

Revival 881

Chapter 881 Rushing into the Ancient Mansion

"Is there someone inside?"

Hearing the voice drifting from inside, everyone felt a chill in their hearts, subconsciously becoming vigilant, on guard for any unexpected situations that might arise at any moment.

"I shouldn't have come? So you mean to say I should have obediently stayed in Dachang City waiting for you all to come to find me?"

Yang Jian's footsteps halted, and he glanced at Xiong Wenwen.

Xiong Wenwen patted his chest and immediately understood what Yang Jian meant.

The other party was prepared, waiting here; to avoid being at a disadvantage, it was most prudent to directly use the ability of foresight at this moment.

"Liao Fan and Xu Feng have already been taken out by you; this should be the end of it. We don't want to provoke the captain from headquarters either." The low voice continued to emanate inside the empty ancient mansion.

"It will only be over when I've killed all of you."

Yang Jian replied with an icy tone, his attitude resolute with no room for turning back.

"Yang Jian, don't be too arrogant. Kill all of us? If you dare to barge in, your whole team might be wiped out right here. Leave now and our issues end here. And we promise never to set foot in Dachang City from this day forward,"

"Knowing when to stop at the right time is what a smart person would do."

That person continued to warn Yang Jian within the ancient house.

"Too cowardly even to show your face, and you think a few pretentious words will scare me? Do you take me for a three-year-old child? Today, everyone in this ancient mansion is going to die, each and every one."

Yang Jian responded to that voice, all the while waiting for the results of Xiong Wenwen's foresight.

He intended to eliminate these people without fail.

"Yang Jian, don't go too far. When I became a ghost controller, you were still doing homework at school. Not even the third generation of the Wang Family would dare speak to us like this, let alone you? It's not just you, a mere team captain who came today; even if three or four captains came, we could still kill them. Today I give you some credit and advise you, but if I didn't, I'd wipe out not only you but also your entire Dachang City."

This was another voice, seething with anger yet revealing a sinister edge.

"Who's blustering? Too scared to even give a name?" Yang Jian's eyes flashed as he shouted.

"The dead don't need to know that much." The sinister voice replied.

Yang Jian coldly said, "You're not wrong there; it's pointless to know the names of a bunch of people who are about to die."

"Yang Jian, further talk is useless. An hour ago, you declared in the supernatural circle that you would eliminate us. Now you've come, and so have we. I'm just curious whether you can actually do what you proclaimed."

"If you want to fight, come on in."

The deep voice came.

Then, as if the chains that had sealed the ancient house's door for many years suddenly began to shake, the chains slid off the door and crashed to the ground, with the creaking sound echoing.

At that moment, the still sturdy and unrotted heavy door slowly began to open.

Behind the doors of the ancient mansion was a hall, dim and eerie, seemingly covered with dust as if no one had cleaned it for years. What was strange, though, was that the walls and floor inside were still well-preserved. Despite being old and discolored, they were not rotted or ruined.

The more it seemed this way, the more it exuded an eerie atmosphere.

Yang Jian stood at the entrance, peering inside, even making out the dim lights flickering in certain corners.

Those lights were yellow, dim, as if they could go out at any moment.

It was apparent that this Republic Era Ancient House was still in operation, though it appeared abandoned from the outside; in fact, some supernatural power still shrouded the building.

If indeed there were no issues with this ancient mansion, it would have already leaked and collapsed long ago.

"Are you hesitating? Heh, it seems the so-called 'Ghost Eye' Yang Jian is nothing special after all. Big talker, but when it's time to act, you back down, not even daring to enter the door of this ancient mansion." An inside voice taunted, full of disdain.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, yet he remained unperturbed, turning his attention to Xiong Wenwen.

At this moment, Xiong Wenwen suddenly opened his eyes, his already unpleasant complexion now showing a rare trace of alarm.

"Are you done?" Yang Jian asked.

"This damned place is really dangerous. I've died twice in a row. We can't enter through the front door; otherwise, we'll be cursed in an unknown manner, haunted by this ancient house for life. We must enter through the window..."

Xiong Wenwen whispered these words into Yang Jian's ear, having foreseen terrible danger and now beginning to warn him.

"After we get in, we must first suppress that fellow with the white hair. He's standing on the third floor of the ancient house. If we can't take him down immediately, one of us will die,"

Xiong Wenwen said, his face still showing signs of being deeply shaken.

Yang Jian's expression was serene, listening seriously to the information being revealed.

Meanwhile.

Inside the ancient house.

There were three floors in total.

On each floor, there were figures wandering, their gazes fixated on the old front door, all waiting for the arrival of Yang Jian's team.

Once they entered the ancient house, they would be greeted with successive life-threatening ghostly murder patterns.

It would take less than twenty seconds to almost annihilate this team of seven right there.

"Is Yang Jian afraid? Does he not dare to enter this ancient house? Perhaps he has sensed some kind of deadly danger,"

a slim man with a cold gaze commented as he slightly raised his head while standing in the corridor on the second floor.

On the third floor, a young man with a full head of white hair leaned on the railing, looking down emotionlessly: "If he's not in a hurry, why should we be? If it really comes to a fight, we'll fight with him. This Yang Jian is not as scary as imagined. His codename is Ghost Eye, his advantage lies in the Ghost Domain, yet this ancient house is specifically designed to counter those with Ghost Domain abilities."

"As outsiders, once the clock chimes, they too will be cursed. By then, they'll die faster than us,"

"And compared to the power of a ghost controller, we are not inferior,"

the white-haired youth said confidently.

Moreover, the ancient house was not lacking in occupants.

A quick sweep revealed.

There were more than ten people.

This number was quite astonishing, and there were some who did not participate, after all, this wasn't a very tightly-knit organization. Everyone was merely living off the Pendulum Clock Curse. Xu Feng and Liao Fan's matters didn't concern the others much, so some did not wish to take this risk.

"They're here."

Suddenly, someone in the first-floor hall issued a low shout.

The dim doorway lit up with a sudden red light shining in from the front door and windows, as if to erode the entire ancient house.

But the red light stopped spreading as it reached the middle of the hall.

Some supernatural power was blocking the invasion of the red light.

Everyone's expression changed.

"Is it Yang Jian's Ghost Domain? Is he about to break in?"

"Something's wrong with his Ghost Domain. It has already invaded up to the position of the hall."

"Ultimately, the supernatural force inside the Ancient House has a slight advantage. His Ghost Domain can't affect too large of an area. This must be his limit,"

The buzz of discussion arose.

Afterward.

The red light began to slowly fade away.

The speed at which it dissipated was very slow, giving off an unsettling feeling as if it was being delayed.

Within the red glow, several blurry and distorted figures appeared, and as the red light faded, those blurred figures gradually became real and clear.

"Tap, tap!"

The crisp sound of footsteps echoed in the quiet of the ancient mansion.

In the midst of the red light, a pale-faced young man with a golden spear full of cracks strode forward. On his forehead, there was a scarlet, ominous eye restlessly moving, peering into the surrounding darkness.

Behind him.

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Li Yang, Xiong Wenwen, and Ghost Child appeared one after another.

Several people in the main hall couldn't help but take several steps back when they saw this.

Because they all recognized that this man was the top exorcist of the supernatural circle, Ghost Eye Yang Jian.

"Yang Jian, do you really dare to come in?"

A gaunt man on the second floor, his voice grim and biting, growled.

He didn't want it to come to this, as such a struggle was meaningless for them, after all, it was Xu Feng and Liao Fan who brought this enemy upon them, and even if they were prepared, it would be quite troublesome if Yang Jian's team died here and the fierce ghosts revived.

But outside, it would be very difficult to beat this guy.

After all, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was too unresolvable, and matched with the Coffin Nail, one could easily be picked off separately.

Only by sticking together and relying on the curse of the ancient house for a head-on confrontation could they kill this guy.

Yang Jian slightly lifted his head, not looking at the man on the second floor, but directly locked onto the white-haired man on the third-floor corridor half-protruding out and looking down the stairs.

The dangerous individual Xiong Wenwen predicted was him.

"Make your move." The white-haired man said coldly.

"Kill."

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye moved, directly locking onto the white-haired man, and with a cold command, his Ghost Domain instantly vanished.

There were supernatural interferences with his Ghost Domain here. Although it can be used, it was difficult to adapt to this interference, so it might be better not to use the Ghost Domain.

Moreover, the Ghost Domain now couldn't cover the inside of the ancient house; even deploying the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain, he could only penetrate to the hall, so it was not very significant.

But if this was the case for him, it was also the same for the enemies.

In an instant.

Everyone in the ancient mansion was struck by a strong sense of crisis; the hair on their bodies standing on end in unison.

Because the power of the fierce ghosts were being unleashed.

No one could remain uninvolved, all were affected.

"Not good."

But in this instant, the white-haired man on the third floor felt a strong sense of danger. It wasn't his supernatural power warning him, but an intuition honed between life and death.

This intuition told him that he had been targeted by Yang Jian.

The next moment.

A whooshing sound came through the air.

The golden spear was suddenly hurled out by Yang Jian, piercing straight through the old wooden railing of the corridor and into the body of the white-haired man.

"Ah!"

The white-haired man was jolted and sent flying backward, a mouthful of fresh blood spraying out, his chest pierced through, and then he was nailed dead onto the wall.

He struggled subconsciously.

As a result, his body instantly went numb, unable to move, this feeling was just like sleep paralysis—his consciousness was clear, but his body was already beyond control.

"The ghost within my body is suppressed... is this, a Coffin Nail?"

His head drooped down powerlessly, hanging on the wall like a corpse, yet still showing signs of life, emitting a roar of unwillingness: "Yang Jian!"

How dare he.

How dare he use the Coffin Nail against himself as soon as he attacked. His Ghost Domain was interfered with, yet he used his strength to throw the Coffin Nail.

If this strike had missed, it would be equivalent to handing over the Coffin Nail to him.

What a pity.

Yang Jian hit his target, not out of luck, but because this outcome had already appeared within Xiong Wenwen's foresight.

"Someone, help me pull this thing out." The white-haired man urgently sought help.

But there were no helpers around him; he did not trust others usually, so during this operation, there was only him on the third floor.

The Coffin Nail could only suppress fierce ghosts.

Since the fierce ghosts were silenced, the body also lost its capacity to move, the Pendulum Clock curse also lost its effect, now his life signs remained only because his physical state was good, not yet reaching the critical point of death.

But how long could a regular person, whose chest was impaled and nailed to a wall, survive?

However, Yang Jian did not seem to give him that chance.

On the spear that nailed him, a ghastly, dark hand lay creepily and stiffly.

It was a Ghost Hand.

Furthermore, it was only a derivative of a ghost hand, not an actual ghost.

At this moment.

The stiff Ghost Hand began to move, crawling slowly over the body of the white-haired man, prying his mouth open bit by bit and forcefully stuffing inside.

"Mmmph."

The white-haired man struggled, however soon blood flowed from his nose, ears, and mouth.

"Pfft!"

A sound like something bursting, a stiff finger emerged from his eye socket...

What was an ordinary Ghost Hand was now brazenly destroying his body.

And the person himself had already fallen into a coma, consciousness blurry, life signs rapidly disappearing, and then, as expected, took his last breath.

Chapter 882 Victory and Cheating

Dead, dead?

Everyone in the ancient mansion widened their eyes at the corpse impaled by a spear against the wall on the third floor, which bore no signs of life, faces displaying a degree of incredulous shock.

"Liu Baimu was taken out? Are you kidding me?"

"Such a person couldn't last even a few seconds in front of Yang Jian?"

"Coffin Nail, the one pinned to Liu Baimu was a Coffin Nail, Yang Jian just threw it out, he really dares."

This white-haired young man seemed to be Liu Baimu, holding a rather high status among these people, but his defeat had caused a moment of panic in the ancient mansion, as no one seemed to have anticipated such a start.

The clash of supernatural powers is not about who has more people but about who can fully unleash the supernatural power without dying to the resurgence of fierce ghosts.

Thus, the death of a top ghost controller had already impacted the entire situation.

After killing Liu Baimu, Yang Jian didn't even spare another glance, knowing this guy was certainly doomed, for there's no turning back once pinned by a Coffin Nail, not even he could withstand such an attack.

He continued forward, striding directly towards another person.

"Kill Yang Jian quickly, if he does not die, we all will." The brief panic did not rob them of their ability to resist.

All sorts of supernatural phenomena appeared around Yang Jian.

As he was on the move, Yang Jian felt something pulling at his body from behind, the atmosphere cold and dreadful, like a fierce ghost lurking around his body.

But his expression remained unchanged, shadows covering under his feet, forcibly breaking free from some kind of ghostly bondage.

"Are you kidding me?"

A man in his thirties widened his eyes, looking at Yang Jian as if he had seen a ghost.

He even doubted whether the supernatural powers had any effect on Yang Jian, as they seemed utterly ineffective.

Keep in mind that even real ghosts can be stalled for a while.

"Not good." In his panic, the man turned to flee.

But the next moment, he felt his body rapidly losing sensation, a stagger sending him crashing down to the ground, a cold dark shadow eroding his body, depriving him of control over it.

"Help, help..."

Suddenly, his eyes narrowed, shouting for help.

But the next moment, he saw Yang Jian lifting his foot and bringing it down.

Bang!

His body jolted, his head in severe pain, and then his consciousness fell into a faint, never to awake again.

"Daring to join this fight with just a ghost under control, are you really in such a hurry to die?" Yang Jian snorted coldly, not stopping his steps, heading straight for the next person.

"Damn it, he's coming at me?" A man sitting in a wheelchair turned pale with fright, desperate to get away.

But it was already too late.

Yang Jian's dark palm directly gripped his neck, lifting him off the wheelchair, his dark eyes flickering with a red glow.

As soon as the suppression by Ghost Hand was complete, half of the man's body fell off as if it had been attached separately, not belonging to the living, as if taken from another corpse.

"Crack!"

Without giving him any chance, his neck was forcibly snapped, then Yang Jian proceeded to attack the third ghost controller.

But at this moment, Yang Jian stopped moving.

He glanced down slightly, his pupils contracted, and immediately saw his legs being held by a disheveled, rotting corpse.

