.

If he had lived until now, he would surely be safe and sound.

Indeed, in supernatural events, luck is also very important.

Yang Jian carved the name quickly.

Soon, the first character was complete; a 'Liu' appeared on the tombstone.

After the carving of the character was finished, the engraved mark began to bleed outwards, like red paint seeping out, staining the character red.

He continued to carve the second character.

The strokes of 'Lan' were few, and quickly, the second character was also completed.

Liu Lan's name appeared on the blank tombstone.

This was Old Lady Liu's name, now suspected to be the fierce ghost within the cemetery, so the curse targeting the ghost was fulfilled.

But, just as Yang Jian finished carving the name Liu Lan,

The distant knocking sound also suddenly ceased. At some unknown location, the desiccated, deathly pale Old Lady Liu, dressed in black mourner's garb, gripping an old coffin nail, finished carving the last person's name, seemingly managing to do so just before Yang Jian could act.

Although the ghost carved the name slower than Yang Jian, it had started earlier than him.

The horrific curse targeting the fifth person took form.

However, as soon as the ghost finished carving that name, before it could act,

suddenly,

the soil beneath the ghost loosened, and in an instant, it sank into the ground, leaving only half of its stiff, cold body visible.

The ghost, as if immobilized, made no move, just staring ahead with a wrinkly, pallid face, numb and sluggish.

The ghost made no struggle at all as it rapidly sank downward.

In just a moment,

The wandering ghost of the cemetery completely sank into the soil and vanished, along with the coffin nail in its hand, all disappearing without a trace.

Chapter 794 Breaking the Curse of the Cemetery

In the dimly lit and silent cemetery,

a group of people had gathered around an old grave, now staring at the tombstone before them with a variety of expressions.

Some were fearful and unsettled, others curious and expectant.

But for Yang Jian, it was a slight relief.

He felt it—the curse seemed to have taken effect, the clearest signal being the cessation of the tapping sounds echoing through the cemetery.

"Is it over?" Sun Rui withdrew his gaze from the tombstone and looked towards Yang Jian.

"Can't be sure, but it should be over. We should still wait a bit longer, though. If there's no tapping within three minutes, no, within five, then we can confirm that the ghost from before has been successfully buried alive by the tombstone's curse."

As he spoke, Yang Jian was attuned to the changes within himself.

Just now, he had used the eerie Firewood Knife to inscribe on the tombstone and was potentially susceptible to the curse of this supernatural object, just as in previous uses of the Firewood Knife.

However,

things seemed to be a bit beyond Yang Jian's expectations.

He was unaffected.

Yang Jian did not succumb to the curse of the Firewood Knife.

"Could it be that merely inscribing does not affect oneself? Or is it because the target was a tombstone, not a fierce ghost or a living person, and thus the curse did not activate?"

His gaze shifted slightly as he weighed and pondered in his mind.

Although he didn't understand why, not being subject to the curse was good news.

"It should be over. If the ghost kills by carving names, then our engraving names should have some effect," Li Yang said, scanning the surroundings.

This stretch of graveyard still exuded a sinister presence, but at least the tapping had not resumed.

But Yang Jian was right; to be sure, they should wait another three minutes.

After a ghost finished inscribing a name, there was a gap of time before it moved to a blank tombstone. This could be deduced from the death of Luo Su Yi and the members of the supernatural forum.

Only, this interval of time wouldn't be very long, probably just a minute or two.

"Let's wait then, and hope everything is okay," Sun Rui said, his expression no longer so tense.

He believed that Yang Jian's actions had been effective.

The continuous deaths at the hands of the ghost had been curtailed.

However, just then,

a sudden scream rang out, full of boundless panic.

"Sister!"

It was the cry of Liu Yuan's son, Liu Haw, the teenager of about sixteen, who suddenly seemed to be dragged down by something clutching at his feet, sinking into the ground like a person drowning, instinctively grabbing at his sister Liu Xinyue beside him.

But the immense force was not something a young woman could withstand.

Liu Xinyue was pulled down to the ground in an instant, and Liu Haw's legs had already sunk into the soil.

"Brother."

Liu Xinyue was immediately panicked. She held her brother's arms desperately, hugging tightly in a futile attempt to stop everything.

"Hold tight to your sister, don't let go, don't let go for goodness' sake, help, someone please save my brother, I beg you..."

Liu Haw was in trouble.

His name had been carved on the tombstone, the eerie graveyard intent on swallowing him, burying him into the grave.

The people nearby, frightened, hurriedly moved away, afraid of being drawn in.

"Sister, I don't want to die, I don't want to die..." Liu Haw cried out, calling for help. Already timid by nature, he was now completely breaking down.

"Just another unlucky soul," Sun Rui said coldly, observing from the sidelines, unmoved.

It wasn't that he was unwilling to help, but simply that he couldn't.

Luo Su Yi, a ghost controller himself, hadn't been quick enough to rescue, let alone a regular young man.

But before Sun Rui could finish, he felt Yang Jian next to him rush out with a stern face.

"Hm?"

Sun Rui's expression shifted as he looked on.

He found Yang Jian's actions strange. He knew Yang Jian wasn't a pushover; the way he had dealt with a member from the supernatural forum earlier showed he could be far more ruthless than Sun Rui. It seemed unlikely that he would rescue an ordinary person.

Yet before he could contemplate further,

Yang Jian had already dashed over and grabbed Liu Haw's arm, pulling with all his might.

The boy who had been sinking into the ground was now forcefully lifted by Yang Jian, halting the cemetery's curse.

"Saved him? How is that possible?"

Sun Rui's face changed dramatically, incredulous at the sight of Liu Haw being lifted by Yang Jian.

But soon he noticed something.

Liu Haw's legs were gone.

A dark, eerie shadow flitted beneath Yang Jian's feet. Ghost Shadow actively detached Liu Haw's legs, lifting the upper half of his body from the ground, severing the spread of the curse.

"Just as I thought,"

Yang Jian said coldly, holding Liu Haw with one hand and staring at the ground that had swiftly returned to calm.

Within the soil, Liu Haw's legs were devoured, buried here.

But such attacks did not further occur.

Just like the dead man's arm Yang Jian had earlier, holding it in hand would forestall an attack, but once dropped and contacting Grave Soil, the curse would continue.

"Captain Yang, have you found a way to break the curse of these tombstones?"

Li Yang's eyes widened, looking at the rescued Liu Haw, somewhat elated.

Yang Jian's first attempt to save Luo Su Yi had failed.

The second time, he managed to save only an arm.

But on the third try, he had successfully saved an ordinary person, forcibly interrupting this seemingly unsolvable method of killing.

"If the ghost had already killed two or three people beside me, and I still hadn't found a solution, then that would mean I am incompetent," said Yang Jian.

Sun Rui's expression flickered slightly.

To be honest, he really hadn't figured out the reason.

Yang Jian continued, "Grave Soil, the grave soil we're standing on is the key. To isolate the curse here, the only way is to stay away from the ground and avoid contact with the Grave Soil. The ghosts in the Grave Soil won't leave the ground to kill people, so like this person, who I'm holding in my hand, they will be safe."

"And since I'm not the target, the curse won't transfer to me, and the cursed person can survive easily."

"I see." Realization dawned on Sun Rui.

He then remembered how, after Yang Jian had failed to save someone from the supernatural forum and only saved an arm, he observed for a while before throwing the arm away.

The discarded arm was immediately swallowed by the Grave Soil and disappeared.

From that moment, Yang Jian had already thought of something, but now he had thoroughly verified it through the attack on Liu Haw.

"So you amputated his legs to remove him from the curse, successfully helping him escape this peril?"

Sun Rui said, "But you were really quick to act, if you had been a step slower, and the amputation had been below the waist, he wouldn't have been saved. This method isn't very practical; it still comes at a cost."

"You're mistaken," Yang Jian said expressionlessly. "I've found a way to reduce the cost so that even ordinary people can bear it."

"Even without my help, as long as they know the pattern, ordinary people can survive because there are places here where you don't need to touch the Grave Soil."

Having said that, he carried Liu Haw to the tombstone they had just been by and set him down on it.

"Sit here, and don't fall or you're done for. You better come over and hold him; he's lost his legs but at least he's still alive." Yang Jian glanced at Liu Xinyue.

At that moment, Liu Xinyue sat on the ground in shock, her expression filled with fear and confusion, her tears swirling in her eyes.

Just a moment ago,

She was on the verge of collapsing, about to watch her own younger brother die in front of her.

Unexpectedly, the cold-hearted Captain Yang had actually intervened to help.

Although her brother lost his legs, at least he was still alive.

Wiping away her tears, Liu Xinyue quickly stood up, steadied Liu Haw, who was seated on the tombstone, and hugged him, comforting, "It's okay, it's over now, we're safe."

Liu Haw clung to his sister, crying.

Both felt a trembling throughout their bodies.

It was fear, it was anxiety.

"The tombstone is the key to breaking the game."

Sun Rui remarked with a sense of awe, "I got it, as long as you sit on the tombstone when the knocking comes, staying off the ground, you can block the ghost's attack. Under such circumstances, even ordinary people can survive."

Li Yang nodded, "Yes, that's right. If someone is targeted, then let others carry them out."

"So how do you know if you've been targeted by the ghost?"

Yang Jian said expressionlessly, "It's simple. Throw something from your body out there; if it gets swallowed by the Grave Soil, that means you're targeted. Maybe just a lock of hair will be enough."

Hearing this, the two fell silent.

They hadn't expected that Yang Jian could neutralize such a terrifying supernatural event in this manner.

The ghost's pattern of killing hadn't yet been confirmed, but relying on the method of the killings and the assaults on ordinary people, they had found a way to live.

With such clear intelligence,

Even if the knocking sounded again, they wouldn't have to be as worried.

"What a gap," Sun Rui felt at that moment as if he were useless.

Apart from retreating, he was of no help.

