

Revival 871

Chapter 871 Who Am I?

"Bang!"

A muffled thunderous sound spread.

A metallic coffin weighing a ton fell heavily to the ground, causing the nearby ground to crack.

The coffin, made of gold and special steel, is extremely hard and heavy, impossible to easily destroy with brute force and also able to isolate supernatural influences.

It was custom-made for Yang Jian.

But now.

This metallic coffin was moved out from Safe House One by Xu Feng and Liao Fan.

"Open it." Gu Cheng, whose face was swollen and skin showed a strange purplish-red hue, spoke dully from the side.

"Now?" Xu Feng paused.

Gu Cheng said, "Of course, when else do you plan to wait? Once we have the item, we should leave. I don't want any unexpected dangers to arise if we linger too long."

Xu Feng's eyes fluctuated.

At this moment, Liao Fan had already driven the old taxi over. He didn't get out of the car, but simply nodded slightly at Xu Feng: "Xu Feng, go ahead. If there's really any danger, I'll drive you away, but I think it shouldn't come to that. After all, Yang Jian might truly be dead. He must have taken care of his affairs before his death."

"Opening the coffin shouldn't pose a big threat."

Shouldn't?

Is this a matter that can be taken lightly?

Xu Feng was secretly annoyed in his heart, but he was powerless; no one here was willing to take action.

Nobody wanted to face the initial wave of danger that could follow the opening of the coffin.

"Fine, I'll open the coffin." Xu Feng took a deep breath, showing signs of nervousness.

Though his body was twisted and only one arm remained, his strength was still incredibly formidable. He attempted to lift the coffin lid single-handedly.

The heavy metallic coffin shook but didn't open.

"This coffin isn't meant to be lifted; it's supposed to be pushed." Gu Cheng noticed something and spoke up.

Xu Feng nodded and changed his approach, pushing the heavy metallic lid with one hand.

The metal sealing the crevice of the lid distorted and deformed, creaking, while the lid itself was slowly being pried apart.

"It's really going to be opened."

From the taxi, Liao Fan looked up with curiosity, eager to see what the coffin contained, yet also filled with dread.

"Stop, you can't open that coffin."

Just then, Li Yang arrived. He roared loudly, trying to stop the acts of these people.

But it was a step too late.

The others had the Ghost Domain; he couldn't reach Safe House One in time.

"This matter is out of your hands now, and you should recognize the situation. I haven't attacked you not because I'm afraid to kill you, but because I don't want to waste energy on irrelevant people. If you try to stop us, I can make you die right now," Gu Cheng said, turning around to stare intently at Li Yang.

However, the real reason was that he didn't actually want to kill these headquarters' leaders.

If it did not involve taking a human life, even stealing a Coffin Nail would not be considered seriously, the headquarters would only deal with Liao Fan and Xu Feng, the murderers, rather than turning their attention to oneself.

After weighing the pros and cons, he still had a clear understanding in his heart.

However, Li Yang did not care; he still chose to rush over.

"Ignorant of death."

Gu Cheng said coldly, then took a breath.

Instantly, within the Ghost Domain, a rotten stench emerged next to Li Yang, and his body stiffened at once. He fell to the ground, his face turning red, looking as if he were suffocating, his skin bursting into a purplish red. Most bizarrely, no matter how he breathed, it was of no use.

The feeling of suffocation persisted.

"Li Yang."

Huang Ziya rushed over, and seeing Li Yang on the ground clutching his throat, tearing at his chest, she was stunned by his painful and struggling appearance.

What exactly happened just now? Why did Li Yang suddenly collapse to the ground, unable to get up?

Even if he had been attacked by supernatural forces, he should not be completely unable to resist.

"Open the coffin, what are you still standing there for?" Gu Cheng turned back and barked.

Xu Feng gritted his teeth and pushed hard.

Bang!

The heavy metal coffin lid was directly pushed open. Inside, there was no scene of a fierce ghost revival as imagined, and no eerie phenomenon occurred; everything appeared so calm.

Xu Feng looked inside the coffin.

His expression shifted slightly right away.

Lying inside was the body of a young man, motionless, cold, and lifeless. But most eerie was that his face was covered with an antique newspaper that appeared stained with fresh blood, adhering tightly to the flesh, leaving only the contours of facial features visible.

Next to the body, there was a Gold spear with many cracks and a very strange shape.

Besides that, there was nothing but a mobile phone, a power bank, and an old mahogany box that had been opened.

"Indeed, it's Yang Jian's body, he's dead," Xu Feng observed for a while, then let out a big sigh of relief.

He couldn't feel any signs of life from the body, nor could he sense any signs of Yang Jian's revival.

"The famous ghost-eye character Yang Jian of the supernatural circle, who would've thought he'd die so quietly, unnoticed."

After Gu Cheng confirmed the situation, he suddenly appeared next to the coffin.

After glancing over it.

A slight cold smile appeared on Gu Cheng's swollen face: "Well prepared indeed, enclosing yourself within a coffin, and storing the coffin in a safety house, it could almost be said to be foolproof. Even if a fierce ghost resurrected after your death, it would absolutely not affect the outside in the slightest. The only mistake was bringing that supernatural object with you into the coffin for burial."

"The ancients knew not to put gold and silver treasures into a coffin, fearing that tomb robbers would open it to take the treasures, damaging the body. It seems you weren't that clever either. It's a pity I couldn't meet you in life, otherwise, I'd really like to meet the renowned ghost-eye."

He said with a touch of remorse.

Even such a top figure had a day when he died in a coffin, which made people feel a sense of regret.

Gu Cheng might sigh, but he wasn't slow to act. After observing and confirming there was no danger, he immediately reached out to take the Gold spear. If he wasn't mistaken, the Coffin Nail had been fused into it.

But no matter how it changed.

Supernatural items were always supernatural items and could not be easily destroyed, so he just needed to extract it again.

"Gu Cheng, didn't you say you'd only take the Coffin Nail? The Firewood Knife has also been fused into this spear, are you planning to take that as well?" Xu Feng stared at him and reminded at that moment.

"There should be an order to these things. After I take the Coffin Nail, I will naturally return it to you," Gu Cheng said.

Although he had the power to turn hostile, he did not do so, because Xu Feng and Liao Fan had backers, and he did not want to get involved in the Pendulum Clock curse incident.

"I hope you will do as you say," Xu Feng said. "We don't want to turn against each other over a small conflict either, as that would benefit no one."

Gu Cheng didn't speak, but grabbed the spear, ready to pull it out.

But soon, his brows furrowed.

The object seemed to be stuck in Yang Jian's hands, as if glued there. Although it wasn't held tightly, it couldn't be taken out at the moment.

"What's the point of these tricks when you're already dead?"

Gu Cheng exerted a sharp force.

The golden spear finally left the hand, but the immense force also directly pulled up the body lying in the coffin, causing the corpse to sit up stiff and motionless.

"Gu Cheng, be careful," Xu Feng said, his eyelids twitching.

Although Yang Jian was dead, the ghost within him was still there. Although there were no signs of resurrection at the moment, there was no guarantee that Gu Cheng's actions wouldn't trigger the corpse's murderous rules, awakening the body.

"This Yang Jian had quite the idea, wanting to assemble supernatural items to create a weapon. It seems this is only a half-finished product, but the idea is quite visionary and worth learning from."

Gu Cheng remained silent, his gaze fixed on the golden spear in his hands.

The head of the spear was the Firewood Knife, but the original shape of the knife was no longer visible, with only a rusty blade barely recognizable.

As for the Coffin Nail, it was embedded at the tail end.

"It's time to divide the artifacts," Xu Feng reminded him.

He was afraid that Gu Cheng, having obtained these two supernatural items, would run away, after all, he had access to the Ghost Domain.

However, Liao Fan, standing nearby, was staring intently at Gu Cheng. If he did run, there would be no choice but to chase him by car. They would then see who had the upper hand.

Asking this guy for help meant they surely had some countermeasure.

At this moment.

Xiong Wenwen finally ran over. Seeing the scene in front of him, he was momentarily stunned.

"You're late. The captain's coffin has been opened. Without a doubt, the captain has failed; he's dead."

Huang Ziya now stood beside Li Yang. She held the suffering Li Yang with one hand and clenched the now-blackened crystal necklace around her neck with the other, trying to save Li Yang with the Deceiving Ghost, but to little effect, barely maintaining him.

Her breathtakingly beautiful face showed despair and a trace of desolation.

After all, from today onwards, this squad would be thoroughly done for.

But Xiong Wenwen frowned, hesitating for a long while before saying, "No, it's too early to say that now, Yang Jian... he's not dead."

Huang Ziya looked up slightly at him: "Are you comforting me, or did you use precognition?"

"Of course, it's precognition," Xiong Wenwen replied, "and just now."

Hearing this, Huang Ziya suddenly turned her gaze towards the direction of the coffin.

Meanwhile.

As Gu Cheng and Xu Feng each harbored their own schemes on how to divide the supernatural items, beside them, inside the metallic coffin.

The body sitting stiffly and upright in the coffin underwent some subtle changes.

The old bloodstained newspaper that was stuck to the corpse's face started to fall off bit by bit, crumbling like weathered ash, rapidly disintegrating.

The red of the newspaper disappeared along with the bloodstains.

A young yet pale face was revealed.

In addition, the red Eight-Tone Music Box inside the metal coffin seemed to have lost the support of some supernatural power at the same moment. Several cracks appeared, and then it shattered with a snap, leaving only a few pieces of rotten wood.

A dreadful balance had been broken.

At the exact moment this balance was broken.

A cold and dark aura immediately emanated from the coffin.

It was darkness.

Like ink, the darkness spread out from the metallic coffin and seemed to stain the ground.

At the same time, a streak of red light appeared in the sky, which also spread out at an incredible speed, eroding the heavens in all directions.

Suddenly.

Sensing the anomaly, Gu Cheng's complexion changed dramatically, and he turned to look back.

Xu Feng also felt a sense of imminent danger, as if ghosts were lurking around, sending chills down his spine, and he immediately turned to look back by instinct.

Liao Fan stood by the side of the old cab, intently watching the body inside the coffin at this moment.

Because at this moment.

The body of Yang Jian stood up.

Standing straight in the coffin.

"Get out of here, Yang Jian's ghost has revived. I'll take this item and go first; we'll be in touch about any issues afterward," Gu Cheng said.

Gu Cheng seized this opportunity to attempt to spirit away the spear in his hand, intending to escape using the ghost domain.

Under normal circumstances, he could leave without any difficulty.

Even if a ghost was resurrected, it would take some time.

As long as he wasn't targeted, he would be safe.

That's why he dared to open the coffin to investigate.

However, just as Gu Cheng was about to make his escape, the step he had just taken froze.

Because, at this moment, the sky had been completely dyed red.

His Ghost Domain had vanished in an instant, his supernatural power completely suppressed, and even the Ghost Domain could not be used.

"This... this... isn't a ghost's revival. Normal revivals don't happen this fast..." Gu Cheng realized in shock.

Before he could think further.

In the deadly quiet surroundings, a familiar voice sounded.

"Who... am I?"

The voice was slightly stiff but did not sound terrifying. However, to Gu Cheng, Xu Feng, and Liao Fan, the words were nothing short of horrifying.

If it wasn't the resurrection of a ghost, then there was only one possibility.

Yang Jian was still alive.

Chapter 872 The Awakened One

"Who... am I?"

Eerie and tranquil, a confused and slightly stiff voice eerily wafted through the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

This voice came from a youth standing inside a metallic coffin.

Strictly speaking, this was no longer a living person, but a dead one, someone who had been dead for quite some time. It was unknown why he had awakened today, and he still possessed some degree of consciousness, but whether this consciousness belonged to a living person was not known.

"Who am I?"

Again, a low murmur rose, filled with confusion and bewilderment.

"He woke up..."

Yet such activity caused Xu Feng to feel a heart-racing terror, and even Gu Cheng's face was full of grave concern, which surged with intense unease.

Without a doubt, Yang Jian was not dead; he was still alive.

But how could this be possible?

Just now there was clearly no sign of life, and the fact that he had sealed himself in a coffin seemed to prove that there was something seriously wrong with him, that he needed to put an end to himself.

But why.

Why would Yang Jian wake up again?

Wasn't it supposed to be the resurrections of malevolent ghosts?

Gu Cheng looked solemn, feeling that things had suddenly become complicated. He should have left by now, taking advantage of the fact that Yang Jian was in an abnormal state.

But now it seemed impossible to leave.

He was currently in Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, and it wasn't up to him to leave as he pleased.

"Who am I?"

"Who am I..."

Yang Jian stood motionless in the coffin, still murmuring as if he had lost all his memories, his mind plunged into a void. It seemed like he was trying to recall something, and as a result, an immense flood of memories emerged from the depths of his mind, so vast that they could submerge anyone's consciousness.

"Am I Yang Jian?"

Yet a very bizarre piece of information kept recurring in his mind, this information comprising just four words: I am Yang Jian.

"Who is Yang Jian?"

He continued to murmur, confused and recalling.

Yang Jian, Yang Jian, Yang Jian...

Memories about Yang Jian began to surface in his mind, memories that had always been there but were obscured by a multitude of other immense memories, not easy to recollect or find.

"Who is Yang Jian?"

However, he kept talking to himself, seeming not to be as smoothly recovering as imagined, everything still undergoing unknown changes.

