

Revival 276

Chapter 276 - Zhao Kaiming's Wait

Yang Jian had not yet gone to Zhang Wei to retrieve the human skin paper when Wang Xiaoming found him first.

Under the protection of several special forces operatives, Wang Xiaoming approached with bloodshot eyes and a haggard expression, "Should I address you as Ghost Eye Yang Jian, or should I call you Yang Jian The Hanged Ghost? The content you broadcasted was very shocking—I really wonder how you came up with such a risky yet bold method."

"Your success proves that my experimental research, still in its early stages, is correct. The method to perfectly control an evil ghost is indeed feasible, but... relying solely on mutual grafting and restriction is not enough. It's too crude."

"Thank you for paving a new path for me."

Yang Jian paused in his steps and looked at him, his brows slightly furrowed, choosing not to continue on this topic, "I've handed the Hungry Ghost over to Zhao Jianguo. It's held with tight security; a team of ghost controllers is escorting it, so there shouldn't be any issues.

However, I hope you won't consider researching it when you're bored in the future, and I also warn some people within headquarters. I feel some have not encountered the Hungry Ghost and underestimate it."

Wang Xiaoming pondered for a moment, "The Hungry Ghost is indeed excellent research material, but its danger is also very high, far greater than that Ghost Coffin. I will take your advice and cease research on the Hungry Ghost for a short while. If there ever comes a time when we need to reopen that box, I will notify you."

From his words, it seemed he wouldn't research it for now, but he would still consider studying it after some protective measures were in place.

"If you let it escape, don't bother notifying me. As long as it doesn't come to Dachang City, that's enough. I don't want to deal with that ghost a second time," Yang Jian said with a darkened face.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Since you're so opposed to it, then we won't research it. I will suggest it remains sealed forever. With the properties of gold, unless it is opened by human hands, that ghost won't be able to escape for ten thousand years."

"I hope so. There's nothing left for you to do in Dachang City now, you can go," Yang Jian said.

A few steps away under escort, Wang Xiaoming stopped in his tracks, "What about that mirror?"

"It's mine," Yang Jian said.

"I know it's yours, I just feel that object is very special. Could you lend it to me for a month to study?" Wang Xiaoming asked earnestly. "I can trade you this for it."

Following his words, he gestured to Li Jun.

Li Jun took a small golden box out of his clothes and opened it to reveal a candle.

"Ghost Candle?" Yang Jian glanced at it, noting that the Ghost Candle inside was white.

"No, this is different from the Ghost Candle I gave you last time," Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian said, "It's just a different color, that's all. The last one was red, and this one is white. Did you get the paint wrong?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "No, it isn't that. While researching Ghost Candles, I ended up with two different experimental outcomes. After all, one experiment can have many variables, and this is a derivative I created from capturing one of those variables. Hmm, it should be considered a semi-finished product and is completely different from the red Ghost Candle."

"What use is it?" Yang Jian asked.

"Once lit, if there are ghosts nearby, they will attack the person holding the Ghost Candle immediately. This is a Ghost Candle that can attract aggression, and I think its utility far exceeds that of the red Ghost Candle," Wang Xiaoming explained.

"..."

Yang Jian said, "Keep it for yourself. Don't have any designs on my stuff. Also, you better keep that video secret forever. If that information gets out, many ghost controllers will not sit quietly. You, being a great professor, will be protected thoroughly, but it would cause me a lot of trouble.

After all, the only reason I let you see that video was as a precaution in case of failure, just to have some backup."

"Don't worry about that, I will keep it secret for you. Since you refuse to lend it to me for study, then take this as a gift," Wang Xiaoming said, tossing the box with the white Ghost Candle in it to Yang Jian.

"Consider it my personal token of appreciation for your protection."

"My collaboration with you was strictly professional; you don't need to thank me," Yang Jian replied.

He declined the gift.

"Keep it. Production in my lab is still adequate," Wang Xiaoming said, then he didn't bother to retrieve it and, instead, turned and followed Li Jun onto the armored vehicle.

"This profiteer," Yang Jian's mouth twitched as he looked at the object in his hand.

Cheap things are not of good quality. Who would dare to light it carelessly with this in hand?

Attracting the nearby ghosts was simply suicidal. It couldn't be compared to that red Ghost Candle at all.

And while the people of Guanjiang Residential Complex were celebrating their escape from death, having survived to hold a meeting and deal with the aftermath,

at another end of Dachang City,

in front of a silent warehouse,

illuminated by the hazy moonlight, Zhao Kaiming limped hurriedly from a distance.

His plan had succeeded, and it was perfect.

He had fulfilled the ghost's request and had used Yang Jian to lock the ghost up. This way, he could forever rid himself of the curse of the Evil Ghost, return to being a normal person, no longer a ghost master, and his family should resurrect as planned.

"I built a villa in my hometown and saved up gold worth tens of millions. It will be enough for my family to live on for a lifetime. As for what happens outside, I don't care. That Yang Jian, he's a big threat, but it doesn't matter. Tonight, he'll take his family and leave the city. I've also prepared the car.

I won't see him again."

Zhao Kaiming took out the keys, and with an excited heart, unlocked the warehouse.

He pushed open the heavy door and limped inside.

The dim warehouse lit up with various fluorescent lights, so even without power, it wasn't completely dark.

"Wife, daughter, mom, dad, I'm back....."

He arrived at the small storage room where his family was kept, with coffins filled with ice on display. Next to them, a generator hummed, maintaining the electricity supply.

But when Zhao Kaiming excitedly leaned over an ice coffin, getting ready to welcome his family's resurrection,

according to his estimate, a resurrecting miracle should have happened within about an hour. It had taken him just over half an hour to get there from No. 7 Middle School, so by his calculation, there should be about ten minutes left.