Yang Jian paid no attention to how the others felt; after his successful attempt, he had also resolved a worry for the future, glanced at the time, and said, "Nearly three minutes have passed, and the knocking hasn't started again; the previous plan to carve names was probably successful, but we should wait a couple more minutes."

"After seven minutes, if everything around is still normal, we'll dig up this grave; it should contain the buried Mrs. Liu, and then our mission to deliver the message will be over too."

Finishing, he pointed at the grave before them.

It didn't matter where Mrs. Liu was buried; once she was buried, she would definitely appear in this grave here.

Just as with Luo Su Yi.

With a precedent, they could avoid a lot of detours.

Hence, while the previous attempt to dig the grave and save Luo Su Yi had not been effective, it had yielded an important piece of information.

Without this information, Yang Jian would not have dared to take such action.

The previous seemingly meaningless rescue efforts were the same.

Every piece of information was important.

Yang Jian's deciphering of the curse over the graves was not an arbitrary phenomenon, but also involved gathering information and on-the-spot analysis.

Chapter 795 The Strongest Strike

After Yang Jian broke the terrifying curse of Fushou Garden, he essentially found a way out for everyone.

With a way out now available, everyone's fear and unease were greatly reduced. Many had already made up their minds that as soon as they heard the knocking sound again, they would immediately find a tombstone to sit on, leaving the ground to avoid being killed by ghosts.

But that was not the end of it.

After surviving the terrifying incident of the ghost inscribing death onto people, Yang Jian, along with Sun Rui and Li Yang, were about to face their first task of delivering a letter.

Just wait a few more minutes, if everything is as usual, then dig up this grave, find old lady Liu and hand the red letter over to her.

At the same time, Yang Jian also had a little idea of his own.

To see if he could find that Coffin Nail...

If he could, then the risks and losses taken this time would be worthwhile.

Meanwhile.

Outside Fushou Garden.

This place had been completely sealed off by the members of the lingering forum.

The blockade had already reached a couple of streets away.

The sudden blockade had caused nearby traffic to come to a standstill, with many vehicles stuck on the roads, unable to move forward or back, which angered many drivers who were cursing on the streets.

"Now we're in big trouble, Fushou Garden has been sealed off, no one is allowed to enter or exit." At this very moment, on a pedestrian path, a sullen, thin man looked up towards the location of Fushou Garden, his face showing an anxious expression.

He was one of the mailmen of the Ghost Post Office.

Just like Yang Jian and the others, he was responsible for delivering this red letter.

However, since leaving the post office yesterday, he immediately took a flight to Dahai City, which could be described as relentless.

But he was still one step too late.

"Wan Xing, I thought you wouldn't come. I didn't expect you to come over out of fear," said a voice with a smile. It was Wang Shan who had previously appeared in the post office; he seemed to have just got off a taxi on the side of the road.

"But, you have offended Yang Jian. More than the failure of the letter delivery, I think the danger he poses is greater. If you want to save your life, it's best to avoid him because if he teams up with that Sun Rui and Li Yang, they're no ordinary people... Together, they can even force back the ghosts of the post office," Wang Shan said as he approached, revealing a piece of information.

Wan Xing knew that there were ghosts in the post office, but it was precisely because he knew that he felt scared.

He had not encountered the ghost in the post office himself and was not aware that Yang Jian and others actually had.

"How do you know?" Wan Xing stared intensely at Wang Shan.

He was not familiar with Wang Shan, more so with Qian Rong, but for this letter delivery task, Qian Rong seemed not to have come, not knowing whether it was out of fear or self-given up on.

Wang Shan pointed to himself and said, "Because I witnessed it with my own eyes. Hard to believe, right? There are people in this world who can compete against ghosts and even get the upper hand. Although they worked together, it was already terrifying. You must have guessed a bit when you shot at Yang Jian before."

"These kinds of people are extraordinary, possibly even more dangerous than the upstairs messengers."

Wan Xing fell silent.

Although he considered himself tough, he was simple compared to that group. Those people didn't seem human at all; they were cold, unfeeling, and whether it was Yang Jian or Sun Rui, when they took action, all he felt was deep fear.

"The blockade here is more likely than not related to those three people. Their purpose in coming to the Ghost Post Office wasn't to deliver letters, but to deal with the Ghost Post Office. If they succeed, we might be able to rid ourselves of the messenger's identity and become ordinary people again," Wang Shan remarked, then smiled, "So, it's better to honestly cling to their coattails."

"Although you have offended them, they seem to not take you seriously, too lazy even to kill you," he said.

"After all, we are not on the same level as them. This encounter is just a coincidence."

Wan Xing changed the subject and then said, "If we can't get into Fushou Garden, what if the letter delivery mission fails? I don't want to die."

"Can you even get in? With a blockade of this magnitude, not even drones can fly in. I've tried before and nearly got shot. And that's just the first line of the blockade. There are at least two more inside," said Wang Shan with a self-deprecating smile.

"Damn it," cursed Wan Xing.

Wang Shan continued, "However, the more it's like this, the more relieved I am because if Yang Jian and the others can still get in with this level of a blockade, it means that their status and capabilities are much stronger than what they have shown, and this blockade might very well be their doing."

Upon hearing this, Wan Xing grew even more silent, filled with even more regret.

It seemed he had offended a group of people he should not have offended.

While the two were conversing.

Suddenly.

For some reason, the originally bright sky quickly dimmed as if a thunderstorm was approaching and the clouds had obscured the sky, yet there were no clouds above, as if time had suddenly jumped from afternoon to evening.

The streetlights immediately lit up all around.

The sky darkened?

"What's happening?" Wang Shan looked up at the sky, frowning in confusion.

This sudden change in the heavens piqued the curiosity of many, with quite a few even taking out their phones to capture it.

Meanwhile.

In the heart of the city, atop the Mingzhu Building.

Inside an office.

Ye Zhen stood in front of the office's large floor-to-ceiling window, gazing into the distance with a slight frown, while behind him, the ending theme of an anime began to play on the large TV screen, and the cup of hot milk on the coffee table was already down to the last drop.

His afternoon tea time had come to an end.

"Such a nuisance, I only took a half-day break, and such an incident happens in the city. As expected, without the strongest me in charge, these underlings can't make it big. Well, in that case, let's go take a look," he said with a sigh, feeling indispensably important.

"Where is the manager?"

"President Ye." At that moment, the middle-aged manager hurried in.

"Go, put up the advertisements, I want the entire city's neon lights to flicker for me. Once I change clothes, I'll meet with Ghost Eye Xiao Yang and see what's going on in Fushou Garden," Ye Zhen instructed with a wave of his hand.

The manager's mouth twitched: "What's the catchphrase for this advertisement?"

Ye Zhen pondered for a moment and declared, "It needs to be powerful with substance. Okay, it's decided. The catchphrase is... 'The Strongest Strike'."

"..."

The manager gave him a strange look, remained silent for a while, and then said, "Alright, I'll make it happen."

With that, he turned and left.

Ye Zhen walked into the dressing room with a calm expression on his face.

Inside the dressing room, there weren't suits and shirts, but an assortment of bizarre costumes including magical-style armor, exclusive outfits of anime characters, custom-made capes, battle robes, and even swords and shurikens...

"I've run out of clothes to wear," Ye Zhen muttered to himself, unsure of what to wear.

In no time at all.

The buildings, billboards, and lights of the entire Dahai City suddenly all lit up, with all the neon lights twinkling; the billboards were all emblazoned with four bold characters.

"The Strongest Strike!"

Many were baffled, some even guessing which prodigal son had booked out the city's advertisements just to write these four somewhat perplexing words.

During this time, Ye Zhen had already changed his clothes.

He donned a black traditional outfit, a cloak, a hat, and a sword at his waist, looking like an ancient swordsman.

The only thing that didn't fit the picture was the double-character word on the back of his cloak.

"Justice"

"The Strongest Strike."

Ye Zhen shouted these four words in the office, then took a step and passed through the large floor-to-ceiling window, arriving in the high sky.

The chilly wind at the high altitude whipped around, making his cape flutter loudly.

"Actually, having such a boss sometimes feels pretty embarrassing." Inside the office, many who witnessed this scene couldn't help but turn their heads away.

They lamented internally.

What a top-notch spirit master, why does he have to be such a chuunibyou?

"This sky is so dark, bring some sunshine to light my way forward," Ye Zhen stretched out his finger and lightly waved at the sky.

A crack appeared in the gloomy sky.

Sunlight came pouring through that gap, exactly illuminating him.

From a distance, it looked like a winding path made of a band of sunlight, extending all the way from the top floor of the Mingzhu Building straight into the spooky and terrifying Fushou Garden.

"I walk with the sun under my feet..."

Ye Zhen nodded in satisfaction, and as he moved forward, it seemed as though the word "Justice" on his cloak shone even brighter.

"What an idiot," the manager in the office muttered under his breath, his mouth twitching hard. "So, Fang Shiming's assessment was correct. President Ye, with all his bizarre abilities, uses most of them to show off. If he spent less energy on these frivolous things, he might have already taken down Fang Shiming last time."

Chapter 796

As time gradually passed,

the emotions of those trapped within Fushou Garden were not only free from getting worse but even started to overflow with a certain joy.

The reason was simple.

After a good ten minutes had passed, the echoing knocking sounds had not occurred again.

The ghosts had stopped killing.

Such a situation was sufficient to prove that Yang Jian's actions just now were correct.

The tombstone carved with Liu Lan's name successfully buried old lady Liu into this grave mound, putting a stop to the ghost's actions.

The ghosts had been successfully restrained, which greatly elevated everyone else's hope for survival.

But this did not mean that everything had come to an end.

Yang Jian, who had been standing by, observed and waited for a moment before saying, "It's about time, start digging the grave. You go and dig up this grave, find the old lady Liu buried inside—just like when we dug up Luo Su Yi's grave just now."