Gu Cheng, seeing this, seemed to realize something: "Could it be that he has lost his consciousness? That he can't remember the past anymore, his mind becoming a blank slate?"

Though he hadn't guessed completely correctly, he was not far off the mark.

"What do we do now?" Xu Feng spoke in a hushed voice, clearly very anxious.

"Attack him while he's weak, seize his life now. Yang Jian is not in his right state; this is the best moment for us to act. Moreover, I already have the Coffin Nail and Firewood Knife that were in Yang Jian's hands. Under these circumstances, our chances of winning are very high," Gu Cheng said decisively, his swollen face revealing determination.

"And now we can't afford not to kill him. His Ghost Domain has already enveloped the surroundings; leaving won't be easy for us."

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's take action and kill Yang Jian first."

Liao Fan, who was next to them, also sensed that Yang Jian's condition was not right and felt that it was an optimal moment to strike.

If they couldn't seize such an opportunity, they didn't deserve to be known as ghost tamers.

The three exchanged glances, briefly aligning their opinions.

Take action!

Without further delay, the three immediately harnessed the power of malevolent ghosts.

The malevolent ghost controlled by Xu Feng made the first move.

Normally, his Hugger Ghost was invisible, non-existent in reality, but in this red Ghost Domain, a blurry silhouette of the ghost actually appeared. The shadowy figure emerged from Xu Feng and rapidly approached Yang Jian, then extended its long and bizarre arms to tightly embrace him.

This scene caused onlookers to shudder.

"Yang Jian's Ghost Domain can reveal my ghost?" Xu Feng was the most astonished, even finding it a bit unbelievable.

Then it was Liao Fan's turn.

His ghost also became visible, a figure with a disproportionately large head and a small body, chilling and alarming. At this moment, it actually stood behind Yang Jian, opening its mouth and yelling, "Yang Jian!"

The malevolent ghost was calling out a name.

Yang Jian?

The ghost's assault instantly hit Yang Jian, but he did not turn around, instead, his confused, vacant eyes gradually revealed a hint of clarity.

"Who... is calling me?"

As if responding subconsciously, Yang Jian then turned around to look back.

"Did it work?" Liao Fan exclaimed with surprise.

With the Ghost Call, looking back would lead to certain death. And with Yang Jian in an abnormal state, without any guard, a deadly pattern seemed to have been inevitably triggered.

But after turning his head, Yang Jian didn't die. Instead, in his empty mind, Yang Jian's memories suddenly filled everything.

The Ghost Call was meant to kill Yang Jian,

So the myriad of identities floating uncertainly in this body were instantaneously determined.

He is Yang Jian!

"I am Yang Jian."

At this moment, he spoke, no longer confused or hesitant, but very resolved.

The consciousness and memories belonging to Yang Jian returned.

They returned from the memories of tens or even hundreds of thousands of people, taking over everything.

It seemed that the Ghost Call wasn't there to kill him, but to help Yang Jian's spirit return.

But nobody expected this particular point.

It's even a bit comical.

Liao Fan still hasn't realized what he just did.

The fierce ghost attack initiated by Gu Cheng had arrived, from his mouth, a rotten and pale face was shockingly blowing air outwards.

Yang Jian's face instantly turned red and purple, almost suffocating, but the effect quickly dissipated, and he returned to his former state; the ghost's attack could not cause him any harm.

"Why, why didn't he die, he clearly turned back already," Liao Fan growled uneasily.

Gu Cheng's expression changed drastically, and his eyes shifted uncertainly.

He was beginning to understand the reason.

The Terror Level of the ghost Yang Jian was controlling was too high; the supernatural attacks of these few people were forcefully withstood.

But how could that be.

Even if his supernatural power blocked it, Liao Fan's Ghost Call was a sure-kill rule targeting the consciousness of the living; even the most powerful ghost masters should die if they accidentally trigger it.

"I am Yang Jian, you want to kill me?"

Yang Jian's consciousness returned, and he slowly turned his head again, his pitch-black pupils flickering with red light, then he stepped out from the metal coffin.

Liao Fan's eyes suddenly narrowed, then he roared, "Xu Feng, what are you doing? Hurry up and restrain him."

Xu Feng's corpse-like face inexplicably broke out in cold sweat; he could not utter a single word now, his heart pounding wildly.

Because, the Hugger Ghost he was controlling was already restraining Yang Jian.

He could move, not because I wasn't trying, but because he couldn't be restrained...

Even under the attack of the Hugger Ghost, Yang Jian was still able to move.

"Gu Cheng?"

Liao Fan, seeing Xu Feng's complexion was off, also realized what was happening and growled, "Use the Coffin Nail, quick."

There was still a chance.

Everything still had a chance.

No matter how formidable Yang Jian was, as long as the Coffin Nail nailed him down, he would still be immobilized.

After all, this was a supernatural object that could even kill the Hungry Ghost, even Ye Zhen.

Without needing Liao Fan's reminder, Gu Cheng was already planning to use the Coffin Nail at that moment, at such a close distance, maybe it would work while the Hugger Ghost was still barely restraining.

But the next moment.

Gu Cheng felt an icy hand suddenly touch his own on the spear he was holding.

Following that.

The golden spear full of cracks in his hand disappeared.

The vanished spear now stood in the air in front of Yang Jian.

"Are you kidding me?" Gu Cheng was startled upon seeing this.

The supernatural item was snatched away in an instant; Yang Jian didn't even move just now, no, that's wrong, he did move, that darkened palm slightly twitched.

"Run!"

Liao Fan, upon seeing this, already understood the current situation was extremely perilous and immediately turned around to get on the Ghost Taxi and flee from there.

If he succeeded, even taking the Ghost Mirror with him would be okay.

At least there would be some gains, and their lives could be saved.

"Bang!"

A sudden loud noise shook, Liao Fan's head jolted, a tremendous force hit him, throwing his body heavily to the ground.

A cracked golden spear had directly pierced through Liao Fan's head, nailing it firmly to the ground.

The supernatural suppression of the Coffin Nail formed.

Without the maintenance of supernatural power, Liao Fan's body, akin to a scarecrow, simply couldn't sustain life, and was rapidly starting to die.

"Liao Fan." Xu Feng called out, his eyelids twitching.

Everything happened too fast, from Gu Cheng's supernatural weapon being seized to Liao Fan being nailed to death on the ground, and the most terrifying part was that Yang Jian had been acting under the restraint of his own Hugger Ghost all along.

Being tightly hugged by the ghost, as if unaffected at all.

Is this guy really a ghost master?

Gu Cheng's face looked awful next to him; he knew he couldn't save Liao Fan because this was Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. Trying to get in a car and leave under his watch was nearly impossible.

Even though Liao Fan was just a few meters away from the car.

"Ignorant fool, you still wish to drive that taxi in front of me?"

Yang Jian's pale face was exceptionally cold as he strode forward, "Aren't you afraid you'll suddenly be killed by the ghost in the taxi midway? Or do you mean to say, you'd rather take that risk than confront me?"

"How, how did you know?"

Liao Fan's battered body couldn't move, but he still maintained a shred of consciousness, watching Yang Jian in horror.

He didn't understand why Yang Jian knew so much about the Ghost Taxi.

"I, know everything," Yang Jian remained indifferent, devoid of any warmth of life.

"But it's useless however you choose because there is only one ending for you."

"That is, death."

Yang Jian pulled out the cracked spear, and at that moment, Liao Fan's consciousness also dissipated.

"And now, it's time to send you two on your way."

He turned around to look at Gu Cheng and Xu Feng.

This turn left them both with sunken hearts, their entire bodies ice-cold.

Because they were very clear, now they had to face a top-tier ghost master who might have become an anomaly.

Ghost Eye Yang Jian.

Chapter 873: Team Annihilation

In the silent and eerie world, the sky was dyed red, and dark shadows covered the ground.

This place was enveloped by the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian resurrected from a coffin and, after defeating the fierce ghost once again, regained consciousness and became a fierce ghost with a living person's awareness.

And upon this resurrection, Liao Fan, who attempted to escape, was killed.

Liao Fan was not weak; he could drive the Ghost Taxi, his body was no longer that of a living person, he had the Pendulum Clock curse, and he even controlled a fierce ghost. Many people were no match for him, including some veteran ghost controllers.

But before Yang Jian, he had no chance to resist.

"This is bad."

Xu Feng felt a chill all over, a sense of despair emerging from the bottom of his heart.

The expression on Gu Cheng's face next to him was also very unpleasant.

He wasn't thinking about the Coffin Nail anymore, but how he might survive the day.

Who would have thought that Yang Jian had truly awakened from death and became some kind of incomprehensible anomaly, and that they, the invaders of Dachang City, would all be held accountable.

"Can we fight it?" Gu Cheng felt nervously uncertain, as his Ghost Domain was nearly useless under suppression.

Not even Ghost Breath could affect him.

The only method left was to counter Yang Jian with a Supernatural Power item.

And he just so happened to have one in his hands.

Only if Yang Jian offered the opportunity to use the Supernatural Power item could there be a chance. Without it, he'd quickly follow in Liao Fan's footsteps.

"I must find a way to get on the taxi; it's my only chance to stay alive."

Xu Feng also forced himself to calm down and, after some thought, found the only possible way out.

If he could get into the Ghost Taxi and successfully start it, maybe he could drive out of Dachang City.

Though both of them looked solemnly at Yang Jian approaching with large strides, they were actually full of their own plans, unwilling to sit still and wait for death. They would seize any sliver of opportunity, or create one if there were none.

After all, not resisting was also a road to certain death.

"If you want to fight desperately, do it now; I can give you a chance to counterattack because I also want to test the limits of my abilities," Yang Jian said indifferently, his pale face cold.

He actually wanted to use these two to practice and quickly adapt to his current state.

"So confident, Yang Jian?"

As Gu Cheng's serious expression hung in the air, he let out a cold laugh: "Not afraid you'll crash and fall into my hands?"

"Try if you can, but I'll kill you first, for you've buried my little creature underground," Yang Jian said dismissively and waved his hand.

Suddenly, a ghostly child in a shroud appeared beside them.

"It's not that this little creature isn't good; it's that I've always been restricting its growth, afraid of losing control. It's too dangerous, likely to become the second Hungry Ghost."

Yang Jian seemed to be talking to himself when he reached out into the air.

A blackened palm suddenly grabbed the head of a disproportionately small-bodied fierce ghost.

It was the ghost left behind after Liao Fan's death, the Ghost Call.

"Eat this ghost," Yang Jian ordered and then forcibly stuffed the Ghost Call ghost into the Ghost Child's mouth.

The Ghost Child's mouth wasn't large, but it was like a bottomless abyss, swallowing the ghost whole.

Gu Cheng and Xu Feng watched, their scalps tingling.

A ghost eating another ghost?

What was happening?

After eating the ghost, the Ghost Child seemed unchanged, merely opening its mouth and making a giggling sound, like a ghost learning to speak.

Previously it couldn't make any sound at all.

"Let's go all out."

Gu Cheng gritted his teeth, and while Yang Jian was yet to make a move, he suddenly pulled out something.

It was an old bamboo tube, spotted with unknown stains that wouldn't wash away. Inside this tube, however, was a bamboo slip that looked like those used in temples for seeking fortunes.

It was a Supernatural Power item, the Ghost Talisman.

There was only one slip, but the results changed each time it was drawn.

As far as Gu Cheng knew, the Ghost Talisman had three possible outcomes: the Death Talisman, the Ghost Talisman, and the Life Talisman.

Drawing the Death Talisman meant undoubted death for the drawer.

Drawing the Ghost Talisman would release a fierce ghost from the tube to attack the drawer—although not certainly fatal, it was still extremely dangerous and terrifying.

The remaining one was the Life Talisman.

A ghost controller who drew this talisman would be immune to death by supernatural forces for ten minutes.

It was somewhat similar to Yang Jian's Eight-Tone Music Box curse but slightly different.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box guaranteed the user would not die within a few days, stronger in effect and curse, but the Ghost Talisman was more a test of luck. Drawing the Life Talisman only meant that one would not die from supernatural forces, but could still be killed by ordinary forces.

If it were before, Gu Cheng would've considered the talisman drawing thoroughly, but now, he wouldn't hesitate.

Immediately.

He drew the slip from the bamboo tube.

On the other end of the bamboo slip, a red character was scrawled crookedly: Life.

"Yang Jian, it seems my luck isn't too bad today," Gu Cheng smiled at that moment.

He had gambled on a one in three chance and won at this critical time.

It was the Life Talisman,

meaning that for the next ten minutes, he couldn't be killed by supernatural forces.

But Supernatural Power items were not solely used in this manner.

Gu Cheng could use this object to risk everything, to allow his ghost to revive to a degree, to exert supernatural power to its maximum.

The next moment.

The red light surrounding him was being eroded, and his body also began to become somewhat hazy and unstable, as if it was about to disappear from this world, giving off a blurred and distorted impression.

The confrontation between Ghost Domains had begun once more.

And Gu Cheng had achieved some effects.

Yang Jian's five-layer Ghost Domain was facing resistance and was being dispersed.

This indicated that Gu Cheng's Ghost Domain had also reached the five-layer level and was still strengthening... because if it were merely five layers, at most it would be a stalemate, yet Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was dissipating around him.

"It's working, my chance has come." Xu Feng saw this and a glimmer of hope emerged.

