

Revival 261

Chapter 261 Unusual Movement

Time had passed since he hung himself, and it had been nearly four hours, Yang Jian's body had already started to show signs of livor mortis.

Perhaps it was because he used a Ghost Rope to hang himself, the lividity on his body was more pronounced than that of a person who dies normally.

It spread across his entire body.

However, more eerie and terrifying events were unfolding.

Yang Jian's body, facing this man-high Ghost Mirror, was firmly adhered to it, and from one corner beside the mirror, one could see numerous terrible hands suddenly appearing within the mirror.

Some hands were highly decayed, some seemed as if they had been soaked in water for several days, swollen and blackened, dripping with the stench of corpse fluid, some hands were pale and stiff, others charred to black...

These hands were of various sizes, the smallest like infants, and the largest like Evil Ghosts, with pitch-black nails.

Each hand was impatiently slapping and striking the Ghost Mirror, as if trying to reach out and pull Yang Jian's body on the mirror into their midst.

According to the rules of the Ghost Mirror, as long as one left their reflection within it, they could resurrect inside the mirror after death.

But Yang Jian's situation was different, he had died, but his body was controlled by the Ghost Shadow, unable to resurrect smoothly.

Being unable to resurrect within the Ghost Mirror meant that the ghosts inside the mirror couldn't escape their trap.

From the previous situation, one could already tell that behind these ghostly hands in the mirror were each representative of terrifying and mysterious Evil Ghosts.

And the number was astonishingly large.

The Ghost Mirror was mysterious and strange, the countless hands of Evil Ghosts slapping and striking the mirror were unable to inflict even the slightest damage. The actions seemed as futile as mere reflections, no matter how ferocious they appeared, they could not affect any real object.

But in the center of the Ghost Mirror, a person identical to Yang Jian also closed his eyes peacefully, standing there as though he had died.

The body of Yang Jian outside the mirror and the person inside seemed to overlap, yet they were separated by a thin pane of glass.

The shadow in the mirror seemed to be the reflection of Yang Jian's body.

In fact, it was not at all.

The Yang Jian in the mirror had transformed from a fierce ghost. It needed to swap Yang Jian into the Ghost Mirror to free itself and leave the mirror.

However, neither the countless Ghost Hands in the mirror nor the Mirror Ghost that took the form of Yang Jian could pull Yang Jian's body into the Ghost Mirror.

Because of the presence of the Ghost Shadow.

At some point, the black liquid that had dripped from Yang Jian's body had covered the entire room.

This was part of the body of the Headless Ghost Shadow.

At the moment, these black shadows writhed on the ground, like the outline of a person struggling to crawl.

Soon.

The black shadow gradually began to stand up, covering the stand of the Ghost Mirror, then creeping over the mirror surface itself.

It wasn't enough for the Ghost Shadow to take Yang Jian's body; it greedily wanted to take the ghosts within the Ghost Mirror as well.

It seemed that, compared to Yang Jian's body, the fierce ghosts within the mirror were more in line with what the Ghost Shadow desired.

But after the Ghost Shadow covered the Ghost Mirror, it couldn't enter the mirror itself.

The mirror isolated everything.

The fierce ghosts couldn't come out, and the Ghost Shadow couldn't go in.

However, Yang Jian was an exception.

At this moment, his body became the only medium connecting the Ghost Mirror to the outside.

The Ghost Shadow was struggling, and the ghosts inside the mirror were also vying for control.

Time passed, little by little.

Yang Jian's body still lay dead in front of the Ghost Mirror, with no sign of resurrection.

This indicated that the Ghost Shadow was still prevailing; it was not affected by the Ghost Mirror before it.

But a temporary advantage did not mean a lasting victory.

The Ghost Shadow had resurrected; it was terrifying enough to recklessly take over the bodies of other fierce ghosts and to assemble its own form. But at the moment, it had not grown as successfully as the Ghost Infant outside.

Although there were many ghosts inside the Ghost Mirror, it couldn't get in, unable to use its advantage.

So, for now, all the Ghost Shadow could control was the body of Yang Jian.

Soon.

Yang Jian's body suspended in mid-air underwent another change.

The still surface of the mirror, like the water of a lake, suddenly rippled, and his body began to slowly sink into the mirror as if it was being devoured.

Inside, countless terrifying hands seemed eager to grab his clothes, pulling Yang Jian's corpse closer to this horrific Mirror World. Meanwhile, the Yang Jian in the mirror began to move as well; his legs were walking as if he were about to break free from the Ghost Mirror.

The black shadow covering the Ghost Mirror started to slowly recede.

The black Ghost Shadow quickly integrated into Yang Jian's corpse, which was being eerily pulled back just as it was about to sink into the Ghost Mirror.

Oh God~!

The Ghost Mirror and Ghost Shadow were actually using Yang Jian's corpse as a medium for a tug-of-war contest.

Such a terrifying scene was unfortunately witnessed by no one.

Because the mobile phone had run out of battery and shut down automatically, it couldn't capture the moment.

Inside the villa, it was completely empty, frightfully quiet nearby, with only the occasional passerby, but they were definitely not residents of this community—they were Ghost Infants from who knows which stage, aimlessly wandering over.

So it was even less likely that anyone would accidentally enter this room and witness such a scene.

Meanwhile, as the struggle between ghosts continued,

Inside the safe house.

Wang Xiaoming was desperately holding onto the nearly out-of-battery mobile phone, incredibly frustrated.

