

Revival 851

Chapter 851 The Body on the Bed

Yang Jian, through triggering the medium left in this room 301, saw many terrifying and inconceivable things.

He discovered the identity of the original owner of Room 301, found Old Qin's young sketches, and even saw that a breathtaking yet eerie face had been drawn on the faceless Puppet People—a face not belonging to the living, but identical to the woman in the Ghost paintings.

The post office, the supernatural bus, Old Qin, Ghost paintings... and the owner of Room 301 seemed to be connected to each other.

Yang Jian's expression changed unpredictably.

But soon, what he found unbelievable at first quickly became clear to him.

Old Qin used to be a driver of the supernatural bus and it was not strange for him to come into contact with these things during that time.

Whether it's the Headless Ghost called the Ghost Bride, or the old woman who is suspected to be the owner of Room 301, they all appeared on that supernatural bus.

So these supernatural incidents have always been related to Old Qin, not merely conjectures by Yang Jian made out of thin air, but supported by real evidence, although the evidence had been covered up.

After all, now that the supernatural bus has lost its driver, and Old Qin is retired at headquarters.

Who would have thought that the centenarian on the brink of death would have had such a shocking supernatural experience?

"The medium related to the faceless Puppet People has disappeared."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian discovered that after the eerie old lady drew the face on the faceless Puppet People, the faceless Puppet People began to move, as if a dormant malevolent spirit had awakened, or as if the drawn face came with a Supernatural Power, prompting the Puppet People to move, so at last he only saw the Puppet People vanish from his view.

Not vanished in the true sense of the word.

But the medium had been interrupted, and he could no longer see the medium through which the Puppet People existed.

"The Puppet People have no legs."

Yang Jian carefully recalled the scene he had seen when he first entered the room.

At that time, the faceless Puppet People were not clothed and also lacked legs, just propped up and connected by a wooden stick, similar to plastic models in a clothing store.

No legs, yet able to walk.

Defying common sense, but Yang Jian didn't find it strange at all.

Supernatural objects, likely an unknown fierce ghost, may manifest in any possible manner of movement.

But with no legs, Yang Jian could no longer trigger the medium.

Though handprints might work, it seemed the faceless Puppet People also lacked arms...

The murder pattern of the Firewood Knife was perfectly avoided by this eerie Puppet People, one wonders whether it was a coincidence, or it was a pre-emptive defense, thus explaining the presence of this unique puppet.

"It seems the Firewood Knife is not omnipotent after all; without triggering the curse, that Puppet People can't be easily dismembered."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

He decided to withdraw the Headless Ghost Shadow covering the room.

But the Headless Ghost Shadow was not intact; black shadows remained with many gaps, as if cut by a knife.

Because of the curse of the Firewood Knife, the Headless Ghost Shadow was still in the process of self-recovery.

With the medium disrupted.

All sorts of eerie scenes vanished from Yang Jian's sight immediately.

The old lady who gave him chills quickly disappeared from before his eyes, alleviating the pressure in his heart.

He always felt that the old lady could harm, or even kill him through the medium, but for some reason, the old lady did not do so, maybe because Yang Jian did not trigger the murderous law.

"I shouldn't linger here anymore, I should find Leuk Qingqing and the fierce ghost that escaped Room 301."

Yang Jian looked at everything in the room.

Without finding Leuk Qingqing through triggering the medium, it indicated that Leuk Qingqing had never entered the room, the shadow at the window possibly wasn't Leuk Qingqing, but rather the faceless Puppet People.

But just as he was about to leave.

Suddenly.

A white sketch paper on the easel fell down unknowingly.

The sketch on the paper depicted a twisted and eerie face, like a fierce ghost.

But as this paper fell, a new sketch appeared before Yang Jian,

That sketch was... himself.

Without a doubt.

The man on the sketch bore an almost identical resemblance to him, but the colors were suppressed, gloomy, as if veiled with an inescapable sinister aura, making one feel uncomfortable.

"My sketch portrait?"

Yang Jian's pupils contracted at first, but after a careful inspection, he soon realized something was wrong.

Some details were incorrect.

This was not his portrait.

This was his father's portrait.

During the New Year at his hometown, Yang Jian had experienced the Ghost Dream Event, where he saw his father and knew what his father looked like, as the father in his dreams had always maintained his appearance from a decade ago.

This sketch portrait was exactly his father from that time.

"Old Qin's sketch appeared while I was triggering the medium, and now my father's portrait has appeared. Indeed, the events here are connected to the supernatural bus—it's the bus that ties everything together."

"Characters from the Republic of China Period, a ghost controller from over a decade ago, and now..."

"It was a bus that traversed three different eras."

"Perhaps there is a final destination for that supernatural bus, but I was in a hurry to get off at the time, so I couldn't hold out to find out."

"That destination might just be where all the fierce ghosts get off."

The thought once again surfaced in Yang Jian's mind.

Of course, he could also ask Old Qin to verify this secret.

But that would probably be quite difficult.

Old Qin knew a lot, but he said nothing.

And if a person of that caliber chose to keep their lips sealed, you would be utterly powerless against them.

"Go check out the room on the left."

Not only did Yang Jian have to find Leuk Qingqing and the ferocious ghosts to leave this place, but he also wanted to fully uncover the secret of Room 301.

He glanced at the sketch portrait of his father.

In the end, he chose not to take the sketch portrait with him.

His father was dead; there was no need for him to keep a creepy sketch portrait around.

Yang Jian immediately turned and left the room.

There wasn't much of a gain, just confirmation of a few things.

But just as he was turning to leave,

The character's eyes in the dim and oppressive sketch on the drawing board eerily shifted, looking towards the direction Yang Jian had left.

Yang Jian seemed to feel something.

He abruptly stopped in his tracks and looked back.

But he discovered nothing.

The sketch on the drawing board remained as it was before, showing no sign of activity, as if what had just happened was merely an illusion.

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, he withdrew his eyes and rapidly closed the door to the room.

The next instant.

He arrived at the room across the hall.

Without any fear,

He pushed the door directly and entered.

This room was clearly the bedroom of Room 301. Upon entering, he smelled a scent.

This scent was somewhat familiar.

It was... sandalwood.

Many affluent homes would light sandalwood.

It's calming and soothing, and once lit, the scent is rich and strong.

But for Yang Jian, it also had another use.

That is to mask the odor of a corpse.

Some at the headquarters liked using sandalwood to cover up the stench of corpses to keep the conference room from smelling.

As for who started this habit, that remains unknown.

There was no lit sandalwood in the bedroom; the scent was likely from a previous burning, which after a long time of infusion, left a lingering fragrance in the room, but this scent was no longer strong enough to cover another smell.

The smell of a corpse.

Yang Jian's nose twitched, and his expression immediately grew grim.

This smell wasn't intense, as if someone had died here a few days prior.

But this didn't make sense.

Because a few days ago, this place was still covered in thick smoke, and no living person had entered, and Li Leping's body was found outside the residence, already turned into a dried-up, blackened corpse.

The bedroom light was dim.

Not because there was no light, but the light was being obstructed by some decorative red cloth strips.

Beneath the hanging red cloth strips, there was an old red lacquered wooden bed.

It's not the modern kind of bed, but rather the sort of canopy bed with enclosures on three sides and a top.

Generally, only museums and some collectors have such beds, though there are also antique enthusiasts who might custom-order one for their homes.

But in any case, such an item is rarely seen in an ordinary household.

Just having this bed situated here, with its somber hue, gives an eerie sensation that is quite oppressive.

Yet upon this old bed lay a person.

Partially obscured by the bed curtains, the details were unclear.

But undoubtedly there was someone lying there; not a person, but a corpse.

Yang Jian could already smell the stench of the corpse wafting from it.

Chapter 852 The Completing Shadow

"Is that a dead person lying there? Who could it be?"

Yang Jian stared at the human-shaped outline on the bed, trying to peer through it with his ghostly vision, but astonishingly, he discovered that there was no bed at all in the sightline of his ghostly vision.

Inconceivable.

Completely incomprehensible.

Within the sightline of his ghostly vision, there was not a trace of the bed, nor the body on it—only an empty space, as if nothing existed there.

Yang Jian fell silent.

The situation here was more complex than he had imagined.

There actually existed a supernatural force that could shield the very sightline of his ghostly vision.

This meant that his ghostly vision was severely affected.

Although in the past, when he observed the ghost painting, his ghostly vision would close due to being suppressed, he was still able to see the painting clearly, but now it's utterly useless.

However, whichever phenomenon it was, it could only prove one thing.

The terror level of the object on the bed was exceptionally high.

Or perhaps there was an inherent problem with the bed itself.

Again, this red lacquer furniture.

It's just the same as the Ghost Cabinet, the Eight-Tone Music Box.

"Should I go take a closer look?" Yang Jian hesitated at this moment.

He was very curious.

This was an opportunity to get closer to the truth, but at the same time, it was unsettling.

Moreover, this unease was expanding rapidly with time, even beginning to influence his own emotions.

This was an incredible occurrence.

Yang Jian was currently under the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, and his own emotions had been suppressed to the point of non-existence, resulting in him being in a state of absolute rationality.

Perhaps this unease did not come from himself.

It came from the fierce ghost within his body.

The ghostly vision, the Ghost Shadow or that blackened Ghost Hand?

Could it be that even ghosts felt uneasy around the corpse on the bed?

Yang Jian's gaze flickered uncertainly as he stood there. He did not lift the bed-curtain or approach the strange wooden bed, but instead continued to ponder, assess, and observe the situation.

"It's undoubtedly a fierce ghost, just don't know why it fell into a deep slumber, just like the Ghost Envoy in the Ghost Coffin back then, waiting for an accidental event when the balance breaks, and in that moment, the fierce ghost will leave the bed, becoming an immensely terrifying entity."

He made a judgment based on his instincts and experience.

The body that emitted a faint stench of decay was definitely not a living person, but a true fierce ghost.

As for what Ghost Level it was, that was unknown.

Yang Jian did not want to disturb that thing, nor did he dare act recklessly, for fear of triggering the murder pattern and being chased by the ghost. Instead, he cautiously approached to observe before planning to leave.

At least to confirm that the corpse on the bed was not Leuk Qingqing.

Without the aid of ghostly vision, it was difficult to find any useful clues merely relying on the naked eye.

He looked through the bed-curtain, judging from the body shape and hairstyle of the corpse on the bed that it was likely not Leuk Qingqing; after all, Leuk Qingqing was a tall, sexy beauty, whereas the corpse on the bed seemed to be a withered, elderly person who had died of old age.

"There's something in the hands of the corpse."

Suddenly.

On drawing closer, Yang Jian saw that the corpse's hands were crossed over the red quilt, holding a letter on top.

It was a yellow letter.

That was the letter sent to room 301 by the Ghost Post Office.

"How did that letter end up in this thing's hands?" He was surprised and confused.

He had previously dropped the letter and fled from this place being chased by a ghost. Logically, no one should have touched that letter in this room.

Now thinking more carefully.

Indeed, some details had been overlooked.

When he came in just now, the letter on the floor and the box containing the letter had both disappeared.

"Did Leuk Qingqing do this? Or did the corpse on the bed wake up during the time I was gone, and then came to the living room to take the letter from the Ghost Post Office?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted uncertainly.

This speculation could be confirmed.

Use the Ghost Shadow to cover the ground, hold the Firewood Knife, and trigger the medium.

If the medium is successfully triggered, then it could be proven that the corpse on the bed indeed moved just now.

If the medium could not be triggered, then it wasn't this corpse that moved the letter, but the somewhat mysterious Leuk Qingqing.

"Give it a try; this is the safest method of investigation. While the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is still active, if I don't do anything, it would be a complete waste. Later on, resisting the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box may not succeed, so if I don't finish some tasks in these few days, wouldn't my risk-taking be in vain?"

Yang Jian made up his mind quickly.

Immediately.

He once again gripped the Firewood Knife in his hand, and a mysterious and dark shadow gradually spread and extended toward the vicinity beneath his feet.

A mass of shadow covered the ground, triggering all possible mediums, just as it had done before.

However, what happened next unfolded before Yang Jian in the worst possible way.

He did not trigger the medium left by Leuk Qingqing.

That meant during that time period just now, Leuk Qingqing did not enter this room, nor had she stood in front of the bed in this room.

But another medium was triggered.

An emaciated figure, emitting a strong stench of decay as if it had been dead for ten days, some ghastly elderly person suddenly appeared before him.

The livor mortis had evolved into rotten patches of blackness, and the deep-set eye sockets remained wide open, revealing a pair of dead and numb gray eyes.

What was most chilling.

The corpse from the medium was taking one step after another, walking towards Yang Jian from the direction of the wooden bed.

Yang Jian's guess was right.

The one that moved the letter wasn't Leuk Qingqing; it was the fierce ghost in this room.

The ghost hadn't fallen into an eternal slumber; it occasionally had moments of awakening.

"This corpse looks familiar; it is... the owner of room 301, that old lady." Yang Jian's heart chilled.

She died?

The old lady who was suspected to have appeared on the supernatural bus a half-year ago was dead.

Moreover, the time of death was not long ago, probably about half a month or a month.

In his heart, he speculated that this old lady might, like the Door Knocking Ghost when she was alive, be a ghost controller left over from the Republic of China Period, involved in many supernatural events, and might even know of the existence of the Ghost Post Office.

However, all of this seemed to have lost its meaning.

No matter what, the person was already dead.

And it's very likely that she's currently in the stage of a malevolent ghost's resurrection.

Once the resurrection of the malevolent ghost is complete.

This would be at least a Door Knocking Ghost Level paranormal event.

But before Yang Jian could think further.

Suddenly.

He noticed that the dead elderly person in the medium had stopped moving, and with a stiff neck turned abruptly to look directly at him.

Moreover, the medium was becoming increasingly clear.

It was as if a ghostly illusion was becoming real.