Gu Cheng was indeed stronger than expected, and he still had this move at a critical moment.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was renowned for its strength, but the fact that he could gain a slight upper hand in confronting it was incredible. As long as Gu Cheng's Ghost Domain wasn't suppressed, he would have the confidence to confront Yang Jian and also seize an opportunity to escape.

"Is the ghost inside you reviving? Are you desperate enough to fight me to the death? Good, very good, but you're still a bit too naïve...."

Having fed the Ghost Child, Yang Jian stood with an indifferent expression, holding a long spear covered in cracks.

"Because I myself am in a state of Resurrection."

Yang Jian disappeared on the spot, and in the next moment, he burst into Gu Cheng's Ghost Domain with red light emitting from his entire body.

"Yang Jian!"

Gu Cheng was both shocked and furious. His recently awakened Ghost Domain was forcefully invaded. He exhaled, and an odd scent permeated the entire Ghost Domain, filling every corner.

Combined with Ghost Breath, the Ghost Domain could instantly kill everyone; especially during Resurrection, even fierce ghosts would be repelled and other supernatural beings couldn't get close to him.

But in the next moment.

A blackened hand fiercely gripped his throat, accompanied by echoing sounds of bone fractures. Gu Cheng's mouth clamped shut abruptly.

He felt a ghost inside his body being suppressed and lost contact with it.

Gu Cheng's pupils suddenly constricted, in this moment he deeply realized the gap between him and Yang Jian.

Yang Jian stood to the side, his face ice-cold, looking ahead, grabbing Gu Cheng's throat and lifting it, while a mass of darkness was rapidly invading his body.

"Wait, wait, don't you want to know about the forces behind Liao Fan, Xu Feng and the others? Don't kill me, I can tell you everything and take you for revenge, and I know the living patterns of that supernatural bus, I can tell you that too..." Gu Cheng's body was rapidly losing sensation, and he even felt his consciousness being eroded by the fierce ghost, suddenly becoming terrified.

"No need, I already know."

Yang Jian's voice was cold, without a ripple. At the same time, he exerted force on his hand, snapping Gu Cheng's neck.

Gu Cheng's eyes quickly lost the last bit of life.

Indeed, he wasn't killed by supernatural forces, but by Yang Jian who broke his neck.

"Hurry up, start already."

At this moment, Xu Feng had seized the time to run to the Ghost Taxi. Drenched in cold sweat, he desperately turned the ignition with his remaining hand, trying to start the Ghost Taxi.

But no matter how he tried, the Ghost Taxi didn't respond.

"How can this be, it was fine before, why is there no response now." Xu Feng's hands were trembling, and his heart as well.

He didn't want to die.

He had survived when facing the resurgence of a fierce ghost, he didn't die after getting on the supernatural bus, and he didn't die despite being affected by the Pendulum Clock curse, how could he die here.

"Xu Feng!"

"Xu Feng!"

However, at that moment, a ghostly child dressed in shrouds was tapping on the window of the Ghost Taxi, calling his name as if inviting him out to play.

One cry followed another.

Sometimes the voice sounded like his parents, other times it sounded like his acquaintances.

It then turned into Liao Fan's voice.

Creepy and ever-changing, exceedingly eerie.

But no matter how the voice changed, it was always emitted from the mouth of the Ghost Child.

"Don't look back, must not look back." Xu Feng forced himself not to look back, tried to stay calm, and not be lured to death by the Ghost Call.

"Damn it, what the hell is this thing."

The terrifying voice calling his name at his side, one after another, was driving Xu Feng to the edge of breakdown.

Ghost Call wasn't supposed to be used like this; it was almost like a looping playback machine.

Doesn't this little thing have the risk of a fierce ghost awakening?

"Xu Feng, give up, you can't escape."

At this moment, Yang Jian appeared holding the corpse of Gu Cheng. He tossed it into the metal coffin he had been sleeping in and then closed the lid to prevent the Resurrection of fierce ghosts.

"Shut up, Yang Jian." Xu Feng howled in response, his voice filled with desperation.

Yang Jian said coldly: "You've already realized it, haven't you? The thing you're sitting on is not the Ghost Taxi at all, so naturally it won't start. Many things have changed the moment I became conscious, so why deceive yourself? Besides, when I act, I never give the enemy the slightest chance. You think there's hope, but it's just an illusion."

The Ghost Domain altered.

At this time, Xu Feng realized he was actually sitting on a stone bench in the green belt of a residential area.

There was no Ghost Taxi.

Not a single shadow of the taxi could be seen around.

"Xu Feng, Xu Feng."

The Ghost Child was still calling his name nearby, leaning in close, tilting its head to stare at him.

"You shut up as well, you ghostly thing..." Xu Feng turned back to roar, his face full of horror.

He didn't know whether it was doing it on purpose or what.

But he had triggered the lethal rule of Ghost Call.

Xu Feng became unresponsive, still sitting on the stone bench, maintaining a driving posture, resembling a mummified corpse.

Thus.

The invaders of Dachang City, Xu Feng, Liao Fan, Gu Cheng, and the earlier Pei Dong, all died.

Chapter 874 Settling Affairs

"Did we, did we win?"

In the red glow enveloping the Ghost Domain, Huang Ziya stared blankly at Xu Feng, who sat motionless on a stone stool in the distance.

This was the last ghost controller to invade Dachang City.

He's dead.

Killed by Ghost Child, viciously called to his death by Ghost Call.

As for the most dangerous Gu Cheng, he was strangled to death by Yang Jian and then sealed inside a metal coffin.

Liao Fan, who rammed into people with his car, had an even worse fate. After being pinned down by Coffin Nail, the ghost inside him was stripped away and fed to Ghost Child.

But all this happened too quickly; from the moment Yang Jian awoke until the end, it was mere minutes. During these few minutes, the entire situation was turned around, it could even be said to be a pure crushing defeat.

Even the combined efforts of three people were no match for Yang Jian.

"Ah~!"

Li Yang struggled painfully on the ground, his skin turning purplish-red and swelling up.

"Captain, please help Li Yang quickly, he's about to give in, I can no longer suppress it."

At this moment Huang Ziya urgently pleaded for help as her crystal necklace had turned completely black, and cracks started to show, threatening to shatter at any moment.

Once it shatters.

The Deceiving Ghost will be resurrected, and undoubtedly, will invade Huang Ziya's body.

She is capable of controlling this ghost, but would also gradually be influenced by it.

Therefore, controlling this ghost is not a good choice.

"Don't worry, he won't die."

A cold voice echoed, and the next moment, Yang Jian was already beside Li Yang.

A pitch-black shadow writhed quickly and spread over Li Yang's body.

Ghost Shadow was helping Li Yang balance the ghost within his body, and then dispelling the influence of the third kind of supernatural power to prevent death by the resurgence of a malevolent spirit after losing balance.

Very quickly.

The shadow receded.

All the swelling on Li Yang's body subsided, and the pain on his face lessened considerably. Then he slowly opened his eyes: "Captain, Tong Qian and Feng Quan have also suffered attacks outside Dachang City, and now we don't know what the outcome is..."

"Can you move?" Yang Jian asked expressionlessly.

"No, no problem." Li Yang struggled to stand up.

He moved his body, finding his injuries had healed and there didn't seem to be any major issues.

"And you?" Yang Jian turned to look at Huang Ziya.

Huang Ziya said, "I'm fine, I'm okay, I didn't suffer a serious attack."

Yang Jian said nothing, instead, he took the cracked crystal necklace, and a red light suddenly lit up in his hand, clearing the blackness in the necklace once more, shrinking it back into an insignificant black dot.

"This thing can no longer suppress the ghost inside your body, your hair is still growing."

Yang Jian tossed the necklace back to her, then noticed Huang Ziya's dense and strangely long hair that had already reached the ground.

Huang Ziya was silently wordless.

"You need to control a second ghost."

In Yang Jian's hand was a golden spear full of cracks, which he swung, cutting Huang Ziya's peculiar long hair right down the middle.

The situation with the malevolent spirit's resurgence was temporarily alleviated.

"Captain, but the risk of controlling a second ghost is very high." Huang Ziya said.

Yang Jian said, "If it's a ghost that's not yet resurrected, the risk is far smaller."

After speaking, he turned and glanced over.

With a casual grab, his Ghost Hand captured a contorted, mummified corpse out of thin air.

"Xu Feng's alias was Ghost Embrace. His ghost has not been resurrected. And your Ghost Hair will consume you, whereas Ghost Embrace can protect you. This can form a delicate balance. I believe my prediction should be correct, so this ghost is for you to control," Yang Jian said, not giving her time to contemplate.

The mummy dropped to the ground, and only a horrifying struggling ghostly figure remained in his hand.

A ghost, forcefully subdued by Yang Jian, unable to resist.

"To give you a chance to get accustomed to it, I will lock the ghost inside your body using the six-layer Ghost Domain. You need to keep trying and find that balance point."

The six-layer Ghost Domain opened.

The surrounding red light suddenly became viscous.

The ghost in Yang Jian's hand disappeared.

Huang Ziya felt an icy chill within her body, as if some living thing was wriggling inside her.

Like a fetus after a woman becomes pregnant.

She knew that there was now a ghost inside her body.

"Have I exerted so much effort for no benefit at all? Yang Jian, just give this thing to me."

Xiong Wenwen had run over at some unknown time, holding an old bamboo tube in his hand with a bamboo slip inserted in it.

That was the Ghost Talisman used by Gu Cheng.

"If you like it, you can have it. I need to make a trip to Tong Qian," Yang Jian said, slightly lifting his head to look in the direction of the outskirts of the city.

He didn't move.

But the Ghost Domain, which dyed the sky red, was spreading rapidly in that direction.

At this moment.

The entire Dachang City was under the coverage of the Ghost Domain; it's just that people outside were still unaware of it.

"Take good care of the Ghost Child, it's now even more dangerous than before, don't let it randomly speak and call out to people." Yang Jian was preparing to leave, but then he turned his gaze in another direction.

Wang Shanshan stood there, like an ice-maiden, expressionless and serious.

"I will keep the Ghost Child under control, but how are you feeling right now?"

"I'm fine, better than I've ever been," he replied.

After Yang Jian finished speaking, his figure gradually faded away and he vanished on the spot, leaving behind a sentence: "Huang Ziya, Li Yang, deal with the scene. Also, the danger in Dachang City has been resolved."

As he disappeared, the sky brightened up, and the darkness on the ground dissipated.

Everything returned to the bright sunlight of the daytime anew.

The events that just occurred felt like a nightmare, leaving people with a somewhat surreal sensation.

But the old taxi parked not too far away was proof that all of this was not a dream, but reality.

"It seems the leader has successfully solved the problem of his ghost's resurrection. It's incredible. How exactly did he do it? I remember when the leader was in Dachuan City, he opened the Eight-Tone Music Box and controlled the Ghost Shadow..."

Li Yang looked up at the sunlight pouring down from the sky.

He felt thankful for surviving, yet filled with confusion.

"Regardless, he survived, and we won. That's enough," said Huang Ziya; "It looks like in the future, we'll not only have to deal with supernatural incidents but also attacks from other people like us. Once we lose our leader, no matter where we are, we won't be safe."

"The situation is indeed changing. Many hidden ghost manipulators have gradually emerged following the leader's plan, which also indicates that the situation with ghosts' resurrection is becoming more severe, with everyone desperate for survival," Li Yang said after a moment of silence.

"However, we should feel fortunate that our leader is Yang Jian."

"Indeed, we should feel fortunate. After all, our leader is Yang Jian with the Ghost Eye. If it weren't for the exposure from his fight with Ye Zhen last time, making people guess that the leader was in a bad state, they would never dare to step into Dachang City," Huang Ziya remarked with a sense of appreciation.

Li Yang agreed and then added, "Don't just stand around, let's get to work."

Meanwhile, Xiong Wenwen silently held the bamboo tube and began to study it.

He thought for a moment, then pulled the bamboo slip out of the tube.

"Life!"

This was a Life Talisman.

Put it back in, then draw again.

Life!

Put it back in, draw again.

Life!

"Hehe, from now on, please call me the 'Gambling Saint'." Xiong Wenwen let out bursts of secretive laughter.

He was predicting the future, the outcome, and then he also discovered that drawing a Life Talisman and then drawing again, the effect that prevents the user from being killed by supernatural forces for ten minutes would extend to twenty minutes, a stacking effect.

What would happen if he kept drawing?

At the same time.

On the suburban highway of Dachang City.

This place was covered in dense fog, thick enough to obscure visibility within arm's reach.

Moreover, the range of the fog was vast, covering the surrounding ten kilometers, looking from afar like a cotton candy was planted on top of the highway.

Many vehicles were trapped within the fog.

Despite the road being closed ahead of time, there were still some unlucky drivers caught in it.

"Don't move around; nobody get out of your cars. Everyone, stay in your vehicles and remain still," Tong Qian was struggling to keep herself upright as she fired a warning shot to identify herself and warned the nearby drivers not to move in the fog.

She didn't mention there were ghosts lurking in the fog.

Because saying so would make people disbelieve; she only said that there was an armed criminal in the fog who had committed murder and was currently being pursued.

This reason actually exerts greater deterrent power.

The effect is quite good.

The vast majority of drivers caught in it dare not exit their vehicles and wander around at will.

Tong Qian knows what Feng Quan's Ghost Fog murder pattern is.