Zhao Kaiming quickly stopped the generator and turned off the cooling system.

"Just wait a bit longer, we will be reunited soon." He excitedly inspected each ice coffin, waiting to see which one of his loved ones would be the first to resurrect.

Time ticked away bit by bit.

The ten minutes estimated by Zhao Kaiming quickly passed.

The bodies inside the ice coffins remained ice-cold and pale with stiffness, showing no signs of resurrection.

"Did I miscalculate the time? I'll wait a bit longer," thought Zhao Kaiming to himself.

But another half-hour passed.

The bodies in the ice coffins were still motionless, dead and sinking.

Now Zhao Kaiming began to panic.

Could the promise of the ghost, the promised resurrection, be a lie?

"No, it can't be. I've gambled everything; it can't be a lie," Zhao Kaiming suddenly roared, losing his composure.

He had considered this possibility before.

With his intellect, he had always been skeptical, but he had no choice. From the day his wife, child, and mother died, he had no way to turn back. Later, when his father, uncle, and great-uncle died... he was left with no choice but to take this dark path to the end.

It was the hope of this miraculous resurrection that had kept him going until now.

Chapter 277 The Curse Continues

Cold, silent warehouse, ice coffins laid out next to Zhao Kaiming.

He had been sitting here for a full three hours now.

Unmoving, like a wooden carving.

The hope in his heart had been gradually extinguished as these three hours passed.

The time agreed upon with the ghost had far exceeded its limit.

During this period, there was not a single sign of Resurrection within the ice coffins where the bodies of his deceased relatives lay; those who had died remained dead, and the only person alive was himself.

As for the ghost that followed him, even now, he couldn't define its existence.

Zhao Kaiming only knew that every time he asked the ghost to do something, someone close to him would die, yet he would remain unharmed.

This was the price paid for utilizing the power of the ghost.

At first, he hadn't realized this. By the time he did, it was already too late. His wife, daughter, parents, relatives... everyone had been killed by the ghost because of him.

Compared to fear and death, what tormented Zhao Kaiming was the guilt and the grief of having killed his loved ones with his own hands.

And sometimes, he had no choice but to act.

From the day the nightmare began, Zhao Kaiming had no way back; he could only walk down this dark path, placing all his hope in fulfilling the ghost's conditions to resurrect all his deceased relatives and start everything anew.

Although he frequently doubted that this might be a deceitful trick of the ghost.

Even so, Zhao Kaiming could only cling to belief, daring not to harbor a shred of doubt.

For any wavering would snuff out the last glimmer of redemption's light.

Nearly four hours had passed.

The time had reached around two o'clock in the morning.

Zhao Kaiming, who sat like a wooden carving in the middle of the ice coffins, suddenly laughed—a pitiful, mad laugh.

As if he had gone insane.

He had accomplished his plan, yet lost everything.

Unable to reverse the consequences of his own actions, Zhao Kaiming felt he had lost the will to live.

He didn't blame anyone because he had no right to.

He slowly drew a handgun from his waist.

The golden handgun, cold and heavy, was loaded with ten specially made bullets.

But whether the bullets were specially made no longer mattered; now he was just an ordinary man, and it was easy to be killed or to commit suicide.

Without much hesitation, he shoved the handgun into his own mouth.

Suicide was the only path left for Zhao Kaiming.

"Sorry, I'm coming down to join you," Zhao Kaiming closed his eyes.

But just before he was about to pull the trigger.

"Tap tap~!"

In the silent warehouse, the sound of something tapping against the glass window could be heard. Though the sound was not loud, it was exceptionally clear, and its source was right beside Zhao Kaiming.

"Bang~!"

However, a gunshot suddenly rang out.

Zhao Kaiming's decision to end his life was too decisive, leaving him with little to no hesitation. He was unable to retract the gun and had already pulled the trigger.

Possibly due to an improper angle or the incorrect position of a suicide by gun in the mouth, the bullet didn't penetrate his skull but went through his mouth instead.

There was no pain, only dizziness.

Zhao Kaiming's mouth was full of blood, but he was still alive, albeit severely injured.

The tapping against the glass continued.

He thought it was a hallucination, but it wasn't. He saw with his own eyes that in the ice coffin holding his daughter's body, a pair of pale little hands were frantically tapping against it.

His daughter had been resurrected?

Zhao Kaiming's eyes, which were about to sink into oblivion, suddenly burst with light. He fell to the ground covered in blood and crawled towards the coffin, then used all the strength in his body to push the ice coffin open.

A little girl cried as she crawled out from inside.

"Daddy, Daddy...." The little girl saw Zhao Kaiming and hugged him, crying.

Zhao Kaiming tried to stand up, but the gunshot from his suicide attempt had severely wounded him, leaving him drained of all strength and slumped on the ground. Yet, he smiled, a joyful smile filled with tender love as he held his daughter, feeling her breath and heartbeat, stroking her soft hair that lay within the room.

"Don't cry, don't... cough cough, Daddy's here."

His daughter's resurrection made him realize that he hadn't been deceived after all, but this outcome had come too late, only manifesting at the moment he had attempted suicide.

His daughter was the first to die and the first to be resurrected, so according to that order, the ones to be resurrected next would be... his own parents.

At this moment, Zhao Kaiming had lost too much blood and his injuries weighed down on him, leaving his mind hazy as he said, "Xiao Ya, do as Daddy says and open those glass doors, Mommy, Grandpa, Grandma, they are all sleeping inside, you have to wake them up... cough cough."

Speaking was already difficult for him.

He wasn't sure if it would work, but he had no choice but to trust his six-year-old daughter.

Zhao Xiaoya, though young, was very obedient. As soon as Zhao Kaiming told her to, she immediately ran to the glass coffins, crying as she tried to open them.

