

Revival 861

Chapter 861: Yang Jian's Weapon

"Glug glug"

In the silent, deserted safe house.

This is the tool room inside the safe house, where several hefty chunks of gold were thrown into the crucible, starting to melt. The melting gold turned into liquid, began bubbling, emitting a scorching high temperature.

Soon, all the gold had melted.

In the meantime, Yang Jian crafted a mold.

The Ghost Domain couldn't influence gold but could affect other materials, so he could easily create any mold he wanted with his Ghost Eye's Ghost Domain power, and modify it freely without wasting much time or effort, only a touch of creativity was needed.

"I can't conjure a supernatural item out of thin air; I can only modify one."

Yang Jian pondered for a moment before taking out a mysterious firewood knife from seemingly nowhere.

He placed the firewood knife in the grinding tool, then deftly grabbed the crucible with tongs and poured the molten gold into the mold.

The molten gold gradually filled the grinding tool, slowly submerging the strange firewood knife.

But it was only submerged halfway, not completely covered.

Soon, the gold began to cool, and an ancient weapon-like spear appeared before Yang Jian.

Immediately after, while it was still not thoroughly cooled, he reached out to grab the red-hot spear, and with its tail, he thrust it into the ground with accurate and forceful determination.

A coffin nail was driven into a seemingly solid shadow on the ground.

This coffin nail sank into the still-soft, uncured gold and became embedded in it.

While at it, Yang Jian began hammering it with tools, processing it.

"To trigger the firewood knife's medium, I have to leave gaps for me to touch the knife," Yang Jian said as he continued processing, creating irregular gaps to facilitate invasion of the firewood knife by his Ghost Domain.

"To use the coffin nail, I must leave the other end exposed to ensure it can come into contact with fierce ghosts."

The tail end was processed in the same way.

Yang Jian had just embedded the coffin nail and did not fully encase it with gold.

Very soon.

His initial processing was complete.

A golden spear-like weapon reminiscent of ancient armaments appeared in front of him.

The firewood knife served as the spearhead, but it was full of gaps and looked old and dirty, as though it was about to break at any moment; the tail was a rust-covered coffin nail.

This combination seemed mismatched.

Yang Jian didn't think too much of it; he just picked it up and swung it.

In an instant.

The weapon, resembling a spear, was already slightly bent.

Gold was too soft and not as strong as he had imagined; with his non-human strength, Yang Jian could easily shape gold into various forms.

"I can't use pure gold."

Yang Jian immediately understood the problem: he felt that a steel bar had to be incorporated into it.

The material of steel wasn't special, only a special kind of steel could possibly improve it.

"I need to make a trip to the company and ask them to place an order. Meanwhile, I need to find Huang Ziya to recover my health; I can't meet people in this state."

He casually discarded the failed object in the safe house, then removed the coffin nail that was embedded within, nailed it back onto the Ghost Shadow, and left with the Ghost Child.

The weapon crafting plan encountered a setback, but it didn't obstruct Yang Jian's thought process.

These were minor issues.

All his efforts were aimed at resolving the curse on himself.

Modifying supernatural weapons was just to prevent any dangers that could arise from losing control, and whether it was the firewood knife or coffin nail, Yang Jian didn't trust anyone else to handle them.

This was about survival, his capital to fight against the supernatural, so naturally, he took it very seriously.

The Ghost Child was left in the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Yang Jian used his Ghost Domain to appear directly in a rest area on one of the floors of Shangtong Tower in Dachang City.

This rest area was designated solely for his team's use.

Other company employees were not permitted to use it.

Right now, two people were resting inside the rest area, also ensuring Dachang City's safety.

Strictly speaking, this was work, not actual rest.

The people working today were Huang Ziya and Tong Qian.

Feng Quan and Li Yang were not present, Li Yang must have gone home to rest, as he had just returned from a business trip, while Feng Quan was investigating the pendulum clock curse from the last time. As for Xiong Wenwen, she was most likely at home catching up on homework.

"Yang Jian, you're here? I've already received Li Yang's message earlier." Tong Qian nodded, not finding Yang Jian's sudden appearance strange.

"How are you feeling now? I heard that your condition was problematic."

After finishing, she gave Yang Jian a quick once-over.

Indeed very troubling.

Tong Qian frowned slightly: "Worse than I imagined."

"I'm dealing with it; I already have a method."

As Yang Jian spoke, he walked toward Huang Ziya: "Deceiving Ghost, let me use it for a moment."

"You're seriously injured, it's as if your entire being has been dismembered. Who inflicted such severe injuries on you?"

Huang Ziya was still flawless, maintaining a breathtaking visage, but the crystal necklace hanging from her chest had turned mostly black.

The darkened outline vaguely formed an eerie human shape.

"Myself."

Yang Jian said as he grabbed and held the crystal pendant.

Intervention from the Deceiving Ghost itself.

Yang Jian's body was quickly recovering, the rotting stench vanished, and his wounds healed, transforming from a corpse-like appearance to that of a normal living person in an instant.

But the area of darkness within the crystal expanded further.

The silhouette of the malevolent ghost became even clearer.

"If it's used a few more times, the ghost is going to escape," said Huang Ziya.

"It won't, the ghost can't escape as long as I am here," replied Yang Jian, his ghostly eyes glancing at the crystal.

A flash of red light.

The darkened crystal necklace in his hand was purified in an instant, the blackness dissipated again, shrinking to an inconspicuous speck.

"Here you go." After using it, Yang Jian handed the crystal necklace back to Huang Ziya.

Huang Ziya, delighted, took it back and wore it around her neck again: "It's unbelievable, if this goes on, doesn't that mean we can use the Deceiving Ghost's supernatural power without limits?"

"You're thinking too much. If you use the Deceiving Ghost's power too often, be careful not to have your consciousness invaded and altered," Yang Jian cautioned.

"Right, speaking of living consciousness, does anyone here research this aspect?"

He asked, adopting a wait-and-see attitude.

Tong Qian said: "We're not researchers, so we don't have any good suggestions in this area, but a few days ago, Doctor Chen came to the company. He brought a few assistants seeking employment, saying he knew you and had met you at Ping'an Technology Research Base before. He has a certain understanding of supernatural events and hopes to join the company."

"Ping'an Technology Research Base?"

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened straight away.

This place sounded harmless, but in fact, it was a research base for malevolent ghosts.

That Doctor Chen must be the person who was working there when he first resolved the Eight-Tone Music Box curse.

"Where is he now? I want to meet him," Yang Jian immediately asked.

"Because he said he knew you, we didn't dare to take chances and arranged for Doctor Chen to stay in the company's dormitory building."

Tong Qian stood in front of the window and pointed at a large building not far away.

That building too had been bought by the company to be used as a dormitory for employees.

"I'll go find him. Also, whether it's Jiang Yan or Zhang Liqin, arrange for them to order some specialty steel for me. We need a little of every type, not much, just one ton of each," Yang Jian said.

He wasn't concerned about the expense now, his resources were abundant.

"Alright, I'll have your secretary take care of it and let them know," Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian nodded and immediately used the Ghost Domain before leaving.

"Hey, Captain, are you free tonight? Let's have dinner together," Huang Ziya hurriedly asked.

But Yang Jian was already gone, seemingly not having heard.

Tong Qian glanced sideways: "You might as well give up. He's not likely to be interested in someone who's a ghost controller. Even though you are indeed beautiful, what emanates from your bones is still creepiness and horror."

"Let's give it a try anyway, no loss in trying, giggle," Huang Ziya laughed, but her smile quickly faded, and she expressed her concerns: "The Captain's situation seems really serious this time. What did he encounter in Dachuan City? You've been there; you should know."

"I don't know much. I only saw that his Headless Ghost Shadow now has a head," Tong Qian said.

Huang Ziya was taken aback, then somewhat incredulously asked: "Did the Captain tame the fourth ghost?"

"Not exactly. It's more like he completed the puzzle of reconstituting a ghost, but certainly, the balance of his body must have been disrupted," Tong Qian commented.

"That's inevitable. Now we just wait to see how Yang Jian resolves it. He seems to have an idea in mind; we just need to wait for the outcome," Tong Qian added.

Chapter 862 Consciousness and Memory

Doctor Chen is a middle-aged man in his early forties.

He left Ping'an Technology Research Base not long ago.

It wasn't a voluntary departure; the research institute closed down, and he was left unemployed.

Having participated in significant research on supernatural events, he deeply understood the horrors hidden in this seemingly peaceful world. Thus, he decided he must plan ahead, believing that if he continued his research on supernatural phenomena, he would eventually die in some out-of-control supernatural study.

So, since he was fired, Doctor Chen took this opportunity to refuse other invitations. He also declined transfers to other research institutions and instead, moved to Dachang City with a few assistants.

He knew no person in charge, nor any Captain Level figures.

Luckily, Dr. Chen had once met Yang Jian and had a brief interaction with him.

Therefore, Doctor Chen pinned his hopes and future on Dachang City.

"Professor, I actually think we shouldn't have come here. If we had transferred to another research institution, both our status and treatment would have been much better than here. Most importantly, Yang Jian is not enthusiastic about research on supernatural events; we certainly aren't valued highly,"

Inside the dormitory.

Doctor Chen and two assistants gathered together for a conversation.

One assistant was grumbling discontentedly.

They were all bona fide top talents, whether in terms of diplomas, educational background, or work experience.

Yet they ended up just wasting time here.

This was an insult to them.

Doctor Chen, however, smiled and said: "It's normal for you to think this way, but I have another idea. At least we don't have to deal with those ghostly things all day long; we are safe. Haven't you noticed that the public security in Dachang City is much better than in other places?"

"Yang Jian, the person in charge, is very well-known. Even the headquarters has to give him face. We were able to smoothly come to Dachang City this time because on the form under personal reasons, it mentioned planning to join Yang Jian's company. Do you think the higher-ups would really let us go otherwise? Even if headquarters didn't need us, they would arrange some idle positions to keep us on."

"But that's not a solution. We still need to think more about the future. These days, it's not easy to find someone of Captain Level. Although other cities also have them, we don't know them; how can we feel secure?"

"Also, don't always be so arrogant. I know you are all highly educated research talents, but times have changed. Do you believe if you go around the office building across, you won't find a bunch of people with qualifications like ours? Being undervalued is justified; that's a Captain Level person; his company is so sought after by countless people."

Doctor Chen was very patient in comforting his two assistants and students.

He was not a radical person.

Having studied research for many years, coupled with his age, his temperament was much more stable than Professor Wang Xiaoming.

"I don't even know when Yang Jian will return to the company, it would be good if I could meet him, maybe I could still be useful," Doctor Chen then sighed with some emotion.

It's really not easy to meet someone at this level now.

Not to mention Yang Jian, even getting an appointment with his secretary is difficult, and one may not necessarily secure one.

"Zi Zi!"

However, at that moment, the lights in the dormitory suddenly flickered.

Following that, the surrounding light dimmed, and a scarlet light enveloped everything.

Doctor Chen and his companions immediately entered the world of the Ghost Domain.

"What happened?" an assistant immediately cried out in horror.

But the next moment, a cold voice echoed in the room: "I know you, last time at that research base you were researching with Wang Xiaoming. I am Yang Jian."

Before the voice even finished, Yang Jian had already appeared in the room.

His appearance seemed to lower the temperature around them, an indescribable chill permeating the atmosphere.

"Yang, Mister Yang, hello," Doctor Chen, astounded yet recovering, quickly stood up and reached out his hand.

As a researcher, he was quite familiar with the situation inside the Ghost Domain.

Therefore, facing the sudden appearance of Yang Jian, he wasn't as panicked as expected.

Yang Jian did not reach out to shake hands, rudely refusing, indicating that strangers should stay away.

This was not deliberate, but for his own good.

For a living person to touch him in this state was not a good idea.

"No need for pleasantries, I have a question for you. How much have you researched about the consciousness of living beings?" Yang Jian directly cut to the chase as he spoke.

Doctor Chen's spirit perked up when he heard these words, knowing that Yang Jian was testing his abilities and value.

Whether he could establish himself in Dachang City depended on this occasion.

After a moment of thought, Doctor Chen organized his words and said slowly: "Mister Yang, the main direction of researching human consciousness should be how to ensure that the consciousness of living persons isn't eroded by supernatural influences. This subject has been pursued for a long time and has never been interrupted. I have also had the privilege of discussing it with Wang Xiaoming and Professor Wang, and we have reached some conclusions."

"What were the results?" Yang Jian pressed.

Doctor Chen said: "The results are quite bad. Human consciousness is simply unable to stop the influence and erosion of supernatural forces. Ordinary people are too fragile and easily succumb to supernatural disturbances, resulting in death, madness, mental breakdown, and so forth."

"Is that so?" Yang Jian was slightly disappointed.

Doctor Chen quickly added: "But we have also derived a terrifying conclusion from the files of Old Qin at the headquarters."

"Oh, what conclusion?" Yang Jian's interest was piqued, especially since he mentioned Old Qin.

It appears Doctor Chen knows quite a few secrets.

Doctor Chen continued: "I have only researched that special file, so I'm not certain about the correctness of this conclusion, but it's quite startling. If human consciousness can't defend against supernatural erosion, then why not simply let ghosts possess human thinking?"

"If a ghost possesses human thoughts, then is it the ghost manipulators controlling the ghost, or is the ghost controlling the human?"

Yang Jian's eyes flickered.

This was indeed a terrifying conclusion.

"What did the research find?"

"It depends."

Doctor Chen lowered his voice: "Mister Yang, you must know about the notion of 'ghosts crashing'. I heard Professor Wang mention it recently. A ghost crash occurs in the process of supernatural opposing supernatural forces, causing mutual conflicts, forcing the ghost into a state of activity suspension."

"If the 'crashed' ghost possesses human consciousness, then it's humans controlling the ghost; inversely, if the ghost hasn't crashed, or the crash isn't thorough, then the ghost will erode human consciousness, resulting in the ghost controlling the human, and ultimately leading to death when the ghost revives."

