

Revival 376

Chapter 376: The Man with Three Faces

A man's body, a woman's face.

Yang Jian felt that if he really did that, once Tong Qian came back to life, she might furiously chase him down the entire street,

but he did not want to risk another venture into the hotel to find a still-living female corpse for Tong Qian, let alone commit murder of another innocent woman for her resurrection.

Similarly, he could not allow Zhao Lei to be resurrected as a stranger.

"The only usable body is Zhao Lei's, now that we can't find Zhao Lei's face, he cannot be brought back to life. Tong Qian's face is in my hands, but her body can no longer be used, her body has been taken by a ghost, and I cannot possibly entertain the notion of battling that ghost... This is the only way now, if we delay any longer, the face will decay, the body will die, and then nothing can be salvaged."

Yang Jian, though reluctant to do so, had no choice.

The circumstances did not permit perfection.

Moreover, puppeteers of ghosts themselves are an existence neither human nor ghost, like Feng Quan, Luo Su Yi's body, which in fact was already dead, merely sustained by a ghost maintaining an unimaginable semblance of life.

If even becoming a walking corpse is acceptable, then a minor sex change surgery seems not so incomprehensible.

"Compared to being alive, this is nothing, don't you think? Tong Qian."

Yang Jian looked at Tong Qian's face, muttered to himself, then slowly stood up.

After finishing the grilled meat in his hand, he decided to immediately commence this forbidden resurrection surgery, personally performing the entire procedure.

Because what Yang Jian had to do was not just to bring Tong Qian back to life, but to have her perfectly control two Ghost Faces and become a new puppeteer of ghosts.

This method was derived from the Human Skin Scroll.

He believed this method should be without fault, though there was still the possibility of failure, since no one can guarantee control over such paranormal entities.

He pondered seriously.

Recalling the contents previously written on the Human Skin Scroll, Yang Jian needed to mentally run through the procedure several times to ensure there were no oversights.

However, the method itself is quite simple, the key is to have someone point it out.

If not, an ordinary person could wonder for a lifetime and still never figure it out. Of course, there's another critical point – one must have the corresponding ghost at hand.

This was the most difficult part.

Just as when Yang Jian had resurrected from within the Ghost Mirror, every condition was vital. Only when all prerequisites were met did he become what he is now, an anomaly perfectly controlling a ghost.

The same went for Tong Qian.

However, collecting the ghosts had been done by Yang Jian for her; all she needed to do now was to wait in slumber.

Either to be resurrected,

or to remain dead forever.

“Let’s begin. We’re far from Z-city here, with no one nearby. Even if it fails, it won’t result in innocent casualties,” Yang Jian interrupted his train of thought, decided to follow the instructions on the Human Skin Scroll, to bring Tong Qian back to life, and let her control two Ghost Faces.

Of course, before that, there was one preparation he had to make.

To alter a part of Tong Qian’s memory.

To ensure that when she woke up, she would not undergo a drastic personality change and become his enemy.

Although he was fairly confident in Tong Qian’s personality, extra precaution was better.

He took out the blood-stained old newspaper and placed Tong Qian’s human face on it.

Immediately, the blood-stained old newspaper adhered to the human face as if it had just been torn off, impossible to remove easily.

But the moment the human face stuck to the paper, a line of crooked writing emerged next to it on the blood-stained newspaper.

Kill Yang Jian~!

The handwriting was sloppy and clear, crooked, yet it exuded a chilling coldness.

“That ghost took a double precaution; it not only turned itself into Tong Qian but also altered Tong Qian’s original memory,” Yang Jian observed the line of text, his eyes narrowing slightly.

If he did nothing and just helped Tong Qian regain her body, he would likely end up dead by Tong Qian’s hands in the future.

If he hadn’t discovered Tong Qian’s true identity, he’d be in danger as well.

This was entirely a huge conspiracy and trap aimed at him.

One wrong step, and he’d lose everything.

“Fortunately, this newspaper ended up in my hands, that ghost could never have imagined that, while it controlled Zhao Lei, Zhao Lei had tricked it back, leaving behind a crucial piece of information. Otherwise, I would never be able to find Room 31 in that hotel.”

Dealing with ghosts is no longer just about finding a pattern to survive; it calls for constant vigilance and extreme caution.

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Although Yang Jian had already imprisoned the ghost, he still felt some lingering fear.

Looking at the handwriting on the old newspaper.

Yang Jian first smeared away the handwriting left by the ghost, and then wrote down the content he wanted to use to alter memories.

He didn't have the wicked interest in turning someone into his slave— not even altering Feng Quan's memories beyond making him trust him, forgetting any grudges between them, the idea “you are a good person” and similar thoughts.

As for Tong Qian, the alterations were even simpler.

Only one thing: Trust Yang Jian.

He also made some preventative alterations, such as forgetting the memories implanted by the ferocious ghost, “you are a cautious and kind person.”

After doing all this, Yang Jian finally put his mind at ease.

The first step was complete.

Then the second step.

Yang Jian prepared for a while, taking out a piece of white cloth with the pattern of a crying face on it.

This was the Crying Tomb Ghost’s face-covering cloth, marked with the contours of a human face, showing a crying expression.

Next to it was another human face, unisex, with a smiling expression and squinting eyes, as if it was about to come to life at any moment, giving off a chilling feeling.

The face on the face-covering cloth was crying, so the human skin paper stated.

Next to it was the smiling face, belonging to the Ghost Face behind Tong Qian’s head.

In the middle was Tong Qian's own face.

At the top lay a body without any facial features, which was Zhao Lei's body; it still showed signs of life and could not yet be considered a corpse.

Three faces and a body.

This was all the preparatory work completed by Yang Jian.