He tried to struggle, but couldn't move, his legs as if rooted were fixed in place, and the feeling of losing control continued to spread as time passed.

"Yang Jian, don't be too presumptuous."

A woman in her early twenties, dressed in a thick down jacket, stared intently at him: "Even if you are powerful on your own, you are still just one person. Do you really disregard us that much?"

"You're quite impressive."

Yang Jian turned to look at her, the red glow in his eyes becoming more pronounced.

"I don't need your praise," the woman said coldly.

Yang Jian responded, "You misunderstand, I'm not praising you. I'm saying you are quite impressive because killing you might be a bit troublesome, but that doesn't mean I can't kill you."

After saying that, he raised his hand.

At that moment,

The golden spear that had pinned Liu Baimu on the third floor was suddenly pulled out by a dark Ghost Hand and then dropped from above.

The woman looked up and was immediately horrified: "Quick, kill Yang Jian now, Fang Tong, what are you doing?"

"I'm on it."

A rather short but very muscular man came rushing forward, biting his teeth. Despite being terrified, he didn't back down.

This man was called Fang Tong, code-named Ghost Crasher.

Though he only possessed one ghost, it was a deadly killing pattern.

Anyone he crashed into would undoubtedly die.

This supernatural power came from Liao Fan's Ghost Taxi; because he was once a garage owner and became infected by some supernatural force after coming into contact with the Ghost Taxi. He was supposed to die, but he survived, relying on the Pendulum Clock.

In other words, he was actually the driver of the Ghost Taxi.

But the next moment,

A man with a face of a dead person blocked in front of Yang Jian.

"Do you really think we don't exist?"

Feng Quan grinned, his voice deep, like a dead man buried in Grave Soil.

Bang!

The next moment, he was sent flying by Fang Tong.

He rolled several times on the ground, but then stood up as if nothing had happened.

The ground was scattered with mud, and his chest, where he was hit, was deeply indented, devoid of living flesh and only filled with stark white bones and organs and muscles made from wet mud.

"Not dead?"

The man called Fang Tong stared incredulously at Feng Quan.

"I possess three ghosts, how could you kill me with just one hit?"

Feng Quan's face turned fierce; he felt dizzy and in severe pain. The pain didn't stem from his flesh but seemed to torment his consciousness.

It was as if this guy could separate a living person's consciousness from their body, just like the Ghost Taxi.

Such a terrifying attack.

If it were any other member of the team, they would have already died from that hit.

Yang Jian glanced at Feng Quan; at that moment the cracked spear had already fallen.

"Stop it."

The woman ran over, trying to grab the object.

If this supernatural weapon fell into Yang Jian's hands, there really wouldn't be any chance left.

"Is there a chance?"

The woman was nervous, her eyes fixed only on the falling spear in mid-air.

If she could snatch it away, she might have a chance to kill Ghost Eye Yang Jian here.

This was an opportunity.

In the face of a perilous situation between life and death, this woman burst forth with unimaginable decisiveness and bravery. In this moment, she had resolved to balance her and Yang Jian's fates on a scale, to see who would come out superior.

"Caught it."

The next moment.

The falling long spear was unexpectedly seized first by this woman; she grabbed the long spear, feeling as if she were in a dream for a moment.

"Not bad."

Yang Jian's movements were restrained, his gaze calm as he watched the spear being wrested from him.

"Die."

The woman screamed at the top of her lungs, swinging the bizarre weapon towards Yang Jian's head.

But the next moment, something unexpected occurred.

The Firewood Knife, capable of dismembering fierce spirits, hadn't even made contact with Yang Jian when he effortlessly grasped it in one hand.

"How is this possible?" This woman was momentarily dumbfounded.

Is this supernatural item so blunt? Can't it even slice through human skin?

"You're not using the knife correctly, without triggering the medium this thing is just scrap metal."

Yang Jian's voice was cold as he firmly pulled on the long spear.

A powerful force nearly made the woman lose her grip on the weapon, causing it to slip from her hands, and due to the inertia, she staggered towards Yang Jian.

"Liu Yue, be careful, keep away from him."

Someone rushed over nearby, grabbed the woman named Liu Yue, and then frantically retreated.

"It's such a pity, I had just gotten my hands on Yang Jian's supernatural weapon." Liu Yue grinded her teeth in regret.

She shouldn't have gambled, bet that she could annihilate Yang Jian in one go.

If she could have retreated immediately after obtaining the supernatural item and then planned to use this supernatural weapon for another attack, then Yang Jian would definitely have died here.

But now, the best opportunity was gone.

"So naive, the opportunity you thought you had was just the chance I gave you," Yang Jian said indifferently, shadows spreading from his feet across the area.

"From the start, I never considered you a threat, and my supernatural weapon isn't something that can be used just by holding it."

Medium triggered.

Yang Jian held the long spear forward in a casual manner, without even touching any of the people before him.

But the next moment.

The woman named Liu Yue instantly stiffened, a blood-red crack formed on her forehead, penetrating deep into her skull and through the back of her head.

"Thud!"

Her expression shocked, her eyes vacant, she collapsed to the ground.

No sign of life.

Just a pool of blood continuously dripping from the middle of her forehead.

Yang Jian touched his split forehead, the injury was slowly healing under the influence of Ghost Shadow.

"You came to rescue her, it seems you were very close. Since that's the case, I'll send you on your way together."

The long spear stabbed downwards, piercing the fierce spirit that held onto his feet, a part belonging to the Coffin Nail.

Suppression formed.

The fierce spirit nearly fell asleep, and Yang Jian regained his mobility.

The man who had saved Liu Yue was now terrified, bereft of the courage to fight.

How long had it been?

Yang Jian had already killed Liu Baimu, Liu Yue, and the wheelchair-bound Zhang Qing, and including the unlucky fellow who was stomped to death, that made four.

Fang Tong, with the codename Ghost Crasher, wasn't dead yet, but he was close.

At this moment, that person named Fang Tong was being caught by Feng Quan, gradually being buried into an abruptly arising old tomb.

Unable to struggle, only his head was outside, showing a pair of terrified eyes.

Meanwhile, other people were engaged in their own supernatural confrontations.

"Xu Ming, Xu Ming."

A man named Xu Ming was currently drenched in cold sweat, targeted by a strange child wearing funeral clothes.

The child resembled the Ghost Infant from the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City.

The moment he took action, he saw with his own eyes that the child said someone's name aloud, and a person named Liu Yu just turned his head, then he died, his corpse still lying motionless there.

Now, this ghostly child was calling his name.

"Xu Ming, Xu Ming?"

The Ghost Child stood in front of Xu Ming, lifting its head, vacantly looking at him, repeatedly uttering his name.

The eerie part was, although the speaker was in front, the voice seemed to be coming from behind.

Xu Ming tried to counter this ghostly child using his own controlled supernatural abilities.

But to his despair, it was futile.

The funeral clothes worn by the dead seemed to shield against supernatural attacks, rendering him powerless.

"That's right, it must be, this must be Liao Fan's Ghost Call, when a fierce spirit calls you must not turn back, or turning back ensures death."

At this moment, Xu Ming recalled, recognizing the deceptive abilities of this ghostly child aligned with those of Liao Fan's Ghost Call.

Considering that Liao Fan had already died at the hands of Yang Jian, this wasn't difficult to deduce.

Ghost Call was now controlled by this little creature.

"Why is it like this? Liao Fan's Ghost Call was only used a few times, yet this child keeps calling me non-stop."

Xu Ming noticed that the more the Ghost Child called his name, the more he was irresistibly drawn to turn back.

Could this creature not be subject to the resurrection of a fierce ghost?

"Escape."

Unable to resist, Xu Ming gritted his teeth and turned to flee into the depths of the ancient house.

Only in this way did he have a slim chance.

The moment he moved, the Ghost Child moved too, no matter how fast he ran, it always followed him, calling his name from behind.Finally.

Xu Ming could no longer resist the supernatural force and uncontrollably turned his head for a glance.

"No, this isn't good."

He realized something was wrong and wanted to stop his uncontrollable action.

But it was too late, that single glance triggered the inevitable deadly rule.

Xu Ming fell to the ground.

The Ghost Child stood beside his body, slightly tilting its head to look at him: "Xu Ming. Xu Ming."

It was still calling out.

It even squatted down, pushing Xu Ming's body with its small hands.

But Xu Ming was already dead, the body did not react.

After squatting for a short while, the Ghost Child stood back up: "Qin Zhifeng, Qin Zhifeng..."

It walked barefoot, calling another person's name, then ran off.

"Oooo!"

Meanwhile, Tong Qian's Ghost Face was crying, the cries echoing within the secluded ancient house, then forming echoes that returned once again.

The echoes inside the ancient house seemed unusually fast.

In just a moment, the echoes had already layered three times.

"Quickly finish off this Ghost Face Tong Qian, we can't let him continue to cry, the echoes are amplifying this supernatural power..." someone was crying while frantically warning the others.

But before he could finish, he froze in place with a sorrowful expression.

At this moment, a supernatural phenomenon appeared next to Tong Qian.

A reflection appeared on the ground.

It was a terrifying ghostly figure; the ghostly figure on the ground and Tong Qian's reflection were tangled together and shredding the reflection of Tong Qian.

Very quickly.

Tong Qian's complexion changed drastically, he felt the skin tearing pain, cracking, and bleeding.

What was most unsettling was that his cries couldn't interfere with the ghost on the ground killing his own reflection.

"Making the shadow disappear can prevent ghost attacks," Xiong Wenwen loudly reminded at this moment.

This sentence essentially revealed the killing pattern of the ghost.

"I'll help you."

Huang Ziya had already reached Tong Qian's side, her dense black hair hanging down, covering Tong Qian's body, blocking the reflection beneath his feet.

The ghostly figure that emerged on the ground roamed around Tong Qian, covered in dense black hair, trying to attack but got to slowly peel away that hair.

Huang Ziya immediately felt the hair on her back being slowly pulled apart.

But she was controlling another ghost.

The next moment.

A blurry ghostly figure stood behind her, stretching out its gaunt and lengthy arms to embrace both Huang Ziya and Tong Qian.

This was Ghost Crasher, a ghost controlled by Huang Ziya, could either strangle a living person to death or embrace itself, forming a ghostly protection to block other supernatural damages.

Instantly, the sensation of her hair being touched abruptly stopped.

The attack could not succeed any longer, forcefully blocked by Huang Ziya.

Ghost Face cried, the sound echoed,

"You little brat, you think you aren't dying fast enough?" a sinister male voice growled.

This Xiong Wenwen prevented his attempt to kill Tong Qian.

The next moment.

Xiong Wenwen's reflection eerily appeared on the ground again.

The ghost that was entangling Tong Qian turned and moved towards Xiong Wenwen.

"Damn, bullying Daddy Xiong?" Xiong Wenwen was startled and quickly pulled out a bamboo tube, drawing a talisman.

Life!

The bamboo talisman was inscribed with a twisted font.

Immediately.

Xiong Wenwen's reflection on the ground quickly disappeared, as if it was affected by something, the reflection was obscured and could no longer present itself.

"Damn it." The sinister man was infuriated and felt like killing someone at that moment.

Undoubtedly, Xiong Wenwen held a supernatural object in his hand that could protect him from other supernatural harms.

"Hurry up and die, this is already the fifth wave of Tong Qian's cries."

Xiong Wenwen was still taunting, raising a middle finger.

"Oooo."

The echo reverberated back from the ancient house, accompanied by the cries emitted by Tong Qian's Ghost Face, creating the fifth layer of amplification.

This time, the cries seemed to reach a certain critical point.

In an instant.

Someone, while streaming tears, collapsed to the ground.

One, two, three, four... a total of four ghost masters perished instantaneously.

The sinister man was among them, crying and dying as he fell.

But in an inconspicuous place, two ghost masters desperately tried to break open a dilapidated door.

During the previous conflict, they had targeted the rookie ghost master named Li Yang.

Two against one, there was no reason to lose.

Indeed.

Li Yang fled.

He escaped into an inconspicuous small room in the ancient house and then the wooden door closed shut, no longer able to be opened.

The wooden door, already missing boards and incomplete, no matter how it was battered, it showed no response at all.

Moreover, supernatural powers also could not influence it.

A fragile door seemed to isolate everything.

"Thought it was a rookie we could bully a bit, didn't expect this guy to be so tenacious, hiding inside and refusing to come out. Something doesn't seem right in the hall, we should stop wasting time here, check the situation, and if it's not right, we withdraw."

A person blocking the door said uneasily.

Confrontations between ghost masters are always fierce.

They chased after Li Yang here also not wanting to get involved in that melee, to avoid dying from inexplicable supernatural forces.

"That makes sense." Another person agreed.

They didn't want to waste time here with Li Yang.

But just as they were about to leave, the battered wooden door creaked open again.

Inside it was dim, only a vague figure could be seen standing there.

"Hmm?"

A person immediately became alert, but then his expression turned to panic.

A tremendous pulling force came from behind the door.

"Damn it, this Li Yang, he's not just controlling one ghost." After realizing this, he tried to resist, but it was too late.

The person was instantly sucked into the door.

"Bang!"

The old wooden door closed, and all was quiet inside.

"Open the door."

The other person tried to rescue, but after bumping into it, he still could not shake the rickety wooden door.

After several attempts, the result was the same as before; he could not rush in to rescue his friend. But before he could try more,

The corridor echoed with that eerie cry again.

The cry had always existed before, but it didn't seem to affect much; however, this time it felt very wrong.

This person was crying at the corners of his eyes, showing a saddened expression on his face.

"How did I end up like this? This crying..." He reached out to touch his own tears.

Then, his expression froze.

There was no more movement.

"Creak."

The old door opened again, hitting the person.

He collapsed to the ground with a thud, now a rigid corpse.

In the room, Li Yang's figure appeared, while the person who had just been dragged in had vanished without a trace; then, he changed his expression and hid back into the room, closing the door.

This crying was already the sixth wave.

A ghost controller who managed two ghosts couldn't possibly block it.

It was now capable of killing almost everyone below the captain level.

