

Revival 246

Chapter 246 The Disappeared Person

Yang Jian, enveloped by the dense gloom, had just stepped out of the temporarily safe restroom when he heard footsteps converging around him and also saw a swaying figure in the dimness.

This was different from those controlled walking corpses he had seen in the mall before.

All of these were third-stage Ghost Infants, evolved from Evil Ghosts.

Although Yang Jian didn't speak, what he had said earlier was already heard by nearby ghosts.

So he was also a target for these third-stage Ghost Infants, but Wang Xiaoming had already taken this into account. He knew what Yang Jian was going to do, otherwise, he wouldn't have said that the first ghost to attack him would be the Source Ghost. Because Wang Xiaoming believed Yang Jian could handle these ghosts well.

However, 'handling' them ultimately only amounted to desperately fighting to make some space.

A bitter smile appeared on Yang Jian's lips,

It was a pity no one could see his helplessness.

He strained to open his heavy Ghost Eyes.

The familiar red world was not visible beneath the Ghost Eyes, and the suppression from other Evil Ghosts was still there.

But the Ghost Eye he was opening did not know this one.

Then, the second Ghost Eye emerged on his face, piercing his skin and releasing a faint red light, which stood out in this dim world.

A third Ghost Eye appeared on his hand, the red glow brightening a bit more.

Then a fourth Ghost Eye appeared.

Finally, the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh.

All the Ghost Eyes had returned to Yang Jian.

That uncontrollable, agitated Resurrection burst forth, ready to unleash all of its previous suppressions.

The eighth Ghost Eye suddenly opened.

The emergence of this eye signified that Yang Jian was gradually losing control over the Ghost Eyes. The Ghost Eyes inside him were nearing a state of Resurrection, only missing a little time, a bit of stimulation, and they would completely lose control, transforming into an unknown horror coming to this world.

With the appearance of this eye, red light emanated from Yang Jian's entire body,

Flowing out like bright, blood-red streams along the ground, slowly staining the surroundings crimson.

The Ghost Domain was unfolding.

It was a fight between ferocious ghosts.

At the crimson edge of the Ghost Domain, one could vaguely see pairs of cyan-black legs retreating slowly as if this area had become forbidden ground that even ferocious ghosts could not enter.

"Ah~!" Yang Jian's body seemed to be tearing apart, and he howled in agony.

The torture of ferocious ghosts' Resurrection was not something anyone could bear; many ghost practitioners were so tormented by the pain that they became numb and mentally disturbed.

A dire situation around them momentarily showed a glimmer of hope.

However, Yang Jian's condition had not improved.

The Headless Ghost Shadow at his feet now slowly rose and materialized behind him.

Without the suppression of the Ghost Eyes, the now free Headless Ghost Shadow would once again become an Evil Ghost that plundered other ferocious ghosts' bodies, and to it, ordinary people were merely bodies to be possessed at any moment.

Having controlled it for so long, Yang Jian became the first target of its attack.

The Headless Ghost Shadow extended its pair of ink-black hands as if to remove Yang Jian's head and place it upon its own neck, completing the missing head.

Yang Jian was aware, yet he ignored it.

If he were alone, he would have immediately pinned down this Ghost Shadow with the desiccated finger in his hand or even thrown human skin paper to devour it.

But right now, Zhang Han was with him.

"Damn it," Zhang Han was both shocked and angry as he rammed his back into the Headless Ghost Shadow, forcefully pinning it to the ground.

Remarkably, the incorporeal Ghost Shadow was struck down by him and held immobile on the ground.

What had knocked down the Ghost Shadow wasn't Zhang Han himself, but rather a pair of crimson, fleshless hands extending from his back, about to crawl out from under his skin.

At this moment, in this small hospital, too many ghosts had gathered.

This would become a potential terror threat.

But by then no one had the luxury of caring about that.

"Yang Jian, hurry, I can't hold on for too long," Zhang Han urgently shouted. He was terrified to discover that the black shadow he was holding down was slowly invading his back; the thing behind him was starting to become uncontrollable.

Damnit, what the hell was this thing.

"Can't hold on? You have to," Yang Jian gritted his teeth, bit off one of the Ghost Eyes on his arm,

Blood splattered, but it was all his own.

Then, with a gulping sound, he swallowed the Ghost Eye.

Eight Ghost Eyes were no longer sufficient; since it was a fight, it had to be fought to the end.

A Ghost Eye was swallowed up, and then another Ghost Eye revolved and grew at the site of the wound, but the one in the stomach remained.

This was a method given by the human skin paper to stimulate the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

The ninth eye.

A burst of red light suddenly erupted around Yang Jian, instantly enveloping the entire hospital ward and terrifyingly extending outward at an alarming rate.

Under the oppression of this dense gloom, he once again opened the Ghost Domain.

Ten meters, twenty meters, thirty meters... he surpassed his previous limits, and it was still expanding.

One hundred meters, two hundred meters, it finally covered a range of a full kilometer before barely stopping.

This was still under the suppression of the surrounding environment; in a normal environment, who knows how terrifyingly large the Ghost Domain would expand.

