

Revival 366

Chapter 366: Yang Jian's Rescue

Yang Jian's mood was quite heavy when he suddenly received a call from Feng Quan.

Because both he and Guo Fan, who previously sent out a distress signal, could have problems, at least they were no longer trustworthy. However, Yang Jian himself didn't know if they truly had issues and had no way of confirming it, since memory alteration was not something that could be verified.

"You should be dead," Yang Jian answered the phone while also sending the others to the lobby on the first floor.

This place was temporarily safe.

As for the carpets and floor tiles that might have his footprints on them, they were buried hundreds of meters underground by the Ghost Domain.

They didn't need to be buried too deep, just enough to avoid that ghost stepping on them.

Feng Quan's voice continued, "I indeed almost died, but fortunately, I survived. I had been paying attention to your location. When you showed up in the hotel, I started calling you, but coincidentally, you entered that place with no signal. I thought you had fallen in there, just like us."

“You went there too?” Yang Jian’s gaze shifted slightly, “You saw that ghost?”

“Without seeing it, things wouldn’t have ended up like this. I suspect this whole place is a trap, something luring us Necromancers here to die. That tall male corpse wandering in the hotel, once its killing pattern is triggered, no one can withstand it, including you,” Feng Quan’s voice revealed a hint of fear.

He was one of the earlier Necromancers, with more experience than the deceased Zhou Zheng. When Yang Jian was still at school, carefree and studying, Feng Quan was already dealing with supernatural events.

The fear evident in his voice was enough to prove how terrifying that tall male corpse wielding a Firewood Knife was.

Yang Jian asked seriously, “Are you saying you barely survived an attack from that ghost?”

“Barely, but the cost was severe. If you refuse to help me leave this place, I will die soon. You must have seen the Ghost Fog outside,” Feng Quan said. “When you went in and out, you must have been affected by the Ghost Fog, but right now it hasn’t fully awakened yet. Otherwise, the range covered by the Ghost Fog would be much more extensive.”

“If it hasn’t fully awakened, then that means the Ghost Fog was forcibly removed from your body, not that it escaped after awakening?” Yang Jian immediately guessed Feng Quan’s current condition.

There must be some damage to his body.

He was chopped by that ghost, causing the Ghost Fog to lose control.

“Yes, you are right,” Feng Quan said.

Just as Yang Jian was about to ask more details, another voice cut into his phone. It was Zhao Jianguo from headquarters, “Yang Jian, this is Zhao Jianguo. You need to take Feng Quan and evacuate immediately. The case of the floating heads in City Z has already ended. From the time you entered the hotel to now, there have been no further deaths.”

“You have done a great service this time, and I should really thank you.”

What?

The floating heads case has ended?

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment; he hadn’t dealt with it yet, so how could it be over? Could it be a mistake?

Or did Zhao Jianguo get it wrong?

"I've already solved part of the situation in City Z, but it's not completely over yet. It's too early to be saying this," Yang Jian responded.

"I know the situation is complex, but that's all the more reason to ensure you're all safe. Right now, you're the only one capable of action. I hope you won't let your personal grievances with Feng Quan prevent you from rescuing him," Zhao Jianguo's call obviously indicated his concern that Yang Jian would not aid and leave Feng Quan to die in the Kaisa Hotel.

Although Yang Jian was very capable and skilled in handling supernatural events, Zhao Jianguo was also aware of his shortcomings, which he always took seriously.

"Rescue Feng Quan, and I will count it as a merit for you."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, and after thinking it through, he said, "Since you've put it that way, it would indeed be hard to justify not rescuing him. But before I save him, I need to get Xiong Wenwen out first, to ensure his safety."

"You make the call, you know the situation on the ground better than I do, I won't interfere with your spur-of-the-moment decisions," Zhao Jianguo on the other end of the line breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as Yang Jian was willing to save people, then everything would be manageable.

Although this guy could be dangerous at times, he did have one advantage: he was relatively trustworthy, not like those deadbeats in society who are all talk.

"Alright, I'm taking action now, cut the connection on your end," said Yang Jian.

Zhao Jianguo immediately cut off the connection.

At this moment, Feng Quan also overheard the conversation between the two, and he said, "Zhao Jianguo can't bear to see someone who's tamed two ghosts fall here. Helping me out won't do you any harm, Yang Jian. After all, we're old acquaintances."

"Old acquaintances? The incident at Huanggang Village almost got me killed because of your misleading warning. If I weren't worried that I couldn't handle your ghost coming back, you would already be dead," Yang Jian said with a cold laugh. "Wait, I'll be back to rescue you."

After that, he first sent Xiong Wenwen, Lin Luomei, and Luo Su Yi out of the Ghost Fog.

"Don't leave here for now. City Z is not safe at present. I have another operation later, and I'll need your help," Yang Jian glanced at Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei.

Luo Su Yi looked dejected and asked, "Can I refuse?"

"After this is over, I will give my second ghost-controlling spot to Lin Luomei as a reward I promised her," Yang Jian said. "You can choose not to help, but didn't you say you wanted to protect Lin Luomei? I won't force you to get involved at this moment. It's up to you."