"But no one can guarantee that a ghost has definitely 'crashed', and even if artificial supernatural conflicts are created, it's just a temporary suspension of the ghost's actions, which might last a day, a year, or even ten years... or perhaps not as long as imagined, maybe just a few hours, or minutes."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian pondered for a moment and nodded: "Your conclusion makes a lot of sense."

Perhaps, this is why powerful ghost manipulators eventually meet their demise.

The fundamental reason is that their ghosts have not crashed thoroughly enough.

Even if you transform into a different being and completely control the ghost, once the ghost recovers from its crashed state, you are doomed.

This is like a ghost manipulator possessing a lifespan, where the duration of the ghost's crash determines the length of your life.

"So, after a ghost crashes and then possesses human consciousness, can it truly control a ghost? Then how do you answer the question: what exactly is human consciousness?" Yang Jian asked again.

Doctor Chen smiled, "What human consciousness? It's just a stream of memories, plus a body that can be controlled at will. Information from the body feeds back to the brain, the brain processes it, and then forms memories; that's what consciousness is."

"So, consciousness is memory. If your memory can be preserved and remains undisturbed, then your consciousness exists, and vice versa."

After pondering for a long while, Yang Jian asked the last question: "If my memory disappeared and then a same set of memories were rewritten into me, did I die or am I still alive?"

Doctor Chen was stunned.

He immediately understood what Yang Jian was really asking.

This question, when deeply contemplated, could have many different viewpoints.

"Of course, it counts as still being alive." Doctor Chen answered earnestly.

"Good, I understand." Yang Jian nodded, and then turned to leave: "I know what to do now, thank you for today. From now on, work as a consultant for my company. My secretary will discuss your salary with you, and it will be satisfactory."

With that, he had already vanished from the room.

Soon, the red light faded away.

Everything returned to how it was moments ago.

Doctor Chen was not nervous, instead, both assistants looked nearly faint, covered in cold sweat.

In the presence of Yang Jian, they felt an inexplicable pressure.

It was the feeling one has in the face of death, or when facing a fierce ghost.

After all, they both knew that Yang Jian was someone who controlled as many as three ghosts, and if he lost control, it would be an unsolvable supernatural event.

Chapter 863 Preparations

Yang Jian returned to the resting room in Shangtong Tower.

He found Tong Qian and said seriously, "I will disappear for a few days to deal with my situation at safe house number one in Guanjiang Residential Complex. If I don't come out or make contact after three days, then I might be dead. At that time, seal off the safe house number one, and no one should enter."

"Then you become the second team leader and help look after Dachang City."

He was not just instructing, but also arranging his affairs for after his death.

Tong Qian was stunned for a moment, then asked, "How likely is it to succeed?"

Regaining balance in his body was very difficult; Yang Jian's statement indicated that the process was extremely dangerous, even to the point where he had already arranged matters for after his death.

"I don't know, when it comes to supernatural things, who can be sure? But it's not the first time I've dealt with this. It's best if I survive, but if I die, that means I can only get this far. After all, ghost controllers will die one day," Yang Jian said calmly.

He had experienced too much life and death and horror, and had become detached.

"I understand," Tong Qian was silent, he nodded slightly: "Is there any way I can help?"

Yang Jian said, "Looking after Dachang City is the greatest help to me."

"I meant besides that," Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian shook his head: "No need, there is nothing you need to help me with."

"Alright, then I'll be waiting for your return," Tong Qian stated solemnly.

"I also hope I can get through this," Yang Jian smiled faintly, but his smile was cold and slightly stiff.

"I'm going."

He didn't waste any time, the Ghost Domain spread, and he vanished on the spot.

Tong Qian looked solemn, his gaze passing through the window, looking towards the direction of Guanjiang Residential Complex.

He clearly knew that with Yang Jian's previous condition, he wouldn't face the next phase of ghost resurrection so soon. It had only been about two months, yet he had to deal with his situation again.

It was just too strenuous; he used the ghost power too much.

Yang Jian could live very well away from supernatural events.

Only... it seemed Yang Jian couldn't stop anymore, like a runaway car that could only speed on the highway.

This was called being helpless.

Tong Qian, also a ghost controller, empathized deeply.

Yang Jian went straight back to his home in Guanjiang Residential Complex, and he also forcefully brought Zhang Liqin back from her company.

Zhang Liqin was just at her office in Shangtong Tower handling affairs, and in the blink of an eye, she was back home, which really startled her. However, when she saw Yang Jian, her anxiety settled.

Ghost Domain, huh?

She secretly observed Yang Jian, noticing his complexion was not good, he seemed quite burdened.

"I need you to record this incident, so I brought you directly back from the company. Put aside your work for now," Yang Jian said as he sat on the living room sofa, sounding somewhat detached.

"Okay," Zhang Liqin nodded, "I'll go to my room to get a notebook."

"No need."

Yang Jian grabbed the notebook with a swift motion and tossed it over.

Zhang Liqin instinctively caught it.

"Did you manage to order the special steel I asked you to, as Tong Qian informed you?" Yang Jian asked casually.

"I was just contacting various factories to have the items shipped here, they should be done before tomorrow noon," Zhang Liqin stated, knowing not to be negligent with Yang Jian's matters.

Once instructed, the company generally spared no expense in completing it.

Yang Jian nodded, "Good, where is Jiang Yan? I didn't see her at the company just now."

Not seeing her meant not finding her in the Ghost Domain.

"She went back to your hometown. Aunt said the house there is rather dilapidated and needs renovation and rebuilding, so Jiang Yan went to help. Also, Jiang Yan asked me to ask you whether to build a safe house there," Zhang Liqin asked.

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly: "Jiang Yan has quite a few ideas, being so concerned about building a house in my hometown, so that's why, but it's a good thing. It would be good to build one. How are the gold reserves?"

Zhang Liqin's tone held a hint of resentment: "I'm not your accountant, how would I know how much assets you have, but Jiang Yan mentioned to me. Just building a safe house for about five people, there are enough gold reserves."

"Then build it," Yang Jian said, giving his approval.

Zhang Liqin nodded: "Then I'll go back and tell Jiang Yan. However, isn't a five-person safe house a bit small?"

"It should be enough for personal use," Yang Jian considered.

"What if there are more people in the family later?" Zhang Liqin blinked: "After all, there might be children in the future, it's better to be prepared, and I will often go back to your hometown with you."

Her tone was slightly coquettish,

"Then make it a ten-person safe house, and don't renovate the old house, choose a new location to rebuild," Yang Jian said.

"Okay," Zhang Liqin responded very happily.

Yang Jian said, "Start recording now, also I will be away for a few days, the company should operate as usual, if there are any problems go find Tong Qian."

Zhang Liqin immediately sat up straight, ready to record the details of Yang Jian's journey.

This experience was extensive, it only finished being recorded deep into the night.

The next day, Yang Jian had already returned to safe house number one, prior to leaving he instructed Zhang Liqin to stack the specially purchased steel in the backyard, as he would handle it himself.

"Tomorrow noon at one fifteen, my Eight-Tone Music Box curse will erupt."

Inside safe house number one

Yang Jian began preparing to deal with this situation.

He pondered the conversation with Doctor Chen from yesterday, he already had a rough action plan in mind.

He didn't need to rely on human skin paper, nor did he need someone else to make plans, Yang Jian could handle it by himself.

"It's too dangerous to write in a new memory stick. If it really succeeds, then the worst-case scenario will happen, I will have two sets of memories belonging to me in my mind; one is the newly written in, and one is inherent from the Ghost Shadow."

Yang Jian found a loophole.

He pondered.

If he assumed he was already dead from enduring the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, his memory might not disappear, it could linger in the Ghost Shadow.

A complete Ghost Shadow has the ability to steal the memories of living people.

This isn't hypothetical, but very likely.

Even now, his memories might have already been stolen by the Ghost Shadow.

If the Ghost Shadow were to die from the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, then interesting things would happen. The Ghost Shadow has stolen tens of thousands, maybe more, memories; which memory could dominate Yang Jian's body?

In other words.

Once Ghost Shadow crashes and the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box vanishes, among those killed by Ghost Shadow, who will be lucky enough to resurrect in their own body?

The one whose memories dominate the body is considered resurrected.

The rest will merely become memories.

This is a lottery.

Every deceased person draws for a chance at resurrection.

Yang Jian is also among them.

Therefore, he must manipulate the situation to ensure his memories are selected, enabling his resurrection and then replacing Ghost Shadow to become a ghost with a living consciousness.

"I need to use a blood-stained newspaper.

Yang Jian, who had been pondering in the safe house for hours, suddenly stood up and walked into a room to fetch a supernatural item.

It was an old newspaper soaked with fresh blood.

He had considered rewriting his own memories onto this newspaper before.

But it would be problematic because if the rewritten memories conflicted with the original memories in Yang Jian's mind, he would start to doubt who really was Yang Jian.

Once he starts thinking that way.

The authenticity and uniqueness of Yang Jian would be erased.

By then, he might neither be Yang Jian nor a ghost, but a new personality, a new consciousness.

Therefore, he improved the plan.

"I just need to confirm I am Yang Jian, then I can find Yang Jian's memories from countless memories, reclaiming all that belonged to him before death... For me, it would be like sleeping, losing memory for a few hours, and then returning to normal, without any trouble or conflict."

That's what Yang Jian thought.

"So there's no need to change the memories, just confirming them is enough."

Thinking of this.

He started to prepare.

He took a pen and wrote a few words on that blood-stained newspaper: I am Yang Jian.

No other content.

Just these few words.

And to ensure his uniqueness, and to deeply embed the blood-stained newspaper to his consciousness, he repeatedly wrote these four words.

"I am Yang Jian..."

The handwriting varied in size as he began to densely fill the entire blood-stained newspaper.

Yang Jian couldn't remind himself through ordinary means; he had to rely on another supernatural power to avoid being swallowed by other memories, preventing him from waking up and controlling his body.

Soon.

One blood-stained newspaper was filled with the words: I am Yang Jian.

At this point Yang Jian stopped writing and set the blood-stained newspaper aside.

Subsequently.

Another preparation had to be done.

He raised his head slightly to look.

With the safe house not closed, his Ghost Domain extended outside.

At this moment, he saw that the special steel ordered by Zhang Liqin had arrived, the goods had been unloaded and placed in the backyard of his villa.

Yang Jian used his Ghost Domain to transfer this batch of special steel and then began to reforged his weapons.

He skillfully melted Gold, poured it into molds, and confirmed several steel characteristics, blending them together in the layers.

The Firewood Knife could not be melted as it contained supernatural power, so it could only be enveloped into forming a single-edged spear tip.

Then Coffin Nail was embedded into the tail end.

A golden-yellow long spear thus appeared before him, with many irregular cracks that seemed like traces of failed quenching, but it was intentionally made so by Yang Jian. He needed his Ghost Domain to invade it, ensuring contact with the Firewood Knife as a trigger medium.

Yang Jian tried swinging it.

This time the spear did not bend or deform and could withstand his power.

"Not bad, it's quite refined and durable after polishing."

Yang Jian continued polishing and repairing, transforming into a blacksmith.

The sound of hammering echoed within the safe house.

A supernatural weapon, combining the Firewood Knife and Coffin Nail, was thus formed.

His Ghost Hand held the spear shaft, following the cracks with Ghost Hand to invade and touch the Firewood Knife.

Ghost Shadow covered the ground, directly formatting the medium.

He saw many people's images; they were Zhang Wei, Wang Xiaoming, Jiang Yan... all the footprints of those who entered the safe house.

However, he dared not pull up the spear, for the other end embedded with Coffin Nail was still nailed to his shadow.

"If I really died, even if the ghost revives, it would not be able to use this thing, because this item requires some skill." Yang Jian thought to himself.

This is not an existence you can just pick up and use.

And a ghost isn't smart enough, even touching the long spear would merely treat it as a piece of scrap iron, unable to precisely activate the medium, rendering the Firewood Knife useless.

This skill is not difficult,

For those who control ghosts, it comes with a touch.

But for a real ghost who acts according to the rules of killing, it is extremely difficult.

"I also need a coffin to contain myself."

Yang Jian then glanced at the special steel, directly affected by his Ghost Domain, and a metal coffin appeared in front of him.

But this thing cannot fend off a fierce ghost.

So Yang Jian continued to melt Gold, hollowed out the middle of the coffin, and cast it inside, forming an interlayer.

This way, a coffin capable of imprisoning a fierce ghost was made.

"If I died, this coffin would be my burial place." Yang Jian touched the cold coffin, imagining that he would spend the next few days inside it.

Chapter 864 The Belated Text Message

Before the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box arrived, Yang Jian had already made preparations to deal with it.

Whether it was the plan, the coffin, or the weapons, everything had been sorted out in a short period of time.

The reason for such a rush was that Yang Jian could not be certain if the curse outbreak time revealed by the human skin paper was accurate. If he were to respond just in time and some accident occurred halfway through, what then?

Any joke can be made, except for those concerning life.

Especially one's own life.

Yang Jian dealt with the curse outbreak a day in advance, and now he had moved the coffin into the safe house's secret chamber. Then, with his newly fashioned spear, the blood-stained newspaper, and his mobile phone, he closed the door and lay down inside the coffin.

To prevent the phone from running out of battery, he also specially brought a power bank.

Afterward, he lifted the heavy metal coffin lid that was beside him and slowly closed it.

The coffin lid was designed by Yang Jian to slide into grooves, a measure to prevent him from easily escaping in case he lost control.

"Click!"

The sound of the heavy metal slot resonated as the coffin lid was sealed.

In such an airtight environment, a living person would quickly suffocate to death.

But Yang Jian didn't care. If he could survive this ordeal, when he woke up, he would no longer be considered living and wouldn't need to breathe or require oxygen.

A sense of pressure, both familiar and foreign, surged over him.

It felt like returning to the times in Huanggang Village where he hid inside body bags.

The inside of the coffin wasn't dark; a reddish glow enveloped the small space.

Yang Jian employed the Ghost Domain to check the coffin's seal.

His workmanship was not bad.

Once this metal coffin lid was on, even the Ghost Domain could be isolated as the joints were made of gold material without any scrimping, ensuring that containing vicious ghosts would be no issue.