The ghosts had vanished.

No.

Or rather, Yang Jian had completely isolated all the ghosts in the hospital outside the Ghost Domain. As long as he didn't leave the Ghost Domain, he was safe.

"Another eye wants to grow out," he said, now in the state of the Evil Ghost Resurrection, and he could feel some things.

Only one Ghost Eye was missing. Once the last one appeared, making ten in total, the Ghost Eye Resurrection would be complete. By then he would die, and the Ghost Eye would undergo some unpredictable change.

But now, whether the last eye would grow out was no longer under his control.

The agitation of revival continued, and the tearing pain persisted.

"That ghostly thing still not showing up?" Yang Jian decided not to control the Ghost Eye, letting it resurrect on its own; he was gambling with time.

Betting that the ghost would appear during the time of his own revival.

If it didn't show up, then he would lose.

However, even if he lost, he wasn't left with nothing; he still had the last bit of Ghost Candle. He would light this last bit of Ghost Candle to forcefully stop the Evil Ghost Resurrection. During this time, he would return to Guanjiang Residential Complex and resurrect with the Ghost Mirror.

This was his plan.

As for hanging himself in front of the Ghost Mirror, he hadn't considered it.

The risk was too great; it wasn't worth trying.

However, things went more smoothly than he had expected.

Suddenly.

An icy chill assaulted him as if something had forcibly entered the Ghost Domain. The sound of clear footsteps stopped behind him.

At this moment, all those third phase Ghost Infants derived from him were isolated outside the Ghost Domain. The thing that could have the ability to enter the Ghost Domain was undoubtedly the Source Ghost that Wang Xiaoming had mentioned.

"Yang Jian, behind you." Zhang Han seemed to have seen something, froze for a moment, his pupils widened in disbelief, and he let out an incredulous shout.

A cyan-black, stiff arm heavily rested on Yang Jian's shoulder.

Ice-cold, penetrating to the bone.

It made one's blood run cold.

Although Yang Jian felt a hair-raising sense of horror, he didn't feel fear at the moment; perhaps he had witnessed too many terrifying things, and his heart had grown stronger, or maybe in a true life-and-death situation, all negative emotions were cast aside, leaving only a desperate counterattack.

Although he had a backup plan, the danger of direct contact with the Evil Ghost still existed.

Without the slightest hesitation, he tightly clenched the eerie, withered finger in his hand, turned, raised his hand, and stabbed with all his strength.

He aimed to pierce this finger into the body of the ghost.

A finger that could even pin the Ghost Domain had a great chance of pinning this ghost.

Restricting the ghost's movement, would it not be easy to confine it?

The entity behind him did not dodge; it wasn't a living person who knew to avoid dangerous attacks.

Ghosts could sometimes be terrifying, but sometimes they were quite dull.

In the end, Yang Jian's withered finger successfully pierced through.

However, in the next moment, he was stunned.

This withered finger could penetrate even the asphalt road without damage, yet it failed to pierce the icy body before him.

An ancient garment, printed with the character for longevity, blocked the finger from going in.

Yang Jian realized something, shuddered all over, and raised his head.

He saw Ye Feng's dead, dark cyan face, and on this face, a pair of hollow, pitch-black eyes eerily gazed back at him.

Chapter 247 The Last Candlelight

"Impossible."

Yang Jian's eyes widened when he saw the face that was the spitting image of Ye Feng's; he couldn't help but shout out.

The same shock that had been on Sun Yi's face now replayed on his own.

Ye Feng, who had been missing for several days, actually met him again in this manner.

No.

This definitely wasn't Ye Feng.

But if this wasn't Ye Feng, how could this person be wearing Ye Feng's shroud? That was the ghost from Ye Feng's body, which he had encountered several times before; it was impossible to mistake it.

Unless there was only one possibility...

This was the fourth stage of the Ghost Infant.

Although he didn't understand why a ghost had taken Ye Feng's place, there was no need to think too much about it at this moment.

Either way, it must be dealt with first, or if the combined form of many ghosts couldn't be contained, he would definitely die here.

But now came the problem?

How was he to deal with such a nearly perfect ghost?

Never mind that the Ghost Shadow had already lost control, even if it hadn't, he wouldn't have been able to invade the shroud, not to mention that it wasn't Ye Feng controlling the shroud now, but a ghost. The side effects of the Ghost Revival were absolutely ineffective.

Even as Yang Jian hesitated to think for a moment.

The ghost with a face identical to Ye Feng's, now tinged with a blue-black hue, started to move again. Its movements were not quick, even somewhat slow, but to anyone, this type of horror was unprecedented.

"Crack, crack, crack~!"

Its jaw seemed dislocated, making a series of bone-cracking sounds.

Afterward, the ashy-mouthed gaped open violently, as if something was forcing it open.

A stench of decay washed over him, and within the lips of this thing, teeth that were grotesque and fierce crisscrossed in an unsettling arrangement.