What followed was the assembly.

The task at hand was something any person could do.

"The smiling face and the crying face need to be placed on the body at the same time, ensuring a balance occurs," Yang Jian stood by the side of the bed and silently observed Zhao Lei's body.

Then, beside him, the Headless Ghost Shadow slowly stood up.

It was as if a person appeared next to him.

The Headless Ghost Shadow then stretched out its hand, grabbing the face-covering cloth in one hand and the smiling face in the other, and then slowly approached Zhao Lei.

The Human Skin Mask-like smiling face was laid over Zhao Lei's right cheek

It was only for a moment upon contact that the face seemed to come to life, sticking directly onto it and the mouth slightly opening, as if it wanted to let out that terrifying, strange laugh.

But at the same time, the face-covering cloth bearing the crying face also covered Zhao Lei's left cheek.

The face-covering cloth also weirdly stuck onto it.

The outline of a crying face was clearly visible, and it too began to open its mouth, letting out cries one after another.

Yang Jian took a sharp breath, feeling somewhat horrified, with no way back after this step; he hurriedly covered the middle with Tong Qian's face.

The blood-stained old newspaper now also weirdly stuck to it, as if a layer of flesh rapidly healed together, inseparable ever after.

The smiling face to the right, the crying face to the left, Tong Qian's face in the middle.

At that moment, Zhao Lei's body now had three faces.

But the terrifying scene had just begun.

As the two Ghost Faces merged, a laugh and a cry began to echo in the room.

The smiling face and the crying face were resurrected at the same time.

"I'm out of here."

Yang Jian's heart raced, and he immediately used the power of the Ghost Domain to slip away.

He couldn't get involved in such a situation, otherwise, he would be caught in the voices of the two Ghost Faces and then be killed.

All he had to do was wait for things to end and then come back to see the results.

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Unaware of the events unfolding inside the room, Luo Su Yi and the others, who were barbecuing in the villa's yard, were caught off guard when the lights around them suddenly dimmed and a person abruptly appeared before them, startling them.

"Damn, you're going to scare me to death if you keep popping up like that. You're really extravagant with how you use the Ghost Domain."

Luo Su Yi, who had been startled, was relieved at first to see Yang Jian appear suddenly but then expressed surprise.

Yang Jian was using the power of malevolent ghosts quite frequently, which was not typical for someone who had mastered control over two ghosts, seemingly unconcerned about the potential resurgence of malevolent ghosts.

"I made a little experiment and decided to resurrect Tong Qian, but now there's a small problem in the room, and I'm planning to make a run for it. Do you want to come with me?" Yang Jian asked.

Hmm?

Upon hearing this, Luo Su Yi and Huang Fei immediately widened their eyes in shock, and not too far away, Lin Luomei froze as well.

Before they could ask what the problem was, a bizarre laugh echoed from the house behind them, coupled with a sound like a woman crying at a grave.

The combination of the two sounds was so unsettling it felt as if someone was standing right beside them, laughing and crying at the same time, as if they could reach out and touch the source of the noises.

It made their flesh crawl.

“Quick, let’s go, it’s Tong Qian’s Ghost Face that has revived,” Luo Su Yi said, running off in terror.

Huang Fei almost choked on his beer in shock and quickly sprayed it out before hastily running towards the outside of the villa.

However, before they could take more than a few steps, the scenery around them changed.

They found themselves beside a small stream.

Next to them were the beer, barbecue grill, and the skewers of meat they had just grilled.

“This place should be safe, we shouldn’t be affected here,” Yang Jian said as he sat down on a recliner by the side and looked towards the brightly lit villa among the green trees in the distance.

Upon seeing everything around him, Luo Su Yi immediately realized they were far from home and said in amazement, "Yang Jian, what exactly did you do in my house? How did you let Tong Qian's Ghost Face out again? That thing is so dangerous, you should be finding a way to dispose of it."

"Or at least seal it away completely."

Yang Jian picked up a bottle of beer, flicked it lightly, and the cap flew off. "Didn't I tell you? I want to resurrect Tong Qian."

"Resurrect Tong Qian? Is that even possible? Previously, Luo Su Yi said that all that remains of Tong Qian in Z city is just a face," Huang Fei said, even more shocked.

Death was all they had ever seen when dealing with supernatural incidents; no one who was killed by a ghost had ever come back to life.

Yang Jian said, "Tong Qian only has a face left, but didn't I bring back a body? That's the body of my high school classmate. I couldn't find his face among the human faces I took from the hotel. Without a face, the body would die soon, and without a body, the face would also rot away quickly."

"So I put Tong Qian's face on the body of my classmate, like surgery, joining what each needed together. If we're lucky, she should be able to resurrect."

Upon hearing this, Luo Su Yi almost jumped up: "How could that possibly succeed, with no face and just stitching it together? The face was taken by a ghost, only a ghost could manage that, but would that thing listen to you?"

“Human ability can’t manage it, but ghostly ability might just be able to,” Yang Jian said, taking a sip of beer.

“It’s not so complicated. Just wait and see, once Tong Qian is resurrected, she will become a different sort of entity that has mastered two ghosts, like me. No, even more special than me.”

“Two ghosts? Wasn’t it just a Ghost Face?” Luo Su Yi was surprised by Yang Jian’s words but then realized something wasn’t quite right.

Tong Qian was supposed to have just one Ghost Face.

Yang Jian smiled; “She only had one Ghost Face, but I have another Ghost Face in my hand, which I found elsewhere. I’ve put both Ghost Faces together on her, along with her own face... Now, she has three faces on her head.”

“You’re crazy,” was all Luo Su Yi could say in his shock.