He wasn't frustrated about whether Yang Jian's attempt was a success or failure.

It was the agony of not being able to witness the outcome of this terrifying ritual with his own eyes, which was very painful for a professor who studied evil spirits.

But Yang Jian's actions opened up a completely new method for Wang Xiaoming to control evil spirits.

A method with a very low success rate, but one which, if successful, could give birth to an entity even more terrifying than a ghost tamer.

Only Yang Jian's method was too unstable; no one could imagine what kind of result would come from the collision of multiple ghosts.

"Although his actions are unconventional, the effect he aims to achieve seems to align perfectly with my Ghost Coffin research in the Second Stage," Wang Xiaoming's eyes flickered, and he surprisingly felt a sense of admiration for Yang Jian.

There was actually someone so clever in this world.

As for Wang Xiaoming's psychological change, no one cared.

The others in the safe house had heavy hearts.

Jiang Yan was huddled in a corner, her mind filled with thoughts of Yang Jian's situation.

"Big sister, don't worry, with Brother Tui's skills, he will definitely be fine," Zhang Wei consoled her.

Jiang Yan turned her head and glanced at him, only to see a bulge in Zhang Wei's crotch, then looking at his earnestly concerned expression for her, she slapped him hard, "Pervert~! I belong to Yang Jian, stay away from me."

Zhang Wei, touching his sore cheek, looked utterly bewildered.

"Dad, did I say something wrong?"

Zhang Xianggu saw Zhang Wei's bulging crotch rise and fall, and hit him with another slap, furious, "You wretch."

This damn kid, what was he thinking, getting aroused by Jiang Yan at a time like this? Who was Jiang Yan? Someone who had been living with Yang Jian for a month; Zhang Xianggu refused to believe there was nothing between them.

"What's wrong with me?" Zhang Wei wanted to cry, covering both sides of his face.

Especially the slap from his own father, which stung terribly.

Zhang Wei sensed something, and suddenly reached into his crotch.

A golden box was pulled out.

"Did this box open on its own just now?" Zhang Wei was somewhat perplexed, as if, just moments before, the lid of the box had popped open, as if something was trying to come out.

However, the motion had ceased.

But when he observed the box, he discovered the lock was broken and the gold foil wrapped around it torn.

One corner revealed a small piece of dark brown paper.

It was the corner of a piece of human skin paper.

Zhang Wei hurriedly stuffed it back in and closed the box.

The human skin paper sank back into silence within the box.

But at that moment, in the darkness of the box, a line of text appeared on the human skin paper: He is going to succeed, but why didn't he take me with him? I missed a great opportunity... I'll have to wait for the next time.

The text quickly disappeared into the darkness again.

The golden box ceased to make any further disturbances.

Chapter 262: The Bizarre Resurrection

Three days had passed since Yang Jian had hung himself in his room.

His body had remained in that position for those three days, suspended in front of the Ghost Mirror, stuck to it.

Countless terrifying hands within had tried to pull him into the mirror, but all had failed.

The Ghost Hand could not emerge from the mirror, and Yang Jian's body had not been pulled in either.

The standoff appeared to be dragging on for quite some time.

But the strange changes continued; the black liquid that had dripped from Yang Jian's body previously enveloped the entire room, threatening to devour this eerie mirror, but now...

The black liquid was diminishing.

It entered Yang Jian's body, seemingly retreating.

The revival of the Ghost Shadow had reached its terrifying limit; it now appeared to have exhausted its power, yet the Ghost Mirror remained smooth and bright, clearly visible even in the dark surroundings, like an entrance to hell stretching forth, fostering countless Evil Ghosts, emitting its own strange and terrifying aura.

On the fourth day, all the Ghost Shadows in the room had retreated into the icy cadaver.

But Yang Jian had not yet revived.

On the fifth day, Yang Jian's body began to stir.

His body gradually sank into the Ghost Mirror.

Yet this sinking process was very slow, very slow.

The Ghost Shadow was still controlling the body, not wanting Yang Jian to revive within the Ghost Mirror.

Once Yang Jian revived, it would signify the Ghost Shadow's failure.

It wasn't human, lacking the instinct to seek good fortune and avoid disaster, nor did it know to retreat and find another body in Dachang City.

It was just a ghost, a Headless Ghost Shadow.

It existed in this city in a specific and terrifying way.

By the sixth day, half of Yang Jian's body had sunk into the Ghost Mirror.

Countless ghastly hands within the mirror clutched at Yang Jian's corpse, trying to pull it deeper into the abyss, while the reflection of Yang Jian inside the mirror started to replace him, gradually merging together.

But at that moment.

Suddenly, many fierce gashes appeared on Yang Jian's body as if an evil spirit with sinister blades had slashed through his flesh.

Eyes of crimson red burrowed out from the flesh, casting a queer red glow, more conspicuous than before, intense as if blood was about to drip down, as if the entire world were about to dissolve in this blood.

Such a red light shone into the Ghost Mirror.

The ghastly palms seemed to have been scalded all at once, quickly retracting; even the ghost that had transformed into Yang Jian's likeness now vanished from in front of the Ghost Mirror.

These ghostly eyes were not under Yang Jian's control.

They were controlled by the Ghost Shadow possessing his body.

The Ghost Shadow had taken over his body and with it, the ghosts within him.

