

## Revival 26

### Chapter 26: The Person Who Didn't Exist in His Memories

A middle-aged man whose face couldn't be seen sat straight and stiff on the head of Yang Jian's bed. His hands were raised as he held onto the newspaper, not moving at all, as if he was seriously reading the news in the newspaper.

Everything seemed normal and there was nothing strange about it.

However, the darkness in the room was not suitable for reading newspapers at all.

Moreover, this person had been maintaining this posture since Yang Jian went online, not changing his posture at all. This was impossible for an ordinary person to do.

The only change was that this person who had initially sat on the sofa in the living room was now sitting by the bedside in Yang Jian's room.

Only his position had moved.

From far to near.

The closing distance did not make people feel at ease. On the contrary, it brought an inexplicable feeling of threat and fear.

Why would his father sit next to him read the newspaper for no apparent reason at all?

Did he have this habit in the past?

Looking at the portrait hanging on the cabinet in the room and listening to Liu Xiaoyu's hurried urging from the other end of the phone, Yang Jian realized that something was very wrong.

If the file Liu Xiaoyu mentioned was true, then was this person still his father?

He seemed to be... but at the same time, not.

Had his father really died in a car accident when he was young?

In Yang Jian's mind, he was quite certain that the person in front of him was his father. Everything seemed so natural and there wasn't the slightest bit of falsehood.

"Even so, something still feels very wrong..." Yang Jian immediately withdrew his palm. He did not push away the newspaper that was blocking in front of the person's face. Instead, he immediately picked up the phone, stood up abruptly, and stepped back.

He tried to stay as far away as possible from the man who was reading the newspaper.

Was it that something had affected his memory, or was everything in front of him just a dream and not real, or was there something wrong with the entire residential building?

"No matter what, I have to leave this place first. I'll figure out what's going on later," Yang Jian wasn't sure if something was wrong with himself, his father, or the surroundings.

He carefully retreated from the room to the living room.

He didn't disturb his father, who was reading the newspaper.

When he left the room, he tried to get a clear look at the person's face out of curiosity.

However, before Yang Jian could see the person's face clearly, he found that a corner of the newspaper was scarlet as if it had been stained with blood, the scarlet so rich it seemed like the blood was about to drip down.

A newspaper stained with blood!

Would a normal person read such a newspaper?

Yang Jian's pupils constricted. At this moment, he completely believed what Liu Xiaoyu said. His father had died in a car accident when he was in primary school. The file she had by her side was real. Therefore, this so-called father in front of him simply couldn't possibly exist, because the dead could not be resurrected.

And if his "father" did not exist, then there was only one possibility about the man sitting on his bed reading the newspaper, and that was that... .. he was a ghost.

Yang Jian's heart immediately trembled.

When?

When did this ghost sneak into the house, when did it appear, and when was his memory tampered with?

Or was it that he had been living with this ghost for the past few years?

If it wasn't for Liu Xiaoyu's phone call, would he have never been awakened from the false memories?

Thinking carefully about all this, Yang Jian felt his hair stand on end.

The moment he stepped out of the room, the man reading the newspaper suddenly made a move. His head turned at a strange speed and faced Yang Jian.

In that instant, Yang Jian was so frightened that he took a few steps back.

The man... .. had no face, nor any facial features. There was only a layer of skin and flesh.

“I have to run,” Yang Jian growled in his heart, turned around, and fled without saying a word.

At this point, he was completely certain that this man was a ghost.

However, the moment he turned his head to run, his vision immediately turned black, as if he had bumped into something.

A newspaper...

It was sticky and smelly as if it was stained with thick blood.

The moment the newspaper touched his face, it immediately stuck to it. He subconsciously wanted to tear it away, but the bloody newspaper seemed to have turned into the skin of his face. The moment he tore at it, his face was in extreme pain, and it couldn't be torn away easily.

“This ghost is attacking me?” Yang Jian immediately realized this.

He had already been attacked by malicious ghosts twice when he was in school.

“The only thing that can deal with ghosts is ghosts...” He gritted his teeth, and suddenly, an eyeball popped out from the back of his hand and emitted a faint red light.

When he used the hand with the eyeball to tear at the newspaper covering his face, it had an effect.

The newspaper was gradually detached from his face, like a plaster that was gradually being torn off.

However, at this moment, the ghost did not seem to want to let him off so easily.

Yang Jian felt the ghost approach him as if it was pulling the newspaper from behind him.

A terrifying power came, and the newspaper wrapped around his face contracted again and stuck to his face. A strong feeling of suffocation and dizziness spread rapidly.

If this went on, he wouldn't have to wait to be killed by the ghost, rather, he would be suffocated to death by this eerie newspaper.

"Since you want to play, then I'll play with you. You're a ghost, but I'm not human either," Yang Jian let out a low roar like a beast.

Two red eyeballs suddenly appeared on his face.

Where the eyes had grown, the newspaper there was immediately ripped apart as with a paper-tearing sound.

The moment the newspaper was torn apart, the terrifying pulling force behind him was immediately reduced by a lot.

"Again," Yang Jian secretly gritted his teeth.

He couldn't use the eyeball's power too much as every time he used it, he would be one step closer to death. However, he didn't have a choice now. If he did not borrow the ghost power of the ghost in his body now, he would die immediately.

Another eyeball appeared on his forehead.

"Chi!" The blood-stained newspaper on his forehead was torn apart as well.

The pulling force behind him became lighter again. At this moment, the feeling of suffocation and dizziness quickly faded away.

“Continue,” Yang Jian knew that the ghost power of the ghost in his body was not enough.

A fifth eyeball appeared on his neck.

Another tear appeared on the newspaper that was strangling his neck.

At this moment, Yang Jian exerted some force with his hand, and the newspaper wrapped around his face was torn into pieces because there were too many tears.

The suffocation and oppressiveness completely disappeared.

He took in large mouthfuls of air.

Four eyeballs had grown out on Yang Jian’s face, emitting a faint red light.

He turned around and looked.

No one behind him. Only the torn newspaper that was stained with blood was scattered on the ground.

“I have to leave this place,” Yang Jian was terrified and did not dare to stay any longer. He did not take anything and immediately opened the door and left the house.

Not long after he left, a person walked out of the room that he was in before.

The person picked up the torn newspaper that was scattered on the ground and pieced it back together.

Soon, the newspaper returned to its original appearance. Although it was still stained with blood, there was a new outline of a human face on the crimson newspaper.

That human face was... Yang Jian.

The person picked up the newspaper and walked to the sofa as if nothing had happened. He sat down and continued to raise his arms to look at the newspaper in front of him without moving. It was exactly the same posture as before.

Until a few hours later, the man suddenly moved.

He slowly put his arm down. His face that was originally void of facial features was no longer the same.

At this moment, his face was Yang Jian's.

However, on this "Yang Jian's" face, the area where the eyeballs had grown out previously was blank, as if certain spots of a clear photo had been forcefully cut out.

The face was not perfect...