

Revival 981

Chapter 981 Day 5

Using the existence of the Ghost Gate, Yang Jian forcefully reduced the number of ghosts within the ancient mansion. The less terrifying ghosts were directly transferred into the Ghost Gate via the Ghost Domain, while those that couldn't be transferred were directly picked up and thrown inside with the Coffin Nail.

In this situation, there was no time to restrain a particular ghost; rather, it was necessary to restore the balance of the mansion.

"No danger after all, the door disappeared, and the ghost behind it didn't invade." Li Yang breathed a sigh of relief.

He still felt a lingering fear.

The ability of the Ghost Door Blocker failed again, unable to stop the terrifying and eerie dead face.

Moreover, the most inexplicable thing was that even though the door eventually disappeared, the dead face still appeared inside the mansion, and in the end, it relied on the presence of the elderly man in the coffin to send the ghost back.

On the wall, a few outlines of human faces still remained.

These were traces left after the supernatural invasion failed.

"The ghost behind the door is too terrifying, this door cannot be opened again for a short period of time." Yang Jian said gravely.

Li Yang nodded in deep agreement.

"The effect is good, the balance is restored, at least we don't have to worry about losing control in the next few hours," Zhou Deng was satisfied as he looked at the basically empty hall.

Just now, the two cooperated to send the ghost into the Ghost Gate, directly clearing the ghosts in the hall.

The remaining ones had retreated to the courtyard's location.

And the elderly man's corpse began to sit up from the coffin again, body straight and rigid, with no intention of lying back down.

"I didn't expect to use this method." The falcon showed some amazement.

The methods of Yang Jian were endless. The night watch lost control on the second day, the vigil threw off balance on the fourth, all were forcefully pulled back by him. If it weren't for him, we would have been wiped out a long time ago.

Truly.

This time the task was not prepared for the fourth floor's messenger but prepared for him.

"Hopefully everything remains normal before midnight." The falcon thought as he looked at the mansion regaining its calm.

"Let's rest for a bit, the next few hours should be fine. The key is to see if anything happens between eleven and midnight. But having sent away so many terrifying ghosts, hopefully, there won't be any more accidents."

Yang Jian looked at the empty hall where no terrifying ghost was approaching, feeling somewhat relaxed.

He stared at the stationary terrifying ghosts at the courtyard.

In his heart, he knew very well that among those seemingly still figures, many pairs of eerie eyes were indeed watching him. If not for the elderly man's body still playing a role, he didn't know how many ghostly attacks he would have suffered in an instant.

Those supernatural attacks are enough to swallow him whole, absolutely unstoppable.

Time continued to pass.

Hour after hour went by.

The mansion was very quiet.

The eerie radio and the five severed fingers, after being thrown into the red coffin, were normal, with no supernatural phenomena.

Evening at eight, nine... ten o'clock.

Getting closer to the fifth day.

Around eleven o'clock, the sound of a door opening suddenly echoed from the corridor nearby.

Squeak!

It was the distinct sound made by an old wooden door opening.

A person, seemingly, walked out of a room there.

It was a woman in a red cheongsam, with equally bright red high heels, and an alluring and sexy figure.

"Is it Leuk Qingqing?"

The falcon's eyes widened, more shocked than seeing a ghost, incredulously looking at the woman who suddenly walked out into the corridor.

"No way, wasn't she dead after getting off the bus a few days ago? How could she be alive, moreover, walking out from a room inside the mansion?" Fan Xing was also very shocked.

"Maybe it's not really her, she might be a ghost now."

He then came up with this idea.

Only this could explain why Leuk Qingqing would suddenly appear in the mansion tonight.

But among these people, only Yang Jian was very certain that Leuk Qingqing was still alive, not dead.

She was saved.

Saved by the Republic of China Period's ghost handler, vanished, but in reality was moving through her, thus not in the mansion.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes stared at Leuk Qingqing, observing her every move.

Leuk Qingqing's eyes showed confusion, vigilance, and anxiety, rich in humanity, no longer the numb, cold, emotionless state before.

This indicated that she was normal.

"Yang, Yang Jian? Falcon? Wh—what is this place?" Leuk Qingqing's face suddenly revealed a shade of excitement the moment she saw the two of them.

She seemed to have lost her memory.

Totally unaware why she appeared inside this mansion, or how she got there.

"Looks like you're normal now, Leuk Qingqing." Yang Jian said coldly: "Another piece added to the puzzle, have you already controlled three ghosts?"

He noticed that the style of Leuk Qingqing's red high heels had changed.

This style was quite Republic of China era, not modern, identical to the eerie style the other ghostly woman wore.

Is this the gift that person left for Leuk Qingqing?

"Is that so? But I don't know what happened before, I just know I was chased by ghosts, fled into that Old Lin, then lost my memory... when I came to, I found myself in a dilapidated room, and as I walked out, I saw you two."

Leuk Qingqing lowered her head to look.

She also noticed those red high heels were not normal.

It was a supernatural item, could also be a terrifying ghost.

"Is this the mansion we saw from the bus earlier? Who brought me here?" Leuk Qingqing had many questions.

Yang Jian said: "No one brought you here, you came yourself, interfered by some supernatural force, affecting yourself."

He didn't want to say more.

Regarding the Republic of China Period woman's existence, he didn't even know how to explain, moreover, it's a very secret matter which he himself did not want to share.

"Is that so?" Leuk Qingqing furrowed her brow, puzzled, and reflecting.

The memory seemed wiped, simply non-existent, she blanked out a section of time.

This wasn't the first time.

The last time in Dachuan City 301, she experienced this, witnessing a memory that wasn't hers emerge, then she began acting strange.

Didn't expect it to happen again now.

"Leuk Qingqing was wearing a red cheongsam the first time we met, maybe she has been affected by the supernatural since that initial encounter, unnoticed by herself and growing deeper with time."

Yang Jian felt that now Leuk Qingqing could hardly be regarded as Leuk Qingqing.

Her consciousness was temporary, at some point in the future her original self would vanish completely, replaced by something.

Though no evidence yet, Yang Jian had this premonition.

The ghost Liu Qingqing harnesses is a certain puzzle; she only temporarily possesses it. Once the puzzle is complete, she loses her existence's meaning.

"Don't overthink it; surviving is a blessing, regardless of how. Most of us are dead; having an extra helper is literally a godsend," Zhou Deng stated bluntly.

He didn't mind Liu Qingqing's secrets at all.

All he knew was that Liu Qingqing was alive, and that was enough.

"True, two ghost-wielders died today. Now with Liu Qingqing, we are a bit stronger—a good thing indeed," Li Yang said, glancing at Yang Jian.

Li Yang worried that the captain might kill Liu Qingqing out of concern.

Liu Qingqing seemed surprised, "Really? Everyone else is dead? What about the messengers on the fourth floor?"

"Are you talking about Wang Feng or Da Qiang? They're both dead. Da Qiang died today, and no one knows where the corpse went. Wang Feng died on the second day in the mansion. The others died gradually these past days; only a few of us can still move," Old Eagle said, pointing at Yang Xiaohua floating mid-air.

"Their status is still uncertain."

Liu Qingqing said, "It seems indeed dangerous here, seeing so many people died; I don't know what happened—can you tell me?"

"No problem."

Old Eagle promptly recounted the events of the first day's burial, the second day's vigil, and the third day's mourning.

"As you see, today is the fourth day's condolence; the fifth day's coming soon. Everyone's worried the mansion will destabilize in the final hour, trying to figure out responses."

"Hard to imagine, you inferred the mansion's pattern without any information or pointers," Liu Qingqing looked at Yang Jian in surprise. "With you, people still died, but without you, everyone would have perished on the first day."

"There's no point in saying much; one wrong step, everyone dies. Get four days right, and so what?" Yang Jian replied expressionlessly.

No joy, no relief, just pressing urgency and weighty stress.

"The fifth day is predicted as the ghost banquet; waking now probably won't help," Liu Qingqing said.

"You'll be useful eventually," Yang Jian assured while looking at her.

The woman from the Republic of China Period must have deliberate reason letting Liu Qingqing out now, instead of waiting for the seventh night where risks would be void.

Therefore.

It can be inferred.

Liu Qingqing may play a crucial role on the fifth day.

What that role is, it depends on what unfolds on the fifth day.

Although her arrival hasn't changed much, adding a ghost-wielder and fourth-floor messenger creates some dynamics for survival.

In despair, a change means more hope.

Time reached eleven-thirty.

At this point, everyone saw the elder's corpse in the coffin not as straight anymore, reclining slowly, apparently exhausted, unable to suppress the mansion further.

"The ghost hasn't moved yet."

Yang Jian observed, the ghost at the courtyard still hadn't advanced, remained stationary.

The remaining half-hour ticked away.

Finally.

At eleven fifty, a change occurred.

The elder's corpse ceased stiffness, lying completely in the coffin; fierce and stern became serene, as if passing peacefully.

At eleven fifty-one.

An anomaly emerged.

From the courtyard, a shadow crept along the wall, intruding forth.

The shadow resembled someone walking, silhouette and appearance were blurred, like a shadow yet not; more akin to a projection.

The shadow began crossing the courtyard into the main hall.

As it entered, everyone's forms began distorting.

They started being drawn by a supernatural power, becoming blurred projections.

The red qipao on Liu Qingqing intensified, emitting a faint glow as her distortion quickly restored.

With the qipao, she blocked the supernatural influence.

"Ghosts unable to be sent away have high terror levels. This ghost acted quickly; its danger level's likely A, disrupting everyone through supernatural influence," Yang Jian's face changed, realizing mourning clothes were failing.

The fourth condolence day was ending.

Mourning clothes' effects were diminishing.

The final minutes were transition times, hence most dangerous, unable to guarantee completion of mansion pattern changes each time perfectly.

Yang Jian's ghost shadow swayed, large black shadow shrouded him, resisting the influence.

The terrifying ghost silhouette moved along the mansion walls; unable to fully manifest, it existed as a shadow yet could affect nearby people, turning them into wall shadows.

This required supernatural power to counter.

Zhou Deng wasn't afraid.

The human skin mask remained on his face; currently, he's a ghost, unaffected by the influence.

"Captain..." Li Yang's eyes widened.

His hand disappeared, becoming a ground shadow; legs too vanished, rapidly turning into shadows.

Old Eagle at the corner, his ghost dice spun wildly.

A ghost joined the game.

"The fifth day isn't here, yet the ghost's eager to start killing?" Yang Jian quickly expanded the ghost domain, covering Li Yang.

Li Yang's erosion symptoms halted, unable to revert though.

The supernatural influence couldn't be easily reversed, unless restarted.

But Yang Jian could only restart himself, couldn't restart others.

Li Yang lost a hand and legs.

Yet bizarrely, he could walk—legs projected to the ground, unaffected himself.

Incredibly strange.

"Damn." Fan Xing growled.

He too was affected, his body slowly dragged into the ground, becoming a projection.

Yang Jian's ghost domain covered, attempting rescue, yet a chilling scene unfolded.

A hand grabbed Fan Xing's shadowed legs, pulling downward swiftly.

The hand stemmed from the wall ghost.

The ghost latched onto Fan Xing.

Yang Jian's ghost domain covered swiftly, trying to hinder the supernatural spread.

Chapter 982 Complete Loss of Control

"Is there still time?"

Yang Jian's expression was grave at this moment. His five-layer Ghost Domain had already been unleashed without hesitation, attempting to save Fan Xing by isolating him within his Ghost Domain to avoid the attack of the vengeful ghost.

The five-layer Ghost Domain instantly enveloped the area.

There were no surprises.

Fan Xing smoothly entered the five-layer Ghost Domain.

However.

The blurred and eerie shadow on the ground still clung tightly to Fan Xing's legs.

Fan Xing's legs had already transformed into shadows on the ground. The ghost seemed unable to touch his body and could only grasp the areas it had already affected. Yet within this five-layer Ghost Domain, the vengeful ghost still refused to release Fan Xing, instead dragging him along the wall.

The ghostly figure ran swiftly.

At the same time, Fan Xing's body rapidly sank at an unimaginable speed. His waist turned into a shadow, and the area around his chest became a shadow...

"Yang Jian, save me."

Fan Xing screamed in terror, feeling that his body no longer belonged to him and was out of control.

"The five-layer Ghost Domain can't isolate the pull of this vengeful ghost... Everything happened too quickly, and it no longer makes sense. Most of his body has already turned into a shadow, and even if he's saved, it's impossible to reverse the situation." Yang Jian's expression was grim, abandoning the rescue attempt.

The next second.

Fan Xing was dragged entirely onto the ground.

He didn't die but became a shadow on the ground, like an image projected from a projector.

Already a shadow now, Fan Xing struggled in horror.

But it was to no avail.

He was caught by the vengeful ghost, unable to break free.

The vengeful ghost, both eerie and mad, dragged Fan Xing along the wall. The positions of the shadows shifted quickly, but Fan Xing's form became increasingly blurred, as if being torn apart through constant movement.

He grew more and more indistinct.

Gradually vanishing.

In the end.

Fan Xing completely disappeared, like an image fading from the wall, leaving only a dark, blurry mass.

The dark, blurry mass writhed, protruding from the wall, trying to invade back into reality.

This was the ghost inside Fan Xing's body.

Without Fan Xing's control, the ghost he previously managed began to resurrect, seeking to break its confines.

However, the indistinct and eerie figure quickly walked over, grabbed the strange mass, lifted it up, then slowly opened its mouth, wider and wider... A grotesque opening appeared, as if the entire head were splitting open.

The ghost forcefully swallowed the thing.

The blurry shadow suddenly became much clearer, gaining a three-dimensional quality, while a strange sound emerged from the ghost's throat.

"Fan Xing is dead."

Upon seeing this scene, everyone's hearts tightened, a chill surging up.

Resistance was futile; once caught by the vengeful ghost, your body would become a shadow on the wall, and then the ghost would erase your shadow, erasing you from this world entirely.

If you were a ghost rider, the ghost you controlled inside would become part of this ghost's jigsaw puzzle.

This meant that the vengeful ghost had strong growth potential.

However, the matter wasn't over.

Beside the vengeful ghost, a shadow wavered, and then another figure began to condense, like someone new appearing in the image.

The figure was blurry, as if the image resolution was insufficient, but still distinguishable as the recently erased Fan Xing,

He was resurrected, appearing as an eerie figure.

However, now he was no longer a living person.

"This isn't an ordinary vengeful ghost. If this thing gets out of control, it's sure to become an S-level supernatural event." Zhou Deng exclaimed with widened eyes; "Yang Jian, we can't let this go. I can team up with you to restrain it. Don't hesitate—use the Coffin Nail to pin it down."

He recognized the terror of the vengeful ghost.

Kill one person, and there would be one more shadow on the wall. If this appeared in a city, everyone in the city would become shadows on walls and the ground.

Moreover, this ghost was indiscriminately murderous. Once it appeared, nearby people would be affected.

"I can only try my best." Yang Jian glanced at the other eerie figures around the atrium.

Several pairs of pale, indifferent eyes were turning and staring at him.

Fortunately, the residual suppression still existed, and it hadn't completely spiraled out of control yet.