Huang Fei was stunned as well. What Yang Jian was doing was not just crazy but terrifying. He wasn’t just defying the taboo of life and death, but was toying with the power of malevolent ghosts to create a horrific aberration.

Others who had become ghost controllers were already desperate just trying to stay alive, yet Yang Jian seemed to revel in it, trying to unearth something even more extraordinary from the paranormal.

This approach resembled some of the ancient folklore told among the people.

Raising ghosts.

Indeed, what Yang Jian was doing could be seen as a form of indirect ghost raising.

“Have you considered that if you fail, you’re essentially releasing two ghosts, causing another terrifying supernatural incident?” Luo Su Yi’s voice trembled, thinking Yang Jian was just bold and detail-oriented, never expecting such madness beneath the surface.

Yang Jian said, “No, I performed the surgery here at your villa specifically because I considered the safety of Z city. Even if the thing fails, I can put an end to the disaster it causes in advance. I’m confident I can imprison what I’ve personally released.”

“Moreover, it’s a pity for Tong Qian to die like this when she still had a chance for revival, so I think it’s worth a try.”

“Don’t exaggerate the issue, eat what you should, drink what you should, and after tonight, none of this will have anything to do with you anymore.”

After saying this, Yang Jian picked up a sausage that had been roasted and began to eat.

Luo Su Yi and Huang Fei looked at each other.

What kind of person was this Yang Jian? Even in such a situation, he still had the appetite for skewers.

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But now that things had come to this point, everything had been done, and they didn't know what to say anymore. They could only wait as bystanders for the end of this affair, and perhaps, have the chance to witness the eerie resurrection of someone with just one human face left right in front of their own eyes.

But could Tong Qian really come back to life?

This question emerged in everyone's mind, yet Yang Jian was concerned about something else.

He knew that if it was just a matter of resurrecting Tong Qian, the chances were high. As long as the body and face met the conditions to continue living, resurrection was not difficult; after all, Tong Qian wasn't truly gone—her face was still alive, it was just the body that was missing.

However, Yang Jian harbored a selfish desire; he hoped that in this opportunity for resurrection, Tong Qian would take control of two ghost faces.

Of course, if she failed, then Tong Qian would never be able to awaken again.

At this moment.

The room that Yang Jian had previously been in was now enveloped in creepy laughter and strange wails, shrouding the villa.

This place had become a forbidden ground for the living.

Anyone who heard this laughter or crying was undoubtedly doomed, even Yang Jian didn't dare to stay here and had to keep his distance.

Lying on the bed was Zhao Lei, no, Zhao Lei's body was there, but the identity did not belong to him; instead, it was more fitting to refer to it as Tong Qian at this moment.

Tong Qian lay there like a lifeless corpse, unresponsive. On one side of her face, there was a human face with a smile, androgynous, adhered like a human skin mask, vivid and lifelike. On the other side, a dirty and old white cloth imprinted with another human face masked her features.

It was a face of sorrow, as if it were about to burst into tears.

And as time passed, the tearful face became increasingly embedded into the skin as if it had grown there.

The old, tattered cloth fell from her face.

The contours of the tearful face disappeared from the cloth, but on Tong Qian's own face, the sobbing contours had taken the shape of a human face.

The spectral attributes of the cloth had transferred onto Tong Qian. Had she still been alive, she would now have become a spirit controller, mastering this weeping face.

But now she was not living.

Because a blood-stained newspaper still covered the front of Tong Qian's face, revealing the outline of a third human face as well.

It was the countenance of a beautiful woman.

This face belonged to Tong Qian.

At this moment, Tong Qian's own face alternated between eerie smiles and expressions of sadness, as if she were on the verge of tears.

The two expressions swiftly switched back and forth, performing a frightful face-changing game.

Whether Tong Qian turned into the crying face or the smiling face, both meant death, and she would never be able to resurrect again.

Because this signified the murderous methods of the two ghost faces.

To turn into a smiling face meant death at the hands of the laughing ghost face, to turn into the crying face meant death at the hands of the weeping ghost face.

But, the whole setup designed by Yang Jian held a certain miracle.

No, it should be said that the method suggested by the human skin mask to horrendously control the spirits had a chance of success.

For instance.

When Tong Qian was about to turn into the laughing face, the sobbing of the crying face would pull her expression back, and when she was about to turn into the weeping face again, the smiling face would change it back.

The two ghost faces engaged in a bizarre battle.

Just like when Yang Jian had previously been hanging in front of the Ghost Mirror.

The way to survive was for both ghosts to crash, with Tong Qian, the third party, orchestrating all the spectral elements.

Moreover, unlike Yang Jian, once Tong Qian succeeded, she would perfectly control the two ghost faces, achieving a form of perfection that was different in some way, even surpassing Yang Jian in some respects.

In fact, Yang Jian had also considered applying this method to himself, instantly controlling two more ghosts.

But he knew he couldn't.

Because the Ghost Eye and the Headless Ghost Shadow were already in his body; the balance could not be easily broken, and only ordinary people could attempt this madness.

But considering his friends nearby.

Yang Jian could not let Zhang Wei, Jiang Yan, or Wang Shanshan undergo such things.

They didn't have the mental fortitude to become ghost controllers, and they were living well enough, with no need to take such risks.

Therefore, Tong Qian was the perfect candidate.

What's more, the Ghost Face was originally hers, and now that she was left with only one human face, she was no different from the dead, so Yang Jian felt no psychological burden with this trial.

Chapter 378: The New Tong Qian

The suburban wilderness was very quiet, with only the occasional sound of insects chirping in the grass.

Luo Su Yi, Huang Fei, and the others, having left the suburban villa, sat yawning in front of the barbecue grill, listlessly prodding the charcoal with a stick they had picked up.

They checked the time.

It was already three o'clock in the morning.