But the little girl didn't know how to open them at all. These coffins were custom-made by Zhao Kaiming, of very high quality, and precisely because of that quality, the opening mechanism was quite special.

"Daddy, Daddy, I can't open it." Zhao Xiaoya ran back, crying.

But Zhao Kaiming was sitting on the ground with his head lowered, unresponsive, as the blood still flowed incessantly from his body.

He wasn't dead, just unconscious.

If an ambulance were called at that time, Zhao Kaiming could still be saved.

Yet fate likes to play tricks; he realized everything had succeeded only after his suicide attempt, mistakenly believing it to have been a scam all along.

Zhao Kaiming, lying unconscious, had no concept of how much time had passed.

It might have been a day, or perhaps half a day, but in reality, he miraculously woke up again an hour after falling unconscious.

Zhao Kaiming groggily felt someone pressing down on his wound.

When he opened his eyes again, he found himself surrounded by people.

"He's awake, he's awake, our son has woken up, thank goodness," an elderly woman excitedly exclaimed.

Zhao Kaiming saw that his family had been resurrected; his wife, parents, and relatives were all there.

"Has the ambulance not arrived yet? Why can't I get through on the phone? Zhao Kaiming, hang on, hang in there, we're contacting nearby hospitals," a relative said anxiously.

Zhao Kaiming didn't speak. His consciousness was in an odd state, and he felt as if his awakening was just the final flicker of light before death.

"Daddy." Zhao Xiaoya was crying at his side.

"Good girl, don't cry, Daddy is fine, how did you do it?" Zhao Kaiming touched her head and said with a pale smile.

"This uncle helped me," Zhao Xiaoya said through her tears, pointing behind her.

Zhao Kaiming struggled to lift his eyelids, but behind his daughter, he saw no one, just a murky darkness.

He was slow to process at first, but then realization hit, and his eyes widened in shock. He grabbed his daughter's hand tightly, wanting to say something, but a mouthful of blood clogged his throat, and combined with his fleeting recovery, he found himself unable to speak.

The ghost... was still there.

At that moment, the ghost had chosen his daughter.

It had helped the girl open all the coffins in exchange for a family member's death.

Dealing with a ghost, no matter the size of the task, the price was always the same.

Yet looking around, none of the relatives beside him had died.

However, Zhao Kaiming soon realized something, let out a piercing, awful laugh, then, with all his tragedy, took his final breath.

Before dying, his eyes remained fixed intently on the spot behind his daughter where she had pointed.

Compared to the despair of his previous suicide attempt and the subsequent failure followed by a last breath of hope, this outcome was the most terrifying.

Because Zhao Kaiming knew that the tragedy he bore would be replayed upon his daughter.

Why did it have to be Xiao Ya...

In his lingering consciousness, that was the last thought Zhao Kaiming held onto before he died.

Chapter 278 Pursuing the Answers to the Past

It had been five days since the gloom over Dachang City had dissipated.

With the confirmation that the Hungry Ghost period had ended, and Dachang City was in a safe state, headquarters began a comprehensive rescue operation for the city.

The operation was efficient.

Within a day, the city's water and power supply was restored to normal, and special personnel were stationed for protection, while various medical staff started entering hospitals across Dachang City.

Within two days, the comprehensive rescue operation had fully unfolded.

Survivors hiding in every corner of the city started to emerge in succession to embrace a new life.

Of course, all this had nothing to do with Yang Jian right now.

During these five days, he still stayed at home, being a shut-in without going out or making an appearance.

Although Zhao Kaiming contacted him several times during the period, he directly rejected them all.

Dachang City needed to recover, and so did Yang Jian.

He needed to quickly familiarize himself with his own condition. After his resurrection, his body had undergone some unexpected changes, and he could feel that he was completely different from before.

Yet what exactly had changed, Yang Jian couldn't quite discern.

If he had to say something, it would be a kind of alternative rebirth, as if he had shed the various shackles of the past.

Secondly, the functions of his body had become somewhat eerie.

Yang Jian had checked; half of his body was that of a normal person, while the other half no longer belonged to the living but to the dead—cold, somewhat rigid, covered with livor mortis.

"Perhaps the reason I can still think like a person and not become a completely foreign existence is because my body hasn't completely died yet. Sometimes, I wonder, what really controls a person's thoughts—is it the brain, or is it the body?"

"If it's the brain, then if the body dies, would a person's emotions and desires still persist? Without emotions and desires, a person is no longer a complete human being."

After much contemplation in silence, Yang Jian decided to give up on these somewhat philosophical questions.

They were not what he should be concerned with now.

What concerned him was how his body had changed since the resurrection, how the complete fusion with the Ghost Shadow was different, and what it meant to wield it perfectly.

His previous exploration was very brief, merely a coarse application.

But in these five days, Yang Jian had gradually gained a clear understanding.

The first was the strength of his body.

Yang Jian's not-so-robust body contained such an astonishing amount of strength after merging with the Ghost Shadow that he could lift a 500-kilogram barbell with one hand in the gym without feeling any discomfort. The changes brought by this supernatural power were truly incredible.

If he were to exert his full power, he could reach the ton level, relying solely on strength.

That would make him a strongman.

But that wasn't very useful; great strength could, at most, bully ordinary people. Against fierce ghosts, strength was useless. If strength were effective, then missiles would be too.

It could only be considered a minor derived ability.

Then there was his resistance to being hit. Yang Jian now was almost immune to physical damage. He had tried jumping off the fifth floor, and of course, for safety's sake, he temporarily protected his vital parts with the Ghost Domain.

The result was that he landed on the ground without a hitch, stood up after dusting himself off.

Of course, this was provided he didn't land head-first. His head was unprotected by the Ghost Shadow, making it a vulnerability.

Special gold bullets could penetrate Yang Jian's body.