But it was getting close.

The final few minutes would surely be dangerous beyond measure.

"I can't help you guys much." The Eagle shook his head, feeling powerless.

He could stay in the corner and play dice, ensuring his own survival while keeping a ghost occupied.

Abilities were limited; this was all he could manage.

"Captain, that shadow is coming at me. How is this possible? I'm in the Ghost Domain." Li Yang's expression suddenly changed.

He saw the vengeful ghost's shadow on the wall wavering, directly rushing towards him across the ground.

The ghost moved very fast.

A blurred arm stretched out on the ground, attempting to grab Li Yang's feet.

"The five-layer Ghost Domain can block the ghost's attack, but your body has already been affected. Your feet and one hand have turned into shadows, and the ghost is coming for them." Yang Jian reached out and grabbed.

Li Yang was transported entirely.

He appeared in front of Yang Jian, lifted by his grip on his collar.

Yet his feet and one arm remained where they were, becoming an incomplete shadow on the ground.

As expected, the ghost didn't attack Li Yang but took away the arm and the feet.

However, it seemed that the incomplete limbs weren't enough to form a complete person, so after obtaining them, the ghost discarded them aside.

The shadows of the limbs were dissipating, like an image being erased, making onlookers' hearts pound.

"You can't let this ghost affect you. Once your limbs turn into shadows on the ground, the ghost will drag you away through them, so the best method is to cut off the affected area before the ghost takes you." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang, with lingering fear, narrowly escaped death. He looked at his vanished legs and one arm.

Though appearing incomplete, he knew he was quite lucky.

The missing limbs could be restored later; as long as he survived, it was fine.

"That ghost has stopped." Li Yang didn't mind his injuries, focusing on the terrifying vengeful ghost's shadow on the wall.

Standing silently on the wall, blurry and eerie.

The deceased Fan Xing and the vengeful ghost stood side by side like two projections.

"Without a target to attack, this vengeful ghost can't affect us." Yang Jian glanced around.

Leuk Qingqing and Zhou Deng were safe and sound.

The Eagle was still alive.

Yang Xiaohua remained a corpse, floating in mid-air, unaffected.

It seemed that the red balloon was indeed very useful.

"Seize this opportunity to try and contain this vengeful ghost." Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he glanced at the ghostly figure on the wall.

In that glance, the six-layer Ghost Domain instantly activated.

The eerie shadow on the wall wavered, sensing danger and attempting to escape.

But it was too late.

The cracked spear nailed into the wall in less than a second, plunging deeply inside, directly piercing the ghostly figure on the wall.

"Is it effective?" Yang Jian wasn't sure as he stared at the ghost.

However, the fierce ghost on the wall continued to move. It walked along the wall to the opposite side, completely unscathed, and unrestricted.

"It can't be nailed?" Zhou Deng's eyes widened.

Yang Jian's face was grim as he said, "It's not that it can't be nailed, it's that it can't be touched. This ghost is just a shadow, not existing in reality, it needs a medium to touch the body of this ghost."

"Is there any method?" Leuk Qingqing asked.

"Based on the current information, there's only one way to deal with this ghost, which is for someone to voluntarily be influenced, becoming a shadow on the ground, so that when the ghost touches you, you can touch the ghost." Yang Jian explained.

Li Yang added: "Or, like last time, use the substitute doll to lure out the ghost?"

Last time.

It referred to the red wooden stool incident, where a ghost also sat on the red wooden stool, but it required a living person to sit on the stool to see it; if no one sat down, the ghost couldn't be seen.

The red wooden stool was the medium, the tool connecting humans and ghosts.

Similarly.

This fierce ghost was the same, it didn't exist in reality and needed some medium to touch.

But what the medium was, Yang Jian still didn't know, and there was no time to slowly find the medium either.

"We can't deal with it now, this ghost has already killed Fan Xing, and it can't kill anyone else, so it's not a threat to us for now. For now, let's pay more attention to other dangers." Yang Jian tried for a moment.

He found he couldn't contain this fierce ghost, so he immediately abandoned it.

There was no need to waste time on it any longer, the dangers of this place were too numerous, and the ghostly shadow on the wall was just one of them.

Leuk Qingqing took a deep look at the terrifying figure on the wall, then said, "We really can't deal with it, it's not worth entangling with it further. Even though it is perilous, it's currently impossible to concentrate all our people and power to handle it."

"It's really frustrating." Zhou Deng said angrily.

He wanted to resolve this thing, but the conditions were insufficient.

"Be careful, it's coming again."

At this point, the eagle casually threw the dice, not caring about the numbers that came up, since he was cursed by the Eight-Tone Music Box, and the curse of the Ghost Dice wasn't enough to kill him, so he had the time to pay attention to the movements elsewhere.

At this time, there was ghostly movement again at the location of the well.

A corpse dressed in black clothes, its body covered with dirt, and severely decayed, was approaching.

This corpse didn't seem to move much, like a puppet being pushed forward by an invisible supernatural power.

The truly terrifying thing wasn't the corpse itself, but the fierce ghost controlling the corpse.

"This thing needs to trigger a medium, direct dismemberment." Yang Jian stared at the corpse coming closer, and had already made a decision in his heart.

This level of ghost was not something that could be easily dealt with, so any action taken must be ruthless,

However, before he could act.

What happened next made Yang Jian's eyelids twitch.

Another fierce ghost began moving immediately, it was a broken corpse, cut into two at the waist, as if something had split it apart, with only its legs and half of its waist remaining.

The upper body was missing, no one knew where it had gone, it seemed to have gotten separated from the lower half.

Yet this only remaining lower half was somehow able to start moving first.

This showed.

Once the fierce ghost of this half-body found its missing parts, it would become terrifying once again.

The situation didn't stop there either.

A fourth fierce ghost also began to move, equally terrifying, it was a corpse without any sign of decay, its clothes were old-fashioned, like those found in a mortuary, but this ghost was odd, its pale hands were covering its eyes tightly.

At this moment, it also began to walk over.

"What's the time now?" Yang Jian asked in a low voice.

"It's eleven fifty-seven, three minutes left." The eagle, always keeping track of time, quickly responded.

"Three minutes? Very well, after three minutes the ancient house will enter the fifth day ghost banquet, when those three bowls of rice will take effect, but before that, we have to survive these three minutes." Yang Jian glanced at Leuk Qingqing and Zhou Deng.

With the Human Skin Mask on, Zhou Deng caught his sentiment and said: "I'll handle this incomplete ghost thing."

"I'll keep this thing covering its eyes occupied." Leuk Qingqing didn't back down, appearing very tense, she took a deep breath.

"Then let's move."

Yang Jian's target was clear, the highly decayed corpse being propelled forward by some supernatural power.

He covered it without hesitation with the Ghost Shadow, triggering the medium with the cracked spear in his hand.

He saw it.

Saw exactly what was going on.

Behind the highly decayed corpse, a fierce ghost appeared, sticking to the back of the corpse, both growing together into one.

"A fierce ghost capable of invading bodies." Yang Jian understood immediately.

This type of fierce ghost was extremely lethal to top-notch ghost handlers because once the ghost invaded your body, you would immediately lose balance and the ghost would resurrect.

The ghost had invaded a highly decayed corpse.

But evidently, this decayed corpse was temporary, once a better host was found, the ghost would probably switch hosts without hesitation.

At the moment.

Yang Jian and Li Yang were within the five-layer Ghost Domain, Zhou Deng and Leuk Qingqing couldn't be invaded, and the eagle was busy playing dice.

So the ghost couldn't find an attack target.

"Luckily, the first ghost to invade the ancient house was that visible ghost shadow, although dangerous, it allowed for some precaution. If it had been this ghost, even Zhou Deng and Li Yang might have fallen here." Yang Jian didn't hesitate.

He triggered the medium, and the firewood knife slashed down.

Instantly.

The highly decayed corpse in front of him abruptly stopped, then fell to the ground with a thud.

The corpse showed no abnormalities.

But the fierce ghost had already been dismembered.

"It was settled so quickly?" Zhou Deng glanced over, flipping the half-corpse in his hand, pressing it to the ground, keeping it firmly in place.

The corpse stopped moving, its legs were rigidly straight and ceased activity.

It seemed Zhou Deng discovered the killing pattern, he easily restrained the fierce ghost's movement.

Yang Jian remained silent, cracks appeared on his face, blood trickled down, and the ghost shadow behind him also showed cracks.

He didn't choose to reset, instead preserving his strength.

During the night watch, he had already reset several times in a row; although the ghost eye hadn't resurrected, he worried that continuing down this path would cause new problems.

It's only the beginning of the fifth day, there are still two more days to endure.

"I can also temporarily restrain it here."

Leuk Qingqing directly held the pale corpse covering its eyes in front of her, a red cheongsam blocked a certain kind of vision.

The ghost quieted down.

But she wasn't calm, very tense, her psychological resilience not as robust as expected.

"It seems that what we're doing isn't working, the effect isn't very apparent..." However, Zhou Deng subsequently gasped.

All the fierce ghosts near the well started moving.

Eerie eyes turned, stiff necks twisted, lifeless faces turned toward them.

The suppression in the ancient house completely failed.

It was no longer a matter of individual ghosts being able to move, now all the fierce ghosts could move.

"It's twelve o'clock." The eagle hastened to announce.

The fifth day of the ancient house, the ghost banquet, began.

Fierce ghosts poured into the ancient house, even the old man in the red coffin couldn't stop them. The old man's corpse seemed completely dormant, devoid of anomalies.

Yang Jian's ghost eye swept around, he instantly understood the current situation.

He decisively took out the white rice retrieved from the cemetery with three sticks of incense before.

Three bowls of white rice, partly cooked and partly raw, each grain distinct, served in a large blue and white porcelain bowl, in varying amounts.

"How should this be used?" Yang Jian's eyes gleamed.

The fifth day's ghost banquet, all the fierce ghosts out of control, to survive, they must rely on these three bowls of rice.

Chapter 983 The One Who Tests Errors

Finally, the fifth day has arrived.

More than half of the seventh day has passed, and the remaining people in the ancient mansion have named today as: Ghost Banquet.

It means today is the feast of the fierce ghosts, because this mansion will now completely lose balance, all supernatural entities will invade it. In such a situation, even top-tier captains like Yang Jian would be buried here, not just ordinary ghost handlers.

This is not a scene that living people can handle.

To survive, one must find a way to make it through today.

According to previous speculations, the key to survival today is three bowls of white rice.

Three large porcelain bowls filled with semi-cooked white rice were placed in front of the red coffin.

Yang Jian, Li Yang, Zhou Deng, Leuk Qingqing, and the eagle gathered together.

These are the only five people left.

Except for Yang Xiaohua, whose status is unknown, everyone else is dead, and the seventh day is not yet over, more losses might still occur.

No matter how dangerous it is, they must still strive to survive.

"Li Yang and I will take one bowl, Zhou Deng, you take one, and Leuk Qingqing and the eagle, you take one. Each of us must figure out how to use it to survive. If we can't, then dying here is inevitable," Yang Jian said quickly, without wasting time.

"Alright, let's do it this way."

"I have no objections."

Zhou Deng and Leuk Qingqing did not object and nodded, immediately taking their bowl of rice.

The bowl allocated to Yang Jian and Li Yang had the most rice because there were two of them; Zhou Deng had the least because he was alone; and Leuk Qingqing and the eagle's was moderate, because the eagle's situation was special. If lucky, the Eight-Tone Music Box curse could still help him fend off ghost attacks.

"We need to cover the coffin, or else the old man might be invaded by other ghosts, causing unexpected changes." Yang Jian remembered the aftermath at this moment.

He lifted up the lid of the red coffin and quickly covered it during the moment the fierce ghosts invaded the mansion.

No one wanted the fierce ghost of the old man to resurrect on the fifth day during the Ghost Banquet.

This red coffin has the power to suppress supernatural phenomena, but only if the coffin and the lid are combined. If it is open, its effect of constraining supernatural power immediately disappears.

"Barring any accidents, this red coffin won't be opened until the day it is buried." Yang Jian's eyes flickered.

He considered and decided not to leave the Coffin Nail in the red coffin.

It's not that he couldn't part with the Coffin Nail; rather, he couldn't afford to lose its help now, or he wouldn't survive the next two days.

"The ghosts have come in..."

The eagle spoke heavily at this point.

This time was different from the previous ones; fierce ghosts were surging in from the mansion's main door, and the sound of doors opening echoed repeatedly from the corridors on both sides. Darkness rushed in like a cloud, ready to burst forth at any moment.

It seems the fierce ghost with the Ghost Domain that Yang Jian previously dismembered twice has recovered and is invading the mansion again.

The corpse that Yang Jian previously hacked with the Firewood Knife stood up again, and more terrifying entities surged in like a tide from outside the mansion, threatening to engulf everyone.

The red coffin was completely ineffective now.

Ghosts crossed the courtyard, came to the main hall of the mansion, and kept approaching, showing no signs of stopping.

The group wore mourning clothes, unsure if they were still useful, but dared not remove them. These garments could block the ghosts' perception, but this blocking was not foolproof; Fan Xing was killed wearing mourning clothes, as was Da Qiang.

Thus, although useful, they couldn't promise absolute safety.

Everyone was currently within Yang Jian's five-layer Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian dared not retract the Ghost Domain even now, fearing that if the Ghost Domain vanished, the fierce ghosts would directly attack everyone in the mansion, with no chance to resist before being killed.

"Relying on the mourning clothes and Ghost Domain coverage seems to temporarily avoid ghost attacks, but this is not enough."

Yang Jian glanced at the others: "My Ghost Domain can't last all day, and under paranormal interference, it might be invaded. So we must find the method to survive before then, or there won't be a chance for trial and error."

"So ideally one person needs to take off the mourning clothes, leave the protection of the Ghost Domain, and go out with the rice to test?" Zhou Deng furrowed his brows, understanding Yang Jian's intention.

"Perhaps this is the meaning of the fifth day Ghost Banquet, abandoning the protection of mourning from the fourth day Yuying Day, facing new crises," Yang Jian said.

The eagle spoke now: "Since it's a trial, there inevitably should be an order. I've been cursed and can't live long, so I'll be the first to test."

"If so, then I'll be second," Zhou Deng shrugged.

Yang Jian said: "I'm third."

"I'll be fourth," Leuk Qingqing's eyes flickered, appearing very tense. Then she handed her bowl of rice to the eagle.

No one declined; the order was intuitively set.

With so few people left, if you don't go, who will?

To survive, you have to gamble.

"Ready?" Yang Jian asked.

The eagle took the bowl of rice and nodded: "I'm ready."

He was holding a bowl of white rice and also clutched a black and red pair of dice.

In case of emergency, he would play dice to delay time, just like before.

"Then let's begin..." Yang Jian said and promptly sent the eagle out.

The eagle remained standing there but was no longer within Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. Although it seemed unchanged, the reality was drastically different.

Once out of the Ghost Domain.

The mansion's anomalies intensified dramatically.

The blurry and eerie silhouette of a fierce ghost projected on the wall instantly gazed at the eagle. His body felt the influence, limbs turning into shadows gradually merging into the ground, becoming a shadow on the floor.