The sixth wave of crying echoed in the ancient house, becoming a source of horror.

No one could survive under this crying sound.

Even Yang Jian felt a bit shocked.

Fortunately, he had now become an anomaly; this murderous pattern could not target him, otherwise, all the ghost controllers here might be killed by Tong Qian.

"Stop it, it's enough, it's too dangerous, I feel already affected," Feng Quan struggled to walk out from the old grave.

But after he came out, the old grave was still there.

Inside, there was a person buried.

A ghost controller named Wan Tong, codenamed Ghost Crasher.

Tong Qian used laughter to balance the surroundings, thus preventing her teammates from being attacked, otherwise, both Feng Quan and Huang Ziya would have been killed.

Xiong Wenwen was not affected; he drew a Life Talisman, which meant he wouldn't be killed by supernatural forces within ten minutes.

This made him confidently stand fearlessly in the middle of the hall.

"Is everyone dead?"

Tong Qian's crying stopped, and he glanced at the sprawled corpses in the hall.

It seemed that other than a few of them, there were no strangers standing anymore.

"It seems the result is similar to what was foreseen."

At that moment, Yang Jian returned, carrying a corpse, with his long spear by his side, pinning down a fierce ghost.

"The Pendulum Clock Curse is just that, although it was indeed dangerous, it was still within the range we could handle outside," Feng Quan nodded.

Xiong Wenwen said, "This is all thanks to Daddy Xiong's foresight. Without it, Tong Qian would have died followed by me, and then if that white-haired guy had killed one of us first, we would have lost three people, and the outcome would have been different, being wiped out was indeed possible."

"Those people really pick a place; this place doesn't work with the Ghost Domain," Feng Quan felt restricted and quite annoyed.

Yang Jian looked towards the deeper part of the ancient house, "It's not that it can't be used, but it is being interfered with. This kind of interference is strange, it's not suppression or even an effect, but the Ghost Domain can't affect some areas of this ancient house."

But what Xiong Wenwen said was correct.

If not for the foresight, losing three people would indeed result in a different outcome.

But that's not entirely correct either.

Because Yang Jian still held back, he had not fought with all his might.

"But we eventually won," Huang Ziya breathed a slight sigh of relief at this moment.

The process might have seemed easy, but she could feel the dangers involved afterward.

Yang Jian furrowed his brow; he wanted to say something.

But at that moment, a sound of a bell came from a location deep inside the ancient house.

It was the sound of a pendulum clock.

It seemed to indicate a specific time, as the pendulum clock was chiming.

"Something's wrong."

As soon as the bell rang, Yang Jian felt an indescribable sensation.

"It's not right, look, the bodies of the ghost controllers are disappearing..."

Suddenly, Huang Ziya pointed at a nearby corpse with a crying expression and said uneasily.

Yes.

In the quiet hall, the bodies of the ghost controllers they had just killed were disappearing.

Along with the ghosts inside their bodies.

It was as if they were being erased by something even more terrifying.

"This is impossible, even if the bell sound can affect the bodies, it should not affect the ghosts,"

Feng Quan guessed there was something wrong with the bell sound, but he didn't believe that the ghosts would also be affected by it.

Yang Jian's eyes flickered; he seemed to have thought of something and quickly took out a pocket watch from his pocket.

It was a pocket watch given to him by Wang Chaling before they came.

He had said that the time on the pocket watch was consistent with the time inside the ancient house.

However, now.

The time displayed on the pocket watch was six o'clock sharp.

But now, as the bell sounded, the time on the pocket watch was rapidly rewinding.

Five fifty, five forty, five thirty-five...

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

The sound of the pendulum clock rang, stopping at five-thirty.

At this time point, Yang Jian and others were still walking on the street outside the ancient house, not yet inside.

"You, you guys are... Yang Jian?"

Suddenly.

Several people were walking towards the hall from the depths of the ancient house, one of them pushing a wheelchair, looking astonished.

The others around him were also familiar.

They were the ghost controllers who had been killed before.

"What a joke." Yang Jian's face looked a bit unsightly at this moment.

The time displayed on the pocket watch was five-thirty.

But the actual time 六点整 (note: this exact phrase was mistyped in the provided text), half an hour had been erased by the pendulum clock, as if it had returned to half an hour ago.

"Restart..."

Feng Quan also clenched his teeth at this moment, his expression somewhat fierce.

"How is this possible?" Both Huang Ziya and Tong Qian were also stunned.

The people they had just killed reappearing before them, how could they not be shocked.

Xiong Wenwen couldn't help but curse, "They're cheating, they're cheating, how can they play like this, this isn't right? Even though I, Daddy Xiong, like to play, I've never played like this."

"Yang Jian, let's go home, we shouldn't play with these cheaters."

Chapter 883 The Person Who Lived Again

Seeing those who had just perished appear before them once again, Yang Jian and the others immediately realized what had happened when the bell tolled.

This was a reset.

The bell was the signal.

The entire ancient mansion had undergone a reset, returning everything to half an hour ago.

Half an hour ago, the ghost hunters here were all still alive, none had died, so those who were taken down by Yang Jian and his companions were alive again.

Incredible.

It really is incredible.

This kind of reset had affected both humans and ghosts.

"If that bell really did signify a reset, then why didn't we reset along with everything else?"

Feng Quan voiced a question shared by everyone.

Yang Jian calmly responded: "It must be the Pendulum Clock curse. They all share something in common in that they were affected by the Pendulum Clock curse. Thus, after the reset, they were reset too, but it seems they've lost their memories. This reset is very thorough; although they've come back to life, they were not able to bring back their previous memories. It's strikingly similar to the resurrection effect of the Ghost Mirror."

"Does this mean it's like a reset combined with a resurrection?"

Tong Qian furrowed her brow: "By that logic, don't we have to kill them again? What if they reset after we kill them again? We can't keep this up indefinitely."

If others can make use of the Pendulum Clock curse to reset while we can't, what's the point of winning ten times if we are done for the moment we lose once?

"The reset can't be flawlessly perfect, at least this particular ghost didn't reset with the rest."

Yang Jian looked down at the motionless corpse nailed beneath the spear in his hand.

This was a ferocious ghost.

Previously, it had clung to his leg, rendering him unable to move; its Terror Level was not low.

However, with the last bell's reset, this ghost did not vanish along with the reset.

This implies that under the suppression of the Coffin Nail, the supernatural forces of the clock reset couldn't affect it, and so the ghost did not reset along with the others.

Since the reset failed.

Then that female ghost hunter called Liu Yue would not possibly come back to life.

It seemed to confirm his hypothesis.

One by one, ghost hunters emerged from the depths of the ancient mansion, but that female ghost hunter was nowhere to be seen.

As expected.

His guess was correct.

Besides that, Yang Jian looked at the pocket watch in his hand.

Five-thirty.

It was now 5:31.

Time within the ancient mansion had once again resumed its normal course.

"Is the time limit for the reset here half an hour?"

"At six o'clock, the bell will ring, a reset will be triggered, and it will only be effective within the mansion. If we're outside, it should be useless. There are two ways to kill these people and avoid the reset: first is to kill them outside of the ancient mansion, and second is to act within the first half of any hour."

"If I kill these people before five-thirty, even if it's a reset at six o'clock, it will only reset to five-thirty, and those who died before that time will not be resurrected."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he pieced together some patterns based on the situation he had just experienced.

His luck was rather bad.

He killed those people around five-forty.

So, when the bell rang at six o'clock, the mansion returned to five-thirty and, in passing, nearly all the fallen ghost hunters within the mansion were rescued.

Except for a woman named Liu Yue.

Her reset failed because the ghost she controlled was nailed to the ground by Yang Jian.

While he was analyzing the situation, those ghost hunters who had come back to life cast doubtful and suspicious glances at Yang Jian.

"Make no mistake. It's Yang Jian's group. Damn it, when did he get here? Why didn't we get any information sooner? What are those people outside doing, not reporting such a critical event?"

"Let's watch and wait. It seems Yang Jian and his group aren't intending to strike."

"Ask Liu Baimu what we should do. Fight or not?"

"It looks like Liu Yue has gone missing. Where could she have gone? She was just here, but now she's disappeared. Did she run away?"

Voices of various discussions could be heard.

More and more ghost hunters hurried over from the depths of the ancient mansion.

"Silence."

With a stern shout, a young man with a head full of white hair leaped down from the third floor and landed steadily on the ground.

Liu Baimu?

His arrival immediately calmed the somewhat chaotic scene.

Clearly.

Here, this Liu Baimu was the leader, guiding and directing these people.

"Yang Jian, you shouldn't have come here." Liu Baimu stared at Yang Jian, with a hint of warning in his grave tone.

Yang Jian slightly raised his head, eyeing him for a moment: "Liu Baimu, you've already said that once. There's no need to repeat yourself."

Huh?

Liu Baimu's pupils sharply constricted upon hearing those words.

As a clever man, he immediately extracted two critical pieces of information from Yang Jian's words.

First, Yang Jian knew his name.

Second, I said these words myself.

But this is clearly the first formal meeting between Yang Jian and me; it's impossible for Yang Jian to know me, and I couldn't have said these words.

Could it be...

"Ha, hahaha."

Liu Baimu suddenly burst into laughter, a chill in his laughter.

"I understand now, we had already fought half an hour ago, and the ancient house has reset. We are the ones who revived after the reset. It's no wonder Liu Yue disappeared; she was nailed by your Coffin Nail and couldn't reset with us, so she died."

"Yang Jian, I never expected you actually won against us."

As he spoke, he couldn't help but grit his teeth with a touch of grimness.

"But why, on what basis, did you few people win against us?"

Liu Baimu's voice grew into a near roar towards the end.

However, his words completely stunned the others.

"What a joke, we've already fought Yang Jian once and lost?"

"The ancient house's reset was triggered, Liu Baimu's analysis is correct, Liu Yue has disappeared, but her ghost is still here, currently nailed down under Yang Jian's feet, and it seems Yang Jian's squad has fewer people... The newbie, Li Yang, isn't here; he must have died in the previous fight."

Zhang Qing, seated in his wheelchair, spoke calmly.

Everyone had seen the information on Yang Jian's seven-person squad, and now that Li Yang was missing, they immediately noticed.

However, Li Yang wasn't dead; he had just temporarily left during the previous fight.

"Yang Jian, did you really win against us half an hour ago? You won against so many of us?"

Liu Baimu asked again, not believing the outcome, confident in wiping out Yang Jian's team and unable to believe that they were wiped out instead, paying the price of just one newbie Li Yang, while the rest were unscathed.

"The answer is already clear, isn't it? You lost, and were killed to the last man by me. If it weren't for the reset, you would now be corpses on the ground, and I've pretty much figured out your situation. Even if we did it again, the result would be the same. It would just be another death for you," Yang Jian said coldly.

Liu Baimu narrowed his eyes, fixating on Yang Jian.

He guessed that half an hour ago, he must have taken the initiative and killed the other's Li Yang first and then was defeated by Yang Jian's Coffin Nail; otherwise, they couldn't have lost so quickly.

The others probably couldn't withstand the assault from Yang Jian's squad.

As soon as these words came out, everyone else became panicked and unsettled.

After all, no one could remain calm knowing that they had been killed once half an hour ago.

Without having engaged in combat yet, everyone was already sounding the retreat in their hearts.

Fighting with Yang Jian's squad, unwise.

This was what everyone was thinking.

If there was indeed a reset, the results from half an hour ago wouldn't lie.

If we can't beat them, that means we can't beat them.

Trying again would yield the same result, and the chances of winning might even be slimmer.

Because Yang Jian already knew the strengths and abilities of us, while we have lost memory of the past half an hour and know nothing of the other side.

"If we reset once, you lose a teammate. Try again, and you'll lose another. Even if you win, you can't afford that price. How many resets can you withstand?" Liu Baimu spoke in a low voice, seemingly ready to take another gamble.

"Bang!"

Yang Jian slightly raised the fracturing spear in his hand and struck the ground.

The dull impact echoed in the silent ancient house.

"With the next wave of resets, whether or not the others survive, you, I can assure, will certainly disappear."

Yang Jian spoke as if he was declaring a cruel fact.

Liu Baimu's eyelids twitched suddenly.

Looking at the golden spear in Yang Jian's hand, his heart did not doubt that Yang Jian could really make it happen.

Because Liu Yue had already died, she failed to reset and couldn't be resurrected—If the next one nailed by that Coffin Nail was him, he would meet the same fate.

At this thought.

He couldn't help but clench his fist, struggling inwardly.

At this moment, Liu Baimu surprisingly lost his nerve.

The previous confidence was gone, leaving him at a loss for what to do next.

Before the fight, he had full confidence in wiping out Yang Jian's squad, but the reality after one reset told him that this confidence was blind, and the truth was that his own people had been wiped out.

But without the memory of that devastating loss, there was still some disbelief in his heart.

If he tried once more, with more caution, maybe he wouldn't lose...

At this moment, Yang Jian wasn't in a hurry to make a move, because it was only 5:40, still within the reset window of 6:00.

If the Pendulum Clock resets again at six o'clock, then these people would be killed in vain.

The best course of action is to drag out past the reset time of six o'clock.

But standing here wasting twenty minutes would be a foolish move.

Because the other party will surely react, even guessing his intent.

"Yang Jian, since we've already fought one bout, with both sides suffering losses, perhaps we should settle the matter of Xu Feng, Liao Fan, and others intruding into Dachang City in a different way. Continuing to fight won't be good for anyone; you would lose teammates, and we would pay a price. After all, we are strangers, never having met before, and strictly speaking, there is no enmity or conflict of interest."

"So, let's negotiate. State your terms, and we can all put this behind us."

Liu Baimu showed a varying expression and finally made some compromises and concessions, opting to negotiate.

He didn't dare to bet that he could survive the next reset.

Having died once, lost once, fear had taken root in his heart.

Chapter 884 Scatter in Disarray

To tell the truth, Yang Jian knew some situations inside the ancient house, but he really did not know that the pendulum clock inside could reboot everything in the ancient house.

He had read Liao Fan's memories.

He knew some information, but there was no information about rebooting in those memories.

Perhaps Liao Fan himself did not know about the pendulum clock's rebooting information.