Seeing these teeth, Yang Jian immediately remembered the bite marks on the severed arm he had seen on his way here; it was this thing that had bitten it, and apart from this ghost in front of him, no other Ghost Infants had teeth—they consumed humans by swallowing them whole.

And Yang Jian had seen these teeth before.

They belonged to the second ghost inside Ye Feng's body.

These bizarre teeth could even bite through the Ghost Domain, but the cost of using them was too high; even Ye Feng himself rarely used them. Now, however, that they had fallen into the hands of the Ghost Infant, combined with the shroud, it was simply despair-inducing.

The mouth was now split to an unimaginable extent, a putrid smell of decay washing over, the ghost looking as if it wanted to bite off Yang Jian's head and eat it alive.

Yang Jian was startled; without thinking further, he struggled fiercely to free himself from the stiff, dark blue hand, then crouched down as low as possible to dodge, narrowly escaping the bite.

Perhaps because they were within his own Ghost Domain, both the Ghost Eye and this ghost were suppressed; certain aspects had not been fully revealed.

Incredibly, his ordinary human body had managed to break free and successfully evade.

The deceased Ye Feng bit down on the Ghost Domain instead.

The scarlet Ghost Domain was brutally ripped open, and a dark, bluish haze seeped in through the tear, rapidly darkening the surroundings again.

"Yang Jian, let's go, we can't win," Zhang Han was trying hard to control the uncontrollable Ghost Infant, but he wasn't Yan Li; he didn't have the kind of Ghost Blood that could subdue the Ghost Shadow, and he was starting to feel the Ghost Shadow gaining control over him.

Seeing Yang Jian's failure chilled him.

"We can't run anymore; my Ghost Domain is out of control, and even I can't leave it now. It was a desperate gamble from the start; who thought so much? I've got to risk my life one more time."

Yang Jian's face was covered with cold sweat as he backed away frantically, hoping the ghost wouldn't follow immediately, giving himself a slight chance.

He took out the Ghost Candle for the last time.

He pinned all his hopes on it.

Using the Ghost Candle to suppress the ghost and create the last opportunity.

"I'm about to lose control; the shadow has invaded my body, it is controlling my ghost," Zhang Han yelled desperately.

A bloody arm had already reached out from his back, gripping his neck.

Despite his efforts to control it, he felt the ghost was about to strangle him to death.

"Give me a minute, no, thirty seconds, hold your breath if you have to, but hold on for me."

As Yang Jian shouted, his hands trembled as he lit the golden lighter to ignite the last bit of the Ghost Candle.

There was about ten centimeters left of the Ghost Candle.

It looked as though it could burn for another ten or so minutes, but the Ghost Candle burnt faster the more, and the fiercer, the ghosts around were; this small amount probably wouldn't last two minutes.

"Huff~!"

The Ghost Candle's sinister Ghost Flame ignited within the blood-red Ghost Domain at this moment.

The flame, as if fueled by gasoline, rose in an irrational manner, burning fiercely.

"Let's go again."

Clutching the Ghost Candle, Yang Jian once again tightly grasped the withered finger and charged forward.

But before he could take a step,

the Ghost Candle eerily shortened by a section.

Ten centimeters reduced to less than five.

Yang Jian looked once, and to his horror, discovered that there were bite marks on the Ghost Candle, and the Ye Feng-looking ghost in front of him was slightly moving its lips, chewing on something.

Good heavens.

This ghostly creature had actually eaten half of the Ghost Candle.

This special Ghost Candle, capable of blocking any ghostly attacks, not only didn't make the ghost recoil but was also being treated as food to be devoured.

Had its level of horror reached a point where all methods were unable to suppress it?

But no matter what, there was no turning back at this time; even in death, he had to make this last stand.

Yang Jian, with his heart pounding, looked at the remaining Ghost Candle in his hand—it was still burning, but the rate at which it was doing so was truly alarming.

The remaining was estimated to last less than a minute before going out.

With the Ghost Candle that could go out at any moment, he rushed to the front of the ghost.

The fire from the Ghost Candle seemed affected, giving off a feeling of an imminent explosion, and its burning speed became even more terrifying.

The green Ghost Flame enveloped the ghost, which seemed to have stopped moving; even the wriggling mouth had ceased, suggesting that the Ghost Candle still had a bit of suppressive effect on other ghosts, or perhaps it had a stomach upset from eating the Ghost Candle and wasn't feeling well.

Yang Jian, clenching his teeth, stabbed the withered finger toward the Ye Feng-looking ghost once again.

This time, he avoided the shroud and targeted the creature's neck.

But he understood that if the shroud worked, stabbing anywhere would be pointless—the ghostly wind would block any attacked area in advance, leaving no blind spots.

So now, he could only gamble, betting that the last burst of light from the Ghost Candle could still suppress the numerous ghosts surrounding them.

On the withered finger was a section of pitch-black, curved nail—cold and hard.

At that moment, this strange nail pierced the neck of the ghost before him smoothly like a small knife, tearing open a slit, and entering without resistance.

"Pfft~!"

It was like stabbing into a piece of dead flesh.

The withered finger, save for the last segment of the knuckle, plunged entirely into the dark green skin and flesh, piercing the ghost's throat.