The Eight-Tone Music Box's curse didn't work.

Because the curse ensures he doesn't die but doesn't guarantee he won't be attacked by supernatural forces; they don't conflict with each other.

"Let me help you."

Yang Jian didn't want the eagle to be disturbed like this and become a shadow on the floor, negating the purpose of the trial.

His Ghost Shadow shook as if a fierce ghost revived; a gigantic black shadow stood up from the ground, swiftly enveloping the eagle.

The eagle felt a chilling cold invade his body, sending shivers down his spine.

He felt engulfed in darkness as if about to be consumed by the Ghost Shadow.

But the Ghost Shadow saved him.

His limbs didn't further transform into ground shadows; this paranormal influence was blocked, and he was protected by the Ghost Shadow.

However, this protection was not absolute now.

A disembodied lower half of a corpse moved towards him, and the fierce ghost covering its eyes with a hand began to slowly open its palm, revealing two finger gaps where a mysterious gaze peeked through dark eye sockets, staring at the eagle.

Moreover, several fierce ghost silhouettes rushing into the main hall suddenly halted; some looked at the eagle, others even ran directly towards him.

The eagle merely stood motionless, seemingly triggering the murder pattern of several fierce ghosts.

At this moment, breathing, even standing, was a mistake.

This is the terror of having numerous fierce ghosts in a paranormal event; murder patterns multiply, you avoid one, but not another, some ghost will target you.

The eagle already sensed the danger impending him; he doubted whether the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse could protect him.

He had figured out how to use the rice in his hand confidently.

He didn't hesitate at all and took a small handful of rice, scattering it at the emerging fierce ghosts.

This action wasn't random; it stemmed from certain folklore methods to expel evil. In some places, rice was thrown to disperse malevolent spirits.

He thought this method was likely effective.

The semi-cooked rice scattered on the ghosts' bodies.

The ghosts didn't stop; still approaching.

No, they were already attacking the eagle.

The Ghost Shadow enveloping the eagle immediately encountered some paranormal force, twisting, tearing, forming gaps, unable to continue shielding the eagle.

The Ghost Shadow retreated, and an anomaly immediately appeared in the eagle's body.

His body was gradually transforming into a shadow, while cracks appeared on him, blood seeping from his eyes, his stomach revolting, wanting to vomit...

Supernatural power was invading his body.

"He failed, this method is wrong," Zhou Deng said, eyes wide open.

"Yang Jian, bring him back," Leuk Qingqing hurriedly said.

However, the eagle waved his hand and said, "No, it's too late. I have a ghost on me, don't come near me."

He collapsed to his knees with a thud, and behind him, an incomplete corpse was lying on his back, its head pressed firmly against the back of his head. Meanwhile, he was vomiting again, but what came out was not food, but a dead grey arm emerging from his mouth.

His body was gradually sinking, he was about to disappear.

On the wall, that blurry, terrifying ghostly figure was moving, approaching the eagle.

The Eight-Tone Music Box in his mind echoed faintly, but it couldn't stop any of this.

In less than ten seconds after its appearance, several different ghosts attacked the eagle, his body directly invaded by ghosts. At this point, even if he were pulled into the Ghost Domain, it would be of no use, because the ghost was already in his body, merging into one with him.

The eagle's body cracked, a strange body writhing under his flesh, gradually swelling, as if it was about to tear him apart.

"Bet with me, lose and leave," the eagle, bleeding all over, nearly cried out in agony, yet he wasn't dead.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box gave him survival capability beyond the normal human physiological limits.

Even if his heart shattered, internal organs disappeared, the eagle could still live, maintaining a clear consciousness.

However, at this perilous moment, the eagle threw out a dice.

The game of Ghost Dice began.

Once he threw it, another dice started spinning wildly, and a ghost immediately joined the event.

The eagle successfully continued the game.

The dead grey arm extending from his mouth slowly retracted, his swollen body began to calm down, the half-remaining corpse on his back gradually blurred and disappeared... the supernatural attack was forcibly interrupted.

"The eagle is beyond saving."

Li Yang was silent for a moment, then spoke, "Once he exits this game, the ghosts' attack will resume, and he will be instantly torn apart, unsightly. If it's just the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, there might still be a chance to survive; after all, Captain, you've dealt with curses before."

"It's your turn, Zhou Deng, while the eagle is still alive, holding a few ghosts."

Yang Jian said, his Ghost Shadow retreated, finally taking away the bowl of white rice in front of Zhou Deng and handing it to Leuk Qingqing.

"I know, did you think I would be afraid? Captain Yang, you underestimate me, Zhou," Zhou Deng said.

His Human Skin Mask never came off.

At this moment, he was both a ghost and a living person.

But even if you're a ghost, as long as you meet the pattern of murder, you'll still be targeted. You can only say that having the identity of a ghost allows you to interfere with a ghost's perception to a certain extent, making it not so easy to get hit.

"Be careful not to die," Yang Jian said, looking at him.

Although Zhou Deng had caused trouble before, the cooperation in the old house was relatively smooth.

"I'll try. If I die, remember to report to the headquarters that I died handling a supernatural event, this can get quite a bit of compensation," Zhou Deng said, holding a bowl of white rice, then gestured.

Yang Jian didn't speak, letting him go out.

Although he could pull Zhou Deng back anytime, the eagle's condition was evident, and at some point, it's not like you could bring him back at will.

Zhou Deng appeared.

Sure enough.

There were very few ghosts targeting him, many were not. He was now in the identity of a ghost, not a human being, which alone could avoid many patterns of murder.

But nothing is absolute.

The ghosts prowling in the hall continued to wander, with several bizarre figures suddenly changing direction mid-way, slowly approaching Zhou Deng.

"Just throwing out the white rice won't work, let's see if it works if placed on the ground?" Zhou Deng thought for a moment.

This wasn't an unfounded thought.

Because earlier, in front of the grave, the white rice was placed in front of the tombstone, and the old grave was peaceful, without any anomalies.

So he sat down, placing the white rice in front of him.

Zhou Deng remained motionless, not using any means or supernatural power, relying solely on the Human Skin Mask's protection. Besides, he now knew this mask could no longer completely protect him.

A ghost came.

It was a dark path, endless and unbroken.

In the forefront of that darkness, a black Taishi Chair was being pushed slowly forward, reaching the front of Zhou Deng.

It's that ghost...

Yang Jian's face moved slightly, he recognized this ghost.

Yesterday, he personally severed five fingers of this ghost, making it lower a hand from the Taishi Chair.

This Taishi Chair seemed to be a tool to restrain this ghost.

The ghost hand resting on the black Taishi Chair seemed unable to be easily pushed, causing the ghost's movements to be slow, and even the path it traveled appeared twisted and deviated. If it weren't for the limited space, with Zhou Deng sitting still, this ghost wouldn't even be able to accurately find Zhou Deng's position.

Apparently close, the ghost's path was actually winding and twisting.

If outside, even an ordinary person could run out of sight in this short amount of time.

Wanting to kill, obviously not efficient.

This way, it effectively reduced the Terror Level.

The black Taishi Chair, pushing, moved a little forward, accidentally knocking over the bowl of white rice Zhou Deng placed in front of him.

"..." Zhou Deng stared at that black Taishi Chair, stunned.

Obviously.

This usage method was wrong.

If effective, the ghost should have stopped moving.

The white rice fell to the ground, quickly disappearing as if devoured by a ghost.

But the ghost didn't leave.

"Damn it," Zhou Deng hurriedly grabbed the little remaining half-bowl of white rice on the ground, and fled as if to leave.

As he moved.

A hand with black nails eerily rested on his shoulder.

A huge force came, and he felt the Human Skin Mask on his face was about to fall off.

This was a supernatural suppression.

A blackened hand pressed Zhou Deng almost unable to breathe, his body tilted, heading towards death...

"Come back."

At this moment, Yang Jian made a move.

The Firewood Knife in his hand lifted and fell, unhesitatingly cutting off the terrifying ghost's hand, not just the five fingers this time, but the entire hand.

The Ghost Domain covered it, pulling Zhou Deng directly back into the Ghost Domain.

"Huff!"

Only now did Zhou Deng seem to regain his heartbeat, his face ashen, looking extremely bad, gasping for breath.

This ghost, with only one hand left, could easily take down a ghost handler like Zhou Deng.

No wonder Da Qiang died even in a mourning outfit before.

This level of ghost, Da Qiang's death was indeed not unjustified.

Chapter 984 Blood-Stained Rice

"I'm fine now."

At this moment, Zhou Deng was pulled back into the Ghost Domain by Yang Jian. He was panting, cold sweat pouring out, as the supernatural power eroding his body dissipated, his ashen face gradually improving.

But even so, he almost didn't make it back.

"Did we fail? This bowl of rice wasn't thrown out or placed on the ground to offer to the ghost." Li Yang, lacking both legs and an arm, sat in the Ghost Domain, meticulously analyzing the intel.

It's inconvenient to move, but he still needs to exercise his mind.

"Captain, Zhou Deng's risk-taking wasn't entirely useless, the rice scattered out earlier disappeared. This might be a key clue."

"I saw it, so I deduced that the rice can't go too far from the person, or else it doesn't just fail, it gets wasted instead." Yang Jian noticed the rice scattered by the eagle earlier was still on the ground.

Leuk Qingqing said, "Remember the ashes scattered at the doorstep of the fourth floor of the post office? Maybe the rice isolates ghostly items. Drawing a circle on the ground with it might be able to block a ghost's attack."

"It's unlikely. So far, supernatural items haven't had any similarities, just like no two identical ghosts exist in a supernatural event." Yang Jian said, "There's definitely another way to use it."

"I need to test and make mistakes."

He gestured slightly; "Keep away from me."

Following that, Yang Jian quickly moved to a corner of the hall, far from the red coffin, far from everyone.

He himself had a Ghost Domain and could retreat at any time.

Immediately.

Yang Jian holding a bowl of white rice materialized slowly in the ancient mansion.

He left the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain, but his Ghost Domain was still maintaining, ghost eyes watching others, spreading a scarlet glow.

At that moment.

He didn't even intend to use a supernatural weapon but placed the cracked spear beside him.

Because it wasn't necessary.

With so many ghosts here, if he couldn't find the right method to survive, even if given ten Coffin Nails and ten Firewood Knives, it wouldn't help because he couldn't afford the cost of using supernatural items and would be worn away alive here.

At the moment Yang Jian appeared.

The vague ghostly figure on the wall started moving, swaying along the wall, rushing towards him.

Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow covered himself, his whole body was as if shrouded in a layer of shadow, directly isolating the ghost's influence.

As long as he didn't turn into a shadow on the ground, he wouldn't suffer the ghost's attack, so for now, he could ignore the ghostly figure on the wall.

"Despite the previous trial and error by the eagle and Zhou Deng, the number of ghosts targeting me the third time is still significant." Yang Jian immediately saw several terrifying figures flowing into the ancient mansion approaching him.

However, he noticed.

That black Taishi Chair didn't move anymore.

A cloud of darkness was blocked behind the Taishi Chair, unable to move forward.

He repeatedly used the Firewood Knife to hack at the ghost three times, finally severing the ghost's two hands, reducing the ghost's terror, stopping the ghost's action.

As a cost.

A ghastly cut appeared on Yang Jian's dark Ghost Hand, the crack penetrating deep into bone and flesh.

However, this hand was gradually healing, though the wound was deep it was temporarily harmless because the Ghost Hand had a strong ability to withstand the curse of the Firewood Knife, while a normal person's hand would have fallen off long ago.

A ghost first approached Yang Jian.

This ghost appeared as two people walking side by side, their bodies growing together, as if one person had two heads growing on one neck, no way to tell which was the ghost's head or which was the human head. This ghost seemed to be able to invade living bodies, as if it was possessing one.

The ghost quickly approached, reaching out an arm as if to abandon its decaying body and find a new host.

Yang Jian was the new target.

So when the arm was raised, Yang Jian understood that the right side of the body was partially ghost.

Within those few seconds as the ghost approached, Yang Jian performed an action.

He grabbed a handful of rice, squeezing it in his palm.

This wasn't a random guess, but related to traditional funeral customs. It's rumored that after people die, they go to hell, and at the gates of hell, there are stray dogs and wild chickens waiting to attack the wandering souls, so people grab two handfuls of rice to feed these creatures on their way to the underworld to ensure safety.

Clearly.

These practices were wrongly inferred based on folklore.

While Yang Jian was holding the rice, the ghost didn't cease its attack.

The ghost's pallid skin drew close, just inches away.

"Is it useless?"

Yang Jian immediately changed his approach, directly stuffing the rice into his mouth, keeping it there without swallowing.

Still, the ghost didn't stop its actions.

At that moment, the partially grown body was already sticking to Yang Jian's flesh, the cold and terrifying ghost shedding its former body, gradually merging with Yang Jian.

Yang Jian remained unmoved, he still had a reset capability, even if the ghost invaded his body, he could reverse the danger, return to a point before the attack.

"If this still doesn't work, there's only one last option left."

Yang Jian directly spat out the rice, holding it in his hand, not wanting to waste it.

The rice was still there, not diminished.

The ghost continued its invasion unstopped.

Yang Jian felt half his body losing sensation, the body seemed to belong to someone else, a cold, sinister Dead Man's Head stuck close beside him.

The cold and stiff touch made him shiver.

Yet Yang Jian remained calm, he unhesitatingly cut his finger, letting blood drip down.

The white rice soaked in blood turned red.

At that moment.

An extraordinary scene unfolded.

The ghost invading Yang Jian's body suddenly stopped its action, then a cold arm traced along Yang Jian's own arm all the way to his hand, then took away one grain of blood-stained rice.

Next.

The ghost's attack behavior reversed, the half-completed invasion ceased and retreated, returning to the rotten corpse.

Soon, the ghost's form faded, becoming obscure.

But it didn't completely disappear, only leaving a vague outline, like it was isolated in some kind of Ghost Domain.

"Did it work?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, feeling the method had worked.

The rice needed blood as a medium, then fed to the ghost.

It can't go too far, otherwise, even if eaten by the ghost, it won't work, and it must be stained with living blood. Zhou Deng's rice got knocked over before without getting soaked in blood, lacking a medium, so after the ghost ate, it didn't leave, causing the rice to lose its effect.

With one grain less from the rice in hand, the ghost in front seemed isolated, unable to continue killing.

But before Yang Jian could think more.

Another arm appeared out of thin air, this one wrapped in many roots and soil, looking as if it had just crawled out of a grave, yet it reached and took another blood-soaked grain of rice from Yang Jian's palm.

Then the arm vanished.

Not only that.

Behind.

Yang Jian felt something appear at the back of his head, a cold breath close by, something reaching swiftly over, flashing past.

One grain of blood-soaked rice was gone from his hand, followed by the swift retreat of the foreignness behind him, disappearing.

Yang Jian broke out in a cold sweat.

If he hadn't discovered the correct way to use the rice, he would have been directly attacked by these ghosts.

Approaching shadows multiplied.

An eerie, yet distinctly different hand reached over.