"Since everything is alright, let it all begin."

After getting comfortable, Yang Jian took a deep breath and picked up the blood-stained old newspaper.

The eerie paper was densely covered with rows of characters of varying sizes.

"I am Yang Jian."

He intended to use the supernatural power contained in the blood-stained old newspaper to remind himself of his identity, so that after several days, he could reclaim his own memory, instead of his consciousness dissipating and memories becoming someone else's recollections.

Like the people punished in ancient times.

Yang Jian covered his face with the old newspaper.

The old newspaper imbued with fresh blood was extraordinarily strange, instantly sticking tightly to Yang Jian's skin, covering his eyes, nose, and mouth, leaving only the contour of his facial features visible from the outside.

Unable to breathe, it was extremely uncomfortable.

Feeling as if suffocating, Yang Jian opened his mouth subconsciously trying to take a breath, only to have the newspaper sink in even more tightly.

The blood-stained old newspaper, though appearing fragile, was actually difficult to tear.

Yang Jian's entire face was sealed with no gaps left.

But he was not yet suffocating, still conscious, and even if he truly did suffocate, he wouldn't die, because the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still echoing in his head. With the curse ongoing, Yang Jian would not perish regardless of the severity of his injuries, even if his head were to be cut into two, he would still survive.

"Let's begin."

Yang Jian's last thought verified everything was in order. Reaching out, he pulled out the Coffin Nail that had been pinning down Ghost Shadow.

No.

Now it shouldn't be considered a Coffin Nail anymore, but a long spear full of cracks.

Once removed.

The fully constrained Ghost Shadow immediately regained mobility.

Quickly.

Yang Jian's bodily control was stripped away; once again he returned to the state back in the Mingyue Community—his body uncontrollable but his consciousness clear.

At the same time, the invasion of the consciousness by the Ghost Shadow reoccurred.

Yang Jian felt a cold and eerie entity trying to swallow his consciousness, but all of this was withheld by the ringing of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

As expected.

A fragile balance formed in the confrontation between supernatural forces.

This process will continue until the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box ends, bringing a great change when the curse bursts.

Just like that.

Yang Jian, his face covered with the blood-stained old newspaper, lay cold and stiff in the coffin he crafted himself, resembling a corpse, waiting for time to ferment, slowly decaying.

Nobody could imagine.

This seemingly ordinary corpse still held consciousness, merely waiting for the plan to succeed, the consciousness to return, to replace the vicious ghost, and become a specter with the consciousness of a living person.

Time passed by little by little.

Yang Jian's corpse remained still; everything had fallen into dead silence.

However, on the next morning.

Darkness, yet a faint light sparked to life inside the cold coffin.

The light came from a mobile phone beside Yang Jian's corpse.

There was a text message on the phone.

The sender was... Feng Quan.

But by then, Yang Jian knew nothing and could no longer care.

Feng Quan's message wasn't sent to just Yang Jian, it was a group text sent to all the members of Yang Jian's squad, and the content of the message was just two words.

"Help!"

It was a distress text message.

Inside Shangtong Tower during early morning.

Today's duty officers were Tong Qian and Zhang Han.

"What's going on? Did you receive it, Tong Qian? It's a text message from Feng Quan, he actually sent out a distress signal." Zhang Han was astonished as he checked the information on his phone over and over again to confirm there were no mistakes.

It wasn't any spam message, nor was it sent by someone by mistake.

"I received it too."

Tong Qian frowned, using a satellite-positioning phone from headquarters, she could directly confirm the identity of the sender.

"It's indeed from Feng Quan, and he's currently in Dachang City, but the positioning information shows he's still on the move, not yet in the city center."

Zhang Han's expression shifted: "The captain is not here, what do we do now?"

Only Tong Qian knew that Yang Jian was hiding in Safe House Number One, and she wouldn't be foolish enough to leak such intelligence everywhere. She had only informed Zhang Han that Yang Jian was away on a business trip and wouldn't return for a few days.

"Yang Jian isn't here, I'll take charge. Since Feng Quan sent a distress signal, naturally we need to go check it out." After saying that, Tong Qian stood up, ready to set off.

Zhang Han was taken aback for a moment: "But we don't have a Ghost Domain, it won't be easy to provide support from such a distance."

Tong Qian replied: "What Ghost Domain? We're human, can't we drive there? It's because Yang Jian is special that he recklessly uses the Ghost Domain; how can ordinary Ghost Handlers withstand such unrestrained use of supernatural powers, unless they're in a hurry to die?"

"However, I remember the company allocated a helicopter recently, I'll go ask Zang Hua."

Zang Hua was the liaison officer sent by headquarters.

He was responsible for coordinating with Yang Jian on handling supernatural events, as well as for various support duties.

"Indeed there is a helicopter available, do you need to use it?" Zang Hua immediately confirmed the situation upon hearing Tong Qian was preparing to depart.

"Yes, I need to use it now, the situation might be very urgent," Tong Qian stated.

Zang Hua nodded: "No problem, I'll arrange it immediately. The helicopter will take off in three minutes, please head to the helipad."

"Thank you."

Tong Qian immediately took the dedicated elevator to the roof helipad.

Meanwhile, Zang Hua quickly notified the pilot to prepare for takeoff.

"Is it just the two of us? Huang Ziya, Li Yang, don't we need to call them over?" On the way to the helicopter, Zhang Han expressed concern.

"Don't worry too much, let's first go over and take a look at the situation. It's not very likely for a major supernatural event to occur near Dachang City. Feng Quan's positioning signal has been moving; I tried sending him messages, but he hasn't replied, so mobilizing everyone without confirming the actual situation would be very reckless," Tong Qian explained.

This approach was learned from Yang Jian.

When Yang Jian had previously gone to Dachuan City, he only took Li Yang with him and called her and Xiong Wenwen for support only when they encountered something they couldn't handle.

In this way, the risk was reduced.

Now, with Yang Jian absent, Tong Qian was temporarily acting as the captain and needed to lead the way.

Soon.

A helicopter took off from Shangtong Tower and rapidly headed toward the source of the signal.

Feng Quan's positioning signal was coming from a stretch of highway on the outskirts of Dachang City.

The area was shrouded in a thick fog.

Everything around was enveloped in the dense fog.

Additionally, this fog kept drifting, moving toward the direction of Dachang City.

What was eerie was that as the fog drifted, it showed no sign of dissipating; rather, with time, its coverage expanded even more and became denser.

Within the heavy fog.

A figure appeared, panicked and disheveled.

He was a man in his mid-twenties, covered in filth and stench, with a thick layer of dirt on his body, hair, and face. At first glance, he looked like a mud man, but also as if he had been buried in soil for days and had just been dug out, carrying the putrid smell of rot on his body.

He was Feng Quan.

Codename, Ghost Fog.

Feng Quan's dirt-covered face no longer showed any expression, only a strange stiff look.

But the unease and anxiety were visible in his eyes that were exposed.

The Ghost Fog was moving, and so was he.

But he wasn't an aberration, nor was there any fierce ghost dead set on him.

Using the Ghost Fog domain to move was draining for him, and continuous use would quickly throw him off balance, resulting in death upon the revival of a fierce ghost.

But Feng Quan had no choice but to do so.

Because he was incredibly unlucky, while investigating his former colleague Pei Dong and the Pendulum Clock curse, he aroused some people's alertness and hostility.

So, he was being hunted down.

The conflicts among ghost handlers have always been a matter of life and death.

"Dadong City, Republic Era Ancient House, the source of the Pendulum Clock curse comes from there," Feng Quan growled through clenched teeth: "You won't be able to keep this secret."

The sound drifted, reaching beyond the thick fog.

But on this highway, an old taxi was closely following him, not getting shaken off.

The taxi was quite old, already an antique, which can't even be seen in car scrapyards anymore, making it hard to imagine that it could still be driven.

"Killing you, the secret can be kept. Pei Dong is a waste, letting Tong Qian escape, failing to kill you, causing crucial information to be leaked out. That curse involves many people's lives and deaths, and you should not have been curiously investigating this matter. After you were lucky enough to survive last time, if you had just honestly hid in Dachang City under Yang Jian's protection, you could have waited to die in peace."

An icy voice came from inside the rundown taxi.

The man driving was a man in his thirties, wearing a hoodie, a mask, and a down jacket, with just his eyes exposed.

In the back of the taxi sat two people,

One was Pei Dong, codenamed Ghost Head Petter.

His complexion was grim, his scalp was cracked, showing ferocious traces as if something had violently peeled open his skin.

The other was a gaunt man with bloodshot eyes, resembling a walking mummy, sending chills down one's spine.

Three people.

All three were ghost handlers, solely to hunt down Feng Quan, who investigated the Pendulum Clock curse.

Feng Quan was obviously unable to contend with the three of them and could only flee.

"You can't escape. The price of using the Ghost Domain is steep, and although you have harnessed two ghosts, your own body still faces the peril of vengeful ghosts reviving. You cannot compare with those otherworldly entities, thus this is the end for you," came the voice.

With the voice, the old taxi accelerated again, plunging straight into the dense fog.

That fog is Ghost Fog.

It is not only a Ghost Domain but also a terrifying place that can devour the living.

However, incredibly, as the dilapidated taxi charged into the fog, the heavy mist nearby began to rapidly dissipate as if it had been dispelled.

"Suppression?"

Feng Quan's heart tightened, feeling the restless revival within him calming down.

If it were any other time, this would be good news, but now...

The car sped along, its headlights flashing on behind him.

Accompanied by the shrill, strange honking resonating.

Feng Quan reflexively turned his head to look.

The old, nearly scrapped taxi had inexplicably appeared in front of him.

"How is this possible?"

Feng Quan's eyes widened in shock and disbelief.

But the next moment.

His body jerked violently, a tremendous force conveyed, as the old taxi hit him hard, sending him flying.

His body was disintegrating, his consciousness blurring, his head booming.

"It's, it's a supernatural item..." The thought emerged in Feng Quan's mind.

But then, he fell heavily to the ground.

His body shattered, his head twisted at an odd angle as he lay on the highway.

The fog dissipated, the screeching of brakes ceased.

Liao Fan stepped down from the car with a sinister expression: "Still not dead? The life-saving power of your other ghost is really strong. Being hit by this ghost taxi could knock a real ghost into a brief state of paralysis, unable to move. But the balance of your body has already been disrupted, and you'll die very soon."

Next to the old taxi, Liao Fan, Pei Dong, and another person looked coldly at the stillness of the contorted Feng Quan.

Just waiting for his consciousness to completely vanish before leaving.

As for whether a supernatural event would break out here, that wasn't their concern.

They were not responsible for that. They were only tasked with taking out Feng Quan, cutting off the headquarters' investigation into Dadong City's Republic Era Ancient House.

"I suggest we leave now. This is Dachang City, Yang Jian's territory, and if he comes, we won't be leaving so easily," whispered Pei Dong, offering a reminder.

"Even if he does come, he can't keep us here," said Liao Fan in a hoarse, emotionless voice.

"Don't forget, in Dahai City he had a fight with Ye Zhen and blew his cover, and the Coffin Nail is in his hands."

Liao Fan continued, "No worries, we'll kill and leave. Although we don't need to confront someone on the Captain Level, that doesn't mean I'm afraid of him. Besides, we need to confirm Feng Quan's death, otherwise it would be hard to report back."

Pei Dong and the other person remained silent.

Feng Quan's body gradually began to be covered with layers of thick soil.

That was foul-smelling Grave Soil.

The Grave Soil was unceasingly engulfing his body, aiming to bury him.

This was the failure of balance; vengeful ghosts were reviving.

However, at this moment, the sound of a propeller came from the distant sky.

A helicopter approached rapidly from the direction of the center of Dachang City.

"Damn it, Yang Jian is coming." Pei Dong was startled and quickly said.

He had suffered losses at Yang Jian's hands and almost died, then later barely escaped. He did not dare to harbor any thoughts of revenge and only wanted to stay as far away as possible.

If it weren't for Feng Quan insisting on investigating the Pendulum Clock curse, he would not have come back to Dachang City.

"Wait, it's not Yang Jian."

Another man, looking like a dried corpse, spoke: "If it were Yang Jian, he would have covered the area with the Ghost Domain first. His file and habits are well-known in our circle, and if one pays attention, it's not hard to analyze."

Liao Fan grinned, his laugh still hoarse and strange: "So Yang Jian isn't in Dachang City... no, that's not right, Yang Jian is in Dachang City. I bought his itinerary before coming here, he was in the city yesterday."

"Then why hasn't he come?" Pei Dong asked.

"He's run into trouble and can't make it. Feng Quan must have sent a distress signal on the road; if that didn't bring Yang Jian here, the answer is pretty clear. Seems like the fight with Ye Zhen affected him greatly. Heh, looks like I should thank Ye Zhen afterwards," Liao Fan sharply sensed something and made a judgment.

His judgment was terrifyingly precise, based solely on the absence of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, he deduced that an issue had arisen and Yang Jian couldn't make it.

It was as if he had seen it with his own eyes.

Obviously, he was also a top-tier ghost manipulator, possessing the qualities that one would expect of such a person.

"Feng Quan's done for, Yang Jian is indisposed, then the person on that helicopter must be... Ghost Face Tong Qian."

Liao Fan looked up at the helicopter that was getting closer.

"Strike while he's down. Let's just wipe out Yang Jian's team in one go to avoid future revenge, and while we're at it, take the Coffin Nail."

Another man, resembling a dried corpse, said in a deep voice.

"Are you really going to make a move? If I remember correctly, you know Yang Jian. Aren't you going to show any past affection?" Liao Fan glanced at the dried corpse-like man.

"As long as we're certain Yang Jian is really in trouble, we'll strike into Dachang City. Yang Jian has plenty in his possession, enough to exchange for half a year, or even a year of life," said the corpse-like man.

Liao Fan narrowed his eyes and pondered for a moment: "Alright, as long as Tong Qian is done for and Yang Jian is in trouble, we'll take a trip to Dachang City. I've been coveting that Coffin Nail in his hand for a long time."