Once a person moves within the Ghost Fog, the ghosts inside the fog will seek them out. Only by staying still can one be safest.

But this just avoids the Ghost Fog's pattern of killing.

Inside this dense fog, there are other ghosts roaming.

Tong Qian, struggling with his injured body, tries to alert a few more people.

But he doesn't get far.

He stops.

Because he sees a corpse lying on the side of the road.

The corpse has a rigid expression and still retains some residual warmth, as if it had not been dead for long.

"This person wasn't killed by the Ghost Fog; bodies of those killed by it do not remain but meld into the fog, increasing its density. This was slain by another ghost."

Tong Qian's gaze shifts slightly, sensing something is amiss.

If he's not mistaken, this should be the ghost left behind by Pei Dong after his death.

Code name: Ghost Head Petter.

Besides, Zhang Han's ghost is also likely wandering in this dense fog.

"Now, what should I do?"

Tong Qian sits down weakly again, gasping for breath as he ponders a strategy.

The resurrection of two vengeful ghosts is already a significant supernatural incident. If not handled, and when Feng Quan's ferocious ghost resurrects, it will become a major supernatural event.

If the Ghost Fog moves towards Dachang City, the consequences will be even more severe.

"There's some noise..."

All of a sudden.

Tong Qian hears rustling sounds from within the nearby dense fog, as if something is swiftly moving on the road.

He looks in the direction the sounds are coming from.

He does not see the source of the sounds but finds some blood stains on the ground.

The bloodstains are scattered and formless, but one can still see something has passed and disappeared deep into the fog.

"Another ghost..." Tong Qian takes a deep breath and feels powerless.

The Head Petting Ghost has started to kill.

This should be Zhang Han's ghost. It has resurrected from within the human skin tattoos and is now on the move.

However, as Tong Qian is about to sit down and rest again.

All of a sudden.

He feels the chilly dense fog around him change abruptly as a shadow emerges from behind, seemingly approaching him rapidly.

No.

It's already close.

The fog parts and a smiling dead body, strangely standing behind him and reaching out its hand as if intending to touch his head, appeared at some point.

This is a real ghost.

"Damn it."

Tong Qian's head whirls around, and he faces the revived terrifying specter with another ghostly crying face.

He is crying.

The wailing starts, echoing around.

The smiling face of Pei Dong's corpse immediately changes, the smile fades, and it turns into a crying face.

Desolate crying resounds through the dense fog.

The actions of the fierce ghost slow down as if being interfered with, but the interference is subtle.

Because this is a resurrected ghost, not one controlled by Pei Dong in his lifetime, it's on a whole different level.

At this moment, Tong Qian employs another Ghost Face.

A sinister laugh arises.

The fierce ghost in front of him halts its movement, its cold rigid hand hanging midair.

The weeping and laughter together affected the fierce ghost.

This ghost was suppressed.

"I can suppress this ghost, fend off its assault, but if my Ghost Face's weeping and laughter do not subside, everyone in this dense fog will be killed by me." Tong Qian's complexion was uncertain.

Actually, he could maintain a balance and not harm others.

But with the echo accumulating, as long as enough time passed, even the slightest imbalance could instantly be fatal.

And now, with this dizziness, he could faint at any moment, which made it easy to misjudge.

"But if I distance myself and give up suppressing this ghost, it will still go on to kill others."

Tong Qian found himself trapped in a dilemma.

"What are you hesitating about?"

At that moment.

A streak of red light enveloped the space, instantly dispersing the dense fog.

As the fog dissipated, the red light seemed to pave a path, and a man holding a long spear full of cracks appeared out of thin air on this blocked expressway.

"Yang, Yang Jian?"

Tong Qian's eyes widened.

"Surprised to see me?" Without a word, Yang Jian casually threw the long spear in his hand.

In an instant.

Bang!

A loud noise erupted.

Pei Dong's resurrected corpse was firmly nailed to the ground, instantly immobilized, no longer showing any signs of activity.

Tong Qian immediately let out a sigh of relief upon seeing this.

The laughter and crying subsided.

His body stumbled and nearly fell to the ground.

But a tall, cold, dark shadow on the ground steadied him.

"The car hit you pretty hard, lucky for you your Ghost Face has crashed, or else with that collision your body's fierce ghost would have lost balance, and by this time you would have died from the fierce ghost's resurrection," Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

With the invasion of the Ghost Shadow.

Tong Qian's injured body was patched up and healed.

"I, I'm fine, how is the situation over in Dachang City?" Tong Qian shook his head, feeling much lighter and no longer dizzy.

"Still manageable, I've killed a few of them, the losses aren't too great," Yang Jian said.

Tong Qian responded, "That's good, it's my fault this time, otherwise things wouldn't have turned out this way. Zhang Han is dead... Feng Quan is also now in a state of fierce ghost resurrection."

"I know."

Yang Jian's face was numb, as if Zhang Han's death had no effect on him.

Cold, emotionless.

Zhang Han was indeed dead.

He used Ghost Shadow to steal Liao Fan's memories and learned from those memories that Zhang Han did not resurrect from the Ghost Mirror.

Clearly, it wasn't that the Ghost Mirror's resurrection failed.

But rather, after a successful resurrection, due to the Ghost Mirror being unattended, the resurrected Zhang Han, as an ordinary person, was captured again by the ghosts inside the mirror.

He probably died twice.

"The ghost that resurrected Zhang Han, the ghost that resurrected Feng Quan, and then the ghost that was released again by Zhang Han's resurrection, besides the known ghosts and this Pei Dong whom I've nailed to the ground, there is still an unknown ghost here, released by the Ghost Mirror," Yang Jian's eyes flickered slightly.

He was assessing the dangers here, not wanting to miss anything.

"In that case, start the containment... First, we should check on Feng Quan's condition."

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain continued to spread.

The Ghost Fog was dispersing, and the supernatural was being suppressed.

The Ghost Eyes spied everything.

An old grave standing in the middle of the road was extremely conspicuous, and at the very top of that old grave, a mud-stained Dead Man's Head was exposed.

That was Feng Quan.

Currently unconscious.

He was hit by a Ghost Taxi.

Chapter 875 - Resurrection from the Grave

Feng Quan was knocked flying by the Ghost Taxi and then there was no movement.

He seemed dead as the vengeful ghosts revived, but actually, he wasn't; he had just slipped into a coma, and the ghost within his body had lost balance and was uncontrollable.

But he was relatively fortunate.

The Ghost Fog and Grave Soil were both reviving, but it seemed that what took the impact of the Ghost Taxi was the Grave Soil, not the Ghost Fog.

Otherwise, with the revival of the Grave Soil, Feng Quan would have been completely buried by now.

And once buried, thinking of coming out was an impossibility.

"There's still one head left outside the grave, there's still a chance to awaken."

Yang Jian stood in front of the old grave, gazing at that head belonging to Feng Quan, slightly furrowing his brows.

He peeked with his ghostly sight.

He found that inside Feng Quan's head was filled with Grave Soil, only the skin remained maintaining the shape of the head.

At this point, even a Deceiving Ghost couldn't repair the body, and if they forcefully pulled Feng Quan out now, he would directly die, there was simply no possibility of survival.

He was still alive because the balance had not completely broken yet.

Because the revival of vengeful ghosts required a process.

But, with no surprise, Feng Quan would hardly wake up again; he was on the edge of death.

"He must control a third ghost, only this could restore balance and awake him from the edge of death."
Yang Jian thought.

He wasn't reluctant to let Feng Quan control a third ghost.

Increasing the strength of the team members was a good thing.

He was just thinking about what kind of ghost could find balance between them and save Feng Quan, who only had one piece of skin left.

It's known that controlling vengeful ghosts is very difficult, some ghosts, once controlled can make you die even faster, they cannot prolong your life.

So he needed to choose.

Yang Jian did not have many imprisoned vengeful ghosts; there were very few choices.

"There is one ghost that could save Feng Quan at this moment."

Suddenly, he remembered an event he experienced before, and recalled someone he had killed before.

That person was Wang Xiaoming's younger brother... Wang Xiaoqiang.

Wang Xiaoqiang controlled the Ghost Skeleton, that ghost was a special existence, it could allow Wang Xiaoqiang to survive with only one piece of skin, which was unimaginable.

The terror rating of the Ghost Skeleton was not high, but it significantly ensured the survival of the controller.

"Worth a try."

Yang Jian glanced at Feng Quan, who was still unconscious, at that moment, his head exposed outside was still sinking; the Grave Soil had already buried up to his chin, and this process was still continuing, only much slower.

He used the power of the Ghost Domain to fold once.

Just under ten seconds had passed and Yang Jian's Ghost Hand was holding a skeleton framework that appeared.

This skeleton framework looked like a specimen in a hospital, seemingly normal, but in reality, once Yang Jian let go, the ghost would immediately come to life, possessing a living body, hollowing out the living person's bones, and forcibly squeezing into it, becoming the new skeleton inside your body.

Over time, the living person's body would erode, gradually decay, until completely rotten, only then would the Ghost Skeleton seek another body.

Instantly.

He directly buried this skeleton in that old grave.

Very soon.

The Ghost Skeleton showed movements, it creaked into activity, causing the old grave to collapse too.

Feng Quan's head exposed outside directly sank into the grave soil.

An anomaly appeared.

The calm within the old grave was disturbed.

But Yang Jian did not pay much attention; this was his Ghost Domain, he had plenty of time to wait for the results to unfold.

"Everything now depends on the situation. Dealing with supernatural events involves much unpredictability, so the process doesn't matter, what's important are the results."

Yang Jian turned and left.

He still had to deal with the lingering vengeful ghosts here, not wanting to waste time.

"The Ghost Fog has not spread further, is this Feng Quan finding his balance, or is a new vengeful ghost being birthed from within the grave soil?"

Yang Jian walked into the Ghost Fog.

His Ghost Domain continued to expand, and the nearby thick fog also began to rapidly disappear.

Very soon.

This area was all within the coverage of his Ghost Domain, all the thick fog had completely disappeared.

The change amazed the drivers who had been stuck here.

"The fog has disappeared?"

"No way, the fog was so thick just now, how did it disappear this quickly, it felt like it was gone in seconds."

"What exactly happened up ahead, I thought I even heard gunshots just now."

The drivers were sitting in their cars, sticking their heads out to look around.

Some stopped on the emergency lane, walked beyond the railing, and then followed the small path ahead, wanting to see what exactly had happened up front.

A helicopter?

Very soon.

Someone discovered that what was blocking the road was actually a helicopter lying crossways on the highway, but there was no one around the helicopter, the pilot was nowhere to be found, and at the same time, there were signs of a car accident nearby.

"We can drive through from the emergency lane." Xu Fan was a van driver, hurrying to deliver a batch of frozen food to Dachang City.

He didn't want to delay on the road.

Otherwise, if the food was damaged, he couldn't afford the compensation.

So he got out of the car to check the situation and saw that the road was still passable, his vehicle should be able to get through the unrestricted gap.

He prepared to go back and drive through.

But at this moment, Xu Fan noticed a person nearby coming rapidly toward him.

That person was peculiar, staggering uncertainly, his steps very stiff, and the most bizarre part was that the person was covered in fresh blood, continuously dripping down.

"A murderer?"

Xu Fan startled, instinctively prepared to turn around and leave.

But the next scene he saw chilled him to the bone.

After the person turned around, there was nothing behind him, no body, no head, just a thin layer of human skin.

No, not a whole piece, just half.

What was that? A ghost?

He was terrified, his whole body stiffened, frozen in place, momentarily forgetting to run away.

The next moment.

The ghost wandering in the middle of the road seemed to have spotted Xu Fan and ran towards him at an unnaturally fast speed.

The human skin fluttered in the air, a tattoo pattern faintly visible on it.

It appeared as though it had been forcibly torn from a living person.

Xu Fan screamed in fright and collapsed on the ground, his body trembling.

However, what he did not notice was that behind him, a person appeared abruptly in an inexplicable manner.

The malevolent ghost attacked.

Xu Fan thought he was doomed, but a darkened hand reached out first and grabbed hold of this incomprehensible eerie entity.

Things calmed down.

The half piece of tattooed human skin drooped down softly, the tattoos on the outer side still attached by a thin, emaciated hand with only four fingers, looking fierce and horrifying.

"Zhang Han's ghost?"

Yang Jian suppressed it with his Ghost Hand, then rolled up the skin and stuffed it into a gold box.

"Now, only one ghost is left."

He turned and left, continuing his search for the next target.

Xu Fan, who had nearly been killed, finally came to his senses at this time. He hurriedly turned around only to see Yang Jian's departing figure, with a tall, dark shadow highlighted behind him.

It was just a flash.

The person disappeared.

As if it were an illusion, like he had never appeared.

"What exactly happened..." Xu Fan muttered to himself.

"Nothing happened, the danger has been dealt with, but you are not allowed to proceed further, return the way you came, turn around at the previous exit, I have already notified the toll station there."

At this time, Tong Qian arrived and began organizing the evacuation of these people from the highway.

"This is my ID, contact me if you have any questions."

Seeing Tong Qian show her credentials, also equipped with a gun, Xu Fan did not doubt her and hurried back to his car, preparing to turn around and leave.

While Yang Jian and Tong Qian were handling the situation here.

The anomalous grave mound finally collapsed silently at this time.

Grave soil scattered everywhere.

A creepy figure slowly rose from within the masses of grave soil.