He could tell that Luo Su Yi had feelings for Lin Luomei, but whether it was true love or not, he had no interest in finding out.

“Do you mean what you say?” Luo Su Yi asked urgently. “You’re really willing to give up the spot to Lin Luomei?”

“Of course. It’s useless in my hands, and who knows, I might need your help later. I don’t like seeing a capable ghost controller die off. Where else would I find one in the future?” Yang Jian honestly expressed his thoughts.

There was no need to hide anything.

Because of his own demands, they couldn’t refuse.

“Fine, I’ll give you a hand one more time,” Luo Su Yi gritted his teeth. “For the sake of the girl’s future.”

Lin Luomei, who couldn’t speak, was somewhat touched and said through her player, “Although you’ve moved me, sometimes you’re no help at all; you just scream and shout when it’s crucial. You’re nowhere near Yang Jian.”

“...” Luo Su Yi.

“Keep an eye on Xiong Wenwen and wait here. Don’t let your guard down against anyone who shows up before I return. The ghost might be Tong Qian from the hospital. The ghosts have infiltrated City Z deeper than I thought. Also, take care of this body for me; it’s my classmate. Don’t let it die,” Yang Jian instructed before patting Xiong Wenwen on the head to comfort her, laid down Zhao Lei’s body, and then turned and entered the Ghost Fog.

As he walked into the Ghost Fog, his hand unconsciously gripped the bloodstained, strange newspaper he had obtained earlier.

The human-skin paper said that this thing could alter a person’s memory, so now was a good time to test it out.

He wasn’t sure about Feng Quan either, so this guy would be a good test subject. If successful, then taming two Ghost Faces would be feasible, and he’d have an extra potential underling in the future.

If it didn’t work out, he wouldn’t lose anything.

Zhao Jianguo asked him to save someone, but he didn’t specify how.

In the end, as long as Feng Quan was alive, that was all that mattered.

Chapter 367: Grave Soil

“I’m here to rescue you, where are you now?” Yang Jian stepped through the Ghost Fog and returned to the deserted hotel once more.

He was within his own Ghost Domain, ensuring his safety.

The voice of Feng Quan immediately rang out from the cellphone; “I’m on the fourth floor, room 005. You should have passed by here before; I heard your footsteps, but I wasn’t sure it was you, so I didn’t call for help.”

“Then you’re really out of luck, wait for me, I’ll be there shortly,” Yang Jian said calmly.

Feng Quan’s luck was indeed poor. If he had called for help when Yang Jian first entered, with the headquarters’ orders, Yang Jian would have been compelled to save him even if he didn’t want to.

But now things were different. He had ventured deep into the hotel and found this bizarre newspaper that could alter a person’s memory, making the weakened Feng Quan an excellent test subject. If successful, it would prove that the words written on the human skin were correct, and the method to control the two Ghost Faces was also feasible.

Just, Tong Qian was an absolutely unacceptable choice for a target.

Soon.

Yang Jian arrived at hotel room 005 on the fourth floor.

This was a normal area; strictly speaking, there should be no danger, assuming the wandering ghost of the hotel did not appear nearby.

To be cautious, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain went straight through the walls and covered the door, enveloping the inside completely.

Immediately, all the conditions inside the room were laid bare before his eyes.

At this moment, Feng Quan laid on a bed, holding his satellite positioning cellphone. He hadn't turned on the lights; in the dimness, he even suppressed his breathing to the lowest level to maintain a corpse-like silence, avoiding any unnecessary movements that might disturb the terrible supernatural entity wandering through this hotel.

However, Feng Quan's condition was not good.

His body was only half intact.

Yang Jian had not seen it wrong; Feng Quan's body was cut in half at the waist, leaving only half a torso. But there was no blood flowing from the wound, nor could one see blood or internal organs—it seemed to be blocked by a thick layer of muck.

"Did the second ghost's ability prevent Feng Quan from dying?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly. "But looking at his injuries, he definitely carelessly stepped on the footprints of the ghost wandering in the hotel and was sliced in half at the waist with one cut."

“You look much worse than last time; at least then you had a Ghost Coffin to sleep in. This time, you can only lie in bed and wait for death.”

He walked in, and the dim room quickly brightened.

A strange red light enveloped the surroundings.

Feng Quan glanced around and said, “Is it really okay to use your Ghost Domain like this? Just going up to the fourth floor requires the ability of a fierce ghost. Using ghost powers so frequently, even someone who controls two ghosts wouldn’t last long, right?”

“You still have the mindset to worry about my fierce ghost’s revival. You should be more concerned about yourself,” Yang Jian said with a smile and then walked over.

“Take me out of here to the outside Ghost Fog. My lower half was taken away by a ghost in the Ghost Fog. With your ability, you can find it for me, restrain it again, and help me put my body back together,” Feng Quan said.

As one of the few people who had dealt with Yang Jian, he was aware of the powers of Yang Jian’s other ghost.

“We can talk about that later. What’s this on you?” Yang Jian pointed at the wound on his lower half.
“Mud?”

Feng Quan's gaze shifted slightly. "Can we not talk about this?"