But that was all they could do. Yang Jian felt no pain, and the next moment, the bullets would be automatically expelled by the Ghost Shadow within his body, leaving behind only a wound.

The wound would not heal on its own and required the human body's natural healing process.

Beyond that, Yang Jian had another eerie ability: he could control any part of his body, even the internal organs and bones that he could remove on his own.

Without pain or discomfort, because his body was, in some sense, already a ghost.

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He had acquired many characteristics of ghosts.

After some restorative exercises, Yang Jian left the gym and, as usual, went to check the situation in each room on the fifth floor.

Three rooms were tightly locked.

One room housed a dressing mirror from the Republic of China period, covered with a black cloth. Yang Jian had uncovered and checked it several times, yet it remained unchanged as usual.

A tiny crack had formed at the top of the mirror, a remnant of the previous confrontation between the Ghost Shadow and the Ghost Mirror, and at the bottom, an icy, charred arm—left by the mirror's malevolent spirit—was a consequence of Yang Jian's battle with a fierce ghost in the mirror after his resurrection.

The second room contained a small box wrapped in gold foil and filled with bones, which belonged to the Ghost Skeleton inside Wang Xiaoqiang's body.

Since imprisoning it, Yang Jian had left it here untouched and, of course, had not returned it to Wang Xiaoming.

He had initially kept it with the idea of creating a ghost controller artificially; by transplanting this Ghost Skeleton into a person's body, they would become another Wang Xiaoqiang, impossible to kill.

But, lacking the means at the time, he temporarily forgot about it.

Now, however, he fully had the power to replace bones directly with the combined strength of the Ghost Infant and the Ghost Domain, including himself.

"Replacing my bones with this Ghost Skeleton seems pointless. Although my Ghost Shadow can control this skeleton, besides immortality, it doesn't seem to have any real use. And I already possess the trait of immortality. I'll keep it in reserve for the future," Yang Jian thought to himself.

The third room held the Ghost Rope.

It was entirely in a state of recovery, and if the gold restriction was removed, it could spread indefinitely, capable of hanging ghosts, let alone people.

Yang Jian could now suppress this thing perfectly and, thinking of going out today, decided to take it with him.

The ancient grass rope, now covered with a layer of gold foil, looked like a golden rope and had lost that eerie feel.

Tied around his waist like a whip, it served as a special weapon against fierce ghosts, useful for self-defense, but it had to be controlled well, for, in a strict sense, it was a weapon of mass destruction. If Yang Jian released the Ghost Rope and flung it forward, nearly all enemies, except himself, would be doomed.

Using a resurrected ghost as a weapon was something only Yang Jian could do.

The fourth room contained nothing eerie, just some equipment Yang Jian had ordered online: body bags, gold boxes, specially made weapons such as gold nunchakus, gloves woven from gold wire, a golden lighter, flashlight, binoculars, gold-colored smoke grenades... Besides these, there was also a collection of specially made confiscated weapons, including three sniper rifles.

To buy all these items, he had spent hundreds of millions.

In fact, the items were not expensive; they were just ordinary tools. It was the gold that was valuable. Anything branded as "specially made" didn't need to be questioned—it was either gold or gold alloy.

All four doors were securely locked, and then there was a non-existent fifth room.

Within the wall.

Yang Jian could retrieve it using the power of the Ghost Domain.

It was a box containing skin paper.

Zhang Wei had mentioned that the box with the skin paper seemed to have been opened while he was in the safety house.

Upon inspection, Yang Jian indeed found that the box had been opened, but it didn't seem to be by human hands; the opening was too perfect.

"This thing is very sinister. If it weren't for its immense value, I would have thrown it into the deep sea long ago," Yang Jian stared at the wall.

After his encounter with Zhao Kaiming, he began to sense that there was a great terror to this object, one that had not yet manifested.

If it ever fully manifested, it would likely be an entity much more formidable than the Hungry Ghost.

Unless in a dire situation, he would not use this object again.

"Five days have passed, all quiet. It's time to visit Hongfa Temple," Yang Jian thought to himself and then left the somewhat eerie fifth floor.

Another reason he had stayed indoors these past few days was to observe whether there was any movement from the ghostly thing restricted by the Coffin Nail.

Things were somewhat unexpected; everything was quiet.

This was both good news and bad news; the good news was that, for now, there was no trouble, and the bad news was that the threat persisted.

"I'm stepping out for a bit. If anything happens here, notify me immediately, and I will rush back," Yang Jian said, feeling uncertain because too many ghost controllers had recently come to Dachang City.

Jiang Yan assured him emphatically that there would be no problem.

Inside the residential complex.

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Zhang Xiang's construction site was up and running again. After the end of the supernatural events, he immediately hired a construction team from out of town at a high price to finish the remaining safety shelters.

After all, there was no guarantee that there wouldn't be another encounter with supernatural events in the future, and if things started to look shady, they could just stay in the safety shelter for a few days.

As long as the supporting facilities were perfect, it would absolutely rival a five-star hotel, and there would be no repeats of someone spraying filth all over the place while others had to pinch their noses and endure it.

"Yang Jian, are you heading out?" Zhang Xiang saw Yang Jian come out and hurried over.

"Yes, I need to take a walk. Is everything going smoothly with the construction?" Yang Jian glanced over and asked.

Zhang Xiang said, "There's no need to rush the work this time. It will be done beautifully within a month, but recently, I've been approached by quite a few people. Since you are also a shareholder of the company, I would like your advice, after all, you know more than I do."

"What's going on?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Xiang said, "These are some people we can't afford to offend wanting to buy houses in the residential complex. They start by spending several billion each, buying up whole blocks at the original price. What do you think, to sell or not to sell? With Dachang City in this state, many people are selling their homes and moving away. I think the local economy will soon be in trouble."