The person's body was entirely composed of damp earth, occasionally revealing spots of ghastly white bones, looking like a rotting corpse with flesh decayed, yet with an unblemished head, pale with no hint of color.

"I'm still alive..." Feng Quan opened his mouth to speak.

But his voice sounded strange as if it echoed from the depths of the earth, dry and unsettling.

He couldn't remember what had happened before, only knowing that he was being chased by Liao Fan and others, then was flung away, followed by unconsciousness.

He thought he had died then.

Unexpectedly, he still had a day to open his eyes and awaken.

"Did I defy the third ghost?" Feng Quan adapted quickly and soon found that there was a third type of supernatural power residing within his body.

This supernatural power was maintaining his body from disintegration.

It was also because of this that he was able to survive, not dying from the ghost's resurgence.

"It seems someone saved me... Was it Yang Jian?"

Feng Quan pondered, looking up towards the distance.

His vision was blurry.

As if obscured by something, not clear.

It was like a thick fog had covered him.

"The extent of the Ghost Fog's resurgence is high, it almost mists over my eyes, but my body is still alright, this balance is delicate, and it's unimaginable that I can still think and live in this state."

Feng Quan stretched out his hand to look.

His palm was entirely made up of accumulated grave soil, with soil crumbling down with any movement.

Following Tong Qian's arrangements.

Vehicles stuck on the highway began to turn around and leave.

The number of people left here was diminishing.

But after Yang Jian made a round, he found that he had not found the third ghost.

The ghost that Zhang Han had failed to resurrect and released.

"Is it that the ghost never appeared, or did it leave this area after it appeared? Or was it taken away by some unlucky person?" Yang Jian frowned slightly.

"Or did Zhang Han not come out from the Ghost Mirror after his resurrection, and thus the ghost could not come out from the Ghost Mirror either?"

There are quite a few uncertainties.

Yang Jian didn't want to waste time on this.

He returned to the previous spot.

At this moment, Tong Qian and Feng Quan were already combined, both looking somewhat somber, not speaking to each other.

"Feng Quan, did you come back to life?" Yang Jian stared at Feng Quan for a moment.

"Suppose so, thank you."

Feng Quan said, "This must be the Ghost Skeleton controlled by Wang Xiaoqiang, right? Did you give me this ghost?"

"This ghost was the only one suitable for you; I wasn't sure if it would actually be useful,"

Yang Jian said, "But now it seems to have worked. If you hadn't resurrected, I would have just had to detain you."

"Let's not talk about this, return to Dachang City, I have a mission to assign."

"What mission?" Tong Qian asked.

Yang Jian said icily, "A business trip, take a trip to Dadong City."

Chapter 876 - One Hour

Yang Jian was flying a helicopter carrying Tong Qian and Feng Quan back to Dachang City.

"When did you learn to fly a helicopter?" On the way, Tong Qian asked curiously.

Yang Jian said, "Just today."

"..."

The helicopter landed at the Shangtong Tower, but before departing, Yang Jian had already notified everyone to have a meeting there.

About half an hour later.

The top floor of Shangtong Tower.

Yang Jian's office was now filled with people.

Rather than saying they were people, it's more accurate to say most of them were ghost handlers.

Tong Qian, Feng Quan, Li Yang, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, including him, that's exactly six ghost handlers. Zhang Han had already died, beyond saving, which was quite regrettable.

"President Yang, here's your drink."

Secretary Zhang Liqin, at this moment, bowed slightly, remaining silent, cautiously handed over a coke. After Yang Jian took it, she meekly stepped aside and faded into the background.

Yang Jian was drinking the coke, looking pale, expressionless, his dark eyes slightly moving, flickering with a faint red light.

He scanned everyone, neither pleased nor angry, and slowly said, "Honestly, I'm very disappointed with your performance. Just a few ghost handlers, taking advantage of my absence, joined forces and

defeated our whole team. Six people, we had six people, yet we were nearly wiped out by just three of them."

"Even without that Gu Cheng, just Xu Feng, Liao Fan, and that Pei Dong, caused you heavy losses."

Everyone fell silent.

Indeed, the events of today were extremely perilous, almost resulting in total annihilation.

"This situation was brought about by me, being targeted by someone. I should not have brought this danger to Dachang City," Feng Quan said with a numb complexion and a dull yet strange voice.

Yang Jian said, "Don't blame yourself. It's normal to seek help when in danger. Your investigation of the Pendulum Clock Curse was to explore paranormal events, to understand unknown enemies, there's nothing wrong with that. However, Tong Qian, you led the rescue team and ended up sacrificing yourself, which was really inappropriate."

Tong Qian was very self-blaming, his complexion changed, yet ultimately he said nothing.

"Your ability to handle situations is too poor. If a ghost handler of Feng Quan's level is asking for help, you should have anticipated the complexity of the situation. You just rushed over with Zhang Han, the speed of support was fine, but such action was akin to sending yourselves to death."

"Would they hesitate to attack because of the two of you supporting?"

Yang Jian coldly continued: "Because of your reckless action, Zhang Han was lost, and you nearly sacrificed yourself, encouraging them to directly invade Dachang City."

"Our seven-person team's information is no secret. Seeing Zhang Han dead and Feng Quan taken down, and you severely injured, in addition to my absence being noticed, even a fool would see it as an opportunity, given that the remaining few posed no threat. I too would seize the chance at that moment."

"So, they came."

"According to their plan, after taking down Feng Quan, they would have immediately retreated, not intending to enter Dachang City at all. It was your erroneous action that provided them this opportunity."

"All of this indeed is my responsibility."

Tong Qian did not shirk the responsibility, accepting it upon himself.

And it wasn't entirely unjustified.

Because Yang Jian had previously informed him about entering Safeguard House One and had instructed Tong Qian to keep a good watch on Dachang City.

In other words, during these days of Yang Jian's absence, Tong Qian was the person in charge of the city.

Yang Jian stared at him and said, "There will be no next time for such incidents. Moreover, I hope you can make amends in the upcoming actions, and you need to discard a bit of your needless kindness. True kindness isn't saving a few people, a dozen people, but saving a city, a region, or even a country."

"I understand," Tong Qian replied, his eyes flickering, seemingly having learned from this ordeal.

Yang Jian then turned to Li Yang: "How's the situation at the Guanjiang Residential Complex?"

"Captain, everything has been handled there, all the paranormal items and detained ghosts are accounted for. However, the door to Safeguard House One was damaged and will need two days to repair. The Ghost Mirror has been temporarily stored inside Safeguard House One. As for the Ghost Taxi, it's somewhat baffling, so we've just sealed it temporarily without daring to tamper with it," Li Yang promptly reported the situation there.

"As for the bodies of Xu Feng and Liao Fan, they have been cremated. That Gu Cheng has been locked inside that metal coffin, completely welded shut. There should be no risk of vengeful spirits reviving, but to be safe, I had it moved out of the Guanjiang Residential Complex, ready to transport it to where the Door Knocking Ghost is stored, but since Zang Hua is dead, operating it has been a bit troublesome..."

"We need to have headquarters arrange a new liaison, as some matters still inevitably require one," Huang Ziya suggested.

Yang Jian said, "Contact headquarters."

Li Yang nodded and immediately used a satellite-located phone to contact the switchboard operator. Someone from headquarters responded quickly.

The person handling the call was Shen Liang.

Li Yang quickly communicated with Shen Liang, briefly outlining the events of today.

Shen Liang seemed very surprised, almost incredulous: "Is this really what happened? Xu Feng and Pei Dong, along with other ghost handlers, attacked you all? How's your situation now? Do you need any help from headquarters?"

Xu Feng was in charge of Xiaochun City, while Pei Dong was a first-generation leader.

Both of them had joined headquarters and had archival data, so Shen Liang immediately understood once it was mentioned.

"Shen Liang, no need for pleasantries, you know I can handle this."

Yang Jian cut the niceties short: "I am only going to say two things right now. Zang Hua was killed by Xu Feng, arrange a new liaison to come here. Secondly, after this call, I will personally lead the team to Dadong City."

"Yang Jian, what are you going to do in Dadong City?"

Shen Liang was taken aback, then immediately pressed for details: "There's already a captain in charge there, and no paranormal events have occurred. Normally, it's forbidden for two captains to meet to prevent conflicts between colleagues."

"Be it Xu Feng or Pei Dong, and that civilian ghost handler Liao Fan, they all come from Dadong City, and they have all been cursed by the Pendulum Clock. I know that place, so I'm planning to go there today to eliminate that ancient house," said Yang Jian straightforwardly, revealing his intention without any concealment.

In the headquarters communication room, Shen Liang's expression fluctuated, as he very well understood Yan Jian's motives for going to Dadong City.

It was definitely to fight.

More precisely.

To kill.

"Yang Jian, the situation there is a bit complicated..." Shen Liang spoke.

"Just like that, also, the Ghost Candle has already been delivered, but the Ghost Scissors have not arrived yet, why is that?" Yang Jian asked again.

Shen Liang whispered, "Cao Yang is handling a paranormal event and can't leave at the moment; he needs to use that paranormal item. However, the Ghost Scissors are already en route, give it a few days and once things here are sorted out, they will naturally be delivered to you."

"Alright, let it be so."

Yang Jian said no more and prepared to hang up the phone.

Shen Liang hurriedly added, "Yang Jian, the situation in Dadong City is indeed complex. If you go, the headquarters has only one request, do not escalate the situation."

"Don't worry, I won't."

Yang Jian ended the communication, then stood up: "Get ready, we set out for Dadong City in an hour."

"Why an hour later and not now."

Feng Quan asked, "Wouldn't it be better to catch them off guard now? At this moment, they probably still don't know the news that Xu Feng and his team are dead."

Yang Jian glanced at him, remained silent for a moment, then said, "I want to catch them all in one net, give them a little time to prepare."

"Release a message in the paranormal circle, say that our team is going to Dadong City for revenge."

"Publicly?" Feng Quan was stunned.

"Yes, publicly," Yang Jian said with a stern face.

"Isn't that a bit reckless? What if the opponent retaliates?" Feng Quan hesitated.

Yang Jian said, "Those without the strength can't retaliate, and those with the strength don't need a message to retaliate; the result will be the same."

"Alright, since you've decided, let's do that," Feng Quan said.

"I have left one decoy doll, three Ghost Candles, and three pieces of Ghost Porcelain in my resources. We take them all out this time. Although we can be high-profile in our action, we cannot skimp on preparation."

Yang Jian hadn't lost his mind, he remained rational, making thorough preparations.

"Use the remaining time to prepare."

As the news of Yang Jian leading a team to Dadong City for revenge spread in the paranormal circle, the previously calm situation suddenly stirred up.

Ye Zhen from Dahai City got the news immediately.

His paranormal forum's network was obviously very strong.

"Dadong City? Yang Jian is going to Dadong City to fight? This is really exciting, I can hardly wait, indeed, days without adversaries are too boring and drab."

Ye Zhen, who was drinking milk and watching anime, suddenly stood up and laughed heartily, unable to help but touch the ornamental long sword at his waist and then started pacing and pondering.

"Should I also get involved?"

"It's better not to, his headquarter's reputation is at stake in going to Dadong City, and our paranormal forum getting involved will only result in a thankless task," the manager hurriedly advised, trying to dissuade Ye Zhen from the idea.

He also feared that Ye Zhen couldn't resist fighting with Yang Jian again.

If they were to fight again, it could truly result in death; the headquarters' intervention might not help.

"Do you think I would lose?"

Ye Zhen then said, "I have now mastered an unmatched sword, truly unbeatable in this world."

"..."

The manager's mouth twitched, and he had to suppress his inner rage and continue to persuade Ye Zhen to drop the idea of going to Dadong City.

Meanwhile, elsewhere.

In an abandoned villa on the outskirts of Dachuan City, where no one lived except for wandering evil spirits at night.

Now during the day, Li Leping regained his sanity and kept an eye on the headquarters and paranormal circle news; he also saw this message, but Li Leping's focus was not on this, but on the fact that Yang Jian was still alive and even in a condition to contend with other ghost manipulators.

"Did he tame that Ghost Shadow Figure? How did he manage to control such a ghost that can invade the consciousness of the living?"

Li Leping was very puzzled and confused.

He had failed in controlling it initially and ended up in this condition; it hadn't been long, yet Yang Jian had succeeded.

In another city, the person in charge.

Leuk San, codenamed Paper Man, also noticed this news but merely murmured, "Has that Pendulum Clock provoked Yang Jian's wrath? Now this will be interesting."

He seemed to know the affairs of Dadong City but was just in a mood to watch the drama without any solid opinion.

.....

This matter was not only known by the local leaders but also drew significant attention from the Exorcism Club in Japan.

President Mishima was pondering whether to send Keiko to Dachang City to get close to Yang Jian and offer some positional support to leave a good impression, as it wouldn't cost much anyway.

After all, it was Ghost Eye Yang Jian openly leading a team for revenge.

The message had to catch people's attention.

But many would wonder more, what kind of person or power would dare provoke a captain-level figure who also had a team of ghost manipulators at his disposal.

And Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua, upon receiving the news, pondered for a long time, unsure of what to say, feeling an unexplainable concern.

"The waters of Dadong City are very deep..."

He just sighed, then his gaze shifted, he slammed the table and stood up: "Send Li Jun to Dadong City, and notify Captain Wang Chaling of Dadong City to collaborate with Yang Jian. A person in charge has already died; we can't neglect this."