Yang Jian could smell the stench of the corpse becoming increasingly strong, and at the same time, the air around him suddenly turned cold, and the gloomy yellow light in the room started flickering ominously.

He became aware of these changes.

A terrifying conjecture formed in Yang Jian's mind.

"Could the ghost in the medium be trying to invade the real world?"

No.

This was not speculation.

But all the signs were proving this to be the case.

The long-dead old person in the medium was starting to affect the surrounding environment, beginning to erode everything nearby.

Even if the real body of the old person was lying on a nearby bed.

This phenomenon was inexplicable, but it made Yang Jian feel an abnormal terror.

Just triggering the medium had brought the ghost into reality; it was hard to imagine the desperation when facing this malevolent ghost head-on.

"Interrupt the medium."

Yang Jian hurriedly withdrew the Ghost Shadow, immediately interrupting the medium of the Firewood Knife, causing the scene before him to disappear.

However, the next moment.

A horrifying scene occurred.

The long-dead old person within the medium still stood upright, not disappearing as Yang Jian interrupted the medium, giving off an unrealistic and illusory sensation, eerily floating in place.

"What kind of joke is this?"

Yang Jian was so scared he took several steps back hastily.

The ghost in the medium did not vanish, but rather retained its form, truly succeeding in invading the real world.

No.

It probably hadn't fully invaded reality, but had somehow made it halfway.

The ghost's body was not solid; it still oscillated between illusion and tangible form and displayed an incomprehensible black and white shade, clashed with the colorful world of reality.

Yet the more so, the more it seemed to seep into one's bones.

"The ghost is motionless now."

Cold sweat streamed down Yang Jian's forehead unconsciously as his gaze remained fixed upon the odd, ghostly old person floating in midair, appearing in the misty black and white hue.

"I can't stay here, I can't fathom if triggering the medium again would cause a second old person to invade reality from within it, and there's also the possibility of the corpse on the bed reviving, I must leave, confirming the death of Room 301's occupant is enough."

"And perhaps this letter exists just to break the room's balance, otherwise why would the triggered medium only show the corpse getting up to fetch the letter, rather than something earlier?"

"Is this the motive of the Ghost Post Office? To awaken an extremely terrifying malevolent ghost?"

Taking these thoughts with him, he slowly retreated step by step, leaving the room.

The corpse on the bed didn't stir, and the illusory old person standing near the wooden bed remained still as well.

It seemed Yang Jian had not triggered a murderous rule and had narrowly escaped disaster.

Or perhaps, since the letter had just been sent out, the balance here had not been completely lost yet and was maintaining some fragile equilibrium.

Anyway.

Room 301 was too terrifying to linger in.

Yang Jian left the room with relief and closed the door, then retraced his original path.

But before he could completely depart, outside the building, a terrifying, piercing scream suddenly echoed.

That voice was... Li Yi.

"Has something happened outside too?"

Yang Jian's expression changed, and he immediately exited the room, then closed the door to Room 301, but as he had just turned to leave and hadn't walked far.

"Bang!"

The door to Room 301 burst open again with a loud noise.

There were no signs, and it was not human-caused, as if influenced by something else.

"The door, it won't close?"

Seeing this, Yang Jian's scalp tingled.

If this door won't close, it means that something from Room 301 could freely enter and exit.

Would the long-dead old person's corpse on the wooden bed someday wander out as well?

He turned back to close the door again.

The same phenomenon occurred.

As long as he let go, not blocking the door, it would quickly bang open on its own.

Yang Jian even naively tried blocking the door with objects, but it was futile.

It only momentarily slowed it down, and as time passed, the force opening the door was too great, directly pushing aside the objects blocking the door.

Clearly, these common methods were unable to prevent Room 301's door from opening on its own.

Unless he left Li Yang here, using the Door-blocking Ghost's ability.

But that was not realistic.

Leaving Li Yang here would be a death sentence, and Yang Jian would not do such a foolish thing.

"Indeed, I shouldn't have sent out that letter."

This thought flashed through his mind.

But this thought was quickly dismissed.

Actually, whether he delivered the letter or not didn't matter much, because if he didn't do it, other couriers on the third floor would be assigned the task. Moreover, the owner of Room 301 was already dead, and losing control was just a matter of time, as evidenced by the Ferocious Ghost District incident.

The ghosts from the Ferocious Ghost District actually escaped from the out-of-control Room 301.

If the original owner of Room 301 were still around, such a thing would never have happened.

The letter from the post office might have just sped up a certain process.

It might also have been a warning, telling the outside world about the true situation in Room 301, to discover and prevent it earlier.

There are all kinds of possibilities.

Therefore, Yang Jian didn't feel like he did anything wrong.

Moreover, he had successfully handled the Ghost Shadow Figure, dismembered the doll from the Ferocious Ghost District, and imprisoned the berserk seeking ghost, Li Leping.

He had almost cleared out all the supernatural incidents in Dachuan City.

But he no longer had the time to deal with the remaining potential dangers.

Just like the Fushou Garden incident in Dahai City, it had to be left to the local responsible persons to handle.

His gaze shifted.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian used his Ghost Eye, covered himself with his Ghost Domain, and immediately left the building, rushing toward the place where the screams had just come from.

"What happened?"

On an open space outside the residential building.

Yang Xiaohua covered her mouth with her hand, her face pale from an inexplicable shock. She pointed to a nearby spot.

That was Li Yi.

Li Yi now stood there with a deathly pale face, completely motionless like a puppet, devoid of any signs of life.

Yang Jian peered over with his Ghost Eye.

His expression changed slightly.

Li Yi was dead.

Although the body was intact, something had completely hollowed it out from the inside.

No internal organs, no flesh and bones, just a layer of fresh skin maintaining the shell of a living person.

"A ghost has started killing people, and it's not connected to Li Leping. It must be that Leuk Qingqing. I saw Leuk Qingqing's figure on the fifth floor of this building looking in this direction. Then Li Yi screamed," Li Yang came over and narrated what had just happened.

Despite the suddenness of the event, he, as a ghost controller, had observed some details.

"Leuk Qingqing?" Yang Jian looked up slightly, his Ghost Domain unable to invade the building where Room 301 was located.

"Maybe it's not her; it might be another ghost that came out of Room 301. Yang Xiaohua, weren't you about to light the letter and leave? Why did you delay for so long and still haven't left?"

Yang Xiaohua responded nervously, "No, not sure. The path to the post office didn't appear. This has never happened before. Li Yi was discussing this with me just now. He guessed..."

"What did he guess?"

"He guessed that the letter wasn't successfully delivered to Room 301."

Yang Jian's face darkened as he said, "That's impossible. I've been to Room 301 twice already... Just now, the letter was still in Room 301, and it isn't just my word; you, Li Yi, and Leuk Qingqing were all present when it was delivered."

However, before he finished speaking, he suddenly paused and then looked toward Li Yang.

Li Yang also understood what Yang Jian meant and turned to look at a nondescript residential building across the street: "Could it be that that is building 7? Are we in building 9?"

From beginning to end, there was no evidence to prove that the place they had gone to was Room 301 of building 7.

"Did we deliver it to the wrong place?" Yang Xiaohua's body swayed, and she almost collapsed in despair.

Because the letter was lost.

And the building was haunted again.

Back and forth, it's like completely crushing their hopes of survival.

"Then why not retrieve the letter and deliver it again?" A sudden voice rang out, carrying a somewhat eerie laughter.

The voice sounded familiar.

Was it Li Yi?

Out of nowhere, Li Yi was now standing nearby, facing everyone with a smile.

As that mouth spoke, you could see it was hollow on the inside. No organs, no flesh and blood, just a layer of skin.

Yang Xiaohua trembled with fear.

Li Yang frowned.

Yang Jian, however, approached sternly: "Controlled by supernatural forces? Li Yi, you're really unlucky. Can't blame me for this."

Li Yi didn't run, didn't hide, just stood there, smiling at Yang Jian.

The next moment.

Yang Jian reached out and grabbed Li Yi's neck.

Immediately, Li Yi's body deflated like a burst ball, slumping down in an instant, his skin ultimately the only part lifted in hand.

The Ghost Hand suppressed the supernatural power, and the deceased Li Yi was even deprived of the chance to become a Ghost Slave.

"Li Leping, come out, I want a word with you."

Then, Yang Jian suddenly shouted.

Next moment.

A man with a numb expression and a chilling presence suddenly appeared before him.

He was forcefully brought over using the Ghost Domain.

Li Leping was still in a state where he could easily lose control, his expression bizarre as he looked at Yang Jian without saying a word.

"I've dealt with the Ferocious Ghost District's malevolent spirit, the Ghost Shadow Figure, and even your own ghost. But the ghost from Room 301 seems to have lost control, and it's connected to another supernatural site, the Ghost Post Office. After I leave, I want you to take care of this place for the time being," Yang Jian said to him.

"Why should I listen to you?" Li Leping spoke bluntly.

Yang Jian replied, "I will leave the seeking ghost I've confined in Dachuan City for you to collect once you've recovered."

"You'd do that out of the goodness of your heart?" Li Leping continued.

"Goodness? You underestimate me, Yang Jian. I feel that the supernatural incidents are completely getting out of control. As a Captain Level person, don't tell me you haven't the slightest inkling. The Room 301 incident in the Ferocious Ghost District of Dachuan City, the Fushou Garden incident in Dahai City, the Hungry Ghost incident in my Dachang City, and the Ghost Painting incident at headquarters... The Ghost Post Office incident in Dahan City, if we don't sort out these messes, many cities will face an imminent disaster."

"I don't want to see that happen, as I have to live there too. So, I am willing to step back and give you a hand, but don't disappoint me. Otherwise, I'll be the first to take you down. You bear the main responsibility for the state of affairs in Dachuan City."

"Deal."

After a moment of silence, Li Leping agreed without much hesitation.

He understood what Yang Jian was thinking.

Considering the big picture, everyone hopes for peace and stability in the city.

But those who consider the big picture must sacrifice a bit of their personal interests.

Yang Jian is willing to make concessions, and Li Leping has no reason not to accept this kindness.

"Since that's the case, you shouldn't stay in Mingyue Community either. I'm afraid you won't live to become a different species. Keep your distance from me," Yang Jian's Ghost Eye flashed, and a red light covered Li Leping.

He disappeared on the spot.

Vanishing from Mingyue Community, he reappeared inside an uninhabited villa on the outskirts of Dachuan City.

After that.

Yang Jian walked towards a chest on the ground.

He stomped his foot, and the chest immediately cracked open.

Then he reached inside.

A rusted Coffin Nail appeared in his hand.

He took the Coffin Nail.

Simultaneously.

A strange black shadow gradually invaded the ground beneath his feet.

The Headless Ghost Shadow behind him slowly formed the outline of a head.

At this moment, the Headless Ghost Shadow became a complete Ghost Shadow.

The puzzle of the fierce ghost was actively completed by Yang Jian.

The Terror Level of the Ghost Shadow began to rise at an astonishing rate.

Centered around Yang Jian, the nearby ground was gradually covered by a layer of shadow, and this area of shadow kept expanding, expanding...

Meanwhile.

The Ghost Shadow that had been dismembered because of the use of the Firewood Knife was also visibly regenerating at a rapid pace.

"Can you withstand the invasion of the Ghost Shadow's consciousness?"

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, waiting for the next step to occur.

He needed the ability to confront fierce ghosts head-on. Relying on his original three ghosts wasn't enough, even with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box activated, it still fell short.

The only way was to control the fourth ghost.

And the best choice for the fourth ghost was to complete the Headless Ghost Shadow, transforming it into a complete Ghost Shadow.

Only then could Yang Jian withstand the cost of using the Firewood Knife.

And only then could he use the complete Ghost Shadow along with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to further suppress the Ghost Eye, allowing it to open up to the Seventh Layer.

Otherwise.

He definitely wouldn't dare to retrieve the letter from room 301.

But even though everything was planned, there was one thing Yang Jian wasn't sure of.

That was whether the complete Ghost Shadow could invade the consciousness of the living, and whether the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box protected the consciousness of the living.

The two forces clashed.

If the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box were suppressed, Yang Jian would die at the moment he obtained the complete Ghost Shadow, becoming a body for the Ghost Shadow, turning into an Unsolvable Level terrifying fierce ghost.

On the other hand.

If Yang Jian's consciousness remained.

Then his strength at this moment would make a quantum leap, surpassing the previous.

This was a gamble.

And this was just the beginning. If he didn't win the first bet, Yang Jian wouldn't need to worry about dealing with the curse afterwards.

However, just as Yang Jian was preparing.

The lights in that residential building that had turned on began to go out one by one.

Fifth floor, first floor, fourth floor, second floor... In the end, only the lights on the third floor were left.

But the lights on the third floor didn't last long either.

Soon.

The lights on the third floor flickered a few times and then went out.

As the yellowed, dim lights went out.

The surrounding buildings immediately started to feel gusts of cold wind, with the scent of sandalwood mixed with the stench of corpses wafting out.

It lost control.

Room 301 began to enter a state of losing control.

Yang Jian remained calm, he didn't retreat, just stood in place watching the changes of the building, and said at the same time: "Li Yang, call Tong Qian, tell him to take Xiong Wenwen and leave, no need to stay here, the situation here is more complicated than imagined, let them leave first."

"Okay." Li Yang didn't ask why, and immediately made the call.

This was Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, not an area covered by Ghost Smoke, so normal communication was not a problem.

"What about us?"

Soon after, Li Yang hung up the phone and asked.

"We'll see. If we can snatch the letter back, we'll snatch it, if not, I'll take you guys to run." Yang Jian said, "You go wait over there at that building, leave this place to me."

After speaking, he pointed to the building opposite.

Whether that was indeed the seventh building or not, Yang Jian didn't know but if this wasn't considered a successful delivery, then he was mostly likely to have really delivered the letter to the hands of a fierce ghost.

Now, he still had to figure out a way to retrieve it.