They were not like Yang Jian, the outlier. Although they had become ghost manipulators, they still needed rest, especially since Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei had gone to the hotel and had not yet rested properly. They had intended to eat their fill, drink well, and have a good sleep, but who knew Yang Jian would play with ghosts at home.

Who could endure that?

“Smack~!”

Luo Su Yi suddenly slapped a hand down.

“What are you doing?” Huang Fei asked, looking at him.

“There was a mosquito,” said Luo Su Yi.

Huang Fei said, “You’re swatting a mosquito, why slap me?”

“No, there was a mosquito on your face. I was helping you,” Luo Su Yi explained.

Huang Fei remarked, “There are mosquitoes by Yang Jian, too. Why don’t you go help him?”

“I’m not on good terms with him, so I’d rather not. Mainly, I saw you were about to fall asleep, so I wanted to keep you alert. After all, we never know when we might have to make a run for it again,” Luo Su Yi said, looking like he was doing him a favor.

Huang Fei gave him a strange look, “If you keep this up, I’m going to have to fight back.”

“That’s fine. If you see me about to fall asleep, slap me awake, too. Just don’t leave me here alone; it’s not safe in this wilderness,” Luo Su Yi said, then immediately turned and added, “Yang Jian, how’s it going over there? Did you succeed? I want to go home and sleep.”

Yang Jian wasn’t always paying attention to the situation in that distant house; he was now watching a movie on his phone.

Using satellite location for mobile data sharing really felt great.

“Tong Qian’s situation won’t last very long. After all, the two Ghost Faces are almost identical, so it’s easy to balance them. There will be results soon, don’t worry. I have it under control; I’ve been observing it all along,” Yang Jian said offhandedly.

“You said the same thing an hour ago, and you weren’t observing at all. You were just playing with your phone,” Luo Su Yi contested.

Yang Jian said, “Is that so? Well, that’s because I hadn’t finished my movie an hour ago.”

With that, he looked up to check on the villa in the distance.

At that moment, however, he noticed that the lights outside the villa had gone out at some point, and it was pitch-dark in the distance, with nothing visible.

“Did your house have a blackout? Did you forget to pay the electricity bill?” Yang Jian asked.

“I just paid the bill the day before yesterday. How could there be a blackout? There must be a problem. Now it’s up to you to deal with it, but don’t drag me into it,” Luo Su Yi suddenly felt uneasy and quickly distanced himself.

“I’ll check it out.”

The skin on Yang Jian’s forehead suddenly stretched open, and a bizarre crimson eye appeared.

The Ghost Eye emitted a red light that cast a sinister crimson hue on everything nearby as if blood were flowing over it.

Soon the red light coalesced into a beam, like a searchlight, extending toward Luo Su Yi’s villa.

Through the Ghost Eye, Yang Jian’s gaze immediately reached inside the room.

The darkness inside couldn’t block the Ghost Eye’s sight.

He saw a person standing abruptly in the villa's lobby, and in front of them stood a drinks cabinet, the glass doors of which reflected the appearance of three human faces.

It was clear.

Tong Qian had gotten up and come out.

But Yang Jian couldn't yet be sure what state she was in now.

"What's it like inside?" Luo Su Yi asked curiously.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, "It should have been successful, but I'm not certain. After all, I can only rely on what the eye sees, so I need to check it out myself. By the way, do you want to come along?"

"No, it's fine. You do your thing. If it's safe, give me a call," Luo Su Yi declined to get involved with Yang Jian.

This guy played with dangers beyond his imagination; one could end up losing their life.

“Then I’ll have to go check it out myself,” Yang Jian said, standing up to go back and confirm the situation.

At this very moment.

Inside the villa’s living room.

Tong Qian stood there numbly, motionless.

Even without lights, the dim living room was visibly aglow from outside light, allowing her to clearly see her reflection in the glass before her.

It was eerie, alien, like a resurrected ghoul, chilling to the bone.

“Why have I come back to life? Where am I? Shouldn’t I have died in the Caesar Hotel?” Numerous questions flooded Tong Qian’s mind.

But those queries were insignificant compared to her current appearance.

She only knew that she seemed to have been resurrected.

As for why, she had no clue. All she saw now was that the face in the mirror had a terrifying set of three faces.

One with a bizarrely smiling Ghost Face.

This face was very familiar to her.

However, on the other side, a similarly ghostly face made her feel estranged and uneasy; it was a crying face corresponding to the smiling face.

In between the two faces was her own face.

Although pale, it was still delicate and beautiful, but the expression seemed to carry a hint of a smile and a hint of tears, making it quite bizarre—as if it were a side effect leftover from the recent possession.

“And this body doesn’t seem to be mine either,” Tong Qian felt that she was a bit taller than before and also stronger.

Most importantly, the body’s features appeared to be those of a man, not her original body.

“What on earth is going on...”

Tong Qian murmured to herself, but she didn't feel panic, only questions, without unease.

It seemed she lacked a certain emotion.

"Tss tss~!"

At that moment, a series of faint electrical sounds emerged from around her, followed by the sudden illumination of the living room lights, instantly brightening the dim space.

At this time, Yang Jian came out from a nearby room, a blood-stained old newspaper in his hand.

"Who?"

Tong Qian immediately noticed him, and with a bizarre twist of her head, a crying face confronted him.

Curiously, she could see everything before her through this crying face.

"It's me, how come? Haven't seen me for a while and you've forgotten me?" Yang Jian put away the blood-stained old newspaper, as for the face-covering cloth, it was completely rotten and useless.

The face-covering cloth wasn't a supernatural object; it was just a carrier for the crying face and didn't possess any special abilities.