"Yang, Team Yang, there might very well be a ghost stepping inside this grave... Will there be trouble if we dig it up?" a member of the supernatural forum asked, his voice tinged with fear.

They dared to dig Luo Su Yi's grave, but they absolutely did not dare to dig a grave that was definitely harboring a ghost.

Yang Jian's face was cold as he said, "If you don't do it, do you expect me to do it myself? If you want me to lead you out of here, you need to help. Even kids know there's no such thing as a free lunch. If you keep hesitating, then get as far away from me as you can. I never forced you to come to this damned place."

With that stern rebuke,

nobody dared to reveal the slightest hesitation anymore.

Being left behind at this point meant certain death in this place, an ordinary person had no way to walk out alive.

At that moment,

the four or five remaining members of the supernatural forum stiffened their resolve and began digging the grave.

Liu Xinyue looked at those digging, then at Yang Jian, and finally at her own brother, Liu Haw, unsure of what to do, feeling a sense of panicked confusion.

It wasn't that she didn't dare to dig the grave; she had to take care of her brother.

Liu Haw had lost both his legs and was feeling fearful and helpless.

Although the amputation of his legs by Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow did not cause pain to the living, as a teenager of sixteen or seventeen, suddenly being attacked by a ghost and losing his legs, nobody would be able to keep calm.

"You don't need to do it, just take care of him," said Yang Jian, glancing over and speaking offhandedly.

Liu Xinyue was momentarily stunned. She looked at Yang Jian, seemingly incredulous that such a cold, almost cruel man would suddenly show a bit of concern for her.

"Thank, thank you."

Coming back to her senses, she quickly expressed her gratitude.

This bit of concern greatly relieved Liu Xinyue, allowing her to take care of her brother with peace of mind while no longer worrying about being thrown out of the group and being unable to leave this place.

A single sentence.

It determined the fate of two people.

"The graves here have the effect of suppressing malicious ghosts. Once we dig out old lady Liu, we probably won't be attacked," Sun Rui pondered for a moment and said, "It's just that I don't know if this grave soil will retain a similar effect after we leave Fushou Garden. If it does, it could be used as a supernatural artifact."

Yang Jian said, "It's no use. The grave soil only works when piled on the body of a ghost. In supernatural events, ghosts won't give you the chance. Besides, speaking of grave soil..."

He remembered that he still had a bag of it at home.

It had formed after Feng Quan's ghost had revived.

Now it seemed that Feng Quan's grave soil had some connections to this place, and it was very possible that the ghost inside his body had escaped from here or had also been affected by the curse of this graveyard.

Sun Rui sighed and said, "You're right, the grave soil here can suppress ghosts, putting them into a deep sleep; it sounds very special, but in practice it's quite difficult to use."

Ghosts aren't going to stand still and just let you bury them.

Moreover, Ghost Domain can't affect the grave soil, meaning there's no way to use Ghost Domain to transfer the grave soil directly onto the ghosts.

Its usability was greatly reduced.

Li Yang said, "In the current situation, we don't have the energy to take away the soil from a grave, do we? To do this by hand, we'd need an excavator. But it's too dangerous to dig up a grave in this haunted place, isn't it? If something comes out, it could be deadly. I don't believe there's only one ghost here."

An expanse of dense graves.

Grave soil that can bury ghosts.

Even Yang Jian wouldn't have the guts to dig recklessly here, and he certainly wouldn't risk his life just for this special grave soil.

Time ticked away.

Members of the supernatural forum were acting as laborers, opening up the old grave.

The grave soil was loose, and even digging by hand wasn't too difficult, but the dirty and dark soil emitted a strong stench of decay that was hard to stand. It was as if more than one body had been buried here, with the corpses having rotted away and merged with the soil.

About several minutes passed.

A protruding grave mound was gradually leveled.

Soon.

After one person dug up a handful of grave soil in front of them, they finally discovered something.

It was a piece of black clothing, not something worn by the living, but a shroud worn for burial. Although buried in the dirt, the material still looked very new, not something that had been buried for long.

"Found, found it," that person hastily shouted.

Everyone else's hands immediately stopped, and they all looked over.

Yang Jian walked over, his gaze shifting slightly, for he indeed saw the half-buried black shroud in the soil. It was familiar—the very shroud Liu Lao Tai was wearing when she was put into the coffin.

"Dig a bit more, it's best to dig out Liu Lao Tai's hands that are buried in the soil."

The few people had no choice.

Under such supervision, even if they wanted to slack off, they couldn't, and they had to continue digging along the corpse with trepidation.

Compared to opening Luo Su Yi's grave, this excavation was even more terrifying.

Because everyone knew that the deceased buried in the grave mound before them was actually a ghost that was only sleeping because of the special properties of the grave soil. But they weren't fools; once they dug out the soil, it was very possible for the ghost to awaken.

Just the thought of what could happen then was frightening enough.

Little by little, the grave soil was moved aside.

The contours of the body became increasingly clear.

"Ah."

Suddenly, a big, burly man cried out in horror like a woman and fell back in a seated position.

"What happened?"

The man trembled as he said, "Th-that body moved a bit, I felt it, the body really moved."

"Can't be."

All the others instantly paled.

The grave soil wasn't completely removed yet, and the body moved? If they continued to dig, wouldn't the body come back to life?

"We should be good now."

Sun Rui whispered from the side, "If we keep digging, the ghost might escape. This place is the Ghost Domain, and once it regains mobility, it could disappear in the blink of an eye."

At that moment, everyone could see the outline of a corpse appearing before their eyes.

But the corpse was covered with a layer of Grave Soil, not very thick, just enough to hide it.

It was clear that the people from the supernatural forum were quite smart; they dug following the outline of the corpse instead of just opening up a random section.

Yang Jian nodded at these words, signaling the others to step aside, and he already had a red envelope in his hand.

"Get ready, I don't want any accidents."

"Relax, I don't want trouble at this critical moment either," Sun Rui walked forward, squinting his eyes and planting his cane directly onto the corpse with his foot.

Seeing this, Yang Jian didn't say more and immediately brushed aside a patch of Grave Soil.

Mrs. Liu's withered, corpse-spotted, and cold arm was exposed; indeed, he felt this arm twitching, as if struggling to sit up, but the pressure of the Grave Soil was still there, and the corpse wouldn't easily regain movement.

Immediately,

he stuffed a red letter into Mrs. Liu's hand.

The task of delivering the letter was completed without much trouble.

After touching the red letter, Mrs. Liu's hand triggered a miraculous and bizarre scene.

The letter suddenly disintegrated as if it had aged and decayed all at once, leaving nothing behind.

Hmm?

Watching this scene left people somewhat puzzled.

The red letter just vanished like that?

There was nothing inside it, nor had any supernatural event occurred.

"Does this count as a successful delivery?" Sun Rui frowned.

Yang Jian hesitated before replying, "It should, now that the letter is gone. It can't be considered a failure; if so, the Ghost Post Office is really playing tricks on us."

"Right, if it's gone and this doesn't count as success, then I'm going to be angry," Sun Rui also felt that the delivery must have been successful.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate at this moment and began to dig for Mrs. Liu's other arm under the Grave Soil.

The fact that Mrs. Liu's hand wasn't holding a Coffin Nail suggested that it was most likely in her other hand.

As expected,

he saw a shriveled hand holding a rusted Coffin Nail coming out of the earth.

"Found it." Yang Jian felt a surge of satisfaction.

He had wanted to acquire a Coffin Nail from the Hungry Ghost before, but he truly didn't dare to disturb the ghost and had to give up on it.

He hadn't anticipated finding a second Coffin Nail during his task to deliver a letter in the cemetery.

It was just unknown if this Coffin Nail served the same purpose as the first one.

Without further thought,

Yang Jian immediately reached out to take the Coffin Nail.

Mrs. Liu's body was very stiff, her hand tightly clutching the Coffin Nail, and it wasn't so easy to take it away at first.

But that didn't hinder him.

With a cold expression, he used the Ghost Hand to forcibly pry open her stiff fingers.

Even the influence of Supernatural Power would be suppressed and rendered useless in the presence of his Ghost Hand.

Sure enough,

Once the Ghost Hand touched Mrs. Liu's palm, her stiff fingers seemed to lose their strength and were pried open bit by bit.

At last,

the rusty Coffin Nail was forcibly pulled out from the Grave Soil by Yang Jian.

"Got it," Yang Jian let out a sigh of relief.

However, at the moment he got hold of the Coffin Nail,

"Not good, Yang Jian, something's happening!" Suddenly, Sun Rui, who had his foot on the body, changed his expression drastically and shouted.

He felt the corpse under his foot attempting to struggle and rise.

The strength was surprisingly formidable.

It seemed that the thin layer of Grave Soil on the body wasn't enough to maintain suppression, or perhaps the suppressing force wasn't adequate, even with Sun Rui's own strength added to the effort.

Hmm?

Yang Jian quickly realized what was happening.

At that moment, Mrs. Liu's corpse suddenly sat up from under the Grave Soil.

The strength was too overpowering, or perhaps the suppression had completely failed.

Sun Rui stumbled and took a few steps back, almost falling if not for the cane he was clutching.

A wrinkled, ashen face of an old person without any expression turned toward Yang Jian, the dim and lusterless eyes opening, conveying an ominous eeriness.

At that moment,

the corners of Mrs. Liu's mouth curled up slightly.

It seemed like she was smiling.

No, it wasn't a smile.

It was her cheeks moving as if she had something in her mouth.

Soon,

Mrs. Liu's emaciated cheeks bulged, and strands of black liquid slowly oozed from the corners of her mouth.

It was a viscous blood.

The original color of the blood couldn't be seen; due to it being in the corpse for too long, the blood had rotted to black.

An anomaly?

Yang Jian quickly backed away, signaling to the others, "Move away from this old grave site."

He had succeeded in delivering the letter and had taken the Coffin Nail from Mrs. Liu's hand, causing a certain calm to be shattered.