Though ghosts could not be killed, the throat was still a vulnerable spot on the human body; if this move didn't succeed, then there was nothing more to say.

"It went in." The desperate move was smoother than expected.

By the time Yang Jian realized what had happened, he had already let go of his grip, involuntarily stepping back a few paces.

"Huff~!"

The last bit of Ghost Candle had not yet completely burned out, but the flame on it was rapidly shrinking, and the once ferocious burning had slowed down.

It seemed that this change signaled that the true danger had passed.

"Will it work?"

Staring at the now green-black-faced Ye Feng, Yang Jian's forehead was covered in cold sweat; he was trembling all over, uncertain whether it was from nervousness or terror.

The thing before him didn't move again.

If it could still move, that would mean the action had failed, and everyone present could only announce their death.

"Yang... Yang Jian, don't worry about this, come help me," urged Zhang Han at that moment, his face red with strain, emitting a difficult cry for aid.

Two hands were clamped around his neck at this moment—his own and a bloodied Ghost Hand stretching out from behind.

Both hands seemed out of his control, attacking him.

"Damn it." Yang Jian glanced at the last bit of Ghost Candle, his expression suddenly changed, and he rushed over in haste.

Zhang Han absolutely could not die, at least not at this time; his death would let a fierce ghost loose, initiating another nightmare, and Yang Jian was already in no state to deal with anything else.

Chapter 248 The Motionless Corpse

After thrusting his withered fingers into the neck of the ghost, Yang Jian didn't even have the time to wait for the outcome. He had to make use of the last flicker of the Ghost Candle to deal with the aftermath; otherwise, even if he succeeded, he and his people would still die, rendering the entire endeavor meaningless.

He felt the agitation of his body's recovery come to a halt.

Not only did the Ghost Candle's flame suppress other ghosts, but it also suppressed the resurrection of his own Ghost Eye.

His final eye still failed to emerge in the end.

As long as it didn't fully recover, there was still a chance for him to regain control, especially since he had previously mastered two ghosts and could just barely maintain equilibrium.

Rushing to Zhang Han's side, Yang Jian didn't try to rescue him first. With his own strength, he was definitely incapable of prying off those bloody hands. Instead, he looked directly at the pitch-black shadow under Zhang Han.

The last bit of the Ghost Candle's flame still danced.

Seizing the time while it was still suppressed, Yang Jian deliberately made contact between the Ghost Eye in his hand and the Ghost Shadow.

He felt one eye being stripped away, moving from his body into the Ghost Shadow.

This separation was extremely brief.

As a Ghost Eye was stripped away, Yang Jian felt his body lighten considerably. Meanwhile, the last flicker of the Ghost Candle's flame was completely extinguished.

The suppression disappeared.

The Ghost Shadow lost control again, but by then, it was too late. A Ghost Eye had already entered the body of the Ghost Shadow. Without a body of its own, the Ghost Shadow couldn't possess the Ghost Eye, unless it took over Zhang Han's body. At that time, the Ghost Eye would no longer be a suppressant but a body part gifted to it.

One could say, it was an extremely dangerous moment then.

If Zhang Han died, the Ghost Shadow became uncontrollable, possessed Zhang Han's body, then usurped Zhang Han's ghosts before seizing his own Ghost Eye.

An unknown terror would emerge once again.

This horror would certainly be no less than that of the recent encounter with Ye Feng, and potentially even surpass it.

At that time, Yang Jian could declare with pride, just before death: "See that ghost? It's impressive, right? Yep, I raised it."

And then, other ghost tamers, upon contact, would hesitate not one bit to curse Yang Jian's ancestors for eight generations.

At that moment, a sinister eye on the pitch-black Ghost Shadow emitted a red glow, slightly limiting the uncontrollable Ghost Shadow.

But it wasn't enough.

To restrain this thing, at least five Ghost Eyes were needed.

Ignoring the extinguished Ghost Candle, Yang Jian hurried to transfer the Ghost Eyes onto the Ghost Shadow, using these eyes to firmly contain the entity while also reducing his own burden, allowing the bulk of the consequences of the ghost's revival to be borne by the Ghost Shadow. In this way, he could barely recover to his previous state.

The process was somewhat perilous, but fortunately, the Ghost Shadow had no brains, and the one it attacked was Zhang Han.

Zhang Han, who had also mastered two ghosts, was not so easily controlled and could still struggle and resist. If the Ghost Shadow had turned to attack him, Yang Jian, in his current state, would most likely die.

When Yang Jian's fifth Ghost Eye successfully transferred to the Ghost Shadow, everything was settled.

The open Ghost Eyes were like five nails, pinning the Ghost Shadow to the ground, immobilizing it.

At the same time, the black shadow gradually peeled away from Zhang Han's body, preventing it from acquiring a physical form.

Zhang Han felt the thing controlling him vanish, and he immediately released his arms, gasping for breath and coughing violently.

He had almost strangled himself just moments ago.

If he had died like that, he would surely become the butt of jokes among his peers in the future.

"Did it work?"