"Yang Jian?" Tong Qian finally turned around slowly, facing him with her original face,

"Tell me, what exactly is going on?"

Yang Jian said, "A few days ago I received a notification from Zhao Jianguo, saying that you disappeared while handling a supernatural event in Z City. Afterwards, I came to support, and together with Feng Quan, Xiong Wenwen and several other ghost controllers, we resolved the incident, just like that."

"I'm not asking about that, but why I turned out this way?" Tong Qian asked.

Yang Jian replied, "You died, killed by a ghost, leaving only a human face. I used some special methods to resurrect you, and in the process, I helped you control two ghost faces, just like that."

"This isn't my body," Tong Qian stretched out her hands to check.

The somewhat rough hands were utterly foreign.

“Your body was invaded by a ghost and should now be with Feng Quan. If you want to see it, I don’t mind, but to bring you back to life, your original body couldn’t be used. I had to find another body for you, and this was the only compatible one I could find. Of course, I also considered that you might not be too satisfied.”

“Unless you wanted me to kill an innocent girl to provide you with a fresh body.”

“No, there’s no need, we can’t kill others and take their bodies just to revive me. I’m glad you didn’t do that; otherwise, I wouldn’t have forgiven you.”

Tong Qian interrupted him decisively, rejecting such a cruel method.

Yang Jian said, “I thought so too, that’s why I didn’t do it. But I wonder if you can accept your current appearance?”

Instead of responding, Tong Qian asked, “Whose body is this now?”

“It belonged to a high school classmate of mine, Zhao Lei, who was attacked by a ghost. I couldn’t find his face, only this body remaining alive. If I didn’t use his body for you, it would have died in two or three days at most. I had no choice,” said Yang Jian calmly.

“We both had no choice... This is pretty good.”

Tong Qian turned to look at the mirror in front of her, continuing to survey her new appearance.

It would take some time to accept this new self.

“Just take a moment to calm down,” Yang Jian said, not wanting to disturb Tong Qian, and turned to leave.

“Yang Jian, wait.” Tong Qian suddenly turned around to look at him again.

“Is there something else?”

Tong Qian said, “I’m very hungry, I want to eat something... Also, thank you, thank you for doing so much for me.”

“Don’t mention it, being alive is the most important thing, isn’t it?” Yang Jian replied with a light smile.

However, at that moment, Tong Qian’s head suddenly twisted, a smiling face creepily fixated on him, and incredibly, spoke, “Don’t smile, never smile in front of me. I’m not yet accustomed to this condition; I fear I could accidentally kill you.”

The voice that came from the smiling face was chillingly bizarre, like a ghost issuing a sinister warning that sent shivers down the spine.

No sooner had she finished speaking than Tong Qian's head turned, and her own beautiful face regarded him with some concern.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

From her words, he could deduce that once he smiled, Tong Qian's smiling face would turn to face him.

Then he might die... even without making a sound.

This was a new kind of creepiness.

Similarly, crying was certainly not allowed either.

What he didn't expect was that after Tong Qian perfectly controlled the two ghost faces, she could make them speak, and it seemed she could even make them see on her behalf, effectively having three faces at her disposal.

"Then you'll have to get used to it quickly; it's a very terrible and dangerous ability," Yang Jian said.

"I'll try my best," Tong Qian said earnestly.

Yang Jian said, "There's food in the fridge; I'll go get you something."

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"Is she really okay like this?"

Having returned to their accommodation, Luo Su Yi, Huang Fei, and Lin Luomei all watched Tong Qian, who had been resurrected, now gobbling up food ravenously.

Milk, beer, roasted meat, biscuits, and the like kept being stuffed into her mouth as if she hadn't eaten for days.

However, what made them truly uneasy was the fact that Tong Qian now had three faces on her head, and each face seemed to be alive, capable of looking around with open eyes and even speaking, as though triplets were sharing one body.

But that alone wasn't what frightened them.

What truly induced a feeling of alarm was that the other two faces on Tong Qian weren't human at all, but ghost faces.

One appeared to be crying, the other seemed to be laughing.

Merely speaking a single word could make one feel as though they were being manipulated, driven to tears or laughter against their will, unwittingly allowing the ghostly presence to affect one's emotions.

And once you laughed or cried, you would trigger the murderous rule of these two ghost faces.

It was a kind of bizarre, lethal move.

No one had tried to withstand it, and of course, Luo Su Yi and Huang Fei didn't dare to try either.

"Although the look isn't very pleasing, she seems quite spirited, so there shouldn't be a problem. At least it can be confirmed that she is indeed alive."

Yang Jian had been observing Tong Qian all this while and could confirm that her current condition was very good.

At least it was much better than when he had been resurrected.

After his own resurrection, his body had nearly rotted away, livor mortis setting in. If it wasn't for the Ghost Mirror reversing the situation, he would have completely become a corpse by now.

“What if some problem arises later on? It looks very dangerous,” Luo Su Yi whispered.

Yang Jian looked at him and said, “Which of the Ghost Controllers look safe to you? Do you even consider your current body human? At least she’s better off than you.”

Having said that, he grabbed Luo Su Yi’s wrist to check.

But beneath the flesh of Luo Su Yi’s wrist seemed to squirm something restless, another eerie entity parasitizing within, merging with his body.

“If you continue like this, you’ll be left with nothing but skin. The flesh and blood in your body are being gradually replaced. Tong Qian, at least, has a normal living human body.”

Luo Su Yi gave an awkward smile and retracted his wrist somewhat unnaturally.

“After daybreak, I will leave this place with Tong Qian. After that, this matter will no longer concern you, so there’s no need for you to worry. I won’t come looking for trouble with you either,” Yang Jian declared.