Perhaps this change in Mrs. Liu's corpse originated from the red letter.

There were too many uncertainties.

Yang Jian dared not approach any closer, could only quickly get the others to widen the distance, maintain a certain safety margin, and then see what would happen next.

Chapter 797 The Cemetery Out of Control

Yang Jian successfully delivered the red letter to Liu Lao Tai's hands and even managed to take the coffin nail from her grasp. It could be said that the two planned tasks had been perfectly completed.

But then,

something unexpected happened.

Liu Lao Tai, who was already a corpse, abruptly sat up.

The pressure of the grave soil seemed to have become ineffective on her, or perhaps there was too little soil covering her body, insufficient to keep the corpse in slumber.

"What's going on? Has the fierce ghost awakened?" Li Yang's heart skipped a beat as he hastily retreated from the vicinity of the old grave.

Yang Jian stared intently at the corpse of Liu Lao Tai, which kept spewing blood: "Not sure, something unpredictable seems to have happened."

"We can ignore it. We've finished delivering the letter, and now we can just leave this place. It's very ominous here, and accidents always happen. I don't recommend staying any longer," Sun Rui's face looked somewhat pale, and a sense of unease rose in him again.

He had a vague feeling that if they continued to stay, something truly horrifying would occur.

Leave?

Yang Jian's expression flickered.

It was indeed a good suggestion. His goal had been achieved, and he could indeed simply walk away.

But he didn't want to leave just like that.

Because the ghost hadn't been dealt with.

If they left now, and should something happen here, there would be no one to stop it, and it could turn into a very serious incident.

"No, we can't leave yet. I want to see what happens after the successful delivery of the letter. The role of the messenger is very special: delivering a ghost's letter, where good and bad are hard to distinguish. Besides, we are responsible. If we leave without care, and something happens, who will handle it? It'll still be us," Yang Jian said with a cold face.

"Moreover, if there are indeed other ghosts in Fushou Garden and they spread out, many people in Dahai City will die."

"The supernatural event has just begun, and it would be best if it could be handled now."

The situation had become more complicated than just delivering a letter; it was a supernatural event brewing or even erupting.

Sun Rui became silent at this moment.

Yang Jian was right. They were responsible, not just messengers who could leave after delivering a message.

They needed to take responsibility for the supernatural event.

Liu Lao Tai's corpse still sat there.

Her thin cheeks slightly puffed out, her mouth continued to ooze thick, dark blood. The blood soaked the nearby earth, and the air was filled with a nauseating stench of decay, as if something had rotted.

Moreover, the amount of thick dark blood being vomited was much more than expected.

It had already far exceeded the blood volume of an adult and showed no signs of stopping, as if it could sit there and keep vomiting indefinitely.

This bizarre occurrence was definitely not random.

It was certainly a harbinger of something.

As for what would happen, nobody present knew. They could only be sure it wasn't anything good.

"Try to prevent this abnormality with the corpse first, stabilize the situation. If it really comes to it, I still have a coffin nail in hand, which can handle a fierce ghost," Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he pondered a solution, also considering the bigger picture.

Immediately,

the tall Headless Ghost Shadow behind Yang Jian moved.

It stood up like a headless corpse enveloped in darkness and strode towards the corpse of Liu Lao Tai.

The Headless Ghost Shadow, caught in a frozen state, was the best subject for a trial.

Even if it didn't work, it wouldn't put any burden on Yang Jian at the moment.

The Headless Ghost Shadow rapidly approached, its dark shadow, like thick ink, enveloping the seated corpse of Old Lady Liu.

The dry, cold body seemed to possess a mysterious supernatural power, attempted to be invaded and suppressed by the Headless Ghost Shadow, but it was kept out.

Yang Jian saw that the Headless Ghost Shadow dared not approach the place permeated by the black viscous blood, instead retreating on its own, while the corpse, which kept vomiting black blood in large quantities, became a terrifying source that even ferocious ghosts avoided.

"There's something strange with that blood; its nature is similar to grave soil, with the characteristic of driving away supernatural power, or perhaps that thing itself is part of something supernatural, and the level of horror is higher than I imagined."

"If such a thing continues to spread, maybe some kind of balance in this graveyard will be broken, and something unexpected will happen."

He speculated in his heart.

After hesitating for a moment, he finally steeled his heart and strode forward.

"Team Yang, what are you doing?" Sun Rui immediately asked upon seeing Yang Jian's sudden movement.

"Don't worry about me; I'll try to deal with this corpse," Yang Jian said, and he had already returned to the side of Old Lady Liu's corpse.

The others were terrified and dared not come close, merely watching from a distance.

Facing a corpse that suddenly sat up, even just watching was enough to send chills down one's spine, and only someone like Yang Jian could approach it again without fear.

After getting close, Yang Jian didn't say a word and reached out a hand to strangle Old Lady Liu's neck.

His palm was equally cold, stiff, and mismatched with his own skin color; his skin color was the pale type, but this palm was dark, like the hand of a dead person, as if it were a part temporarily assembled onto the body.

"Lie down for me."

Yang Jian said coldly, his Ghost Hand exerting force to try to push the seated Old Lady Liu back down, to be reburied in the grave soil.

Although Old Lady Liu's body was bizarre, it had not caused any substantial harm to the people and objects around, and strictly speaking, the body wasn't a ghost, but rather something that had suffered an unknown supernatural invasion within Fushou Garden, turning into an incomprehensible being.

Old Lady Liu's seated corpse seemed to be suppressed by the Ghost Hand.

The constant vomiting of blood was curtailed, but the suppression was not complete, only slowing the bleeding. The dry and terrible body still trickled with blood from the corners of the mouth, like a bottomless hole, with thick black blood still spilling out.

"Bang!"

The seated corpse was forcefully pushed down by Yang Jian.

After Old Lady Liu lay down, her body struggled, and Yang Jian could feel the movements from it.

"What a joke, even the Ghost Hand can't completely suppress it? Could it be that a Coffin Nail is necessary?" he said, his expression shifting slightly.

He already held a rusty Coffin Nail in his other hand.

This was just in case.

"First use the Coffin Nail to seal this body, then bury it, and after the suppression of the grave soil forms, I'll finally take the Coffin Nail out; maybe it will be a bit better," Yang Jian thought of a rather safer method.

But as soon as this thought appeared, another unexpected situation occurred.

The body of Old Lady Liu, suppressed by the Ghost Hand, was swelling rapidly at this time.

What was originally a dry and emaciated body became bloated in a short time, like a corpse that had been soaked in water for several days.

On Old Lady Liu's suddenly pale dead face, ears, eyes, nostrils, and the corners of her mouth were all bleeding.

All of it was thick black blood.

"Can't wait any longer."

Although Yang Jian was reluctant to use the Coffin Nail here, he felt that the situation was more serious than he had anticipated.

There was almost no hesitation.

A coffin nail pierced through Old Lady Liu's forehead, pinning her head in place.

But the moment the coffin nail lodged in Old Lady Liu, her swollen corpse burst like a balloon with a pop.

The dead skin was torn apart, without viscera or flesh, only a thick, black blood splashed out.

Caught by surprise, Yang Jian, who was close by, didn't have time to dodge and was splattered with blood, staining him completely.

The corpse of Old Lady Liu was now tattered, only her head, staring with the coffin nail, remained intact, its ashen gaze seeming to move, looking at Yang Jian, there was an indescribable eeriness.

"Captain Yang, do you need help?" Seeing this scene, Sun Rui immediately shouted.

"I'm fine,"

Yang Jian wiped the thick blood off his face and calmly gestured with a wave of his hand.

However, before he could finish speaking.

Suddenly.

The observing Li Yang, in a panic, yelled, "This is bad, the old graves around us seem to be collapsing, it looks like a lot of them are sinking."

"What?"

Without waiting to analyze the current situation, both Yang Jian and Sun Rui hastily looked around.

Suddenly, a chill swept over them.

The old graves, engraved with names and hanging with portraits, were indeed slowly collapsing one by one.

"Look, there seems to be someone on top of that grave." Suddenly, a member of the supernatural forum with a keen eye pointed to the other side and called out.

Atop an old grave, someone was sitting, unbeknownst when they had arrived.

The person was too blurry to see clearly, sitting stiffly on top of the grave without moving, their face not visible, showing only a profile.

But that profile was bizarre, like that of a dead person's face, covered with a thick layer of grave soil. The soil was dark and cracked, sticking to the skin as if it had fused with the person.

A face covered in mud?

My God

Is this still a human?

It could be a fierce ghost that has just crawled out of an old grave.

Thinking this, Yang Jian's heart suddenly clenched.

His guess was correct.

The abnormal change in Old Lady Liu's corpse was tied to some balance within the graveyard.

Previously, although the graveyard was ominous, at least there was nothing else appearing aside from Old Lady Liu, and strictly speaking, it was relatively safe.

But now?

Old graves were collapsing, and a strange person had already appeared atop a grave.

Doesn't this suggest that the fierce ghosts sleeping in the tombs might start to emerge?

After all, Yang Jian had a suspicion before.

This graveyard might not be intended for the dead but for fierce ghosts, as the grave soil could put them into a deep sleep, entering a suppressed state.

Now, this suppression and sleep seemed to be problematic.

Was it because he had taken the coffin nail from Old Lady Liu's hand?

Or was it the red letter's fault?

The former was less likely.

Because now, the coffin nail in Yang Jian's hand had been returned to Old Lady Liu, nailed into the forehead of the corpse.

Yet the abnormality didn't stop.

So, the high probability was the problem with the red letter.

"If this is not handled properly, a major problem is about to unfold here," Yang Jian's forehead started to break out in a cold sweat.

Although he did not sense a threat to his own safety, he was overwhelmed by an unprecedented dread.

Setting aside the normal graves in Fushou Garden, how many ominous old graves were there?