Plus, with so many people dead this time, the future looks quite grim."

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "It's not just Dachang City; other cities will face the same situation. The supernatural events won't stay suppressed for long. This time is just a warning sign. We were just unlucky that the Hungry Ghost incident happened locally. But next time, it might happen in another city. A global disaster can't be avoided by running away."

"All I can say is that those who move out of Dachang City will regret it for the rest of their lives. This place, after being hit by the Hungry Ghost incident, will see a decrease in population and the disappearance of ferocious ghosts. In the coming years, local supernatural events won't happen again. It's like a forest fire that burns everything clean, leaving room for new life to emerge."

Zhang Xianggu was smart too, after half a lifetime in real estate, he immediately understood what Yang Jian meant.

"Of course, that's just one aspect. Another, and most important point, is that I live here."

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, "I have the power to protect this place. Those buying houses are not just seeing the value here, but my value. The news of me solving the Hungry Ghost incident hasn't spread outside, but internally, it's probably well known already."

"Then I'll hold onto the properties," said Zhang Xianggu. "But there are some people I just can't afford to offend by not selling."

"Sell, of course, sell. Otherwise, what's the point of leaving all these houses empty? It's a waste. But the price is too low. Let's start by increasing it a hundredfold. If they're so rich and willing to spend big, let's first fleece the wealthy.

If there are any problems, they can blame me."

"Brother Tui, are you sure you can handle it?"

Yang Jian said, "I can withstand the lives of hundreds of millions of people, what does Uncle Zhang think?"

Zhang Xiang smiled and felt a little excited at the same time. He had a hunch that there was a huge business opportunity here. Perhaps in the future, the Guanjiang Residential Complex would become a gathering place for the world's top wealthy.

As long as Yang Jian stood firm, this would be one of the safest commercial districts in the world.

Soon, Yang Jian drove off.

He was heading to Hongfa Temple.

Of course, he could have reached there in a second using the power of the Ghost Domain, but abusing the power of the fierce ghosts was unwise. Although now Yang Jian had extended the resurrection time of the fierce ghosts and his condition was better than the previous two times, he wasn't at the point where he could squander that power recklessly.

Dachang City was now under traffic control. Aside from national rescue vehicles and public officials, no private vehicles were allowed on the roads to ensure smooth traffic flow.

Additionally, special operatives were seen patrolling everywhere to ensure the city's security.

Yang Jian ran into a special operative checkpoint and was only allowed to pass without any hindrance after showing his headquarters credentials.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian?"

Seeing his credentials, the squad leader even showed some respect.

This made Yang Jian feel a bit embarrassed.

"It seems there are quite a few people here."

When he arrived at Hongfa Temple, he found it crowded with people burning incense and praying to Buddha.

They were all survivors.

Yang Jian asked around and quickly understood the situation.

Knowing that Dachang City was haunted and believing in the existence of ghosts, people naturally sought the protection of gods and Buddha. If they could get a few talismans from the temple's masters, or some consecrated dharma artifacts to keep at home, they'd sleep more peacefully at night.

But he knew it wouldn't be of much use, providing only psychological comfort.

Yang Jian wouldn't waste time bursting their bubble; it was a good thing for people to have some psychological comfort in the face of terror.

"How long will this queue take? Although it's not good to misuse my abilities, seeking an answer and the truth is the only option left."

...

No need to queue up like a long dragon waiting.

He directly used the Ghost Domain, covering the Hongfa Temple.

Without affecting anyone, Yang Jian mysteriously disappeared in a corner and, when he reappeared, he had already arrived at a residence in the temple's backyard.

The bald monk, dressed in plain clothes and wearing glasses, was watching TV.

The TV news was all about the events in Dachang City.

Regarding the Hungry Ghost incident, the state neither actively spread the news nor censored it, nor did it provide a direct response, simply allowing the storm to brew.

Thus, all kinds of bizarre speculations appeared in the news.

"Master still in the mood to watch TV?" The room door was locked, yet Yang Jian appeared inside it.

"With such a commotion outside, why doesn't Master go to read scriptures and bless those who come to offer incense?"

The bald master looked up in surprise, but upon seeing Yang Jian, he didn't seem shocked at all but just smiled and put down his glasses, "I've been chanting scriptures half my life, what's the use? When ghosts come, we can only hide. All that talk about Dharma and subduing demons is fake.

There was no trouble when there were no ghosts, but now with ghosts around, people would find out if I took out those fake things. I might even get my legs broken just walking on the street."

"Besides, if someone really used those useless talismans to face the ghosts and ended up harming others, whose fault would that be? Better to hide away and seek peace."

Yang Jian said, "Master is clear-minded, but you should already know why I came here."

The bald master spoke, "I've been waiting for you these past days because I have some bad news to tell you."

"What is it?"

"The thing behind that door is gone."

The bald master said, "Not a minute passed after you took away that coffin nail when there was nothing left behind the door, just a bare wall."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "I already had this guess. After all, Dachang City has been very quiet recently. If the ghost inside had escaped, the situation would have definitely changed."

"Other than this, I'm afraid there's nothing more to say. About that secret chamber, I heard it from my master too. My master mentioned that there was a fierce ghost imprisoned there by the high monks of the Hongfa Temple in the past, suppressed by the Demon-Subduing Pestle, and instructed us descendants to watch it closely and never allow the fierce ghost to come out and do evil."

The bald master spoke, "When I was young and foolish, I was curious and went in once. I saw what was inside... a White Bone Tree, a three-meter-tall black shadow, a single eye emitting a strange red glow."

As he said this, he looked towards the ghostly eye on Yang Jian's forehead.

"I was so scared that I ran out. Since then, I have strictly followed my master's instructions, checking the door lock once a year, regularly replacing and repairing it, preparing to pass this secret on to the next head monk."