"Ye Zhen was nailed to the ground; if we really get our hands on it, there may be a chance to escape the curse."

They quickly discussed.

A plan was formed.

At this moment, the helicopter landed on the highway.

Tong Qian and Zhang Han jumped down.

"Ghost Face Tong Qian?" Liao Fan's tone contained a strangely amused chuckle upon seeing this.

"Do you know me?"

Tong Qian tilted her head, and beneath the mask, a gender-neutral, eerily smiling face turned towards him.

"But just now, you laughed? Is it really that funny? Try laughing again."

His smiling face faced Liao Fan, while the other face saw Feng Quan, who was unconscious and in a recovery state, and immediately a chill went through her, anger surging in her heart.

These people were attacking Feng Quan.

And Feng Quan was unable to resist.

Was it because the opponents were numerous, or was someone among these three people too powerful, Feng Quan couldn't even flee?

"Feng Quan is in charge, have you considered the consequences of attacking him?" Ghost Face Tong Qian asked the three.

A breeze blew, and the mask on her face fell off.

Three faces were instantly exposed to everyone present.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have asked so much. People like you are criminals among ghost manipulators, there is no reasoning with you. The best way to deal with your kind is to kill you, because your existence will only cause greater harm and destruction, killing even more people, so please be so kind as to die," Tong Qian said.

Tong Qian had been through a lot, and her innocence had long been buried.

The next moment,

She laughed.

No, it was her Ghost Face that laughed.

"Good, attack right after saying hi, Tong Qian, you're quite different from what's written on your profile," Liao Fan showed no fear or hesitation, but instead seemed eager to try.

Not because Tong Qian was weak, but because Yang Jian still hadn't appeared.

The previous judgment was confirmed.

Yang Jian had a problem.

"Let's go."

Liao Fan's hoarse voice commanded.

"Damn it."

Zhang Han's face instantly turned sour. He had never expected that coming to take a look would lead to this.

They had to face three ghost manipulators.

When was the last time they fought?

Was it when he fought alongside Yang Jian in Huanggang Village against the Ghost Coffin?

Chapter 865: The Match Between Life and Death

At this very moment.

On the high-speed highway outside Dachang City, a helicopter had landed sideways on the road, blocking it completely. The sound of its propellers whirred, with a fierce wind whipping around it.

However, the wind generated by the helicopter's propellers could not disperse the thick fog surrounding it.

As time passed, the fog seemed to grow denser and spread further.

The Ghost Fog was spiraling out of control, reviving once more.

Feng Quan, who had possessed this particular ghost, was currently buried in a small mound, life and death unknown, unresponsive and motionless.

And now.

Tong Qian and Zhang Han, who had rushed over, couldn't go over to help, because they had more urgent matters to deal with right before them.

"Do we really have to do this?" Zhang Han was extremely nervous at the moment.

Ever since he became a ghost controller, he rarely had conflicts with others; he always valued peace. That was the case even when the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club was still around. It was precisely because he avoided various conflicts that he survived until now.

"Do you think we have a choice? This isn't a supernatural event, it's a life or death struggle. To shrink back is to die; by killing Feng Quan today, he has already declared war on us. Even if we don't take action, to kill a person in charge is a crime punishable by firing squad."

"There is no room for forgiveness for such a vicious criminal."

Tong Qian's expression was extremely cold, ice cold.

He was naive, benevolent, true, but he was also a trained person in charge. Even before the team captain's plan started, he was responsible for the security of a city.

If the three of them had not killed Feng Quan, there would still be room to turn things around, but once they acted, it would be different.

When it comes to murderers, especially those who have killed someone in charge, Tong Qian's attitude was more resolute than anyone's.

That is to kill on the spot.

"Take action."

The first to break the stalemate with a hoarse shout was Liao Fan. He didn't want to waste time. After all, this was Dachang City, someone else's territory. Taking down Feng Quan would be to their advantage in the unfolding situation.

"Xu Feng." Then, with a slight shift in his gaze, he looked towards the man next to him who looked like a dried corpse.

He actually called Xu Feng.

Yang Jian had known him before, back on the supernatural bus.

They had some interactions and a bit of friction. However, Xu Feng was also a person in charge. His transformation into this state was because after Yang Jian left the supernatural bus, he applied for a wanted warrant from headquarters.

Xu Feng suddenly became a global fugitive.

He had no choice but to hide.

"It can't be helped; Yang Jian turned me into this, so I'll collect a little interest today. I'll visit his Dachang City later to see if the guy is dead or not."

Xu Feng's corpse-like body swayed slightly as he took large strides forward.

Merely getting closer.

Everything nearby seemed to be disrupted.

Tong Qian and Zhang Han felt their bodies stiffening rapidly, and their consciousness was dulling. This eerie sensation lingering around was very troubling, almost as if they were under some inexplicable curse.

What was most horrifying was.

They felt as if their bodies were being held by something.

Although they could not see anything unusual around them, they could clearly feel the presence of a cold corpse lying on them, reaching out from behind to hold them. The rigid and icy touch transmitted through their skin, and they could even feel a pair of dead hands grabbing their shoulders.

And as time passed, the invisible corpse seemed to cling tighter and tighter.

Their bodies were gradually twisting, their limbs quickly numbing.

Bruises also started appearing on their skin, clear marks of strangulation, traces left by a malevolent ghost.

Xu Feng's expression remained unchanged, as he drew closer and closer, the power of the fierce ghost he leveraged grew stronger.

The fierce ghost bound Zhang Han and Tong Qian, seemingly about to strangle them to death right then and there, and this binding was not merely a matter of strength.

A ghost charmer embraced by this ghost could not move, and even the ghost within their body would be suppressed.

"Pei Dong." Liao Fan called out in a lower tone again.

He knew that Xu Feng's Hugger Ghost had taken effect, temporarily restraining both Tong Qian and Zhang Han, but to kill them this way was still somewhat forced; they needed the cooperation of another supernatural power.

Pei Dong hesitated for a moment, but finally bit the bullet and rushed out.

His code name was Ghost Head Petter.

It was a type of supernatural power that triggered certain death, it only required touching someone's head a few times, and that person would undoubtedly die.

It sounded very powerful, but it was actually difficult to put into play.

Faced with a ghost, how can you dare to touch the head of a fierce ghost? And if it's against a ghost charmer, which one of them would let you easily come into contact with them?

But the greater the limitation, the more terrifying it was.

Once the rule was triggered, even a ghost charmer who controlled three ghosts would be effortlessly killed by Pei Dong.

For he does not kill ghosts, but erases the consciousness of the living, and no matter how powerful a person is, they cannot survive without consciousness.

"Damn it."

At this moment, Zhang Han was clenching his teeth, desperately trying to fight back. His back was slightly bulging, forming a sinister contour, and droplets of blood were falling from behind him, as if something inside his body was awakening.

That was also a fierce ghost.

A ghost akin to a tattoo that was drawn on his back.

At this moment the ghost was also awakening, however, it was suppressed and couldn't break free from the constraints.

Xu Feng's strength surpassed his; he had been on a bus, suffered from the Pendulum Clock Curse, and even had his body eroded by the Dried Corpse Bride, with a level of exploration into supernatural powers that Zhang Han could not compare to. Even if he was only controlling this one ghost, he could match a person who controlled three ghosts.

Zhang Han was already struggling to resist the embrace of the fierce ghost; he felt that in this confrontation, he would either be killed or die as a result of the fierce ghost's revival.

"Use the second ghost's ability."

In this crisis, he too started to act frantically. As the confrontation was ineffective, he was willing to risk it all.

The next moment.

A tear appeared in Zhang Han's clothing on his back, and a grotesque, emaciated hand that was twice the size of a normal hand and had only four fingers stretched out, grabbing onto a cold aura behind it.

Those skinny fingers were wriggling, like a corpse coming back to life.

The binding power weakened rapidly, and the previous irresistible suppression was broken.

"Hm?" Xu Feng's eyelids twitched slightly, somewhat surprised.

This unremarkable Zhang Han actually had the ability to stand up to him.

"Controlling two ghosts? Using the abilities of two ghosts at once is tantamount to risking it all; he won't last long before he's finished." Xu Feng stopped in his tracks, not intending to resist someone who was desperate.

At this moment.

Pei Dong had already charged out.

The trio cooperated; none of them needed to go too hard—the best approach was to take turns. Otherwise, it would be a great loss to have one or two crippled in the fray.

Seeing another ghost charmer rush towards him, Zhang Han's face turned desperate.

He was already hard-pressed to fight one person; another one would spell certain death.

"Who do you think you're looking down on?" However, at that moment, Tong Qian became angry; he was very upset, but he was laughing.

A gender-neutral face was smiling at everyone, and then with his mouth wide open, he actually laughed out loud.

This laughter was creepy and startling, and it was a sound that a living person could not make—it was very special and very eerie, because at this moment, it was not a human laughing, but a fierce ghost.

The Ghost Face Tong Qian's ghostly laughter was terrifying.

The laughter echoed, assaulting everyone's minds in an instant, inducing an uncontrollable urge to laugh along.

Such laughter was akin to a curse, possessing a strong infectious quality.

Even if one tried to restrain oneself from laughing, the corners of the mouth would still uncontrollably curl up.

"Damn it." Pei Dong, who rushed over and failed to suppress Tong Qian, immediately changed his expression. He instinctively covered his ears, trying to avoid the erosion of this ghostly laughter.

"Kill the weakest one first, don't let him cause trouble; I'll handle Ghost Face."

Liao Fan gave a reminder, and at the same time, he fiercely turned towards Tong Qian. Before he could speak, a shout suddenly came from behind Tong Qian.

"Tong Qian!"

Someone was calling his name from behind him.

This voice was very strange, making Tong Qian feel like it was his parents calling him, or maybe it was Yang Jian, or other relatives, urging him to resist the temptation to look back to see which loved one it was.

Liao Fan's ghost, codenamed Ghost Call.

When the ghost calls out someone's name from behind, looking back means certain death.

Tong Qian seemed to be interfered with, as he actually turned around to look back.

But what he turned to face was not his own face, but a tear-stained face, pale and sorrowful, like a mourner for the dead.

"Who's calling me? Wuu wuu!"

The tearful Ghost Face actually began to speak and cry simultaneously, tears falling, profoundly distressing, igniting an impulse in others to start crying as well.

Behind him, there was no one.

The weeping face turned back again.

But as it turned back, that familiar and eerie voice sounded again: "Tong Qian!"

The ghost was still calling out behind him.

Calling him to turn back.

"Damn it."

Tong Qian now realized that he had been influenced by supernatural powers, which was why he had looked back.

If it had not been for his second Ghost Face that turned around, he probably would have died by now.

The clash of supernatural forces is that dangerous.

Ghosts won't die, but humans will.

Just now, when Ghost Face turned back, it was the ghost that took a look back, thus ignoring this kind of influence.

"What kind of joke is this? Blocked it." Liao Fan too became uncertain and anxious.

The sinister Ghost Call failed to kill Tong Qian.

"Liao Fan."

A ghostly and horrifying voice immediately appeared behind Liao Fan.

At this moment, the ghost was calling out his name.

The voice was faint, suggesting a far distance, but as it was used more frequently, it sounded closer and closer, and the ghost calling his name would quickly appear right behind him.

This is his own ghost's revival.

However, Tong Qian's Ghost Face was still laughing, showing no intention of stopping, and the laughter spread quickly but echoed back from afar.

The eerie laughter and the echo layered on top of each other.

The terror of the supernatural doubled in intensity and with the echo spreading out and returning, it wasn't just doubled—it quadrupled.

If this laughter is not stopped soon, the level of horror will surge even more after some time.

Given some time, Tong Qian's supernatural assault cannot be resisted by any ghost master.

However, in this open suburb, the echo returned too slowly. If it had been in an enclosed room, that would truly be an inescapable horror.

"The power of the ghost has increased... and a lot of them."

Liao Fan had not yet recovered from his previous incredulity, and immediately felt that something was off.

This increase in power was not slight, but had doubled.

"Pei Dong, kill Tong Qian first, we can't let him continue laughing. It will be difficult for us to withstand the next wave of echoes."

Realizing something, Liao Fan spoke with a hint of unease.

At this moment, Tong Qian was being held by the Hugger Ghost, and although he was still restrained, the echoes of the laughter quickly loosened the grip.

While he wasn't completely freed, he could at least breathe normally, with no risk of being strangled to death and could catch his breath.

As Pei Dong was preparing to kill Zhang Han, upon hearing Liao Fan, he hesitated.

The hand he had raised stiffened slightly.

However, at that moment, the shriveled palm with only four fingers extending behind Zhang Han suddenly loosened, then fiercely clutched at Pei Dong's throat.

"Ahhh!"

Zhang Han screamed, blood spilling from his mouth, his body twisting unnaturally.

Xu Feng stood unmoving with a cold expression: "Two against one, you're doomed."

"Tong Qian, I'll hold this guy off." Zhang Han screamed and spat blood; his body was severely deformed, bones snapping, as if he was being strangled alive.

"Then I'll kill you first." Pei Dong sensed the danger, not wanting to be choked to death by this emaciated hand, hastily reached to grab Zhang Han's head.

In an instant.

The screams abruptly ceased.

Zhang Han was rendered unconscious by the ghost, falling silent.

He died noiselessly.

"Zhang Han!" Tong Qian's living human face looked on with a mix of grief and anger.

Although they were not closely associated, they were teammates, colleagues, and Zhang Han's actions were clearly to save him, buying him time; otherwise, he wouldn't have been killed so easily, as he could have protected himself during the altercation.

But now he was laughing, so he couldn't be angry, nor could he cry.

The bizarre laughter echoed.

Tears streamed down the corners of Tong Qian's eyes.

But his heart was filled with rage.

And now, the second wave of echoes arrived.

The laughter echoed, and this time, the laughs combined were four times that of the first.

If the initial laughter could easily kill an ordinary person, now it was potent enough to kill a ghost master.

The reason they weren't affected at first was because they had been subjected to the Pendulum Clock curse.

Under this curse, their lives were on a countdown.

But the upside was that the curse protected them from being killed by other supernatural forces.