One hundred, two hundred? Three hundred?

...Although not necessarily every old grave contained a fierce ghost, at the very least, it was certain there was more than one buried here.

If more than ten ghosts emerged from the grave soil, Dahai City outside would be doomed.

This could no longer be defined by an S-level supernatural event.

An S-level event is only one unsolvable-level fierce ghost.

But the situation in this graveyard had already surpassed the S-level.

If it completely erupted, this would be the first SS-level supernatural event in the supernatural community.

Even if Yang Jian held the coffin nail, he could only successfully pin down one ghost at a time, certainly not enough to withstand the revival of so many simultaneously.

And if there were too many ghosts, the pattern where ghosts kill people would become more likely to trigger.

Perhaps by then, standing here, even breathing might draw the attention of ghosts.

He thought deeper and thus felt frightened.

But for ordinary people, they were not aware of the terrifying impact that a supernatural outbreak and the resurrection of fierce ghosts would bring. Although they were horrified, they were not as afraid and were instead eager to urge him on.

"Captain Yang, let's hurry up and go, your work here is done, don't stay here anymore," urged a member of the supernatural forum.

Yang Jian kept his face expressionless, ignoring the existence of these few people.

Go?

Just to keep a few of you alive?

If there's trouble here, it won't just be a matter of a few people's lives or deaths.

So right now, their life and death had become unimportant.

"It is really shameful to me that, as a member of the supernatural forum, you went to ask for the help of Yang with the 'ghost eye.' It's clear you didn't regard me highly enough." But just at this moment.

The dim sky of Fushou Garden tore open with a crack.

The sunlight from outside poured in, bringing hope and light to this desperate and oppressive tomb world.

One person descended from the light from the sky, slowly floating down, standing mid-air, overlooking everything.

The strongest move.

The boss of the supernatural forum, Ye Zhen, had arrived.

Chapter 798 Invincible Mister Ye

The Ghost Domain of Fushou Garden has been invaded?

Upon seeing the darkened sky of the graveyard torn open, and sunlight spilling in, Yang Jian's first reaction was just that.

This was a clear sign of invasion.

The reason being that the Ghost Domain of this graveyard had not disappeared yet, and the affected area was very limited.

Only a crack about several meters wide existed.

To invade another's Ghost Domain, the most effortless way, of course, was to tear open a gap, not to choose a full-scale suppression, which would be rather foolish.

Therefore.

Was the visitor a ghost master?

If it was a ghost master, it was mostly likely someone from the paranormal forum, as Dahai City outside was the territory of the paranormal forum.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly and looked up at the sky.

Above his head, the sunlight from outside poured in; though it was the sunset dusk, it was still more dazzling and striking compared to the graveyard's gloomy and oppressive environment. And right there, at the place where the Ghost Domain had been torn open, stood a person in mid-air.

Indeed, no mistake.

A person floated in the air like a ghost, with no support beneath their feet, defying reality and science.

The person wore a wide-brimmed hat, exuding a mysterious aura, with a beautifully crafted sword hanging at their waist. What was most startling, however, was that this individual had a cloak on their back with two clear, large characters "Justice" written on it.

This attire was completely out of the ordinary.

On the streets, it would be considered a hallmark of nonconformity, though perhaps it would be more readily accepted at an anime convention.

"Boss, it's the boss who's come to rescue us," the other members of the paranormal forum exclaimed excitedly and joyfully upon seeing this.

As if they had seen a savior, a rock to cling to.

The boss?

At this moment, Yang Jian's eyelid twitched, "The boss of the paranormal forum... Ye Zhen?"

He looked at the person again.

Despite the odd attire, the person's appearance was young and handsome; he looked to be only about twenty-three or twenty-four, with the air of a young celebrity. If he were to walk on the street, he would likely attract unsolicited invitations from girls.

Ye Zhen was also sizing up Yang Jian.

From his superior position, he scrutinized Yang Jian, whose Ghost Eye had recently been the talk of the Supernatural Circle.

In terms of appearance, there was no doubt that I, Ye, would claim the first round without question.

After all, most of the people in the Supernatural Circle were quite weird-looking. Although this Xiao Yang had a fair and youthful face, which was not bad, there was a vast gulf between him and myself.

"So you're Ghost Eye Yang Jian?"

Ye Zhen spoke up, his voice cold and arrogant, as if he were a lonely hermit standing at the pinnacle of the world.

"A minuscule paranormal event has left you covered in blood and mud, quite a sorry sight. Some say that after you dealt with Fang Shiming from the friend circle, you're now considered the top combatant of the headquarters, but it seems more likely you've paid for some fake supporters to hype yourself up, hardly worth considering."

Yang Jian immediately frowned, "What do you mean by that? You didn't come here for this paranormal event but for me."

He hadn't expected Ye Zhen to set his sights on him right from the start.

Not to save his own paranormal forum members, nor to deal with the paranormal event here.

"Of course, I came for you. After all, why would I personally bother over a couple of ghosts, such trivialities?"

Ye Zhen's words were brimming with confidence, paying no mind to the unfolding events here.

Yang Jian said, "I think there's something wrong with your brain, not looking at the situation at hand. If today's incident isn't handled properly, you won't be able to stay in Dahai City, and the paranormal forum will truly become paranormal."

The graveyard was spiraling out of control.

He had a premonition.

So he was trying to find a way to stop this loss of control to prevent more serious incidents.

Ye Zhen glanced around.

This place was indeed eerie. The graveyard within Fushou Garden wasn't this vast, but from his high vantage point, the graveyard seemed to be without borders, endless. An ordinary person entering inside might even lose themselves, unable to find an exit.

"I will deal with the situation here, it's not your place to dictate. You've come onto my turf without even a greeting, which is a clear sign of disrespect. Now, here you are, brazenly accusing me of being out of my mind. You really have no idea how high the sky is, or how deep the earth is."

"I will cut you down."

Ye Zhen's expression turned cold, and without another word, he drew the long sword from his waist, which no one knew where he had bought, and cleaved through the air towards Yang Jian.

The grim and dim graveyard was torn apart.

A rift appeared between reality and the Ghost Domain, spreading at an unbelievable speed, as if indeed split by a sword, and the crack grew wider and wider. Eventually, it resembled a bizarre and incomprehensible abyss that sought to swallow up Yang Jian before it.

"The fifth layer of the Ghost Domain affects reality?"

Yang Jian's eyelid twitched at this scene. He was familiar with it, as his own fifth layer of the Ghost Domain could affect reality by making some things vanish from this world.

"To attack with the intent to kill, Ye Zhen, don't be so presumptuous."

The next moment.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye suddenly opened wide, and as he lifted his hand, it overlapped with the Ghost Eye on his forehead. The five Ghost Eyes immediately emitted a beam of red light.

This red light quickly covered Ye Zhen.

The Ghost Domain formed by the overlapping of Ye Zhen's power and Yang Jian's five Ghost Eyes collided in mid-air.

Their supernatural powers were quite matched, unable to invade each other. Eventually, the rift in the air disappeared, and the red light emitted by Yang Jian's Ghost Eye also extinguished.

Everything returned to the original state of the graveyard.

Gloomy, oppressive, silent.

"Blocked it? Xiao Yang, not bad," Ye Zhen said with a stern face and nodded, seemingly praising a junior.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and remained silent.

In fact, he could utilize the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain to temporarily halt everything within it, rendering ghosts unable to move.

Under those circumstances, taking a life would only take a second.

But he didn't go in for the kill. Engaging in a fight at this time with Ye Zhen, who was unaware of the situation, was not a rational thing to do.

"This is bad, the boss is going to fight with Captain Yang," the other members of the Supernatural Forum said, all hearts racing with fear.

Although they were confident in their boss, Yang Jian was also a force to be reckoned with.

There were still supernatural events occurring in the cemetery at this time. If they did not find a way to resolve it and just focused on brawling, then they, the ordinary people, were going to be in big trouble.

"Ye Zhen, stop, fighting now isn't good for anyone," Sun Rui hurriedly took a few steps forward, leaning on his cane. At this point, he called out Ye Zhen's name without worry of him being attacked by a ghost.

The ghost who engraved names had already been dealt with; that unsolvable method of killing should no longer occur.

"The situation in Fushou Garden is very special; there's more than one ghost buried in each of these old graves. Moreover, for some unknown reason, ghosts are already appearing. There's one sitting right on that tomb over there. Instead of using your energy to fight Captain Yang, you better take care of your own turf first."

Sun Rui pointed in the direction of the tomb where they had previously seen the ghost.

But now there was nothing on top of that tomb, the eerie figure covered in mud that had been sitting there had vanished.

Not vanished.

But the ferocious ghost had revived and started to move, wandering around in this cemetery.

"Trying to scare me? I, Ye Zhen, have seen all kinds of storms. If the ghosts here dare to come out, I'll slay one if one comes, and two if two come. If they've disappeared now, it's most likely because they were scared off by me. Heh, just a timid little ghost, not worth considering," he said with a cold laugh.

It was unknown where such confidence came from.

"But this Xiao Yang, so arrogant and domineering, clearly doesn't take me, Ye Zhen, seriously. I've heard that what you're best at is the Ghost Domain, having successfully invaded the domains of many formidable ghosts. Unfortunately, the Ghost Domain is my weakest area, that strike just now was merely a warm-up."

"Let us battle again."

Having said that,

Ye Zhen's figure swiftly disappeared from the sky, like a phantom that never existed.

But the next moment,

He reappeared in front of Yang Jian.

This mode of action was strange and incomprehensible.

Because this was a cemetery, not his Ghost Domain, such movement should have been impossible for the living, at least as far as Yang Jian was concerned.

But Ye Zhen managed to do it.

Ye Zhen, who suddenly appeared in front of him, threw a punch at Yang Jian without a word.

The posture was very standard, like that of a practiced boxer.

But is it useful to fight a ghost controller with fists?