Zhang Han rubbed his neck, which was in terrible pain, and his voice was hoarse.

"Don't know, can only say the situation is stable for now. As for the rest, we'll have to wait and see."

By then, Yang Jian also felt his physical condition start to recover.

But he still had four eyes left on his body.

It was uncertain how many more times he could use the power of the dreadful ghost. Once the Ghost Eye revived, relying on the Ghost Shadow would probably not be enough to withstand it.

This time, Yang Jian had almost pushed himself to the limit.

Zhang Han glanced over at the motionless Ye Feng and let out a sigh of relief: "It seems to have worked. Otherwise, it would have started attacking you by now. What on earth is this ghost thing, and why did it take Ye Feng's appearance and seize control over the two ghosts that belonged to him?"

"Who knows? But I have a feeling this matter isn't over," said Yang Jian.

Beneath the sight of his Ghost Eye, Yang Jian saw things that Zhang Han couldn't.

Outside the Ghost Domain, those third-stage Ghost Infants that had gathered were still not dispersing. Although they were motionless, it was simply because there was no target in the vicinity, not because they were restrained by capturing Ye Feng.

The horror continued...

"Hurry up and pack up this damned thing, then leave this place," Yang Jian said. "Where's the container?"

Glancing around, he spotted the gold casket on the trolley.

Without hesitation, he pushed the trolley into the Ghost Domain and then approached the dead body of Ye Feng.

"I'll help you." Zhang Han had felt better by now, and immediately stood up to help Yang Jian move Ye Feng's corpse.

Even though the body was motionless, it still instilled fear in them.

Because once this body started moving, it would want to consume people.

"Yang Jian, should we take off this shroud? It's too dangerous to leave it on this ghostly thing. I suggest we store it separately, at least not let the fierce ghost wear it. Otherwise, next time we might not be able to deal with it," Zhang Han said with a headache upon seeing the shroud.

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly: "That makes sense."

"Don't remove it yourself; this shroud is quite peculiar. We can't afford any more trouble now. I'll use Ghost Shadow to take it off."

The shroud had brought him too much trouble.

Whether worn by the living or the dead, it was a hazard.

Controlling a Ghost Shadow to condense into a pair of hands, he tried to untie the shroud, attempting to pull it off the fierce ghost.

However, just as he had unfastened a button of the shroud, the dead Ye Feng's hand moved slightly, and a pair of pupil-less eyes began to move, looking towards Yang Jian.

"Damn," Zhang Han was startled and quickly retreated several steps.

Yang Jian's expression grew serious: "It seems we can't touch this shroud. I suspect that the shroud and the Ghost Tooth are maintaining a balance. Once it is removed, the remaining Ghost Teeth would be completely controlled by the fierce ghost, and a ghost controlled in such a way is the same as being fully resurrected. This finger probably won't be enough to suppress it."

"Then let's just pack it up for now and study it later," Zhang Han said.

"That's the only way," Yang Jian agreed.

Although it was regrettable not to remove the shroud, for the sake of safety, they had to give up the idea.

They rebuttoned the shroud on the deceased Ye Feng to minimize the risk of revival and together, they stuffed his cold, rigid body into the casket.

The gold-made casket was spacious enough; it was originally prepared for a fierce ghost, so accommodating a single corpse wasn't an issue.

After the body was placed inside and the casket closed, they temporarily sealed it. Ideally, they would weld it shut completely if conditions allowed.

But there should be no problems.

The fierce ghost had already been suppressed. Placing it in the casket was merely an additional precaution, ensuring that it would remain confined even if the finger became ineffective in the future.

"Phew, finally done. That thing was terrifying," Zhang Han said, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead. "By the way, how is the professor? I hope he's alright. He better not be dead, because if he is, then the mission assigned to us would be ruined."

"Wasn't protecting Wang Xiaoming Zhao Kaiming's and my mission? How come you, who is not from headquarters, also have it?" Yang Jian asked.

"There's a deal," Zhang Han whispered.

"..." Yang Jian replied, "I'll check."

He himself did not know whether Wang Xiaoming was dead or alive since the situation earlier had been perilously dire to pay attention to anything else.

With four Ghost Eyes embedded in him, that gloomy atmosphere couldn't obstruct his vision.

He could see everything around him clearly.

Soon, he spotted Wang Xiaoming in the restroom.

He was unharmed.

Sitting with his eyes closed next to the corpse of Sun Yi, he waited for fate's arrangement.

But Zhao Kaiming had disappeared at some point.

"When did Zhao Kaiming leave here, how could he have gone under those circumstances?" Yang Jian's expression changed.

At the same time, he had a vague sense that Zhao Kaiming seemed to be plotting something in secret.

Otherwise, why would he get involved in every mission? And not only get involved but do nothing, like an invisible man.

"Can't worry about that now. My Ghost Domain won't last much longer, and if we keep draining it, I'll be doomed once the Ghost Eyes revive. Since Wang Xiaoming is not dead, let's take him with us and leave this place," Yang Jian said.

Chapter 249 Desperate Outcome

"Did it work?"