Chapter 866 Terrifying Taxi

The supernatural confrontation is perilous and deadly.

Tong Qian and Zhang Han arrived for support by helicopter. Now, Zhang Han has perished, and the whole process lasted less than five minutes. Just moments ago, a living person has now become an icy, contorted corpse, and Feng Quan is also buried within a towering mound, most likely dead as well.

The dense fog is spreading, and the vengeful ghosts are reviving.

Bizarre and eerie laughter echoes around.

The once tranquil highway has turned into a gathering place of terror.

Yet the struggle has not subsided.

"Your two teammates are dead, leaving only you, Tong Qian. Are you still going to persist? Cease your attack, leave now, and I can promise not to kill you. Think about it, Yang Jian hasn't shown up; he's probably dead already,"

Liao Fan's voice is hoarse, and although his face is covered, his eyes reveal ferocity and savageness.

Having continuously taken down two of Yang Jian's people, there is no longer any possibility of easing the conflict; it can only end with one side's annihilation.

His offer is not to spare Tong Qian, but to deceive her into holding her fire.

Once the laughter stops, this echo will also fade, and even if Tong Qian makes a move, she will have missed the best opportunity.

This is strategy.

If successful, Tong Qian will have absolutely no chance to turn the tables; her supernatural power's patterns have been figured out, and they are not complex at all.

But Tong Qian's face, which originally belonged to him, is full of anger, clenching her teeth: "Dream on if you think I'll stop. Feng Quan is dead, Zhang Han is dead, having killed two leaders in a row, executing villains like you is the best choice, without a doubt."

The laughter of Ghost Face echoes for a third wave.

Xu Feng, looking like a mummified corpse, has a sudden change of expression, feeling the suppressive embrace of the ghost being lifted.

Although the ghost is still binding Tong Qian, the binding force has significantly weakened, only able to restrain her movements without continuing to inflict harm.

In other words.

Tong Qian can no longer be killed now.

"Pei Dong." At this moment, Liao Fan senses something is amiss and calls out.

Because after Pei Dong killed Zhang Han by touching his head, he has been quiet, and though it's only been a dozen seconds, in such a special and complex environment, a dozen seconds can already explain everything.

The man called Pei Dong is still standing beside the corpse of Zhang Han, now with a smile on his face, eyes wide open, and remaining completely still.

"Thud!"

Pei Dong's body suddenly loses balance, and he falls backward onto the ground, face up.

With a smile on his face.

But he has already stopped breathing and shows no signs of life.

He's dead.

Having killed Zhang Han, and because he was too close, he couldn't resist the third wave of ghostly laughter and was killed.

No pain, no struggle, he died somewhat easily.

"He's dead, taken down by Tong Qian," Xu Feng's eyes also shrink.

Under the third wave of laughter, he also feels something is very wrong, his expression is out of control, and even though he uses his ghostly abilities to resist, holding onto himself with the ghost's embrace to be spared from other supernatural powers' invasion, it's not very effective.

The laughter could penetrate one's mind, leaving no escape.

However, he orders the ghost to cover his own ears, and this finally diminishes the sound significantly, giving him a much-needed chance to breathe.

"Damn it, get in the car, we can't withstand the fourth wave of laughter," Liao Fan is utterly panicked at this moment.

The third wave of laughter has already taken down Pei Dong; if the next one is double the intensity, they would not survive. Although they are stronger than Pei Dong, they're not willing to gamble that they can withstand the next wave.

Without a word, Xu Feng turns and runs.

Liao Fan quickly gets into the old taxi.

Once in the car.

Liao Fan rapidly closes the car door and windows.

The taxi is a haunted object with a seemingly very high Terror Level. Merely getting into the car, the surrounding laughter has already weakened to an extremely low level, barely audible, and no longer able to inflict fatal harm.

"No choice but to run her over; we can't stand against Tong Qian by resisting," Xu Feng immediately says.

"I know."

Liao Fan tries to start the old taxi, attempting to ignite it repeatedly, but the taxi has no response, failing to start and instead the whole car is slightly vibrating, emitting strange noises.

Lights on the dashboard are flickering, a strong stench of a corpse is coming from the air vents, and thudding sounds are coming from the car's trunk.

With each thud.

The car shakes violently.

"Don't mess up at this time," Liao Fan anxiously ignites the car, not attending to the abnormalities of the haunted taxi.

This is a risk that must be taken, unavoidable.

Who made them stop and turn off the car just to hit Feng Quan.

"Don't even think of escaping," Tong Qian thinks they want to get away and immediately chases after them.

She has already felt the absence of her restraints; it must be because Xu Feng has stopped attacking her. Now that they've got into the taxi, they're most likely trying to slip away.

Tong Qian chased after.

In front of the old glass window, a creepy face with a smile suddenly pressed close.

Laughter echoed.

By now, it had penetrated into the car.

It was too close.

The laugh of Ghost Face had an even greater impact.

Xu Feng's complexion was extremely unwell, staring fixedly at Tong Qian outside the car window.

The car door was shaking. Tong Qian tried to open it, but he was unable to unbolt the door of the dilapidated taxi. It seemed as if some special supernatural force was influencing the whole car, keeping him isolated on the outside.

"Don't panic. He won't be able to open this door. Even the fourth wave of laughter might not manage to kill us." Liao Fan, though anxious, was still very calm, knowing they still had time.

Keep trying to start the engine.

Thud!

The chassis vibrated, the stench of decay inside the cabin grew stronger.

As if a corpse was jammed in the engine, preventing it from turning over.

Meanwhile.

The fourth wave of Ghost Face's laughter arrived.

The reverberations reached.

The terrifying supernatural power intensified once again. The laughter that had been blocked by the taxi now completely infiltrated inside.

Xu Feng's mummified face twitched; he was laughing.

But he was desperately resisting it.

His body was embraced by a fierce ghost, immobile, his hands clamped over his ears.

Xu Feng's face was contorted with agony; his ears were indented, it was almost possible to make out the contour of a palm imprinted clearly next to his ears, as if even the bones were going to be crushed.

Despite the pain, it diminished the impact of the laughter, preventing death.

"I underestimated Tong Qian," thought Xu Feng, with a longing to kill Tong Qian in his heart.

If it wasn't for this taxi, the three of them would truly be wiped out here.

Liao Fan, however, was still trying to get the vehicle started.

His luck wasn't great, but it wasn't bad either. After several attempts, the old taxi finally managed to start successfully.

The moment the car started, Liao Fan pressed the horn fiercely.

"Honk~!"

The loud horn sound briefly overpowered the echo of laughter inside the cabin.

Seizing the opportunity, Liao Fan slammed on the gas, and the car surged forward.

But in the next moment.

The taxi disappeared before Tong Qian's eyes.

"No, the car didn't vanish. It entered the Ghost Domain," Tong Qian's laughter continued, but he could feel that the car was still there. He would not stop his assault, determined to kill these two people.

At the same time.

The fifth wave of laughter began to echo over.

This wave of laughter could invade even Yang Jian's fifth-level Ghost Domain and kill the people inside. If Liao Fan and Xu Feng encountered it, they would die instantly.

But in the next moment.

A loud car honking suddenly appeared behind Tong Qian.

"Bang!"

The sound of impact followed.

Tong Qian couldn't react in time and was directly hit and flung away, tumbling off the highway and down to the grass by the road, rolling several times before lying on the ground.

The ghostly laughter stopped abruptly.

"Is this guy really that fierce? The information provided by people in the supernatural circle wasn't like this. I thought it would be an easy total kill, but I almost completely fell into Tong Qian's hands."

Liao Fan, the driver, had a chilling and terrible look in his eyes. After hitting Tong Qian, he did not stop, but headed straight for the city.

It was a retreat tinged with a hint of fear, yet also a desire to recover the losses of this venture in the city.

"Tong Qian shouldn't be dead yet. It might be better to get out and kill him," Xu Feng suggested as the pain on his face eased slightly.

"Kill him? Don't waste time. Just a few more laughs from this guy, and none of us can withstand it. It was already very dangerous. If we were even one or two seconds later, we would have truly been done for. Didn't you hear the laughter had already invaded the inside of the car?" Liao Fan was somewhat shaken at this point.

After hitting Tong Qian, he stopped caring about whether Tong Qian lived or died.

After all, he planned to take a trip to the city and then quickly withdraw.

Let the revived ghost deal with Tong Qian.

Chapter 867: Breaking In

"Not killing Tong Qian leaves a hidden danger for the future. We've already taken out two of Yang Jian's people, so it's a life-or-death situation now. Leaving one alive is akin to leaving an enemy."

In the old, foul-smelling taxi, Xu Feng's withered face twitched slightly as he stared intently at Liao Fan, hoping to get an answer from him.

Liao Fan's eyes were filled with ferocity: "Kill Tong Qian? How? We barely managed to hit him just now. I know there's a good chance he isn't dead, but if we keep going after him, he will continue to attack us. Didn't you see how many people have died around us? If the vengeful ghosts resurrect, it will be a huge problem."

"The right move is to retreat first. Even if Tong Qian didn't die from my hit, he'll probably have to lie here for a long time. Without access to the Ghost Domain, he can't make it back to Dachang City. We have enough time to deal with Yang Jian."

"Staying here costs too much. Don't forget who our real target is, unless you want to give up the idea of going to Dachang City."

Upon hearing this, Xu Feng fell silent, aware of Liao Fan's concerns.

Fearing delay could cause more accidents, and ending up with no benefits but only a death and injuries.

"I hope your decision is right."

At this moment, the car was approaching Dachang City; turning back wasn't really practical. He didn't say much more and had to abandon the idea of fighting Tong Qian to death.

And after this Ghost Taxi left.

At the place where they just fought.

Dense fog enveloped the area stretching nearly ten miles around, completely blocking off a section of the highway.

But the event happened so suddenly that the road hadn't been closed off in time, with vehicles still driving up, unsuspectingly entering the foggy zone.

In the center of this foggy area,

beside the highway.

Tong Qian, lying on the overgrown grass, struggled painfully to sit up, blood gushing from his mouth and nose, his body wracked with intense pain.

Although he had controlled two dead Ghost Faces,

His body was still that of an ordinary person, and being hit and sent flying, even though not fatal, caused him serious injury.

"Damn it." Tong Qian was full of grief and indignation, clenching his fists tightly.

He tried to get up,

But was powerless, in the end, he could only lean against the guardrail beside the road, taking deep, heavy breaths.

"They are heading to Dachang City, targeting Yang Jian. They have sensed something off about Yang Jian's condition, so they want to take this opportunity to finish him off..."

Tong Qian was not foolish.

His mind was crystal clear; he understood why the two men who hit him had then immediately left the scene.

In their eyes, compared to Yang Jian, he was not that important.

"Yang Jian is dealing with his condition in the Safe House One, but so far, only I know this; no one else does. Even if those two reach Dachang City, chances are they won't find Yang Jian. The issue doesn't end there; they will surely head to Shangtong Tower, and they will... kill."

"No, I must stop them."

Tong Qian struggled to stand once more.

However, injured as he was, dizziness overcame him, his nose still bleeding profusely, and standing up made the bleeding worsen.

Dizziness intensified, and he collapsed to the ground again, followed by violent coughing with blood also being coughed up.

With his severe injuries, he was in danger himself if not treated in time, let alone stopping Liao Fan and Xu Feng.

"Call Li Yang, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, and tell them to be prepared for defense," he said.

Feeling powerless, Tong Qian did what he could under the circumstances, contacting the remaining members of his team.

But he didn't think the remaining few could ward off these two desperadoes.

Huang Ziya and Xiong Wenwen hardly had any real power, Li Yang was decent, but at best could only protect himself, so Tong Qian didn't plan to let the three try to stop them, only to ensure their own safety and protect others at Shangtong Tower, and about the Ghost Mirror...

"Zhang Han, can you really rely on the Ghost Mirror for Resurrection?"

Tong Qian thought of something and began to feel guilty because a Resurrection with the Ghost Mirror required someone to help by the mirror's side.

Now, with the mirror abandoned, there was no one to watch over it.

At this moment,

At the top floor of Shangtong Tower in Dachang City.

A small safe room was inside Yang Jian's office.

A wooden coffin was placed inside, along with a mirror covered by a black cloth.

The wooden coffin contained the corpse of a fierce ghost brought from Yang Jian's hometown, and the cloth-covered mirror was the Ghost Mirror capable of resurrecting the dead.

Zhang Han was killed by Pei Dong, but he had left his shadow in front of the Ghost Mirror last time, allowing him to resurrect with this eerie supernatural artifact.

However, now.

Within the Ghost Mirror, Zhang Han's figure gradually began to appear inside.

It's just that the mirror was covered by the black cloth, and nobody saw it.

All of this happened silently.

"Where is this? I remember using the Ghost Mirror; did I die once already? Am I now in the mirror?" Zhang Han inside the Ghost Mirror was confused, remembering looking into the mirror before, but in the next moment found himself inside it.

It was pitch black around him, and he couldn't see anything.

His memory stopped at the moment he first used the Ghost Mirror.

Zhang Han knew nothing that happened after.

Though he was not slow to react and soon realized that he had resurrected.

Because Zhang Han couldn't feel the ghost inside his body anymore.

He was no longer a Ghost Rider but an ordinary person.

Because a human can resurrect inside the Ghost Mirror, but a ghost cannot, so he was deprived of his ghost and resurrected as an ordinary person.

"Great, from now on, I can live a normal life. Although I don't understand what happened, as long as I am alive, it's fine," Zhang Han was somewhat joyful at this moment, thinking he could finally lead a normal life.

"Now, I should leave here as soon as possible."

After that, he began to action, walking forward, looking for a way out of the Ghost Mirror.

But soon, Zhang Han stopped in his tracks, the joy on his face suddenly stiffening.

A cold and somewhat terrifying hand reached out from the darkness beside him, grabbing his arm.

"It's a ghost!"

Following that, Zhang Han's face turned to one of horror, as he desperately struggled to free himself, trying to burst out of the Ghost Mirror.

But as he writhed, several more hands reached out nearby, grabbing Zhang Han's hands, feet, and even his neck, covering his face.