At this moment, Yang Jian was somewhat skeptical. Without time to counter, he had to let the Ghost Shadow quickly stand up, trying to invade Ye Zhen's body, hoping to suppress this man for a while, even if it could not succeed.

But an unbelievable scene occurred.

The Headless Ghost Shadow, which had just half-emerged, was knocked down to the ground by a punch from Ye Zhen. It seemed as though it had sustained a severe injury and lay motionless for a while.

At the same time, the punch did not stop, but smashed onto one of Yang Jian's arms.

The tremendous force was not that of a normal person; Yang Jian's arm broke instantly, and he himself was hurled away as if he had been hit by a speeding car.

Yes.

Yang Jian was sent flying by a punch.

He flew several meters before finally landing on the top of an old tomb, nearly sinking into it.

"Pathetic, simply pathetic. The so-called Ghost Eye Yang Jian is nothing but this, eh? It's even too high to call you Xiao Yang. How about this, I'll call you 'little brother' and you acknowledge me as the big boss; I'll have your back from here on," Ye Zhen lowered his arm, stood with his hands behind his back, and his cloak flew up behind him without wind.

"People in the circle will know you recognized me, Ye Zhen, as your boss, which is not embarrassing."

Sun Rui, who had just tried to stop the conflict, was suddenly stunned. This was beyond imagination.

Ghost Eye Yang Jian couldn't last three rounds in front of this Ye Zhen.

Only in the second attempt, he was nearly taken out, with a left hook coming at him, laying both man and ghost on the ground.

The gap couldn't be more significant.

He had thought that someone at Yang Jian's level was already one of the top figures in the Supernatural Circle. He did not anticipate that this rumored Ye Zhen was even more terrifying, decisively invading the cemetery, affecting the real-world Ghost Domain, and landing a punch that bizarrely appeared out of nowhere.

What seemed to be a simple and ordinary move revealed an unattainable level of power.

Some people call Ye Zhen the number one in Asia.

Sun Rui didn't believe it before, but now it seems it might be true.

"Want to die, Ye Zhen?"

However, the next moment, Yang Jian, who had been flung onto the tomb, stood up with a sullen face, burning with an inexplicable rage.

His right arm was deformed, dangling in a strange, powerless position, clearly disabled.

After all, his body was just an ordinary human body. It was normal for his arm to break under such force.

"Are you getting anxious?"

Ye Zhen grinned confidently, "Seems like you're not willing to accept defeat. No problem, use whatever tricks you have. I'm invincible; go ahead, just don't hold back on me. I want to beat you until you're utterly convinced and kneel down to call me boss."

"Don't worry, I won't really kill you. After all, I, Ye Zhen, have always won people over with virtue, abide by the law, and never act recklessly."

"If you don't want to call me boss, that's fine too. Then shout 'Ye Zhen is number one in the world', and I can let bygones be bygones. I'll let you leave here, and by the way, I'll help you deal with the ongoing supernatural event."

Yang Jian's gaze was cold and frightening. He stared intently at this Ye Zhen.

One had to admit, this guy was indeed arrogant, but he truly had the capital to be so.

Let's not talk about the invasion of the five-layered Ghost Domain of the cemetery.

That punch that sent the Ghost Shadow flying wasn't just a simple punch; it hid a mysterious supernatural power within. Hence, it wasn't strength but that incomprehensible supernatural power that repelled the Ghost Shadow.

Moreover, that sudden movement of appearing right in front of him was very special.

It wasn't the Ghost Domain, yet it possessed some characteristic of the Ghost Domain.

Was it the ability of the ghost within his body, or the power of some supernatural object?

Chapter 799 Amazing Battle

The atmosphere in the cemetery had become somewhat heavy at this moment.

It wasn't just the brewing of supernatural events here that was causing tension, but the arrival of Ye Zhen, the boss of the supernatural forum, that made the situation extremely complicated.

Who would have thought that as soon as Ye Zhen arrived, a conflict arose from an argument with Yang Jian, and they started fighting.

The saying "come to blows at the slightest disagreement" couldn't be more accurate.

The outcome was something no one had expected.

Yang Jian was instantly suppressed and then defeated, which was both baffling and astonishing.

Especially for Sun Rui and Li Yang, who had seen Yang Jian's file and even worked with him for a few days. They were well aware of Yang Jian's abilities and strength, but they didn't expect such a formidable character to seem utterly defenseless in front of Ye Zhen.

"No, that's not right. Yang Jian is still holding back; he hasn't shown his true mettle yet," Sun Rui said, shaking off his astonishment and quickly denying the reality of Yang Jian's bitter defeat.

Just now, Yang Jian was caught off guard by Ye Zhen. After all, even headquarters didn't have any file on Ye Zhen up until now. They were completely clueless about the ghosts he controlled and his abilities.

As for Yang Jian's file.

To put it bluntly, anyone with a bit of capability in the circle probably had a copy.

Everyone knew he controlled three ghosts. While they might not know the specifics of their abilities, they probably had a pretty accurate guess from analyzing some incidents.

But... Yang Jian had not used one of his ghosts yet.

Sun Rui's eyes flickered with thought as he remembered passing through Dachang City on his special flight. Yang Jian had said in person that he had brought a ghost with him on the plane.

That was the fourth ghost Yang Jian controlled.

A ghost not present on his person, yet still under his command.

"This is getting serious now. Ye Zhen might just want to suppress Yang Jian, but the result is clearly the opposite of what he intended. Another spirit summoner might see where things are heading and pretend to be submissive before speaking up—after all, just calling someone 'boss' is doable if it's just an act. But it's clear that Yang Jian's personality won't allow him to do so."

"If they keep fighting, things will only become more unmanageable. Is there any way to stop them?"

Sun Rui racked his brain, hoping to find a way to eliminate the conflict and discord between the two.

However.

At this moment, Yang Jian was truly angry.

He laughed furiously, "Ye Zhen, you think you're worthy of me calling you 'boss'? Do you really believe you're the best in the world just because you've taken a small advantage? Since you want to fight, I'll oblige today. But I can't guarantee that you'll survive my hands."

He was set on killing now.

"Fine by me, if he dies, it's on me," Ye Zhen sighed. "Since you're so confident, let's have a match today. Try your best to kill me. Here, under this vast sky, I await your attempt to surpass me. Being invincible is quite lonely after all."

He was still showing off.

One hand pointing to the sky, the other pointing at Yang Jian.

"This place is too eerie, with too many uncertainties. I don't want to be disturbed. If you want to fight, let's go outside," said Yang Jian, his face cold, his body engulfed in a red glow that emanated an oddly fierce aura.

His Ghost Domain spread, and he walked forward while his broken arm was healing.

Ghost Shadow had regained the ability to move and had patched its body back together.

Though Ye Zhen's punch had a suppressing effect on Ghost Shadow, it didn't last very long.

About a minute or so.

But still terrifying enough—a minute's suppression of a ghost was more than enough to solve any supernatural incident.

"Okay, as you wish. Let's have a fair fight outside. If you lose, you call me boss," Ye Zhen nodded slightly, staking the dignity of being the leader.

Yang Jian was calm. He ignored Ye Zhen for now and glanced at the others, "I'll take you away from here first. Let's set aside the issues with Fushou Garden for now. I'll deal with Ye Zhen's matter first."

"Captain Yang, don't be impulsive. Fighting with Ye Zhen won't do any good. Think about the bigger picture," Sun Rui said, adding, "Ye Zhen, please listen to my advice. We're all friends and colleagues here. There's no need for confrontation. If this gets out of hand, it won't be good for anyone, especially with more pressing matters at hand."

He wanted to be the peacemaker and settle the dispute.

But Yang Jian remained silent, his Ghost Domain expanding once again.

Engulfed in red light.

Suddenly, Sun Rui, Li Yang, and the two siblings Liu Xinyue, along with the Coffin Nail stuck in Old Liu's head, vanished.

Inside the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian held the Coffin Nail in his hand, casting a cold glance at Ye Zhen without saying anything, just quietly pocketing it.

This thing couldn't be used recklessly.

If it didn't kill Ye Zhen, it would be like handing it over to him, so it had to be used with extreme caution.

As for what might happen in this graveyard next, Yang Jian decided not to concern himself with it for now.

"You all leave this place with me." Ye Zhen glanced at the other members of the Supernatural Forum and waved his hand.

Those people immediately vanished from sight.

The previously dim and eerie cemetery was empty in the blink of an eye.

When they reappeared, they were already on the road outside Fushou Garden.

The nearby roads were all blocked off.

The deserted road had no vehicles, just these survivors who had lived through the ordeal.

"Are we out?" Sun Rui looked around and breathed a sigh of relief, but then his heart tensed up again.

Because the coming events were far from over.

"Li Yang, the conflict between Yang Jian and Ye Zhen in Dahai City is a major incident. Yang Jian represents headquarters' face, and Ye Zhen represents the Supernatural Forum's influence. Today, casualties on either side will affect the situation, so go immediately to notify headquarters and see what they say. Maybe Cao Yanhua will have some way to stop these two," Sun Rui said at once.

Li Yang replied, "Okay, I'll contact headquarters right away."

After speaking, he took out a satellite locational mobile phone to contact the operator and report the situation here to headquarters.

"I'm going to visit the Supernatural Forum and see if anyone there can persuade Ye Zhen." Sun Rui immediately got up with his cane and turned to leave.

More urgent than the supernatural events was the imminent incident about to unfold.

Both men immediately set off in different directions.

But at this moment.

The evening sky over Dahai City suddenly turned red as if it were aflame, the sunset dyeing the sky, but the red was distinctly unnatural, as if not only the sky but even the buildings and ground were shrouded in a scarlet hue, like they had been soaked in blood.

The red, thick like blood, seemed about to drip down.

"How could the sky suddenly change color like that?" many citizens wondered, looking up at the sky in confusion.