This terrifying Ghost Shadow had constantly swapped bodies, attempting to piece together a powerful ghostly form, and now it had succeeded in acquiring the ghostly eyes within Yang Jian's corpse.

An Evil Ghost commandeering other Evil Ghosts, the resulting horror was beyond imagination.

If Yang Jian was controlling the ghostly eyes, he simply couldn't have achieved this — he would have succumbed to the revival of the Evil Ghost much sooner.

Even though the eerie red light had shone into the Ghost Mirror, dispelling all the ghosts, the Ghost Mirror was still adhering to his body, aiming to swallow it.

It seemed the Ghost Mirror was even more terrifying than imagined; not because of the countless evil spirits it imprisoned, but the very nature of the Ghost Mirror itself.

All these things no one saw, no one knew, not even Yang Jian, who was in the midst of it, because he was dead now.

His body had begun to emit a faint odor of decay.

If not for the Ghost Shadow enveloping his body, Yang Jian's corpse would have already rotted away.

However, a miraculous thing occurred.

As half of Yang Jian's body sank into the Ghost Mirror, his corpse underwent a bizarre transformation; the stench of evil dissipated, the rotting reversed, and even the dense mottling of livor mortis was receding.

It was as if the Ghost Mirror was reversing time, pulling Yang Jian's body back to six days prior.

Six days prior was the day he had hung himself.

His body would resurrect to the state of that day, memories included, just like Zhang Wei, who had been murdered.

Only, after Zhang Wei's resurrection within the Ghost Mirror, an uncontrollable supernatural event occurred—the countless ghostly hands inside had not wanted Zhang Wei to escape from within the mirror; it was Yang Jian who had given him a hand, pulling him out.

But now, if Yang Jian truly resurrects, who will be there to lend him a hand?

There had been too many changes, making the success rate very low.

But Yang Jian's body had ultimately sunk in only halfway; just half wasn't enough for revival.

The body's physiological functions meant such a half-submerged figure could not come back to life.

And so, another day passed.

It was the seventh day since Yang Jian's death.

Folklore says that people return to their souls on the seventh day after their death, a night known as the Night of the Returning Spirit or "Head Seven."

If a person dies harboring unresolved resentment, on the Head Seven they may turn into a murderous ghost, harming the living.

No one knows whether there is any truth to these folk tales or whether it is just some eerie coincidence.

On the seventh day after Yang Jian hung himself, the contest between ghosts seemed to have reached its limit.

The ghostly eyes, which had been open for an entire day and night, suddenly closed.

All the red light shining into the Ghost Mirror disappeared, and even the Ghost Shadow that had covered Yang Jian's body seemed to have quieted down, with no further activity.

As the red light vanished, the dark Mirror World began to echo with numerous muffled footsteps; the Evil Ghosts that had receded seemed poised to converge once again.

"Crack~!"

However, at this moment, a fine crack appeared in a part of the Ghost Mirror.

A chilling wind blew out from this crack, as though there was a vast passageway behind the mirror, leading to an unknown place.

But the crack was too small to have any effect.

As the Ghost Mirror and the Ghost Shadow both fell into silence, Yang Jian's body dropped from midair, kneeling on the ground, motionless.

Unbeknownst to them, Yang Jian's head had disappeared at some point.

No, it hadn't disappeared.

His head had somehow entered into the Ghost Mirror, as if devoured by the mirror, leaving behind a headless corpse emitting a faint stench of decay.

That was it.

The Headless Ghost Shadow was an incomplete spirit; it had no head and, in the end, although it seized Yang Jian's body, it only took most of it. It couldn't take the head, and during the final moments, when it and the Ghost Mirror both sank into silence, the uncontrollable head was ultimately sucked into the mirror.

The head was the weakness of the Ghost Shadow.

Now, the Ghost Mirror no longer pulled Yang Jian's body inside, and the Ghost Shadow seemed to have completely lost its ability to move, unable to control the body any longer.

It was just like what the human skin paper had initially calculated.

The two spirits, in their confrontation, had both crashed.

What remained was a descent into a silent horror—not dead, not vanished, just immovable.

It was like a person hit by a car and turned into a vegetative state, still alive but having lost the ability to move.

At this moment, the Ghost Shadow was the car that collided with the Ghost Mirror, both suffering damage.

But the Ghost Mirror seemed to be not just that. Inside the mirror were countless fierce spirits trying to escape, and Yang Jian's head, having been consumed by the mirror, was now facing the horrors within.

Footsteps, dense and urgent, approached from the darkness.

But just as a charred hand reached deep into the Ghost Mirror towards Yang Jian's head,

Suddenly,

Yang Jian's head stirred slightly, and his eyes snapped open.

Having been hanged for a full seven days, he was resurrected on the Night of the Returning Spirit.

Not a full resurrection of the body, just a head resurrected within the Ghost Mirror.

The body was left on the outside.

The situation seemed a bit different from what had been expected, but after all, resurrection had occurred.

And that charred hand had already touched Yang Jian's face.

Cold, rigid, with a charred odor as if burned by fierce fire.

But at that moment,

Suddenly, a hand reached out from outside the mirror, seizing the charred hand.

This hand was partly warm, partly cold, emanating a strange and terrifying presence.

"Crack~!"

The charred hand was severed, as if forcibly broken.

A set of footsteps quickly retreated; the fierce spirit behind the Ghost Hand seemed unable to withstand such terror and chose to leave.