The ghost didn't attack Yang Jian but took a grain of blood-soaked white rice from his hand.

The ghost taking the rice didn't disappear but became blurry and immobile, remaining in place.

"The method has been found, Yang Jian succeeded."

Everyone in the Ghost Domain saw this scene; they hadn't been isolated, and Yang Jian didn't affect their sight or perception. They could still see everything outside, but these scenes weren't real; they were displayed through multiple layers of the Ghost Domain.

"Blood-soaked rice can be fed to ghosts to temporarily halt their actions." Li Yang said.

"So that's why I was attacked even after feeding it my rice before." Zhou Deng, without hesitation, cut his palm to stain the rice red.

Leuk Qingqing stopped him, "Enough, don't waste all the rice using it alone. Better to distribute it, so everyone stays safe. Otherwise, if only you're unbothered, others without rice will still be killed by ghosts."

"That's right, indeed." Li Yang said, "We should allocate the remaining rice."

"Okay, staying alive together is best, I've no problem."

Zhou Deng wasn't that selfish; they began distributing the remaining rice, each staining their portion with blood.

Chapter 985 The Disappeared Figure

Yang Jian discovered a method to survive the fifth day of the Ghost Banquet.

By staining the rice with blood and feeding it to the vengeful spirits, their actions could be temporarily stabilized, preventing them from attacking.

This method is simple.

Yet, this simple method almost caused several people to perish; surviving was not due to luck but because the remaining people had strong survival skills and were not immediately killed by the spirits.

After learning the method, everyone quickly got ready.

They used fresh blood to redden the rice, leaving some aside in case of waste or scarcity.

"I need to retract the Ghost Domain; although I can still maintain it in this situation, it's a heavy burden for me," Yang Jian reminded the crowd.

"As long as the method is correct, there shouldn't be any problems," Leuk Qingqing said.

Zhou Deng and Li Yang nodded, indicating they were ready.

Upon seeing this.

Yang Jian immediately retracted the Ghost Domain without hesitation.

As the five-layer Ghost Domain dispersed, the figures of several people suddenly became visible.

The spirits immediately started to move, with some drawing close, and others had already begun silently attacking them.

However, each held a handful of blood-stained rice.

The spirits immediately changed their targets.

Instead of killing them, the spirits took a grain of rice from their hands, gradually disappearing, only leaving a blurred, translucent figure standing there.

"The method is indeed effective."

Watching the blood-stained rice in his hand rapidly decrease, Zhou Deng smiled with a hint of relief.

With the spirits vanishing, the group wasn't attacked.

The pressure suddenly reduced.

"Yang, how did you come up with the idea of dyeing rice with blood?" Zhou Deng asked afterward.

"During the Republic of China Period, ghost handlers liked to use such tricks," Yang Jian said calmly, his eyes still serious, without any sign of ease.

Zhou Deng inquired, "You've dealt with similar situations before?"

"Substitute Doll," Yang Jian replied.

Zhou Deng hesitated; he was aware of the Substitute Doll, a rare supernatural object only awarded to key figures for exceptional achievements at HQ. He knew of it but never acquired one.

"Is its usage similar? That being said, merely having similar usage wouldn't make you take this chance."

Yang Jian remained silent.

However, Li Yang understood.

It was because of the owner of Room 301.

They had once seen the workbench suspected to be used for making Substitute Dolls in Dachuan City's Room 301.

And here, Yang Jian and Li Yang had encountered the old man from Room 301 wandering.

That old man had even entered this ancient mansion.

An old lady, and an old man recently deceased.

A man and a woman, characters from the Republic of China Period; it was inevitable to draw some conjecture and speculation under these circumstances.

"But no matter how you look at it, surviving is the best outcome." The eagle wasn't dead yet, and the frequency of the dice's spin before him was slowing.

This signaled fewer ghosts nearby.

The mansion's danger was diminishing.

"Getting happy too early. Three bowls of rice, enough to fill these vengeful spirits' stomachs?" Li Yang expressed his concern.

"The first day was the funeral, the second day was the vigil, the third day was the mourning, the fourth day was the condolence, and the fifth day was the Ghost Banquet; no day was without problems. Even under balanced circumstances, the last half hour of the shift is extremely risky."

He stared at his missing legs and one hand, lost in thought.

Yang Jian said, "Don't be pessimistic, the previous days had problems because we weren't preemptive and lacked the right method; now that we know, conditions will be better. Even if risk exists, it's not as hopeless as before."

"I believe today will be peaceful, and the three bowls of rice will suffice."

"The fifth day is already here, endure for a bit longer, and it'll be over. Stay motivated," Zhou Deng nodded, seemingly not touched by despair.

He only felt that he regretted not gaining anything this time; the lantern was snatched away, the incense unused, leaving him with just a funeral garment.

As for the life-and-death crisis, that was nothing.

As a ghost handler and a key figure, he endured many dangers; although this time was unique, as long as he wasn't dead, it didn't matter.

If death came, it still wouldn't matter.

"You should consider the sixth day's matters; we just found how to survive, and rice is still sufficient; it's the safest moment, so we must plan ahead now," said the eagle.

He felt vaguely uneasy.

As the Eight-Tone Music Box had been echoing in his mind for several days, something used during the second day's vigil, now it was the fifth day.

And Yang Jian had mentioned this Eight-Tone Music Box could ensure survival for several days.

Regarding these days, whether it's three, five, or seven, no one truly knows; it depends on one's luck.

Having survived three days, the eagle believed he didn't have much time left.

"There's not a single clue about the sixth day." Zhou Deng shook his head and said, "Your previous analyses were very accurate, but in these last two days, there's a gap in the information."

"Indeed. All the information in the ancient mansion has been used up. There is a real information gap on the sixth day. I think it should be inferred together with the seventh day," Li Yang suggested.

Yang Jian asked, "Do you have any ideas?"

"I'm sorry, I haven't thought of anything yet. I just vaguely feel that this is a direction worth thinking about," Li Yang shook his head and said embarrassedly.

Yang Jian said, "On the sixth and seventh day, there must be one day for the funeral procession, which means carrying this red coffin out of the ancient mansion and burying the old man in the back. If the seventh day is the funeral, it should overlap with the Seventh Day of Spirit Return."

"So, do you think tomorrow is the funeral? What about the seventh day?" Zhou Deng asked.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes and said, "On the Seventh Day of Spirit Return, we all have to stay in the ancient mansion and get through the most dangerous day. After midnight, we'll send out this letter, and the task will be completed."

"If we misjudge, the day of the funeral will be the day we're annihilated," said Leuk Qingqing.

"No, tomorrow is definitely the funeral. The Seventh Day of Spirit Return can't be on the same day as the funeral," Yang Jian said with certainty.

Leuk Qingqing frowned, "What information are you basing this conclusion on?"

"Reverse inference."

Yang Jian said, "The seventh day is the Spirit Return day, the sixth day is the funeral procession. If you scramble the order, everything falls apart. The mission reminder had us stay in the ancient mansion for seven days, and from the first day of the encoffining, we've followed the funeral procedures."

"Correct method, correct timing, which means everything we've done before is right. If we made a wrong move, we would have been dead by now."

"Patterns, the earlier days were the toughest. Now many things are over, and for the remaining two days, I can't think of any other methods."

Leuk Qingqing, Zhou Deng, Eagle, and Li Yang all fell into contemplation.

Upon serious consideration, it indeed seems reasonable.

The steps have mostly been completed. The remaining funeral and Spirit Return day neatly fill the seven days' gap, matching up with this special timing of the Seventh Day.

"So, tomorrow we're carrying this coffin out of the ancient mansion to bury it in the old forest behind?" Zhou Deng stroked his chin and said.

"I think the captain's judgment should be correct; let's settle it for now," Li Yang said, "If there are any other thoughts, we can bring them up during this period, and everyone can discuss further."

Eagle shook his head and said, "I have no objections."

Then he glanced over to a corner of the roof.

The red balloon was floating above, with Yang Xiaohua's body hanging below it, her face covered with a yellow paper, completely devoid of breath.

"I just want to know, is Yang Xiaohua still alive? There are only a few days left; we must find a time to bring her down."

"After today, I will bring her down. It's not the right time now. The Ghost Banquet is still ongoing, and her appearance could easily lead to her being killed by a fierce ghost," Yang Jian said.

Zhou Deng said, "Maybe she's already dead."

"She isn't dead. Her body's freshness is very high, with no decay or corpse spots. If she were dead, she would have started to stink by now. I occasionally check her body's condition," Yang Jian said.

Everyone could only discuss some unrelated topics at this time.

Each person was holding a handful of blood-stained rice.

The amount of rice was decreasing, and the fierce ghosts inside the ancient mansion were also disappearing, leaving behind eerie outlines.

The combined portion of the three bowls of rice was quite a lot.

One fierce ghost only needed to take away a grain of rice, so these three bowls could last a long time.

However.

After the previous ghost disappeared, new fierce ghosts were pouring in again from the direction of the mansion's main door.

But they weren't as dense as before.

The group kept resisting, and no one had died, which seemed to be the only good news in these days.

Time passed little by little.

Half an hour, an hour, two hours... in the blink of an eye, it was already the afternoon of the fifth day.

The number of ghosts entering the ancient mansion was decreasing.

Of course, the rice in everyone's hands was also running low.

Inside the dim, cold ancient mansion, one vague eerie outline after another was crowding around, as if to devour everyone here.

But these vague silhouettes of fierce ghosts couldn't interfere with the living inside the ancient mansion.

As if they were in another world, unable to touch or contact each other.

During this time, Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow had recovered, and his wounds had healed.

But the fierce ghost hand lying motionless on the floor caught Yang Jian's attention.

This was chopped off from the fierce ghost on the black Taishi Chair.

Even though it was just a hand, it was still a piece of the puzzle of the fierce ghost.

Up till now, this hand hadn't been reclaimed by the fierce ghost and was left behind in the ancient mansion.

"Take it back; it might come in handy." Yang Jian walked over and picked up the severed hand.

He didn't intend to use Ghost Shadow to attach it to himself, as overdoing his puzzle pieces would easily cause imbalance,

The best way was to turn this ghostly thing into a supernatural artifact.

The terrifying fierce ghost hand with black nails was just one image of the supernatural.

To a top-notch ghost handler like Yang Jian, he could change the image of the supernatural.

Chapter 986 Continuously Decreasing Meal

The situation on the fifth day has stabilized.

The malicious spirits that surged into the ancient house on the fourth day went completely out of control on the fifth day. Without the suppression from the old man in the coffin, these spirits could kill at will, and anyone inside the ancient house would be attacked as long as they stayed there.

Fortunately, a method to survive the fifth day was found.

The blood-stained rice seemed able to neutralize the attacks of the malicious spirits, allowing people inside the ancient house to survive.

The situation improved, the spirits within the ancient house disappeared and posed no more danger, leaving only a vague silhouette.

Everyone was very silent at the moment.

The atmosphere was oppressive.

Because most of them had skirted the line between life and death more than once; to survive until today was extremely fortunate, but things were not over yet, and two days remained.

No one knew what unknown dangers might occur in the remaining two days.

Because of this, the survivors lacked confidence.

Seven days was an ordeal for anyone, and those lacking strong willpower might already feel like giving up.

However, Yang Jian remained calm and indifferent.

Desperation and crisis were not enough to shake his resolve; he continued to strive for survival with all his might.

Yang Jian believed that if he could endure this letter-delivering task, he would fully resolve the Ghost Post Office issue and possibly uncover more matters from the Republic of China Period.

As long as he continued along this path, he would discover a truth.

"Even if there's danger today, it will occur around midnight, same as before. Let's rest and adjust during this time," said Yang Jian, sitting to one side, holding a handful of blood-stained rice in his hand.

As long as there were ghosts, the rice would reduce by one grain.

Therefore, to be prepared, everyone held onto a handful of rice to protect their lives.

So now, one had to frequently monitor the number of rice grains in hand because the ghosts consumed the rice silently, undetectable. If one forgot to replenish the rice count due to an oversight and got killed by a ghost, it would be unfortunate.

"What's with resting? Only two days left, just endure it." Leuk Qingqing said, her face tight with tension.

Yang Jian replied, "You might not need to sleep, but that doesn't mean others don't need rest."

"We need to leave the ancient house when the funeral procession occurs tomorrow, so where do you plan to spend the seventh day, the day of resurrection?" Old Lin asked at this time.

Yang Jian pointed here: "Of course, spend it inside the ancient house. Where else can we go on the seventh day of resurrection? The old forest outside is even more dangerous. When digging the woods before, you saw the state of the old forest, buried entirely with malicious spirits; it's practically a forbidden zone. Staying outside is undoubtedly very dangerous."

"The seventh day in the ancient house isn't safe either," Old Lin remarked. "There are also many ghosts."

"Wrong, on the seventh day, there will be very few, if any, ghosts in the ancient house," Yang Jian stated. "My intuition tells me these ghosts will leave the house after tonight."

"Why?" Leuk Qingqing asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Is that even a question? We have to carry the coffin away tomorrow, which means leaving the ancient house. This house will be an empty shell, without any reason for the ghosts to stay. Besides, it no longer suppresses the resurgence of supernatural forces."

He glanced at Zhou Deng while speaking: "In such a case, what could possibly draw so many malicious spirits here?"

"Have you forgotten the seven-day experiences? Today's spirit rampage stems from yesterday's mourning, which follows the day before's funeral notice. The ghosts were drawn by the white lantern... and the appearance of the white lantern was due to the old man's death. It's all a chain of events."

"As long as we carry the coffin out tomorrow, the ghosts will leave one after another. Of course, some might linger, but certainly not many."

Yang Jian's thoughts became increasingly clear, and he even had begun to understand the seven-day arrangement.

So he became more confident in his judgment as time went on.

"You've made your decision. If anything truly goes wrong, we'll all die together at worst." Zhou Deng shrugged with indifference.

He wasn't being careless but had faith in Yang Jian's experience and ability. Moreover, he had no reason to sabotage himself at this point, as making a mistake would put everyone at risk, with no one exempted.

"It's a pity that we threw Da Qiang's body out earlier; otherwise, I could have crafted new limbs for you." Yang Jian glanced at Li Yang, puzzled.

Li Yang's disability was due to the lack of replacement limbs.

Before coming, he didn't take away Huang Ziya's crystal necklace; without using the Deceiving Ghost's ability, even his ghost eyes couldn't create limbs out of thin air.

"I'm not a hindrance for now, just inconvenienced in action, but I still possess supernatural power, which can be useful in critical moments." Li Yang said, "Once this ordeal concludes and we leave, I'll naturally recover."

Yang Jian nodded.

At this point, Leuk Qingqing suddenly spoke: "By the way, have you noticed? Ghosts seem to be repeatedly consuming the rice in our hands. Just now, a thin, pale, clean dead hand took a grain of rice from me, and then it appeared again to take another."

"I also noticed; I thought it was a coincidence at first, but it wasn't. The malicious spirits that fed previously seem... hungry again," Zhou Deng said solemnly.

Li Yang's expression tensed: "This means the time when a single grain of rice can satisfy the spirits has passed and a second grain is required. This was a concern I had before. This rice is clearly a consumable supernatural item, with limited duration like the Ghost Candle or Voodoo Doll."