The red world spread from the vicinity of Fushou Garden at an unbelievable speed, quickly covering nearly half of Dahai City, including Ye Zhen's office in Mingzhu Building within its reach.

"Is this... the world of the Ghost Domain?" At the top floor of Mingzhu Building, the Supernatural Forum's manager Ah Wu's face changed dramatically as he hurried to the window to look outside.

Indeed.

The world had changed its color.

The manager's eyes narrowed as she said, "This is Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. I've seen his file; there's no mistake. What's going on? Has Yang Jian's Ghost Domain covered Dahai City? He's not about to fight with the boss, is he?"

"Quick, go out and see."

In that moment, he realized the seriousness of the problem.

"What? What did you just say? Ye Zhen and Yang Jian are going to fight?"

Meanwhile, at headquarters, Cao Yanhua also received this urgent news.

Previously, information couldn't be transmitted from within the Ghost Domain, but now it could.

Inside the headquarters' office.

Many people turned their attention to Deputy Director Cao Yanhua, their faces showing shock.

Shen Liang immediately said, "Adjust the satellite to Dahai City's airspace and transfer the image here."

As the satellite image came up, many people's expressions changed instantly.

In the image, a dense red light covered a large part of Dahai City, the eerie situation distorting the image, as if that entire area could vanish from the map at any moment.

"No mistake, it's Yang Jian's handiwork. Whenever he makes a move, it's like this, a Ghost Domain superseding a city," Shen Liang said in a deep voice.

"We must stop them; if they really fight, it'll be bad," he added.

"I know, but how do we stop Yang Jian and Ye Zhen? Who can suppress them? Old Qin can't be used again..." Cao Yanhua's gaze shifted as his mind raced for a solution.

"If we can't stop them, then we must save at least one," Shen Liang spoke in a suppressed voice. "We can't let both of them die here; it would be a disaster."

Save one person?

Cao Yanhua immediately understood and ordered an assistant, "Bring Cao Yang over."

In a critical moment, headquarters had to control the outcome between the two.

If someone had to die, it should be someone they could accept.

And at this moment.

Within Dahai City.

Ye Zhen stood tall in the sky, glancing at the world enveloped in red light, and then said, "What's the use of having a large Ghost Domain? It's just to scare ordinary people. This Ghost Domain is even worse than before; it has no effect on me. With just a thought, I could change the color of this world in an instant."

Having said that, he opened his mouth and roared, "Disperse."

The redness in the nearby world quickly faded away, spreading outwards like a ripple, restoring the area to its original state.

Ghost Domains canceled each other out, suppressed one another, until ultimately nothing was left.

Yang Jian stood on the top floor of a skyscraper, his red ghostly eyes gazing sinisterly and malevolently at Ye Zhen.

In his mind, he had never thought of using the Ghost Domain to win; after all, this guy's Ghost Domain was also terrifying, able to reach the fifth layer of his Ghost Eye.

That ability, more than half a year ago during the early stages of the supernatural revival, indeed was regarded as at an Unsolvable Level. Even now, those who could reach the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain were few and far between.

So there was a reason when he boasted that he was the strongest.

"My Ghost Domain wasn't prepared for you," Yang Jian suddenly spoke, his voice cold and devoid of any human emotion.

"Interesting, thinking of using some tricks? Just bring it on. I, Ye Zhen, am invincible wherever I go, in heaven or on earth. Xiao Yang, try to impress me with all your might," Ye Zhen spread his arms wide, laughing heartily.

Yang Jian's cold voice echoed abruptly: "Devour him."

In an instant.

A horrifying child with cyanotic, blackish skin, dressed in funeral attire, appeared out of nowhere and lunged at Ye Zhen.

"What the hell is that?" Ye Zhen was taken aback suddenly.

Ghost Child was summoned from Sun Rui's private jet by Yang Jian using the Ghost Domain, and with a command, Ghost Child immediately launched an attack on Ye Zhen, who was overconfident to the point that his Ghost Domain was very small, so small it only covered himself, allowing him to fly.

In other words, his Ghost Domain was only for showing off, not for defense.

Therefore, Ghost Child seized Ye Zhen's arm and bit down towards him, his mouth wide open, revealing a pitch-black void, with copious amounts of saliva dripping down.

Ye Zhen felt the places where the saliva dripped degrading and rotting.

Is this a ghost?

Ye Zhen reacted, shouting loudly, "How audacious, such a minor ghost dares to bite even me, Ye Zhen?"

But before he could finish his sentence.

Yang Jian's body transformed into a streak of red light and rushed towards him in a flash.

He knew that relying on Ghost Child alone wouldn't be enough to beat Ye Zhen; it could only delay and wear him down. The real decisive factor would still be himself.

All of a sudden.

Yang Jian's ice-cold, darkened Ghost Hand clutched Ye Zhen's neck, its suppression manifested instantly.

"Get down from here."

The strength of his rigid fingers was incredibly strong, piercing through the skin and flesh of Ye Zhen's neck, accompanied by the cracking sounds of his cervical bones breaking and shattering.

Ye Zhen, who stood tall in the sky, now suffered a tremendous blow and plummeted from the sky.

"Boom!"

A loud noise erupted.

Ye Zhen smashed a patch of floor tiles and landed in a plaza in front of a skyscraper.

There were many citizens in the plaza, startled by the loud noise, they instinctively looked towards the direction of the sound, many of them holding up their phones, recording the bizarre reddening of the sky from moments before,

But at this moment, it seemed that the commotion below was even bigger, and all of them turned their attention here.

"What the hell is going on?"

"Damn, you've gotta be kidding me, someone just fell from the sky, the ground is shattered."

"Someone's jumped from a building."

Closer onlookers said with trembling voices, "Damn it, he's not dead yet, the jumper is still alive."

At this moment, Ye Zhen flipped himself up from the rubble-like ground and leaped to his feet, shouting, "Xiao Yang, that was harsh. You attacked without any warning or calling out a move, just setting that ghost thing upon me."

A chunk of flesh had been bitten off his arm, blood was pouring, and the wound was incessantly rotting and worsening.

That was Ghost Child's saliva, more like corpse water, touching even a bit of it could turn an ordinary person to slush within days.

The next moment.

A red light plummeted from the sky, hurtling straight towards Ye Zhen.

Yang Jian charged out instantly, his expression grim, for he discovered that Ye Zhen was still not dead.

Without thinking much.

A rusty, eerie Firewood Knife appeared in an instant, stabbing straight through Ye Zhen's heart. The tremendous force made Ye Zhen stagger backward, crashing into a nearby art sculpture.

If the curse of the Firewood Knife erupted, he could use Ghost Shadow to control his body, even without a heart.

He didn't believe Ye Zhen could do the same.

"Wow."

Ye Zhen spit out a mouthful of blood, his lips curling into a slight smile; "That's really vicious, Xiao Yang. But I like it, keep going, I can still handle it."

The next moment.

The statue behind him shattered, with large chunks of debris falling to the ground.

Yang Jian's pupils narrowed at this moment.

He saw that the spot where the Ghost Child had bitten had been restored.

Even the decayed areas had disappeared.

Restoration?

No, restoration wouldn't leave no trace at all; this was more like a reset.

But since the curse had not taken effect, Yang Jian felt relieved that his heart hadn't been stabbed, which was a good thing.

"Is he testing my abilities?"

Yang Jian immediately realized that Ye Zhen was using some kind of power to continuously heal his own wounds, forcing Yang Jian to expose various tactics non-stop.

"You're being too arrogant, be careful not to play yourself to death."

"Just try...go ahead, will I, Ye Zhen, die?"

Ye Zhen wanted to say bring it on, but he swallowed his words, lest Yang Jian really sent that little ghost to bite him again.

"Disappear."

Yang Jian's attack did not cease, as all five ghost eyes opened at once, all focused on Ye Zhen's head.

A beam of light, solid as reality itself, emanated outwards, intent on dispatching Ye Zhen's head from this world. His fifth-layer Ghost Domain could influence reality, and naturally, it could influence people as well.

Only this was the third time he had used the fifth-layer Ghost Domain.

And it would be the last.

He couldn't continue to use it today; otherwise, his condition would worsen.

"Don't use the same move on me twice."

In the next moment, Ye Zhen, who had been nailed to the statue by a Firewood Knife through his heart, vanished into thin air, miraculously evading the assault.

The eerie red light twisted reality, as if tearing the world apart.

Behind Ye Zhen.

A building dozens of floors high had a colossal gash ripped through it.

The entire building leaned, on the verge of collapse.

"My God."

Nearby, ordinary people who witnessed this scene nearly had their eyes pop out in shock.

"Is this still human? When did the world become like this?"

"I, I think I saw God."

It wasn't just one shocked civilian; many had seen what happened.

A building torn open by the fifth-layer Ghost Domain, leaning and beginning to collapse, this overturned everyone's worldview, even more horrifying than Ye Zhen's previous descent from the sky onto the ground.

The world of those who command ghosts had now been exposed proactively.

But no one expected it to be revealed in this manner.

"Can't be killed?"

Yang Jian paid no attention to the reactions of the ordinary people; he watched as Ye Zhen, once again flying midair, took a deep breath.

The first strike had failed.

Ye Zhen, now airborne, had entered into his Ghost Domain again, making it a bit troublesome to catch him.

"If that's the case, then I might as well go all out and finish you off right here." Yang Jian's gaze suddenly intensified as the towering Ghost Shadow spread behind him.

"What is that? A headless shadow?"

Seeing the shadow on the ground, the citizens were so scared they quickly retreated, not daring to step on it.

Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow spread over the ruins of where Ye Zhen had fallen.

He remembered that when Ye Zhen had flipped to his feet, his feet had touched the ground.

The footprints were left behind.

The medium had formed.

The first wave of attack was just a precursor for the second wave.

Otherwise, it wouldn't be easy to trigger the medium with Ye Zhen always flying in the sky.