“As for the future, I think it’s unlikely we’ll meet again. We’re all living on borrowed time; heaven knows how long we have left. Who knows, I might make the news some day,” Yang Jian added.

"That's also true, our chance meeting was also fate," Huang Fei, sitting beside and smoking a cigarette, frowned as he spoke.

"I suddenly find that you've become more profound in your speeches."

Huang Fei replied, "Really? Maybe it's because I've been through a lot. You're still young; you won't understand."

"I'm full," Tong Qian announced, having finished her last bottle of beer and letting out a long sigh of relief.

"We have two hours to rest before we need to return to Z city. After wrapping up some things, I should return to Dachang City."

"You can still work in your current condition, right?" Yang Jian asked.

Tong Qian shook her head, the ghost faces alternately switching before she answered, "There should be no problem. Although I'm not used to having two extra faces, it's more than I had before and... I don't feel any urge from these two faces to resurrect, which is an experience I've never had before. Normally, that ghost face would keep moving on my head, trying to cover my own face."

"But now, it's quiet."

“Isn’t that a good sign?” Yang Jian remarked.

“You’re right, but I’m still not quite used to it. This thing is too quiet... quiet as if it’s dead,” Tong Qian said, frowning, and her other two human faces also mirrored the expression.

“If it stays like this, I think I won’t have to worry about the ghosts resurrecting for a very long time to come. That’s far more perfect than controlling just two ghosts.”

At this point, she turned to look at Yang Jian, “During the time I was dead, you must have done something to me.”

“It was a dangerous experiment,” Yang Jian admitted. “Fortunately, you survived, otherwise what revived wouldn’t have been you, but a ghost with two faces.”

“Regardless, I still owe you thanks. I was prepared to die when I was attacked in the hotel. I never expected to come back to life. By the way, since you found my body, where is the satellite-tracked phone that was inside? Now that I’m alive again, I should report this to headquarters,” Tong Qian suggested.

“The satellite-tracked phone inside your stomach, was that placed by you?” Yang Jian inquired.

Tong Qian nodded, “Yes, that was my doing. Since I figured I couldn’t escape from that hotel, I placed the phone inside my body as a means of positioning, to help those who came to support me locate my position and track the ghost. I didn’t expect that the ghost would use this to its advantage.”

"It wanted to use you to get out of the hotel and take over my identity, continuing to live in Z city... So the thing I encountered definitely wasn't the source of the human-headed balloon but another ghost," Tong Qian concluded.

"Now is not the time to talk about work, some matters can wait for another couple of days. Besides, I've already sealed off the Caesar Hotel. There are still complicated situations inside. From now on, unless I take the lead, no one else should try to enter that hotel, otherwise they might end up dying a horrible death," Yang Jian said slowly.

Tong Qian nodded, "I was planning to go back to continue working until this situation was resolved, but since you've said this, I'll heed your advice and seal off that place."

"Sealing is the safest approach, keeping the supernatural entities inside so as long as they don't cause more casualties, it's as good as having solved a paranormal event," said Yang Jian.

"Let's not talk anymore, you should rest now."

Tong Qian replied and stood up to return to her room to rest.

But fewer than ten minutes after returning to her room, she came out again.

"I've discovered something very special; it seems I've become quite different," said Tong Qian, who was now tilting her head with a tearful face towards everyone.

Luo Su Yi and Huang Fei were startled and took several steps back, "Sister, can you not face us with that face? It's really scary."

The tearful face of Tong Qian showed a hint of surprise, "I actually fell asleep, but woke up quickly after that, only to realize I woke up with this face, while my own face continues to sleep."

"Is it possible to take turns resting?"

Yang Jian glanced at her and thoughtfully said, "Or is it that as long as you use Ghost Face, you can stay awake for extended periods?"

He understood Tong Qian's situation because he was somewhat similar; his body never felt tired.

"It seems to be the case," Tong Qian touched her tearful face.

Although it was chilly and pale, the texture was delicate, as if a fine piece of human skin was attached to it, and the face looked androgynous, quite neutral.

If she put on makeup, she could pass for either a man or a woman.

“There are some things that you need to explore on your own. However, it would be best to keep certain details about yourself secret, because your resurrection is not replicable. If word gets out, we can’t guarantee that some wouldn’t target you,” Yang Jian warned, also casting a glance at Luo Su Yi beside him.

“I promise to keep it a secret,” Luo Su Yi immediately pledged.

Yang Jian said, “No need to be nervous, but if you leak this information to people on the paranormal forums, or if someone else gets the news from you and causes trouble for me and Tong Qian, I will issue a global warrant for you.”

“...” Luo Su Yi’s mouth twitched.

Isn’t that a bit overkill, a global warrant?

“Since you don’t need rest, let’s head back to Z city now,” Yang Jian withdrew his gaze.

“That sounds good; getting back to work sooner also means this matter can be dealt with quicker,” Tong Qian still prioritized her work above all.

Yang Jian hadn’t altered her memories too much, so it didn’t have a great impact on her personality.

Before leaving, Yang Jian reminded Lin Luomei, “Your condition is pretty bad, you should go to Wang Xiaoming as soon as possible to control the two ghosts. I’ve given you the spot, but I can’t guarantee success, given the past success rate of controlling two ghosts is only about thirty percent. I don’t know whether Wang Xiaoming has made any progress or increased the rate recently.”

“Thank you, Yang Jian,” Lin Luomei said through the speaker.

“Don’t thank me, it’s what you deserve,” Yang Jian replied.

“What about me? I helped too, shouldn’t I get some reward?” Luo Su Yi boldly asked.

Yang Jian said, “You took risks to protect a girl; I didn’t ask you to do that. You still have the nerve to ask me for a reward? But since I saw you take a knife for Xiong Wenwen, I’ll give you half a Ghost Candle, something that is only available internally. Use it sparingly.”