"Has the duration expired now?" Old Lin looked at the rapidly diminishing rice in his hand, thoughtful.

Leuk Qingqing said: "This situation isn't particularly unique. I've encountered time-sensitive supernatural items before, but my main worry is something else now."

Li Yang, Zhou Deng, Old Lin looked at her.

Although Leuk Qingqing didn't state it outright, everyone kind of guessed what it was.

"Is three bowls of rice enough to protect all of us?" She finally spoke out the brutal truth.

If there wasn't enough rice, anyone without it would surely be attacked by spirits, and that was indisputable.

But there were five people here, including Yang Jian.

Five people, three bowls of rice.

While it was still early and the ghosts were consuming the blood-stained rice, this might lead to something terrifying.

That is, the sixth day might arrive, but the rice might run out beforehand.

"I originally thought the blood-stained rice was driving the spirits out of the ancient house, but now it appears I was mistaken." Yang Jian calmly surveyed the group.

Zhou Deng remarked: "If three bowls of rice aren't enough for five people to last until the sixth day of the ancient house, then some must stop using the rice. If not, all might run out due to the number of people, thus demanding the sacrifice of one or two to save the rest, or everyone perishes together?"

"This is a topic worth considering, Yang Jian, what do you say?"

He discussed such a brutal topic, but with a slight smile, as if unconcerned.

If this were on the first day of the ancient house occurrence, there would have been a fight among the ghost handlers immediately. Fortunately, it was already the fifth day, with most dead, leaving only a few.

"Old Lin will stop using the rice first." Yang Jian coldly suggested.

Leuk Qingqing had a noticeable change in expression.

Old Lin gave a bitter smile: "I have no objection; after using this little rice left, I won't use any more."

He opened his palm, revealing only a small handful of rice left, which continued to decrease over time.

The others remained silent.

Old Lin was cursed by the Eight-Tone Music Box, not destined to live long, and had been eroded by malicious spirits. It was only the Ghost Dice that kept him alive; otherwise, he'd have been torn apart by now.

Thus, rice on him was a waste.

However, things being right doesn't change facts.

Everyone does have selfish motives. Old Lin had done his utmost and played pivotal roles many times, and now, to abandon him on the fifth day seemed exceedingly cruel.

"You should try to fight for it."

Leuk Qingqing hesitated for a moment but still spoke, "It's not necessarily as they say. The rice might get consumed early, and maybe there will be leftovers in the end."

Old Lin shook his head and said, "This is the most correct choice, and indeed I won't live long. Besides, it's not up to you or me to decide here."

He was indeed very reluctant, but reason told him he should recognize reality and accept it.

As long as Yang Jian is here, everyone must follow his orders, or else he will surely eliminate any unsettling factors without hesitation.

Leuk Qingqing looked at Yang Jian, seemingly displeased.

"Don't look at me like that. Without me, everyone in this room would have died. Old Lin wouldn't have survived until today. I just made the right choice at the right time. If you think I'm wrong, you can try to overthrow me and become the boss here. By then, the others will naturally listen to you."

Yang Jian's tone was very blunt, showing no regard for feelings, which made it uncomfortable to hear.

"If abandoning Old Lin will let us survive, what meaning does it have if we can't?" Leuk Qingqing said.

Yang Jian stared at her, "Enough people have died in these seven days. I almost died here as well. You say it has no meaning? Everyone's sacrifice has value, and that's why we've survived until now."

"If Old Lin not using rice isn't enough, next it'll be you who has to stop using it."

"Why not Li Yang or Zhou Deng? One's a cripple, the other doesn't even count as a messenger. They definitely shouldn't be behind me, or are you being biased on purpose?" Leuk Qingqing's face chilled as the atmosphere suddenly grew tense.

As if a disagreement would really lead to a fight.

Yang Jian looked calmly at her; "It's simple, I don't trust you because you disappeared for several days, not even remembering yourself, and there's something very strange about you. Believe it or not, even if I don't give you a single grain of rice, you won't die here."

Leuk Qingqing was targeted by a woman from the Republic of China Period.

Her existence is very special, and Yang Jian has reason to believe that the woman from the Republic of China Period left some contingency or curse on Leuk Qingqing.

This is why Leuk Qingqing is particularly cared for. Perhaps even if Yang Jian himself dies here, Leuk Qingqing can survive alone.

"I..." Leuk Qingqing wanted to say something but couldn't find a reason to argue.

Because she knew her situation, she indeed experienced occasional loss of control and memory. During that time, she felt like she was dead, scarier than sleepwalking. For example, her recent unexplained appearance in this ancient house, and her changed pair of high heels.

There was also a fragrance on her that she didn't have before.

She didn't like that smell; it belonged to another woman.

"Li Yang will be behind you." Yang Jian stated very calmly.

Li Yang seemed slightly surprised but immediately nodded, indicating he understood.

Very simple.

Zhou Deng's role was greater than his, even though Zhou Deng's supernatural power has yet to reveal itself. Being nominated as a team leader by headquarters indicates a very special existence.

"You're going to abandon even your teammates? Quite selfish." Leuk Qingqing mocked.

Yang Jian coldly said; "As long as I'm alive, there's hope to reverse everything. Can you do that?"

Leuk Qingqing furrowed her brow, somewhat unable to understand what he meant by this.

"The argument ends here, whether you agree or not, the plan is arranged this way. I'm the executor, you just need to follow my rules. Of course, you're also permitted to refuse." Yang Jian said.

"Let's do it like this, it's nothing. If something really goes wrong, we can't just all die together. Someone has to survive." Li Yang expressed no dissatisfaction.

If only one person could survive here, he would definitely choose Yang Jian.

With Yang Jian in Dachang City, it would not collapse.

If he survives, his family and friends would be safe.

Furthermore, Ghost Riders are bound to die eventually. Li Yang has long accepted this outcome, without any resentment or sorrow.

The ghost of the ancient house, as Leuk Qingqing said, the ghost that first consumed the rice is hungry again.

Yang Jian also saw the ghost repeatedly take rice.

It was a cold arm attached to his own body, seeming to grow together. At the same time, a mysterious dead person's head appeared beside his shoulder.

The ghost traced Yang Jian's arm, taking another grain of blood-stained rice from his hand, then gradually hid and disappeared...

Yang Jian checked the time.

The current time was six in the afternoon.

Six hours left until the next day.

This means the ghost can at most take two grains of rice, as the remaining time isn't enough for the same ghost to conduct a third round of taking.

Yang Jian looked at the rice in the blue and white porcelain bowl and estimated the amount.

It seems it can last until after twelve at night.

But it was the amount in his hand. Zhou Deng's bowl was the smallest, seemingly insufficient. Leuk Qingqing's should be enough since Old Lin has now stopped using.

"No matter how well you calculate, it still relies on whether anything unusual happens after eleven."
Yang Jian thought to himself.

Ghosts don't follow your calculations and time conveniently. Any anomaly will break the balance, and then it'll completely lose control.

Surviving safely and getting annihilated instantly is just a hair's breadth away.

Time continued to be consumed.

Old Lin didn't die. The black dice turned crazily in front of him, and his dice game continued.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box hadn't reached its time, and he was still alive.

Even without rice to disperse nearby ghosts, Old Lin could still survive in the ancient house using this special method.

Perhaps it was his confidence in the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse, which is why Old Lin was willing to give up the rice voluntarily.

The time reached ten at night.

The rice in everyone's hands was dwindling.

Although a ghost only took one grain, they couldn't withstand the dangers in this ancient house. After six in the afternoon, ghosts ate the second round of rice, so the speed of rice consumption increased rapidly after six, nearly double before. The doubled consumption added to the passage of time led to Zhou Deng's bowl of rice almost running out.

The rice in the three bowls varied in quantity.

The amount in Yang Jian's hand was the most, but he was consuming it with Li Yang, so it was also running low.

The amount in Leuk Qingqing's hand wasn't much either.

The few people's situation seemed quite similar.

They might make it to twelve, or might not...

But everyone understood, if one person was eliminated and the remaining rice was divided, then there would be certainty of lasting through twelve.

Leuk Qingqing frequently glanced at Yang Jian, especially her eyes often wandered over the cracked long spear.

The supernatural item was very dangerous.

Leuk Qingqing knew, if Yang Jian decided to act, she would instantly be nailed to the ground, completely unable to resist.

Chapter 987 Exhausted

The longer time passed, the more tense the atmosphere in the hall became.

Leuk Qingqing had already started to guard against Yang Jian.

Although everyone had been quite united before, all striving to survive, she was a messenger and had seen a lot of the dark side of human nature during her missions. What was about to happen now was nothing compared to those past experiences.

The rice in everyone's hands was constantly diminishing.

At this moment, Leuk Qingqing made a decision. She cut her wrist again, and the sticky, dark blood dripped into the bowl, staining the remaining rice completely red.

Her body was a faceless and armless puppet, but her arms were from her original body. Despite there not being much living flesh, it was still enough to produce some blood.

"All the remaining rice is here. If you want it, then take it." Leuk Qingqing decided to burn her bridges at this moment.

She didn't want to be the one sacrificed, so she made this decision.

The white rice stained by her blood would be useless even if distributed to others.

"Playing such petty tricks with me at this time, do you really think I wouldn't dare to kill you?" Yang Jian glared at her coldly.

Leuk Qingqing did not back down. She said, "Li Yang is willing to follow your orders because he's your team member, but I'm not. We're all trying to survive the mission. If you intend to sacrifice me first, I'd rather fight to the death. If I lose, I have nothing to say, but I won't die for no reason."

"This is bad." Li Yang's eyelid twitched as he heard Leuk Qingqing's words.

The captain was already not fond of this person. If it weren't for her help last time in Room 301, the captain would have dealt with her already.

Now, at this critical moment, Leuk Qingqing is acting on her own, undoubtedly adding fuel to the fire.

"Why would she go against Yang Jian?" Zhou Deng thought to himself.

Who is Ghost Eye Yang Jian?

The recognized powerhouse in the supernatural circle, who has taken down countless ghost riders since his debut. Even Dahai City's Ye Zhen provoked him a few times and ended up pinned to the ground like a dead dog by Yang Jian.

The so-called strongest and number one is now a joke.

If it weren't for Wei Jing sent by headquarters to mediate, Ye Zhen would be dead by now.

Moreover, Yang Jian had previously taken down the Circle of Friends by himself, killing Fang Shiming... which scared their deputy general manager He Tianxiong into fleeing overseas.

There are many similar incidents.

The more you know, the more you should fear Yang Jian, not provoke him.

Leuk Qingqing wants to survive, and that's reasonable.

But in supernatural events, is reasoning useful? Honestly, it's all about listening to whoever has the bigger fists.

As mentioned before, if you have the guts to take down Yang Jian, then you can be the leader.

If not, you should obediently listen.

If you won't listen and still want to cause trouble, being killed is deserved.

Zhou Deng secretly criticized in his heart, but on the surface, he remained calm, not saying a word, just watching to see how things would develop.

"I understand, you are indeed determined, but I hope you also have the ability," Yang Jian's face was calm at the moment, without any trace of anger. He glanced at the bowl of rice soaked in blood that Leuk Qingqing held.

"What, you want to make a move? If you're not planning to, we still have the opportunity to cooperate," Leuk Qingqing said.

Yang Jian said, "I know what you're scheming. You think this place is extremely dangerous, and if I kill you, the rice you're holding will lose its effect. Then the remaining fierce ghosts will come back to eat the rice I have, increasing my consumption. Plus, the messenger task continues, and having one less person means more danger."

"So you're confident, thinking you can trick me and make me suffer in silence."

Leuk Qingqing remained silent for a moment.

Indeed, she had this thought. In this situation, internal strife was not allowed, so she dared to gamble on this.

As long as Yang Jian is rational and wants to survive, he wouldn't kill her here.

"I didn't have such intentions. I just don't want to be dictated by you. You're too overbearing, wanting everyone to follow your lead. If others don't comply, you want to get rid of them," Leuk Qingqing said.

"I can also follow your lead. Can you lead the rest to survive this fifth day?" Yang Jian's tone was very cold.

Leuk Qingqing said, "If I can't survive following you, why should I follow you?"

"Then how did the bowl of rice in your hand come about? Did it fall from the sky for you? The supplies I distributed to you, I'm just taking it back early. You're unwilling and think I'm harming you? If I had known, should I have not given you this bowl of rice at all? Do you think you'd still be standing here talking to me?" Yang Jian said.

"I've already done what I did, think whatever you want," Leuk Qingqing lowered her head slightly.

The rice was already stained with her blood and could no longer be used.

"Going to fight?" Li Yang glanced at the two.

He knew that if the captain really decided to make a move, there would be no warning signs. Regardless of the nice words now, the outcome could be decided in a second.

Yang Jian said, "You don't need to worry, I won't make a move against you this time. It's not because I'm afraid of the situation getting out of control here, but because I owe you a personal favor."

"You don't owe me anything," Leuk Qingqing frowned.

Yang Jian touched the black and red jade bracelet on his wrist: "That's because you don't know what really happened with you. You're just a pathetic pawn. There's another person playing chess with you. I'm saying this to her. You only need to know that this time you won't die by my hand."

"But this is temporary. After this messenger task ends, we will meet on the fifth floor. Then I will settle the score with you."

"Then see you on the fifth floor."

Leuk Qingqing, too, was proud. Although she feared Yang Jian, she didn't feel she had done anything wrong.

The two had met on the third floor of the post office, cooperated, and also clashed. Leuk Qingqing had helped Yang Jian, and Yang Jian had helped Leuk Qingqing. But unexpectedly, in this final messenger task on the fourth floor, there was a split, resulting in them standing on opposite sides.

If they survived this messenger task, it's easy to imagine.

When they meet on the fifth floor next time, a fight is inevitable, and one of them will surely die.

An eagle sighed in his heart, feeling it's a pity.

Conflicts among messengers during tasks were common. He had seen it before, so he wasn't surprised, but he regretted that just as they were about to reach the last floor of the post office, they ended up in this situation. It's not easy to come this far, and dying because of personal grudges would be too unfortunate.

"Setting grievances aside? That's the best course. There's no benefit to anyone if they fight here. But Leuk Qingqing really shouldn't have crossed Yang Jian, even from the post office. If they issued a wanted order, she'd have to live like a rat in the sewers, constantly hiding," Zhou Deng thought to himself as he rubbed his chin.

Yang Jian not only had top strength and reputation in the supernatural circle, but he was also a team leader from Headquarters, with unimaginable influence.

Otherwise, why could he suppress those death-defying criminals who had disembarked from the supernatural bus before?

"For the next actions, do you choose to listen to me, or do you plan to act on your own like Leuk Qingqing?" Yang Jian asked again.

Zhou Deng smiled and said, "You're the team leader from Headquarters, so of course I follow your orders. I don't know any of those messengers. Yang team, don't hold grudges against me. I, Zhou, have no ill intentions."

He steadfastly sided with Yang Jian.

"I'm a dying man; does my answer even matter?" The eagle smiled briefly, with a hint of helplessness.