The bald master said, "But a few months ago, that door opened, and that eye... it vanished."

"I took it."

Yang Jian said, "Indeed, a fierce ghost was confined there, but that's not what I asked. It's about the origin of this thing, do you happen to know?"

"How would I know that? Even my master didn't know, perhaps his master did."

The bald master shook his head helplessly, "But after some verification, I did get some information. It turns out that this chamber isn't ancient at all. There are some records in the temple about building this chamber, around the Republic of China Period."

"And my master's master happened to be alive at that time. Maybe the patriarch knew the origin of this thing."

The Republic of China Period, again?

Yang Jian frowned.

The chamber was constructed during the Republic of China Period, and so was the old house within the Guanjiang Residential Complex that had not been demolished.

Did the battle between ghost tamers and fierce ghosts begin back then?

Or was there already an outbreak of fierce ghost resurrections over a hundred years ago that went unnoticed due to the undeveloped state of information and the unstable world situation?

"It seems chasing the past won't yield the answers I seek." Yang Jian was somewhat disappointed.

He wanted to learn more, but the connections had already been lost.

Time had erased all crucial information, and those who truly understood the secrets likely no longer existed in this world.

Without inheriting the experiences of their predecessors, ghost tamers of the future are destined to face great difficulties when confronting fierce ghosts.

Chapter 279 Death Report

Yang Jian left Hongfa Temple.

He hadn't gotten the answers he wanted, but confirmed one thing: the entity that had imprisoned the White Bone Tree and that three-meter-tall shadow had vanished without a trace, yet had not resurrected within Dachang City.

But he had a premonition that this ghost had already appeared somewhere in the world.

Some unimaginable horror was brewing.

The world was so vast, heaven only knew which unfortunate place would encounter the ghost's resurgence.

Just like the existence of the Ghost Infant, initially the danger was small, hiding in a major city so well that its presence was hardly felt, but once it fully revived, it would be a catastrophic disaster.

"I can't worry about everything. In a world where ferocious ghosts are resurrecting, the dangers are far more than just that thing. This world is already like a dilapidated house with leaks everywhere. It's enough to take care of my own patch," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He wasn't a particularly ambitious person. From the moment he became a ghost master, his only thought was to survive, to live well.

If he couldn't survive, then he would choose to die well.

Yang Jian wasn't very worried about what the future held; he believed that as long as he didn't die, managing Dachang City shouldn't be too difficult.

But when Yang Jian returned to the residential complex, he found a military vehicle parked at the entrance.

Without knowing when, Zhao Kaiming had come for a visit.

He was sitting in the living room with two ghost masters, drinking tea, seemingly waiting for Yang Jian's arrival.

When Yang Jian saw Zhao Kaiming, he paused for a moment before saying, "Captain Zhao, when did you find the time to visit my home? Is there official business you need to discuss with me?"

Upon seeing Yang Jian, Zhao Kaiming immediately set down his teacup and chuckled, "I have tried contacting you several times, but each time you said it wasn't convenient to answer the phone. I had no choice but to visit in person. I hope I haven't caused you any trouble."

"You won't cause trouble, as long as you don't bring trouble with you," Yang Jian said. "People like Captain Zhao usually don't pay visits without a reason."

"Haha, that's not necessarily the case. Indeed, there is a good thing this time, but let's not talk about that just yet. First, take a look at this." Zhao Kaiming pulled out a folder from the side.

After opening it, there was an autopsy report and several photos of the deceased.

"Last time you wanted to trace Zhao Kaiming, right? There's news. Here's the latest case report, take a look."

Yang Jian took it skeptically and after scanning it for a moment, he frowned, "Gunshot wound, died of excessive blood loss? The cause of death... suicide? Zhao Kaiming committed suicide?"

He could hardly believe it.

Zhao Kaiming was a character, outwitting everyone and fostering such a calamity as the Ghost Infant. Yet, not many days later, his death report arrived.

"He died by swallowing his gun, with complete testimonial and physical evidence, and no suspicions," Zhao Kaiming said. "The body is now preserved in an ice coffin. Do you want to take a look?"

"No need. I have no interest in the dead," Yang Jian said. "But I find it hard to believe that someone like him would commit suicide by shooting himself."

"The reason is unclear. However, something very strange has happened around him," Zhao Kaiming said, suddenly lowering his voice. "I investigated Zhao Kaiming's family situation and found that his wife, daughter, parents, and relatives all died mysteriously within a year."

"There were no wounds, no post-mortem report, no death certificates... I think Zhao Kaiming must have used his position to delete relevant information. Moreover, from his voice communication records with the operators, it can be analyzed that his family truly did pass away."

Yang Jian said, "I know that his entire family is dead."

"That's why this news is so bizarre. Do you know who reported Zhao Kaiming's death? His uncle, a man who had been dead for half a year. And after verification, not just Zhao Kaiming's uncle, but his parents, wife, and children who should all have died mysteriously, apparently all appeared," Zhao Kaiming explained.

"So what, Zhao Kaiming succeeded, and his whole family came back to life?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

That ghost could actually resurrect the dead.

Incredible.

Zhao Kaiming said, "Yes, his missing family members for nearly a year have all appeared and have been resurrected, but he himself is dead. Although it was suicide by swallowing a gun, I still can't be completely certain there wasn't something supernatural involved."

"Whether or not there were supernatural events, Zhao Kaiming is dead, and that's the best outcome. He was a dangerous man who wouldn't hesitate to bury the whole Dachang City just to resurrect his family. Even if he didn't commit suicide, I would have helped him do it."

Yang Jian spoke calmly.

If it hadn't been for guarding the corpse of the Hungry Ghost a few days ago, which delayed his time, he would have gone to settle accounts with Zhao Kaiming long ago.