Wang Xiaoming felt a flash before his eyes and entered into a red world.

It was still the hospital, the same ward, but the gloomy atmosphere had vanished, and the terrifying figures around had disappeared without a trace.

He wasn't surprised; his research into fierce ghosts was deeper than anyone's, and he knew he had been forcibly brought into the Ghost Domain by Yang Jian.

"I don't know if it can be considered a success, I only temporarily dealt with a rather powerful ghost, but I can be sure, it's definitely not the Source Ghost—those things outside are still there."

Yang Jian's expression was grave, "Although we won this time, we also lost."

What he meant by winning was only this one time; losing meant losing the whole situation.

Being unable to resolve the Source Ghost, Dachang City's fall was only a matter of time, and their group had sustained heavy losses. Even he himself no longer had the capital to continue contact with the fierce ghosts, if this wore on, even if he could control two ghosts, he would face the danger of the fierce ghosts' revival.

"What a pity."

Wang Xiaoming's expression remained calm, "But this is also within my calculations. After all, in my view, the success rate was less than thirty percent. What does your ghost look like inside here?"

"It's the missing Ye Feng," Zhang Han said.

"Really? Is the ghost on his body also here?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

Yang Jian said, "Exactly, it looks exactly like Ye Feng, only it's much more difficult to deal with. This thing can recklessly control the ghost inside Ye Feng's body."

"It looks like our previous deduction was correct—there exists a Fourth Stage Ghost Infant," Wang Xiaoming said.

"A Fourth Stage Ghost Infant? Does that mean those ghost masters who died before will reappear before us in some unknown way? A fusion of ghost masters and Ghost Infants?" Yang Jian's face suddenly turned pale.

Wang Xiaoming said, "According to the current situation, that is the case."

"How can we avoid being targeted by the Fourth Stage Ghost Infants? There's no way to deal with this thing now, we must protect ourselves," Yang Jian said. "That is, to find out the pattern of the Fourth Stage Ghost Infant's killing."

"My personal deduction is... breathing," Wang Xiaoming said.

Breathing?

Yang Jian said, "What kind of joke is that, even breathing isn't allowed?"

"Normal breathing is fine, but it won't work if you breathe in this kind of gloom."

Wang Xiaoming said as he lifted his hand and looked at the somewhat bruised back of his hand, "Breathing this gloom these past few days, my skin color is gradually turning the same bluish-black as

the gloom. Coupling this with my previous investigation into your classmate Wang Shanshan, this is a curse, similar to a kind of branding."

"After the Ghost Door Knocker event, you should understand what it means; it's probably similar in nature to that."

"Professor, but the entire city has breathed in this gloom, what do we do?" Zhang Han said in shock.

Wang Xiaoming said, "That means the Fourth Stage Ghost Infants will go and kill the entire city's population."

"This place is a cage, the fierce ghosts are predators, and we are just prey to be hunted, no one is an exception. However, there should be very few Fourth Stage Ghost Infants, and their attacks on others have a high degree of randomness, after all, a city's population... is a lot."

"Indiscriminate killing, huh?" Yang Jian's face looked terrible.

Wang Xiaoming continued, "Comparing the number of Third Stage Ghost Infants to the number of Fourth Stage Ghost Infants, I speculate that ordinary feeding is insufficient for their growth. Those Third Stage ghosts, in my view, have already stopped growing. It turns out that derived ghosts do have a limit after all."

"And from the first wave of attacks, these Third Stage Ghost Infants could be eradicated at some cost."

"So for the moment, it seems, ghosts below the Third Level no longer pose a threat. Moreover, their attacks are one-off. As long as you fend off their first attack, you won't trigger their conditions for attacking people again, and you're temporarily safe."

"Yes, to put it simply, if you encounter a ghost, don't run and scream at the same time; that'll guarantee your death."

Zhang Han said, "Wait, Professor, if the Fourth Stage Ghost Infants don't grow in a normal way, then what do they rely on?"

"Eating ghosts."

Wang Xiaoming said calmly, "The ghosts devoured by the Ghost Infants will be controlled by them, which will also allow the Ghost Infants to grow. They are like you ghost masters, only different in essence. As for why it would take the appearance of Ye Feng, that's not important, identity has never been key for a ghost."

"So, we've had six ghost masters who died so far. Does that mean there will be six Fourth Stage Ghost Infants?" Zhang Han said.

"Who knows, maybe there will be more. Ghosts recorded in other supernatural files in Dachang City could possibly be devoured by the Ghost Infants as well. This is an indiscriminate sweep, but based on my years of research, I surmise that this gluttonous feast is ultimately prepared for just one ghost."

"The Ghost Infant that crawled out of Zhou Zheng's stomach, which I consider the Source Ghost, code-named Hungry Ghost. No, if that ghost succeeds, perhaps calling it Hungry Ghost would no longer be suitable; maybe we'll need to find a new code name for it."

"Damn it."

Yang Jian couldn't help but swear.

Zhang Han, who normally cursed now and then, shivered all over.

This was not a major paranormal event at all, but rather a ghost-raising game.