"If you don't tell me, it's hard for me to trust you. Your file only describes the Ghost Fog; it doesn't mention this stuff. If it's dangerous, I have to be on guard," Yang Jian said.

Given the circumstances, although Feng Quan desperately wanted to conceal his information, he had no choice but to say, "This is Grave Soil, something bizarre. It can suppress the revival of my Ghost Fog, preventing the ghost within the Ghost Fog from taking shape. But this stuff is also very dangerous; it's gradually eroding me."

After saying that, he lifted a hand.

That hand had almost lost its shape and had become a lump of dark brown soil.

"I can feel the Grave Soil increasing over time, and eventually, it will form a mound and bury me. Without the restriction of the other ghost, the speed of this erosion is beyond my imagination," Feng Quan spoke.

"Not a bad ghost entity; at least you'll have a grave after death," Yang Jian commented.

Feng Quan looked at Yang Jian. "Is it really okay for you to chat with me while maintaining your Ghost Domain? You're the most wasteful user of power I've ever seen; usually, such people don't live very long."

“So I’m the exception,” Yang Jian grinned and then moved to the bedside, reaching out and taking the satellite positioning cellphone out of Feng Quan’s hand.

With a light press, he cut off the communication.

“Hm?” Feng Quan’s expression changed slightly. “What are you trying to do?”

Yang Jian also disconnected his own cellphone; “Just a little experiment. As compensation for rescuing you, I think you won’t refuse, since I also don’t trust you. Whether you will be friend or foe once I save you is still up for debate. But to ensure we are friends in the future, I need to add a little insurance.”

“Don’t worry, it won’t have any effect on you.”

“Yang Jian, don’t be reckless. If I die here, it won’t do you any good. The headquarters will definitely suspect you. Although you’ve resolved the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City, framing a colleague is a serious crime. Right now, the headquarters is implementing the Captain plan. If you mess up at this crucial moment, you’re as good as giving up the chance to become a Captain,” Feng Quan immediately chided.

Even though he didn’t know what Yang Jian was planning to do, it definitely wasn’t anything good.

“Who said I was going to frame you? I’m actually helping you,” Yang Jian said very seriously. “In your current state, even if you are rescued, you’ll quickly die outside. If you want to survive, don’t resist. That way, it’s good for you, good for me, good for everyone.”

Having said that, he didn’t care whether Feng Quan agreed or not; he was going to conduct this experiment.

“Yang Jian, you will regret doing this,” Feng Quan said, his face turning somewhat fierce.

Yang Jian replied, “You don’t even know what I’m going to do. How can you be sure that I’ll regret it? I don’t want to waste words. In short, if you cooperate with me, you can live. Don’t think of me as too cruel.”

After he finished speaking, the Headless Ghost Shadow at his feet slowly stood up.

Since he was going to experiment, he needed to suppress the other ghost inside Feng Quan’s body. Thus, Ghost Shadow needed to invade Feng Quan’s body.

The Headless Ghost Shadow stretched out its hand and grabbed Feng Quan’s wrist. The pitch-black shadow flowed into his body like water along his wrist.

Feng Quan felt an icy breath invading one of his arms, making his body lose sensation in the affected area as if it no longer belonged to him but to someone else.

“Yang Jian, I always knew you had ill intentions towards me. Zhao Lei was right; you deserve to die,” Feng Quan suddenly exclaimed with madness in his eyes.

The dark brown grave soil on his body seemed to come alive, writhing and multiplying at an unimaginable pace.

From Feng Quan’s waist, the dark brown grave soil spread out, connecting to his legs, and soon actually formed two legs.

Two legs formed from the clustered grave soil.

At that moment, Feng Quan suddenly leaped up from the bed and lunged at Yang Jian.

The grave soil kept sticking to his body and couldn’t be shaken off. As more and more accumulated, Yang Jian ended up like he was stuck in a marsh, being rapidly covered and engulfed by the grave soil.

“Let’s die together,” Feng Quan roared frantically.

The grave soil, like a resurgent ferocious ghost, covered Yang Jian’s body and also swallowed Feng Quan’s body, and the whole process took only around five seconds from start to finish.

It was so fast that it was impossible to react.

By the time everything was over, the room immediately fell into a dead silence.

A modestly sized grave mound eerily stood there.

At the top of the mound, a head emerged.

It was Feng Quan's head.

As for Yang Jian, he was completely covered by the grave soil, buried in this eerie dirt.

"Did it succeed?" Feng Quan cracked a smile, seemingly pleased with just his head exposed, feeling a sense of vengeance fulfilled.

But his situation was also dire.

The lone head protruding from the soil was also slowly sinking, seemingly about to submerge into the newly formed grave mound, becoming one of the corpses inside.

“So you know Zhao Lei... indeed, you’ve been attacked by a ghost, and your memory has been altered.” However, before Feng Quan could enjoy his triumph, Yang Jian’s voice unexpectedly rang out again in the room.

There was no one around, yet a voice could be heard.

The sound made Feng Quan’s face instantly stiffen.

“Impossible,” he widened his eyes in shock and horror, scanning the surroundings, trying to find Yang Jian’s position.