"Captain, you know me." Li Yang said.

Once the three spoke, Yang Jian understood their thoughts.

The eagle was neutral, Zhou Deng and Li Yang continued following Yang Jian, and as for the life-or-death unknown Yang Xiaohua, it didn't matter.

Leuk Qingqing's expression changed slightly.

She knew, to some degree, that Yang Jian wasn't wrong because the others were the ones who survived by following his instructions. Otherwise, they would've been wiped out already. What surprised her was that even in the eagle's condition, he didn't want to turn against Yang Jian?

She glanced at the eagle.

The eagle slightly shook his head.

He hadn't forgotten when Yang Jian, during the second night's guard, charged solo into the dark hall, defending against all supernatural intrusions alone.

Someone like that indeed had the ability to turn the tides.

He was just making the worst-case arrangements, not intentionally sacrificing anyone.

"It's eleven thirty," Zhou Deng suddenly mentioned.

"I know, the ghost is still eating, this Ghost Banquet isn't over yet." Yang Jian looked at the rice each person held.

Obviously, it's not enough.

There isn't much left, with only half an hour remaining.

Yang Jian looked at Zhou Deng: "Give me the rest of your rice."

"Sure." Zhou Deng shrugged, showing indifference, and handed over the blue and white porcelain bowl.

There was just a small handful left in hand, and only a little bit in the bowl.

Yang Jian didn't speak, he took it and combined the rice together, then looked at Li Yang: "You shouldn't continue consuming the rice, give the rest all to me."

Li Yang nodded as well: "Captain, what do you plan to do?"

He understood that concentrating the supply on one person wasn't about saving oneself but about enduring all the supernatural attacks alone, holding out for the last half hour.

"When the moment you all run out of rice comes, I'll activate the five layers of Ghost Domain to cover all of you. Then we'll resist the ghost attacks inside the five layers of Ghost Domain until the sixth day arrives." Yang Jian said.

"With three people working together, there's still a fighting chance." Zhou Danggang looked and approved of this approach.

Leuk Qingqing observed and said: "You thought of the strategy long ago? Were your previous words testing us?"

"You misunderstood, I wasn't testing anyone, I was just responding differently based on different methods. Now with not enough rice, only I can use the five layers of Ghost Domain to protect the remaining people." Yang Jian replied, "If there was enough, I wouldn't do this."

"But what happens next doesn't concern you, I hope your bowl of rice is enough for you to survive today."

"Captain, I still have five grains of rice." Li Yang immediately said.

Zhou Deng said: "I have six grains of rice left."

"Then let's start now, leave a few grains of rice for emergencies." With that, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain covered again, directly enveloping Li Yang and Zhou Deng.

The two people's figures vanished from the ancient mansion instantly.

But this approach only guaranteed their safety, for Yang Jian the danger remained, as the rice gathered was all in his hands, correspondingly, the ghosts in the mansion would also focus on him, thus increasing the speed of rice consumption.

Leuk Qingqing's face changed drastically.

She realized the true intention of Yang Jian's actions.

Now in the mansion, only she and Yang Jian had rice, but the number of ghosts was fixed.

Therefore, the consumption of the rice she held was also accelerated.

If this continued, the rice she originally had enough to survive tomorrow might actually run out early because of this.

"Yang Jian, you..." Leuk Qingqing looked at him, somewhat astonished.

Yang Jian stared at her and said: "I won't let you take advantage of me, now that the consumption is escalating, let's see who can withstand it. I said I wouldn't retaliate against you, but I won't help you anymore either. You should understand, the reason the rice in your hands is enough is because the three of us were sharing the ghost's consumption. Now that I've reduced Zhou Deng and Li Yang's share, do you think you can still remain unscathed?"

The blood-stained rice in his hands decreased at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Likewise, the rice in Leuk Qingqing's hands was also rapidly diminishing, consuming four times faster than before.

The amount of rice in both their hands was about the same.

Because the rice in Leuk Qingqing's bowl hadn't been consumed much by the eagle.

And Yang Jian's was the combined leftover from two bowls of rice.

"I knew it would be like this." The eagle tossed the dice while sighing in his heart.

Leuk Qingqing, these past days, was not in the mansion and didn't experience previous events, and now couldn't see the situation clearly, here Yang Jian alone could alter the balance of the entire mansion.

Moreover, no one understood the mansion and the ghost's patterns better than he did.

With Yang Jian doing so, there were only two results ahead.

Either Leuk Qingqing and he both run out of rice, facing today's ghost loss in control earlier, or they both endure past midnight into the next day.

11:40 PM.

The rice in their hands was left with only one small handful.

11:50 PM.

The remaining amount of rice was plainly countable, but comparing quantities, it seemed like Leuk Qingqing had slightly more in her hands.

11:55 PM.

The rice in Yang Jian's hands was down to a dozen grains, about to run out, seeing this, a smirk appeared on Leuk Qingqing's mouth, but soon her smile froze because she saw Yang Jian engulfed in red light, disappearing into thin air.

Yang Jian entered the five layers of Ghost Domain.

Separating most of the ghost's attacks.

The remaining ghosts couldn't find Yang Jian, thus surged towards Leuk Qingqing.

The rice in Leuk Qingqing's hands was quickly consumed again.

At 11:56 PM, the rice in her hands was completely consumed, thoroughly devoured by the ghosts.

"Not good." Leuk Qingqing's face suddenly changed, she instinctively wanted to back away to avoid the ghosts.

But then the red cheongsam on her body suddenly became exceptionally conspicuous, almost as if illuminated by red light, vibrant to the point of nearly dripping blood.

In a vague sense, a woman's laughter echoed in the mansion.

That woman's voice somewhat resembled Leuk Qingqing's, yet it was extremely unfamiliar.

The ghosts surged in but surprisingly avoided Leuk Qingqing, without attacking her.

"Hmm?" The eagle witnessing this scene widened its eyes.

Yang Jian's speculation was correct, Leuk Qingqing indeed had a secret, the ghosts within the mansion did not attack her.

Leuk Qingqing was also stunned, anxious and tense, she couldn't think of such a thing happening to her.

"Indeed, that woman from the Republic of China period left a backup plan on Leuk Qingqing's body, this Leuk Qingqing is being watched by that woman, certainly won't let her easily fall in this mansion." Yang Jian saw this clearly in the Ghost Domain.

He had previously only speculated and judged, now he could basically confirm.

After all, this mansion was built by those ghost tamers from the Republic of China period, if they were killed by ghosts in their own house, it would indeed reflect poorly on them.

"Pity, this Leuk Qingqing doesn't understand anything, she is kept in the dark, unwilling to believe me." Yang Jian quickly looked away.

Because the five layers of Ghost Domain was also being invaded.

A twisted, dark figure gradually came, the ghost was constantly invading the Ghost Domain, the nearby red light dimming and turning faint.

"As I judged, even the five layers of Ghost Domain cannot isolate all ghost attacks, so I kept a little."
Yang Jian didn't speak and just opened his palm, on it remained a dozen grains of blood-stained rice.

Suddenly.

Another grain of rice disappeared.

The ghost entering the five layers of Ghost Domain was slowly retreating again, gradually disappearing.

He couldn't use up all the rice, that would be too foolish.

The ghost invading the five layers of Ghost Domain wasn't only this one.

There were others.

The rice in Yang Jian's hands continued to decrease, at the same time, Zhou Deng and Li Yang's rice was also decreasing, albeit very slowly, only a few grains per minute.

Just like that.

Midnight arrived.

The ancient mansion entered the sixth day.

This day, known as the funeral.

Chapter 988 Carrying the Coffin

The sixth day, the funeral day has arrived.

Yang Jian named it this way.

After this day arrived, nothing unusual happened in the ancient house. The only oddity was that the fierce ghosts inside the house were dissipating, wandering away as if they had lost their target.

The crisis is slowly dissolving.

Yang Jian saw the blurry ghostly figure on the wall also departing. That ghost strode along the wall, heading outside the ancient house, and finally vanished at the courtyard position, seemingly leaving here directly through the courtyard's gap.

The blurry ghostly figures are also dissipating, vaguely visible as they waver and gradually scatter away.

"The ghosts are leaving," the old eagle said, looking at the black dice in front of him.

After a spin, it settled on the number one point, and then didn't spin again.

The ghost playing the dice game left. It's unclear if the ghost forcibly quit the dice game or if the old eagle won the game, so the ghost adhered to the game rule and chose to leave.

But none of this matters anymore.

This terrifying day had eventually passed.

Leuk Qingqing frowned; she survived, wasn't attacked, and the rice in her hand had already been eaten. Some sort of supernatural power protected her, sparing her from a ghost attack.

"The ghosts are leaving. I can feel the nearby supernatural interference getting weaker," Yang Jian said aloud directly within the Ghost Domain.

Five layers of the Ghost Domain.

Isolate everything unless a very powerful ghost can invade.

But now, not only have no fierce ghosts invaded, but even within the three-layer Ghost Domain, there is no supernatural presence.

Seeing this, Yang Jian immediately exited the five layers of the Ghost Domain, not immediately retracting the Ghost Domain, but gradually reducing the layers of it to prevent any unexpected incidents.

"Even the ghosts in the two-layer Ghost Domain are gone."

Zhou Deng added, "Ghost Banquet is over, the fierce ghosts are scattered, this fits the plan for the day."

"Midnight is as safe as it is dangerous; safe because yesterday's danger disappears, dangerous because a new day brings new horrors," Li Yang said.

Yang Jian stated, "The head seventh day is right in front of us, and the message delivery task will soon end. Although the process is perilous, it's nearing completion."

As he spoke, he closed another ghost eye.

The Ghost Domain retreated to the third layer.

After a while, even within the first layer of the Ghost Domain, he could no longer feel supernatural interference. At the same time, the scope of the Ghost Domain expanded, not only covering the main

hall but also the courtyard in front, yet he could only sense minimal supernatural interference, and the interfered area continued to shrink.

This indicates the supernatural presence inside the ancient house is steadily decreasing.

Finally, around twelve past twenty, Yang Jian confirmed the fierce ghosts were gone, immediately retracting the Ghost Domain.

Zhou Deng and Li Yang's figures appeared again.

"It's safe now, the ghosts have left the ancient house," Yang Jian said, "but still, we must remain cautious; some supernatural presences might be something I can't even detect."

"Of course, I'm aware,"

Zhou Deng at this point tore off the Human Skin Mask, feeling considerably lighter, exhaling slowly.

"The suppression of the ancient house has vanished, but you still face the risk of ghost resurrection, right? Can you utilize your own ghost's power moving forward?" Yang Jian asked him, looking at him.

Earlier, Zhou Deng had continuously worn the Human Skin Mask for protection, never using any supernatural power. Not because he didn't want to use it, but because he faced the risk of ghost resurrection, otherwise, he wouldn't bother taking a supernatural bus.

"Short-term use shouldn't be a problem," Zhou Deng stated, "I can no longer sense the uneasiness of ghost resurrection, probably because I haven't excessively used ghost abilities. But I should assess the situation moving forward."

"That's good then," Yang Jian replied.

He finished speaking and looked towards the roof of the ancient house.

The red balloon was tangled around Yang Xiaohua's corpse's arm, suspending the body in the air, swaying without flying away or falling down.

"I'll go and bring her down. Today, we might need to use that red balloon."

The sixth day now, Yang Jian decided to bring Yang Xiaohua down at this point, provided she's not deceased yet, because if she is, then there's no way to take the red balloon.

Soon.

Yang Jian ascended the wall, arriving at the place beside Yang Xiaohua's floating corpse, directly reaching to tear off the yellow paper covering her face.

This yellow paper renders a living person in a false death state, immune to ghost attacks, but consequently, one cannot move without someone else removing the yellow paper to wake them up; otherwise, they could remain like this permanently.

Once the yellow paper covering her face was removed.

Yang Xiaohua no longer possessed any supernatural powers.

The red balloon's restraint on her disappeared; she fell completely from the air, landing on the ground.

The sensation of weightlessness in the fall, coupled with the sharp pain in her rear, made Yang Xiaohua sit right up.

Yang Jian kept silent, standing nearby, gripping tightly the cracked long spear in his hand.

At any sign of anomaly, Yang Xiaohua would be pinned down instantly.

"Why only now do you let me down?" Yang Xiaohua seemed slightly deranged at this moment, "I was almost driven mad being suspended in the air these days."

"You're still conscious?" Yang Jian's expression shifted.

"I wasn't dead at all, only my body couldn't move, yet my mind was very alert," Yang Xiaohua explained.

Yang Jian glanced at Zhou Deng.

Zhou Deng remarked, "This is slightly different from my prior experience. Maybe the yellow paper was defective, so the sleep effect wasn't flawless, hence the consciousness remained alert. The more intact the yellow paper, the better it can seal someone's effects, but the flawed one has shortcomings."

Yang Jian inspected the yellow paper in his hand, noticing scorched parts and breaches.

This could be why Yang Xiaohua could fall into slumber yet retain her consciousness.

"Lucky it was only a few days, otherwise, given more time, when tearing the yellow paper off, the person might have gone insane," Zhou Deng laughed.

One can imagine how terrifying it is for a person to be suspended in the air, unable to move, the body senseless yet fully conscious.

Yang Xiaohua fared well, persevering through somehow.

Yang Jian asked, "Your mind was conscious, but could you hear or see any external disturbances?"

"I couldn't. I felt like I was confined in a dark room, unable to hear or see anything," Yang Xiaohua still appeared slightly crazy, mentally lethargic, deeply tormented.

Li Yang stated, "If you knew what transpired these days, you'd be very fortunate to be alive, just look at how few of us remain here now."

Listening to this, Yang Xiaohua noticed for the first time the emptiness within the ancient house's main hall.

A stark contrast with when her face was covered.

Clearly, those who were missing had perished here.

However, she fixed her gaze upon Leuk Qingqing somewhat confusedly, as she recalled Leuk Qingqing going missing on the first and second days, not immediately entering the ancient house, yet unexpectedly appearing now, showing she had remarkable luck.

"What day is it now? Is it already the head seventh day?" Yang Xiaohua retracted her gaze, querying.

She no longer fixated on previous matters.

Compared to others, surviving as an ordinary person up to now is a miracle in itself.

"It's the sixth day," Yang Jian replied, "Today might be the time to utilize the red balloon, hence I've brought you down. Eat something, rest a bit, and prepare for today's events."

"The sixth day? Four days passed so quickly?"

Yang Xiaohua was taken aback, then inquired, "What happens today?"

"The funeral."

Yang Jian then moved to return to the room where everyone had stayed previously, bringing out the backpacks of Da Qiang, Wang Feng, the old eagle, and others, tossing them to the ground.

The backpacks contained flashlights, clothes, food, water, and some emergency medical supplies.

"Eat well, drink well, prepare to set out. Oh, there's even alcohol? Not bad, those guys can't use it now, so it's free for me."

Zhou Deng, unceremoniously, headed over, opened a backpack, and started eating and drinking directly.

Yang Xiaohua also quickly brought her own backpack over, taking out the food and water she had prepared beforehand, eating to her fill first.