Countless hands, like countless vengeful spirits, captured him.

Unable to break free.

A powerful force pulled him back, as if dragging him into the abyss of hell,

"No, don't!" Zhang Han screamed in terror, his frantic cries resounded, but there was not the slightest response around him.

The void in the darkness was chilling to the bone.

It seemed the only way out of the darkness was that mirror.

But Zhang Han couldn't sense where the mirror was; it was covered by a black cloth and couldn't show itself in the dark.

Despair, collapse.

Zhang Han wailed and wept, but it was all in vain.

With no one to help, as an ordinary person, he could only watch helplessly as he was dragged deeper into the Ghost Mirror, unable to escape.

In the end.

Zhang Han's figure disappeared within the Ghost Mirror.

His cries of despair did not travel beyond the Ghost Mirror.

Resurrection... failed.

And all of this was unknown to everyone.

Nobody realized that Zhang Han had died twice, experiencing despair and breakdown twice.

But none of this mattered anymore.

Because he would never appear in this world again; his simple dream of being an ordinary man, holding his child, and being with his wife became unattainable.

Half an hour later.

An old and nearly scrapped taxi suddenly appeared on the streets of Dachang City and drove rapidly to the entrance of Shangtong Tower, coming to a halt.

As soon as the car stopped.

It immediately attracted the attention of many people.

Everyone knew that company entrance was a no-parking zone, with the only exception being President Yang's car.

So when this odd vehicle stopped, security guards promptly approached.

"I'm sorry, but parking here is not allowed. Please move your car immediately..."

Liao Fan and Xu Feng stepped out of the car.

When the security guard saw Xu Feng's corpse-like appearance, his words stuck in his throat, and he involuntarily shrank back.

He was no ordinary security guard.

But rather one of Zang Hua's men, a bona fide investigator.

"Shangtong Tower? Yang Jian's company."

Liao Fan looked up: "This building is really high, Yang Jian knows how to enjoy life. While he lives in such a fine place, we have to scuttle about hiding like rats, which is really unfair."

Xu Feng didn't waste time, staring intently at the security guard: "We are ghost controllers, here to see Yang Jian. Inform him to come and receive us within three minutes, otherwise, I will go find him personally."

The security guard's face changed drastically and he immediately called on the radio; "Team Zang, Team Zang, there's a special situation. Two individuals claiming to be ghost controllers have arrived downstairs at the company..."

Liao Fan stood there unmoved, glancing at Xu Feng: "We previously took out Feng Quan and that Zhang Han in the suburbs, sent Tong Qian flying, and now we are at the doorstep of Yang Jian's company. If he still doesn't show up, then the problem he's facing is more serious than we expected."

"It's even possible he's dead."

Xu Feng nodded slightly, agreeing with his deduction: "It seems after fighting with Ye Zhen, Yang Jian is indeed in no shape to deal. But we expected as much, otherwise we wouldn't dare venture into his Dachang City. It's just that his subordinates turned out to be quite formidable, almost managing to kill all of us. Lucky we took out Feng Quan first, otherwise, it would've been impossible to win if they'd joined forces."

"This is what they call striking first is stronger, if we give the opponent a chance to breathe, we may not be able to compete," Liao Fan said with a grin, but subconsciously his smile faded.

Even without Tong Qian here, he didn't dare to laugh carelessly anymore.

Pei Dong died with a smile on his face.

"Yang Jian's team is a seven-person squad. Excluding him, who has disappeared, there are three people left: Xiong Wenwen, Huang Ziya, and a rookie named Li Yang," Xu Feng said coldly.

Before coming, they had obviously investigated the information.

"Xu Feng, what brings you here? If you need Yang Jian for something, I'm Zang Hua, the liaison officer from headquarters."

In less than three minutes, a mature and composed man in his thirties, efficient in his dealings, walked briskly out from the company.

His name was Zang Hua, and he knew Xu Feng.

Xu Feng had been a head, and Zang Hua had seen his profile.

"Today, I'm only looking for Yang Jian; there's half a minute left. If he doesn't show up, we'll go find him ourselves."

Xu Feng glanced over: "Don't try to pull connections now. I'm a wanted criminal now and not some head anymore, so you'd better be sensible."

Zang Hua's face twitched.

He was actually stalling for time. He took a moment then said, "Yang Jian isn't here at the moment. If you have any requests, you can tell me, and I'll convey them for you."

"Not here? You think I'm that easy to fool? It looks like I'll have to find him myself," said Xu Feng.

Liao Fan at his side said, "Three minutes are up, and Yang Jian hasn't appeared."

This moment, he finally smiled.

The three minutes weren't about giving face to Yang Jian, but to observe the situation, to see whether Yang Jian would really show up or not.

And the result was pleasing.

In this situation, Yang Jian didn't show himself, which suggests he really is in bad shape.

"Then let's go find him."

Xu Feng didn't dilly-dally and marched straight into the company.

Chapter 868 Impending Danger

Xu Feng and Liao Fan directly stormed into Shangtong Tower at this moment.

They had now fully confirmed that Yang Jian indeed had problems, very serious problems, so serious that he couldn't show up and might most likely be dead. Given such circumstances, they would not miss this opportunity.

They must take advantage of this opportunity to take a few supernatural objects from Yang Jian's possession.

If he isn't completely dead yet, then they will see him off.

In any case, since things have come to this, they couldn't leave empty-handed.

"Also, be cautious of the remaining teammates of Yang Jian; they should be in Dachang City," Xu Feng reminded.

"If they come, kill them. I'd be worried if they don't show up."

Liao Fan's voice was hoarse and stiff, as if he was talking about something trivial.

At this moment, Zang Hua gritted his teeth and stood in front of these two men, pulling out a gun: "I advise you to stop this now, otherwise, I'm going to shoot."

Xu Feng glanced at him, his face twitching slightly like a dried corpse, his voice ice-cold: "Dare to shoot, and I'll make everyone in this building accompany in death. You know we can and will do it. We've just taken care of Feng Quan and Zhang Han, I don't know if Tong Qian is dead, but she should be close now."

Zang Hua's eyes suddenly narrowed upon hearing this.

Though he had guessed that something unfortunate might have happened to Tong Qian, who had left in a helicopter, hearing it from Xu Feng's mouth still sent chills down his spine.

Xu Feng walked up to Zang Hua and grabbed the gun in his hand: "So, do you want to perish together, or will you cooperate with us quietly?"

Zang Hua's expression changed uncertainly.

He couldn't possibly cooperate with these criminals given his identity and stance, but he also couldn't joke with the lives of people in this building.

If he angered these people, they might actually do as they threatened.

With this thought,

The grip on his gun involuntarily loosened.

"Smart man, I like people like you," Xu Feng said as he easily took the gun from Zang Hua.

"But smart people usually don't live long, so please go to die."

The next moment.

"Bang!"

A gunshot, hitting the forehead.

Zang Hua's body trembled, and he collapsed to the ground, blood splattering everywhere.

"Ah!"

A scream came from near the hall, from both male and female staff of Shangtong Tower, causing a sudden panic at the scene.

"Captain Zang." The security guard who had just spoken had red eyes and then quickly hid behind a pillar, pulling out a gun to shoot.

This security guard's marksmanship was precise, having received special training, and Xu Feng got hit repeatedly, his body staggering, yet unharmed.

"Ignorant of death."

Xu Feng looked back, his eyes ice-cold and numb, void of emotion.

The next moment.

The security guard's body stiffened, frozen in place.

The body twisted strangely.

Crack.

The bones in his body broke continuously, and then blood spilled from his mouth as he weakly collapsed to the floor.

"Is it necessary to use supernatural powers against ordinary people?" Liao Fan said.

Xu Feng said, "Killing a few doesn't ease my anger; you don't know how Yang Jian almost got me killed back then."

"Grab a few people and ask where exactly Yang Jian is. This is Yang Jian's company, there must be someone closely associated with him."

Liao Fan didn't say much and quickly grabbed an employee to question him upon surveying the area.

He learned that there were five employees who were close associates of Yang Jian-

Zhang Wei, Jiang Yan, Zhang Liqin, Wang Bin, and the just deceased Zang Hua.

They also learned that Yang Jian's office was on the top floor of Shangtong Tower.

Thus, the two of them didn't delay and directly headed for the top floor.

However, when they reached the top floor, Yang Jian's office was empty, as if he had known they were coming and had already slipped away in advance.

"Everyone escaped? Even if someone from downstairs sent a warning, it couldn't have been so swift. It seems Tong Qian isn't dead; she must have called immediately after we left."

Xu Feng surveyed the office, eventually fixing his gaze on the door of the adjacent safe room.

"This should be a safe room."

"Open it and see," Liao Fan said.

Xu Feng was expressionless, but the door in front began to distort and deform as if twisted by some invisible supernatural force, and soon showed signs of damage before finally collapsing with a loud bang.

"A safe room made from gold? Quite luxurious, but still unable to stop me."

Ghost Envoy, besides influencing with supernatural power, also possesses unimaginable dreadful strength capable of forcefully destroying the doors of a safe room.

The room wasn't large.

The two scanned the room and only found two items.

A wooden coffin and a mirror covered with a black cloth.

"That is an object of supernatural power; it's not a coffin, but I can sense something highly unusual inside it, possibly a ghost, or perhaps Yang Jian is lying inside," Liao Fan assessed the situation.

"Why not take a look and see."

Xu Feng strode forward and directly lifted the wooden coffin.

Instantly, a putrid stench of rotting flesh assaulted their senses.

Inside, it was cold and dark, yet one could still see a bizarre corpse covered in black hair lying in the coffin.

Some parts of the corpse were severely decayed, while other parts showed no signs of decay and were well-preserved.

Xu Feng frowned and observed for a moment, then immediately stepped back a few paces.

"What's wrong?"

"It's a ghost. I don't know what caused it to enter a deadlock state. It's currently not showing any supernatural reactions. Should we take it with us?"

"Don't touch anything uncertain, lest accidents and dangers arise. Let's take this mirror, then head over to the Guanjiang Residential Complex to check it out. I've already asked around; if Yang Jian is not at the office, he will definitely be at home. Going to his place will surely yield more."

Liao Fan, carrying the Ghost Mirror, didn't bother to lift the black cloth and immediately turned around to leave.

Xu Feng nodded and swiftly changed locations.

Before leaving, he glanced back at the wooden coffin, feeling vaguely uneasy.

He didn't know if it was an illusion, but he noticed that the decaying parts of the corpse were slowly healing, instead of continuing to rot.

Once the decaying areas are fully healed.

The thing inside the coffin will definitely come out.

But this matter had nothing to do with him.

Meanwhile.

Inside the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Security House number two had already gathered quite a few people.

Li Yang, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, and also Zhang Liqin, Chen Shumei, and family members of Zhang Han, and Zhang Wei's father, Zhang Xiang, along with other refugees.

"Tong Qian just made it clear; two ghost controllers named Xu Feng and Liao Fan have arrived in Dachang City. They have taken care of Feng Quan and Zhang Han. They are now at the Shangtong Tower, looking for our captain," Li Yang gripped a satellite positioning mobile phone in his hand, sitting on the couch inside the safe house, his gaze dark.

"Moreover, Tong Qian is injured now and doesn't have the ability to move much. He can't come back for now and has asked us to be prepared."

Huang Ziya furrowed her brows, her expression grave: "Tong Qian is such a capable person, and even he's injured? Are Feng Quan and Zhang Han really dead? How did things become so serious all of a sudden?"

"The opponents came prepared and are defeating us one by one; it's normal to suffer setbacks under such circumstances."

Li Yang said, "Now Tong Qian has asked me to handle the situation."

Originally, according to the plan, if Yang Jian wasn't there, Tong Qian would take charge, if Tong Qian wasn't there, it'd be Feng Quan, and if not Feng Quan, then Zhang Han. Now, most of the influential members in several teams have fallen, forcing him, a newcomer, to start taking charge.

"What's your plan?" asked Huang Ziya.

She wasn't afraid, as she was also a survivor of the Ghost Envoy incident at the training base. She had dared to fight back then, so it was the same now.

"I don't know," Li Yang fell silent.

He had no experience in this area, nor did he know how to handle this situation.

"Hiding here definitely won't work," said Xiong Wenwen nonchalantly. "If they find us, we're dead for sure. We better go out and have it out with them outright."

"Stop talking nonsense," Chen Shumei hastily covered his mouth.

Xiong Wenwen struggled free and said, "Mom, it's true. If we go out, you'll be safe."

"They won't be able to find this place; it's so secluded."

Chen Shumei comforted him, not wanting Xiong Wenwen to go out and risk his life because it was too dangerous.

"It would be good if Yang Jian were here now."

She then longed for Yang Jian's return, who could handle this situation.

Li Yang's expression shifted slightly.

Actually, during the earlier phone call, Tong Qian also mentioned Yang Jian's location.

Yang Jian was currently inside Security House number one, dealing with the revival of his own ghost.

But he had made several calls just a moment ago, and no one had answered.

The implications of that were quite clear.

"Actually, we are not entirely without a chance of winning. Don't forget, we still have the Ghost Child."

Li Yang whispered, "The Ghost Child is with the team leader's friend Wang Shanshan. If we can coordinate together, the three of us plus the Ghost Child, if we take out one person first, the situation could be reversed. Tong Qian has given me all the information about those two, Xu Feng used to head up Xiaochun City with the code name Ghost Hold Person, and Liao Fan can use ghosts to call people's names, which assures certain death if one turns back. Besides, they have an old taxi."

"That should be an object of supernatural power. As long as we're careful not to get hit by the car, we still have a chance."

"Since there is a chance of winning, let's go out and avenge Feng Quan and Zhang Han. Just because the team leader isn't here doesn't mean we can't do anything," stood up Huang Ziya, a resolute expression settling on her beautiful face.

"Raising my hand in agreement, daring to bully Daddy Xiong, let them come and never return," Xiong Wenwen also said fiercely.

Seeing this, Li Yang also said, "If that's the case, then we'll intercept them outside the Guanjiang Residential Complex, while others hide inside the safe house, and come out after we've finished handling it."