“Nothing is impossible. If I’m going to take action against you, I’ll certainly be prepared. Otherwise, why would I maintain the Ghost Domain? If I want to escape, it’s just a matter of moments. Do you think you could have succeeded?” Yang Jian’s figure gradually became visible.

He still stood beside the bed.

Just on the other side.

“I clearly saw the shadow behind you... you couldn’t have left using the Ghost Domain,” Feng Quan said through gritted teeth.

“You thought things through, but you took too long to act. Forget five seconds; even one second is enough for me to respond. Otherwise, what are all these eyes for?” Yang Jian pointed to the crimson, eerie eye on his forehead.

In the Ghost Domain, he could see everything that happened; there were no blind spots.

Chapter 368: Taking the Face

Without a doubt, Feng Quan’s last desperate counterattack had failed.

The mound of eerie grave soil that formed on his body was terrifying; it seemed even ghosts could be buried within. If Yang Jian had been swallowed by that grave soil just now, even if he perfectly harnessed the power of the Ghost Shadow, he likely would have died here.

But the more terrifying the attack, the greater the backlash on oneself.

Feng Quan was currently in the state of a ghost’s resurgence.

Only his head, which remained outside the mound, was slowly sinking, soon to be completely buried in the dark brown soil. Yang Jian could not be certain what other changes might occur once Feng Quan’s body was entirely engulfed—after all, he had never encountered such supernatural phenomena before.

However, looking at the strange tomb mound that was about to swallow Feng Quan whole, Yang Jian could not help but think of the crying tomb ghost he had seen on the mysterious bus and the mound in front of it.

Both mounds seemed somewhat similar... The only difference was that the mound swallowing Feng Quan was a bit smaller.

"You're really lucky, Yang Jian. I admit defeat this time, but don't get too happy too soon. If I can't kill you, someone else eventually will," Feng Quan growled like a wild beast, struggling to accept the reality of his failure.

This kind of gamble, going as far as risking the resurgence of a malevolent ghost for one strike, should not have ended in failure.

Unfortunately, he never imagined that Yang Jian would take the initiative to act against him.

If Yang Jian had chosen to carry him away from the hotel, Feng Quan's mid-journey assault would have had no chance of failure.

"It's too early for you to say these things now. Whether you die or not isn't up to the ghost inside you, it's up to me. Although you are in the state of a ghost's resurgence, I should still be able to suppress it for a while. Once I retrieve the other half of your body and restore the balance within you, it should get much better," Yang Jian calmly uncoupled the grass rope wrapped around his wrist.

This was the Ghost Rope.

He didn't approach the mound, to avoid another attack. Instead, he covered the Ghost Rope with Ghost Shadow, manipulated the rope, and tossed it forward, looping it directly over Feng Quan's head.

"This is... the Ghost Rope from Wang Yue," Feng Quan's madness diminished, his eyelids twitched, as he seemed to realize what Yang Jian was planning to do.

"Not bad, you've done your homework on the Ghost Rope, even remembering it after Wang Yue has been dead for so long. But looking at you now, even if half your body is cut off, you shouldn't die that easily. A few tugs on your neck with a rope shouldn't kill you so easily, right?" Yang Jian gripped the rope and pulled it fiercely.

The knot around Wang Yue's neck tightened sharply, and the intense sensation of choking turned his face bright red. He coughed violently several times, spitting out copious amounts of dark brown grave soil.

It seemed that his body was gradually turning to soil, from the inside out.

But Yang Jian's pull did not extract Wang Yue from the mound as he had imagined it would.

Wang Yue's body, buried in the mound, seemed to have fused with it or as if there was something incredibly heavy within that was holding back the other half of his body, making it impossible for him to simply leave.

"I refuse to believe I can't pull you out," Yang Jian said, pulling with all his strength and stepping back several paces, using all the power he could muster.

Now, Yang Jian's body was half-human, half-ghost, and his strength was surprisingly great. In Dachang City, he had done strength tests, and with this half-human, half-ghost body, his strength could reach the ton level. But that was just a simple test, and he had not tried his ultimate strength.

Because he was afraid of breaking his body.

But when Yang Jian exerted himself, he realized something was wrong.

Feng Quan's body didn't budge, still buried in the grave soil; his neck was stretched grotesquely long, his skin and flesh nearly torn apart, yet still unable to leave the soil.

Seeing this, Yang Jian's heart sank.

"Indeed very strange; my judgment wasn't wrong. This grave soil is very special. If I'd been buried, I definitely couldn't have crawled out. And it seems that pure strength alone can't pull Feng Quan out, at best, maybe I could only tear his head out."

"I don't need his head; what I want is Feng Quan, the ghost controller who commands two ghosts, not a dead man."

Yang Jian watched Feng Quan's painful and uncomfortable expression, knowing he was not dead, but he was close.

Without hesitation, he took out the last segment of the Ghost Candle from his pocket.

“Thankfully, that ghost’s attack left me with a tiny bit of Ghost Candle. It’ll be just enough to suppress this mound. I don’t need much time, just one second, and I can pull Feng Quan right out.”