Or perhaps it realized its target was no longer human and didn't meet the requirements for an attack.

Not just that set of footsteps but also others that had gathered nearby swiftly departed, and those terrifying Ghost Hands no longer appeared.

Peace returned within the Ghost Mirror.

Afterward,

A moment later, Yang Jian's head was slowly pulled out from the mirror.

The horrifying thing was,

Yang Jian's body was facing the mirror, but his head was facing outward.

The head and neck seemed to have turned halfway, completely reversed.

Because the mirror reflected the opposite.

And so did the resurrected person.

If it was a complete person, being reversed wouldn't matter much—just a mole moving from the left to the right, or a left-handed person becoming right-handed, much like Zhang Wei who, after resurrection, had awakened the terrifying skill of using guns ambidextrously, mastering the Gun Trembling Technique to an extraordinary level.

Well, the Gun Trembling Technique wasn't terrifying at all.

But Yang Jian's body remained outside, with only his head resurrected, his state of resurrection was not perfect, and had some unknown defects.

"Am I alive?"

Yang Jian's head, facing his back, was expressionless, as if it had lost all human emotions, cold and numb, like an Evil Ghost that had crawled out from the depths of hell.

No, he now seemed more like a ghost than a ghost.

He subconsciously lifted his hand to look.

The hand was lifted, but it made a cracking sound of dislocation, twisted in an unnatural way.

Yet he felt no pain, and didn't sense anything wrong.

He lifted it smoothly nonetheless.

Sensing the wrongness of his body, he slowly stood up.

No shadow of his appeared on the Ghost Mirror behind him any longer; he could not leave a reflection upon it.

Chapter 263 Carrying the Corpse

Seven days had passed since Yang Jian disappeared.

Many things can change in seven days.

The range of Dachang City's fall had expanded, almost reaching the entire city from the center.

The entire city was engulfed in darkness, emitting the aroma of death.

In that time, no one knew how many people had died in the darkness or the amount of despair and horror that had occurred, but there were still survivors in every corner of the city.

Because seven days ago,

when Wang Xiaoming saw the changes in Yang Jian's body, he thought he saw a glimmer of hope, he chose to make the Ghost Infant's three-stage transformation pattern public, broadcasting it throughout the city with the action of the Ghost Detainers' headquarters.

Although there was a power outage,

there were still people in the city. After all, the terror hadn't been going on for long, and most people were still alive, capable of carrying out some rescue operations.

At a heavy cost, the broadcast still sounded throughout the city, spreading by various means, advising the remaining citizens to find places to hide, to avoid looking, making noise, and especially to avoid touching that thing.

This allowed many citizens to survive.

But it was only a temporary solution.

After seven days, without water, electricity, and with a food shortage, people couldn't last very long.

Even if they weren't killed, they would hide in a corner and die of hunger or thirst.

"Has there been no news?"

At the command center outside Dachang City, Cao Yanhua slammed the conference table with a fierce blow. He was growing more impatient by the day. The observers and liaisons in charge of Dachang City hadn't transmitted any news.

"Yang Jian may have failed. His satellite-positioned phone has not moved at all. If he had succeeded, he would have reconnected. I've arranged for three operators at Liu Xiaoyu's end to standby, monitoring 24 hours a day non-stop."

Zhao Jianguo looked somewhat haggard. Although unwilling to believe this outcome, the reality forced him to feel despair.

Yang Jian had risked a less than twenty percent chance to try to resolve this supernatural event alone. Honestly, Zhao admired his spirit and courage.

"How is Professor Wang doing?" Cao Yanhua fell silent for a moment, then asked through clenched teeth.

Zhao Jianguo replied, "The safe house plan is very effective. Professor Wang is very secure inside. Last night, some unknown thing pounded on the safe house for three hours in the dead of night, but ultimately it left. Gold isolated everything; those fierce ghosts seemed to know there was a target inside, but they couldn't get in."

"However, the construction of the safe house is not complete, lacking supporting facilities, and the number of people who have entered the safe house has reached its limit, so..."

"In two days at most, the safe house will have to open for supplies. Once it opens, no one can predict what terror it will attract. After all, Dachang City still has the fourth phase of Ghost Infants and the Source Ghost. If they encounter either during the resupply, the situation will be extremely dangerous."

"But if Professor Wang can get through this crisis and re-enter the safe house, he should hold out until help arrives."

The so-called help was also a mysterious and terrifying method that involved taking Wang Xiaoming out of Dachang City alone.

As for others, they could only be abandoned.

"This isn't the worst case yet."

Special Forces Captain Li Jun said gravely, "The city's survivors have also reached their limit in time they can hold on. If we can't find a way to reverse the situation within the next few days, casualties in Dachang City will rapidly increase and it will eventually become a Dead City. Then, this place will be overrun, becoming the first major city to fall globally."

"We might have to consider the worst-case scenario..." Cao Yanhua's face was particularly grim.

The worst-case scenario involved sealing off the surroundings of Dachang City, evacuating the area, establishing it as a restricted zone, and closely monitoring it to prevent the spread of this entity as much as possible.

But doing so would mean giving up on Dachang City.

Yet, how long had it been?

From the appearance of the supernatural event, to its rapid increase in number, from being controllable to gradually spiraling out of control, and now it was more than just gradually – it had turned into a major disaster. This Hungry Ghost incident was just a symptom of a problem. Before, several other symptoms had emerged, but they were fortunately extinguished by people abroad.

