

Revival 581

Chapter 581 Danger is Coming

...

Yang Jian's current state was quite peculiar.

His body had completely died, turning into a headless corpse lying on the ground, yet his consciousness was clear, he could think, had all his memories, was sure of his identity, but it seemed that was all he could do.

Besides being able to think, he was like a vegetative person, unable to make any movements.

Even his eyes could no longer see; everything was pitch-black around him.

This was not a bad thing, but rather a good one.

At least Yang Jian didn't have to worry about his body being taken away by someone, nor did he have to worry about the Eight-Tone Music Box or the Ghost Candle next to him being stolen.

Because those who were not Ghost Domain controllers did not know the value of these things, and no one cared about some old trash by the roadside.

However, he absolutely couldn't continue in this state indefinitely.

"I must think of a way," Yang Jian began to think calmly.

He could first be certain that the terrifying attack that had struck suddenly before would not occur again, and even if it did, he had no need to worry.

For Yang Jian had proved with his life that the Eight-Tone Music Box could ensure his survival in that situation.

Beyond that, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was not going to afflict him for now, so he could set aside that concern for the moment.

He had only one thing to do.

Find a way to recover.

Yang Jian tried to control his mouth to speak; he remembered that there should be a satellite-located phone nearby. If he went missing for a while, Liu Xiaoyu back at headquarters might be able to force a connection, and if he could make contact, he might receive some support.

Unfortunately,

he failed.

He could not feel his mouth and was unable to utter any words.

Moreover, he discovered that he could no longer hear the sounds around him either. He could only hear an eerie music echoing continuously; otherwise, it was very quiet around him.

"I should be lying beside a road now. When I collapsed, I remember using Ghost Domain, which covered an entire street, bringing all the people and vehicles on it into it. This means it's not that there are no sounds around me, but that I've lost my hearing."

Yang Jian felt matters had gotten even worse.

Without sight, hearing, or the ability to move, he was practically a living corpse, worse than a vegetative state.

"If this condition continues, the ghosts within my body will revive, leading to an S-level supernatural event. Although my consciousness could survive, it won't be for long. Once the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box strikes, death is certain."

Yang Jian calmly anticipated his own end.

The headless corpse that belonged to him carried most of the ghosts within him.

The balance of these ghosts would be disrupted as the fourth layer of Ghost Domain persisted because Ghost Eye itself couldn't be used for long and usually needed a slot to suppress it. If it were used for too long, there was a risk of revival.

And once Ghost Eye revived, the opened Ghost Domain would be more than just four layers.

The whole city could be covered by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

By then, it would almost be impossible to contain Yang Jian's headless corpse.

Because his Ghost Domain could open up to nine layers, no one at headquarters could invade here, meaning it would be an Unsolvable Level supernatural event, even surpassing the Ghost Painting Incident.

So once Yang Jian died,

the ghosts revived from his corpse would take an entire city down with them, perhaps even worse.

This was not a joke; Yang Jian was very clear about how terrifying the ghosts on his body were.

Time continued to pass slowly.

Accompanied by the incessant ringing of the music box in his mind, Yang Jian's thoughts plunged into silence.

It seemed he had entered a deadlock at this moment.

Yet he still hadn't given up and was thinking of strategies.

After having come this far, how could he give up so easily? He was still alive, had survived the sure-death attack just now, there was still a chance to turn things around, it wasn't time for complete despair.

Despite everything, Yang Jian's will had not faltered.

He must find a way to recover.

"I need a breakthrough to break out of this living dead state; I absolutely can't keep dragging this on," Yang Jian felt the urgency.

Time waits for no one.

Once Ghost Eye was restored, he would completely lose his chance, without even needing to wait for the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse to arrive.

Ghost Eye Resurrection?

Ghost Eye?

Wait, I should still have one eye left.

Yang Jian suddenly remembered a habit he had in the past, always liking to place Ghost Eyes on different parts of his body.

There was a Ghost Eye on his palm, eyes on his arms, and also on his back... Of course, there were Ghost Eyes on his forehead and the back of his head too.

The purpose of doing so was to ensure there were no blind spots in his vision while dealing with supernatural events.