However, just as the three were in the middle of discussing, Yang Jian's expression suddenly changed, and he sharply turned towards a certain direction after sensing something.

The view within his Ghost Eye was different from that of ordinary people; they could not see through the Ghost Domain, but Yang Jian could, and the gloom couldn't block his sight.

"What do you see?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

Yang Jian's face showed an expression of terror as he saw a thick mass of dark cyan gloom rushing from the direction of the hospital's surgery room. It surged like a tidal wave, engulfing everything in its path, and he saw walls and floors vanishing within it.

And in the depths of that gloom, it seemed something was lurking.

At this time, Wang Xiaoming and Zhang Han also realized that Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was quickly shrinking.

It seemed to be crushed back by something even more terrifying, unable to expand out.

"Quick, hurry up, get out of here, something is coming."

Zhang Han hurriedly grabbed the trolley: "Use your Ghost Domain to get us out of here."

"Go."

Yang Jian did not hesitate. The Ghost Domain turned into a red light that swept out the window into the distance, and in an instant, they all vanished from the spot.

In the blink of an eye, the three of them were now standing on the rooftop of a building hundreds of meters away.

"Wait a second, where's the box? There was such a big box right next to me," Zhang Han asked as soon as he found his footing, realizing an important item was missing.

"You left it behind?" Wang Xiaoming looked toward Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's complexion was ugly. He said, "The Ghost Domain transfer failed. In that moment, it seemed like the box was grabbed by something."

Looking towards the hospital hundreds of meters away.

Where they had just been was now a dark patch, with a figure standing dimly in the blackened hospital room, under the window. A specially made box hung outside the window, seized by a blackish-green hand.

The hand was a good two to three meters long, stretching out from inside the room, eerie and terrifying.

"Snatched away?" Wang Xiaoming said indifferently: "It seems we have truly failed right at the last step."

"If only we hadn't lingered there for that moment, this wouldn't have happened," Zhang Han regretted.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Perhaps carrying that box could have brought the ghost to our door, and it might be possible that we would all have ended up as its company in the grave. What's done is done, and

there's no need to dwell on what-ifs. Besides, this mission was a failure from the beginning. Even if we had taken the box, it wouldn't have changed the overall situation."

"Maybe with that longevity cloak owned by Ye Feng, there was still a chance to turn things around." Zhang Han was somewhat reluctant to give up.

"Ye Feng himself is already dead, obviously the longevity cloak is unreliable."

Wang Xiaoming's voice turned cold: "We lack a powerful means to restrain that Source Ghost; without this capability, we can't imprison it. That finger was our last chance, and from the moment it was used on the wrong ghost, we had already lost. Moreover, the Ghost Candle has been used up, and we're out of means to create opportunities.

In such a situation, we can't even get close to that Source Ghost."

"No one understands our current predicament better than I."

Though that was said, not achieving even the slightest comfort in success was still a blow to morale.

"Let's go," Yang Jian said, although he too was very reluctant.

But he knew Wang Xiaoming was right; he and Zhang Han no longer had the right to deal with that ghost. Although he suspected that what had just appeared might have been the Source Ghost.

But all methods had been used up, and he himself was nearly at the point of revival as a vile ghost.

The situation was too desperate.

Moreover, the most crucial point was that the Source Ghost was beyond a Fourth Stage Ghost Infant in power. Even that finger might not have been able to nail it down. The risk of direct contact was just too great.

Unbeknownst to them, this paranormal event had already evolved into the most terrifying and desperate insoluble mode.

Chapter 250 Unexpected Guests

The operation had failed, and it would be extremely foolish to continue lingering in the center of Dachang City.

Yang Jian didn't even dare to retrieve his own car; he used the power of the Ghost Domain to bring Zhang Han and Wang Xiaoming back to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

A red light fell from the gloomy sky, and suddenly, three people appeared out of thin air on the asphalt of the complex.

Compared to other places, the complex had, for some reason, started to buzz with activity; nearby, the sound of construction sites working overtime could be heard, and some apartment buildings had their lights on, as if people had already moved in.

"Get me a computer; I need to write a report," Wang Xiaoming scanned the area, judging that it was temporarily safe.

Being away from the city center and having a sparse population meant it could take a while for the Ghost Infant to reach this area.

Yang Jian gave him a look.

The relationship between him and Wang Xiaoming wasn't very good; they simply fulfilled their duties with no further interaction. Now that the operation had failed, despite a vendetta for his brother's death, he remained calm.

"Come over to my house for a bit, rest for a few days, and start thinking about how to stay alive," Yang Jian said.

"What about you, Zhang Han?"

Zhang Han's gaze shifted slightly, "Is it safe here?"

"Is there anywhere safe in Dachang City? But this place is far from the city center, convenient for transportation, suitable for running away and saving our lives," Yang Jian said; "Although survival isn't guaranteed, at the very least we can live a bit longer."

"I'm going to bring my family over here; do you have any place to settle?" Zhang Han hesitated.

He felt since Yang Jian was living here, it must be safer than other places.