Meanwhile,

Inside Dachang City.

In the room where Yang Jian had hung himself.

The resurrected Yang Jian was now standing somewhat stiffly in front of the Ghost Mirror, his body turned away from the mirror, yet his head was facing it, looking eerie and horrifying.

His head was twisted a full one hundred and eighty degrees, not just a brief contortion, but as if it had been completely turned around, something that even medical intervention could not rectify unless the entire spine was repositioned.

But such an operation would surely be fatal.

The Ghost Mirror did not reflect Yang Jian's figure. Perhaps he was no longer human but a ghost.

The Ghost Mirror could not cast the shadows of ghosts because that would not comply with the laws of the Ghost Mirror; it only resurrected people, not ghosts.

And there was no need to resurrect ghosts as they cannot die.

In the smooth, shiny surface of the Ghost Mirror, it wasn't empty. A charred hand rested on the bottom part of the mirror.

Not outside the mirror but inside it.

After a moment of looking in the mirror, Yang Jian raised his hands.

His hands were half warm and half cold, stiff, and covered with mottling.

Due to the incomplete resurrection, only half of Yang Jian's body was brought back to life; his front was human, his back, ghost.

The hands he raised were now cradling his own head.

"Crack, crack~!"

Accompanied by faint sounds, he was slowly twisting his head around from facing his back to facing straight again.

His hands had turned black, as if covered by something—a persistent shadow that couldn't be waved away.

Just like that, Yang Jian forced his own head to turn half a circle, forcefully twisting it back into place.

He seemed to feel no discomfort, instead exuding a sense of calm and composure.

Having resurrected from death and gained control over a terrifying ghost, Yang Jian had gained a lot—but also seemed to have lost much.

"It's time to leave."

Yang Jian slowly spoke, his voice echoing in a way that sent chills down one's spine.

He picked up the black cloth to cover the Ghost Mirror, then prepared to leave the place with it.

But as soon as he started to walk away, the Ghost Rope around his neck tugged at him.

Yang Jian glanced at it and reached for his neck to pull it off.

The Ghost Rope that had been tightly constricting his neck was forcibly torn off, leaving a deep mark clearly visible.

The Ghost Rope lay in his hand, seemingly devoid of any reaction—as if it had lost its eerie power and fallen into silence.

But Yang Jian knew that the Ghost Rope was still potent.

It was only quiet in his hands; once out of his possession, it would become a terrifying ghost once again.

After all, it is only a ghost that can contend with another ghost.

With the sound of a car engine starting up.

Yang Jian drove off in a pickup truck, taking the Ghost Mirror with him as he left the residential complex, heading back to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

He did not start looking for the Source Ghost right away.

That would be no sure victory, but he probably wouldn't die either.

Because the Source Ghost is a true ghost.

According to the plan, even if he were to succeed, Yang Jian would merely have the means to encounter the Source Ghost—not like before, where he could only flee for his life. To resolve it, he must implement the second step of his plan.

But before that, he wanted to check on the people he had left behind in the residential complex, to see if they were dead or not.

"Wuu~!"

From a certain floor in the Guanjiang Residential Complex came suppressed cries.

It was Wang Bin and his wife, Wang Haiyan.

In front of them lay a corpse, covered with a white cloth, with two candles lit beside it. Their flickering light cast a feeble glow in this gloomy place, making the surroundings all the more sinister.

Any person in such a setting would be scared to death.

But Wang Bin and his wife were neither avoiding nor afraid.

The corpse in front of them was their deceased daughter, and to them, who had seen real ghosts, this was nothing.

Their daughter's body would not harm them, and there was something far more terrifying lurking outside.

"I'll carry our daughter's body down for cremation later; we can't leave her any longer, or she will start to decompose," Wang Bin said after a long silence, making up his mind.

"No, it's too dangerous outside. We have enough food and water to last over a month. Don't take the risk," Wang Haiyan pleaded through her tears, clutching her husband's hand, not wanting him to take the risk.

Wang Bin insisted, "But we can't just watch our daughter's body rot here, can we? Don't worry, if I don't make noise and don't provoke those things, I should be safe. There is diesel prepared by President Zhang outside; I'll cremate our daughter's body and come back."

He was trembling, frightened.

But as a father, his duty wouldn't allow such a tragic situation; even at the risk of danger, he had to fulfill his final responsibility.

"It's decided, then."

Wang Bin didn't want to hesitate any longer. A successful man, he had strong self-control and knew the longer he hesitated, the more likely he was to back out. Acting decisively was the only way to get things done.

Soon, he prepared himself, and with Wang Haiyan's help, he carried his daughter Wang Shanshan's body on his back and stepped out the door.

Wang Haiyan, in the end, didn't stop him but just cried out, "Be careful."

"Quiet, I'm leaving. Lock the door and wait here; I'll be back after I've taken care of it," Wang Bin whispered admonishingly. He steadied the body on his back with one hand and held a candle with the other as he left the apartment.

Without electricity, the candle was the only source of light.

However, the candle in his hand wasn't a Ghost Candle—it couldn't dispel evil spirits; it could only illuminate the path ahead to prevent him from tripping and falling.

But carrying his daughter's body, holding a candle, Wang Bin was facing the prospect of horror appearing at any moment.

Wang Bin's entire body trembled.

A successful man in his forties, who had thought himself invincible against any difficulty, now realized he was wrong.