"It's starting."

Yang Jian slightly bowed his head at this moment.

He felt the Ghost Shadow beneath his feet beginning to invade his body in reverse.

The Ghost Shadow was reviving.

No, not reviving, but losing control, being manipulated by another cold consciousness, losing Yang Jian's control.

The head of the Ghost Shadow was orchestrating everything.

Now, Yang Jian's body was highly tempting to the Ghost Shadow, so it was attempting to take control of him.

If it were any normal circumstance, he would have been invaded by the Ghost Shadow without any resistance.

But now there was the Eight-Tone Music Box, the outcome of who would win or lose was still unknown.

Chapter 853 The Erosion of Consciousness

Yang Jian stood motionless on the road in Mingyue Community.

Everything around him was covered with a layer of red light, the entire world had fallen into a deathly silence, reality itself was affected, plunging into an even deeper level of the Ghost Domain.

The only thing not affected was the nearby building whose lights were gradually going out.

Besides that.

Under Yang Jian's feet, a dark shadow was incessantly spreading outwards, that shadow was a twisted and eerie one, eroding everything around it, and even the Ghost Domain of the ghost eye could not block this influence.

He wasn't taking any action at the moment.

Because the complete Ghost Shadow was currently invading his body.

This process was unstoppable; Yang Jian couldn't just take a strike at the Ghost Shadow to peel it off from his body.

He was prepared, waiting for the final outcome to emerge.

To live.

Or to die.

The ethereal sound of the Eight-Tone Music Box faintly echoed in his mind.

But Yang Jian's body was gradually losing sensation...

It was as though he had been frozen by a chill, or as though control of his body was being stripped away by something.

"It's coming."

Yang Jian took a slight breath, feeling tense even in his current emotionless state.

This was yet another gamble with life at stake.

Just like the last time in Dachang City when he tried to commit suicide by hanging.

And it was even more dangerous.

Since there were so many Supernatural Powers within Yang Jian, any loss of control from any side was fatal. This was more perilous than walking a tightrope, and the whole process was irreversible; he had to do it.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's slightly reddish eyes suddenly darkened, his pupils eroded by a layer of profound darkness, a cold and dreadful consciousness burrowed into his mind.

At this moment, he felt his consciousness being swallowed by something.

As if sinking into the depths of darkness, unable to struggle, unable to resist.

Indeed.

The consciousness of the living is too fragile for a malevolent ghost, merely a touch made Yang Jian feel as if he was about to pass out, completely disappear from this world.

However, this outcome was predictable for him.

Yang Jian did not consider himself special, capable of resisting the invasion of the Ghost Shadow's consciousness, what he relied on was another type of Supernatural Power.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Strange, crisp, ethereal bell sounds echoed.

Yang Jian's consciousness was muddled, like being anesthetized and wanting to completely fall asleep, but this ringing kept echoing, always pulling him back from the brink of unconsciousness, maintaining a trace of clarity.

The first wave of confrontation seemed to hold up.

As planned, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box protected Yang Jian's consciousness, preventing it from being eroded by the Ghost Shadow.

But this was just the beginning.

The collision of Supernatural Powers was extremely dangerous, and his consciousness was very fragile; any mishap could cause him to vanish, to die, during this confrontation.

Or else, his consciousness might be altered, eventually twisted into a foreign personality.

By then, whether Yang Jian was alive would no longer be important; if his consciousness was altered, it was no different from being dead.

But even understanding this, he still went through with it.

The situation before was too dangerous; the appearance of three ghosts, forced into a corner with no way out, he had to open the Eight-Tone Music Box.

And once the Eight-Tone Music Box was opened, in order to resist the curse, Yang Jian had to rely on the power of the complete Ghost Shadow.

Therefore, it wasn't something Yang Jian could just stop if he wanted to; dealing with malevolent spirits was a road of no return, he could only forge ahead grimly. With some luck, one might continue to live on, continue to explore the powers of malevolent ghosts, finding hope to survive. With bad luck, one might already be a decaying corpse at this time.

Throughout his journey, Yang Jian had seen too many ghost handlers die halfway.

"Not good."

All of a sudden.

Yang Jian's body trembled, and his head felt a sharp, intense pain. This pain was rapidly intensifying, as if something was burrowing into his consciousness.

At the same time, many memories that didn't belong to him kept surfacing in his mind...

These memories were neither his own nor the malevolent spirits', but of the ordinary people from Dachuan City who had been invaded by the malevolent spirits.

Among these people were men, women, the elderly, and children, with all sorts of chaotic memories—some good, some bad.

His consciousness was about to blend with these memories, becoming a part of them.

This was not an invasion, but a fusion.

"Ah!"

Yang Jian, who normally didn't fear pain much, now clutched his head and let out a terrible scream.

This was a cry from the depths of the soul, a pain that no person could endure. Though his body was still intact, it felt as if he was being torn apart.

Different kinds of pain emerged one after another.

This pain, this confusion and fusion of memories, even seemed to blur the sound of the Eight-Tone Music Box's music.

For the first time.

This was the first time Yang Jian collapsed to the ground in agony.

Ghost Shadow took control of his body, and due to the influence of the pain, Ghost Shadow trembled, twisting his body completely out of shape into unimaginable postures.

Such contortion was impossible for a living person; a slight twist and their spine would break, their bones would shatter, and they would die a gruesome death.

But not Yang Jian.

As his body twisted and broke, Ghost Shadow was repairing it.

However, the terrible screams were real.

The sound sent chills down one's spine.

"What's happening to Yang Jian?" Yang Xiaohua, who had survived, felt a chill all over as she looked around and saw the grotesquely contorted Yang Jian on the ground.

"Is he being attacked by a malevolent spirit? Aren't you his companion? You should help him; if he dies, it will be difficult for us to survive too."

After so much.

Yang Xiaohua had long lost her previous arrogance, feeling that Yang Jian was incredibly important, and that survival hinged on depending on him.

Li Yang's face was dark, as ghastly as a corpse, emanating a cold aura.

"I can't help. Just like stealing supernatural powers and controlling malevolent spirits, the gap between me and the captain is too big. Just like Li Leping, if he had a problem, nobody could deal with it. Similarly, if Yang Jian has a problem, I can't handle it either," he said.

"What should we do?" Yang Xiaohua's eyes widened, feeling her heart tremble.

The glimmer of hope that had just arisen was about to be extinguished again.

Since coming to this city, many people around her had died. Liu Mingxin was dead, Cai Yu was gone, Li Yi also died, and Leuk Qingqing disappeared without a trace... There were not many people left. If Yang Jian also died, the total annihilation here was a foreseeable outcome.

"Wait."

Li Yang was still lucid as he said gravely, "Now, we can only wait. The captain has his own reasons for everything he does. Don't underestimate us spirit controllers; those of us who have survived till now, each one is top-notch, and Yang Jian is the best of the best. So this loss of control and pain, I believe he has taken into account."

"How can you have so much faith in him?" Yang Xiaohua asked.

Li Yang paused for a moment, did not answer her question, but scoffed, "A woman like you, after a few encounters with the captain, will lose her entire personality, ready to offer herself unconditionally in body and mind."

"He can use supernatural powers to influence personality?" Yang Xiaohua asked in shock.

"No, it's his personal charisma."

Li Yang said coldly, "In the face of terrifying supernatural events, he brings hope. In a desert, ordinary people would give up everything for a sip of water, so how many do you think could keep their sense of self in such situations? Faced with malevolent spirits, it's hard enough for ordinary people to keep their sanity from collapsing. Once they meet Yang Jian, get cared for, saved a few times, it's hardly possible not to fall."

"Women like you, I've seen several by the captain's side, each one utterly devoted, impossible to shake off. But you're a bit inferior... not as pretty, and your figure isn't quite as good."

"Aren't you concerned about the captain's safety now?"

Yang Xiaohua bit her lip and said, "I just don't want to die, so I'm asking. Do you think I could fall for such a person? What do you take me for? If it weren't for this ghostly situation, I wouldn't spare such a person a glance."

"You wouldn't now, but soon you'll convince yourself you would. People are experts at deceiving themselves, and sometimes you don't need to like someone—if you just want to survive, that's enough. And the captain can make you survive. Once you start thinking like that, he will become an inseparable part of your life, like air, food, and water."

"By then, you'll revere him like a god."

"Why are you so sure about me?" Yang Xiaohua said.

"Because that's how I revere him."

Li Yang looked at Yang Jian not far away, his face calm, but his heart was also very anxious, fearing an accident would befall Yang Jian.

Yang Xiaohua fell silent.

Although she wouldn't admit it, the harrowing screams of Yang Jian outside inexplicably tugged at her heartstrings.

Deep inside, she really didn't want to see this annoying person die.

After all, he had truly saved her, more than once.

Is this what Li Yang referred to as her respecting him?

She didn't know why

but a bizarre thought popped into Yang Xiaohua's mind.

If there ever came a moment when Yang Jian wanted to have some sort of relation with her, would she refuse, or agree...

However, the thought startled her.

Because she didn't feel any resistance at all, and was even somewhat willing.

"Damn it, what am I thinking?" Yang Xiaohua slapped herself, trying not to have these wild thoughts.

It's all Li Yang's fault.

She thought that her personality had been affected and had to test herself.

The result was clear.

Yang Xiaohua wasn't under the influence of any supernatural power; she remained herself, clear-headed.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian's screams continued, albeit slightly weakened.

Pain had started to numb him.

In Yang Jian's consciousness, numerous memories had emerged—not of one or two individuals, but of thousands, tens of thousands.

Countless memories interwoven, a burden only a fierce ghost could bear.

Yang Jian was just an ordinary person, unable to bear such a burden he would go mad, or suffer a mental breakdown.

But the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box persisted, not allowing such an escape.

The curse protected him.

At the same time, it tortured him.

At this moment, Yang Jian even thought of death, of release.

No, it was not just a thought—he was desperate for immediate death.

To free himself from this torment, Yang Jian could let go of everything, abandon anything.

Hope was completely unnecessary.

But Yang Jian couldn't do it.

Under the curse's protection, his consciousness always retained a degree of clarity, but it was precisely this clarity that made him suffer the most terrible pain and torture imaginable.

It was as if it would never end.

As if he had plunged into the depths of hell.

The invasion of the Ghost Shadow continued, as did the muddle of memories.

This required a process.

While the process wasn't long, supernatural struggles are always intense; yet for Yang Jian, every second felt like an eternity.

Yang Jian enduring this pain wasn't entirely a bad thing.

He began to possess many memories, not his own, but indistinguishable from his.

This was the impact of the invasion by the Ghost Shadow.

As Yang Jian's consciousness couldn't be swallowed or altered, with the help of the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse, he instead invaded the consciousness of the Ghost Shadow.

Yet, he was oblivious to this himself.

But if successful, he would take the path Li Leping never finished.

He would become a fierce ghost with the consciousness of a living person.

However, there were risks.

That was, if the Ghost Shadow Figure didn't succumb, his consciousness couldn't dominate everything, still controlled by the fierce ghost.

Even if he became a fierce ghost with a living person's consciousness, he would still be a walking corpse, unable to regain action.

But now wasn't the time to think about this.

Now was when Yang Jian had to endure the pain, to get through the agony of the fusion of countless memories.

The process was brutal.

All memories were forcibly stuffed into Yang Jian's consciousness.

Ten minutes.

This process lasted a full ten minutes.

Only after ten minutes did Yang Jian, who was writhing on the ground, gradually calm down.

His convulsions weren't as violent anymore, nor were his screams as piercing as before.

Everything began to settle down.

The vague, ethereal, and eerie bell sounds that had been unclear earlier now clarified in his mind once again.

And as the bell sounds became clearer, Yang Jian's agony swiftly lessened.

But the cold, sinister presence still lingered in his mind, inescapable.

He felt entangled with another terrifying entity.

Being influenced at every moment.

It was the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box that allowed him to survive; without its protection, Yang Jian would die instantly.

The abnormal changes within the Mingyue Community wouldn't stop due to the sudden outbreak and screams of Yang Jian.

"Hoo-hoo!"

The cold wind breezing gently around, the smell of sandalwood mingling with the stench of decay had already permeated the entire community, and everyone could smell this strange and unique odor.

Through the hollow, dim staircase windows,

a black and white figure moved, seemingly drifting silently down the stairs from outside.

At the same time, at a window,

a woman in a red cheongsam suddenly appeared, standing at the window with a complex expression and a numb face, looking outside.

She was Leuk Qingqing.

But her state was very odd.

As if still alive, yet controlled by something, unable to maintain her self, in an inexplicable state.

However, after pausing at the window for a moment, she too turned around and left.

Quickly.

Her figure also appeared in the staircase.

The red figure flickered.

Together with the black and white figure of the old person, they were leaving the building.

The ferocious ghost belonging to apartment 301 was being set free.

But that wasn't the most terrifying part.

The most terrifying part was,

At this moment, in the room of apartment 301 where the wooden bed stood, there was no longer a body.

The bed was bare, the corpse vanished.

A gaunt, foul-smelling, frightening figure was standing dazedly in the living room, staring blankly at the painting hanging there.

It was a portrait painting.

But soon,

This gaunt, stinking body began to move again.

It wandered.

Roaming aimlessly through the rooms.

But the door of apartment 301 was open...

This most horrifying ghost might roam out of apartment 301 at any time, into Mingyue Community, into Dachuan City.

Chapter 854: The Terrifying Twist

Ghosts are wandering out from the residential building not far away.

At this moment, Yang Jian is still in the throes of the Ghost Shadow's painful invasion, unable to control himself. Although the pain has lessened considerably from before, it still does not allow him to regain his reason and maintain normal actions.

Li Yang is unable to provide any help.

He and the surviving Yang Xiaohua are hiding in the distance, watching the situation here.

They can't deal with the supernatural event in room 301. If they really encounter it, they are certain to die, and the matter here is very serious, or else Tong Qian and Xiong Wenwen would not have been transferred away.