The three of them quickly agreed, united by a common enemy, determined to seek revenge for the others.

At this moment, even if Chen Shumei cared about Xiong Wenwen and opposed the idea, it was useless because the enemy had already knocked on the door.

If it's not dealt with, everyone will be in danger.

Chapter 869 - The Confrontation at the Door

"That is a mirror, showing signs of refurbishment. It appears to be a very old supernatural item, always covered by a black cloth, its purpose unknown."

Inside the old taxi.

Liao Fan drove while glancing back at the Ghost Mirror placed on the back seat.

Curiosity inevitably arose in his mind.

Since moving it from Shangtong Tower, this mirror hadn't shown any strange traces.

"Exploring the use of supernatural items involves great risk, and even if curious, now is not the time to be curious," Xu Feng said abruptly as he sat beside, "But the supernatural items in Yang Jian's possession are far more than these, the rest must be in the Guanjiang Residential Complex."

Liao Fan withdrew his gaze and calmly said, "Xu Feng, based on my guess, there's likely a safehouse in Guanjiang Residential Complex. If I were Yang Jian, I would definitely put such special items inside a safehouse, it's both concealed and secure."

"Finding the safehouse is akin to finding Yang Jian's assets, and perhaps the Coffin Nail is in there too."

Xu Feng said, "There might also be the rest of Yang Jian's teammates in that Guanjiang Residential Complex, don't be careless. Pei Dong has already died, if another one of us dies, this mission would be considered a failure."

"The remaining few people should not be a concern."

Liao Fan said, "They're just some newcomers without much fame. The most threatening was Feng Quan, an experienced leader, so killing him first would make handling the rest easier. However, Tong Qian was unexpected, I thought she was an easy target, yet her laughter could create echoes."

"Pei Dong never mentioned this before."

Xu Feng said, "That was when Pei Dong caught Tong Qian last time, he used his supernatural power too restrainedly, fearing to harm innocents, so he held back a lot. He thought that was all she could do, not knowing the echo added a multiplying factor to the terror of the ghost laughter."

The two still felt a shiver down their spine thinking about that incident.

After all, if the last wave of laughter hadn't been interrupted, they would have been wiped out by now.

"Taking down Guanjiang Residential Complex might lead to more surprises, I think it's safer to send a message to that guy, asking him to come and provide support," Xu Feng reflected for a long time before suddenly speaking.

"Asking him to make a move would be costly, it's not worth it," Liao Fan shook his head and refused.

Xu Feng said, "Yang Jian has more than one supernatural item in his hands, the Coffin Nail, that rusty Firewood Knife, the Ghost Shroud are still with him... Adding this mirror, actually, we can afford the price, just consider it buying insurance."

Liao Fan's gaze flickered, hesitating.

Soon.

The two driving the decrepit old taxi, now declared a total loss, had reached the entrance of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

The gate of the residential complex was now deserted.

It must be that they had already received the news and evacuated the people. After all, ordinary people facing the arrival of ghost wielders would not be effective, only increasing the casualties.

Yet at this moment, Liao Fan suddenly slammed on the brakes, accompanied by various creaking sounds from the old taxi as it came to a stop.

"Why not charge directly in?" Xu Feng asked.

"There's a situation."

Liao Fan said, "It seems that the few remaining have made preparations, waiting for us here. I can sense some anomalies, that should be... the security booth."

His gaze shifted.

He directly locked onto that security booth.

That security booth indeed looked odd.

It was clearly daytime, yet the booth was dim, as if no light reached inside, easily ignored if not observed carefully.

Liao Fan immediately turned on the taxi's headlights and shone them directly at it.

The yellow, dim headlights were very conspicuous even in daylight, forming two beams like those of nighttime.

The light enveloped the security booth.

The darkness inside the booth dispersed, revealing a person.

That person stood inside the booth, his gaze fixed here, seeming to have been monitoring the situation outside all along.

"He's a ghost wielder, and also a man. So, this person is... Li Yang, his codename is Ghost Door Blocker," Xu Feng also observed and immediately provided some crucial information.

"Then it's safer to just go ahead and crash into it."

Liao Fan's eyes revealed a hint of madness; he released the brake and stepped on the accelerator.

The old car roared loudly.

The car's exhaust pipe emitted thick smoke, within which was a stench of corpses, like rotting bodies burning, the smell somewhat resembling the Ghost Smoke that had enveloped Mingyue Community in Dachuan City before.

Then, the car instantly burst out.

It was unclear what kind of engine was fitted, but its horsepower was astonishingly high.

"Is it coming? Just as Xiong Wenwen had predicted."

Li Yang stood in the guardhouse with no intention to dodge; he simply reached out and touched the door of the guardhouse,

enveloping the tiny guardhouse with the supernatural power of the Ghost Door Blocker.

At this moment, the ghost could neither leave nor enter the guardhouse.

He could block other supernatural influences.

"Hmm? Not dodging?"

At this moment, Liao Fan frowned, realizing that the person inside the guardhouse had no intention to dodge and seemed to be deliberately standing there waiting for him to crash into him.

Was it negligence, thinking that this was just a regular car, and it wouldn't kill him?

No, that shouldn't be the case. Tong Qian should not be dead yet; by this time, she must have already notified them here to be on guard.

Information about the Ghost Taxi should have already been leaked.

"Knowing the danger of this taxi and still standing there, could this be a trap?"

Liao Fan thought this way, sensing something was off.

However, the Ghost Taxi was already in motion; he was relatively safe inside the car, and hitting people before had always worked without fail, so there was no reason to retreat just because of a slight doubt in his heart.

"Crash him."

Putting aside all thoughts, Liao Fan no longer hesitated.

"Bang!"

The next moment.

A loud boom echoed.

The taxi crashed into the guardhouse. It was the collision of one paranormal entity against another.

"Damn it, how could this happen?"

Liao Fan felt like the Ghost Taxi had hit a stone stump; normally, it should have passed through the guardhouse and hit the person inside out, right?

The Ghost Taxi was forcefully stopped by the guardhouse, but this old, nearly scrapped car was still intact, only the engine made a strange noise and suddenly lost its power, as if it was interfered with, and couldn't operate normally.

Meanwhile, the guardhouse, eroded by the supernatural, had caved in by more than half, and it was nearly falling apart; under normal circumstances, it should have already collapsed.

But as the light inside flickered, the darkness receded.

Li Yang's face was terrifyingly pale, and blood covered his nose and mouth as he leaned on the door and walked out of the guardhouse, staring intently at the taxi.

He used the influence of the Ghost Door Blocker on the guardhouse, luring Liao Fan to crash, all to forcibly stop this Ghost Taxi.

Just like Xiong Wenwen predicted, the car stopped.

Even a paranormal entity has its limits.

"Cough, cough."

Li Yang was in pain; he felt a severe pain all over his body, a ferocious ghost squirming in his chest, as if wanting to emerge from the door, and his body also showed signs of erosion, increasingly resembling a corpse.

If it had not been for the last time he went out with the captain to control the second ghost, this crash would have killed him already.

"It's more unbearable than I imagined, but at least I held on." Li Yang still had no expression on his face.

This kind of pain is nothing.

He is no longer the novice who knew nothing at the beginning.

"I underestimated you. If I'm not mistaken, you must be Li Yang," Liao Fan said as he opened the car door, his eyes coldly visible.

"Just you alone? Where are the other two?"

Li Yang!

While speaking.

A familiar voice suddenly came from behind Li Yang, someone was calling his name, and it sounded like Yang Jian was behind him.

Captain?

A chill ran through Li Yang's heart, and he instinctively wanted to turn around.

But before he could turn around.

A clump of black, eerie hair blocked his vision, almost burying his head into that strange black hair.

"Don't turn around, it's not a person calling you, it's a ghost calling your name, and if you turn around, you're dead."

Huang Ziya stood behind him, her black hair hanging down, blocking his vision and preventing it from happening.

Li Yang was startled.

He instantly realized that this must be the Ghost Call that Tong Qian mentioned.

Once a living person turns around, they trigger the ghost's murderous rule, and death is certain.

Despite being prepared, facing it was still overpowering, and it was fortunate that Xiong Wenwen had anticipated this and had Huang Ziya appear behind him to prevent any accidents.

"You've already anticipated my Ghost Call. This can't be Tong Qian's information. I just got out of the car, and that person, Huang Ziya, already appeared behind Li Yang. It's as if you knew in advance that I would target Li Yang."

Realizing this, Liao Fan started to look ferocious: "Premonition?"

"It was that Xiong Wenwen, where is he? Come out," he growled.

This is the most mysterious and inexplicable ability in the supernatural circle, premonition.

"You think I would tell you?" Li Yang said expressionlessly.

Xu Feng took a big step forward, his mummy-like face twitching slightly: "I've read Xiong Wenwen's file, and he indeed has premonition, but I want to know whether in his premonition, you guys lost or won?"

"In the premonition, you guys lost. Both of you died here."

Li Yang spoke confidently, his tone somewhat resembling Yang Jian's.

Xu Feng paused in his steps, his face stiffened.

Li Yang narrowed his eyes, realizing in this moment why Yang Jian had become the captain. Even these two vicious criminals faltered when facing uncertain danger; he faltered, and thus, I became stronger.

And Yang Jian, he never faltered.

Thus, everyone in the supernatural circle knows, the formidable Ghost-Eyed Yang Jian.

"I don't believe this future." Xu Feng grinned in an ugly smile: "You are lying to me."

While he spoke, he continued to walk forward.

His Ghost Hug has a limited range; it's not unlimited, so he must get within a certain distance to be effective.

Of course, this is something he wouldn't share with others.

"Now your Dachang City team is left with just a few of you. You should know that Feng Quan and Zhang Han are already dead, Tong Qian is half-dead, and we've also been to Shangtong Tower, stormed your safe house, killed a few people, and took that mirror; and in all this, Yang Jian never showed up."

"He's finished, yet you still want to desperately hold out here? If you run away obediently, we won't pursue you to the death."

Li Yang remained silent, only saying: "You've crossed the line."

Hmm?

Xu Feng's gaze shifted slightly as he glanced downward.

Indeed, his foot had crossed a yellow plastic line that marked the no-parking zone at the entrance of the residential complex.

"Therefore, you must die."

Li Yang had only just begun to speak when the clothes on his chest were suddenly torn to shreds.

The skin writhed as if it were a door, and behind that door, a ferocious ghost squirmed beneath the flesh, wailing, trying to break out, but then it stopped, only revealing a pair of malevolent eyes, as if possessed by an evil spirit, causing one's scalp to tingle.

In an instant.

Xu Feng felt a tremendous pulling force.

At this moment, he felt targeted by the fierce ghost, about to be dragged through that door.

"Damn it."

In that instant, Xu Feng realized what that line beneath his feet was.

It was the range of Li Yang's supernatural influence.

"This guy has controlled a second ghost, act quickly."

Xu Feng shouted, stabilizing his body as much as possible while without hesitation, he tapped into the ghost's power within him.

A cold breath suddenly approached Li Yang and Huang Ziya.

Suddenly.

An invisible rigid corpse abruptly embraced the two.

An intense chill penetrated their bodies, rendering them almost immobile as if they were completely bound.

Huang Ziya gritted her teeth; the ghost was in the recovery phase, and her waist-length black hair suddenly grew longer and denser, enveloping both herself and Li Yang in front of her.

The ghost hair almost engulfed Li Yang.

But it blocked the attack from the ghostly embrace.

To the naked eye, a human silhouette with long arms tightly bound the two was displayed upon that thick hair.

Liao Fan was just about to make a move, but the next moment, a bizarrely colored barefoot child ran past.

"A ghost?"

Startled in his heart.

"Eat him," a cold and light voice commanded.

A young and beautiful woman dressed in a long white down jacket, resembling an ice maiden, slowly emerged from behind the wall of the complex's main gate.

Wang Shanshan, expressionless, her eyelashes flickered as she monitored the situation of the Ghost Child.

The Ghost Child was fierce.

Fiercely unreasonable, it only obeyed the orders of Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan.

Now, at the command, the Ghost Child immediately changed its killing pattern and directly pounced on Liao Fan.

"What the hell is that?"

Before Liao Fan could see clearly, that grotesquely colored creature, resembling a dead infant, charged at him.

It was a child about seven or eight years old.

Dressed in a dirty, old shroud, the kind only worn by the dead.

And at this moment, without a word, it embraced Liao Fan and bit him, truly as if it wanted to devour him alive.

Chapter 870 The Safe House that was Opened

Xu Feng and Liao Fan did not expect Yang Jian's small team to have such strong resilience.

Besides the missing Yang Jian, top members like Tong Qian and Feng Quan were gone, yet the remaining members could still fight to this extent. They managed to stop the Ghost Taxi, restrain the Ghost Call, and even counterattacked.

They were just a few insignificant characters, likely to mysteriously disappear tomorrow within the Supernatural Circle, yet they proved surprisingly difficult to handle.

"Bang!"

Xu Feng, who looked like a dried corpse, was thrown out by that Supernatural Power, directly colliding with Li Yang.

His body twisted and deformed.

A terrifying ghost was pulling him into Li Yang's body, merging into the door formed by scars on the skin.

This power was not something normal humans could contend with; it was so strong that it could physically twist and contort a body into a pretzel.

However, Xu Feng's body was extraordinary; it had been eroded by several kinds of Supernatural Powers, and he had survived, so he wasn't as frail as imagined. He was still resisting and struggling.

"Damn it, you have controlled a second ghost, when did this happen?"

He was both shocked and furious, his withered cheeks roaring.

He panicked.

Because Li Yang exceeded his expectations, this guy was not an insignificant character, but a ghost master capable of using two powerful ghosts.

In this era, controlling two ghosts was not uncommon, but if one had strong abilities, they could be considered a master.

Like Tong Qian, who almost annihilated them.

This Li Yang was no less formidable, although not as difficult to deal with as Tong Qian, but not someone he could easily defeat.

"You're dead."

At this moment, Li Yang instead tightly embraced Xu Feng, as if he was the real ghost embracing a person.

"Aren't you afraid of the ghost reviving before killing me?"