Chapter 800 Ye Zhen, the Scapegoat

Dahai City's evening witnessed a major event that shocked the world.

Ye Zhen from the Supernatural Forum clashed with Yang Jian, the headquarters' captain.

Although this news has not yet spread widely, it has been gradually learned by people within the supernatural community.

And the fight caused an unimaginable impact as soon as it began.

The atmosphere over Dahai City has changed.

The evening sky turned into a world enveloped by red light, as if the entire city had fallen into a terrifying supernatural incident. Not only that, a skyscraper of several dozen stories began to collapse thunderously... and the worst part is that the fight has not ended yet.

This is just the beginning.

Yang Jian is ruthless in his attacks. He rarely takes action, but when he does, he doesn't leave any way out for his opponents.

That's his style, and it's reflective of his personality.

Ye Zhen seems to be testing Yang Jian's capabilities with his own life. He was bitten by the Ghost Child, his body decayed by corpse water, subdued by the Ghost Hand, had his neck snapped, fell from the sky, and even had his heart pierced directly by Yang Jian's sinister Firewood Knife.

He was even almost sent away from the real world by a red light from Ghost Eye.

However, after enduring so many attacks, Ye Zhen is not dead. He is still alive; even his previous injuries have healed.

This change is simply incredible.

However.

At the top floor of Mingzhu Building.

Inside Ye Zhen's rest room.

On one wall of the rest room, there is a glass shelf displaying various anime character figurines.

Strangely enough.

From left to right, the first figurine's arm is damaged with a gash, surrounded by signs of decay, as if it had been bitten by something and then had sulfuric acid dripped onto it.

The second figurine's neck is shattered; a plastic head has fallen off and rolled to the side.

The third figurine is on the floor, shattered to pieces, in such a state of destruction that it doesn't look like it fell off the shelf, but rather as if it had fallen from a great height.

The fourth figurine too is damaged; a crack has mysteriously appeared at the position of the figurine's heart, piercing through where the heart is, forming a damaged gash.

The fifth figurine seems unchanged, but the normally benign face of the character has turned ferocious and is twisting in a sinister manner, struggling like an Evil Ghost.

...

"Yang Jian, are you losing your touch? If this is all you've got, you won't be able to kill me," Ye Zhen said from a superior position, looking down at him.

Yang Jian's face was expressionless, holding the sinister Firewood Knife, with the Headless Ghost Shadow spreading behind him.

In his field of vision, many "people" appeared around him.

These people were men and women, children and the elderly, a dense mass.

They are not alive, nor dead, but mediums once left in this square, the range of the Ghost Shadow's cover is vast, triggering other unrelated mediums as well.

But these were not his target; what he really aimed to trigger were the mediums related to Ye Zhen.

"After the first coordinated attack with the Ghost Child on Ye Zhen failed, the second wave of attacks could only rely on the Firewood Knife. However, I am not sure if it's worth the cost of sacrificing a spot to take down this Ye Zhen," Yang Jian's eyes flickered, still hesitating in his heart.

It was too high a price to pay to break the balance of his three ghosts over a matter of pride.

Yet.

If I just leave it as is today, I can't possibly fight this Ye Zhen.

I've used the powers of the Ghost Eye, Ghost Hand, and Ghost Shadow, and even the Ghost Child has come into play, yet I still can't inflict any harm on this Ye Zhen.

He has managed to heal all those injuries.

If my own ghosts aren't up to the task, the only thing I can rely on are the Coffin Nail or the sinister Firewood Knife.

Yang Jian dares not use the Coffin Nail rashly.

The prerequisite for nailing Ye Zhen is that my own Ghost Domain must be more powerful than his, and I must be able to absolutely suppress him, rendering Ye Zhen completely immobilized. Otherwise, he could easily take the Coffin Nail from me.

If he ever takes it, I am done for.

Therefore, to prevent that accident, he decided to make use of the Firewood Knife first, keeping the Coffin Nail in reserve.

"Stop thinking, just finish him with one slash."

Yang Jian's expression was ice-cold; the Ghost Shadow behind him had already covered the place where Ye Zhen stood before.

The coverage of the Ghost Shadow made it much easier for the mediums to be triggered compared to other phenomena, after all, these are pieces of the same ghost puzzle, which makes the horror intensify geometrically.

Ye Zhen's medium suddenly appeared before him.

But the next moment, Yang Jian was stunned.

The mediums of Ye Zhen were actually blocked by other mediums; these mediums belonged to other people, layered densely together, dozens, no, hundreds... even more.

The mediums left by countless living people overlapped with Ye Zhen's, completely obscuring his figure, making it impossible to see him.

"Could it be that he's just lucky that the spot where he stood was trampled by countless people?" Yang Jian's expression changed slightly.

The only person he aims to kill is Ye Zhen.

He doesn't want to kill the others, nor can he.

The reason is simple.

Even to kill one person, Yang Jian must endure the tremendous curse of the Firewood Knife. If he kills all these people, wouldn't the curses stack and explode?

If the curses were to stack and burst, Yang Jian would drop dead in an instant, followed by the resurrection of an evil ghost.

"No, that's not right. It's not that Ye Zhen is lucky, but that these mediums are actively shielding him."

Upon closer observation, Yang Jian realized that the mediums used by these people highly coincided, all oriented in one direction, their movements as synchronized and astonishing as if well-trained.

And what's most eerie is,

after triggering the medium with his Firewood Knife in hand, it was as if the people among the mediums reacted, all turning to look at Yang Jian in unison.

However, upon further observation, he made yet another astonishing discovery.

It seemed that among the mediums, one person was moving, this person had his back to Yang Jian and was continually moving forward, delving into the shadow of the mediums, distancing and evading Yang Jian's presence.

It was beyond his belief.

This phenomenon was unprecedented, exceeding the scope of his understanding.

It was almost as if, under the influence of some supernatural power, the people within these mediums were being manipulated by a ghost, willingly presented themselves to shield and hide Ye Zhen, the true source, protecting and concealing him.

With the mediums concentrated in Yang Jian's hands, the Firewood Knife was incredibly sharp, and would kill anyone regardless of how many mediums were stacked when he slashed down.

Be it the living people blocking in front, or Ye Zhen as the source, both would meet with immediate horrific deaths.

The only issue is he couldn't afford the price.

He absolutely must not slash down with that knife, or it would lead to mutual destruction.

"You're hesitating? The Firewood Knife in your hand is very old; it must be an object with eerie powers, isn't it? This is what killed Fang Shiming?" Although Ye Zhen was prone to adolescent fantasies, he wasn't stupid. He noticed the rusted and mysterious Firewood Knife in Yang Jian's hands.

From that object, he felt a threat.

A massive threat.

A strong sense of unease welled up within him, as if he would be dead the next moment.

This feeling was peculiar, not something he experienced even when Yang Jian had pierced his heart; it only appeared just now.

"I think I've begun to understand some of your situation. You've at least controlled three ghosts. Putting the Ghost Domain aside, those pair of shoes you have on are quite strange, surely an object of supernatural power, able to appear suddenly anywhere despite the Ghost Domain. However, these two are not the most critical ghosts. The most terrifying part is that you have an ability to have others die in your stead."

"If we were to give it a codename, I think yours would definitely be: Scapegoat Ghost, Ye Zhen."

Yang Jian stared intently at him, daring not to make a move with the Firewood Knife.

"If even death can be substituted, then the wounds you received before can certainly be transferred, and even the irreversible situation of the evil ghost's resurrection can be shifted. That's why you could block my attacks time after time, maintaining yourself in perfect condition."

"Therefore, you are not afraid of this Firewood Knife in my hand."

Ye Zhen laughed out loud: "I don't know what you're talking about."

However, a streak of nervous sweat broke out on his forehead.

Because Yang Jian had guessed correctly.

He controlled many ghosts, but the core was the Scapegoat Ghost.

That's why he wasn't worried about resurrection, didn't need to do anything outlandish, nor did he need to make the ghosts malfunction; he just needed to use the ghost's abilities to resolve the side effects brought by the evil ghost.

It wasn't about balance, nor restraint, it was a much more clever application of abilities.

In this state, he could maximize the power of the ghosts, rather than restraining the use of the evil ghost's abilities like other ghost controllers.

Ye Zhen considered himself invincible and it wasn't just a joke; he truly had the capital to eliminate any other ghost controller.

Even the evil ghost was no longer an unsolvable problem before him.

"Yang Jian, since you won't make a move, then I shall not hold back," Ye Zhen shouted at this moment, descending from above, heading straight for him.

Yang Jian didn't have the courage to go down together in mutual destruction with Ye Zhen. This meant he could no longer use the Firewood Knife.

If this guy really had the ability of the Scapegoat Ghost, then using the Firewood Knife might not even be able to kill him.

So what Ye Zhen feared was not the Firewood Knife, but the Coffin Nail that robbed the evil ghost of its power and put it to sleep.

Without power,

Ye Zhen no longer had the means to substitute for death.

"In the end, do I still need to gamble?" The Firewood Knife disappeared from Yang Jian's hand, replaced by a rust-covered iron nail.

However, with five layers of Ghost Domain on Ye Zhen, to ensure success, he would have to suppress his Ghost Domain.

Therefore, Yang Jian needed to expand his Ghost Domain to six layers to be effective.

Otherwise, the Coffin Nail might be snatched away.

"After six layers of Ghost Domain, my Ghost Eye condition will be quite poor. Although it won't lead to a resurrection, the spot for my Ghost Hand will have to remain on the Ghost Eye permanently, rendering my Ghost Hand virtually useless..." Yang Jian thought to himself.

Yet Ye Zhen's attack was relentless, leaving Yang Jian no time for further thought.

This guy was very decisive in his actions.

"We've come this far; there's no other choice," Yang Jian gritted his teeth as his Ghost Eye opened once again, his body once more enveloped in red light.

This red light became increasingly intense, as if it wanted to devour everything around it.