This arrangement is meant to minimize the loss.

But the ghost's actions will not stop because of this.

Suddenly.

At some point, below that residential building, an eerie old man's figure appeared out of nowhere.

No, the old man isn't standing. Instead, he appears to be floating mid-air, and the color emanating from his body does not fit with the surroundings at all. Everything around is shrouded in red light, but this old man presents an inexplicable black and white color.

It is as if an old black and white photograph has been embedded into the real world.

Completely illogical.

This terrifying figure is the unknown supernatural being left behind when Yang Jian previously triggered the medium.

It appears to be connected to the corpse of the old man lying on the bed.

This figure is walking back and forth below, aimlessly, not heading straight for Yang Jian, nor towards Li Yang and Yang Xiaohua on the other side.

Obviously.

None of these people fit the murderous pattern of this fierce ghost.

The ghost is simply wandering.

However, this situation is quite dangerous because with the ghost so close, once it inadvertently attracts the attention of the ghost, escape is almost impossible.

Keep in mind, this ghost is unaffected by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, and is even now wandering within it.

"Dangerous."

Li Yang senses something off and watches the figure of the fierce ghost wandering below with a bit of horror. His instincts tell him.

This thing cannot be confined to a room even if he were to block the door.

Its Terror Level is too high, he has no confidence in his heart.

"Is this the fierce ghost that even the captain felt unable to cope with?" he feels uneasy and increasingly tense.

Now.

Nobody knows the murder pattern of the fierce ghost.

So, all one can do is pray not to be targeted by this thing.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian's screams have finally subsided.

His body contorted, he lies on the ground in a weird pose, rigid all over, motionless.

The whole person is like a corpse, showing no signs of life, and his body emits a rotting stench, as if the corpse has been lying here for several days.

No one would believe that such a corpse could still be alive.

Yes.

Yang Jian is still alive.

He hasn't died yet; the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box keeps him conscious, even though his body has lost the characteristics of a living person's life, he is still alive.

And this kind of being alive is different from any time before.

Yang Jian remains conscious.

While he is unable to control himself.

It is as if another consciousness is striving to take control of his body, and he is at a disadvantage.

But what's most incredible is that he seems to be one with this consciousness.

It has become part of countless memories.

Only he is not in complete control, only eroding a part; most of it belongs to that cold consciousness.

That cold consciousness belongs to the Ghost Shadow.

However, the Ghost Shadow does not stop its assault on Yang Jian because the fierce ghost is not that clever. Even though it knows about the Eight-Tone Music Box curse and that Yang Jian cannot die, it continues to erode persistently.

The erosion process was supposed to be brief, but now it has been infinitely prolonged.

The Ghost Shadow keeps assaulting Yang Jian, but Yang Jian remains under the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, never dying.

Thus, a deeper entanglement has arisen.

The Ghost Shadow stopped its motion, maintaining its attack.

Yang Jian lost control of his body but remained conscious.

The best outcome one might have hoped for has not happened, but neither has the worst; the situation is now a little undecided.

"Has control of my own body been stripped away?" Yang Jian thinks this to himself.

He tries to move his fingers—

No use, he feels nothing.

Blink his eyes.

Also no use.

His eyes can only remain rigidly open, as if unwilling to close in death.

His entire being is like a puppet, stiff and immobile.

"A slight mishap has occurred on the path of harnessing the Ghost Shadow, this is an unforeseen result."
With a clear mind, Yang Jian is no longer tormented by pain, but a flood of memories surfaces in his mind with just a slight thought.

Memories intertwine, instantly informing him of many things he didn't know before.

Buried within these memories is a city where countless people have spent decades acquiring precious knowledge.

These things are sedimented within the memories, which Yang Jian dares not recall casually.

If not for the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, his consciousness would be overwhelmed in an instant.

Even so, Yang Jian still gains a lot.

However, these are not important right now.

What's important is that he has now also become a part of the Ghost Shadow.

He has taken the step to become a ghost with a living person's consciousness.

"The Ghost Shadow can control me, logically, I should also be able to control it. Even if not entirely, at least there is the possibility of some movement starting. It's definitely not a complete loss of control," Yang Jian thought very calmly.

He tried to make himself move.

Whether it was a hand or a foot, as long as he could move, the deadlock could be turned around.

Yang Jian made an effort to try, to move his body, to snatch back control from the Ghost Shadow.

Meanwhile.

Having left Room 301, the black-and-white terror ghost of Mingyue Community was now gradually approaching Yang Jian.

This approach was not intentional.

It was just that Mingyue Community was so small, Yang Jian was not far away, and there were few paths nearby, so it made sense for the ghost to drift closer after wandering around.

The ghost was drawing nearer.

Yang Jian still lay on the ground in a rigid, twisted position. He felt he couldn't wrestle complete control from the Ghost Shadow, but he did manage to wrest back a part of it.

Soon.

Yang Jian's hand began to move.

Though this hand had lost its sensation, not feeling pain nor tactile feedback, it still moved according to his will.

His consciousness seemed to operate outside of his body.

The sensation was very strange, like using his consciousness to control a Puppet Person.

"Indeed, my guess was correct. My consciousness exists within the Ghost Shadow. Anything the Ghost Shadow can control, I too can control. It's just a matter of degree. If I can wrest back all control, then I will complete this transformation, solving the problem of my own ghost's revival," Yang Jian reflected on this as he had done the same before.

Though there was some deviation, the effect was still achieved.

His hand had started moving, but the control was clumsy, like an infant taking its first steps, completely unable to move smoothly.

This required some time to adapt.

However, the Wanderer ghost would not give Yang Jian this time.

That eerie black-and-white old figure had now appeared about five meters away from Yang Jian's body.

Although Yang Jian couldn't move, his vision was very clear, and moreover, the ghost was still within his Ghost Domain.

"A ghost that invades reality through a medium. No, this can't even be considered a true ghost. This is a ghost from the past, yet it appears in the present... and there is still such a ghost existing now. This mode of reactivation is very much like a Ghost Dream."

He stared at the ghost intently.

Through analysis, he thought of another paranormal event.

Ghost Dream.

The ghost in the dream reactivates in this way: if the ghost from the first day is not killed, it will continue to kill on the second day and the cycle continues.

Only this ghost came out following the medium of Yang Jian's Firewood Knife; it is uncertain which era's ghost it is.

Very close now.

The wandering ghost had now approached within about three meters of Yang Jian.

At this point, one of Yang Jian's hands could barely move. Although it wasn't agile, at least there was some control.

The rest of the body still could not move, still very rigid.

The Ghost Shadow was still preoccupied with resisting the Eight-Tone Music Box, so it had no time to control Yang Jian's body.

This was an opportunity, a silver lining amid the misfortune.

During the duration when the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box ends, the Ghost Shadow will temporarily cease other actions.

"It's not wandering, it's coming for me."

Afterward.

Yang Jian, through the ghost's wandering route, suddenly realized a terrifying fact.

Although the ghost was wandering, it was doing so centered around himself, constantly wandering closer.

The process was slow, but it was indeed happening.

"Could it be that I've already triggered the ghost's killing pattern and just don't know it yet?" Yang Jian's thoughts raced.

However, at this moment.

The ghost had already stood next to Yang Jian and stopped.

Next, a disturbing scene that seemed incomprehensible began to occur.

Yang Jian's body was rapidly fading in color, as if he was about to be wiped from this world, turning black-and-white, and then completely vanishing.

But the ghost in front of him was gradually gaining color, as if it was breaking free from the shackles of the past, fully invading the present world.

And this process was irreversible, not even affected by the Ghost Domain or the Ghost Shadow.

"What kind of joke is this? This ghost can erase my traces in reality and replace my invasion into the present."

Yang Jian realized his dire situation and felt a chill in his heart.

He was like a beacon, attracting the past ghost, which then had to kill him to return completely to the present.

This is more than a reset.

It's outright transmigration.

The ghost from the past returns to the present.

If this was the case, the old lady he had seen before might still be alive. Although the old lady of the present is dead, it does not prevent the possibility that she might still be alive.

Because by killing just one person, the past self can enter the present world.

At this moment.

Yang Jian understood why he was not affected the first time he triggered the medium in Room 301.

At that time, the owner of Room 301 was still alive.

She didn't need to invade here.

But later, when he triggered the medium, the owner of Room 301 had died, the ghost was revived, hence the loss of control, and the ghost followed him back.

Chapter 855 : The Appearance of Leuk Qingqing

At this moment, Yang Jian was unable to move, his body fully commandeered by Ghost Shadow, which was invading his consciousness, even though it was protected by the Eight-Tone Music Box.

A different kind of confrontation was ongoing.

But this confrontation occurred at the most inopportune time.

For now, the menacing ghost from room 301 appeared right beside him.

The ghost looked like an eerie old man with a translucent body in shades of black and white.

This old man did nothing to Yang Jian, merely standing still after approaching, with a numb gaze staring rigidly.

Consequently, Yang Jian's body seemed to be peeling away from this world, swiftly losing its color.

Conversely.

The old man's body became more and more substantial, with the black and white fading away, regaining the skin tone of a normal human, even the clothes took on some of their antique hues.

Yang Jian felt neither pain nor anything abnormal.

It seemed as if his own disappearance was a trivial and commonplace event.

However, his experience fighting the paranormal told him that he was being erased from this world by the ghost, while after erasing him, the ghost intended to replace his existence, fully materializing in this world, becoming a ghost of this world, considering the one before him was merely a byproduct left behind when Yang Jian triggered the Firewood Knife as a medium.

Strictly speaking, it was not a truly formidable ghost, but merely a force of Supernatural Power.

But if Yang Jian were truly erased.

The ghost from the past, successfully descending into the present world, would then be real.

"My previous caution and worry were justified; the ghost in room 301 is indeed terrifying. My body is harnessed by Ghost Shadow, but I still can't escape the fate of being erased," Yang Jian watched helplessly as his legs quickly vanished.

After his legs disappeared, the shadows remained.

Without a body, the shadow still existed.

This phenomenon, although strange, was not hard to comprehend.

Because Yang Jian's shadow was Ghost Shadow, and while the terrifying ghost from room 301 could erase Yang Jian's body, it couldn't erase another ghost.

Ghosts cannot be killed.

Even though Ghost Shadow was at an absolute disadvantage at the moment, it still wouldn't be annihilated.

"I must find a way out of this predicament; otherwise, I will definitely be killed by the ghost before me."
Yang Jian was still immobile, sweating coldly with anxiety, yet his body had no reaction.

The control of Ghost Shadow persisted.

"Move, move now."

He was desperate at this moment, managing to control one hand, which was still not very flexible. Although it took time to adjust, the attack from the ghast offered no such opportunity.

More and more parts of him were disappearing.

It had extended from his legs upwards, and now it had reached his knees.

The rest of his body was affected too, continuously fading in color.

Soon, Yang Jian would be peeled from this world.

Incredibly.

After Yang Jian's legs were stripped away, the ghost's legs began to emerge, becoming increasingly real, although its upper body was still in a ghostly state.

It seemed.

The ghost had to completely erase him to reclaim a complete body.

Yang Jian grew even more anxious, watching his trembling arms as he desperately tried to reach for something nearby.

A rust-covered Coffin Nail.

The Coffin Nail he had been holding in his hand had slipped away during the previous violent struggle, lying close by, within reach.

But that small distance to reach out and grab it proved to be very difficult.

Because whenever he moved, his arm would intermittently lose control, making it hard to manage.

The ghost's influence over Yang Jian continued.

At this moment, the disappearing area had moved past the knee, reaching the thigh.

It was soon going to reach the waist.

Further up, if the arms were erased, it would be much harder for Yang Jian to turn the situation around.

"Coffin Nail, the captain wants to grab the Coffin Nail."

But at that moment, Li Yang, who had been closely observing the situation from not too far away, noticed this detail. He saw Yang Jian's hand moving, and the direction of the movement was towards the Coffin Nail left beside him.

Clearly.

Yang Jian needed that object at this moment.

However, what sent chills down one's spine was that the horrifying ghost stood very close by, staring fixedly at him.

If anyone else gets close, they might just drop dead in an instant.

Li Yang's body was tense, and he was breaking out in cold sweat; gritting his teeth, he dashed out.

Even at the risk of his own life, he had to break this equilibrium.

Otherwise, everyone here would die.

"You... be careful," Yang Xiaohua saw Li Yang rushing out, paused for a moment, then quickly understood his intention, it seemed he couldn't help but go to support Yang Jian.

As an ordinary person, that was all she could remind him.

In fact, she could also slip away.

But Yang Xiaohua didn't do so because she understood deeply, if she fled now, it would also be a dead end; not only would the delivery of the message fail, but she would also lose the protection of Yang Jian and completely lose the last sliver of hope for survival.

"Don't get close, you'll die before you even reach that ghost."

However, just at that moment, a familiar voice suddenly echoed in the silent Mingyue Community.

Unexpectedly, a woman in a red cheongsam blocked Li Yang's path.

That was... Leuk Qingqing.

Leuk Qingqing's state was not right; her face was expressionless and numb, like a puppet on strings, devoid of any living person's aura.

"Is it you?" Li Yang was startled and quickly stopped in his tracks, watching Leuk Qingqing with great vigilance and hostility.

"You stay, I'll go."

Leuk Qingqing's mouth moved stiffly as she spoke these words and turned to walk towards Yang Jian's position.

Li Yang was filled with confusion and suspicion, unsure whether this Leuk Qingqing truly wanted to help or was trying to prevent him from getting closer.

This person had vanished in room 301 for a period.

Appearing now, it was uncertain whether she was controlling the ghost or being controlled by it; in any case, it was extremely dangerous.

"Follow her."

Li Yang didn't trust Leuk Qingqing, and he still swiftly followed after her.

"If you go any further, you'll die," Leuk Qingqing said, walking ahead and looking back at Li Yang.