When horror struck, he was as frightened and desperate as anyone else.

If it weren't for his sense of duty as a father, he might have already collapsed.

Chapter 264: Yang Jian Comes Online

"Is there no light here either?"

When Yang Jian returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex, he discovered, like other parts of Dachang City, it was shrouded in darkness, not a single light was turned on.

A dark blue gloom enveloped the area, seemingly devouring this last piece of safe territory.

During the time he had been dead, everything had proceeded as anticipated, without any unexpected miracles. He had thought that the headquarters of the spirit manipulators might come up with something, but it seemed that, as always, he could only rely on himself.

"The lights being off doesn't mean those people are all dead, at least the ones in the safe house can't be."

With this thought in mind, Yang Jian parked his car at the entrance.

At that moment, the front gate of the house was tightly closed, curtains were drawn on every floor, and there were no signs of life inside—it resembled a place that was dead and silent.

"This should be the best scenario, right?"

Yang Jian glanced at it and felt somewhat relieved.

Had there been an accident here, it wouldn't appear so normal. If the doors were ajar and the windows shattered, it would indicate that terror had invaded and most people inside were likely victims.

He entered past the front gate with the help of the Ghost Mirror, ignoring the barrier.

He first locked this extremely important Ghost Mirror on the fifth floor to ensure it wouldn't be lost during the action to come.

He sniffed the persistent stench of corpses on him.

Yang Jian had no choice but to change his clothes and take a bath in the swimming pool on the third floor to get rid of the smell.

But it didn't.

The corpse stench still clung to him, albeit fainter, and the blotches on his hands were as clear as ever, not fading despite his resurrection.

Yang Jian frowned.

He wasn't pleased with the condition of his body, as these symptoms all suggested he was moving closer to death; he was just still conscious. If he were to lose his consciousness too, he surmised he'd be no different from a real ghost.

"Who's there?"

Suddenly, he sensed something, and the flesh on his chest split open, revealing an eerie eye that emitted a red light, instantaneously sweeping over the area.

The gloom was dispelled, replaced by a sea of crimson.

The Ghost Domain instantly opened up.

It took only one Ghost Eye.

"Ah!"

Someone was startled, then trembled as they said, "Is, is that Yang Jian? I'm Zhang Liqin, the salesperson who sold you the car last time."

Without needing her to say more, Yang Jian already knew as soon as he enveloped her in his Ghost Domain.

At that moment, Zhang Liqin was shivering at the doorway, using the dwindling battery of her phone to shine the flashlight in their direction.

Her face was pale, her expression haggard. Her once black and lustrous hair was now a tangled and dry mess, making her look like a lunatic, drastically different from before.

Being alone in this place for seven days, constantly anxious about ghosts possibly appearing, it was quite remarkable that she hadn't lost her mind under such mental strain.

"You're still alive. Good—I thought you might have died." Yang Jian spoke.

"I, I'm okay. I heard someone going upstairs, and I knew it could only be you returning... I've been waiting for you to come back." Zhang Liqin's tightly wound nerves suddenly relaxed, and she collapsed onto the ground, bursting into tears.

She was like a helpless child who suddenly found their parent.

Yang Jian didn't comfort her, simply stating, "This supernatural event should come to an end. I'll solve it. From now on, all of you will be safe. Bring me some clothes, I've finished bathing."

Zhang Liqin wiped away her tears and quickly stood up. She shone her phone around and asked, "Which clothes should I get?"

"My work clothes," Yang Jian replied.

Zhang Liqin swiftly found a new set of uniform that hadn't been worn.

As Yang Jian dried himself off, he stepped out of the swimming pool, "Did those things get into the house?"

"I, I don't know."

Zhang Liqin approached with the clothes: "I've been hiding on the fourth floor, really scared. But I haven't heard any noises. Though, I did hear someone screaming outside, I don't know who it was."

"Let's check it out."

The red light that covered the room with Yang Jian's gaze immediately spread outside.

In the blink of an eye, the entire building was engulfed in red light, which didn't stop there but continued to spread towards the complex outside. In less than three seconds, the whole complex was shrouded in red light.

How large is Guanjiang Residential Complex?

You'd need to drive just to get around inside what is the largest complex in Dachang City. Including the undeveloped areas, the complex spans over five kilometers.

To cover such an extensive area was a testament to the sheer scale of the Ghost Domain.

And it seemed this wasn't the limit of Yang Jian's power.

"There are no ghosts in the house, but there are quite a few in the complex," Yang Jian instantly understood the situation of the entire complex through the Ghost Domain.

"Is it that dangerous?" Zhang Liqin shuddered.

Yang Jian replied, "It's not particularly dangerous. This number should be considered small. If it were in the city center, the situation would be entirely different. Hmm? There seems to be something going on outside. I'll take a look."

"And, what about me?" Zhang Liqin grabbed his arm and looked up anxiously.

"Of course, you'll stay here. I'll expel all the nearby ghosts; you're safe now," Yang Jian assured her with a serious tone.

"Then, come back soon," Zhang Liqin hesitated before letting go of his hand.

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"Mm."

Yang Jian simply acknowledged, got dressed, hung the satellite positioning phone on his chest, and then initiated the connection.

Before hanging himself, he had said that only he could contact headquarters from now on, and that headquarters must not contact him to avoid any accidents.

"I am Ghost Eye Yang Jian, now officially online."