Soon, the headquarters' orders were issued.

A new captain appeared in everyone's view.

Dadong City, Wang Chaling."

This name had not appeared in the captains' selection meeting because he was an internally appointed captain and didn't require voting.

Chapter 877 - All Members Mobilize

During the rest time before heading to Dadong City, Yang Jian once again checked his current state.

He woke up today and hastily dealt with several ghost tamers. Although he has been resurrected, he doesn't know in what form he has returned to life.

He does not have a thorough understanding of his own situation.

He slightly bowed his head to look at his shadow beneath his feet.

The tall, black shadow was cold and eerie, and on the face of the Ghost Shadow, the outline of a blood-red human face was imprinted.

The outline of that face was exactly the same as Yang Jian's, resembling a lifelike portrait as if someone had torn off a person's face and pasted it there.

"A blood-stained old newspaper?" Yang Jian murmured thoughtfully.

After he woke up, the blood-stained old newspaper shattered, but the supernatural power did not disappear; instead, it was inherited by the Ghost Shadow.

The Eight-Tone Music Box also shattered.

But the melody of the music box remained quiet in his mind and did not disappear. Yang Jian could feel the ominous and strange curse of the chime.

Moreover, it seemed that Yang Jian could release that chime.

Without paying a price.

Because this price has already been borne by the Ghost Shadow. From now on, even if the curse erupts and kills, it would only affect others, not himself.

"So, my body has become a vessel for the Eight-Tone Music Box, and I can spread the curse of the music box to others. After those others die and the curse ends, the music will return to my body."

Yang Jian thought this way.

It should be correct.

He has become a humanoid music box, carrying this cursed melody.

That's exactly why the music box was destroyed; without the existence of supernatural power to sustain it, it was just a very old object that could be easily destroyed.

"With my own powers, I can trigger the curse of the music box. Ghost Shadow has also stolen the ability of the blood-stained old newspaper, completing the puzzle, so now I can use Ghost Shadow to invade other people's memories, read them, and then alter those memories..."

His dark pupils flickered uncertainly.

"If I were to implant the memories of others inside my mind into someone else's body, would that amount to indirectly taking possession of them?"

"For instance, if I could use Deceiving Ghost to impact reality, creating a corpse directly, and then implanting a memory from my mind, wouldn't I be able to resurrect someone?"

"..."

The more he thought about it, the more astonishing it became, and Yang Jian fell into deep contemplation.

This was a taboo act of reversing life and death, which theoretically seemed truly achievable.

Moreover, this ability resembled something... the Ghost Mirror.

The Ghost Mirror did just that—preserve an image, and then resurrect after death, with memories staying at the time the image was taken.

Yang Jian could use Ghost Shadow to invade the memories of the living, read their memories at that particular point in time, and after they die, implant those memories into a fresh corpse, thus allowing it to be resurrected.

Although the process was slightly complex, the outcome was exactly the same as the effect of the Ghost Mirror.

It's just that the process requires the use of Ghost Shadow, Ghost Newspaper, Deceiving Ghost—three supernatural powers—whereas the Ghost Mirror only needs one.

As for supernatural objects, those enigmatic and unpredictable abilities seemed to be decipherable by Yang Jian at this stage; those once incomprehensible secrets were no longer secrets.

"As for myself, even though I have a body, my true identity should be the Ghost Shadow..." Yang Jian then paid attention to his own state.

He discovered that even if he abandoned his body, he could still live.

In the form of a Ghost Shadow.

The body is dispensable and can even be replaced.

Yang Jian has now essentially become a ghost with a living person's consciousness.

Becoming this kind of aberration reminded him of his hometown, where he encountered his father within the Ghost Dream.

His father pursued this very state, attempting to dominate the fierce ghosts in the dream. However, the shutdown of the fierce ghosts was insufficiently thorough, and he was invaded by them instead, barely sustaining his existence in the dream with a little bit of supernatural power.

And now, he has successfully taken this step.

Luck and opportunity are indispensable. Even if he tried again, Yang Jian would not be able to replicate this state.

He is a unique case.

"If it weren't for Liao Fan's summoning ghost, which directly called my consciousness back, I don't know if I would have been able to wake up successfully. It's possible that during the process of recalling memories, I could have been disturbed by other memories, leading to the genesis of a new consciousness or a new personality, much like a schizophrenic patient."

Yang Jian recalled this and still felt a palpable fear.

He had been too reckless.

But then again, recklessness was unavoidable.

There was no other choice—it was just a gamble.

Before his death, he had already prepared his coffin, worrying that the fierce ghosts might resurge after his death and affect Dachang City.

"President Yang, are you alright? What are you thinking about?" At this moment, inside the office, Zhang Liqin approached carefully and asked softly.

As a woman, she keenly sensed that Yang Jian seemed to have undergone a significant change.

But she couldn't articulate what kind of change it was.

It made her feel both alienated and afraid.

"I am fine, just thinking about some work-related issues." Yang Jian returned to his senses: "Take advantage of this little time to note down the events of this incident for me, I am about to go to Dadong City."

Zhang Liqin nodded, but then added: "This business trip will be dangerous, right? Shouldn't you reconsider?"

"Are you concerned about me?" Yang Jian looked at her, his expression blank, his demeanor cold.

"Yes."

Zhang Liqin did not hold back but seriously said: "I have always been very concerned about you, it's just that you don't feel it."

"Some things must be done. Just do your job well; the supernatural circle is more complicated than you think." Yang Jian did not elaborate further.

"Then come back early," Zhang Liqin said.

"Okay."

As the two were talking, Li Yang hurried into the company.

"Has something happened?" Yang Jian glanced over and asked directly.

Li Yang said, "There's activity. I heard you're going to Dadong City, so I've instructed the person in charge there, Wang Chaling, to cooperate with you, and also called over Li Jun to Dadong City."

"Hold on, I know Wang Chaling, the appointed team leader for Dadong City, but wasn't Li Jun missing from that Ghost Painting incident?" Yang Jian remembered the name Wang Chaling.

He is a local from Dadong City and also one of the earlier administrators, from the same era as Feng Quan.

And later on, he was appointed as a team leader.

During the team leader election, it was said that some were predetermined, directly becoming leaders without needing election.

The predetermined leaders are not all related by nepotism; most have real strength, it's just that they are unassuming and low-key.

For example, Li Leping didn't have much credit for resolving major incidents, but was firmly appointed as a team leader.

Back then Yang Jian was somewhat puzzled, until he went to Dachuan City and learned that before the Ghost Painting incident, Li Leping had already controlled a total of four ghosts, which was simply terrifying.

You have to know that at that time, spirit manipulators who controlled two ghosts were considered top-notch, and those who controlled three were qualified to be team leaders. Li Leping was truly a step ahead of his time.

If such people could not be team leaders, then no one would be worthy.

It's just a pity that Li Leping ran into trouble controlling the fifth ghost.

If he had succeeded, Ye Zhen, reputed to be invincible, would have had to pass the title to someone else.

Li Yang continued, "Li Jun has disappeared, and has even been declared dead, but Old Qin seems to have rescued Li Jun after solving the Ghost Painting. I don't know the specifics. I've asked, but only got these simple pieces of information."

"Old Qin resolved the Ghost Painting and incidentally saved Li Jun, who was presumed dead?"

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes: "Theoretically, reversing life and death is impossible, except for one exceptional circumstance... That old fellow really did restart. Spirit manipulators from the Republic of China Era who have lived until now are all monsters, stealing the power of fierce ghosts and fully harnessing it while surviving for a long time."

"Such people are anomalies..."

Normal spirit manipulators who are not anomalies would've died off long ago, leaving only the very pinnacle, the most special ones.

"With Li Jun coming to help, his condition must be very good, otherwise they would send Wei Jing. It seems that after being saved by Old Qin, not only did Li Jun survive, but he has also grown."

He then began to speculate further.

"Having two team leaders assist in the operation should make it go much smoother." Li Yang said with a hint of joy.

Yang Jian said: "Don't be too naive. I'm confident in Li Jun, regardless of whether he's a friend; at least he won't be an enemy. But Wang Chaling is an unknown factor, someone beyond our control, just like Ye Zhen. When pleased, he'll cooperate; when displeased, he'll fight if he must, kill if necessary, without a moment's hesitation."

"The purpose of dispatching Li Jun is not to help us resolve the Pendulum Clock Curse at the Republic Era Ancient House, but to act as a mediator, fearing that I would clash with Wang Chaling, to prevent another loss of a team leader in a fight. Last time, I had a conflict with Fang Shiming from the circle of friends but gave priority to the larger context and did not immediately take him down."

"It's not that I don't want to, but I'm unwilling to disrupt stability."

"I understand this method, but such an approach always comes at the expense of some people. I just don't want to always be the one who is sacrificed." Yang Jian looked out of the window calmly, thinking back on certain events from the past.

"Let's drop this subject. It's about time now; notify everyone to gather and get ready to depart."

Li Yang nodded, prepared to turn and leave, then suddenly asked, "Aren't we taking a special plane?"

"Planes are too slow. I'll take you there through the Ghost Domain." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang was taken aback, quickly estimating the distance between Dadong City and Dachang City in his mind.

Approximately eight hundred kilometers.

To traverse such a distance with Ghost Domain is not impossible, but it's an excessive use of supernatural power. If it were any other spirit manipulator, they would have died from the fierce ghosts' revival during the transfer, with no chance of arriving alive in Dadong City.

But the team leader said it with such ease; obviously, he must be able to do it effortlessly.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have mentioned traveling via Ghost Domain.

Very soon.

The team assembled.

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Xiong Wenwen, Huang Ziya, Li Yang, and... the Ghost Child.

With Yang Jian, exactly seven people.

This is a full team.

Although Zhang Han had died, Yang Jian planned to have the Ghost Child fill the number. The current Ghost Child can already speak, although it can only call out names, it is already terrifying enough.

Because the Ghost Child isn't concerned about the revival of fierce ghosts.

When the lion fights the rabbit, it still uses all its strength.

Yang Jian mobilized everyone and almost all supernatural items, even helping Feng Quan and Huang Ziya to control new ghosts.

If this is not enough to remove the Republic Era Ancient House, then nothing can be said.

"If anything happens in Dachang City, message me immediately. I'll return within ten seconds." Yang Jian glanced at Zhang Liqin and instructed, "The No. 1 safe house is being repaired, but the No. 2 safe house is operational. Even if someone tampers with it, it's sufficient to hold off for ten seconds. You and everyone else should stay there for the next few days."

"What about my mom? Should she stay in a safe house too?"

Xiong Wenwen protested loudly, "My mom is so pretty, she deserves to stay in a golden house."

"Let's go."

Yang Jian remained silent with a cold expression, covering everyone with the Ghost Domain.

They were enveloped in a red glow and disappeared in an instant.

Over the skyline of Dachang City, a perfect arc of crimson light formed, streaking towards Dadong City like a meteor.

This is one way of utilizing the Ghost Domain.

However, using the Ghost Domain for travel is a very extravagant act in the supernatural community and would even be considered foolish.

But for a spirit manipulator like Yang Jian, who has become an anomaly, it seems to be just a normal means of travel, without any impact on himself, and the cost is completely within his capacity to bear.

As long as Ghost Shadow isn't resurrected from its fatal state, Yang Jian can use the fifth level of Ghost Domain indefinitely.

The fifth level of Ghost Domain means that Yang Jian can invade most supernatural places and come and go as he pleases.

Like... the Ghost Post Office.

Chapter 878 - Wang Chaling

Dadong City.

Near the sea, its economy is extremely developed.

These two points also mean that Dadong City is very prosperous, surpassing Dachang City by far in terms of economy, population, or urban area.

But in this era of resurging specters.

Such cities need the most top-notch leaders even more; otherwise, any spiritual event could cause significant losses and impact.

The top leader of Dadong City is Wang Chaling.

His profile reads.

Wang Chaling.

Male.

Twenty-eight years old.

Born in Dadong City.

A master's degree holder returned from studying abroad.

...

The profile is quite ordinary, containing information that can be collected from public sources, and nothing particularly noteworthy except for his identity as a leader. If it wasn't for his position, Wang Chaling's profile would serve as a model for contemporary youth.

Young, handsome, with high educational qualifications.

From a family with an excellent background.

He can certainly be considered a cultured and wealthy gentleman.

It is now four-thirty in the afternoon.

The Ning'an Building in Dadong City.

This building soars up to five hundred meters, with over a hundred floors, being a landmark of Dadong City. However, the owner of this entire building is not a publicly listed company or a wealthy tycoon but an individual.

That person's name is Wang Chaling.

A very unfamiliar name, even the elite tycoon circle at the top of Dadong City has not heard of it. Occasionally, those who hear it and attempt to investigate find themselves stumped and are sternly warned off by some law enforcement officers.

At this moment.

The hundredth floor of Ning'an Building.

This floor is quiet and serene, unaffected by the noisy bustle of the big city.

Today.

A private party is being held here.

The invitees are not famous socialites or stately stars and tycoons, but rather top talents from various fields. However, they all share one thing in common: they enjoy playing chess in their leisure time.

There is Go, international chess, Chinese chess...

Even some renowned professional chess players are within the range of invitees.