However, none of this matters now.

At this moment, Liu Baimu, after reviving and considering, actually proposed a truce to Yang Jian.

He was afraid.

Afraid of dying again.

Therefore, Liu Baimu changed his strategy and decided not to persist in fighting Yang Jian to the death.

"You want to reconcile with me?" Yang Jian looked at him, expressionless as always.

"Yang Jian, we are all ordinary people corroded by supernatural powers, merely seeking to survive. Moreover, our confrontations only lead to unnecessary losses. It is better for both of us if we can let go of this needless grudge."

Liu Baimu paused for a moment, then continued: "You must have felt it before, killing us didn't come easy for you. Not to mention losing a teammate and worsening the condition of the others."

"Another round, and it might not just result in the death of one teammate, but also risk others succumbing to revived evil spirits. Even if you win in the end, the situation remains unfavorable for you."

"You, as the leader concerned about supernatural events nationwide, should not focus on us. If you are willing to stop today, I, Liu Baimu, owe you a favor. If there's anything you need help with in the future, just say the word. Consider it my apology for the issues with Xu Feng and Liao Fan."

He tried to analyze the pros and cons, to convince Yang Jian to abandon his hostility.

But indeed, what he said made sense.

Being enemies benefits no one and only brings harm.

Yang Jian's face remained calm, and even his gaze didn't shift, leaving one unable to guess his true thoughts.

Reconciliation?

Feng Quan and Tong Qian nearby, however, were frowning in thought.

They knew well that Yang Jian's probability of agreeing to a truce was almost zero. Why did nothing happen in his previous circle of friends?

Because Yang Jian did not choose to compromise.

These people surely don't pose a greater threat than his social circle did.

Moreover, they had already won once before, annihilating them. It was not that they couldn't win again, therefore making reconciliation even less likely.

But there was a reboot in this ghostly place.

If they killed again and it rebooted once more, these people reviving again would indeed be a great hit to them.

"I need to think about it."

Yang Jian seemed to ponder for a while, then slowly spoke.

Liu Baimu was taken aback, then smiled and said, "Of course, please feel free."

Yang Jian glanced at him, then turned and led the others away from them, arriving at the entrance of the ancient house, and then covered by Ghost Domain, blocking Liu Baimu and his group from peeking.

"How should we proceed now?" Feng Quan asked softly.

He was very clear that Yang Jian's contemplation was not about considering a compromise, but rather contemplating a way to eliminate these people again.

"The scope of this reboot is confined only within the ancient house and additionally, time is capped at half an hour. In other words, as long as we stall till six o'clock and kill them, even if it reboots it would be useless."

Yang Jian said casually, as if discussing something trivial.

"However, this is just my speculation, maybe the pendulum clock's reboot could last longer than this half-hour limit."

"Do we need to wait till after six to kill them? What time is it now? My watch shows 6:15."

Feng Quan checked his watch, which was a gold watch that isolated supernatural influences, providing the correct time.

Yang Jian checked his pocket watch: "It's 5:45 now, subtracting half an hour gives the time inside this ancient house."

"So we take action in fifteen minutes." Tong Qian also rechecked the time.

Huang Ziya immediately reset her watch as well.

"These people are really cunning, having a reboot up their sleeve. They know nothing but to play foul when they can't win, almost killed us."

"Didn't you foresee this beforehand?" Huang Ziya interjected.

"Do you think I'm Jesus? To know things so far ahead, ten minutes is already the limit," Xiong Wenwen retorted with a curl of his lips.

He indeed had foreseen the victory, but not the pendulum clock's reboot.

Because the reboot point exceeded his foresight limit.

"Captain, they won't let us drag out the time for fifteen minutes."

Huang Ziya then added: "That Liu Baimu might also have other plans and considerations."

"Don't worry, no matter what they plan to do, the outcome is death." Yang Jian said.

Though his tone was cold, it carried an undeniable confidence and certainty.

Huang Ziya nodded, no longer overly concerned.

What she could think of, the Captain surely considered as well.

"Liu Baimu, do you think Yang Jian will really reconcile with us?"

Zhang Qing, who came over pushing a wheelchair, also quietly asked.

Liu Baimu narrowed his eyes slightly, looking at the red light shrouding near the door: "Reconcile? Don't joke, Yang Jian, the Ghost Eye, reconciling with us? You've seen his file, he's been killing since he debuted, took down Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club in Dachang City, eliminated his friend circle, if not for headquarters mediation, he would have probably taken down Ye Zhen's supernatural forum already."

"Our Pendulum Clock-formed Survival Party, does he even care about it? Liao Fan, Xu Feng, and that Pei Dong have already been killed, it's only a matter of time for us too."

"If not reconciling, then why did he..." Wan Tong exclaimed, startled.

Liu Baimu whispered: "He's buying time to find a strategy, Yang Jian definitely wants to crack the reboot pattern, to make sure we can't come back to life next time."

"But not many know this secret of the house's reboot; I only heard about it myself. If not for Yang Jian's reminder, I wouldn't even know I've already been rebooted. He's not going to find it easy to crack this secret, but we can't let our guard down."

"After all, since he came to Dadong City and had contact with Wang Chaling, Wang has been trying more than once to retake this ancient house. Maybe this time he wants to use Yang Jian to accomplish this. If that's the case, Wang will surely provide some information to help Yang Jian."

With this statement, the others immediately panicked.

"What do we do now?"

A ghost controller named Xu Ming started to panic nervously.

They had already been killed once half an hour ago, and knowing they would lose, who would still want to continue fighting?

Even if Liu Baimu didn't mention reconciliation, they would still discuss it.

"What to do? What can we do now? There are only two paths: the first is to flee, to prioritize saving our own lives."

Liu Baimu said and then glanced at the door again; "But this path is clearly no longer viable, as the doorway is covered by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, making it impossible for us to leave the ancient mansion right now."

"And even if Yang Jian made way, would you really dare to go out?"

"Without the ancient mansion's protection and restart, once you die outside, you are truly dead."

"Indeed so."

Zhang Qing, Wan Tong, Xu Ming and the others all nodded heavily in agreement.

To flee, that is surely a path to death.

But to fight is also a path to death.

This has already been tried once, even under circumstances where they were fully prepared and had enough people.

Liu Baimu continued, "Fleeing won't work, and fighting is likely to lose, so there's only one option left, and that is to stall, to wear them down within this ancient mansion alongside Yang Jian and his people."

"Considering all the dangers within this ancient mansion, we know quite a few. If it weren't for the Pendulum Clock Curse, we wouldn't dare stay in this haunted place. So, the best option now is to hide deeper inside the ancient mansion. Of course, Yang Jian will definitely pursue us. Whether we can survive will then depend on our luck."

Upon hearing this, many hearts suddenly chilled.

Had they really been pushed to the brink where every person was for themselves?

"Of course, using the dangers within the ancient mansion against Yang Jian is not very feasible, and I don't want to just sit here and wait for death, so I plan to take a third path," Liu Baimu added.

"What's the third approach?" someone hurriedly asked.

Liu Baimu said, "Naturally, it is to find someone who can take on Yang Jian. Whether it's Feng Quan, Tong Qian, or that Xiong Wenwen, I see them all as ordinary. The formidable aspect is that they have a genuine Captain Level person. If someone could confront and even surpass Yang Jian, then we could directly turn the tide."

"Even Liu Baimu, you don't have the confidence to beat that Yang Jian, so who else in Dadong City could possibly confront him? The Wang Family's third generation?" Zhang Qing, sitting in a wheelchair, frowned.

"Nonsense, Wang Chaling is also a captain at the headquarters, the two of them probably have already made arrangements, there won't be a conflict," someone retorted to Zhang Qing's statement.

Liu Baimu looked towards the deeper parts of the mansion with slight trepidation: "The Pendulum Clock curse has always existed in this ancient mansion, many people who have entered have not come out again, including ordinary people and some ghost manipulators. I remember when I came here, others mentioned that the founder of our Survival Party, that mysterious chairman, disappeared here while searching for the pendulum clock inside the mansion."

"Are you thinking of finding that long-missing chairman to confront Yang Jian?"

Zhang Qing exclaimed, "Is it feasible to suddenly search for someone who's been missing for a long time?"

"How do we know without trying? Besides, I've been exploring the ancient mansion, having figured out many areas. The only part left is an area I still haven't understood," Liu Baimu said. "I want to give it a try."

"What if it doesn't work?" asked Zhang Qing.

Liu Baimu said, "I've always wanted to explore that area but had reservations. Yang Jian's appearance has dispelled my worries. If I fail, then everyone is on their own."

"I say we give fighting another shot; maybe during the next respawn, we could make it."

Some thought this approach had a slim chance and favored fighting again.

"Ridiculous, we didn't win the first time, what makes you think there's a chance this time?"

Liu Baimu scoffed, "Moreover, the most important thing is many of our ghostly powers have been revealed to Yang Jian, losing us our edge. They now have defensive and counteractive experiences. I can assert that we would definitely lose the second time. I had already threatened Yang Jian before, and he was completely unmoved."

"If he had shown any hesitation or retreat, I'd dare to fight. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case, so half an hour ago, Yang Jian and his team probably completely wiped us out with a considerable advantage."

"Alright, no more nonsense, that's the plan. If you want to follow my arrangement, let's do it this way. If not, I won't force you. Yang Jian is right there, you decide for yourselves."

With that said, he immediately headed deeper into the ancient mansion without any hesitation or delay.

There was no doubt or delay at all.

The others looked at each other in dismay upon seeing this.

They had not expected Liu Baimu to change so drastically. He had been confidently claiming that he could annihilate Yang Jian's team, but now after a restart, he was forced to hide deep within the ancient mansion, seeking help from the missing club president.

Perhaps seeking help was false, and escaping was the real intent.

"I'm leaving too."

Seeing this, Zhang Qing gritted his teeth, turned his wheelchair around, and quickly left.

His mobility was impaired, so if it came to escaping later, he would definitely be too late, which is why he must act in advance.

"No choice then, since everyone is escaping, let's escape. Take care, everyone."

Wan Tong, seeing this, also hesitated no longer and ran towards the deeper part of the ancient mansion.

The remaining people saw the key figures fleeing and instantly dispersed in panic.

"Run!"

All of them rushed deeper into the ancient mansion.

The harsher their words had been before, the faster they fled now.

"Wait, look, something is off with those people inside the mansion... It looks like they are running?"

Feng Quan was stunned to see these people turn and run without even a greeting.

"No way, are these people that cowardly? Just because they lost one round? They quit just like that? Both sore losers and lacking in sportsmanship, even worse than Daddy Xiong, and they are adults, pfft."

Xiong Wenwen immediately seized the opportunity to mock them.

"They really ran away?" Huang Ziya was also a bit dumbfounded.

She had been ready to fight desperately, yet the opponents fled first?

What happened to their promises of annihilating their team?

What happened to their threats to wipe out Dachang City?

"Unexpected, yet reasonable."

Yang Jian said, "After all, it's just a civilian organization, a group of villains temporarily united for survival. It's understandable that they would flee immediately when the situation turns bad, thus sewer rats will never be able to come to the fore."

"Their direction of escape is wrong; they ran deeper into the ancient mansion. Is there another exit there?" Tong Qian asked with a frown.

"No, I recall there are no other exits in my memory. The deeper parts of the ancient mansion are perilous, with real malicious ghosts lurking and other unknown dangers. Many people have lost their way there and never returned." Yang Jian explained.

He possesses the memories of Liao Fan and roughly understood what was happening.

"They are betting that we wouldn't dare to chase them, or perhaps they want to use the mansion's dangers against us."

"What should we do now, should we chase?" Tong Qian asked.

Yang Jian said, "No need, let them run for a while longer, it's not time yet."

He glanced at the old pocket watch.

It showed five fifty-six.

Only four minutes to six o'clock.

He was curious to see if there would be another restart after six o'clock.

Chapter 885 - The Wrong Time

"Creak!"

Inside the ancient mansion, a broken and incomplete wooden door was pushed open.

Li Yang peered out cautiously, only daring to step out after making sure it was safe outside.

"Is it over? There's no movement outside; it looks like we won, but that was expected. With the team captain here, those people could never be our match."

But when he arrived at the hall, Li Yang instantly realized something was wrong.

The entire hall was eerily empty.

There were no corpses of the dead, nor could he see Yang Jian, Tong Qian, Feng Quan, Xiong Wenwen, or any of the others.

The entire hall was silent and dim, with only Li Yang there alone.

"Could I have gotten lost?"

Li Yang's face changed instantly, quickly realizing that the problem lay with him.

It was impossible for everyone to have just vanished; the only possibility was that the others hadn't disappeared, but rather, he was the one who had.

He immediately stopped in his tracks, didn't wander any further, and began to recall the previous events, trying to find the cause and analyze the current situation.

However, as Li Yang recalled more and more, he found that everything he did was normal, without any problems.

Initially, he led two ghost manipulators away and hid in that small room.

There was nothing wrong with the room; it was just an ordinary room that had been abandoned, with neither fierce ghosts inside nor other ghost manipulators.

The only thing was that he had stayed in that room a little too long.

But that couldn't be helped.

At first, he dealt with one ghost manipulator, then to avoid Tong Qian's crying, he stayed temporarily in the room without coming out and used the Door-blocking Ghost's ability to blockade the room, isolating it from supernatural power.

The effect was significant.

Li Yang, staying in the room, wasn't affected by the crying.

"Something unexpected must have happened outside while I was locked in the room."

Li Yang thought to himself.

"Anyway, I should contact the team captain first."

Right away, he took out the satellite-positioning phone.

The phone showed there was a signal, which was good news.

Although the ancient mansion was very special, it didn't isolate signals.

The top-right corner of the satellite-positioning phone showed the current time: 6:26.

The call connected successfully, but soon a notification popped up: no signal on the other end...

"How could this be? I have a signal here; the team captain's phone should too. Could it be because the team captain's phone isn't a satellite-positioning phone?"

Li Yang speculated, then turned to dial Tong Qian's satellite-positioning phone.

Quickly.

The result was the same as before: no signal on the other end.