Later, when Dachang City was taken over, Yang Jian also lost the best opportunity to take action.

After all, killing someone in front of the Ghost Master headquarters was a very foolish thing to do. If he were to kill, he had to make sure there was no proof of the deed.

"Zhao Kaiming was indeed a dangerous person. His death is letting him off lightly; otherwise, we would also have to send someone to capture him. Once convicted, execution by shooting is inevitable," Zhao Jianguo also despised this person deeply.

If it hadn't been for his indulgence of the Ghost Infant, such an S-level supernatural event would never have occurred.

"Since the man is dead, this matter can be considered concluded. What's the other thing you mentioned?" Yang Jian asked.

"There is an important meeting tomorrow, and we hope you can make sure to attend. The supernatural event in Dachang City is over, and the remaining rescue operations are no longer our concern. The other Ghost Masters will also be returning to their posts. Therefore, an improvised meeting is scheduled mainly to have you meet other people and become familiar with them."

"Of course, there will be some work reports as well. Given that this incident involved so much, there are some questions that only you can answer. Afterwards, regarding your contributions this time, there will be significant rewards from above."

"At that point, a visit to J city will be unavoidable."

Yang Jian said, "Is it that much trouble?"

"It's just a formality, think of it as a trip. Now that you are in charge of Dachang City, there are some protocols you must adhere to, and there are some benefits you should personally strive for," Zhao Jianguo said with a smile.

"Anyway, it's much easier than resolving supernatural events," Zhao Jianguo continued.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and felt it made sense. Since he had chosen to join the headquarters, it was natural for him to make an appearance.

"I understand. Once I have dealt with some matters in Dachang City, I will consider going to J City."

J City is the capital, probably the safest city in Asia now, bar none.

"Good, then I won't disturb you any further. Tomorrow at eight o'clock, we'll still be at the city gymnasium," Zhao Jianguo said.

"I'll be there on time," Yang Jian replied.

After seeing off Zhao Jianguo, he had a vague feeling that he had become a key figure of attention on all fronts.

Although it was subtle, it was clear from Zhao Jianguo's personal visit and the invitation to J City.

It made sense.

Yang Jian had shown unprecedented value, having resolved an S-level supernatural event single-handedly. In the Ghost Master circle, his reputation had likely already spread far and wide.

No one wanted to see a grassroots hero rise up!

For some reason, looking at the death photo of Zhao Kaiming on his table, Yang Jian was reminded of the last thing he said to him.

He had a feeling that becoming too famous wasn't necessarily a good thing.

Going from an unknown Ghost Master to a globally renowned figure overnight brought countless benefits, but it also brought endless troubles.

"I'll take it one step at a time; overthinking it is pointless," Yang Jian thought as he put away the death report, preparing to store it.

And just as he was about to continue researching his body's changes at home, as usual,

a few uninvited guests appeared outside the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"Is that Ghost-eyed Yang Jian living in this residential complex?"

A tall and handsome young man stood by the road opposite the river, looking over here.

"There's no mistake in the information. Although the Asia branch has tried hard to cover it up, some basic information can still be found, as it has all been made public before. Ghost Master information is not kept secret internally," a companion said.

"Should we pay a visit?"

The young man thought for a moment and said, "Indeed, it would be appropriate to pay a visit, but not now."

Chapter 280 Luo Su Yi

Yang Jian sat alone on the fifth floor, where he was now patiently flipping through various books.

There were texts on human anatomy, acupuncture meridian charts, knowledge of different body parts, and the like—some deep and technically complex, others popular and easy to understand with colored illustrations.

"Lividity is the purple discoloration that appears on the skin due to blood pooling in the capillaries and small veins under the force of gravity after the cessation of circulation..."

"In other words, lividity is just the accumulation of blood retained in the skin. If I can remove this pooled blood, the lividity in my body will disappear."

While reading these headache-inducing books, Yang Jian simplified his understanding and began experimenting.

He couldn't possibly walk around the streets forever with a dead man's body; it might be alright during the day, but at night it could scare people to death.

Looking at a patch of lividity on the back of his hand, he tried to control the Headless Ghost Shadow.

Soon, a trace of blood seeped from his skin.

The lividity was gone.

"That was simple. Knowledge indeed is power," Yang Jian said.

Then, he casually walked to the bathroom to take a shower while reading, intent on washing away the rest of the lividity from his body.

As the warm water rinsed over him, the seeped blood on Yang Jian's back was gradually washed away quickly, and the lividity that densely covered his frightening body was rapidly removed.

The only issue was that his skin was somewhat pale and cold, but aside from that, there didn't seem to be anything else amiss.

"The reason for the cold limbs is a deficiency of qi and blood, needing stronger exercise and maintenance of a good routine... huh, isn't that nonsense? Do I really need exercise in this condition?" Yang Jian mused while bathing, continuing to search for a solution to the current state of his body.

Otherwise, when his mother returned, she would be worried sick seeing him like this.

"By speeding up blood flow, I can solve the problem of my body being cold. And the most direct way to speed up blood flow is to increase heart rate," Yang Jian felt his chest, gauging his heartbeat.

It was too slow.

Only a third of a normal person's.

If it were an ordinary person, there would surely be something wrong with their body at this rate.

"Both too fast and too slow heartbeats are not good for the human body, but my situation is special. My body is nearly a ghost; it almost can't die, so why care?"

He controlled his heartbeat, increasing the blood flow throughout his body.

As the blood flow accelerated, his cold body started to gain back some warmth.

After a bout of troubleshooting, Yang Jian felt his body gradually return to normal.

At least, that was how it appeared on the surface.

In reality, Yang Jian understood that the biggest issue wasn't his body, but his psyche; after resurrection, most of his body turned into a ghost, and his psyche had greatly changed from before.