"What form does my consciousness exist in now? If it's still attached to my head, then I should be able to find a Ghost Eye on my head," Yang Jian's consciousness submerged in darkness began to sense rapidly.

He wanted to locate the Ghost Eye and control it.

There was a chance to find it before the Ghost Eye awakened.

If the Ghost Eye revived, he couldn't control it any longer.

Time.

In the end, it was all about time.

Although Yang Jian felt anxious, his mind and thoughts remained clear, so he stayed calm, not allowing the urgency to disrupt his reasoning.

The bizarre ringing of the Eight-Tone Music Box still echoed in his mind, the melody composed of its notes seemed to carry some mysterious and unknown power that could interfere with normal thinking.

This disruption was not an illusion; although he had only listened for a short while, Yang Jian could already perceive this subtle difference.

...

But the work of sensing the Ghost Eye continued.

And at this moment.

The streets became even more chaotic.

All sorts of noisy sounds were incessant, with everyone standing on the roads making phone calls for help, some even cursing loudly; of course, there were also thrill-seeking youngsters, who began taking photos with their phones in all directions, seemingly excited to have witnessed something very special.

But what they didn't realize was that terror was quietly descending, and the shadow of death began to loom over everyone on this street.

The headless corpse that belonged to Yang Jian, which should have been lying motionless in a cold pool of blood, now showed a slight twitch in the arms wearing golden gloves.

This twitch was definitely not a normal corpse spasm, nor was it Yang Jian's doing, as his head was "moved away" and it was simply not possible for him to control the corpse... So this was a terrible mutation.

This movement signified that the ghost within Yang Jian's body was awakening.

Once awakened.

If that ghost fully resurrected, everyone on the entire street would die.

Under the coverage of the fourth-tier Ghost Domain, no one could survive, not even ordinary ghost controllers.

Starting from the movement of the headless corpse's hands, this mutation intensified as time passed.

The frequency of movements on Yang Jian's corpse grew, along with the extent of those movements.

Initially, it was just a twitch of the palm, but now the stiff legs began to twist, as if some ineffable sinister force was taking control, randomly manipulating the freshly dead body.

Yang Jian, however, knew nothing of this scene.

He could neither see nor hear, and what was happening around him had no connection to him whatsoever.

Nevertheless, an image of this scene was transmitted back to headquarters via satellite-located mobile phone.

Within Liu Xiaoyu's communications room.

The argument involving Cao Yanhua and the others seemed to have come to an end; the outcome apparently being less than satisfactory, all present fell into a somber silence.

"Yang Jian's corpse... moved," Shen Liang suddenly raised his voice, filled with uneasy emotion.

In the video feed, they could clearly see the headless corpse that belonged to Yang Jian moving about irregularly, as if the body was trying to regain balance after losing the head and attempting to stand up.

The vengeful ghost had resurrected!

Many hearts sank to rock bottom.

The most feared and worst-case scenario was about to unfold.

But the video feed didn't last much longer.

Suddenly.

Communication was cut off, the video feed went to black.

This wasn't a malfunction, someone had directly terminated the communication.

"Group Leader Wu, what are you doing?" someone asked in surprise.

The group leader surnamed Wu, in a subdued voice, replied, "This isn't my decision, it's the minister's directive. Yang Jian is dead, and his case needs to be buried. The conflict with the friend circle cannot continue. From today on, this communications room and everything in it will be sealed."

"We absolutely can't let others know Yang Jian was killed by someone."

Cao Yanhua, who had been squatting in a corner smoking, suddenly looked up, his expression one of great shock.

A compromise?

At this moment, these three words filled everyone's minds.

We've waited for so long, for this result?

Some breathed a sigh of relief, others remained silent, and still others expressed dissatisfaction.

"Deputy Minister, the bigger picture is more important, you understand this more than anyone."

Group Leader Wu said in a grave tone, "We have no choice. If we were to forcefully take down the friend circle at this time, we'd really lose some more team leaders. It's unwise to weaken our forces at this point. We can't compromise the whole headquarters just for the death of one person."

"I understand," Cao Yanhua took a deep drag from his cigarette and after a long silence replied, "Then so be it, everyone leave, seal the communications room."

In a short while.

Everyone had left the place.

The private communications room was shut down, and all materials related to Yang Jian were to be archived, not to be accessed by anyone.