Xu Feng struggled, his face fierce, but no matter what, he couldn't break free from this bind and could only watch as his body gradually sank.

It seemed to be pulled into Li Yang's chest, merging into his flesh.

Soon.

One of his hands went in.

Then, Xu Feng horrifiedly realized that the inside of Li Yang's body was hollow, containing no flesh and bones, just cold, stiff hands.

It was a ghost.

At this moment, that ghost was pulling his arm further inside.

"Even if I die, it's worth it."

Li Yang was determined and unyielding, although his face showed pain.

The Ghost's embrace attack continued.

The body tightened increasingly, even Huang Ziya's Ghost Hair resistance could still feel the terror of that thing.

He was genuinely embraced by a ghost.

Huang Ziya was also gritting her teeth and groaning lowly, feeling her body being gradually crushed.

But she held onto the crystal necklace hanging around her neck.

Ghost Conman was repairing her body.

Defending against Supernatural injuries.

The pure and flawless crystal visibly darkened, becoming contaminated.

Both Li Yang and Huang Ziya were not anomalies, this drain was very fatal for them, but in a life-and-death fight, no one could back down because fighting had a possibility of survival, not fighting only meant a quicker death.

"Liao Fan."

Xu Feng felt he could not resist any longer, half his body already pulled in, and he began to panic, signaling for help.

"It's useless, our target was to kill you first, Liao Fan still lacks clear information, so we arranged Ghost Child to deal with him, that thing is almost equivalent to a real ghost, even if it cannot kill him right away, he definitely can't get away." While enduring pain, Li Yang also extinguished Xu Feng's hopes.

This plan wasn't devised by him but by Xiong Wenwen.

Although a child, he had foresight, so this was the best outcome.

And reality was indeed unfolding as foreseen, without deviation.

As long as it continued like this.

They could win.

Meanwhile, Liao Fan was desperately trying to get rid of this ghostly entity on him, he had no time to help Xu Feng. He attempted to use Ghost Call to stop Ghost Child, but failed.

Ghost Child just curiously glanced back, paused a moment, and then continued to attack him.

He was not killed by Ghost Call.

"Ghost Shroud, it's this Ghost Shroud, damn it, Yang Jian actually put the Ghost Shroud on this thing, he was actually nurturing a ghost." Liao Fan now utterly despised Yang Jian.

Wherever this ghostly thing bit, the clothes would rapidly decay.

And it stuck to the body unable to be shaken off; when he reached out to stop it, a large chunk of his hand was bitten off.

Strangely, where Liao Fan's palm was bitten off, there was only a thin layer of human skin, no flesh and blood inside, just packed with black, foul-smelling cotton.

Yes.

You saw it right.

As the thick down jacket on Liao Fan decayed due to the corpse fluid, a broken and incomplete body appeared in front of everyone.

It was a body sewn together with scraps of human skin and fabric, filled entirely with things like cotton, straw, and that sort of material, and there were also wooden rods to serve as the body's support.

He had long lost a living person's body and was only able to survive by relying on supernatural power.

To truly describe his appearance, he looked more like a scarecrow.

"I can't let this thing keep biting me, otherwise I will really be torn into pieces by this ghost thing," Liao Fan felt more and more parts of his body dropping off.

If it exceeded a certain limit, he would lose the ability to move.

At that point, it would be no different than being dead.

But in normal times, he would have no issues, whether targeted by a ghost or attacked by supernatural forces, as long as he remained still he could survive, and even avoid being harmed by supernatural power, but this wouldn't work.

This thing's attack was relentless.

He couldn't evade this kind of attack.

It really was somewhat restraining him.

Liao Fan wanted to ask Xu Feng for help, but it turned out Xu Feng was even worse off, his body had broken, about to be pulled into someone else's body.

"If only Pei Dong hadn't died."

He gnashed his teeth with rage, but his mouth was sealed off, and he also had no teeth.

With the leak of information and their team short of people, they no longer had the upper hand; without the ability to rely on Ghost Taxi, they immediately fell into a disadvantage.

His body was being slowly torn apart.

Liao Fan was powerless to stop it, and could only watch haplessly as everything unfolded; his Ghost Call was of no effect now on anyone, as people were already on guard, after all, Ghost Call only entices people to look back, not force them to.

"Hold on, they can't last much longer, they're all going to die."

At this moment, Xiong Wenwen suddenly popped up from nowhere, shouting loudly, "Just like the premonition, these two shameless bastards are about to die at the hands of Daddy Xiong, in revenge for Tong Qian."

He had no fighting capability, only able to cheer from the sideline.

"Xiong Wenwen? I'll kill you." Liao Fan's eyes seemed bloodshot, as he said fiercely and ferociously.

It was all because of this child, who had foreseen everything and set this plan in motion.

Otherwise, how could the two of them end up like this?

He wanted to use Ghost Call to kill Xiong Wenwen, but before he could act, Xiong Wenwen immediately covered his ears and turned to run.

"Damn brat."

Seeing that he had already run away ahead of time, Liao Fan knew he couldn't kill him anymore, so he immediately changed his mind, withstood the attack from Ghost Child, and took out his phone to dial a number.

"Hello, I agree to the condition."

"Location."

"Dachang City, Guanjiang Residential Complex."

"Is Yang Jian there?"

"No bloody way, we've been fighting till now and Yang Jian hasn't shown up, he must be dead."

"Okay."

The phone conversation ended.

And as soon as the phone ended, Xiong Wenwen, who was originally about to run away, suddenly stopped in his tracks, then panic-stricken, he shouted, "Li Yang, Huang Ziya, Wang Shanshan, bad news,

bad news, another person is coming to Dachang City, he will arrive soon, hurry up, hurry up, ah, can't get away, hurry up and kill those two, hurry."

Xiong Wenwen was very urgent, as if he foresaw something very bad happening.

What?

For a moment, Li Yang and Huang Ziya were stunned.

Another person?

But before they could finish speaking, the bright daylight suddenly dimmed.

It was as if the light was abruptly taken away; although the sunlight was still there, it was dim and lightless, although there was still light far away, this place seemed to have fallen into darkness, and at the same time, an unpleasant odor began to fill the air, smelling like the rotting scent after a corpse swells.

"Ghost Domain?"

Li Yang and Huang Ziya were shocked instantly.

The next moment.

In a shadowy corner nearby, a man with dark purple complexion and slightly swollen skin eerily emerged.

As soon as he appeared, Liao Fan and Xu Feng immediately escaped the dangerous situation they were attacked in and appeared right next to him.

The Ghost Domain relocated the two men.

Even so, the two were still in a bad state. Liao Fan's leg was broken, his body pockmarked, barely able to bear his weight anymore. Xu Feng had it even worse, his waist broken and an arm ripped off by something, his body grotesquely twisted as if he couldn't recover, turning into a deformed mummy.

"Gu Cheng, you arrived quickly; a moment later and we would have been dead," Xu Feng said with lingering fear.

Liao Fan didn't say a word, his eyelid twitching because he saw the Ghost Child charging at them again: "Dammit, it's coming again?"

The man named Gu Cheng glanced, and the Ghost Child immediately vanished: "I've transferred this ghostly thing elsewhere for now; it won't attack for the time being. It seems Yang Jian really isn't here; his Ghost Domain is stronger than mine. If we really battled, my Ghost Domain would be useless. But we need to hurry, grab the item, and leave. I don't want any accidents."

"It's over, over, they've called for help, we've definitely lost now," Xiong Wenwen said, feeling a bad premonition and panicked instantly.

"I don't recognize this person, but since he has the Ghost Domain, he must be tough to handle," Li Yang recalled the information in his mind, but none fit.

Huang Ziya said, "A civilian ghost master, definitely not on any official records."

"Be careful, the situation is not in our favor," Li Yang took a deep breath, wiping the blood from his nose.

At that moment, Xu Feng said, "Gu Cheng, help me kill them."

"That's not within the scope of our agreement; I'll take the item and leave," Gu Cheng said, his face swollen, his voice slightly sluggish as if he was overweight.

Xu Feng's face changed, this guy was ruthless enough. If he didn't eliminate these people today, he would definitely be targeted for retaliation later and wouldn't be able to rest easy.

Clearly, he came only to gain an advantage without suffering any losses.

As expected.

This helper wasn't so easy to employ.

"I've found the safe house, follow me," Gu Cheng said and immediately vanished with the two men from that spot.

Li Yang's face changed abruptly: "Hurry, stop them now."

Huang Ziya stumbled, almost falling, she bittersweetly said: "How to stop them, this person has the Ghost Domain. Without Feng Quan and Yang Jian, we have no chance of defeating him."

Those who possess the Ghost Domain are rare because it's too hard to control, often leading to death from ghost resurgence.

Thus, only some top figures have the Ghost Domain.

Such as Yang Jian, such as Fang Shiming, such as Ye Zhen, Li Leping.

Of course, there are also a few lucky ones, but those are very few.

"If I go to safe house number one and block the door, there might be a chance. If it doesn't work, I'll just die there, and when my ghost resurges, no one will dare to enter that place. Even the Ghost Domain can't affect it," Li Yang said.

Then, without another word, he turned and left.

Huang Ziya was conflicted, unsure whether to keep fighting. Looking down at her crystal necklace, which had almost turned black, perhaps another use or two and the ghost would resurge.

"Xiong Wenwen, use your foresight one more time, to the maximum extent, say if there's a chance," Huang Ziya said.

Xiong Wenwen responded, "Foresight involving supernatural elements might deviate, accuracy can't be guaranteed. If my predictions were only about ordinary people, then they would be 100% accurate, but when it involves the supernatural, things can change. Right now, I feel like we're definitely going to die if we go, that person... is very powerful."

"How powerful?" Huang Ziya asked.

Xiong Wenwen thought for a moment: "He could probably just manage to be a team leader, luckily he changed his mind because in my prediction, we all got killed by him."

Huang Ziya's eyes narrowed.

This was a problem.

Out of nowhere, such a powerful character emerged, one completely unheard of before.

"This should be the place, there are two safe houses here, but I think this safe house is the correct one," Gu Cheng led Xu Feng and Liao Fan to the door of an underground safe house.

This is safe house number one.

Also, where Yang Jian is in slumber.

"Open the door," Gu Cheng ordered, his tone sluggish.

Xu Feng's face twitched slightly. He and Gu Cheng had met on a supernatural bus, but by the time Xu Feng boarded, Gu Cheng had already been on it for a while and only got off after spending quite some time there.

This guy seemed to have let his own ghost enter a state of deadlock to some extent.

Almost an aberration.

"Just opening the door like that, aren't you afraid of any problems?" Liao Fan asked.

"If there's a problem, we'll just leave. If Yang Jian really isn't in Dachang City, there's nothing that can kill me," Gu Cheng responded.

Xu Feng remained silent as he forcibly opened the door of the safehouse.

The so-called safehouse guards against supernatural incidents, but it can't prevent man-made destruction, because ghosts need to trigger rules to kill. The safehouse can block the ghosts' perception.

But humans do not need to adhere to this rule.

This is also the advantage of a ghost controller.

Upon opening it, everything in it was immediately exposed to everyone present.

A steel coffin was placed in the middle of the room, already sealed.

The room also contained several gold boxes.

"No mistake, this is Yang Jian's safehouse. All his supernatural items and imprisoned evil spirits are stored here," Xu Feng said, looking around with some excitement.

"I only want the Coffin Nail, the rest is up to you," Gu Cheng blunted briefly before continuing.

His goal turned out to be for the Coffin Nail as well.

If talking about the most precious supernatural item in the Supernatural Circle, without a doubt, it is the Coffin Nail.

It's known that this item has nailed down a Hungry Ghost and killed Ye Zhen.

And it has no side effects when used.

It is almost considered a Strategic Level resource by now, if it weren't held in Yang Jian's hand, people would have teamed up to steal it long ago.

The gaze of Xu Feng and Liao Fan immediately darkened.

"What, you disagree?"

Gu Cheng sneered, "But since I have come, whether you agree or not, I must leave with something, considering the huge risks I've taken to support you."

"Fine, you can have it," Xu Feng said reluctantly.

They were under the Pendulum Clock curse, with their lives on a countdown. If they couldn't extend the timer, then nothing else would matter.

And now was not the time to turn against Gu Cheng.

Soon.

The three of them searched around.

They found the Ghost Porcelain, the embroidered shoes, and the dismembered puppet doll.

But they couldn't find the Coffin Nail or that rusty and bizarre Firewood Knife.

"No, didn't find it."

"Neither did I."

Gu Cheng had been watching the whole time; he knew Xu Feng and Liao Fan weren't lying.

Indeed, these two most important items were not found.

Eventually, the three of them focused their gaze on the most conspicuous iron coffin.

"Such important items are likely brought inside the coffin by Yang Jian, we need to open the coffin," Liao Fan said with a shift in his gaze.

"Yang Jian's body is likely inside, if so, it's probably in a state of revival now, opening the coffin is very dangerous."

Xu Feng touched the cold metal of the coffin lid, his sense of unease rapidly magnifying.

Liao Fan added, "Maybe the Coffin Nail is inserted in Yang Jian's own body. Since he's dead, to prevent his own ghost from reviving, he restricted himself."

"Let's take the coffin outside to open it and see. If we encounter danger, we'll retreat immediately. This place is too cramped and once there's trouble, it's easy to get trapped," Gu Cheng turned and said, still insisting on opening the coffin.

The two men looked at each other and both nodded.

After all, not only the Coffin Nail, the Firewood Knife was also missing.

This crucial trip would be a great loss if they didn't secure the most important supernatural items.

After taking some items from the safehouse, they carried the metal coffin out of the safehouse and into the residential complex.

"Just in case, I'll go bring the taxi here. If anyone tries to meddle, Gu Cheng, you'll have to help me take them down," Liao Fan said.

"Don't worry, no one will cause trouble, if they dare come, I'll slaughter them all," Gu Cheng also remained coldly detached.

For someone like him, taking a few lives really didn't weigh on his mind.

It was just that he didn't want to waste time dealing with Li Yang and the others, simply wasting his abilities.