At this time, Li Yang noticed that the high heels Leuk Qingqing was wearing were fading in color, and they were disappearing rapidly; at the same time, her pair of legs was vanishing, as if being erased.

But strangely, even without legs, Leuk Qingqing kept walking, maintaining her walking posture as she approached Yang Jian and the fierce ghost.

No, that's not right.

The erasure stopped.

Li Yang saw that Yang Jian's entire body seemed faded, as if it was being stripped away, but Leuk Qingqing only had her feet affected; the rest of her body was intact, with no signs of fading.

Instead, the cheongsam she was wearing became even more vivid,

As crimson as fresh blood.

Even thicker than the red light emitted by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

That red seemed as though it was going to drip down.

"The cheongsam is an object with supernatural power," Li Yang, no matter how slow to catch on, should have realized by now.

If not for the cheongsam, Leuk Qingqing certainly couldn't resist the influence of the ghost's power.

At this thought.

He stopped in his tracks.

Because Leuk Qingqing was right, if he got close, he would soon die, unable to return; not only would he die, but the ghost within his body would also revive, and the situation would directly worsen to an uncontrollable extent.

At that moment, Leuk Qingqing bent down, picked up a Coffin Nail from the ground, and placed it in Yang Jian's hands.

She chose to help Yang Jian.

Yang Jian saw this scene, and he couldn't say anything nor do anything; he just watched everything happen.

"Leuk Qingqing, huh? She has mastered the ghost?"

Grasping the cold Coffin Nail, Yang Jian's standoffish state was immediately broken.

Because the next moment.

He hammered the Coffin Nail into the ground.

Underneath was... the Ghost Shadow.

Yes.

At this moment, Yang Jian chose to use the Coffin Nail to suppress the Ghost Shadow, letting it temporarily fall into silence.

The uncontrollable presence of the Ghost Shadow disappeared instantly.

Chapter 856 Level 7

The appearance of Liu Qingqing was both anticipated and unexpected.

She had been wandering around the residential buildings of Mingyue Community, but no one dared confirm whether she was human or ghost. She retained the consciousness of a living person, but also

exhibited potential for uncontrollability, and was suspected to be connected to the supernatural occurrences in room 301.

She even knew the crucial information about the previous puppet doll.

However, her stance and condition could no longer be concerned with now.

At this moment, Yang Jian is being attacked by a fierce ghost, he is being erased, even the enclosure of the Ghost Domain, possession by the Ghost Shadow, and the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box are unable to reverse this result.

The seemingly simple erasure carries a level of horror far surpassing any previous fierce ghost attack.

At this moment.

As the Coffin Nail was heavily hammered into the ground.

A suppression aimed at the Ghost Shadow instantly formed.

The Ghost Shadow immediately lost its ability to move and also stopped invading Yang Jian's consciousness, falling into a dormant state.

If Yang Jian had done this before, he would have died instantly.

Because his physical condition was too poor, a normal person would have died long ago, he needed the Ghost Shadow to maintain his frail body and ensure his survival.

But now it's not necessary, because Yang Jian is suffering from the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, as long as the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box does not disappear, his consciousness will continue to exist, he won't die, even if his body is shattered, rotted, or even disappears halfway, he can still survive in this world.

This is the bizarre and terrifying aspect of supernatural powers.

"Regained mobility."

Suddenly.

The control of his body was transferred at this moment, and Yang Jian could immediately control his body again, all control returned to his hands.

Because the Coffin Nail had only nailed down one ghost, the Ghost Shadow, it had no effect on the other fierce ghost powers in his body,

So after regaining mobility, Yang Jian immediately controlled the Ghost Eye.

The Ghost Eye opened.

The Ghost Domain abruptly intensified, instantly reaching the level of five layers of Ghost Domain.

Five layers of Ghost Domain could already influence reality.

The red light deepened, all the buildings around were disappearing, all the high buildings of Mingyue Community were gone, only the residential building of room 301 remained.

But it still wasn't enough.

The ghost still stood beside Yang Jian, his body still fading, being erased.

Only the speed of this erasure seemed to have slowed down a bit.

The influence of the Ghost Domain offset some of the fierce ghost's attack, but it didn't play a key role, because if the attack continued without interruption, Yang Jian would still die.

"The sixth layer of Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian did not hesitate at all, immediately after the five layers, he overlaid it to the sixth layer.

This layer of Ghost Domain could even stop the actions of the fierce ghosts, everything would be in a state of stasis, including himself.

And within this layer of Ghost Domain, the only thing that could move was the Ghost Eye.

Soon,

The six layers of Ghost Domain eroded everything around.

The range wasn't large, just covering Mingyue Community.

But within this layer of Ghost Domain, there was no community, only one residential building, and the fierce ghost and oneself in front of one's eyes.

Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, even that Liu Qingqing were left in the world of the fifth level Ghost Domain by Yang Jian.

He didn't want to be disturbed, nor influenced.

Yang Jian needed to focus all his supernatural powers to deal with the terrifying old man who had found him through the medium.

Indeed, the effects showed up.

The fierce ghost in front of him halted completely, as if entirely frozen, even the corpse stench with sandalwood scent on his body stopped spreading, everything entered a death-like stillness.

"Is it useful?"

Yang Jian felt that even the ringing of his Eight-Tone Music Box became sluggish, playing not as smoothly as before.

The erosion of the body also stopped at this moment.

But as time passed.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... the duration of maintaining the sixth layer of Ghost Domain kept increasing, surpassing the past limits he could achieve.

This was because Yang Jian had supplemented the Ghost Shadow.

Although the Ghost Shadow was nailed down by the Coffin Nail, part of the Ghost Shadow remained in the body, another part formed the Ghost Domain covering the ground, and the Ghost Shadow invading the body no longer moved, but it also interfered with the recovery of the Ghost Eye.

Because the Ghost Shadow had also stolen some of the power of the Ghost Eye, and the stolen part of the Ghost Eye's power was also restricted by the Coffin Nail.

This is a fusion and entanglement between puzzle pieces.

Only this fusion was not complete enough, otherwise, the restrictive effect of the Coffin Nail would also affect Yang Jian.

That's why Yang Jian opted to nail the ground, rather than nailing himself.

"One minute?"

Yang Jian felt it unthinkable that he had activated the sixth layer of Ghost Domain for a whole minute.

This would have been unimaginable before.

If it had been before, if he could have activated the sixth layer of Ghost Domain to this extent, it would have been nearly impossible for anyone to match him.

"The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and a complete Ghost Eye seem to let me use the sixth layer of Ghost Domain without cost, but the suppression of the Ghost Shadow is long-term, whereas the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is only temporary, meaning that this unrestricted activation of the sixth layer of Ghost Domain is only for now, once this period of curse passes, it won't be possible for me to achieve this unlimited activation of the sixth layer of Ghost Domain."

Despite this, it still feels terrifying.

Unrestricted pausing of an area, is equivalent to permanently suppressing the ghosts in this place.

If this Ghost Domain were condensed together, wouldn't that be a kind of alternative Coffin Nail?

Thinking this, Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart.

Suppose one day, disregarding the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, he really could use the sixth layer of Ghost Domain without cost, then he truly would have the capital to sweep through all supernatural places, keeping all the ghosts within the sixth layer of Ghost Domain and then completely shutting them away.

And this, is truly using the supernatural to fight against the supernatural.

However, this idea was dismissed by Yang Jian as soon as it emerged.

The terror levels of some ghosts are very high, and merely pausing is not enough to completely stop the actions of some terrifying ghosts.

About around two minutes later.

Yang Jian's sixth layer of Ghost Domain retreated.

His body, having disappeared halfway, began again at this time.

It has already reached from the thigh to the waist.

Being erased bit by bit.

But this speed was much, much slower than before.

Ghost.

Still standing there motionless, and Yang Jian was also standing motionless.

Neither could move within the Ghost Domain.

Ghost doesn't need to move; its attack was already underway.

Yang Jian couldn't move, trapped by his own Ghost Domain, but he could use the Ghost Eye to traverse within the Ghost Domain, so even if his body couldn't move it didn't affect much. However, his Ghost Shadow was nailed to the ground by the Coffin Nail, he couldn't leave the area.

Otherwise, if the Ghost Shadow were to detach from his body, his consciousness might be taken away as well.

At that moment, with balance lost, who knows what could happen.

"I can nail the ghost in front of me with a Coffin Nail in an instant. After completing the suppression, even if the Ghost Shadow takes over control of my body, it won't affect much."

"Just... this ghost still exists in the past, can the Coffin Nail really nail it down?"

Yang Jian's expression was changing, he had time to think.

Because the speed of the ghost erasing his body had slowed down.

He didn't doubt the suppressive power of the Coffin Nail, but the current ghost was just a shadow from the past, the Coffin Nail might not be able to hit the ghost.

No matter how powerful a supernatural item is, if it cannot lock onto the fierce ghost, it cannot be effective.

"This is just one option, I have another choice... to open the seventh level of the Ghost Domain, and I really want to know what will happen after I open the Ghost Eye to the seventh level."

Yang Jian always had this crazy idea in his mind.

Nine Ghost Eyes stacking up theoretically could open nine levels of Ghost Domain.

Usually, opening five levels was already the limit, the sixth required extreme effort, and in the current special state, he suddenly felt that the seventh level of Ghost Domain could be worth a try...

To test it out on this unsolvable terrifying ghost.

If it fails, there's nothing lost.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box plus the complete Ghost Shadow should be able to counteract the abnormal revival after opening the seventh layer of the Ghost Eye.

"If I don't try now, I might never get the chance again, unearthing the most terrifying supernatural power, this is not a valuable experience in itself."

Yang Jian was very rational.

He didn't think he was crazy, nor did he think he would die explosively after the seventh layer of the Ghost Domain; he actually regarded it as an opportunity, a chance to thoroughly understand his own limits.

Once Yang Jian made up his mind, he did not hesitate.

The next moment.

The seventh level of the Ghost Domain was activated.

Six levels of Ghost Domain stalled everything, the seventh level of the Ghost Domain?

It probably wasn't just stalling.

Red light eroded the entire world.

That moment, the residential building where room 301 was located disappeared, everything nearby disappeared, and the fierce ghost in front of him disappeared too.

In this world, there was only Yang Jian, and on the ground, the Coffin Nail that pinned the Ghost Shadow.

The feeling of stalling was gone.

He could move now.

It seemed that nothing had changed.

"Just like this?" Yang Jian was confused, even a bit at a loss.

The seventh level of the Ghost Domain was just a deeper Supernatural Space, this Supernatural Space had nothing special.

Like a safe house?

No.

It definitely wasn't just that.

The seventh level of the Ghost Domain should not be so simple, he just hadn't quite figured it out since it was his first time using it, just like the first time he opened the sixth level of the Ghost Domain during the fight with Fang Shiming, also ignorant, wasting a lot of time.

Wait.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian found a very weird thing.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still in his mind.

But the sound of the music box had changed, turned into another tune, intermittent, unfamiliar yet familiar.

"No, no, it's not the song that has changed, but myself, the tune is still the original tune, but the way it plays has become... reversed."

Yang Jian realized this and was abruptly shocked.

Reversed?

Wait.

His own time was reversing, going back to the past.

He had experienced this situation before, the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City, where Hungry Ghost used this terrifying Supernatural Ability, directly reverting time back by half an hour, causing Yang Jian's first action to fail.

He called this phenomenon a restart.

So, was Yang Jian restarting now?

Going back to a certain moment in the past, restarting himself?

He looked down.

Sure enough.

The disappearing body was rapidly coming back. The fading colors were recovering.

The body of Yang Jian, which had been erased by the fierce ghost, was now being pulled back by an even stronger Supernatural Power.

"The seventh level of the Ghost Domain is to restart oneself, returning to a previous period of time, and how far back one goes depends on how long the seventh level of the Ghost Domain is maintained."

Yang Jian suddenly realized.

That moment, he understood the function of the seventh level of the Ghost Domain.

This kind of restart could not intervene in the external world, only within oneself.

Chapter 857 Restarting Itself

"The Seven Layer Ghost Domain allows for a restart of oneself, bringing one's state back to a previous point, depending on how long the Seven Layer Ghost Domain is maintained. The longer I can maintain it, the further back in time my restart can go."

At this moment, Yang Jian is in a state of restart.

This state is quite unique.

His consciousness is very clear, aware of everything he is experiencing, yet his body is reverting to its previous state.

Unfortunately, Yang Jian doesn't have a watch to time himself and doesn't know to what extent he can recover.

Is it one minute ago? Or ten minutes ago? Or perhaps a day ago.

"If this kind of restart could continue indefinitely, I might be able to restart to before the Eight-Tone Music Box was opened..." Yang Jian thought to himself.

But soon.

This idea was dismissed.

Because the time when the Eight-Tone Music Box was opened is too long ago, it was several dozens of minutes ago.

Maintaining a restart state for such a long time seems difficult, especially since the Hungry Ghost initially only managed a restart of half an hour.

The resurrected malevolent ghosts could only achieve this much, Yang Jian doesn't think he can do any better.

However, right from the start of this restart state, Yang Jian already felt the terrifying power of the supernatural force.

Under the circumstances where his body was being erased, relying on his own restart, he forcefully pulled back his disappearing body, directly and unreasonably neutralizing the malevolent ghost's attack.

Of course.

It's not that the ghost's attack wasn't terrifying enough, but rather the ability to restart oneself is too unsolvable.

"I need to maintain it until my body is completely recovered."

Yang Jian calmly watched as his disappearing body kept reappearing, and the worry in his heart gradually subsided.

Additionally, he had some guesses about his own Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

If the Six Layer Ghost Domain is about pausing, then the Seven Layer Ghost Domain is about restarting oneself.

The Eight Layer Ghost Domain would then involve pausing an entire area around oneself and making everything within that area restart, going back a few minutes, or even dozens of minutes.

Even better controlled, it could restart a specific area, a specific person...