"Mister Wang Chaling indeed has exceptional chess skills. That Jeang Chong from America was the runner-up in the international chess competition, but he just lost five games in a row to Mister Wang. You should know that Jeang Chong managed to win games against the champion in their three-game match."

"The Go master Jang Zhezhi also lost earlier, and perhaps because he couldn't save face, he has already left the premises."

"This expert in Chinese chess seems about to lose as well."

A group of people from various social backgrounds gathered and discussed with each other.

They watched the two people sitting in front of a Chinese chessboard in the middle.

One was a middle-aged man with a bald head, dressed plainly, like an ordinary old man from the roadside, but with a deep love for Chinese chess. He had been engrossed in it for over a decade and had a lot of natural talent. Although he had never competed professionally, not all professional players could necessarily beat this bald middle-aged man.

Sitting opposite him was a man in casual business attire, wearing glasses and smiling.

He had a gentle temperament, handsome looks, and an aura of scholarly grace that radiated from him, revealing an indescribable charm in his speech and manners that made people instinctively feel good about him.

It's hard to imagine that, in this materially-fueled society, there could be such a special person.

"I, I've lost..."

The bald middle-aged man stared fixedly at the chessboard. Although he hadn't reached checkmate yet, he knew that in three more moves, he would have no chance for a comeback.

"Thank you for the game," Wang Chaling said with a smile: "Would you care for another round?"

"I can't beat you, you are much better than I am."

The bald middle-aged man shook his head and stood up: "Although I'm not satisfied and would like to play a few more rounds with you, it's getting late and I need to pick up my child from school."

"No rush, if you don't mind, I can arrange for a driver to pick up your child, and we can play a few more rounds," Wang Chaling said with a smile.

The bald middle-aged man hesitated for a moment, seemingly still eager for a few more games.

"Let's wait a bit though. I have a colleague coming to visit. Let me attend to him first, my apologies to everyone."

However, at that moment, the always-smiling Wang Chaling's brows twitched as he looked outside through the huge windows of the building.

In the far distance.

A streak of red light had appeared and vanished in the blink of an eye, as if everything seen just a moment ago had been an illusion.

But then, the lights on this floor flickered as if interfered with, and an icy chill lingered in the air that could not be waved away. The previously serene atmosphere suddenly felt gloomy and eerie, making it uncomfortable for the people present.

"Has Team Leader Yang arrived?"

Wang Chaling stood up immediately and said warmly and politely, "I am Wang Chaling, the person in charge of Dadong City. I have long heard of Team Leader Yang's reputation, and meeting you today is truly an honor."

The other invited guests turned to look towards another corner at once.

In the darkest corner of the floor, where the lights had failed, as the light flickered, seven mysterious figures suddenly appeared out of nowhere, men and women, as well as children.

Many people were startled.

That spot was not in the direction of the entrance; there should have been no one there before.

"Are you Wang Chaling?"

A man holding a golden spear stepped out from the shadows. He was pale, with an indifferent expression and an aura of coldness about him, conveying a feeling that he was not to be approached by strangers.

"Captain Yang must have seen my file, don't you think I am Wang Chaling?" He smiled, his tone teasing.

Yang Jian said, "You seem pretty relaxed, still in the mood for chess."

"It's a hobby of mine. Can Captain Yang play? If you're interested, feel free to sit down for a few games." Wang Chaling invited.

Yang Jian replied, "I know a little."

"That's great. Since Captain Yang also plays, may I know what kind of chess you usually play? How about we have a friendly match today and learn from each other?"

"What chess are you good at?" Yang Jian asked calmly.

Wang Chaling said with a smile, "How about Chinese chess? What do you say, Captain Yang?"

"I'll take the red pieces and go first, Pawn 7 forward one." Yang Jian stood there motionless, his voice ice-cold.

Wang Chaling was taken aback, and so were the others.

"The chessboard isn't even set up yet..." Said the bald middle-aged man.

"Cannon 2 moves horizontally to 5." Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses slightly, the smile on his face fading a bit.

Yang Jian continued, "Knight 8 forward 7."

"Knight 2 forward 3." Wang Chaling also spoke.

They both spoke very quickly, hardly hesitating before stating the next move.

"What are they doing?" Someone asked in surprise, not realizing what was happening.

The bald middle-aged man watched incredulously, then quickly sat down and started setting up the chessboard to match the moves they had just described.

Luckily, the game had just begun, not too scrambled, and thus he could reconstruct it. If it were any later, he wouldn't have managed because he wouldn't have remembered all the changes in the positions.

"Rook 8 moves horizontally to 7," Yang Jian said still calmly, beginning to capture pieces.

Wang Chaling counterattacked swiftly, "Cannon 2 moves horizontally to 7."

Their exchanges seemed to become more intense as they both took each other's pieces.

Others looked on with eyes wide open, as if watching monsters at play.

Are these two really normal humans?

They have constructed the entire chessboard in their minds, playing without a board, just with their words. Aren't they afraid of remembering the pieces' positions incorrectly?

"How can they get so into it? If you want to play chess, look for Daddy Xiong, I'm tops." Xiong Wenwen muttered to himself.

He could cheat.

But he couldn't remember an entire chessboard. However, if the pieces were laid out, he could definitely beat this Wang Chaling.

The two continued to clash, with fewer and fewer pieces on the board.

But the outcome was becoming more and more clear.

"Checkmate, you've lost," Yang Jian said, expressionless, announcing checkmate for the first time.

Wang Chaling frowned, then smiled again, "Captain Yang is indeed sharp and clever. I've lost, but it was interesting playing chess with you. Shall we have another round?"

"Why is it over already? This move, Scholar 4 forward 5, can still be played..."

The bald middle-aged man moved the chess pieces on the board, surprised and confused.

He obviously couldn't see that far ahead.

Both were strategizing, and the one who puts the opponent in check first is already at a disadvantage, forced into a defensive position.

Maybe they won't lose.

But they've lost momentum, already one step behind, so the outcome on the chessboard is no longer important.

Yang Jian had no intent to play another round. Instead, he directly asked, "How much do you know about the Pendulum Clock curse?"

"There's no hurry. If Captain Yang is interested, please take a seat, and we can talk it over slowly. Everyone's already here, I suppose you wouldn't mind delaying a bit further. Of course, Captain Yang mustn't suspect that I'm intentionally stalling. I have no affiliation with that group of people."

Wang Chaling chuckled, looking somewhat innocent.

"Sit," indicated Yang Jian.

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Li Yang, and the others took their seats.

The lights above their heads went out, shrouding everyone in shadow, and as they sat down, the air grew colder, sending shivers down one's spine.

Some were curiously observing Mister Wang's guests.

Not to mention the one called Captain Yang who, despite his youth, was brandishing an odd golden spear as if role-playing.

The most eye-catching was the inconspicuous child walking barefoot on the ground.

In this chilly weather, not even a pair of shoes for the kid?

But after a few more glances, it seemed to catch the attention of the child who suddenly turned to look this way.

Many were startled.

The child was dressed in the burial clothes one would put on a corpse, with eyes that were pupil-less and eerily crimson.

"Manager Liu, please help me send our guests home first, I need to discuss something with my colleague."

Wang Chaling said and then apologized, "My friends, I am sorry for the sudden issue. Please forgive any poor hospitality today."

"I've indeed learned something new today. I didn't expect chess could be played like this, and so brilliantly too. Impressive, impressive," the bald middle-aged man couldn't stop exclaiming.

Had he not seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't believe that there were people in this world who could finish a game of chess just in their minds.

The rest also quickly greeted Wang Chaling before leaving.

Some looked pale and shaken, clearly frightened, and very unsettled.

The Ghost Child had been seen after all.

Its appearance akin to a dead infant is chilling even in broad daylight.

Considering some of the unsavory rumors online, they dared not ask more, only wanted to leave quickly, away from those strange and unusual things.

Chapter 879: Wang Family's Third Generation

In front of the spacious solid wood tea table, a handsome man dressed in a suit and wearing glasses is currently smiling gently as he leisurely pours a cup of black tea for Yang Jian sitting opposite him. The

steaming tea gives off a unique fragrance of tea leaves, slightly dispersing some of the odd smells in the air.

"Team Leader Yang, Dadong City is a city with a long history. During the Republic of China Era, many significant events occurred in this city. Its unique historical heritage always gives rise to some unique people and incidents."

"The Republic Era Ancient House where the pendulum clock is kept is one of them."

As Wang Chaling brewed the tea, he slowly narrated some information: "Before I took charge, I had also investigated that ancient house from the Republic Era and heard the sounds of the clock echoing from the old house late at night. Of course, it wasn't just me; nearby residents, even pedestrians passing by at night, have all heard it."

"However, as far as I know, to this day, no one has found that pendulum clock in the ancient house."

At this point, he shook his head with a smile: "Embarrassingly enough, I asked my father to find that clock, but he has yet to return. If you, Team Leader Yang, could successfully deal with that ancient house today, and should you encounter my father, I hope you could do me the honor of rescuing him from that house."

"Of course, don't force it if it's not feasible. After all, time will give me an answer."

"You sent your father into that ancient house?"

Yang Jian's face turned pale as he reached out for the cup of black tea.

The steaming tea quickly turned cold, and then he gently sipped it.

As expected.

He wasn't used to this stuff.

"There aren't many people in this world whom I admire, and you are one of them, Team Leader Yang. You've survived the Door Knocking Ghost incident as a high school senior and have grown all the way to resolving the S-level Hungry Ghost case, securing the position of team leader, even defeating Fang Shiming in your circle of friends, and overcoming Ye Zhen, the self-proclaimed best in Asia... Honestly, your experiences over the past year can truly be called legendary," Wang Chaling said without directly responding to Yang Jian's question, deftly changing the subject.

"You're very well-informed about my file, but you're not trying to flatter me, are you?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Chaling shook his head with a smile: "No, I did not mean to flatter you; I'm speaking honestly. Compared to you, I fall far short. Although to others I may seem a role model for a successful life, with high education and a wealthy background, in reality, I am nothing more than a good-for-nothing."

"The pre-appointed team leader position bothers you?" Yang Jian said with a calm expression.

"Team leader? That's just a trivial matter, and even if I don't become the team leader, my say is still final in Dadong City. You should be very clear, Team Leader Yang, the true power of a team leader is not authority, but strength. As long as I, Wang Chaling, am alive, Dadong City will always be under my Wang Family's control."

Wang Chaling slightly lifted his head to look at Yang Jian.

Underneath the glasses, his clear eyes twinkled with a hint of light.

"I am willing to take on the role of team leader simply because I want to have a public identity; I don't want to be a rat skulking in sewers, hiding here and there. Supernatural power should not be feared but respected, even revered."

Wang Chaling took a sip of tea and the gleam in his eyes faded.

"It seems the topic has strayed a bit. How much do you know about the curse of the Pendulum Clock Curse in the Republic Era Ancient House? If that's all we have to go on, I should get moving. Various powers in the supernatural circle are probably waiting to enjoy the show, and I have to show everyone what kind of fate befalls those who offend me, Yang Jian."

Although Yang Jian spoke coldly, his aura was strong, imposing and sharp.

Wang Chaling chuckled, "Although Dadong City is not small, it can't withstand your turmoil. After all, this is a densely populated metropolis. If it gets too intense, the headquarters won't approve. Li Jun should still be on his way here. His purpose in coming here is not only to assist you but also to restrain you."

"So what about that?" Yang Jian retorted.

Wang Chaling set down his teacup and spoke, "I understand your attitude, Team Leader Yang. Since that's the case, let me be frank—to avoid any misunderstanding later that might lead to unnecessary conflict."

"That Republic Era Ancient House actually belongs to my Wang Family. My family has been rooted in Dadong City since the Republic of China Era. Even before supernatural events began to occur on a large scale, I have been dealing with those filthy things since childhood—my father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother have all been dealing with ghosts."

"If we count, I, Wang Chaling, am the third generation of the Wang Family, and also the last generation."

"Bang!"

Yang Jian suddenly slapped the wooden table and stood up, his eyes gleaming with a red light as he death-gazed at him.

The thick solid wood table instantly cracked, and all the lights nearby extinguished at this moment.

An icy cold aura eroded the entire building.

"Are you playing me, Wang Chaling?"

Yang Jian's voice was still cold, but it gave off a chilling, dangerous feeling that made one's hairs stand on end.

Wang Chaling looked up slightly at him. Behind him, the silhouette of an old man dressed in black cloth with a vague figure emerged, like a vast memorial portrait, gray-white and cold—an actual fierce ghost.

And this fierce ghost had been following Wang Chaling all along, accompanying him, unable to be dispelled.

"Team Leader Yang, no one starts out by telling all their secrets to a stranger. I know that revealing this now may make you feel deceived, but had I spoken afterward, it would not have been simply about making you angry; rather, it would have led to a real conflict between us."

"I don't want to see that, so I ask you to keep calm."

After Wang Chaling finished speaking, another terrifying fierce ghost silhouette emerged beside the black-clothed old man. Its outline was slightly shorter than the old man's, but just as horrifying and strange.

Two ghosts.

Remarkably, there were two ghosts accompanying Wang Chaling.

These were true fierce ghosts, not mere Ghost Slaves or any incomplete ghost puzzles.

"Are we going to have a fight?"

At this moment, Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, Tong Qian, Li Yang, and others all stood up from their seats.

Yang Jian eyed his teammates and gestured for them to stay calm and not be hasty.