Seeing this, Li Yang frowned and put down his phone.

If one call didn't go through, and two didn't go through, then it was clear enough what the problem was; further attempts were likely meaningless.

"Since I've gotten lost in this ancient mansion, the most prudent method now is to ensure my own safety and leave this place first."

He glanced at the tightly closed doors of the ancient mansion.

Remaining here alone was very unwise, so Li Yang decided to leave first.

Li Yang didn't exit through the main door; he decided to climb out the window, leaping through the window without glass to avoid being subjected to an unknown curse.

Footsteps echoed in the quiet, empty hall.

Everything around was silent and dark; the air was filled with a coldness that seeped into the bones.

If one person stayed in such a place, their nerves would become overly tense and problems would arise.

Li Yang too was completely on edge.

Because he was quite certain that this ancient mansion likely had ghosts; even if there hadn't been any before, after killing so many ghost manipulators just now, fierce ghosts were probably resurging.

A resurged ghost and a controlled ghost were not on the same level.

You could easily take down a ghost manipulator, but once the ghost inside him fully resurged, you might not even have the chance to escape.

Luckily, there were no mishaps when leaving.

Li Yang reached the window and was ready to flip out of it.

However, just at this moment.

"Creak!"

The old and heavy door of the ancient mansion unexpectedly opened again, emitting a faint noise that, although soft, echoed throughout the quiet mansion.

Li Yang shivered.

He looked instinctively in the direction of the mansion's door.

At that moment.

Li Yang's pupils abruptly contracted.

He saw a woman in her thirties, dressed in clothing styles from the eighties and nineties, her body giving off an intangible appearance as if slightly transparent, unreal, and most eerily, the woman appeared in an inexplicable black and white hue.

It was as if an out-of-place black and white photograph had been embedded into the real world.

And this phenomenon, Li Yang had seen it before.

He had encountered something similar in Dachuan City with Yang Jian, in front of room 301...which was a ghost.

That was an old lady, but this was a middle-aged woman.

Different looks.

But the eerie feeling was the same.

"Don't tell me, a ghost walked into the ancient mansion from outside?"

This thought flashed through Li Yang's mind, startling him into not daring to move rashly.

After the ghost entered the hall, it stood in place, unmoving, rotating its stiff neck, those ashen eyes numbly surveying the surroundings as if looking for something.

"Not good."

Li Yang broke out in cold sweat upon seeing the ghost peeking around, and immediately thought of turning over and leaving this ancient house.

However, before he could act, he became stiff again.

For outside the window, he saw two decrepit old people, a man and a woman, standing by the window, holding hands and looking over with a strange expression. Their eyes were lifeless, like those of dead people, or like a portrait frozen in time.

"There are more outside?" Li Yang's pupils abruptly narrowed.

At this moment, he began to panic.

Three ghosts.

There were actually three ghosts appearing near the ancient house.

What exactly happened here, why are there so many ghosts all of a sudden? Why wasn't this discovered before, or did I now lose my way and stumble upon the true supernatural presence within the ancient house?

"Exit through another window."

The terrified Li Yang didn't dare to climb out while facing the scary eyes of those two elders, instead, he quickly retreated back inside.

He just hoped that he wouldn't trigger the murderous patterns of these three ghosts.

Otherwise, it might be difficult to leave alive.

Li Yang's luck seemed not bad; though the ghost in the hall shifted its gaze onto him, it did not focus on him. Instead, after a patrol, it continued deeper into the house.

After successfully avoiding the gaze of the couple outside the window, Li Yang climbed out of the ancient house and made it outside.

In the open space outside the ancient house, coffins of various ages were placed on the ground; some were propped against the walls. The styles and colors of these coffins differed; some were lacquered black, some red, and others were the color of natural wood, their gray hue due to long-term exposure.

"Those two old people disappeared?"

But when Li Yang turned to look back at the window, the old grandpa and grandma, the pair of terrifying elders, had vanished.

"Was it just my illusion... or did those two ghosts leave?" Li Yang felt incredibly nervous at the moment.

He was now on his own.

If he was indeed attacked by those vicious ghosts, it was highly likely he'd be killed.

However, just at that moment.

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

The sound of a clock striking the hour seemed to be right on time.

Li Yang was startled and checked the time on his phone.

6:30 AM.

Meanwhile, in another time slot.

At the entrance of the ancient house.

Yang Jian, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, and others came out of the Ghost Domain.

They checked the time.

"It's exactly six o'clock again, and the clock has begun to chime, but this time it seems it hasn't restarted; time is continuing to move forward," Yang Jian stared at the old pocket watch in his hand.

The hands didn't move backward but kept advancing.

6:05 AM, 6:06 AM...

"The clock chimes every hour on the hour, but the reset doesn't happen every time. Is someone controlling it, or is it random?" Feng Quan frowned.

Yang Jian returned to the hall, attempting to locate the grandfather clock by following its chimes.

However, the attempt to locate it failed.

The sound of the clock echoed through the ancient house, making it impossible to determine where exactly it was coming from, only vaguely guessing that the clock was somewhere deep in the house.

It seemed finding and dealing with the clock would be a challenge.

But thinking about it, that made sense.

If so many spirit manipulators within the ancient house hadn't located the clock, it certainly wouldn't be easy for him to find it by chance.

"Notify Li Yang to regroup; six o'clock has passed, we can make our move now. Let's kill them once more, and I want to see if these people can come back to life again," Yang Jian said.

"What about this ghost?" Tong Qian glanced at the odd corpse still being nailed down under Yang Jian's feet.

Yang Jian said, "We didn't bring a containment vessel, Feng Quan help me out here, bury this ghost."

Feng Quan nodded, not uttering a word, and approached the nailed-down fierce ghost.

His body started to disintegrate, dropping clumps of grave soil.

Soon enough, an old grave was piled up.

The old grave buried the fierce ghost.

And at that moment, Feng Quan moved and stepped away from the old grave.

Yang Jian pulled out the Coffin Nail.

The old grave remained silent and still, creating a form of suppression.

Feng Quan's grave soil inherently could suppress fierce ghosts, but a certain amount and height had to be piled up; otherwise, the fierce ghost would burst from the grave.

Now that Feng Quan, who controlled three ghosts, could maintain his body by using parts from Ghost Skeletons as long as he kept one head outside not buried by grave soil, he could ignore the cost of such a revival.

"Let's take care of business first, and deal with the ghost in this old grave later," Yang Jian said after taking a brief glance to ensure there were no abnormalities before proceeding with his actions.

"We still need to kill that white-haired guy first, can't be ambushed by him, or somebody will die," Xiong Wenwen reminded.

Yang Jian replied, "Alright. Let's take him down first."

Saying so, he moved towards the location where Liu Baimu had previously been.

The shadows at his feet gradually spread towards the surroundings.

He held the cracked golden spear in his hand, using the Firewood Knife's characteristics to trigger the medium.

Immediately.

The figure of Liu Baimu appeared right before his eyes.

Without hesitation.

Yang Jian raised his hand and swung the blade, aiming for the lingering shadow left by Liu Baimu's medium.

Chapter 886 - The Body Left Behind

Even though the ancient mansion had reset and returned to half an hour earlier, Yang Jian still did not intend to let go of the person named Liu Baimu. In Xiong Wenwen's premonition, Liu had killed one of his own teammates, and even though Yang didn't have his intelligence dossier, it was enough to prove that Liu Baimu posed a certain threat.

Yang Jian had no intention of holding back. He triggered the curse of the Firewood Knife and cleaved it down on a medium left by Liu Baimu.

The cut was vicious, severing Liu Baimu's neck and chopping off his head.

But the next moment, the curse of the Firewood Knife exploded onto Yang Jian.

A blood-red slash appeared on his neck, a wound that could be seen not just on his body but also on the Ghost Shadow.

The neck of the Ghost Shadow also had a gash.

This type of curse even affected the malevolent spirits, but the wounds it caused were different from those inflicted by the Firewood Knife.

Wounds from the curse could heal quickly, but those caused by the slashing couldn't heal in a short time, not even for malevolent spirits, and required much more time.

A complete Ghost Shadow could, to some extent, offset the harm brought by the curse of the Firewood Knife.

"If the Firewood Knife is used without triggering the medium, the curse only affects the body and won't harm the ghost inside it. But once the medium is activated, the ghost within is also injured, there's no avoiding it," Yang Jian said, looking down at the neck of the Ghost Shadow.

A fierce gash had appeared there.

It was as if the Ghost Shadow was going to turn into the Headless Ghost Shadow again.

But it didn't.

The tear in the Ghost Shadow began to heal swiftly as the ghost's innate ability to mend its body took effect, closing the wound.

Meanwhile.

Liu Baimu was still unaware that Yang Jian had set his sights on him.

After leaving the grand hall of the ancient mansion, Liu Baimu and the others dispersed deeper into the manor. Even those who frequented the place couldn't claim to fully understand the mansion, which, despite not being particularly large, was very eerie, as it underwent some changes every day.

These changes were indescribable and erratic.

Sometimes an extra door would appear, sometimes unfamiliar areas, sometimes extra corridors.

Even terrifying supernatural events occurred at times.

Many people have gone missing in the mansion and have yet to turn up.

If it wasn't for everyone being inflicted by the Pendulum Clock curse, they would not have wanted to stay here, and even if they did stay, they wouldn't dare to delve deeply into the mansion, wandering aimlessly.

Although the likelihood of incidents was low, no one wanted to take the risk.

"There was once someone who, in order to locate the Pendulum Clock within the mansion, explored it for a full three months, recording every change, every new area that appeared, and while it came at a cost, they more or less got a handle on most of the mansion's patterns."

Liu Baimu took out a notebook crammed with various notes and a multitude of drawn diagrams.

This wasn't accomplished by him alone, but by several groups of people together.

Those with ambitions to find that Pendulum Clock were not limited to Liu Baimu alone; he had also organized teams to explore the mansion. Even though they encountered some dangers, many things had been ascertained.

"A door that appears every twelve days, that door has yet to be explored for some reason, and it is very close to the area from where the Pendulum Clock's chimes originate. Today is the day the door appears; this might be an opportunity for me."

Liu Baimu walked through the dim and quiet mansion, his expression changing as he weighed the pros and cons in his mind.

According to his original idea, he didn't intend to explore the mansion so anxiously.

But there was no choice.

Today Yang Jian had stormed in, and with [him] blocking the door, there was no chance of escape.

Unless he killed him, he was the one who would die today.

Therefore, Liu Baimu knew that his only chance to turn things around was to obtain that Pendulum Clock.

The search for the Guild President was just an excuse to reassure everyone; in reality, he had his own agenda.

The Guild President had disappeared in the mansion for so long; most likely he was dead. If found, it would just be a corpse, no, perhaps a malevolent ghost that had already resurrected.

"Liu Baimu, if we disperse now, Yang Jian and his people could easily break us one by one. If we stay together, the enemy might still be wary of taking action due to concerns. Such a decision doesn't seem like something you would make."

On the wheelchair, the ghost-controller named Zhang Qing said in a hushed voice.

He was together with Wan Tong and Liu Baimu, forming a temporary small team.

Liu Baimu's gaze was dark as he said, "No choice, staying together gets us all caught at once, dispersing means we might get picked off one by one, both choices lead to death, but dispersing gives a better chance of surviving. The mansion changes in strange ways, and Yang Jian, who just arrived, definitely doesn't know the layout."

"So, we need to seize the time to explore the last uncharted area, it might be dangerous, but it's also a chance."

Zhang Qing shook his head helplessly, feeling like they, the prey, were being driven by Yang Jian, the cat.

"Exploring an unknown area is risky; we too might vanish within the mansion."

Wan Tong said after a pause.

"Both options carry risks, so we might as well keep the risk in our own hands," Liu Baimu said gravely.

While they were talking, they had already quietly split from the others and reached the third floor of the mansion.

The corridor on the third floor was old and in disrepair, the wooden flooring creaking and groaning as if it might collapse at any moment, dropping someone through to the floor below; some boards were even broken, missing, and the most exaggerated part was a gaping hole in one spot.

The hole was pitch black, impossible to see inside; people had thrown objects down to test it, only for the objects not to fall onto the second floor but disappear altogether.

Ignoring the black hole on the ground, the trio continued forward.

They acted swiftly because Yang Jian was still taking action in the hall, ready to strike at any moment, leaving no time for hesitation.

"We're here."

The two of them continued along the corridor, and at the end, an old wooden door appeared before their eyes.

Usually, there was only a wall here, no door, but today this wooden door had appeared.

Beside the wooden door, someone had painted an outline with paint, a marker to let others know that at certain times, a door would emerge here.

Liu Baimu, who knew this place well, opened the door with ease. He had been here more than once, but never had the courage to step inside.

This time he opened the old wooden door again.

The rust-coated bolts creaked ominously, as if they might fall off at any moment, but behind the door was a sinister and cold staircase, which, oddly enough, extended upwards instead of downwards.

Considering this was the third floor, where standing on tiptoes would let one touch the ceiling, there was nothing above.

Yet the staircase within this third-floor wooden door led somewhere.

To a mysterious and eerie unknown location.

Not within the confines of this ancient house.

Even before entering, a faint and nauseating stench of decay wafted down the staircase, as if a body was rotting away, and the temperature inside seemed unusually chilly, with strange noises occasionally audible.

As if someone or something was moving around.

"Go in."

Liu Baimu immediately said, without hesitation, he stepped forward.

Zhang Qing, who was in a wheelchair, hesitated for a moment before getting down and climbing the stairs with stiff steps.

Wan Tong had no choice but to follow behind.

But it wasn't long after they started up the stairs.

Suddenly.

Liu Baimu, who was leading the way, froze in his steps and stopped. His eyes suddenly bulged, and the hairs on his body stood on end, feeling an unprecedented sense of danger.

But before he could become alert to his surroundings.

The next moment.

A bizarre crack appeared on his neck.

"What happened?" Liu Baimu was horrified, instinctively clamping his hand on his neck.

But it was already too late.

With a shake, his head fell off, hitting the stairs with a dull thud before rolling down.

The headless neck gushed blood, splattering everywhere.