If he could achieve this, Yang Jian could truly match the malevolent ghosts in S-level supernatural incidents.

Now.

Only by relying on the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and the complete Ghost Shadow could he barely open the Seventh Layer Ghost Domain, he still has a long way to go to reach that step.

"Wait, something's wrong, the sound of the Eight-Tone Music Box is getting softer..."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's face suddenly changed during the waiting time for the restart.

He noticed that the sound of the Eight-Tone Music Box in his mind was getting softer and softer, as if the volume of the bell was being turned down.

No.

It's not that the bell is getting softer, but the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is becoming ineffective, being suppressed by another supernatural force.

That should be the Ghost Eye.

The long duration of the Seven Layer Ghost Domain naturally stimulates the resurrection of the Ghost Eye, and now that it has been activated for a while, the supernatural power of the Ghost Eye is continuously being released, now even the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is retreating under this resurrection.

Once the bell sound disappears, Yang Jian's consciousness might also vanish.

Of course, there's another possibility that the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is neutralized by the resurrection of the Ghost Eye, and Yang Jian can survive unharmed.

However, this possibility is very slim, he dares not gamble anymore.

"I must exit the state of the Seven Layer Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian now slightly lowered his head to check.

Most of his disappearing body had already recovered, he decided to wait a bit longer, wait until his body was completely restored before retracting the Ghost Domain.

At this moment.

The outside world's Li Yang was stunned at this moment, looking somewhat incredulously at the scene in front of him.

For Yang Jian within the Seven Layer Ghost Domain, it seemed like a long time had passed, but for the outside, it was just a moment.

Li Yang saw Yang Jian engulfed by the red light, disappearing instantly, then reappearing.

Then the discolored body recovered, the missing limbs reappeared, the whole person seemed rejuvenated, returning to the state before the ghost attack.

"Restart?"

Li Yang widened his eyes, and after realizing it, he was terrified.

The terrifying capability that only Unsolved Level malevolent ghosts possess, and Captain Yang Jian actually mastered it.

This is simply incredible.

To know that so far among the world's ghost masters, not a single person has reached this step, many top ghost masters can't do it, or rather, don't dare to do it, because to excavate the capabilities of malevolent ghosts to this extent, is absolutely deadly due to ghost resurrection.

"Cap, Captain, how do you feel now? You, are you alright?"

Everything happened too fast.

Li Yang only saw Leuk Qingqing moving the Coffin Nail into Yang Jian's hand, immediately after which Yang Jian pinned down the Ghost Shadow on the ground, then straight away restarted himself.

Although he doesn't know what kind of supernatural confrontation was involved during this period, the restart was ultimately used.

"I'm fine."

Yang Jian stood on the spot, his body had fully recovered, and the curse bell sound of the Eight-Tone Music Box in his mind also began to grow louder.

After exiting the restart state, the curse was restored.

"Li Yang, how long has it been since then until now?"

"Just a few seconds, I saw a flash of red light, and then Captain you recovered," Li Yang paused, not understanding why such a question was asked.

"That's it..."

Yang Jian's heart stirred, immediately understanding.

In the Seven Layer Ghost Domain, only he felt that the time he stayed was very long because he was in a restart state, his thinking was affected, but in reality, it was just a moment that had passed.

However, this type of restart duration is very limited.

Even under this special state, he could only barely restart to before the ghost attacked him, continuing would mean his Eight-Tone Music Box's curse would be completely suppressed, and then the Ghost Eye would resurrect.

"But now is not the time to talk about this, the ghost is still here, if it's not dealt with, its attacks will continue."

Yang Jian quickly gathered his thoughts back.

He gazed at the terrifying old man in front of him with his Ghost Eye.

With the restart, the old man couldn't erase Yang Jian, and it also couldn't successfully invade the real world, the parts that had already invaded rapidly faded and disappeared, returning to its original state.

The black and white old man floating in mid-air, still numbly and creepily staring at Yang Jian.

The restart did not interrupt the malevolent ghost's attack.

After being stared at by this terrifying old man, Yang Jian felt a chill all over his body, and a strong sense of crisis enveloped him.

He hadn't felt it when his body was invaded by the Ghost Shadow, but now that he had regained control, he immediately felt the terror of being targeted by this fierce ghost.

"Again, trying to erase my existence? I must find a way to stop this immediately."

Yang Jian immediately began to think.

His attempts had proven that the five percent Ghost Domain couldn't send away this terrifying black and white old man, and although the Six Layer Ghost Domain could slow the erasing process, it couldn't change the final outcome.

The Firewood Knife couldn't be used either.

Because after activating the Firewood Knife, it might bring a second old man into the real world, which could potentially worsen the situation instead of handling the fierce ghost.

At this moment, the Coffin Nail was nailing down the Ghost Shadow.

Once removed, the invasion of the Ghost Shadow would continue, and Yang Jian would lose control over his body again.

Should he rely on the Ghost Hand to suppress?

Yang Jian hesitated for a moment.

He still had one method left, which was to use the characteristic of the Ghost Hand that suppresses a ghost, to suppress this old man and make him disappear from this world.

But could the Ghost Hand do it?

Such a terrifying fierce ghost should be impossible to handle, right?

Yang Jian had some understanding of his own abilities, and he didn't believe that the Ghost Hand could suppress this old man.

With all these methods proving useless, Yang Jian now seemed to be out of options.

"Do I really have no way to fight back, and can only run away?"

Yang Jian's expression changed unpredictably.

He found that even after initiating the Seven Layer Ghost Domain to reboot himself, he could only barely protect himself, having no real chance against this terrifying fierce ghost.

"No, wait, there's still one supernatural object I haven't used yet."

While Yang Jian found himself in a dilemma, he suddenly thought of something. In the Ghost Domain, where he controlled everything, he changed his position and quickly moved away with the Coffin Nail on the ground as well.

Very soon.

He appeared in another part of Mingyue Community.

But what caused his hair to stand on end was.

In front of him.

The black and white old man was still eerily standing in front of him, his empty, ashen eyes still fixedly staring at him.

The Ghost Domain moved, but this ghost still clung to him?

"Is it impossible to get rid of this ghost once it targets you? So does that mean it's useless no matter where I run?" Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart.

He couldn't worry about anything else.

He immediately opened a box on the ground next to him.

Inside the box was a dismembered, broken doll.

This was one of the fierce ghosts that came out of room 301.

It was also the source of the supernatural incidents in the Ferocious Ghost District, a very terrifying ghost. If it wasn't for Yang Jian destroying it with the Firewood Knife, he might have already been killed by this thing.

Even Li Leping couldn't handle this thing.

The eerie doll was incredibly terrifying.

Yang Jian quickly pieced together the dismembered doll.

Simultaneously.

His body was gradually fading again... the ghost was continuing its eradication against him.

The eradication that cannot be escaped.

The only way to stop it was to reboot.

Or to deal with this ghost from its origin.

Yang Jian moved quickly, and soon a doll full of wounds was formed in his hands.

The eyes of this doll were installed upside down, and anyone stared at by it would suffer unending attacks from the fierce ghost, non-stop.

This pattern of killing was just like that of the terrifying old man.

That's right.

This doll originally came from room 301; it belonged to this old man.

At this moment, Yang Jian turned the eerie broken doll around, letting it stare at the black and white old man in front of him.

A ghost staring at another ghost.

What would happen?

Would the old man in front be attacked by this doll?

The next moment.

The broken doll in Yang Jian's hands suddenly began to twist and struggle violently, and at the same time opened its mouth emitting a piercing scream.

"What's going on?" His face suddenly changed.

The situation was quite different from what he expected.

However, one noteworthy thing was that the attacks targeting Yang Jian seemed to have stopped.

His body was no longer disappearing.

Instead.

The eerie doll in his hands was gradually fading, but this fading was incomplete, appearing aged in some places but not in others.

It seemed that the ghost's attacks had shifted to the doll.

Simultaneously.

The black and white old man, who appeared ghostly, was gradually disappearing from before his eyes.

The medium seemed to be interfered with, unable to continue invading reality.

Because a ghost cannot be killed.

The eerie doll was attacked by supernatural forces and could not be erased, thus forcing the old man to interrupt his invasion.

"This doll is very special..."

Yang Jian's heart shuddered.

The thing still struggled and screamed, sending chills down his spine.

As if what he was holding was not a doll, but a fierce ghost.

Chapter 858 Room 301 Ends

Seeing the scar-covered, worn and tattered doll in his hand, Yang Jian couldn't help but think of the rag-made scapegoat doll.

Previously, he had speculated that the scapegoat doll might have come from Room 301.

After all, on the worktable in Room 301, there were traces of making cloth dolls, and some of the dolls were even abandoned there unfinished.

And these props couldn't have appeared out of thin air; they must be some kind of supernatural item or a derivative of a fierce ghost.

Since it was a derivative, there must be a source.

Right now, the doll in Yang Jian's hand could very possibly be the source of the scapegoat doll.

Or, the scapegoat doll could be an imitation of this doll.

But now was not the time to think about this.

At this moment, Yang Jian still felt the aged doll in his hand struggling violently.

Even with the Ghost Hand clasping it, the doll was still twisting as if it was confronting some formidable supernatural force, or as if it was being provoked and starting to awaken.

"The old man has disappeared."

Yang Jian let out a sigh of relief when he saw the final vanishing of the fierce ghost's figure before his eyes.

The fierce ghost that almost invaded reality via the medium was now thwarted by him with this doll, successfully eliminating the medium and halting the ghost's infiltration.

His own immediate danger was temporarily relieved.

The doll that was fiercely struggling began to gradually calm down, returning to its previous motionless state.

The supernatural confrontation ended with the doll's victory.

However, though the doll no longer moved, Yang Jian noticed its eyes eerily beginning to rotate again, continuing to unceasingly peek around at everything.

"Seems that reversing the eyes doesn't stop this doll's autonomous movements. Is that why the owner of Room 301 had to place this thing into a vegetable basket and cover it with cloth, to prevent the doll from looking around? Earlier, out of curiosity, I uncovered that floral cloth, which caught the doll's attention, and that's why it became active."

At this instant.

He had begun to understand some of the activity patterns of this thing in his hand.

First, one must not be seen by the doll.

Once seen, it will move and create supernatural phenomena, possibly hiding itself away.

Second, one must not make eye contact with the doll's eyes, or else one will be targeted by the doll and suffer terrible attacks.

Lastly.

Fierce ghosts targeted by the doll will shift their attacks.

All supernatural power is transferred to the doll, which then begins to confront it.

It's somewhat like a forced aggression draw.

Yang Jian had just now used the doll to transfer the fierce ghost's attack, thus resolving the terrifying supernatural incident.

"This thing, if used well, can perfectly counter a terrible fierce ghost, letting it confront the doll. But triggering this rule is a bit tricky; the doll needs to see the ghost, and the ghost needs to see the doll...

there are certainly limitations, after all, some ghosts don't even have heads or eyes, how could they possibly see the doll."

He also didn't forget to analyze the drawbacks of the doll.

"Is it over?"

At this moment.

After seeing the black and white ghostly figure disappear, Li Yang cautiously approached and asked, still visibly shaken.

"We just dealt with a medium of a fierce ghost; the real fierce ghost is still roaming in that building." Yang Jian gathered his thoughts and looked up at the building.

That should be Building Nine.

Not Building Seven; the real Building Seven is on the other side.

Because the Post Office delivered the letter to the wrong place.

But this made sense.

For Room 301 in Building Nine was too terrifying, an event at this level of supernatural difficulty would spell death even for Captain Level people; the third-floor messenger couldn't possibly complete the delivery there, and the Post Office wouldn't set a doomed delivery task for its messengers.

"What do we do now?" Li Yang also turned to look at the building.

"The Ghost Shadow has been dealt with, Li Leping's revival ghost has been dealt with, and the invading fierce ghost from reality also has been dealt with. What's left is just that one fierce ghost, but it's also the most terrifying; I don't intend to touch it... after all, not every problem needs my intervention."

"The supernatural incident in the Ferocious Ghost District caused by Room 301 happened in Dachuan City, so let Li Leping deal with it. If he can become an oddity, he should have the capacity to counter that fierce ghost."

Yang Jian pondered.

If that fierce ghost could erase people from reality, then Li Leping, in the midst of transforming into a ghost with a living person's consciousness, would be the best choice.

Because ghosts will not be erased.

"So, what we need to do now is evacuate."

Li Yang paused for a moment, then heaved a sigh of relief: "Evacuate? That works for me."

"The letter, what should I do?"

Suddenly.

A numb, stiff voice floated over, beneath a nearby residential building, a slender woman dressed in a bright cheongsam spoke.

She was Leuk Qingqing.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, then turned to look at her.

The red cheongsam blocked the peering of ghostly eyes, preventing him from seeing through to what state Leuk Qingqing really was in.

She seemed to be a fierce ghost.

Yet she also appeared to be a living person.

But at this moment, Yang Jian was not interested in dealing with her. Since there was no conflict, and just now Leuk Qingqing did indeed pass the Coffin Nail into his hands, helping him out, although he had his suspicions about her, there was still no reason to act.

"I will retrieve that letter. If that old man's corpse is still wandering inside the building, then the letter should be in that room, correct. Although it's dangerous, it's still manageable."

Leuk Qingqing remained expressionless and silent.

"However, an item has gone missing from room 301, a faceless Puppet Person. Have you seen it?" Yang Jian asked, frowning.

Too many fierce ghosts had emerged from room 301 today.

Each more ferocious than the last.

The level of horror was no less than that of Fushou Garden in Dahai City.

"Are you talking about this?"

Suddenly, Leuk Qingqing touched her cheek, then reached out to gently lift it away.

The beautiful face turned out to be a Human Skin Mask, easily flipped open to reveal a head without a face underneath, not of human flesh, but with wooden textures.

That was the Puppet Person missing from room 301.