Yang Jian’s gaze shifted slightly, and he quickly placed the small remaining segment of the Ghost Candle in front of the mound and lit it.

“Whoo~!”

As soon as the Ghost Candle was lit, the sinister green Ghost Flame expanded instantly, bursting like a ball of firelight.

This was due to the presence of a ghost nearby, accelerating the burning of the candle. Although the speed was not as fast as when Xiong Wenwen was attacked, it still exploded with a final burst of light.

The Ghost Candle burned out in an instant, and the light was extinguished.

But it still provided around two seconds of suppression.

Yang Jian, holding the taut Ghost Rope, immediately felt the pressure on Feng Quan's end ease, with some heavy burden vanishing in an instant.

"Bang~!"

Feng Quan flew out from the grave soil, grunted, and then crashed heavily onto the ground.

The mound that had already formed now collapsed instantly as if it lost some supporting force, turning into a puddle of mud tainted with the stench of decay, losing its former eeriness.

But within that heap of collapsing grave soil, Yang Jian saw an outline of a human figure formed from the mud.

This human figure had arms and legs, a head, and a face, resembling a complete corpse. Especially at the head, the mud-formed facial features were vividly detailed, with an open mouth and sunken eye sockets revealing three chilling holes, like a fierce ghost.

However, this ghost buried in the mound hadn't fully revived.

After Yang Jian pulled Feng Quan out, more grave soil continued to emerge from his body, attempting to form a new mound in a short time.

If not stopped, the situation from before would soon recur.

But, Yang Jian wouldn't stand by and watch this happen.

His Ghost Shadow had already been prepared and immediately invaded Feng Quan's body, helping him suppress the ghost's revival.

With the invasion of the Ghost Shadow, Feng Quan's reviving condition improved.

But this was temporary.

Once Yang Jian withdrew the Headless Ghost Shadow, Feng Quan would continue the ghost's revival.

"Alright, now onto the next step."

Yang Jian looked at Feng Quan, who lay motionless on the ground, confident that the Ghost Shadow had suppressed him, and now it was completely safe.

Only then did he take the bloodstained, old newspaper and crouch beside him.

Although Feng Quan was suppressed at this moment, he was still conscious. He looked at Yang Jian with eyes wide, unable to speak, his gaze filled with either anger or horror.

“Looking at me like that is useless. You’re much more dangerous now than you might imagine. Who knows how much that ghost changed your memories, but no worries, I’ll change them all back. After this, you’ll definitely be a good person.” Yang Jian unfolded the old newspaper in his hand and then slowly covered Feng Quan’s face with it.

Once the newspaper touched the face, it eerily clung to the flesh as if fusing into one. It quickly contracted and adhered tightly, and soon Feng Quan’s facial features emerged on the surface of the paper.

At this moment, Feng Quan felt as if his head was entangled in a plastic bag. A strong sense of suffocation surged, he opened his mouth to breathe, but it only made the bloodstained newspaper stick more tightly.

Gradually, he was about to lose consciousness and pass out.

“This feeling seems not to be the first time...” Feng Quan suddenly recalled having experienced this before, but he couldn’t remember when or where.

“Is it successful?”

Yang Jian quietly watched this eerie scene, waiting for the result to manifest.

It was his first time trying to use the Ghost Newspaper to alter someone's memories, and there were still many things he didn't understand, so he felt that necessary experiments and trials were indeed required.

After waiting for less than a minute.

He soon saw the newspaper that clung to Feng Quan's face loosened, not as tight as before.

Yang Jian felt it should be enough, so he reached over and tore the newspaper from Feng Quan's face.

Along with it came Feng Quan's entire face.

"It's successful," Yang Jian said, his gaze intensifying as he looked at the face on the Ghost Newspaper, eyes closed, with a somewhat eerie expression.

Feng Quan, now without a face, also lost consciousness and lay motionless.

His body still maintained its previous state, not suffocating to death from the lack of a nose and mouth for breathing.

It was an incomprehensible spectral phenomenon, beyond normal judgement.

“Now, to alter the memories.”

At this moment, Yang Jian saw several lines of crooked writing appear next to the face of Feng Quan stuck on the newspaper.

The handwriting was Zhao Lei’s.

“Forget that you were attacked.”

“When the opportunity arises, kill Yang Jian. He is your enemy.”

“Obey...”

The last line of text wasn’t finished, as if it had been abruptly cut off mid-sentence.

“Only a part of the memory was altered? It seems there was a problem when Feng Quan was attacked last time; the memory alteration wasn’t thorough,” Yang Jian thought to himself.

Chapter 369: The New Feng Quan

Looking at Feng Quan's face stuck to the Ghost Newspaper in my hand, the first thing Yang Jian had to do was to erase the traces altered by the ghost previously and then add the content he wanted to alter the memories with.

"Judging by the handwriting on this Ghost Newspaper, instead of saying the ghost can alter memories, it's more like planting a malicious thought."

Yang Jian pondered for a moment before reaching out and wiping away the messy handwriting above.

The handwriting was not hard to erase; it was just written with an ordinary pen. It only needed to be rubbed several times, and the handwriting already became blurred, then mixed with the bloodstains next to it and quickly disappeared.