"Liu Baimu," Zhang Qing behind him was also shocked and instinctively caught the head that had tumbled down the stairs.

"Is there a ghost on these stairs? Were we attacked by a ghost?" Wan Tong nervously scanned the surroundings.

Liu Baimu's head seemed to retain consciousness, and after a brief state of shock, he quickly realized something: "No, it's not a ghost attack, it's Yang Jian. Yang Jian is attacking me."

"How can you be so sure?" Zhang Qing asked urgently.

"Fang Shiming from my friends' circle was killed in the same way. Everyone knows that Yang Jian has a technique to attack others without seeing them, which involves a supernatural item, probably a Firewood Knife. The weapon he had before was very strange; I've been paying attention to it."

Liu Baimu gritted his teeth, his complexion becoming increasingly pale as blood rapidly drained from his body.

But he was still alive.

Some supernatural power seemed to be sustaining his life.

"What do we do now?" Zhang Qing's complexion was fluctuating, and he began to panic.

Yang Jian was able to kill without being seen, making it futile to run anywhere.

Liu Baimu's face turned a shade paler as he gazed at his own headless corpse still standing on the steps ahead.

The body was motionless, yet it didn't fall over, as if some incomprehensible supernatural force was propping it up.

"What's there to panic about? Keep moving forward. We can't turn back now, or you'll all be killed. Yang Jian's method must come at a price; supernatural items always entail significant risks. He targeted me

because he must recognize the threat I pose, given that I killed his teammate Li Yang half an hour ago," said Liu Baimu, still lucid and speaking rationally.

"Yang Jian fears I'd use the same trick to kill another of his team members, so he struck first and took action against me. I'm sure that after this attack, you two are safe."

"A person like Yang Jian would not waste an attack on the likes of you because in his view, you're easy to eliminate and not worth the risk of using a supernatural item."

"Hurry, don't linger, my body staying here is dangerous, once the fierce ghost revives, all of you will die. Besides, I won't live much longer in this state. Only by finding the Pendulum Clock can I restart Resurrection." He urged them because he had just seen his own body twitch slightly.

This was a very bad sign.

Zhang Qing and Wan Tong glanced at each other, both gritting their teeth, and continued their ascent despite their trepidation.

They quickly passed by Liu Baimu's headless body, not daring to stay a moment longer.

Should the fierce ghost revive, this staircase would become a deathly passage to hell, where whoever came would die.

Chapter 887 - Room in the Darkness

"We have half an hour to act, after which we'll reach the reset boundary of the ancient mansion and killing these people again will be meaningless."

In the grand hall of the ancient mansion, Yang Jian began the next phase of the operation after eliminating Liu Baimu by using the triggering medium.

He was going to lead the team to clear out the remaining enemies.

These people were all potential hidden threats, and they couldn't be spared even if they had to act again.

"There must be some unknown dangers within the ancient mansion, otherwise, they wouldn't have fled deep inside waiting to die," Feng Quan said with a parched voice, speculating some clues.

"When truly facing death, these people will definitely fight desperately. I've seen it many times when I used to catch criminals. Even knowing there's no escape, they would still resist fiercely," Tong Qian added from the side.

Yang Jian didn't respond but instead asked, "What about Li Yang? Why hasn't he appeared yet?"

"I don't know what happened, but suddenly we can't contact him," Huang Ziya said.

"Could it be that he encountered danger after breaking away from the team earlier and something happened?" Feng Quan asked.

Yang Jian said, "Li Yang had already successfully eliminated those two people. Previously, during the reset, someone who was after Li Yang appeared again, so Li Yang is fine. Now that they can't be contacted and haven't appeared, most likely they are lost within the ancient mansion. That is the situation here; some people encounter incomprehensible situations and get lost."

"Li Yang probably got lost, so let's not worry about it for now. He can handle this situation; let's focus on the task at hand."

He didn't stop the operation just because Li Yang had broken away from the team.

"Don't break away from the team again. Let's move together; we can't lose anyone else," Yang Jian cautioned, then immediately started moving.

He led the way with Ghost Child at the very front.

The others followed behind.

Feng Quan trailed behind because of the need to guard against any dangers that might arise at any moment.

Yang Jian was very familiar with this area, as if he had been here before, lacking the sense of unfamiliarity and caution.

"Everyone has hidden away, which makes them hard to find; half an hour might not be enough. Once this time has passed, we'll reach the reset boundary, and there are dangers within the ancient mansion; it seems that the other side wants to wear us down until we give up," Feng Quan observed the surroundings cautiously while walking through the hallway where there was nothing.

Only the dark, blackish old lime bricks made up the walls.

"Maybe blocking the doorway would be better, if there's only one way out, they can't possibly survive and leave," Huang Ziya reflected and made a suggestion.

As they spoke, Yang Jian had already stopped moving.

He turned to look at a lime brick wall nearby.

Behind the wall was a hidden small compartment, which seemed to have housed something eerie before but that thing was long gone, now serving as a hideout for one person.

"Footsteps have stopped... How could Yang Jian possibly know there's a secret chamber here? It's his first time here, and without access to Ghost Domain, there's no way he should have found me," thought Xu Ming, a ghost controller, separated by just one wall.

At this moment, he was sweating nervously.

But he dared not move or even breathe heavily.

Because if Yang Jian discovered him, then he was as good as dead.

Although he was well-hidden, he could still clearly hear a series of footsteps stopping right outside where he was hiding and not moving forward.

He could even hear the conversations between Yang Jian and his teammates.

"Many people know about this secret chamber, so they think it's unsafe and have let me use it. But Yang Jian definitely doesn't know, so I should be safe. This is just a coincidence; I shouldn't worry so much," Xu Ming reassured himself internally.

However, just as this thought appeared in his mind.

Suddenly.

"Bang!" The wall in front of him suddenly broke apart.

Following that, a dark, ice-cold hand reached in through the broken wall and grabbed his neck.

"What?"

Xu Ming's eyes widened in horror, unresponsive to this sudden change. Just as he was about to resist instinctively, he found himself powerless.

The hand clutching his neck was cold and stiff, not at all like the palm of a living person, but rather resembled a dead man's hand.

A huge pulling force slammed Xu Ming heavily against the wall, as if trying to squeeze him into a hole in front of him; his bones cracking harshly all over his body.

The wall could not withstand this great force and collapsed directly.

He was dragged out, covered in dust and blood.

"Is there actually a secret room here?" Tong Qian was shocked; he also couldn't react immediately to Yang Jian's sudden action.

"You hid quite well," Yang Jian said, his dark pupils completely indifferent.

"Please, spare me, I can help you..." Xu Ming, looking at Yang Jian and others, was increasingly terrified and hastily pleaded for mercy without considering anything else.

He did not want to die.

If he had wanted to die, he would have died long ago; he would not have endured the Pendulum Clock curse until now.

Moreover, facing the group led by Yang Jian, he did not dare gamble on resurrecting after a reset.

"Help me with what?" Yang Jian asked another question.

Xu Ming hastily said, "I can lead you; I am familiar with this place. I can take you to find others, I can scout for you, just spare me."

"I don't trust the paths you lead," Yang Jian's darkened Ghost Hand suddenly exerted force.

Crack.

A crisp bone-breaking sound echoed.

The spirit medium named Xu Ming's eyes bulged out, and he died a brutal death on the spot.

And he had died twice within an hour; this was his second time.

Yang Jian threw the body into the secret room and continued forward without looking back: "Next one."

"Don't we need to handle the body? Later, it might resurrect as a malevolent spirit," Tong Qian asked.

"No need, spirits wandering in this ancient mansion will only get lost; they can't affect the outside. Besides, we're here to eliminate these people, not to handle the aftermath. Let Wang Chaling deal with it; having such an incident in his area and not yet settling the score with him, he should handle some laborious tasks."

Yang Jian did not spend time dealing with Xu Ming's body.

And he did not have the conditions for it either.

If Feng Quan were to bury them one by one, even with three spirits under his control, he too would succumb to spirit resurrection.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian continued deeper into the ancient mansion, coming to the doorway of a room.

The door of the room was old and shaky, not even locked, but inside it was pitch-black, with visibility less than five fingers, exuding a sense of eeriness and abnormality.

This is one of the unsolved mysteries of the ancient mansion.

A room enveloped in darkness.

Inside the dark room seemed limitless; venturing too deep could lead to getting lost, and what happens after that, nobody knows.

Yang Jian's mind contained the memories of the previously deceased Liao Fan.

In Liao Fan's memories, someone had once tried to explore this room, using a rope tied to equipment to measure. The rope stretched over hundreds of meters without reaching the end. Instead, they encountered inexplicable dangers and the rope broke middle way, and the measurement failed.

So, this place is very dangerous.

But the more dangerous a place, the safer it is.

Hiding in this dark room makes it quite unlikely to be found.

"Is there someone hiding inside too? Daddy Xiong sure won't go into this little dark room," Xiong Wenwen took a look then shrank back, unwilling to enter.

Yang Jian pushed open the shaky door but stood at the entrance without going inside.

Peering with his Ghost Eye, he could see a clearer picture inside up to about ten meters ahead, and within this range, he spotted several previous ghost manipulators standing.

The distance was small enough that they weren't at risk of getting lost.

"Tong Qian, it's your turn. Just cry towards this room and drive those people into the depths of darkness, letting them get lost inside," Yang Jian suggested, not taking action himself but thinking of a better idea.

"Drive them inside?" Tong Qian was somewhat puzzled.

Yang Jian explained, "The darkness in the room seems boundless, and no one knows what would happen once they go deeper. The only exit here is this door, and there are people hiding inside, but they haven't gone deep enough."

"I see."

Upon hearing this, Tong Qian immediately understood Yang Jian's intentions.

Some wanted to use the ominous nature of this place to evade their pursuit.

Without hesitation, he stepped into the room.

Tong Qian didn't go too deep, just taking about ten steps forward.

After ten steps, Tong Qian found himself engulfed in darkness, unable to see anything around him and eerily silent, as if cut off from the world, hearing only his own breathing and heartbeat.

With a bizarre twist of his neck.

A gender-neutral face with a smiling expression turned straight ahead.

A bone-chilling laugh began to echo in the room.

Strangely, although the darkness seemed boundless, the laughter echoed back surprisingly fast, as if it was just confined to the size of the room, not as vast as imagined.

The laughter contained supernatural power, and the darkness seemed unable to completely engulf this supernatural power; part of the laughter was unaffected.

And since the sound of Ghost Face's laughter could not be completely isolated, the echoing laughter accumulating would be terrifying.

Suddenly.

The ghostly laughter emerged from nothing and began to grow increasingly clear in the darkness.

"This laughter... not good, that's Tong Qian's Ghost Face laughing. Damn it, Yang Jian has discovered us here," someone who heard the laughter first paused, then startled.

"What should we do? Should we rush out and confront Yang Jian?" someone suggested on the side.

"Rushing out is suicide, Liu Baimu has already slipped away, and if we leave this room, Yang Jian will definitely kill us. We can't leave; this laughter also proves Yang Jian fears this room and didn't come deep inside, and hence had Tong Qian laugh to see if he could withstand his own ghost's resurrection."

"You're right, it's just about who can endure, and we can hold out," they agreed among one another.

In the darkness, they decided not to leave the room at any cost, and to just hold out against Tong Qian.

After all, all ghost manipulators run the risk of their ghosts resurrecting, and using supernatural power comes at a price.

But what they didn't know was that Tong Qian's two Ghost Faces had malfunctioned, an anomaly with no cost for resurrection.

Thus, the laughter of Ghost Face continued, intermittently accompanied by cries.

In the narrow room, the echoing speed of the laughter was terrifying.

In just a brief moment, laughter echoed four times consecutively.

The laughter inside the darkness grew clearer, as if a real ghost stood beside one, emitting a spine-chilling laugh.

The fifth wave of laughter arrived.

Inside the room, a ghost manipulator died.

Although the supernatural power within the darkness weakened the laugh, making it less clear outside, the pace at which it echoed was too fast, and the horror level of the laugh had reached a fatal stage.

The sixth wave arrived, nearly pushing everyone to their limit, someone cried out in terror: "Can't hold on anymore, this laughing sound has an echoing overlap..."

But as terrifying as it was, the person had not finished speaking before he abruptly stopped.

"Escape."

Some had also prematurely realized something was amiss and, gritting their teeth, ran deeper into the darkness.

At this time, those lost in it still had a chance to survive, but if they headed towards the exit, they would definitely be blocked and killed by Yang Jian.

Staying in place wasn't an option either; Tong Qian's Ghost Face continued to smile as if with no intention of stopping.

Very soon.

In less than two minutes.

The ghost controllers hiding in this dark room were dealt with.

Some died under Tong Qian's Ghost Face's laughter, others, in terror, fled deep into the darkness, completely vanishing.

But for safety's sake, Tong Qian's laughter continued for three more minutes before it abruptly ceased.

"This room is strange; the laughter seems to be trapped inside the room and can't seep out."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, observed for a long time, yet heard no movement from Tong Qian inside.

No cries, no spread of laughter.

However, he could see Tong Qian's figure; he was indeed moving.

After the laughter stopped, Tong Qian turned around on the spot, took ten steps to the door, and walked out smoothly: "What's the situation?"

"It's all cleared." Yang Jian said.

"Good." Tong Qian nodded.

"Go to the second floor, there are some remnants left, continue cleaning." Yang Jian said.

"Okay."

The group, once again, headed to the mansion's second floor.

Meanwhile, as Yang Jian and others were pursuing those cursed by the Pendulum Clock within the mansion.

Dadong City.

At the top floor of Ning'an Building.

Wang Chaling was meeting with another guest.

A distinguished visitor from headquarters.

"Captain Li is one step too late, Yang Jian has already led his team into the mansion, and most of the people inside the mansion have probably been mostly killed by now, and he went unprepared, it seems like the aftermath will be left for me." Wang Chaling gently smiled and poured a cup of tea for the man in front of him.

The man in front of him wore the uniform of a headquarters captain, his resolute face was stern without frivolity, and sunglasses covered his eyes.

However, one could still see the ominous and eerie ghost lights mirrored behind those sunglasses.