After uttering those words, Yang Jian took a step forward, and then vanished from the spot.

At this moment, inside the headquarters' communication room.

Thanks to Yang Jian, Liu Xiaoyu got her own private office, with staff ensuring 24-hour coverage in shifts, making certain that someone was always there to respond.

It was now noon.

It was Liu Xiaoyu's turn on duty.

Just like yesterday, she sat in front of the desk, tediously monitoring the communication.

She thought today would be the same, with nothing happening.

But with a rustling static noise, a cold voice came through the speaker—it was Yang Jian, who had been missing for a full seven days.

"Hm?"

Liu Xiaoyu's eyes widened suddenly as she stood up abruptly, her face a picture of disbelief.

Yang Jian had been offline for seven days, and the higher-ups had speculated that he might be dead. To their surprise, he had come online again.

"Did I hear wrong?"

She thought she might be hallucinating from sitting too long, but as she focused on the signal light that had come on the communication console, she confirmed that Yang Jian's satellite positioning phone was indeed online.

"Yang Jian is online~!"

Liu Xiaoyu shrieked, rushing out of the communication room.

Soon, the news spread like wildfire within the organization.

"What? The Ghost Eye Yang Jian of Dachang City is online? Hasn't he been gone for seven days?"

"Quick, connect to the Dachang City Command Center now."

"Great, Yang Jian is online, there's a turning point for the incident in Dachang City."

Shouts of amazement echoed throughout headquarters.

But quickly, the news was suppressed, and many staff members were warned. Owing to the significant implications of Yang Jian's presence, the time had not yet come to make it public, and even internally, knowledge should be restricted as much as possible.

In less than five minutes,

The news of Yang Jian going online reached the temporary command center in Dachang City.

"Yang Jian is online? Is this information reliable?" Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua's eyes bulged upon hearing the news.

"Very reliable, the one who picked the line was Liu Xiaoyu, here's the recording from that time."

A staffer played a segment of the recording.

It was a simple sentence: I am Ghost Eye Yang Jian, now officially online.

"Quick, call an emergency meeting."

Cao Yanhua was no longer composed and bellowed; "Inform the higher-ups immediately, we need to implement the second phase of the plan. Also, tell the rescue center to get ready to join the rescue operation."

"Isn't this too hasty? Yang Jian has only come online, the Dachang City incident isn't over yet." A staffer hesitated.

"This is the plan formulated by Professor Wang in the safe house. As soon as Yang Jian comes online, we commence with the action. I'll take full responsibility for any problems that arise."

"Yes, Minister." The staffer immediately ran off.

Cao Yanhua was somewhat excited at this point; because Professor Wang had said that once there was news from Yang Jian's side, it meant there was a more than seventy percent chance of resolving the Dachang City incident and that preparations for the rescue could begin.

Of course, if there was no sign in from him, it would mean there was no hope left for the situation, and they would need to think of ways to minimize losses.

Yang Jian had no idea his single call would cause such a stir in the outside world.

He was at this moment on the top floor of a building in the residential complex, overlooking the area below.

Red light enveloped the area, exposing terrifying figures hiding in the darkness.

"Why is Wang Bin carrying Wang Shanshan on his back, stepping out?" Yang Jian spotted Wang Bin in the stairwell.

Although he didn't know what Wang Bin was planning to do, there were already two ghosts closing in on him in the hallway.

They were Ghost Infants from the third stage.

Ghosts of this stage would attack their targets only upon hearing a sound. Even though they were derivative ghosts, their Terror Level was already quite high.

"This is a good opportunity to test my current state with a third-stage Ghost Infant," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He knew he was special at the moment, having completely mastered the Headless Ghost Shadow, through which he had also fully controlled the Ghost Eye, and taken command of the Ghost Rope.

A series of chain reactions made him greatly different from regular ghost controllers.

But how much of a gap there was between him and a real ghost, he did not yet know; he needed to confront a ghost in person to understand how powerful he was at this moment.

The next moment.

He vanished from the rooftop.

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Chapter 265 Terror Fades Away

Wang Bin was carrying the corpse of Wang Shanshan on his back, exhausted and scared at this moment.

Due to the power outage, the elevator had stopped working, so he had no choice but to carry the body down the stairs. However, since the building was tall, the descent would take quite some time.

"If only I had known not to live on a high floor," thought Wang Bin.

Though he thought this, he had actually chosen to live on a high floor on purpose because he believed if a ghost were to come, with so many floors, it might not be able to find its way to his home.

Of course, this idea was very wrong.

If a ghost really wanted to find him, it wouldn't matter where he lived.

On the contrary, living on the first or second floor would be more convenient for escaping.

But when Wang Bin reached the last three or four floors, he felt something was off.

From below in the stairwell, there came a heavy sound of footsteps, something was climbing the stairs below him.

"What?" Wang Bin got a fright.

He thought he had heard wrong, but after stopping to listen carefully, he realized he hadn't been mistaken at all; there were indeed footsteps coming from below.

"How can this be? Who's down there?"

He wanted to shout out and ask, but he was afraid that if he did so without getting a response, it might lead to even greater terror.

At this moment, he panicked because the footsteps were getting closer, seemingly less than a floor away.

Wang Bin wanted to turn around and leave, to take another staircase, perhaps that way, he could avoid whatever it was.

But just as he was about to turn around, footsteps began to sound from above as well, something was coming down.