By dawn, it was expected that information would quickly spread that Yang Jian died in a paranormal incident.

Liu Xiaoyu watched her communications room being closed down, her tear-reddened eyes revealing confusion and bewilderment. She did not know about the decisions just made in headquarters, but it didn't matter.

At this moment, Cao Yanhua felt utterly exhausted in body and mind. He didn't know whether the decision was right or wrong, he only knew that the headquarters had lost a ghost controller codenamed Ghost Eye, regardless of the outcome.

On the way to the co-office building, he ran into someone.

Wang Xiaoming was standing at the entrance of the office, seemingly glaring at him.

It was rare to see Professor Wang waiting for someone; others usually waited for him because his time was always scarce.

"Yang Jian is dead?" Without greetings, Wang Xiaoming asked straight out.

Cao Yanhua nodded, "It's been confirmed, he died in a paranormal incident."

"Really?" Wang Xiaoming's expression did not waver in the slightest, "But you don't need to explain to me. I'm not interested in how Yang Jian died; I'm just interested in something on his person. Have you found the corpse?"

"It's difficult to manage in a short time. Yang Jian's Ghost Domain is very special; it once invaded the domain of a Ghost Envoy, so..." Cao Yanhua rubbed his head, feeling a tremendous headache.

"You can't get in, right?"

Wang Xiaoming continued, "But he'll show up eventually. Remember to notify me when Yang Jian appears."

Having said that, he turned and left.

As Cao Yanhua watched Professor Wang leave, he was somewhat at a loss about why Professor Wang was asking about this at such a time.

Forget it, it was not the time to concern himself with Professor Wang. He had been overwhelmed by the past few days' events.

Chapter 582 Stand Up

A young couple squatted by the side of the road, their expressions filled with terror as they used the bottled water they had just purchased from a nearby supermarket to wash off the blood on their faces.

The blood wasn't their own, it belonged to the now-dead Yang Jian.

When Yang Jian was first attacked, his neck was almost completely severed, and blood sprayed everywhere. The couple, who had just happened to pass by, were unfortunate enough to get splattered. Even now, they couldn't stop trembling as they recalled the horrific scene of the man's head splitting apart.

"We're really out of luck, what was wrong with that guy, his neck just split open all of a sudden," said the boyfriend, still shaken, as he looked at the bloodstained tissues scattered on the ground and asked, "Is there still any blood on me?"

"It's almost all wiped off; there's just some on your clothes that won't come out," replied the girlfriend, also terrified, nearly scared to death.

"Forget about it if it won't come out, let's just go home and change clothes. Speaking of which, what's wrong with this street now, why is everything glowing red, is there something wrong with my eyes?" the young boyfriend flicked the water droplets off his hands and looked around.

Since the street was crowded and nothing particularly unusual was happening, he did not feel the least bit afraid.

At that moment, however, the girlfriend suddenly tugged at her boyfriend's arm, her eyes showing panic and unease.

"What's wrong?" asked the curious boyfriend.

The girlfriend, her hand trembling, pointed across the street to where they had been sprayed with blood.

"That person, he's standing up... but he has no head."

The boyfriend also looked in that direction, his eyes suddenly narrowing, a chilling coolness racing to his scalp,

At that moment, the body of the person who had died in the accident stood rigidly there, headless, with congealed blood staining it, the dreadful wound on its neck still dripping residual blood.

From the clothing on the body, the young boyfriend could be very sure that it was the same person who had unexpectedly lost his head earlier.

"How can someone stand up without a head? Is that even a person?"

He muttered to himself, then realizing something, a shiver ran down his spine and he quickly pulled his girlfriend forward, "Come on, let's get away from here, don't stay around, something feels very wrong."

This young man wasn't the carefree, thrill-seeking type. He felt a terrifying danger, although he didn't know what it was, something was definitely off, so the best thing was to distance himself.

Distance himself from the headless male corpse, from this strange street enveloped in red light.

However, they weren't the only ones who had noticed the standing headless body.

But most people didn't pay much attention, thinking it was some kind of prank, or mistaking it for a mannequin placed at the storefront. Furthermore, most people were discussing the peculiar phenomenon of the street, so the existence of the body was overlooked. Even if a few people noticed something was wrong, they quickly moved away.