That was the Ghost Flame burning.

Moreover, Li Jun's facial complexion was odd, the skin pigment intense, as if dyed, rigid and bizarre, exuding a stark, deathly aura.

"I came here not to watch over Yang Jian, he is a man with boundaries and restraint, knows what can and cannot be done, his performance in the Hungry Ghost incident is commendable, such people are highly tolerated by headquarters." Li Jun spoke like a lifeless corpse, body rigidly unmoving.

"So Captain Li didn't undertake a long journey to Dadong City just to have tea with me, please, taste this freshly brewed black tea." Wang Chaling gestured.

Li Jun said, "Yang Jian has boundaries, doesn't mean others have boundaries, my purpose here is to peg those who lack boundaries."

Wang Chaling's smile stiffened, he said, "Why, are you referring to me?"

"Not you, but all the people in this city, you included of course." Li Jun stated, tone harsh, adopting a purely official attitude.

Chapter 888 - The Backward Steps

Wang Chaling seemed to be distrusted by the headquarters, and the purpose of Li Jun's visit to Dadong City was not to restrain Yang Jian but to keep an eye on him, which was somewhat unexpected.

According to Wang Chaling's guess, Li Jun should have been sent to restrain Yang Jian.

After all, Yang Jian has always been a thorn in the side, difficult to deal with, and not very stable mentally. He's prone to fighting at the slightest disagreement and even had records of physical altercations at the headquarters in the past.

But at this moment, Yang Jian was unaware that Li Jun was sitting with Wang Chaling, having tea.

He was busy.

In the revived ancient mansion, there were quite a few ghost handlers hiding, suffering from the curse of the Pendulum Clock.

Yang Jian had finished clearing the first floor of the old house and was starting to cleanse the second floor.

He had to kill those people again within half an hour.

The structure of the second floor of the old house was relatively simple, a swastika-shaped corridor with room after room that were old and in disrepair. These rooms were uninhabited, with only a few furnished with rudimentary furniture and bedding, covered in dust, clearly indicating no one had lived there for a long time.

Even the ghost handlers who suffered from the Pendulum Clock curse would not dare to stay there for long.

Once the Supernatural Pendulum Clock started ringing, incredible and strange things would happen in the old house. Some people would get lost inside, and others would die mysteriously within.

If not for the fact that the curse of the Pendulum Clock could prevent the resurrection of malevolent spirits, no one would be willing to stay there.

The cleansing of the second floor began.

"Stop."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian waved his hand, signaling to everyone. Their team moved smoothly and safely, sweeping through without any obstacles, but at this moment his voice became somber.

"Hmm?"

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, and that neither-human-nor-ghost Ghost Child all stopped in their tracks.

"There's a situation..." Feng Quan furrowed his brow without being reminded.

He sensed something was off.

It seemed like an uneasy feeling, as if some imminent danger was lurking nearby.

This was the ghost handlers' intuition.

Although Yang Jian's ghost eye was interfered with and he couldn't use the Ghost Domain, he was still watching his surroundings, almost no blind spots in his vision. His gaze turned toward a room across the hall with its wooden door ajar.

The room was dim and dark, nothing clearly visible.

But at that doorway, a middle-aged man with a dead aura, as if he had stepped out of a memorial portrait, was standing there, staring blankly and lifelessly in this direction.

No.

It wasn't really staring in this direction, but facing this way.

Their gaze wasn't really the gaze used for seeing, but simply facing this side, like a dead person's face towards the sky.

Despite this, everyone still felt an eerie chill of terror.

This feeling was like being targeted by an extremely malicious spirit.

"When did... There was clearly nothing standing there just a moment ago. How did it suddenly appear? Has it set its sights on us now? Or did we trigger some malevolent spirit's murder pattern after arriving on the second floor, drawing the ghost out?"

Feng Quan felt astonished.

Because this entity suddenly appeared across from them, only about a dozen meters away.

"Notice the clothes on that thing, they're not modern. This indicates it's not a ghost handler who has died and resurrected as a ghost, nor is it the fashion style from the Republic of China Period, but rather from around the '80s or '90s."

Yang Jian stared intently at the deathly middle-aged man standing in front of the door and tried to analyze something from the few features he could see.

"Should we predict what will happen?" Xiong Wenwen became nervous; "If that ghostly thing really has its sights set on us, it would be very dangerous."

"There's no need, it's quite normal for malevolent spirits to roam within the old house. Such phenomena have not occurred just once or twice. If we aren't being targeted by this ghostly entity, there's no need to pay it any attention," Yang Jian said.

The situation in the old mansion was complex, not just for humans but for spirits too.

For a ghost to brazenly kill people here was not very likely, unless you were particularly unlucky to stumble upon one.

Otherwise, the special characteristics of the old mansion itself would interfere with the execution of the malevolent spirits' murder patterns.

This wasn't just Yang Jian's conclusion, but rather what Liao Fan understood about this old mansion from his memories.

"The ghost... it's gone... and the door too."

Suddenly.

At this moment, the hideous specter that was standing in front of the door was gradually engulfed by the darkness behind it, its figure becoming vague, then dissipating like black mist right before their eyes, and the door behind it disappeared as well.

After the disappearance, only a corridor and the green brick walls beside it remained opposite them.

The walls were dark, gloomy and damp, with a slightly different hue compared to the surrounding walls.

"Another unexplainable supernatural phenomenon," Yang Jian said.

"Since everything's fine now, let's continue our action."

At the same time.

On a staircase in an ancient house that wasn't supposed to exist on the third floor.

Zhang Qing and Wan Tong, both carrying Liu Baimu's severed head, tread carefully.

The staircase was steep, and the passageway was extremely narrow, only allowing one person to pass through, and as they looked up, the stairs seemed endless, as if it was never possible to reach the top.

"Something's not right, it seems like these stairs never end." Even Zhang Qing, who was slow to react, sensed something was off after having walked for a while,

"Supernatural power has affected this place, it's impossible to finish these stairs by normal means." Wan Tong went silent for a bit, his expression turning grave.

Both were ghost controllers.

This kind of peculiar situation was no longer surprising to them; it would be odd if things were going smoothly instead.

Liu Baimu's severed head was now so pale that it was completely void of color, but he was not dead yet. He had strangely survived for quite some time after Yang Jian had decapitated him with a cut triggered by a medium, but he was not in good condition, his complexion frequently changing uncontrollably, which made him look particularly unnerving.

He struggled to remember, recalling the many pieces of information he had come across before.

The Pendulum Clock Curse had existed for a long time, and Liu Baimu was not among the first batch of seekers. He had also received some information left by his predecessors.

"What should we do now? Turn back?" Zhang Qing's steps were stiff, his body wobbled as if he could fall at any moment, but the idea of retreating had already sprung to mind.

Staying trapped here would mean certain death sooner or later.

Liu Baimu suddenly thought of something and immediately said, "Don't turn back. Close your eyes and try walking backwards."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Qing was startled.

Liu Baimu said, "Don't ask why. I don't know either, but I know this is the message left by the predecessors. I am not sure who left it, but I do know that some people have completed a set of eerie stairs using this method. It seems that the 'eerie stairs' referred to are these. Do as I said."

"Alright, let's try your method." Zhang Qing nodded.

He and Wan Tong behind him both closed their eyes.

The two didn't turn around but started walking backward down the stairs.

One step at a time, they counted the number of steps in their minds.

One step, two steps... When they counted to ten, Wan Tong, walking behind, suddenly stiffened, and his complexion froze.

His back had bumped into a hard and cold wall.

This wall seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. They had traversed at least hundreds of steps without noticing it, but after walking backward for ten steps, it was there.

Another incomprehensible situation.

"There's a wall behind me, I can't continue walking down," said Wan Tong.

The next moment, Zhang Qing also bumped into Wan Tong. Before he could ask, Wan Tong immediately said,

"Maybe we found the way, open your eyes." Zhang Qing immediately opened his eyes and turned around.

Both of them saw an iron door with rust stains standing behind them.

Above the doorframe of the iron door hung a dim, yellowing lamp that looked as if it would go out at any moment, its light only covering the iron door and unable to spread any further.

"This iron door is something we've never seen before; the doors within the ancient house are generally wooden..." Wan Tong felt the surface, found the handle, gave it a shake, and his expression suddenly changed.

"This door isn't locked; it can be opened, and it has been opened before. The door seams are not aligned."

Liu Baimu urged, "Go in and have a look. There's no turning back now. Don't hesitate. Even if we can't find the president, hiding inside might allow us to avoid being pursued by Yang Jian. Surviving shouldn't be a problem."

"You're right. If we hide there, Yang Jian won't know the pattern. Even if he finds the entrance, he'll be trapped on the stairs. Going inside will indeed ensure our safety." Zhang Qing initially breathed a sigh of relief, but then his tension returned.

Because there might be new dangers lurking inside, one couldn't afford to be careless.

But since they had no other options, the two did not hesitate any longer and pushed open the heavy, rust-covered iron door, stepping into the unknown.

This was a place no one had ever explored.

Chapter 889 - The Clock from the Past

Zhang Qing, who suffered from the Pendulum Clock curse, and Wan Tong carried the pale severed head of Liu Baimu past the eerie steps and opened the rusty iron door to enter an unknown room.

Rather than calling it a room, it was more like a peculiar place.

A silent, dimly-lit corridor.

Along both sides of the corridor were rusty iron bars, and these iron bars were separated from each other, forming individual small rooms.

It looked like... a prison.

"How can there be a prison in this ancient mansion?" There was surprise in Zhang Qing's eyes.

"I've never heard of a prison inside the mansion before. This is a strange place that has not been discovered by anyone. And judging from the size of this place, it seems to be even larger than the entire mansion," the ghost master named Wan Tong observed with puzzlement.

Of course, he was not the only one with such doubts.

Now just a severed head, Liu Baimu was in bad shape; he would often close his eyes as if to fall into a stupor, but upon hearing any noise, he would immediately open his eyes and scrutinize his surroundings.

The pale face of Liu Baimu slightly moved, "This is a chamber within a chamber, very secretive. The master who built this mansion definitely did not want this place to be discovered, so the prison here is not for detaining people but for...imprisoning ghosts."

"This is a prison specifically for imprisoning ghosts."

"A prison for imprisoning ghosts? Impossible, without Gold, without supernatural items to suppress, how could this kind of prison ever hold ghosts?" Zhang Qing felt Liu Baimu's conjecture was very illogical.

"I think this might have originally been a prison for detaining living people, maybe there were some secret experiments that should not be seen," guessed Wan Tong.

Liu Baimu immediately said, "Look carefully at the gaps between those iron bars, a grown man could squeeze through sideways, and all prison cells lack built-in doors."

With this reminder, the two of them immediately noticed these subtle clues.

Indeed, these rusty iron cells had no prison doors, and the gaps between the iron bars were very large, allowing an adult man to slide in and out sideways.

The conjecture of detaining living people was immediately disproved.

These rooms, which resembled cages, could indeed likely be for imprisoning ghosts.

"But I can't figure it out, such a slapdash prison, how could it possibly contain real ghosts." Zhang Qing frowned, he tentatively reached out and shook a rusty iron pillar.

The entire stretch of iron bars shook, indicating that the structure was not very solid.

"Perhaps these cells were previously maintained by some kind of supernatural power, and now that the supernatural power has vanished, these things have become ordinary," said Liu Baimu. "Don't waste too much time here, hurry up and investigate to see if the Pendulum Clock can be found. Nearly every part

of this ancient mansion has been searched already; there aren't many places left unexplored, and that Pendulum Clock might just be here."

"I suspect the mansion's Pendulum Clock can control the restart of events within the mansion. If we can understand it a bit, not only can I come back to life, but you also won't have to worry about being killed by Yang Jian outside," he guessed.

Zhang Qing and Wan Tong nodded their heads.

Whether they wanted to or not, at this time there was no turning back, they could only grit their teeth and move forward.

They continued to explore forward, down the corridor sandwiched between two sides of prison cells.

The lights overhead were yellow and dim, the air filled with the faint smell of decaying bodies—this smell, mixed with coldness and humidity, was pervasive and rather uncomfortable.

Along the way, besides the area near the walkway covered in light, the depths of the prison cells on both sides remained hidden in darkness.

The surroundings were eerily silent, so quiet that it felt suffocating.

In such an environment, the nerves of all three were tightly wound.

Because it wouldn't be surprising if a supernatural event occurred in such a place.

"Wait, what's that?" Suddenly, Wan Tong's eyelids twitched, and he pointed to a cell on the side in a suppressed voice.

Zhang Qing, holding Liu Baimu's head, turned to look and his face immediately changed.

Inside the cell where the light shone, a pair of withered, cold, corpse-spotted dead feet lay quietly, motionless. They showed no signs of decomposition, as if abandoned for many years, yet the other end of the legs was obscured by the darkness.

The dim light failed to penetrate the darkness, so the corpse within remained indistinct.

"No movement... but one thing's for sure, it's definitely not a normal corpse."

Zhang Qing's eyes flickered: "There's a high probability it's a vengeful ghost caught in a deep slumber."

"I agree. A normal corpse would have long decayed, only bodies eroded by supernatural powers could last so long without decaying, or rather, the corpse itself is the vengeful ghost." Wan Tong also nodded his head firmly in agreement.

"Since there's been no movement for a long time, there shouldn't be any issues for now. Let's keep moving."

The two withdrew their gaze and continued forward.

The further they went, the more spine-chilling it became.

They witnessed many odd situations in the cells.

In some cells, there was even a wooden stool smeared with red paint, which looked like a supernatural object, almost as if it were a medium to trigger vengeful ghosts, placed there to be kept out of reach.

Some cells were so dark that not even the lights could illuminate them; beyond the iron bars darkness reigned, exuding an abnormal eeriness.

Others were completely empty, but the rust-covered bars were twisted and distorted, with several snapped in half, as if something that had been confined there before had escaped.

And from some cells came strange noises, like someone pacing back and forth, yet nothing could be seen inside.

...

"What kind of place have we come to?" Zhang Qing felt a chill in his heart.