"No, this can't be," Wang Bin felt a sense of despair, feeling weak all over.

He had a feeling he was being targeted by these ghostly things, and it was highly likely that he would die in this building, never to leave again.

With his path blocked in front and behind, he didn't even know where he could escape to.

But some things wouldn't give him the time to hesitate and think.

As the footsteps reached the last section of steps, Wang Bin, through the dim light of his candle, could vaguely see the silhouette of a person becoming clearer.

"Who, who are you?" Wang Bin, drenched in sweat and trembling, stuttered as he asked.

However, the person downstairs didn't respond to him, continuing to walk forward in silence.

Gradually, the person entered the range of the candlelight.

A rigid body, with a deathly cyanotic face, was revealed.

"Ah~!"

Wang Bin screamed, the candle falling from his hands to the floor, and he lost his balance, falling backward.

It was indeed a ghost.

He had been targeted.

But just as he fell backward, a pair of slightly cold hands suddenly appeared behind him, steadying him.

"Uncle Wang was safe at home, why come out looking for death? And bringing Wang Shanshan along too," Yang Jian's voice abruptly rang out.

"Ah~!" Wang Bin screamed again, terrified out of his wits like a startled bird.

Yang Jian said, "Forget it, this isn't the place to talk, let's switch to a more open environment."

A flash of red, and the three of them, along with the approaching ghost, disappeared from the staircase.

When they reappeared, they were already on the asphalt road of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"A third-stage Ghost Infant, I wonder if it can be killed, after all, it's just a derived ghost, not a true Ghost Infant. There's still a possibility to eradicate it completely."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he took the initiative to approach the Ghost Infant sporting a deathly pallor.

He reached out and grabbed its neck, lifting the corpse straight off the ground.

Unnatural strength.

It wasn't Yang Jian's own, but belonged to the Ghost Shadow.

The cold corpse on his neck was struggling, emitting a clattering sound, and a pair of pitch-black eyes without pupils were eerily staring at Yang Jian, seeming to resist.

But with a casual flick from Yang Jian,

the corpse flew out, and its head was forcefully ripped off by him.

The body and the head were separated, yet both remained alive.

The dark green head was still wriggling in Yang Jian's hand.

"Not hard to deal with, but they can't be killed," Yang Jian slightly furrowed his brows, "No, I'm using the wrong method."

He tried another way, allowing the power of the Ghost Shadow to invade this third-stage Ghost Infant.

Instantly, a pool of darkness emerged in his hand, like a dense shadow gradually covering the dark green head.

Something unbelievable happened.

The head rapidly vanished, turning into a dense, dark green mist, disintegrating on the spot.

"So that's how it is, the ghosts that are derived rely on the Ghost Infant's power to exist. When I use the power of the Ghost Shadow to dissipate the Ghost Infant's power, the derived ghosts also disappear. This is similar to Ghost Slaves, which can only stay in the Ghost Domain, because the Ghost Domain is a part of the powerful ghosts' strength.

Losing this support, all these lesser ghosts will vanish,"

Yang Jian further clarified the principles of these ghostly things.

The true horror was always just one thing from beginning to end.

He immediately approached another Ghost Infant, grabbed it and did the same, letting the power of the Ghost Shadow invade it.

The second Ghost Infant turned into a swarm of dark green miasma and dissolved away.

"It seems the ghosts that are derived are no longer terrifying to me. But only in my current state would I dare to do this. If it were before, I'd have to worry about the Ghost Shadow losing control and the powerful ghosts reviving, effectively tying my hands. I wouldn't even be able to deal with these two Ghost Infants without taking risks."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

He was so recklessly using the power of the Ghost Shadow, but he didn't feel it would revive.

It seemed that what they called perfect control was exactly this.

Using one's own will to replace the will of the powerful ghosts and directly control a ghost for one's own use.

But this method was too extreme, and the success rate was very low.

"Now that I've mastered the method, all the ghosts in this residential complex, come to me," Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, and he immediately controlled the Ghost Domain to bring all the Ghost Infants in the complex over to him.

The next moment, a flash of red light.

Suddenly, dozens of bizarre, rigid figures appeared out of thin air.

There were Ghost Infants from the first to the third stage, but the fourth-stage Ghost Infants did not appear in the complex.

"Come over," Yang Jian said coldly.

The third-stage Ghost Infants, hearing his voice, immediately chose to attack, moving slowly and stiffly toward him. To a normal person, an attack from these things meant certain death; no one could escape a Ghost Infant's pursuit, because once you met the conditions, they would follow you like a curse until they killed you.

However, when these terrifying Ghost Infants made contact with Yang Jian, it was not he who died, but them.

The power of the Ghost Shadow eroded them, and all the derived Ghost Infants began to disperse.

Turning into swarms of dark green miasma.

In just a few minutes, Yang Jian eradicated all the ghosts.

At this moment, he was more terrifying than the powerful ghosts.

Looking at the now empty space, Yang Jian had cleared all the powerful ghosts from the Guanjiang Residential Complex. If no other ghosts came from elsewhere, it would be safe for a while.

"However, this is only a temporary solution, not a cure. There are as many derived Ghost Infants as one could want in Dachang City; I can't afford to expend energy on this. Once the real ghosts are resolved and the gloom over Dachang City lifts, these ghosts will vanish as well."

He thought about sweeping through them all, but decided to give up.

He resolved to settle the score with the Source Ghost.