Next, he found a pen in the room and after some thought wrote down the first line: Forget any grudge between you and Yang Jian, remember that Yang Jian has saved you many times, he is your lifesaver.

He cleared the previous grudge with that first sentence.

The second sentence: You are grateful to Yang Jian, willing to help him, and follow his orders regardless of the consequences.

This alteration was to make Feng Quan into a helper for Yang Jian in the future. As for other memories, Yang Jian did not plan to touch them because the more memories were altered, the easier it was for someone to notice something wrong with themselves, so blindly altering most memories was a very foolish act.

But changing two places, Yang Jian felt, was still not enough insurance.

He added another line: Your relationship with Yang Jian is very good, and anyone who tries to sow discord between you two is a bad person; stay away from such people.

"In this way, it would prevent someone from noticing something off with Feng Quan's relationship with me and reminding him, especially since Feng Quan is a clever man. I can't let him realize that his memories have been tampered with," Yang Jian thought to himself.

After that, he added a few more lines.

He altered some of Feng Quan's personality traits, eliminated some of his vengeful tendencies, so that even if one day he found out his memories had been tampered with, his personality would prevent him from doing something terrible.

After finishing, Yang Jian checked again: "That should be about right, as long as it really alters the memory as expected, then I can rest assured."

"Wait, I don't know if it will be successful or not, I need to add a piece of information to test it."

Suddenly, Yang Jian added one last line: "Likes to call Yang Jian 'Brother Tui'."

This point was crucial.

If Feng Quan's memory had been successfully altered, then the first words upon waking up would definitely be calling himself Brother Tui; if not, then the memory alteration had failed.

After completing all this and making sure nothing was overlooked, Yang Jian took the eerie newspaper and covered Feng Quan's face with it again.

However, contrary to what he had expected, his face did not smoothly return to his body, it still clung to the bloodstained old newspaper.

"The face can only be taken off, not put back on?" Yang Jian immediately frowned.

Then he realized the problem.

Because Feng Quan was not the ghost that tampered with memories, that ghost could affix the face, but Feng Quan did not have that ability.

Removing the face, altering the memory, and then attaching the face were the ghost's abilities.

Yang Jian had only obtained the Ghost Newspaper at this stage, so this ability was not perfect and had flaws; it was an incomplete supernatural phenomenon.

“No wonder the methods on the human skin paper for controlling the crying and smiling faces have chosen Tong Qian as the target... Because Tong Qian is a ghost, and only she can properly switch any face without this issue. In that case, is my experiment doomed to failure?”

His gaze flickered mildly.

He considered an alternative method.

That would be to use a Ghost Shadow to reattach Feng Quan’s face.

Since the Headless Ghost Shadow itself had the ability to stitch together bodies, whether it was a human or ghost body, or even non-bodily things, it could join them.

Like a shadow, it fitted perfectly together.

“^

“We can only try.”

Yang Jian used part of the Headless Ghost Shadow to continue suppressing Feng Quan's body, while another part invaded the Ghost Newspaper through the palm of his hand.

The suppression by the Headless Ghost Shadow was very successful.

Immediately, the face of Feng Quan that was glued to the newspaper fell off.

At the same time, the Ghost Newspaper returned to its previous appearance, stained with blood, ancient, and odd. The words that Yang Jian had just written also disappeared, either because it had lost the ability to tamper with memories, or the memories had already been altered.

Whether successful or not, Yang Jian had to attach the face back now.

The Ghost Shadow condensed into a black hand, took the face, and then covered Feng Quan's head with it.

The attachment was easy, done immediately.

But whether it would have the expected effect, Yang Jian was not certain since it was the work of two different ghosts. Whether it would yield the same effect had to be seen after the results manifested.

“Five minutes at most, successful or not, I must leave this place. I can’t stay here too long.” Yang Jian glanced at the time, feeling that his use of the Ghost Domain this time was a bit long, and also quite frequent.

Although the Headless Ghost Shadow was suppressing the Ghost Eyes, caution was still necessary.

Moreover, this hotel was not a safe place. It was better to leave earlier and seal this place off as part of wrapping things up. Besides, Tong Qian, who was already a ghost in Z City, was still waiting for him to deal with her.

Time passed by little by little.

About two minutes later, Feng Quan’s body began to move.

After having his face reattached, he suddenly seemed to regain consciousness, awakening from his slumber and opening his eyes abruptly.

Feng Quan came back to life.

Yang Jian immediately focused his gaze tightly on him.

The face was successfully reattached, but had the memory tampering succeeded as well?

“Brother Tui, why are you looking at me like that?” Feng Quan’s face showed confusion. He looked around and then said gratefully, “I thought I was going to die here. Sure enough, it was you who saved me again. You suppressed my fierce ghost revival.”

Hearing the words “Brother Tui,” Yang Jian immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

The memory tampering had succeeded.

Otherwise, Feng Quan would never address him like that.

“It’s okay, it’s good that you’re awake. We need to leave now, the hotel is very dangerous,” Yang Jian said casually as he retracted the Ghost Rope and Ghost Newspaper.