"That's right, while the sixth day has just begun, it's the safest time, so we should indeed take a good rest," the Eagle also came over, took his backpack, opened it, and checked that everything was still there.

He wasn't worried about anyone stealing these things, just wanted to confirm that they were intact.

"Since we're leaving the old mansion for the funeral in that woods behind today, take the glow sticks and flashlights, food and water depending on the situation, leave the other things here. Anyway, once the seven days pass, we'll leave, no need to carry them around to waste energy and impede action."

The Eagle was also very hungry, but he ate and drank slowly, avoiding issues from binge eating.

Leuk Qingqing stood alone nearby, watching Yang Jian and others dining with an unnatural expression.

But she didn't need to eat or drink, nor did she need to rest, there was no need to replenish her energy.

Most of her body now consisted of supernatural elements, surviving on supernatural power, which made her an anomaly in the supernatural realm, as she never faced the risk of an evil ghost revival, walking a distinctly different path.

After an hour, everyone finished eating and drinking, tidied up, and began to rest.

Even if they couldn't sleep, leaning against the wall for a nap was also good.

Yang Jian was another anomaly; he didn't sleep either, holding a cracked spear sitting there, despite having his eyes closed, a ghost eye on his forehead restlessly darted around, observing every abnormality and disturbance around.

Yet today was quiet.

Not even a sound of wind outside, let alone any eerie knocking sound.

Inside the mansion, it wasn't as chilling anymore.

Some eerie aura vanished inexplicably, and now the mansion was somewhat brighter, not as grim.

"This old mansion will probably be completely deserted after the seventh day when all supernatural aspects leave," Yang Jian thought, his ghost eye also peeking at the corridors on both sides.

The corridors were no longer dark.

The rooms on both sides were still, most importantly, he could now see the ends of the corridors on both sides.

Previously, these corridors had no end, those rooms were the same.

"Left four, right three, the mansion has a total of seven rooms," Yang Jian calculated the rooms without supernatural interference.

Not too many, just seven.

"This suggests, the mansion once housed seven people, or was built on a scale to accommodate seven people."

"Seven people? That's a squad's size, but why are there only five graves behind the woods? Even adding this elder only makes six, which means there's still one person missing?"

Yang Jian started to imagine more.

A team of seven, six graves.

This Republic of China Period ghost controlling squad, the remaining one seemed to have vanished.

Had they left the squad later, or did that person not die?

Yang Jian pondered this question with his eyes closed.

Soon.

The terrifying image of the old lady from Dachuan City's Room 301 hovered in his mind.

Could she be the seventh person?

He had seen this old lady when he triggered a medium before, just she hadn't appeared so far.

Time slowly passed.

An hour, two hours...

Seeing there was no danger, everyone relaxed a lot and rested, even Zhou Deng curled up on the ground yawning, his face a bit flushed, seemingly drunk.

The liquor was quite potent, no one knows which messenger brought it, probably to muster courage or relax spirit at some point, unexpectedly Zhou Deng drank it all.

"Can one really sleep like that?" Li Yang glanced over, somewhat impressed.

However, at four-thirty in the morning.

A slight anomaly appeared within the mansion.

Cre-eak!

The rear hall door was opened by the wind or someone, making a sound.

This tiny sound instantly made everyone open their eyes.

Even Zhou Deng, drunk and asleep, woke up abruptly, sat up, his gaze turning sharp, devoid of any casualness or indulgence.

"The rear door opened, this is a signal," Li Yang immediately looked at Yang Jian.

"Yang team, it's time for the funeral," Zhou Deng stood up.

Yang Jian stood up slowly with the cracked spear in his hand, he didn't speak but walked towards the Eagle.

The Eagle sat leaning against the wall, eyes closed, seemingly asleep, holding a black and red dice in his hand, ready to throw them anytime.

Yang Jian bent over, pried open the Eagle's palm, picked up those dice, and put them in his pocket.

"What are you doing?" Leuk Qingqing walked over with long strides, in red high heels, her face cautious.

"He's dead."

Yang Jian coldly said: "He died half an hour ago, fell victim to the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box."

What?

Leuk Qingqing was stunned for a moment, then glanced at the Eagle, still unmoving, she immediately crouched down to feel his neck.

No pulse, ice-cold, already a corpse.

"I can't be wrong, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box returned to me, this situation only happens when the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box has erupted."

Yang Jian said, looking at Li Yang: "I need to use the Eagle's body to restore your limbs now."

"Yang Jian, you're crazy, even the Eagle's body won't be spared," Leuk Qingqing rebuked.

"His body will rot, turn into bones, if worse be invaded by supernatural forces to become a ghost wandering the world, none of these outcomes are good, better to help me one more time, let Li Yang recover mobility."

Yang Jian stared at Leuk Qingqing.

Leuk Qingqing blocked Yang Jian: "He helped you, you should let him die honorably, not touch his body, I'll take his corpse out of the mansion and find a place to bury it."

With that, she directly lifted the Eagle's corpse.

"You did know him quite early on." Yang Jian squinted.

"I met the Eagle on the second floor of the post office," Leuk Qingqing said, "His experience was older than mine, so he reached the fourth floor first, he helped and cared for me then."

"So you'll repay him with such futile actions? Ridiculous, if you truly wanted to repay him, maybe he wouldn't have died here."

Yang Jian's tone was icy, then turned away, not forcibly taking the Eagle's corpse as a jigsaw to compensate for Li Yang's deficiencies.

Though this decision was wrong, the Eagle had indeed contributed much in this operation, so he dismissed the thought.

"Yang Xiaohua, you carry Li Yang, Zhou Deng and I will carry the coffin," Yang Jian said.

"Okay, alright," Yang Xiaohua didn't resist, she walked over to Li Yang and lifted him.

Missing legs and an arm, Li Yang wasn't heavy, even a woman could easily carry him.

Yang Jian and Zhou Deng approached the red coffin.

Both were ghost controllers, their strength wasn't ordinary, they directly lifted the coffin.

Then unexpectedly.

The red coffin was surprisingly light.

So light it seemed there was no body inside.

The two exchanged a glance, seeing mutual astonishment.

"Want to open and check?" Zhou Deng said.

"Once the elder emerges from the coffin, many will die, don't, let it be buried as it is," Yang Jian rejected the proposal.

Chapter 989 The Old Man Blocking the Road

The red coffin had been moved before, but the last time it was moved, it was incredibly heavy, even beyond imagination. This time, Yang Jian and Zhou Deng lifted the red coffin with little effort.

The coffin was very light, almost like an empty coffin.

"But the weight of this coffin is very strange. If we don't confirm it and just carry it over to bury it, if anything goes wrong midway, it'll be a big trouble," Zhou Deng said.

Yang Jian refused: "It's the sixth day. The old man inside this coffin has likely resurrected as a ghost. Opening the coffin now is like releasing a terrifying ghost. Even if I have a Coffin Nail in my hand, I might not be able to handle it. Moreover, we aren't really here to bury the old man; our purpose is just to stay in this mansion for seven days."

"It doesn't matter how you survive these seven days."

"So how the old man's corpse changes, whether there are abnormalities or not, has nothing to do with me. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Zhou Deng's expression changed slightly: "So that's how it is."

Yang Jian never forgot his real purpose. The messengers on the fourth floor only needed to survive in the mansion for seven days and then send out the message; the task would be completed.

Dressing the body, keeping vigil, announcing the death... these are just the process of survival, not the result.

If you wish, you can lie in this mansion for seven days like Yang Xiaohua without doing anything, and wake up after seven days to send the message. If you can successfully send the message, it is also considered completing the task.

Therefore, Yang Jian refused the step of opening the coffin for inspection.

"Let's go, carry this red coffin to the forest behind and bury it." Yang Jian took action at this time.

He glanced at the two people beside him.

Leuk Qingqing carried the dead eagle, and Yang Xiaohua carried the incomplete Li Yang.

By today, only a few people were left alive. The number of survivors was indeed few, and compared to the initial gathering of more than ten people, it seemed inexplicably sad.

Moreover, the event was not over yet.

Some might still die here next.

Yang Jian gazed deeply at Yang Xiaohua and Li Yang.

If there were any casualties next, it must occur between these two, because Yang Xiaohua was an ordinary person, and Li Yang was incomplete and had difficulty moving.

Yang Xiaohua also saw Yang Jian's solemn expression, growing increasingly uneasy.

No one said a word to each other, and Leuk Qingqing did not argue with Yang Jian. Any conflicts and resentments were temporarily put aside.

If you can't leave this mansion alive, nothing matters.

Yang Jian acted decisively, holding the red coffin with one hand in front while Zhou Deng lifted the back of the coffin closely following him.

The group arrived at the rear hall.

The wooden door of the rear hall was opened; the outside sky was dim and oppressive. A small path covered in yellow mud appeared faintly, winding and twisting, extending deep into that eerie old forest.

The two carried the coffin out of the mansion.

As analyzed by the eagle earlier, the back door of this mansion was calculated precisely to fit a coffin in and out; even if the coffin were ten centimeters wider, it couldn't be moved out.

"Captain, all previous ghosts have left the mansion, which means the mansion is safe now. But this safety is relative. Although the ghost isn't in the mansion, this red coffin is inside the mansion, and we can't stay together with this red coffin. That's why we need to take the coffin out today and bury it," Li Yang said solemnly.

Yang Jian replied: "I know, the danger isn't inside the mansion right now, but inside the red coffin. That's why I've been hanging around inside the mansion for the past few hours, hoping to stall for a little more time, allowing everyone to rest and adjust. But conditions don't allow us to stay here indefinitely."

"I have a feeling that the later we hold the funeral, the more dangerous this red coffin becomes. The back door of the mansion was just pushed open, signaling the funeral. Do you believe if we spent another six hours inside the mansion, this red coffin would turn into a lethal coffin, more dangerous than previous days?"

"This analysis makes a lot of sense. I feel everything here is set up, guiding us to act step by step. Any mistakes could lead to annihilation," Zhou Deng nodded, seeing clearly after experiencing these several days.

This mansion, this deceased old man, and everything set up here have been planned in advance.

As long as we act according to the steps, no one will die.

So this isn't simply a supernatural event and a message delivery task; it hides more complex things behind.

Zhou Deng didn't want to think too much; he was here purely by coincidence, now just hoping to survive and leave this haunted place. Sending the message has nothing to do with him.

The group chatted on the road, discussing with each other, while carrying the coffin and moving forward.

Soon.

The group moved away from the mansion, slowly entering the eerie old forest along the cleared yellow muddy path.

Entering the old forest.

They felt a chilly aura swirling around, and the depths of the old forest seemed misty, gloomy, and dark, exuding an indescribable malevolence.

"All Bodies are buried underneath this old forest, not ordinary corpses but suspected to be sleeping ghosts. We deeply understood this when we dug the trees looking for burial clothes before... Hopefully, the burial clothes are still useful at this time," Yang Jian's ghostly eye opened, watching around.

He saw nothing.

The vision was obstructed, unable to penetrate the old trees to see everything inside the forest.

This situation was normal, with ferocious ghosts buried under those old trees, preventing easy visual inspection due to supernatural interference.

But this obstructed vision also reminded Yang Jian of the impending danger.

"The ghosts haven't appeared yet."

He continued to walk slowly, carrying the red coffin.

The road was quite long, requiring some time, so rushing wasn't beneficial; when danger is meant to appear, it naturally will. It's not something you can avoid by walking faster.

If you're too hasty, what if the coffin isn't held steadily and falls midway?

The remaining five started on their way with the red coffin.

They proceeded for a moment.

The group fully entered the old forest, and the mansion couldn't be seen anymore, completely blocked from view by the forest.

Thus, the old forest seemed increasingly gloomy.

The surrounding trees seemed to sway gradually.

Although there was no wind, the forest made a rustling sound, as if someone deliberately shook the tree trunks, and the frequency was very regular, one after another.

"Something's wrong," Zhou Deng frowned, walking while carrying the coffin.

Yang Jian said: "No need to pay attention until danger appears. Some supernatural phenomena are normal given the buried ghosts in this old forest. Or perhaps the ghosts leaving the mansion are still nearby, not completely gone. Now that we've appeared, possibly the ghosts are attracted again."

"But before the ghost actually appears, our task is to carry the coffin to bury it. Other things aren't worth spending time on."

Zhou Deng nodded, thinking this was the right approach.

Being overly suspicious and superstitious only leads to accidents.

However, despite saying this, Yang Jian's footsteps slightly quickened, an unconscious behavior indirectly revealing his inner anxiety.

The one-hand held red coffin remained light.

No wonder Zhou Deng wanted to open the coffin for inspection earlier; now Yang Jian also had this thought.

I'm really not reassured internally.

A terrifying speculation emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

That is, did the old man's corpse leave the coffin at some point? Is the corpse not inside the coffin?

Although everyone was with the coffin from start to finish, they weren't constantly watching the coffin. There were moments of inattention, and although the coffin didn't move, the state of the corpse is uncertain.

Ghosts, they can indeed roam.

But now that things have reached this point, no matter how curious or hesitant Yang Jian was, he wouldn't stop to open the coffin for a look.

He continued forward along the yellow mud road.

This was when the anomaly finally appeared.

Yang Jian saw a fallen tree lying across the yellow mud road, as if broken by the wind, blocking everyone's path.

"A tree fell?" Yang Xiaohua was startled for a moment and looked at the others, somewhat puzzled.

She hadn't participated in the mourning on the third day and didn't know the significance behind these trees.

Li Yang said with a solemn face: "Trees don't fall here for no reason, Yang Xiaohua, carry us past them and remember, no matter what happens, don't leave this yellow mud road. This old forest is terrifying; entering it will make you lost and unable to find your way out."

Yang Xiaohua's heart trembled upon hearing this. She nodded solemnly and walked a few steps forward with Li Yang on her back, passing Yang Jian and Zhou Deng to reach the fallen old tree.

She was very cautious, standing on the yellow mud road, and dared not take a step forward.

Li Yang stuck his head out to look and immediately turned back: "Captain, the corpse buried under the old tree is gone."

"Has a fierce ghost come out? It's understandable, occasional awakenings of fierce ghosts in this whole old forest are normal, just be aware of it. Maybe the ghost has already left and isn't nearby." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang nodded and then had Yang Xiaohua carry him back.

The group ignored the blocking old tree, stepping over it, and continued along the yellow mud road, but their mood grew heavier.

As they walked, they saw a peculiar footprint.

This footprint was large and deeply printed in the yellow mud, very conspicuous.

When everyone walked through here during the previous mourning, none of them had such large feet or such weight to leave such a deep footprint... so this footprint didn't belong to any of them but to someone who didn't exist.

"A fierce ghost has stepped on this yellow mud road." Yang Jian said in a restrained voice.

At this moment, he had the impulse to use his firewood knife to dismember this fierce ghost directly; because this footprint was the best medium, one slash would make the ghost incapable of threatening the group for a short time.

Yet Yang Jian held back this impulse.

No use acting now.

Who knows what might happen next; it's impossible to defend against danger, better to conserve energy to fight when truly necessary.