Yang Jian said, "I'll give you a villa, pick any you like; at this point, there's no need to be picky."

"Thank you," Zhang Han nodded, then immediately turned and left.

"What are you planning to build?" Wang Xiaoming's gaze shifted, looking towards the construction site.

At such a time, the rush construction work must be for something very important.

"A safety house; you'll know about it soon," Yang Jian said.

"You took all of Dachang City's gold reserves just to build a safety house?" Wang Xiaoming said, "You indeed had already prepared an escape plan, but do you think it'll work?"

"Whether it works or not, we have to try. As long as the safety house is successfully built, if nothing unexpected happens, it should last a month or two, no problem. With time, some situations are bound

to change. You should feel lucky; the Criminal Investigation Department specifically instructed me to save your life."

"Although I'm not too keen on saving you, you are quite useful. I'll show you mercy this time. If it were a normal situation, for Wang Xiaoqiang's sake, I would have had you wiped out completely. That bastard wasn't worth saving."

Wang Xiaoming said, "If you're going to kill me, now's the best time when there's no one around, a good opportunity."

"That's not important anymore. If you survive this time, you owe me a Ghost Candle," Yang Jian said.

"Even if I survive, I can't make the decision on that thing."

Wang Xiaoming said, "If you can solve this supernatural event, with that merit, getting a Ghost Candle would be easy. If I survive, I can offer you another product, newly developed and recently successful."

The two of them continued talking and soon entered the villa.

The hall was brightly lit, as if turning on every possible light without concern for cost.

It seemed to provide a little more sense of security to the people inside.

But it was of little use.

Because there was no sun in Dachang City, the temperature dropped rapidly. Jiang Yan, clad in a loose-knit sweater, sat on the sofa, munching on something while watching TV. However, besides Wang Yan, there were a few unexpected guests.

It was Wang Bin, Wang Haiyan, and their daughter Wang Shanshan, a family of three.

"Your classmate and her parents came over at noon and have been squatting here ever since, waiting for you to return. They called you earlier, but you didn't take your phone with you." Jiang Yan said with a pout.

"President Yang, Professor Wang, it's nice to see you." Wang Bin immediately stood up, his face donning a respectful smile.

Wang Haiyan, standing aside, felt a bit awkward upon seeing Yang Jian again and chuckled sheepishly, not knowing what to do.

After all, she had previously looked down upon her daughter's classmate with disdain.

Yang Jian glanced over and set his eyes on Wang Shanshan.

At that moment, Wang Shanshan sat motionless, her back ramrod straight, her complexion deathly pale without a trace of color. If her eyes hadn't been moving slightly, one could easily mistake her for a corpse.

But when Yang Jian looked at her, she also looked back at him.

Her eyes held a strange aloofness, as if human emotions were fading from her.

"Uncle Wang, what brings you here?" Yang Jian withdrew his gaze and asked.

"President Yang, is Dachang City haunted?"

Wang Bin's expression suddenly changed slightly, and he asked in a lower voice, "I saw with my own eyes yesterday how something ate a person alive on the street. This can't be just some gloom, right? It must be a supernatural event?"

"Wait a minute."

"Big Sister Jiang, go and prepare a computer for Professor Wang. He needs it for some work." Yang Jian said.

"Alright. Professor Wang, follow me," Jiang Yan said as she stood up and took Wang Xiaoming upstairs.

Once the two had left, Yang Jian sat down, opened a bottle of water, and gulped down a few sips before saying, "Dachang City is indeed dangerous, and there's no point in hiding that. But for Uncle Wang's family to venture out so recklessly is extremely perilous. You're lucky to have made it here alive. On the other hand, how did you know I live here?"

"How would I know where you live, President Yang? It was Shanshan who told us," Wang Bin replied.

Yang Jian then continued to eat and turned to Wang Shanshan, "You shouldn't know I live here, since I've only been here for a short while."

"I saw it."

Wang Shanshan raised her pale arm, on which the mark of a crimson eye became even more distinct, as though it was gaining contour to transform into a real eye.

"Sometimes I see some strange images."

"Is that so?" Yang Jian did not inquire further, surmising that since his Ghost Eye was nearing revival, Wang Shanshan must have been affected by it too.

"I wonder what pressing matter brought Uncle Wang here, risking such danger?"

He then turned to look at Wang Bin.

Wang Bin, somewhat embarrassed but still putting on a brave face, said, "Dachang City is dangerous, and I wanted to ask you, President Yang, if there's a safer place around. I was hoping you could watch over us."

Wang Haiyan, witnessing her husband's plea, felt even more embarrassed.

Who could have thought that in just over a month, her daughter's impoverished classmate would become a wealthy boss with a net worth of billions and work as some detective in Dachang City, and now her own family was asking for his help.

"There are no completely safe places. To be honest, even here it's not entirely safe, though it's somewhat better than other places at the moment. Since Uncle Wang has asked, I owe it to my classmate Wang Shanshan to offer some assistance," said Yang Jian. "Here's what we'll do: I'll have Jiang Yan prepare a room for your family to stay in for now. We can discuss the rest later."