Those trapped on this street could never imagine,

that the suddenly standing headless body was in fact a ghost coming back to life. No, to some extent, the ghost had already come back to life; it was just that Yang Jian used to control it, suppress it, but now, without this restraint, the ghost was released once again.

"It worked."

At the same time, beneath the standing headless body, from a head split horizontally into two halves, a pair of eerie red eyes tore through a layer of scalp and appeared at the back of the head.

After some time, Yang Jian's consciousness finally found an eye.

A ghost eye remaining at the back of his head.

At this moment, his vision returned, the restless ghost eye moving around, its unique perspective once again emerged in his mind.

"So my head has actually split into two halves; my consciousness resides in the upper half of my head, which explains why I can't feel my ears and eyes," Yang Jian realized he now had only the top part of his head, from his hair to his forehead, along with the halved brain under the skull cap.

Yang Jian wasn't too surprised by his current state.

After everything he had been through, there was nothing he couldn't accept about the changes in his body, nothing that warranted any overreaction.

The only thing that unsettled Yang Jian was seeing his own body standing still next to him, motionless, as he controlled the ghost eye.

Before the attack, Yang Jian clearly remembered being face down on the ground, seeing his own body fall.

But now... the body had started moving on its own.

"Is it the instinct of the Ghost Shadow controlling the body?" Yang Jian's controlled ghost eye moved and he noticed there were no black shadows around his headless body.

Meaning, the Headless Ghost Shadow had taken over his body.

The Headless Ghost Shadow paired with the headless male corpse seemed to be a perfect match.

"The body isn't moving because the Headless Ghost Shadow is in a stalled state, lacking the initiative to kill unless someone touches the Headless Ghost Shadow," Yang Jian analyzed the current state of his body.

"But this won't last long, the Headless Ghost Shadow is missing my head, and it will certainly go in search of another head."

"And in the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, once the Headless Ghost Shadow begins its search for a head, everyone here will become components for the Ghost Shadow."

"I must reattach my head as soon as possible."

Yang Jian immediately understood the situation around him and also knew what he had to do now.

His ghost eye rotated again, emitting a faint red glow, as he tried to move his own head directly back onto his neck.

But he failed.

A single ghost eye cannot open another layer of the Ghost Domain within the fourth layer.

The Ghost Eye could not conflict with its own power.

"I need to find someone to help, to use the most direct method, to put my head back on my neck, otherwise once the Headless Ghost Shadow finds another head, I won't be able to return," Yang Jian felt an urgency.

Because the Headless Ghost Shadow would seek a fresh head to place on its neck, it was innate instinct.

So when the Headless Ghost Shadow had a better body, Yang Jian's damaged head would not be accepted, it would instinctively be rejected.

Just like when the Headless Ghost Shadow actively replaced its hand with a Ghost Hand.

When it encountered a better Ghost Hand, of course, it would discard its own decaying hand.

Luckily, after the Headless Ghost Shadow malfunctioned, it had already lost the ability to move without being stimulated; otherwise, after Yang Jian fell asleep, the Headless Ghost Shadow would have gone to find limbs to reattach by itself, like that time in Dachang City when it attacked Jiang Yan several times uncontrollably while he was with her.

It was only because Yang Jian was awakened that he suppressed it and Jiang Yan was unharmed, otherwise, she would have died long ago.

"A ghost malfunction isn't all-powerful, once the innate needs of the Headless Ghost Shadow become stronger and it starts to move, to kill, the state of malfunction will gradually be lifted... until it fully revives."

"There is still time."

Yang Jian's clear thinking was running again, as he began to contemplate his next move.

Unable to speak or hear, he needed someone to help put his head back and place it on the body.

The difficulty wasn't very high, but almost no ordinary person could do it.

First, they couldn't understand such a terrifying phenomenon, and second, they didn't have the courage.

Third, Yang Jian didn't want to waste time asking these passersby for help, lest it delay his self-rescue.

"I need an experienced necromancer," his half head even started to ache.

Where to find someone?

And also draw them into this fourth layer of the Ghost Domain.

Moreover, the person brought in had to be trustworthy, to follow his orders, and not come in just to handle his own remains.