After saying this, he took out half of a white Ghost Candle and threw it to Luo Su Yi.

“Damn it, this thing attracts ghosts, what do I need this for?” Luo Su Yi was so frightened he felt like throwing it away.

Yang Jian, however, said, “If it can attract ghosts, it can also repel them. It might save your life at a critical moment. If you don’t want it, give it back to me.”

“Who dares to touch my Ghost Candle, I’ll fight them to the death,” Luo Su Yi immediately roared with an undiminished spirit.

Very quickly,

Yang Jian and Tong Qian left the place and drove back to Z city.

However, he was silent the whole trip.

“What are you thinking about?” Tong Qian, still looking in the mirror from the passenger seat, seemed to notice his preoccupation and asked.

“I’m wondering if a certain ghost has been truly and completely dealt with,” Yang Jian said. “Looking to see if there are any loopholes because the whole event was so challenging. It ended too easily, so easily that it even makes me doubt whether the ghost being imprisoned was also a calculated move in its plan.”

“That thing is different from other ghosts. It can alter others’ memories and possess their memories. To some extent, that means it possesses intelligence.”

Tong Qian said, “Then let’s go over everything again, I’ll assist you, and we absolutely won’t allow any loopholes to exist.”

“Sure, I’ll stay in Z city for a few more days, then we’ll talk,” replied Yang Jian calmly.

Chapter 380: Unease

“What? Tong Qian is online? Are you kidding me? What on earth is going on in Dachang City, another supernatural occurrence?”

Headquarters.

Zhao Jianguo, who had just been disciplined and was about to transfer from his position, was shocked to hear this news.

“Captain, it’s not a supernatural disturbance, it’s a real resurrection. Yang Jian personally told me. He’s revived Tong Qian. Right now, they are in Dachang City handling the aftermath of the incident. There’s absolutely no mistake. Dachang City’s liaison, Zhang Gao has also confirmed it. Tong Qian truly came back to life.”

Out of breath, Liu Xiaoyu rushed over to relay this incredibly important news to him.

Because of Tong Qian’s death, the disappearance of Guo Fan and Feng Quan, and the command errors that led to a supernatural invasion of the headquarters’ communication room, resulting in the death of thirty-two operators among a series of major blunders, Zhao Jianguo had been dismissed. He was now packing his things to leave and was still awaiting further punishment from the higher-ups.

Unexpectedly, such an unbelievable event occurred at this juncture.

“Wait, Tong Qian’s current identity is a ghost, right? Don’t tell me that Yang Jian has taken over Tong Qian’s body from Feng Quan? Or are you saying that even Yang Jian’s memories have been tampered with?”

Zhao Jianguo asked in a hurry, spotting many inconsistencies.

“No, it’s not like that. The ghost that occupied Tong Qian’s body is still with Feng Quan. Shen Liang’s team, which will soon head to Dachang City, will take charge. According to Yang Jian, Tong Qian’s resurrection is because she borrowed the body of a deceased. Yang Jian didn’t explain the specifics, but Tong Qian’s resurrection is an undeniable fact,” Liu Xiaoyu said with certainty.

Zhao Jianguo’s gaze flickered, “Incredible, truly incredible. What method did Yang Jian use to bring back someone who had long been dead? He has always had some secrets. I’ve had contact with him and could feel it. That’s why Yang Jian deserves special attention. Even Wang Xiaoming told me to keep a close eye on him.”

“But now, telling me this is useless. I’m no longer the captain. Just yesterday I had been dismissed. I can no longer handle matters about Dachang City. You should report this to Shen Liang, as Yang Jian’s affairs are now his responsibility.”

Shen Liang is another captain at headquarters, with the same rank as Zhao Jianguo, in charge of a communication room and dozens of operators.

“You’ve been dismissed, captain?” Liu Xiaoyu said in surprise.

Zhao Jianguo gave a bitter smile, “A supernatural force invaded the communication room, and so many people died. Even executing me wouldn’t be enough, let alone dismissing. However, I never would have imagined anything like Tong Qian’s resurrection. Maybe my punishment will be lighter thanks to Yang Jian’s favor.”

“But Tong Qian’s case is extremely special, and you should report directly to the deputy director. Oh, right, you’re not on duty now—are you saying nobody’s in charge of liaising with Yang Jian’s side?”

“It’s Elder Sister Qin’s shift now,” Liu Xiaoyu mentioned.

“That’s good. Even if I leave, you cannot relax your duties. Although Yang Jian has some issues, he is a lot better than other exorcists. Building a good relationship with him will only be beneficial and not harmful to you in the future, after all, you can’t do the operator job for a lifetime,” Zhao Jianguo advised earnestly.

“Sometimes, you have to think about the future.”

After giving these heartfelt warnings, Zhao Jianguo sighed and began packing his things to vacate his office.

Liu Xiaoyu watched him leave and couldn’t help but feel stunned because she sensed a crisis about to shatter the peace from Zhao Jianguo’s words.

Despite not revealing any explicit news, stationed at her position, Liu Xiaoyu could still read between the lines to some extent.

Yet the more she understood, the colder she felt. This sensation was like the time the thirty-two corpses of her colleagues were carried out of the communication room.

A sense of helplessness and anxiety about death lurking just around the corner.

A ghost that could invade headquarters once would do it a second time, a third time...

If even the supposedly secure headquarters could be breached like this, then it's imaginable how the situation could be elsewhere.

Could supernatural events be getting completely out of control?

Liu Xiaoyu dared not think further. She turned and left, moving quickly towards the deputy director's office to report about Tong Qian's case directly.