"This is really troublesome, how many ghosts are there in this place? Walking on the road, you can see the footprints left by fierce ghosts." Zhou Deng felt it was quite unlucky but didn't react too much after glancing around.

Having seen too many fierce ghosts, he didn't care much anymore.

After walking some distance, the gigantic footprint disappeared.

It seemed the ghost walked a section of the yellow mud road then entered this old forest again without continuing along the road, because the last footprint was just at the edge of the yellow mud road, indicating the ghost wandered away.

This was somewhat good news, at least they weren't accompanying a fierce ghost on the way to the burial.

The further they walked.

The darker the surroundings became, the light was worsening; only the yellow mud road beneath seemed to have some brightness, the rest was a black expanse, even the nearby old trees were indistinct, only a black outline was visible.

"The supernatural is interfering with the surrounding environment." Leuk Qingqing, carrying the dead eagle, said slowly.

This wasn't a sunset or poor lighting, but rather the nearby environment being affected.

Seeing this, Yang Xiaohua hurriedly turned on the flashlight.

Light appeared, illuminating the road ahead, but unable to light up the surroundings, only the small area in front.

To ensure everyone saw the road ahead, she pointed the flashlight directly forward along this road, to avoid losing direction or straying.

But this thought was overcautious.

Even in the darkness, Yang Jian's ghost eye could discern everything clearly.

The darker it got, the more scared and uneasy everyone grew.

Leuk Qingqing felt inexplicably nervous, the eagle corpse she carried growing heavier, the cold, stiff feeling upon touch intensifying, and she even smelled a faint stench of corpse.

The eagle hadn't been dead long, but its body was deteriorating extremely fast.

She bit her lip.

Yet she still didn't put down the eagle's body, continuing to carry it forward.

And just then.

Yang Jian and Zhou Deng suddenly halted, their bodies swaying slightly, nearly losing balance and falling.

"Captain, what's happening, why did you stop?" Li Yang immediately became alert.

"The coffin shook just now, Yang, you felt it too, right?" In the darkness, Zhou Deng's deep voice echoed.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes: "The old man in the coffin must have awakened, even if not, it's about time; we must hurry and bury it, otherwise this red coffin might not hold."

"Need to pick up the pace."

"I think so too." Zhou Deng replied.

The two quickened their pace, feeling inexplicable anxiety.

The red coffin had previously shown no anomaly, but now its movement indicated burial time was near.

Although their steps quickened.

The path ahead seemed endless, the yellow mud road continuing forever like it couldn't be finished, and the familiar clearing in the woods didn't appear.

No matter how far they walked, how they turned, the path always remained.

"Could we be lost? I felt something was off, why haven't we reached there after so long?" Yang Xiaohua's voice trembled, the darkness deepening around.

Even the flashlight's beam seemed to dim.

Carrying the red coffin, everyone seemed to enter an incomprehensible eerie place, thoroughly lost.

Yang Jian's ghost eye surveyed, in his sight, everything was normal; the road remained the road, the old forest was still the old forest, no fierce ghost was seen around.

Yet, even if Yang Xiaohua hadn't spoken, he himself felt something was amiss.

"Logically, we shouldn't be lost." Zhou Deng's expression changed: "We've been moving straight along the yellow mud road without leaving it, nor have we been interfered with by any supernatural."

"Let's continue a little further and see." Yang Jian couldn't understand it either.

It seemed this path wasn't the same as the one they took last time.

But there was only this path through the old house's back door, no mistake.

Yet after going forward a bit more, suddenly Leuk Qingqing seemed bewildered, speaking unconsciously:
"She's here, we can't continue forward."

"What?"

Yang Jian's step instinctively halted, looking towards Leuk Qingqing.

Simultaneously, Yang Xiaohua's flashlight shone forward, revealing an eerie sight—a pair of legs in old cloth shoes appeared in the light, and as the flashlight shifted slightly upward, there stood an old woman with a vegetable basket, her face wrinkled and deathly.

This old woman stood motionless at the yellow mud road, blocking everyone's way forward.

Chapter 990 Facing Again

Carrying the red coffin, walking on the yellow mud path.

It was as if the people lost in this Old Lin encountered unimaginable terrifying supernatural events. The old woman who got off the supernatural bus appeared and blocked the only path forward.

There's no possibility of taking a detour.

Because on both sides are old forests, once inside, you can't come out.

Zhou Zheng had experienced this personally before, so everyone had a clear understanding.

Moreover, this yellow mud path doesn't have other branches, giving no room for detours.

The dim flashlight illuminated the eerie old woman, making one feel the inner unease and shiver from a distance.

This ghost was seen before.

Suspected to be the owner of Dachuan City 301, once nearly erased Yang Jian from reality; that time seen was an old corpse lying dead on the bed, reeking of decay. But the current old woman wasn't so severely deteriorated, just like the one in the ancient house, recently deceased.

"What, what should we do?" Yang Xiaohua was panicked, looking fearfully at Yang Jian, not daring to take another step forward.

"Is it that old person again?"

Yang Jian's face darkened: "Sure enough, this damn thing indeed came to the ancient house; I hadn't found it for days, yet it appeared here. There's only one path; if no solution is found, we cannot carry this coffin past to bury it."

After speaking, he glanced slightly back at Zhou Deng.

Zhou Deng also had a serious expression, slowly putting down the red coffin.

"Bang!"

The coffin fell, both stared at the old woman ahead, showing a desperate stance.

"We must deal with this ghost, and cannot delay too long, otherwise the coffin won't be buried in time, causing an evil change. By then, we won't face just this road-blocking ghost." Zhou Deng said seriously.

"This ghost cannot trigger the medium to use the firewood knife, otherwise you will be stained with an inexplicable curse, and will be erased, so either nail it dead with the coffin nail or directly dismember it." Yang Jian's ghost eye moved restlessly, contemplating how to act while observing the old woman.

Leuk Qingqing seemed to recover, carrying the eagle's corpse, cautiously retreated two steps, not daring to approach.

"We few can join forces to take on this old woman."

She willingly offered to help.

Li Yang said: "This is the ghost from the 301 event, previously seen on the bus. I suspect this old person does not belong to now but the past; the real one is dead, we've seen it lying rotten on the bed in Dachuan City, no reason to be here."

He looked at Yang Jian and shared his analysis.

"You mean, this old person once successfully invaded reality, that's why there's also the Dachuan City old person and the bus old person?" Yang Jian understood Li Yang's meaning.

That's indeed possible.

After all, supernatural phenomena are so unreasonable.

And this invasion can be understood as a reboot.

"There's no movement." Zhou Deng said quietly.

Everyone noticed, the old woman stood still on the yellow mud path, like long dead, rigid and numb, dressed in worn cloth, shape hidden in the dark, motionless.

If not for the special appearance location, they would never discover this old person.

"Perhaps not triggering its kill pattern, making it docile; so, strike first." Yang Jian holding a cracked long spear took a step forward.

He even withheld the ghost shadow from casually covering the ground lest trigger the medium, letting this ghost invade.

"Nail it dead in one go."

Yang Jian only had this thought, very resolute and decisive.

He took action immediately.

The ghost eye opened, crimson eerie light appeared at the front, dispelling the surrounding darkness.

Directly opening the Five Layer Ghost Domain.

The Five Layer Ghost Domain could send away less dangerous ghosts, imprison within, also isolate humans, protecting from ghost's gaze, but Yang Jian didn't think it could send away the old person ahead, hence opened the Six Layer Ghost Domain.

Red light enveloped over, the world seemed about to halt.

But the old woman herself stood there unmoving, Yang Jian couldn't discern if the ghost was stilled by the Six Layer Ghost Domain or not.

But this didn't affect his move.

The cracked long spear in hand flew amidst the Six Layer Ghost Domain's activation.

In the still world, the flying long spear couldn't be stilled.

Because Yang Jian's item was made from a firewood knife, coffin nail, and gold, none could be affected by the Ghost Domain.

Next second.

The long spear pierced through the old woman's body.

But eerily the old person wasn't nailed to the ground, still stood still, seeming like the coffin nail never touched the actual body, just a superficial shadow.

"Succeeded?" Yang Xiaohua was both shocked and delighted.

"No, it failed." Li Yang's tone was somber, exceptionally serious: "The old person still stands there."

"But obviously nailed it..." Yang Xiaohua said astonished.

Li Yang said: "Nailing it's not this situation."

Zhou Deng's eyes widened: "What situation is this? Is this old person like the ghost shadow on the mansion wall before, can't be touched?"

"No, even worse than that."

Yang Jian's expression was indescribably dark: "Afraid Li Yang guessed right, this old person once invaded from past to now... but such invasion seems not thorough, a difference exists."

"Then what?"

"Thus, this ghost doesn't exist in the present but in the past, hence difficult to affect it, yet it easily strikes us."

"No way, can it work like that? Isn't it cheating? Then aren't we doomed, cannot even fight desperately."
Zhou Deng understood Yang Jian's words.

The ghost and they might have a time lag.

"Not entirely helpless, only if one could recalibrate time, pull this ghost from past to reality, then we can deal with it." Yang Jian thought of Dadong City's Wang Chaling's Republic Era Ancient House's pendulum clock.

The supernatural pendulum clock can recalibrate, reboot nearby area time.

Once rang, can pull oneself and ghost into same chaotic timeframe, able to touch them then.

Zhou Deng's face turned black: "This solution is worthless like not saying; do you think you're Jesus, can reset time."

"Besides, there's another way, far from practical." Yang Jian fell silent.

Another way is to go to Dachuan City to handle the source ghost of the 301 event, namely this resurrected old woman; solving the source naturally solves here.

Yet saying this now is futile, so he didn't say it wrong.

These were the only two ways he thought.

One utilizing the pendulum clock reboot, second solving the source.

"Captain, the ghost, moved." Li Yang exclaimed.

The originally motionless old person ahead started moving, stepped stiffly yet slowly, walking towards the group.

The moment he moved, the surrounding darkness seemed to press in, making the area even eerier.

People instinctively retreated a few steps, having a sudden urge to turn around and flee.

But Yang Jian didn't budge; his eyes glimmered, contemplating a solution.

There must be some method to deal with this fierce ghost; if not, this mission to deliver the letter is a dead-end task, and the letter can't be delivered, meaning the post office wouldn't have given him this red letter.

"Unless I open another layer of Ghost Domain, it's possible to reset the surroundings, and if I persist long enough, I might be able to pull this old man back... but the Eight Layer Ghost Domain may have too many risks."

Yang Jian hesitated too.

If he directly opens the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, the reset time would be too long; once the fierce ghost revives, then it's over.

He is currently a Ghost Shadow crash, his consciousness replacing the Ghost Shadow, but that's all; if the Ghost Eye resurrects, he's afraid he'd be directly trapped in the resurrected Ghost Eye Domain, and even if he doesn't die, it would be difficult to extricate himself.

"Try the old method; if it doesn't work, trigger the medium and see."

Yang Jian steeled himself, striding forward to meet the old man.

The supernatural weapon is still up ahead; he can't abandon the weapon and flee.

During the walk, he took out an old eerie doll from his body. This eerie doll was full of cracks, like it had been hacked into several pieces and finally pieced back together, and the doll's eyes were set backward, looking a bit odd.

Back then, he used this eerie doll to track down the old man who invaded reality, causing supernatural conflict and preventing the fierce ghost's appearance.

It might still be useful now; at worst, the eerie doll could at least hold off the fierce ghost.

Yang Jian immediately turned the eerie doll in his hand upside down.

Once turned, the eerie doll's eyes came alive seemingly, began to dart around, bizarre and sinister; in such a situation, no one dared to look into its eyes, for once targeted, the eerie doll would transform into a fierce ghost and pursue you until it completely kills you in an unknown manner.

The eerie doll targeted the old lady before him.

The elder's eyes were dull and gray, without a hint of vitality, but as long as her eyes were open, it would be easy to trigger this eerie doll's killing pattern.

Immediately.

The pair of eyes, like two black glass beads, locked onto the old lady before them.

The target was set.

The eerie doll in Yang Jian's hand began to stir, no longer quiet.

The eerie doll struggled, emitting strange shrieks, with terrifying strength; Yang Jian felt that if he forcibly stopped it, this eerie doll might even strive to kill him.

He quickly released it, setting the eerie doll down.

Once on the ground, the eerie doll immediately crawled toward the old lady, but after a few crawls, it vanished.

Indeed, it vanished.

Ordinary people couldn't see it, but Yang Jian's Ghost Eye observed clearly.

The eerie doll circled the old lady, seemed to have targeted her, yet never attacked.

"It also can't break through this barrier to attack the elder. The eerie doll knows the target is here but can't reach it," Yang Jian took a deep breath, feeling this method isn't working.

"Then trigger the medium and see; lure this fierce ghost to attack me actively, maybe something will change."

He accelerated his steps, charging forward.

Getting closer and closer to the elderly.

The surrounding atmosphere grew chillier.

The next moment.

He arrived before the old man, nearly touching her.

However, Yang Jian attempted to sidestep, reaching behind to grab the cracked spear standing on the ground.

Suddenly.

A horrific scene unfolded.

The expressionless old lady stretched out a wrinkled, aged arm and grabbed Yang Jian's wrist.

It felt familiar, similar to when he faced the supernatural incident at 301.

But this moment was even more perilous.

Because there was nowhere to escape, not even room to retreat.

This ghost, which supposedly doesn't exist at present, was nonetheless clinging to Yang Jian resolutely.

Indeed.

According to Yang Jian's earlier prediction, even though it doesn't exist in reality, its supernatural power could affect reality.

It defied all logic.

Yang Jian felt as though not just a hand was gripping him, but an icy supernatural force shackled him, with no means to break free.

He tried to rid himself of it, but the restraint seemed rooted, immovable.

"This is bad." At that moment, Zhou Deng immediately rushed forward.

Though uncertain if he could be of help, he must try; otherwise, if Yang Jian falls here, they would all face annihilation together.

"Don't come." Yang Jian quickly said in a deep voice.

Zhou Deng staggered for a moment.

Then a horrific scene unfolded, frightening him; his own body started to fade, while the contour of an old lady appeared to form mid-air, as if materializing... yet himself grew increasingly faint, as though being erased, disappearing from this world.

"Just as expected." Yang Jian's eyelids twitched seeing this.

He had worried about this scenario earlier and thus used the eerie doll first, avoiding being erased like last time, and redirected the attack.

The attack hadn't emerged yet; it had already been carried away by the eerie doll.

However, Zhou Deng approaching seemed to have drawn its attention again.

This ghost seems not only capable of targeting one person.

"Once you're erased, a second elder would appear, and then we'd face two elders," Yang Jian refrained from struggling, opting to restart himself directly.

He aimed to reset to before being touched by the old lady.

The next moment.

He broke free from the shackles, swiftly seizing the cracked spear.

"I can resist this erasure." Leuk Qingqing approached in high heels, her red cheongsam particularly striking.

Upon nearing, she too faded, but soon resisted the effect.

Just like last time.

Leuk Qingqing grabbed Zhou Deng, swiftly retreating, hoping to remove the fierce ghost's influence.

At that moment, Zhou Deng also donned the Human Skin Mask.

Identity shifted, now he was the fierce ghost.