“I’m sorry for the trouble, I feel ashamed,” Feng Quan said, looking embarrassed.

Yang Jian said, “What’s most important is that you survived. Don’t worry about the rest.”

“You’re right, being alive is already fortunate,” Feng Quan nodded and said.

Judging by his expression and the emotions in his eyes, Yang Jian felt that his plan must have succeeded. He was also convinced that his Headless Ghost Shadow could indeed replace that ghost that tampered with memories to reattach faces.

This also meant that the Ghost Newspaper he held would prove to be of great use in the future.

He had already chosen his next target.

It was Tong Qian.

The method to control it described on the human skin paper still needed to be applied. However, the current priority was to deal with that ghost. He couldn't allow the ghost to continue staying in Z City; otherwise, the entire city could fall under the ghost's control, and by then dealing with it would have to take into account social impacts.

Chapter 370: Withdrawal

Yang Jian, carrying the half-body of Feng Quan, left the hotel again.

On the road, he inquired about the situation of Guo Fan.

After all, Feng Quan and Guo Fan acted together, and now while Feng Quan was alive, the other ghost controller, Guo Fan, was still missing.

"I don't know where Guo Fan is. He has turned off the communication and is in hiding. But according to my estimation, he should not be dead. He must have some secrets to hide, which is why he chose to split up and protect himself," Feng Quan recalled the situation at that time.

"Does that mean Guo Fan is still here, in this hotel?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he looked back.

Feng Quan said, "Eight or nine out of ten, yes. But since that ghost attacked me and I lost half of my body, he definitely isn't faring much better."

"Then let's not worry about him for now. I'm not particularly close to the guy anyway, so I'll let him fend for himself." Yang Jian thought for a moment and felt that whether Guo Fan was alive or dead wouldn't affect his next moves, so he didn't care too much.

After leaving the hotel, both of them were in the midst of the Ghost Fog.

At this moment, Feng Quan spoke, "My other half is within the Ghost Fog. We need to lure that ghost out and restrain it. I'm afraid that's going to be a tough job for you, Brother Tui, but the Ghost Fog isn't difficult to deal with. With your abilities, I believe you can suppress it rather easily."

"What's the pattern?" Yang Jian asked directly.

Feng Quan said, "The ghost within the Ghost Fog targets based on the movements inside the fog. If someone runs around in the Ghost Fog, they will quickly be found and killed by the ghost. The way to

survive is to stand still and not move. As long as you do not stir the Ghost Fog, that ghost won't attack you."

"Of course, that's only in all likelihood and not a certainty. The ghost in the Ghost Fog keeps moving, and if you happen to come into contact with it, it will still kill. Hence, the only thing a regular person sucked into the Ghost Fog can do is stand still, waiting for the fog to dissipate. You must not run or shout."

Having heard this, Yang Jian came to a realization.

No wonder he always felt like someone was following him whenever he entered or exited the Ghost Fog, but the noises would quickly disappear once he left the fog.

It was because his appearance stirred the Ghost Fog, drawing the ghost's attention.

"I'll lure that ghost out." At this moment, Yang Jian retracted the Ghost Domain, then boldly walked through the Ghost Fog with Feng Quan on his back.

The wind generated by their movement stirred up the dense fog around them. The rather greyish fog kept billowing and churning, disrupting the tranquility inside. It was like a fish suddenly leaping out of a serene lake, causing ripples to spread across the calm surface.

After walking through the thick Ghost Fog for a while, it was very quiet at first, but gradually, things started to feel off.

Shadows of human-like figures appeared faintly within the nearby fog, seemingly moving around and gradually coming closer.

There were no sounds in the dense fog, and visibility was greatly hampered.

Had it been an ordinary person, by now they would have been lost in the fog, and even if the ghost had been lured over, they wouldn't know it until it was too late, and death was upon them.

Though Yang Jian had retracted the Ghost Domain, his ghostly eye could still make out the surroundings with some effort.

The Ghost Fog affected visibility but didn't cause complete blindness.

The surrounding fog grew denser, and even breathing felt strange, with each breath bringing an inexplicable chill that made one shiver involuntarily.

"Brother Tui, that ghost is coming," Feng Quan whispered with a hint of coldness in his breath, "Doesn't it feel chilly? That's the ghost's way of killing. Once it gets close, the surrounding Ghost Fog turns into a terrible curse. Each breath, each second you stay, your body suffers from the fog's erosion."

"For ordinary people, when attacked by the ghost in the fog, just a touch is enough for their bodies to be rapidly assimilated."

Yang Jian checked his own arm and found no abnormalities; “What happens after assimilation?”

“The body turns into fog and disperses, leaving only the clothes behind. After that, the Ghost Fog becomes even denser and its range spreads further... The more people die in it, the more powerful the fog becomes. It’s a growth that is terribly formidable and can’t be ignored,” Feng Quan said, his face full of deep concern, “My failure in this operation means a great responsibility on me if the Mist Ghost gets out.”

Before he could continue, his tone suddenly changed, “It’s going to appear, that ghost is nearby, I can feel it.”