"The newly added files seem to be increasing lately. I worked until dawn yesterday to finish sorting the files in my hands, and today they've delivered another batch. If this continues, we'll have to request more personnel; just a few of us can't handle it," two staff members complained to each other while taking advantage of their break to drink coffee near the filing area.

Another colleague said, "This shows that supernatural incidents are on the rise. Before, we hardly saw an A-level supernatural event in a month, but this month, we've suddenly got three."

“Oh, which three? I’ve worked here for so long and only handled one file with the codename Ghost Door Knocker.”

In a low voice, the other replied, “The three incidents I handled are codenamed: Ferocious Ghost Road, The Horror Museum, and Silent.”

“Silent? What kind of ghost is that? Who came up with such a perfunctory codename?”

“It was the last words of an international exorcist before dying. It might contain some special clues, so it wasn’t changed.”

“Eh, isn’t that Liu Xiaoyu? Off work? Want some coffee? It’s on me,” said the male colleague, hearing someone approaching. He quickly stopped talking and cheerfully greeted Liu Xiaoyu when he saw her.

Liu Xiaoyu, with her head slightly lowered, walked even faster, completely ignoring the two colleagues.

After she had walked away, the male colleague muttered, “Not even a single word, could she have been traumatized?”

“Zhao’s team was in charge of the communications room that was invaded by the paranormal yesterday. Thirty-two people died. If it wasn’t for Liu Xiaoyu being in charge of Yang Jian and having a separate office, I’m afraid she would have been involved too... All her colleagues who worked with her

are dead. Anyone would be traumatized by that, and Gao is a girl after all, her psychological resilience might be a bit weaker,” another person shook their head and said.

Although Liu Xiaoyu didn’t hear the conversation clearly, she knew that the paranormal incidents had increased lately, and it wasn’t just a simple increase in number, but the number of incidents that couldn’t be handled had risen.

Thinking of the warning Zhao had given her, a shadow had been cast over her heart.

With her report,

the news of Tong Qian’s resurrection caused quite a stir at headquarters.

Because this was the first confirmed case of a deceased international ghost hunter being resurrected.

There had been similar cases before, but those were cases where the ghost hunters weren’t completely dead, unlike Tong Qian, who didn’t even have a body left, or a ghost, yet she still managed to resurrect—an event akin to a miracle.

Moreover, the information implied by the resurrection was also extremely valuable.

If they could replicate this resurrection event, the number of casualties among the international ghost hunters at headquarters could be greatly reduced.

“Summon Tong Qian back to J City. Isn’t Shen Liang on his way? Have him bring Tong Qian back to headquarters. This matter must remain strictly confidential,”

Less than half an hour of discussion later, such an order was issued in a small meeting room at headquarters.

Several hundred kilometers away, in Z City,

Tong Qian, Yang Jian, and Feng Quan sat in a temporary office.

On the office desk were piles of documents related to the balloon-headed incident in Z City, as well as surveillance data from Caesar Hotel.

“We have thoroughly investigated, and there are no mistakes in the incident. It’s unlikely that the ghost is someone else; it should be it,” Feng Quan pointed at the black body bag at his feet.

In the body bag was Tong Qian’s body, yet at that moment, her original body was very calm, not moving an inch, as if truly dead.

“A thorough investigation was just to be extra cautious, nobody wants an oversight to let that ghost continue to roam outside. However, the disappearance of the balloon-headed incident remains a mystery,” Yang Jian said calmly; “Based on the action reports of the entire incident, the instigator of the balloon-headed incident could have likely been taken away by the Door Knocking Ghost I had attracted.”

“That means, the source of the balloon-headed incident is now in the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost.”

Feng Quan added, “That’s just the first possibility. There’s another possibility—the ghost that attacked me in the hotel is the culprit behind the balloon-headed incident.”

“That’s unlikely,” Yang Jian shook his head; he had seen that ghost wandering around with a knife.

That thing was irrational when it killed; it didn’t have the leisure to put heads up in the sky.

“According to the latest data compiled by Zhang Gao, there is one thing in common among the victims of the balloon-headed incident—they had all stayed at Caesar Hotel before,”

Tong Qian spoke; “This piece of intelligence is important; it at least confirms that their deaths are related to the paranormal activities in Caesar Hotel. So, the ghosts still in the hotel are highly suspect.”

Yang Jian said, “Regardless of how suspicious it is, that thing can’t be dealt with for now. Unless the balloon-headed incident reoccurs in Z City, we can only seal off the area.”

“I have no objections to sealing it off. That thing indeed can’t be handled,” agreed Feng Quan with Yang Jian’s suggestion.

“That’s all we can do for now. I will keep a close eye on the situation in Z City. As long as there are no new victims, sealing off Caesar Hotel is a relatively safe method of handling it,” Tong Qian also trusted Yang Jian, feeling that his approach was certainly the best option at the moment and couldn’t be wrong.

The memories of the two had been altered; of course, they believed in Yang Jian.

But Yang Jian wasn’t talking nonsense; that ghost truly was terrifying.

While the three were discussing, suddenly Zhang Gao knocked on the door and entered; “Everyone, Shen Liang from headquarters, Captain Shen, has arrived. May I know if he can see you now?”

“He arrived quite quickly.”

Yang Jian’s gaze shifted slightly and then he stood up: “Since the matters here are temporarily concluded, I will handle the handover and then it’s good to return to Dachang City early. Where is Shen Liang? I’ll go meet him.”

“Wasn’t this matter always handled by Zhao Jianguo?” Tong Qian expressed some confusion.

“I’d like to ask about that too. There must be some situation at headquarters. I heard it from Liu Xiaoyu, but it doesn’t matter who comes, it’s all the same,” said Yang Jian.

Tong Qian nodded.