The only constant was that his thoughts remained the same as before.

However, Yang Jian was unclear whether, as time passed, his thoughts might imperceptibly change under the influence of the ghost... or perhaps that change had already begun, and he had just not realized it.

"Time to sleep, though I don't know if I'll be able to."

After flushing away the exuded blood from his body, he went back to his room to sleep.

Since hanging himself, he had not slept once, nor had he felt any hint of fatigue.

From initial insomnia, waking up startled, to sleeping less and eventually not at all, these changes were all too clear to Yang Jian.

Lying in bed.

Yang Jian felt more and more alert instead of sleepy.

"Yang Jian, are you there?"

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

"Is there a problem?" Yang Jian asked.

The door opened, revealing Zhang Liqin wrapped in a bathrobe, her face flushed as if she had just taken a shower, walking in.

"I saw your room light was on, so I came to see... Did something happen recently?"

Yang Jian said, "Nothing's up, everything's been normal since the Hungry Ghost period ended."

Zhang Liqin said, "Then why do you often stay alone in your room and no longer play games with Zhang Wei? You've even been turning down people who come looking for you, and it seems like you've been avoiding me on purpose?"

"Avoiding you? That's not the case," Yang Jian replied.

"It isn't? Then why haven't you come to see me at night? Do you find me boring? If that's the case, maybe I should leave in a few days. It's not like I have to stay here," Zhang Liqin spoke with a somewhat despondent tone.

Yang Jian thought for a moment, then realized what he had lost since coming back to life.

Desire.

A man's pure desire for a woman.

Looking at Zhang Liqin's mature and delicate body wrapped in a bath towel, Yang Jian viewed her as if he were looking at a piece of stone, without the slightest thought, his gaze was extremely calm, his heart without a single ripple.

It was as if he had seen through the worldly concerns, possessing the mindset of a transcended sage, detached from the world.

If it were any other normal man, by now he probably wouldn't have been able to resist committing a crime.

"Could it be that I'm no longer up to par?" A terrifying thought popped up in Yang Jian's mind.

He had not paid too much attention to it before, but now that he thought about it, he began to feel that the issue might be quite serious.

"Then I won't disturb you, I'm going to sleep." Seeing Yang Jian sitting there motionless, in a contemplative state, Zhang Liqin couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed, so she turned and left.

"Wait."

Yang Jian, who had come back to his senses, called out to her.

"What is it?" Zhang Liqin turned her head back.

"Come here, I happen to need your help with something, I hope you don't mind," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin's face turned slightly red, she walked over with a bit of coquettishness, and closed the door of the room behind her, then sat on the bed, "As long as you speak up, no matter what you need help with, I won't mind at all, after all, without you I would've been dead long ago..."

In front of this special man, she always had an indescribable feeling.

There wasn't any deep affection between them, barely acquaintances, but she couldn't harbor any resistance towards Yang Jian, and even wanted to please him.

If Yang Jian needed her for something, be it for daily life or physical needs, Zhang Liqin would even feel excited and thrilled.

Actually, this was a form of psychological dependence.

Having gone through a desperate and terrifying paranormal incident, it was already good enough that she hadn't broken down mentally.

"I don't even know if I still qualify as a normal man now, this feels different from when I first wielded the Ghost Eye," Yang Jian said, looking at his own palm.

Zhang Liqin blinked, somewhat puzzled.

The information she knew was limited, and she couldn't quite understand the meaning of Yang Jian's words.

"Never mind, you wouldn't understand even if I explained," Yang Jian said.

At this moment.

Outside the Guanjiang Residential Complex, the three uninvited visitors from the daytime finally entered the complex.

Two men and a woman.

"Wouldn't it have been better to look for someone during the day? People might be sleeping at night, isn't this a bit offensive? After all, he is someone who resolved an S-class supernatural incident, it would be better to show some respect, don't you think, Luo Su Yi?" A man around thirty years old said.

Based on the situation, the tall, relatively handsome young man was the leader.

Luo Su Yi chuckled lightly, "To act as a ghost one must have the style of a ghost, white daytime appearances are so boring,"

"Besides, greeting someone during the day is too ostentatious, it's better to be low-key. Right now, Dachang City has gathered at least over twenty top-tier ghost handlers, even the special forces captain Li Jun has come. We should give them face."

"Miss Lin Luomei, would you mind calling out for him?" Luo Su Yi said to the woman in her twenties, dressed in a dress, who looked somewhat cute.

Without refusing, Lin Luomei took out a megaphone and called out into the whole complex: Yang Jian~! Ghost Eye Yang Jian, come out.

Her voice was eerily odd, not spreading out directly, but like a spirit, searching forward in an irregular way.

As if the voice had its own way of seeking people.

Every call sent the voice out on its own, and after six calls, Lin Luomei stopped.

"This complex is so big, calling out only six times, how long will it take to find him?" Luo Su said.

"Why don't you call out?" Lin Luomei's mouth was closed, but the megaphone emitted a sound.

Luo Su said, "I sing very well, I even won a prize in elementary school, but I can't do calling out, I definitely can't match Yang Jian's."

"What if by accident we shout someone to death, what then?" the man beside them said.

"It shouldn't be so easy to die, after all, he did resolve an S-class supernatural incident," Luo Su murmured.

The voice continued to advance, wandering within the Guanjiang Residential Complex, passing by the complex's security booth, yet the security guards inside seemed not to hear anything at all.

After a short while, the voice crossed over the gate and into a house.

"Yang Jian, Ghost Eye Yang Jian..."

The voice hovered on the first floor; strangely, there was no sound on the second floor at all.

Afterward, the voice went upstairs and wandered on the second floor, but similarly, no sound could be heard on both the third floor and the first floor.