"So that Republic Era Ancient House is the ancestral home of your Wang Family?"

"Not the ancestral home, but a Cursed House—it's a building stricken with a curse. I don't live there; it's simply part of my family's property, which I've now inherited."

Wang Chaling tidied the tea table unhurriedly, speaking methodically.

"But inheriting does not mean owning, I myself am not willing to set foot in that place lightly, so strictly speaking, the Pendulum Clock Curse has little to do with me. When I realized the curse was out of control, I tried to solve it, but clearly, I was not successful, and my father remained in that ancient house."

After speaking, he sighed, appearing somewhat helpless.

Yang Jian asked directly, "You are the heir to the Republic Era Ancient House, so how much do you know about the supernatural events of the Republic of China Era?"

Wang Chaling looked at him with a slightly surprised expression, then shook his head and smiled, "I indeed encountered quite a few supernatural events as a child, but I have always loathed dealing with those filthy things. However, my father told me from an early age that it was the Wang Family's destiny, and when I asked him where this destiny came from, he said it was what his father told him."

"Yet, grandfather is dead, and I feel that my father is a pitiful person, trapped in a false destiny after all. It's the 21st century, who still believes in that?"

"So I abandoned the so-called destiny of the Wang Family and chose to study abroad."

"Perhaps the supernatural events had disappeared for too long, or maybe my father respected my decision and did not interfere with me... so I had a very happy life abroad, finally having a normal life."

"But fate always likes to play tricks on people. Later on, the supernatural events erupted, and I had no choice but to return to Dadong City, inheriting the Wang Family's destiny. However, because of the

years I spent studying abroad, there are many things I didn't have time to ask my father about, so I don't know much about the affairs of the Republic period."

At this point, he seemed to show a hint of apology.

"Perhaps there are some clues you're looking for in that ancient house."

"Your story is very fascinating," Yang Jian said coldly.

Wang Chaling said, "It seems that Captain Yang doesn't believe it?"

"The heir to the Republic Era Ancient House has all secrets cut off just because he went abroad? Do you think I would believe that?" Yang Jian said.

Each Republic Era Ancient House has a bizarre and terrifying story behind it.

The ancient house in Dachang City is no different. There should have been an heir. Yang Jian had investigated before, and it turned out that ten or twenty years ago, the old watchman of that dilapidated house died of illness, and with him, all the secrets were buried.

Unexpectedly, this Wang Chaling is the living heir to that ancient house.

"If Captain Yang doesn't believe me, there's nothing I can do, but this is the truth. I did not fully inherit the Wang Family's destiny, only their ghost. I am now paying for my youthful impulsiveness," Wang Chaling said, his handsome face showing a trace of regret.

"Since you won't talk, then I'll have to investigate on my own. I just hope you won't interfere when the time comes. My visit to you today was a courtesy to give you advance notice," Yang Jian said, no longer conversing, and prepared to stand up and leave.

Although this Wang Chaling said a lot, in reality, he didn't reveal any key information.

Only two things were known.

That Republic Era Ancient House is his family's ancestral home.

His father was left behind in that Republic Era Ancient House.

"Captain Yang, please wait."

Wang Chaling suddenly called out to him, then took out an old pocket watch from his bosom. Upon opening it, the hands were still ticking steadily.

"The time on this pocket watch is synchronized with the time inside the ancient house. There's a lot I cannot do, after all, I am useless, but Captain Yang, you might be able to. So if you go to the ancient house, please pay attention to the time on the pocket watch; it may offer you some help."

Yang Jian looked at him without saying a word.

"Do you think I would harm you?"

Wang Chaling said, "Actually, our goals are the same. You want to eliminate those ghost manipulators, and I want to reclaim the family house and find my father to make up for regrets."

"I'll trust you this once, but only this once. So do not betray my trust, or else, if we meet again, it will be a fight to the death," Yang Jian said directly. He took the pocket watch and then turned to glance at everyone present.

The red light enveloped the room.

Everyone disappeared in an instant.

The lingering cold presence here also vanished along with them, and the flickering lights around them all returned to brightness,

"Have they gone?"

Wang Chaling sighed and took out an old photograph to look at.

It was a black-and-white family portrait, featuring a stooped old man and an old woman—his grandparents—and a woman in her thirties, his mother; however, the space next to the mother was empty.

That was originally his father's place.

But his father disappeared, left behind in that ancient house.

In one corner remained an image of Wang Chaling.

However, the Wang Chaling in the photo was in color, not black and white.

Yet the photo, with time passing by, was fading slowly.

Besides, the background of the photo was a Republic Era ancient house.

"Mom, do you think that Yang Jian will succeed?" Wang Chaling murmured.

The woman in her thirties inside the photograph now subtly turned her head halfway, eerily looking at him as if she heard him speaking.

"Mom, go and take a look for me, please. If you see father, bring him back. Don't let him conflict with Yang Jian. Yang Jian has a Coffin Nail which can destroy father," Wang Chaling spoke again in a low voice.

The woman in the photo became lifelessly shifted, her figure gradually receding as if walking into the oppressive and gloomy Republic Era Ancient House in the background of the photograph.

The weird family photo of three generations with five people now had another empty space.

Only the grandparents and Wang Chaling remained.

Chapter 880 Dadong City Ancient Mansion

In a street of Dadong City.

A flash of red light.

A group of people appeared out of thin air on the road, ignoring the surprise and astonishment of the people around, and continued walking straight ahead.

Even before they arrived, the nearby pedestrians had already moved aside to make way.

"Captain, how credible do you think Wang Chaling's words just now were?" Feng Quan asked emotionlessly, his voice dull.

"Wang Chaling just said he was useless. Do you believe that? Don't bother with what he says. He has been appointed as captain by the headquarters and must have the strength and competence to convince others. We can't underestimate him. My visit to him was just to say hello and to let him know I'm here to handle the Pendulum Clock. I also wanted to gauge his attitude."

Yang Jian kept a cold face as he spoke while walking: "If he dares to hinder me, I'll deal with him too. But Wang Chaling perceived my intentions, so he sent the pocket watch as a gesture."

"He's not really trying to help me but wants to prove he has no connection with the Pendulum Clock and is willing to stand with headquarters. If things aren't clear at this point, it's suicidal."

"What if it really has nothing to do with Wang Chaling?" Tong Qian quietly asked.

Yang Jian said, "Don't be too naive. An organization like this surfaced under his jurisdiction, and they even dared to come to my Dachang City. It's not something he can simply disassociate himself from by saying it has nothing to do with him. Even if it genuinely doesn't, the word 'negligence' won't leave him. I can offer him the courtesy of sitting down for tea, or I can stand up and flip the table."

"It all depends on which step Wang Chaling wants to take."

"This guy has quite the patience, only making a decision at the very end to state his position."

He looked at the pocket watch in his hand, its hands were still moving, but it showed five-thirty, the same as the actual time.

"Was that conflict just now... real?" Li Yang asked in a deep voice. "Not just a bluff?"

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes: "Am I someone who likes to make empty threats? If Wang Chaling couldn't handle that move, I would have immediately invaded him with Ghost Shadow, not giving him a chance to play tricks. Now it seems this appointed captain measures up well; my probe made two ghosts appear behind him, but this is not his limit."

"In other words, Wang Chaling is at least controlling three ghosts, and there's a high chance he possesses supernatural items. He even mentioned his own Wang Family, indicating he's not alone but has a group. Otherwise, he couldn't remain so calm under the pressure of my small team."

A brief game of chess and tea drinking with Wang Chaling was a probing process for both sides.

"A game at the captain level? It's terrifying." Li Yang thought to himself silently.

Although their interaction appeared calm, one mishap could lead to a serious captain-level battle.

People at this level are too confident.

Yang Jian has been unrivaled since his debut, daring to kill anyone.

Wang Chaling calls himself useless, but in reality, he mobilized two ghosts at the slightest action from Yang Jian, and that was still with reservation.

After walking for a while.

Up ahead, an old Republic Era Ancient House with peeling walls covered in moss and ivy gradually came into view beside the street. The ancient house was neither hidden nor isolated, but was prominently situated there, with ordinary pedestrians still passing by nearby.

The only precaution was the rusty iron door in front of the mansion.

Though the iron door was over three meters high, it would still be relatively easy to get in if one really wanted to.

The style of the ancient house was more European, not the traditional Chinese style, and it was built mostly of blue bricks. Thus, even now it was still well-preserved, without any damage or collapse; only the window glass had shattered and remained unrepaired, leaving only empty window frames.

This mansion was much better than the one in Dachang City; with some renovations and yard cleaning, it could even be made habitable.

Yang Jian did not directly invade with Ghost Domain, as that would be too reckless, so he chose to approach the ancient house on foot along the nearby street.

"We are almost there. If we encounter any ghost controllers inside the ancient house, don't hesitate, just kill them. I don't want to be disappointed this time; I want to see your actions and coordination."

"Don't worry, with Daddy Xiong here, there won't be any problems," Xiong Wenwen confidently slapped his chest, indicating he had it under control.

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, and Li Yang all appeared more solemn.

Having suffered before, they knew the formidable nature and fearsome capabilities of these people, so they were not that optimistic.

Even though they were accompanied by Captain Yang Jian this time, there was no guarantee that there wasn't a captain-level figure inside the mansion housing the Pendulum Clock, or that they wouldn't encounter horrifying supernatural events.

"We are here."

They stopped walking.

Everyone stood before the rusty iron door.

Through the gaps in the iron door, the full view of the ancient house was revealed. The heavy main door was still solid, locked up with rusted chains, seemingly untouched for decades, but in the yard full of dried grass, many fresh human footprints could be seen, suggesting that the place was still accessed occasionally.

But with the main door locked and the iron door closed, what kind of people would move around in such an abandoned place?

Definitely not those curious passersby.

"Inside, something is not right."

Li Yang placed one hand on the iron door, which strangely began to twist and issued a creaking noise.

He then suddenly withdrew his hand with a changed expression.

"Inside there's a terrifying supernatural force at work. I tried to block it with Door-blocking Ghost, but the confrontation failed, and even the door was affected."

Li Yang was visibly shaken, retreating instantly after a small probe.

The twisted iron gate was not destroyed by him, but was interfered with by the supernatural power inside during the resistance.

You should know that doors influenced by him usually cannot be broken by ordinary ghosts, but in front of the yard of this ancient house, they lost their effectiveness and were suppressed without any resistance.

"It looks calm, but it's actually very dangerous. Wang Chaling indeed has a problem. This place is so perilous and yet it's not sealed off. If someone carelessly runs inside, they may never come out."

Feng Quan's gloomy voice sounded as he casually shook the rusty iron gate.

The lock on the gate immediately broke apart.

The twisted iron gate was opened.

Yang Jian didn't say anything, he just took the lead and walked to the front, ready to forcefully break into this long-abandoned ancient house.

But he had only taken a few steps when he suddenly stopped.

His gaze shifted.

He swiftly turned around to look behind him.

At this moment, numerous pedestrians on the roadside curiously looked towards them.

It seemed that their breaking of the long-unopened iron gate had drawn attention, or perhaps their group looked strange and attracted gazes, or it might be that they were all looking at the beauty, Huang Ziya.

In any case, there were quite a few onlookers.

But Yang Jian's gaze sharply focused on a man who was recording with his mobile phone.

The man wearing a hat and hoodie was dressed in a rather fashionable and avant-garde manner, looking nothing unusual, but the hand holding the phone was pale, rigid, thin, and covered in death spots.

At this moment.

The man seemed to notice Yang Jian's gaze, and the two exchanged a glance.

Afterward, he hurriedly put away his phone and turned to flee.

"Ignorant of the danger."

Yang Jian stood still.

The next moment.

A cracked golden spear appeared out of nowhere, piercing directly through his body and nailing him to the ground.

"Ghost Eye... Yang Jian?"

The man let out a hoarse growl, trying to pull out the spear, but his body was already unable to move, freezing in place in a twisted posture.

Soon.

After struggling briefly, there was no more movement.

"That person should not be a ghost manipulator." Huang Ziya said.

"A person eroded by supernatural power, his body has a terminal illness, it's cancer, he was also struggling to live. I helped him be set free." Yang Jian glanced over, withdrew his gaze, and the spear reappeared in his hand.

"Such people should not know us." Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian said, "Because he also has connections with this ancient house, he is most likely a surveillance personnel left outside upon notification, and if the others haven't run away, they should already be gathered inside the ancient house."

Saying this, he strode towards the ancient house.

He had only crossed about a meter past the iron gate.

Suddenly, everything nearby underwent a strange transformation.

The size of the yard suddenly increased, from a few dozen square meters full of weeds to a courtyard of thousands of square meters.

In the yard were randomly placed coffins of various ages made of old wood.

Some of these coffins were half-buried in the ground, some were simply placed on the ground, and some were lined up against the wall.

The air was filled with the smell of rotting corpses.

"Ghost Domain, huh?" Li Yang had seen this kind of situation before.

Previously in Dachuan City's Mingyue Community, it was just like this.

It looked fine from the outside, but once you entered the community, stepped into the Ghost Domain, a drastic change occurred immediately.

Ghost Domain isolates the realm of reality and the supernatural.

It looks normal on the outside, but only after truly understanding it would one know the horror it contains.

"Yang Jian, you shouldn't have come here."

Before he approached the ancient house, a deep voice carrying a warning drifted out from the hollow windows.