And now, this Puppet Person was inside Leuk Qingqing's body.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly, almost reaching out for the Firewood Knife.

Without a change in her demeanor, Leuk Qingqing replaced the beautiful Human Skin Mask: "Don't be nervous, I'm fine."

Fine?

You've got to be kidding.

Does this look like someone who's fine?

"I encountered a terrifying supernatural event while I was delivering mail in the past. My body was attacked by a fierce ghost, and I've been left with nothing but a layer of skin. In fact, I should have died long ago, but some supernatural force has sustained my life, and I've become this... special state."

Leuk Qingqing's tone was flat as she recounted her terrifying past experience.

"A Ghost Hunter, perhaps?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly, sizing her up.

No wonder he felt something off about Leuk Qingqing from the start, and her weight was also abnormally light. When she jumped down from the building earlier, her body was eerily fluttering.

Now he understood.

She had no body at all, just a layer of skin.

Now that Puppet had filled her body.

The cheongsam and the Puppet seemed to have formed a balance.

She had become a Ghost Hunter who commanded two ghosts.

"Is it just as simple as being a Ghost Hunter?"

But then Yang Jian grew suspicious again.

"I don't care who you are, or what you want to do. I have a simple goal; to deal with the Ghost Post Office. Although you have helped me, I hope you do not interfere with my actions. Otherwise, I won't consider these past favors."

Leuk Qingqing didn't say a word, just quietly looked at him without uttering a sound.

"I'm going to retrieve the letter."

Yang Jian said no more. He looked down at the Coffin Nail on the ground.

This thing was suppressing the Ghost Shadow.

Once the Coffin Nail is removed, the Ghost Shadow would continue to take over his body, making him lose control.

So his actions weren't very convenient.

But that didn't matter much.

As long as the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still in effect, he could use the powers of the Ghost Domain without any cost for the duration of the curse.

His gaze lifted from the Ghost Shadow pinned to the ground.

Yang Jian turned to look at the building.

Within the Ghost Domain, this building was enveloped by supernatural forces, entirely unaffected.

But at the next moment.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes overlaid, and the six-layer Ghost Domain opened once again.

A red light covered the entire building, bringing everything to a halt.

However, the building itself showed no changes; what really changed was that all the supernatural phenomena inside the building were also paused in time.

He didn't need to make contact with the vengeful spirits, nor did he need to take any risks; the most prudent method was to pause the building, halt any supernatural activities, and earn himself a few seconds.

Merely a few seconds would suffice.

At the next moment.

Yang Jian disappeared from his original spot.

But less than ten seconds later, he reappeared.

In his hand, he held a yellow letter.

"I've retrieved the letter," Yang Jian said calmly.

"There's nothing unusual about room 301 in building number seven; it's an empty room that's been cleared out. I used the Ghost Domain to check, and there are no signs of supernatural presence; otherwise, my Ghost Domain would have been disturbed."

Shortly afterward, he suddenly appeared at the bottom of building seven.

Yang Xiaohua was right here, watching Yang Jian with reverence and fear, not daring to utter a single word.

"I guess this letter probably has no recipient. The Ghost Post Office's most important purpose with this letter wasn't to get us to room 301 in building seven, but to bring us to the Ferocious Ghost District. The experiences we had on this trip were the intentions of the Post Office's delivery, containing strong misleading elements but also achieving some purpose of the Post Office."

"Perhaps it's to remind us of the anomaly in Mingyue Community, or perhaps it's to get us to break some kind of equilibrium, releasing the vengeful spirit in room 301 of building nine."

The letter in Yang Jian's hand disappeared on the spot.

At the next moment.

The letter appeared in a dark, empty room on the third floor.

The task of delivering the letter was completed.

Yang Xiaohua looked at Yang Jian, listened to his speculation, and felt a cold chill in her heart.

The Ghost Post Office was actually toying with everyone.

Whether the letter was delivered or not didn't matter; what mattered was bringing the messenger to Mingyue Community in the Ferocious Ghost District.

"Burn the letter and go back. You don't need to stay here any longer. After this return, I believe we will meet soon on the fourth floor of the Post Office," Yang Jian coldly told Yang Xiaohua.

"Are you, alright?"

Yang Xiaohua clenched her fists, sweating nervously. After hesitating for a moment, not knowing what to say, she blurted out the question as if possessed.

Even a fool could see that Yang Jian was in a bad state, entangled with various supernatural powers, and it would be easy for him to die from an unexpected outburst.

Yang Jian turned around and disappeared from the spot, then reappeared about ten meters away.

"That's not a question you should be asking."

Yang Xiaohua was at a loss for words; she had been dismissively rebuffed.

However, she didn't feel angry; it seemed more normal this way, more in line with this person's character.

"Yang Jian, thank you."

She took a deep breath and sincerely expressed her gratitude.

Then, without delay, Yang Xiaohua immediately ignited the rolled-up black letter.

The letter burned.

An eerie path gradually appeared behind her.

This time, it was successful.

As the task was completed, the letter fulfilled its role.

At the end of the eerie path stood a building styled from the Republic of China Period. Its door was adorned with neon lights that flickered mysteriously and enigmatically; the words "Ghost Post Office" were clearly visible.

It was also Yang Xiaohua's first time using this letter to summon the supernatural powers of the Ghost Post Office.

With slight nervousness in her heart, she stepped onto the eerie path toward the Ghost Post Office.

On the way, she tried to look back, but behind her was pitch black, seeing nothing.

Nothing else existed.

This was a path that could not be returned.

Suppressing the unease in her heart, Yang Xiaohua arrived at the entrance of the Ghost Post Office and pushed the door open to enter.

Upon entering the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Xiaohua breathed a sigh of relief for the first time; she felt a trace of safety from this terrifying Ghost Post Office.

"Tell me, what's the situation on the third floor? Why hasn't Yang Jian shown up? If you can't explain, I'll kill you."

However, the next moment,

the dull sound of someone wielding a cane echoed, and Sun Rui, with a face as pale as a corpse, coldly and numbly appeared in the hall, staring at Yang Xiaohua.

It was as if he was interrogating,

and it seemed that if Yang Xiaohua said anything less than satisfactory, she would undoubtedly die.

Yang Xiaohua's heart suddenly tightened, and she looked at this strange man.

She knew.

This was one of Yang Jian's colleagues.

A terrifying fellow who had harnessed supernatural powers.

Meanwhile.

In Dachuan City's Mingyue Community,

Yang Jian was packing up and preparing to evacuate.

He collected the Eight-Tone Music Box, puppet dolls, and sent the ghost who sought people to the outskirts of Dachuan City. He gave the address to Li Leping in the villa outside the city, stating that if he could survive this ordeal, he could then retrieve the ghosts he previously controlled.

"I should leave too, but we will meet again, on the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office."

Leuk Qingqing also left at that moment.

Yang Jian didn't stop her, but let her go.

At this moment.

Yang Jian and Li Yang finished packing their belongings and arrived outside the Ferocious Ghost District, far from the true center of danger.

"Ghosts still might come out, that old woman's corpse is still wandering around Mingyue Community. Before Li Leping takes over Dachuan City, we should take some preventive measures."

Having said that,

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain spread once again.

After the Ghost Domain covered the area, the entire region's landscape underwent terrifying changes.

One by one, the buildings mysteriously vanished as if they were erased from reality, leaving only a flat ground, with only Mingyue Community still standing isolated.

The complex architecture disappeared.

Then a tall wall emerged, enclosing Mingyue Community.

The wall was twenty meters high and five meters thick.

Constructed from discarded construction debris, it interlocked perfectly, even better than walls built by the finest construction crews.

And this, took only a few seconds.

The Ghost Domain alters reality, affecting the landscape; its utilization in this manner is nothing short of astounding.

Li Yang always marveled at such a scene, no matter how many times he saw it.

"Oh, Captain, you didn't leave a door to enter." Suddenly, he realized that the wall was sealed too tightly without any doors.

"No need for a door, this place is forbidden for the living. If Li Leping wants to enter, he could definitely do it on his own," Yang Jian said.

"That's true."

Li Yang nodded.

This wall was only to stop ordinary people, and it might not even fully prevent them; if someone was determined, they could enter via helicopter.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian had also finished what needed to be done, and it was time to leave.

He didn't return to the Ghost Post Office.

The urgent task now was to find a way to deal with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and the invasion of Ghost Shadows.

The task of delivering the mail must be put aside for now.

In this state, even if he forced his way through the letters on the fourth floor and reached the fifth floor, the end result would likely be mutual destruction with the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Jian didn't want to die yet, unless it was absolutely necessary—he would only take such a step as a last resort.

On the contrary,

Once he dealt with the curse and the Ghost Shadow invasion, dealing with the Ghost Post Office would become much easier.

There were only a few days left for the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse.

Time was of the essence.

Chapter 859: Impact and Method

"Just now, I've had headquarters set up a new archive, classified as level A, codenamed Room 301."

On a plane to Dachang City.

Li Yang took this opportunity to report on the work, because the incident had not been completely resolved, so establishing an archive and determining the level of the supernatural event were very important matters.

But judging by the losses in Dachuan City and Li Leping's condition, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to classify this event as an S-level.

However, since most of the incident had been resolved, only leaving a ghost wandering in Mingyue Community, designating it as S-level would have too great an impact, so they downgraded it by one level.

"The archive set up by the headquarters isn't that closely related to us, we just need to report it, as the incident is already under temporary control," said Yang Jian.

His purpose for having Li Yang report back was very simple.

Li Yang himself had not entered Room 301 and wasn't very clear about the situation there, so all the truly important information was in Yang Jian's mind.

And the archive he created was the most critical.

"Room 301."

Yang Jian was sitting in the cabin's seat, holding a drawing board. He had found a pencil from somewhere and was rapidly sketching on white paper.

He didn't know how to sketch before.

But now he could, his mind filled with memories, within which were numerous techniques and methods related to sketching.

It was as if he had learned it before.

He knew that these memories were not his own, but rather, stolen by the Ghost Shadow Figure that had invaded Dachuan City.

These memories contained everything, sketching among them.

Very soon, the appearance of a room began to materialize on the white paper.

Walls, floors, tables, as well as many details were all rendered one by one.

Yang Jian felt that there were still many things in Room 301 that he hadn't investigated thoroughly, many secrets yet to be unearthed. He didn't want to take further risks, so he simply drew the things from his memories and stored them in the archive, lest he forget them as time passed.

Soon.

The sketch was completed.

Yang Jian organized the archive then glanced at the Coffin Nail standing on the floor next to him.

The Coffin Nail still pierced into the Ghost Shadow.

The ringing of the Eight-Tone Music Box echoed in his mind.

The current Yang Jian was in a state where he could die at any moment, whether from the uncontrollable Ghost Shadow or the Eight-Tone Music Box which could both claim his life.

Additionally, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box had a time limit.

In a few days, when the curse ends, Yang Jian would die all the same.

Therefore, the time he had left to solve the problem was not abundant.

"If I want to survive, I need to let the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box unleash upon the Ghost Shadow, making it bear the curse. If successful, the complete Ghost Shadow might once again fall into a crash state, then my consciousness can take control of everything. At that time, not only could I wield the complete Ghost Shadow, but there's also a chance I could possess the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box."

Yang Jian looked at the red lacquered little box in his hand.

He could feel that the supernatural power inside it was no longer present.

The box was merely a vessel; the real terror was that segment of the Eight-Tone Music Box's cursed tune.

Now, that segment of the tune resided in his own mind.

Only when he died again would the cursed tune return to the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Even if someone else opened the Eight-Tone Music Box now, it would be futile; there wouldn't be any sound coming out of it, and it would have no effect on ordinary people.

"So, the problem remains the same, how to ensure the survival of a living person's consciousness."

Yang Jian faced this dilemma once again.

Previously, he had transferred his consciousness with the help of a spirit tablet and supernatural photographs. Now he had a spirit tablet in his hands, but if he wanted to transfer his consciousness, a substitute person would be needed.

The substitute had to be someone within the supernatural photograph.

And the camera capable of taking supernatural photos was still in the headquarters' possession.

Of course, the supernatural camera was just a prerequisite.

The most important thing was the success rate.

What if the consciousness of the Ghost Shadow Figure transferred along with him?

Then, once the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box ended, he would still have to die.

The situation now was different from before. Before, Yang Jian was only subject to one curse, but now he harbored two.

Therefore.

The situation was different, and the method of transferring consciousness through a spirit tablet was no longer viable.

"Of course, there is another method, which is to do nothing at all and let the Ghost Shadow invade my consciousness. When the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box erupts, as long as I'm lucky, the curse may not necessarily kill me. It's possible that the Ghost Shadow will bear the brunt of the curse instead."

Yang Jian had another last resort.

Still a gamble.

After all, as the Ghost Shadow was invading him, he was also invading the Ghost Shadow.

The entanglement of consciousness went both ways.

The curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box would undoubtedly be shared.

"Merge into the Ghost Shadow's consciousness fully, then when the curse erupts, let the Ghost Shadow bear it, and fall into a crash state.... But to execute this plan, I must have a contingency in place, otherwise my consciousness might not survive."

Yang Jian subconsciously thought of the Ghost Cabinet.

If the deal with the Ghost Cabinet was completed, then he could request that the Ghost Cabinet ensure his consciousness would not die.

Then he wouldn't be harmed by the curse's explosion.

But, the deal with the Ghost Cabinet had not yet been completed.

Yang Jian could not make any demands.

"I still have a last-ditch substitute, human skin paper."

Ultimately.

At this critical juncture of death, Yang Jian once again thought of the perilous human skin capable of revealing information.

The human skin paper may reveal information and methods.

But how perilous it contains, Yang Jian dares not say.

However, when it comes to that point, even knowing the danger, he will surely try.

Not trying is certain death, trying holds a sliver of hope for life.

The choice of which path to take is obvious.

While contemplating, the plane had already landed at Dachang City's airport.