With his body’s sensitivity to the surrounding fog, Feng Quan could accurately sense that the ghost was near the two of them.

After all, he was the one who had once controlled this ghost, and no one knew it better than him.

Yang Jian, being brave and skilled, kept his composure in the face of this ghost, which had not fully awakened. His eyes flickered, and with his ghostly eye open, he searched the dense fog around him.

Soon, his gaze locked on a spot not far to the left front, where the fog was so thick that you couldn’t see your hand in front of your face.

A human-like silhouette within that patch of fog became clearer and closer with each passing moment. With each approach toward Yang Jian, it seemed as though the temperature around him dropped several degrees, and the invasion of the Ghost Fog became more severe.

It was a ghost that could kill merely by getting close.

“Move a bit closer.” Yang Jian continued walking because this action lured the ghost, and at the same time, the shadow under his feet had formed the shape of a palm, endlessly extending towards the ghost.

Ghost Shadow was mostly suppressing the revival of Feng Quan’s fierce spirit, leaving few parts available to move; it could only stretch out one hand.

But he believed that this should be enough to deal with the Ghost Fog.

About a dozen seconds passed.

The ghost within the Ghost Fog finally appeared within the sight of his ghost eyes, and the distance between them was only about five meters.

Yang Jian saw the source of the Ghost Fog clearly.

It was a humanoid figure condensed from dense fog, with limbs and facial features but extremely unstable in form, looking as though a gust of wind could blow it away and dissolve it into the surrounding fog at any moment, blending perfectly with the environment and making it nearly impossible to distinguish the fog from the ghost.

The only difference was that the ghost's form was condensed from an even denser fog, which still allowed him to barely notice it when compared to the surrounding environment.

However, the Mist Ghost was incomplete; its upper body was condensed from dense fog, while its lower body turned out to be Feng Quan's.

It moved using the legs that originally belonged to Feng Quan, seemingly unable to detach itself from that body.

"Is it because of the Grave Soil? The two ghosts have formed a restraint on each other." Yang Jian saw that with every few steps the Mist Ghost took, some dark brown soil would fall off.

That was the residual Grave Soil inside Feng Quan's body, but judging from the situation, all of it would fall off within a day or two. By then, the Mist Ghost would be completely freed, shedding the lower body of Feng Quan and returning to the Ghost Fog to merge with it.

Only then would the true revival of the Ghost Fog take place.

After the revival, the Ghost Fog might not just envelop a hotel, but several streets, or even an entire city.

"A little closer." Yang Jian walked while waiting for the Mist Ghost to come closer.

The hand formed by Ghost Shadow was already waiting by the side, ready to grab the ghost as soon as it got close enough.

The trap was primitive, and anyone could see through it, but the ghost moved in a fixed manner, indifferent to whether there was a trap or not.

Five seconds later.

The ghost from within the dense fog stepped into Yang Jian's attack range. In such a range, he didn't think there was any possibility of failure.

The Ghost Shadow lurking on the ground immediately rose up, grabbing the legs of the Mist Ghost with a pitch-black palm.

The Mist Ghost seemed to struggle and resist, but it was futile.

As the Ghost Shadow invaded, the upper body formed from dense fog began to rapidly disintegrate, and the surrounding fog also continually dissipated.

"Restriction successful," Yang Jian slowly remarked.

"Brother Tui, you're really powerful. This level of ghost poses no threat to you," Feng Quan praised with a smile, seeing the surrounding fog dissipate at an incredible rate.

It was a sign that the fierce spirit was being restrained, and the derivative supernatural phenomena would vanish.

“Let’s not praise me yet. The priority is to reattach your body. The Grave Soil in your body has been revived, and the Ghost Fog is fast approaching. I don’t know if the balance between the two ghosts can be restored,” Yang Jian expressed his concern as he swiftly carried Feng Quan’s upper body over.

He put the successfully suppressed lower body together with the upper body and used Ghost Shadow to piece them together.

It was like putting together Lego, piecing together the severed body.

Putting the body back together wasn’t difficult for Yang Jian; it had become an easy task for him, but it wasn’t certain whether Feng Quan would survive.

The physical state of a ghost controller is hard to predict using common sense, so it still depended on whether Feng Quan was fortunate enough.

“It’s working, I can feel my lower body moving again,” Feng Quan exclaimed with some surprise.

Yang Jian said, “Although you’ve regained sensation, it’s because I’m suppressing the ghost inside your body. If I were to stop, you might immediately die from the fierce spirit’s revival. So the next step is crucial, as I’m going to withdraw Ghost Shadow.”

“Okay, withdraw the Ghost Shadow and I’ll try again. If I really die from the fierce spirit’s revival, then so be it. In our line of work, there’s no such thing as not dying,” Feng Quan nodded, his face showing no fear.

To him, today’s life was already a bonus.

If Yang Jian hadn’t forcibly prolonged his life, he would have already died from the fierce spirit’s revival back at the hotel. So having the chance to live now, even if it was slim, was a very pleasant surprise for him. Even if he ended up dying, he would have lived this much longer.

Yang Jian didn’t say more at this moment and immediately retracted the Headless Ghost Shadow.