Without a doubt, most of the cells housed inexplicable supernatural phenomena, as if ghosts could appear at any moment, and yet, despite the abundance of supernatural occurrences here, they had not encountered any ghost attacks on their way.

It was terrifying, yet they were completely safe.

Could it be true that the cells have actually trapped the ghosts inside?

But how was all this possible?

Despite their confusion, they could only bury these questions in their hearts; they hadn't forgotten their purpose.

To find the Pendulum Clock that had cursed everyone.

However, it wasn't long.

The succession of prison cells came to an end.

There stood a thick wall of green stone bricks.

But before the wall there was an old wooden desk, resembling an office desk.

On the desk stood an old desk lamp, currently lit, its yellow, dim light barely illuminating the area around the desk.

Besides that, there was a bottle of black ink, with a fountain pen inserted, and next to it lay a few notebooks with yellowed pages, seemingly with notes that hadn't been finished.

"Someone seems to have lived here." Zhang Qing walked over with hesitating steps.

He examined the desk.

His gaze finally settled on the notebooks on the table.

But the handwriting in the notebooks was strange, like symbols, or as if strokes were missing, nowhere near complete, impossible to make out.

However, one thing was certain: the writing was that of a living person, and judging by the most recent handwritten notes, the last entry was made recently, at least within the past month.

"What kind of person would live here?" Zhang Qing frowned.

"Wan Tong, take a look around, see if you can find anything new."

The two began to sift through the desk.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian's team continued their hunt.

Accompanied by a desperate scream, the last ghost hunter hiding on the second floor was taken out by him.

The process was as simple and smooth as before.

"Next, we'll have to go up to the third floor," Yang Jian said with a slight lift of his head looking upstairs.

There were only a few surviving ghost hunters left.

He remembered there was someone named Zhang Qing who had not yet appeared, and Wan Tong, also known as Ghost Crasher, had also disappeared.

Additionally, Liu Baimu's body had not been found.

These three were most likely hiding on the third floor.

"Look, that ghostly thing has appeared again," Feng Quan suddenly pointed ahead.

Next to the staircase in front, a door had eerily appeared out of nowhere, and in front of the door stood a middle-aged man with a deathly pallor, his facial expression stiff, gazing numbly in their direction.

"It's the same ghostly thing we saw before," Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly.

"Is this ghost fixated on us?"

Tong Qian suggested, "Let's deal with it, so it doesn't follow us when we leave this place."

Just as Yang Jian was contemplating this, he saw the middle-aged man standing in front of the room disappear swiftly.

Like an illusion, the man was gone, and so was the door to the room.

Everything returned to normal again.

"Xiong Wenwen, use your foresight to check if this phenomenon will occur again," Yang Jian immediately instructed, "and if it does, pinpoint the locations where it appears."

"What are you thinking?" Feng Quan asked.

"Nothing much, I just need to confirm something. This might be a signal, not a supernatural phenomenon," Yang Jian speculated.

Xiong Wenwen began his foresight.

He closed his eyes to foresee events that would occur within the next ten minutes. In fact, with the Supernatural Object, Ghost Talisman in his possession, he could extend this foresight even longer, possibly up to an hour if necessary.

However, the longer the foresight, the more supernatural elements involved, leading to greater deviations in his visions.

Soon, Xiong Wenwen opened his eyes and pointed, "That thing also appeared over there, and there... But it appeared more frequently on the third floor."

"Let's go to the third floor," Yang Jian immediately went into action, leading his team upstairs.

Xiong Wenwen pointed again, "Right there, and then the ghost's location never changed."

The direction he pointed to was a wall, where there was clearly no room, but someone had marked the outline of a door on the wall.

It seemed that there once was a real door there, but now, the door was gone.

"Are you sure it was there?" Feng Quan asked.

"You might not trust others, but don't you trust your own Daddy Xiong?" Xiong Wenwen returned arrogantly as ever.

As adults, naturally, they wouldn't quibble with a child.

The others turned their gaze towards Yang Jian.

However, Yang Jian was looking down at the pocket watch in his hand.

He was comparing the time on the watch with the actual time.

Something eerie happened.

The minute hand on the real-time clock had to complete two full circles for the pocket watch to advance by one minute.

"The time here is distorted; the time inside this manor doesn't align with the outside world. We haven't suffered from the Pendulum Clock's curse, so we can't see this door," Yang Jian speculated, "If I'm not mistaken, this door doesn't exist in the present but existed in the past."

"It only appears when the manor undergoes a reset, and the appearance is brief. Once the timing is off again, the door will disappear once more."

"Is it really that sinister?" Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, and the others widened their eyes in disbelief.

A door that doesn't exist in the present, only in the past.

The idea was too strange to contemplate.

"If the Pendulum Clock is in the manor, I think it must be in this room. No wonder the ghost hunters couldn't find the Supernatural Pendulum Clock; because it has manipulated time, making it nonexistent in the present. You know the Pendulum Clock is inside the manor, but you just can't find it," Yang Jian continued. "How could something from the past be discovered by people in the present, just as you can't eat yesterday's food?"

"After countless resets by the Pendulum Clock, it's unclear during which time period it actually exists. This supernatural item has been influenced by its own supernatural power, completely lost in time. Perhaps one day, if we're lucky, the item might reappear. Of course, it's also possible that it may never appear in this world again."

Yang Jian combined the memories of others with his own understanding and the clues in his hand to boldly come to a conclusion.

"If that's the case, the Supernatural Pendulum Clock capable of manipulating time is truly terrifying," Feng Quan fell silent.

Tong Qian said, "Since we can't find that supernatural item, let's not bother looking for it. There's no need to waste time on this. We've already searched the entire manor and there should be no one left. I think we should leave now and notify Wang Chaling to handle the bodies to prevent any supernatural events."

"That's the end of it? No more fighting?" Xiong Wenwen said in surprise.

Huang Ziya glanced at him, "We've fought our way here, and everyone's dead. What's left to fight for?"

"Not everyone is dead; still, two are missing, no, actually three. Liu Baimu's body hasn't been found," Yang Jian glanced at the door drawn on the wall.

He had a vague feeling.

Big secrets were hidden behind this door that didn't exist in the present.

The three missing individuals were most likely inside this door.

"Keep contacting Li Yang. Leave here after finding him. If we can't find him, then after the next manor chime sounds and we're sure no one else has come back to life, we'll leave," Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, restraining his curiosity and impulse, not attempting to open the non-existent door.

"Okay," the others nodded, feeling that this was the safest course of action.

Yang Jian didn't want to take too many risks either. As the team leader, he had to consider the overall picture. Now that things were almost settled, it was natural to quit while ahead.

Otherwise, if they faced real danger and lost teammates, it would be a great loss.

"The next reset is in ten minutes," Yang Jian checked the time.

This was the manor's time.

The only thing capable of accurately keeping track of time here was the pocket watch given to Yang Jian by Wang Chaling.

The watches and mobile phones brought from the outside could only display the normal time outside the manor.

Without knowing the internal time of the manor, one couldn't grasp the moment of each reset.

Chapter 890 The Second Bell Tolls

"Did you find anything unusual?"

"No, we've checked this table thoroughly. Apart from the few items placed on it, there's nothing else worth noting."

Zhang Qing and Wan Tong carefully examined the wooden table.

After ruling out other suspicious spots, the two refocused their attention on the notebook on the table.

The handwriting, akin to cryptic symbols, was utterly indecipherable no matter how they flipped through it.

Yet, out of caution, they dared not take any of the objects lying on the table, fearing that disrupting some kind of balance might worsen the situation.

"If there's nothing else to discover, let's not waste time here. We should find another way out and try to leave this cursed place." Wan Tong suggested.

"Don't rush. If we leave now, we'll likely run into Yang Jian. This spot is secluded enough, and I believe we can avoid his attacks by staying here for now. Once the situation calms down, we can make our move." Zhang Qing countered.

Zhang Qing saw this place as a perfect refuge.

Though eerie and dangerous, it was relatively safe.

There was no way Yang Jian could find them here.

"That works too. By the way, what's the situation with Liu Baimu? He won't survive much longer like this, will he?" Wan Tong glanced at the pale, severed head on the table.

Liu Baimu's eyes were shut, his breath cold and lifeless, as though he were already dead.

"I won't last long. Without a body, relying merely on the Pendulum Clock curse to extend my time is futile. That Yang Jian is brutal—he directly used a paranormal artifact against me, giving me no chance to respond..."

He felt utterly aggrieved by his defeat.

Yet, he was resigned to the outcome.

That's the nature of ghost tamers' confrontations—anyone can kill the other if they seize the right opportunity.

"Do you have any ideas right now?" After hesitating for a moment, Zhang Qing asked the disembodied head.

Liu Baimu had kept his eyes shut, pondering the question.

Given the current situation, the odds were stacked against him, and he was unlikely to make it out alive.

"I don't have any ideas." He fell silent after uttering these words.

Perhaps he had accepted this cruel reality.

That he was on the brink of death.

Zhang Qing and Wan Tong exchanged glances, stunned to realize even Liu Baimu had hit a dead end.

Could Yang Jian truly be that terrifying?

After the team's reboot, they had lost half an hour of memories, so they hadn't actually crossed paths with Yang Jian's team. They hadn't experienced the despair of being effortlessly wiped out.

Time ticked by.

But when the ancient mansion's timeline reached a certain moment, the eerie sound of the clock returned.

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

A series of dull, resounding chimes echoed throughout the mansion, permeating every corner. Even outside the mansion, faint traces of the Pendulum Clock's sound could be heard.

"The Pendulum Clock is ringing again." Waiting on the mansion's third floor, Yang Jian's heart instantly tightened upon hearing the sound.

He immediately took out his pocket watch, scrutinizing the mansion's current time.

At that moment, the impossible happened once more.

The pocket watch's minute hand moved rapidly under an unseen force, accelerating forward.

This time, the timeline didn't reset back half an hour as before; instead, it sped ahead.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

He had acted at six o'clock, killing the other ghost tamers within the mansion again before six-thirty. Now it was seven o'clock.

As the chimes reverberated, the mansion's time unexpectedly surged forward.

The pocket watch's time sped up to seven-thirty.

But the outside world's timeline remained unchanged since the Pendulum Clock's supernatural power only impacted the mansion. Even if outsiders heard the chimes, they would be unaffected.

The echo of the clock's chimes quickly faded away.

"No movement; everything seems normal. The ones killed earlier haven't come back to life."

"And none of us seem off either."

"Wait, there's a signal—we've located Li Yang's position."

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, and Huang Ziya were each assigned tasks to stay vigilant, monitor themselves, and locate Li Yang. After the chimes rang out, they unexpectedly discovered Li Yang's signal.

"As long as those people haven't revived, we're in the clear. Reach out to Li Yang and prepare to withdraw from the mansion. Ignore the few survivors for now—this place's timeline is seriously warped. I'm worried if we linger, we might lose ourselves." Yang Jian decided.

The others nodded in agreement.

The mission objectives had been achieved; risking further complications wasn't worthwhile.

But as they passed the third-floor stairway, the enigmatic door that had appeared and vanished earlier suddenly reemerged before them.

The old wooden door was slightly ajar, revealing steep stairs leading upward.

The steps were narrow, oppressive, allowing only one person to pass at a time.

"That's the vanished door from before. That's where the ghost entered earlier." Feng Quan abruptly stopped.

Yang Jian glanced at it. Clutching his cracked golden spear, he hesitated. "Leave it alone. I have no intention of reliving the paranormal events in Room 301."

The Room 301 incident in Dachuan City had nearly killed him before, and this time he was leading a team, so he dared not venture into such an inexplicable room.

Should the next round of chimes cause the door to disappear again, the entire team might get trapped inside.

"You're right; no need to take unnecessary risks." Feng Quan nodded, withdrawing his gaze.

He suppressed his curiosity about the place.

But just as they were about to leave, footsteps echoed from the stairs above.

The sound was steady, heavy, and unnervingly rigid.

"No living person would walk like that." Yang Jian signaled the team to back away slightly.

"If the ghost emerges, I'll deal with it."

He decided to observe further.

Soon enough.

Yang Jian saw it—a headless corpse in modern clothing, trudging mechanically down the dark, narrow stairway.

It was... Liu Baimu's body.

But while the corpse was here, its head was missing.

The body descended.

Yang Jian's spear struck instantaneously.

The Coffin Nail's suppression took effect instantly, leaving no room for resistance.

The corpse froze and crumpled to the ground.

"It's Liu Baimu's body, right in the middle of ghostly resurrection." Yang Jian immediately understood what was happening.

Earlier, Liu Baimu had attempted to escape by climbing the stairs, only to be fatally cursed by his Firewood Knife midway.

"But Liu Baimu wasn't traveling alone." Yang Jian thought aloud, sending his Ghost Shadow to extend toward the stairs as a medium, hoping to discern how many people had entered that room.

Through the Ghost Shadow, he glimpsed Liu Baimu, the wheelchair-bound Zhang Qing, Wan Tong, and a lifeless middle-aged man standing on the stairs.

Wait.

Suddenly.

The medium was disrupted as viscous, blood-like ink oozed from the stairwell walls, corrupting the image seen through the Ghost Shadow.

The medium cut off, the vision vanished.

Yang Jian instinctively stepped back, sensing an indescribable danger.

"Even the Firewood Knife's medium can't extend further—it seems a stronger supernatural force is blocking it."

Meanwhile.

After the Pendulum Clock's chimes subsided.

In the dim, suffocating study, behind the desk.

At some unknown point, a sinister figure had appeared, seated at the desk, head bowed, scribbling away. Meanwhile, the incomprehensible notebook on the table began revealing its remaining contents.

Incomplete strokes were gradually filled in, making the unreadable writing legible.

Zhang Qing and Wan Tong, still looking around aimlessly, hadn't noticed.

They were searching for the clock's source.

Clearly, they hadn't found the Pendulum Clock's location.

Rustle, rustle!

As the chimes faded, silence reclaimed the room, but faint scratching sounds behind them immediately seized their attention.

It was the sound of pen on paper.

Subtle, yet glaringly loud in the tense stillness.

Their nerves tightened instantly.

"Is someone sitting at the desk behind us?"

The same thought crossed both their minds.