Compared to the desolate and eerie urban environment of Dachuan City, Dachang City clearly seemed normal.

People bustled, the place was lively and bustling.

Although it can't compare to the past, its vitality has much improved, especially after Yang Jian became the team leader, which drew even more people to Dachang City. Although this matter was confidential, it nevertheless couldn't stop the spread of information.

A city where a team leader has settled is hugely attractive to many people.

The flow of people at the airport proved everything.

"You take a good rest these few days, I've got some things to deal with, and we'll discuss the post office matter after I come back," Yang Jian said to Li Yang before getting off the plane.

Li Yang nodded; he knew that Yang Jian had to deal with his own situation.

Although he was worried that Yang Jian might not be able to handle it,

he didn't ask, because asking was futile. If Yang Jian truly was gone, many things would be meaningless.

"Then, captain, be careful," Li Yang just gave a reminder.

"Don't worry, there won't be any problems," Yang Jian replied indifferently, not knowing if he was comforting him, or reassuring himself.

Very soon.

The two separated at the airport.

Li Yang left by car, but Yang Jian departed using the Ghost Domain.

Actually, he could have used the Ghost Domain to rush back from Dachuan City, but because he needed some time to contemplate his plan, he did not do so.

Yang Jian directly appeared inside Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City.

The shadow beneath his feet was still pinned by the Coffin Nail.

The restrictions of the Ghost Shadow remained in place to prevent control of his body from being seized back by the Ghost Shadow.

"Go to Wang Shanshan's place and get the human skin paper back from the Ghost Child," Yang Jian thought straightforwardly, his figure vanishing again, then reappearing inside the Republic Era Ancient House in the complex, which had been recently renovated.

After the renovation, the ancient house had become Wang Shanshan's private villa.

She lived here.

Tall walls were built around, and ordinary people could not enter at all.

Now it was the afternoon, and the sunlight was still bright.

Yang Jian appeared in the courtyard of the ancient house, bathing in the sunlight that fell from the sky, his whole being still exuding a cold aura, and around him lingered the stench of rotting corpses.

A young woman with a pale complexion and a graceful figure was currently sitting at a desk in the bright, tidy great hall, looking down at a book.

"Are you going to die again?"

Wang Shanshan noticed Yang Jian's arrival; she slightly lifted her head, her fair face devoid of any expression.

Like an ice maiden, emotionless.

"You sensed it?" Yang Jian asked, not moving.

Wang Shanshan said nothing, merely slightly lifting her sleeve to reveal a snow-white arm, on which an eerie red eye seemed to be peering around.

This red eye was not yet fully formed, only an outline without substance.

Like a ghost eye, yet not reaching the stage of a Ghost Eye.

"Ghost Eye Resurrection, even you're affected?" Yang Jian understood what was happening at a glance.

He was unaffected when he activated the seven layers of the Ghost Domain, thanks to the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and the complete Ghost Shadow.

However, Wang Shanshan was different; she too was eroded by the supernatural power of the Ghost Eye, so she felt it much more distinctly.

"I've already been able to see things," Wang Shanshan said with her eyes closed, swaying her arm.

The eye on her arm was staring at Yang Jian.

Eerily, Yang Jian could also feel the gaze emanating from that eye.

"There won't be any problems, I can handle it well."

Wang Shanshan covered the eye on her arm, then said, "You are in a more serious condition this time."

"I know, that's why I'm telling you," Yang Jian said indifferently.

The two were classmates in high school for three years, now because of the lack of emotions, as indifferent as enemies.

In reality, they were both very aware, after having been through so much together, their relationship was very good.

It was merely the absence of emotions that made it impossible to express.

"So, you've come looking for the Ghost Child this time?" Wang Shanshan knew Yang Jian well and guessed his purpose.

Yang Jian said, "Yes, and I will disappear for a few days to solve my problems."

Wang Shanshan stood up, walked over to Yang Jian, ignoring the stench of a corpse emanating from him, extended her fair, slender palm, and touched Yang Jian's cheek, "Anyone in this city can die, but you cannot, because you are Yang Jian."

"Of course, I am Yang Jian, and I will not die," Yang Jian forced a smile.

Chilly and numb.

Wang Shanshan no longer spoke; she dropped her hand and glanced at the corner.

A creepy child dressed in a funeral shroud, barefoot, stood there, slightly tilting his head to look this way, with red eyes that lacked pupils, emanating a weird and malevolent feeling, chilling to the bone.

Yang Jian eyed the golden bell around the Ghost Child's neck.

Inside it was the human skin paper.

This was a measure taken in the past to prevent the human skin paper from going out of control.

Because if the human skin paper dared to emerge, the Ghost Child would eat it in one bite.

Moreover, the Ghost Child did not need to rest, could watch over it twenty-four hours a day, without any slacking.

Chapter 860: An Obvious Trap

Inside Safe House No. 1 of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

This safe house was originally built during the Hungry Ghost incident. It was constructed hastily and thus isn't large, capable of accommodating only around twenty people. Given its limitations, Yang Jian freed himself from Zhang Wei's father, Zhang Xiang, and built Safe House No. 2.

As a result, Safe House No. 1 was left unused and became Yang Jian's exclusive safe house.

The safe house housed various supernatural items Yang Jian had collected and the malevolent spirits he had imprisoned.

There were Ghost Mirrors, embroidered shoes, Ghost Candles, life-replacing dolls, Ghost Porcelain...

At this moment, Yang Jian appeared inside this safe house.

First, he carefully placed the doll he had obtained from Room 301, then turned his attention to the Ghost Child.

He reached out and grasped.

He took off the small bell-like ball hanging from the Ghost Child's neck.

He twisted it with force, and the ball opened, revealing a piece of yellowed, mottled old paper. The material resembled sheepskin but emitted an eerily cold and sinister aura—it was actually a piece of human skin on which one could faintly smell the stench of a corpse.

"The plans on the human skin paper can be referenced but not trusted. Ever since the last time, the information it has revealed has become increasingly terrifying. Traps are hidden between the lines, and each time they are more serious than the last. It's bluntly reached a point where it harbors intentions of killing me directly."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

It was a reminder to himself not to place all hope on this artifact.

Last time, with the protection afforded by the Ghost Cabinet's layer, he had narrowly survived. If it weren't for the Ghost Cabinet, he would undoubtedly be dead.

Now.

His deal with the Ghost Cabinet was still incomplete, so this time there was no safety net—it was all up to him.

He also didn't dare to seek help from others.

There weren't many who had the ability to help him.

Wang Xiaoming from the headquarters was one, but having seen the human skin paper, who knows what traps it might have set for him.

With Wang Xiaoming's intelligence, he naturally sensed the existence of traps, but he was a madman — fully aware of the traps, yet he would step into them if the benefits were sufficient.

Old Qin might also be able to help.

But Yang Jian had no relations or reason to ask for his assistance.

In the end, one has to rely on oneself.

All along his journey, Yang Jian had always done so.

He discarded any wishful thinking and thoughts of retreat.

Yang Jian took a deep breath and opened the human skin paper.

The human skin paper, which had been unremarkable, began to reveal black writings that twisted and writhed as if something invisible was writing on it.

A familiar yet eerie phrase emerged before his eyes: "My name is Yang Jian, and by the time you read this, I will already be dead..."

Yang Jian had grown numb to this sentence and found nothing strange about it.

"Maybe you're right this time; I might truly be about to die. If you can't offer a solution, I will bury you underground before my death, not just 10,000 meters deep but even deeper."

He greeted the human skin paper casually.

Talking to the human skin paper as if to himself, with not a hint of a threatening tone, but there was no doubt about his resolve to bury it.

Soon, more writing appeared on the human skin paper: "...I shouldn't have opened that terrible Eight-Tone Music Box again. Last time I was lucky to survive, but this time I have a premonition that I'm doomed. This is my will, and if you can see it, please fulfill the wishes written here so I can die without concerns."

"One of my wishes is to open the third door of the Republic Era Ancient House. I want to see what is being kept inside. I've never opened that door before my death. If possible, I hope you can take a look."

"My second wish is..."

Yang Jian's expression immediately darkened.

He felt as if the human skin was spouting nonsense; before he had even died, it was talking as though his death was certain, coming up with a so-called will for him to fulfill his wishes in advance.

Was it so eager for his death?

Or was it that leaving the human skin in the Ghost Child's hands had caused it to harbor deep resentment and become self-destructive?

Yang Jian pondered, at least able to discern one huge trap in the information on the human skin paper.

The third room in the Republic Era Ancient House must not be opened.

If he did open that room before his death, perhaps he would die a terrible death.

"Without useful advice, this thing is worthless to me. Ghost Child, come and eat it." Yang Jian gave the command directly.

The Ghost Child immediately ran over, and without any hesitation, opened its mouth wide and bit into the human skin paper.

From its pitch-black mouth dripped corpse fluids, a truly horrifying sight as it seemed to devour the object completely.

Yang Jian had no intention of stopping it—he wanted to see if the human skin paper was willing to compromise further. Now, it wasn't the human skin trying to control him, but he trying to control the human skin paper.

If it didn't compromise, then it would simply be devoured.

If it did compromise, he was curious to see how the human skin paper would acquiesce.

The writings on the human skin paper remained unchanged, as if the content could only record up to this point.

And at this moment, the Ghost Child had already clamped onto the human skin paper, its wet saliva dripping down from the corners of its mouth.

The Ghost Child nibbled away, the human skin paper wrinkling up and being swallowed bit by bit.

Yang Jian just watched, his eyes wide open.

Now it was not him being dragged into the abyss but the human skin paper, and he was curious to see whether it would yield.

If it refused to compromise, it might as well disappear now.

Being eaten by the Ghost Child was akin to being devoured by the Hungry Ghost.

Perhaps the Ghost Child might even be able to control the human skin paper.

However, just when the Ghost Child had swallowed almost half of the human skin paper.

The initially motionless human skin paper suddenly exhibited anomalies.

The writing on it rapidly vanished, and then new writing appeared at a frightening speed.

"My name is Yang Jian, and by the time you read these words, I will have died... I've been through many perilous supernatural events, but this time it's ever more dangerous. In Dachuan City, I opened the Eight-Tone Music Box again, this being the second time, and that cursed ringtone once again lingered in my mind."

"I have a premonition that I can't withstand this frightful curse this time, I'm about to die, and what's worse than the first time is that my Ghost Shadow is still in the process of reviving, though I've temporarily suppressed it, the suppression won't last long."

"I have tried many methods, but none have worked, the only way is that I must let the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box explode onto the Ghost Shadow; only by doing so can I survive."

"This is a very bold and insane idea, which I thought and acted upon. I don't know if I should tell you about this method, but before that, I want to ask you a question."

"What exactly is human consciousness?"

"..."

"Let go, stop eating."

Upon seeing the writing emerge, Yang Jian immediately snatched back the human skin paper.

But once reclaimed, the writing on it began fading away just as swiftly.

Although it disappeared quickly, through the Ghost Eye he had already seen the contents.

Especially the last line, "What exactly is human consciousness?"

As Yang Jian pondered, the content nevertheless changed again.

The writing on the human skin paper turned into a plan: "I have resolved the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and the problem of Ghost Shadow's revival, but you must fully trust the human skin paper in your hand. Do not doubt, for any doubt could lead to your death."

"The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box will erupt at 1:15 p.m. two days from now. When the curse erupts, I released the Coffin Nail that was suppressing Ghost Shadow, let Ghost Shadow invade my

consciousness, and simultaneously covered my face with the human skin paper... Afterward, I fell asleep. When I woke up again, Ghost Shadow had crashed, and the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box vanished."

"My name is Yang Jian, and if you're reading this sentence, I am still alive."

The writing stopped emerging, and everything fell into a calm state.

No more supernatural changes were displayed on the human skin paper.

Yang Jian's gaze turned cold as he stared intently at the dark brown human skin paper in his hands:
"Cover my face with the human skin paper right when the curse erupts, then just sleep it off? Is the trap laid out so blatantly now? Or is it now unnecessary to hide, just leaving the trap here waiting for me to step into a dead end and trigger it myself?"

The hidden trap in the human skin paper didn't work, and it seemed to have changed its strategy now.

"This plan is not trustworthy, I think that question is the key."

"What exactly is human consciousness?"

Yang Jian pondered: "This question emerged under the threat of the Ghost Child, so it has a certain degree of credibility."

"To survive this curse, the breakthrough lies in consciousness. I know this, the human skin paper knows it too, but while the human skin paper knows the solution, I do not... However, based on past characteristics of the human skin paper, the solution it provides must be achievable, it couldn't possibly give an impossible solution."

"Another puzzle to solve?"

He rubbed his head.

Solving puzzles wasn't his forte.

"We'll think about this matter later. Anyway, there are still two and a half days. Now I need a paranormal weapon that I can use, but cannot be wielded by ghosts, to prevent creating a greater threat should I undergo a supernatural revival."

Yang Jian put away the human skin paper, tucked it into the golden sphere, and hung it back around Ghost Child's neck.

He then stood up and entered the safety house's tool room.

The tool room was equipped with many emergency tools, plenty of Gold, and some smelting equipment.

Usually, he could craft containers for imprisoning malevolent spirits here.

He could also create some golden items.

This time, considering the possibility that he might die and the malevolent spirit revive, but paranormal items absolutely could not be controlled by malevolent spirits, defenses had to be prepared in advance.

Like the tall corpse from the Caesar Grand Hotel.

Transforming into a roaming murderous malevolent spirit, wielding a sinister Firewood Knife, horrifically terrifying.

Yang Jian had to eliminate such potential risks.

Looking at the fully-equipped smelting tools in the tool room, a variety of professional manufacturing techniques, smelting experience, even grinding and engraving, and polishing skills flooded his mind.

These skills were not his own.

They were snatched from numerous people's memories by the Ghost Shadow Figure.

But now, Yang Jian possessed these memories and skills, as if he was sketching on the plane earlier.