But in the short time he pondered,

The headless corpse standing beside Yang Jian began to move again. This time it wasn't a random twisting of the body but rather shaking its hands and taking steps, its stiff body began to move towards the direction of the largest crowd.

One step, another step, the footsteps were very heavy.

But the Ghost Shadow's adaptability was astonishing; before it had walked a few steps, the lurching corpse began to regain its balance.

After three or five steps, it was walking as freely as a normal person, just like when he first encountered this ghost in the mall

The Ghost Shadow's instincts were rapidly awakening.

Yang Jian even guessed that once the Ghost Shadow attached someone else's head, it would probably wake up from its malfunction.

"There's no time for me to think, if I give the Headless Ghost Shadow any more time, it will control my Ghost Eye, and then I can only wait to die."

Yang Jian was unwilling to think further, and could only make the safest choice.

Immediately.

His only ghost eye rotated, looking in the direction of Ping'an Hotel.

The next moment.

The fourth layer of the Ghost Domain began to spread towards the direction of the Ping'an Hotel.

He was unable to open or close the Ghost Domain, but he could control the direction of the Ghost Domain's coverage.

Chapter 583 Choose One out of Three

At this moment.

Li Jun looked at the empty street before him, furrowing his brows slightly. Not a soul was to be seen on the entire street, no vehicles either; everything had eerily vanished in an instant, leaving behind only an undeveloped vacant lot.

Such a situation was impossible to occur in the highly valuable city center.

Moreover, as time went by, Li Jun realized that the disappearing area was continuously spreading outward.

The road surface seemed to be eroded by something, rapidly vanishing from sight.

"The range of the Ghost Domain is expanding," he said.

Li Jun's expression changed drastically, and then he immediately issued an order for all staff to prepare for evacuation, not daring to stay there himself.

Once engulfed by the Ghost Domain, no one could assure their own survival.

Because inside the Ghost Domain, there is definitely a ghost present.

However, what Li Jun didn't notice was that the Ghost Domain was not expanding but extending, and the direction of its extension was very specific.

Toward the nearby Ping'an Hotel.

What kind of place was the Ping'an Hotel?

A hotel that did not open to the public but only accepted ghost handlers, housing a large number of special personnel and hiding some very terrifying people and things. Yang Jian had previously stayed in the hotel, along with other members from his cohort.

Inside the fourth level of the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian, with only half a head remaining, barely controlled his sole ghost eye, extending the Ghost Domain while also keeping watch over his surroundings.

He wasn't interested in the ordinary people on the street; his focus was on his own corpse.

On that blood-drenched headless corpse.

At that moment, Yang Jian saw his own body, in the absence of a head, gradually moving away from him, heading towards the most crowded area, where dozens of fresh, living human heads awaited the eerie body.

No one could escape.

Within the fourth level of the Ghost Domain, it was a vast cage: those outside dared not enter, and those inside could not leave.

So, when Yang Jian's body began to kill, a horrific shadow would loom over everyone.

And Yang Jian was powerless to stop any of it; now he had only half a head and one ghost eye left and couldn't do anything but watch helplessly as it all happened. The only thing he could do was race against time, to stop everything before the headless corpse successfully seized its first head.

Not for others, just for himself.

"The Headless Ghost Shadow has not fully awakened, and its eeriness and danger levels are still low. It can't control the Ghost Eye, it can't control the Ghost Hand, it can only rely on instinct to control my body..." he thought. "So the first person targeted, if cautious, won't be immediately finished off, but could at least buy a moment's time."

"During this time, I must choose someone to help put my head back together," he resolved.

By now, Yang Jian could see the towering Ping'an Hotel, and even make out many of the residents inside.

It was night, and there were sure to be many people returning to the hotel to rest.

But Yang Jian couldn't pull the entire Ping'an Hotel into the fourth level of the Ghost Domain. It wasn't that he couldn't do it now, but bringing a large number of ghost handlers into the fourth level of the Ghost Domain would only worsen the situation, turning a manageable scenario into complete chaos. By then, it wouldn't just be his own ghostly revival at stake.

It would be the awakening of a legion of ghosts.

So Yang Jian needed to make a selection, choosing one person to enter the Ghost Domain to assist him.

This person had to pose no threat to him, be willing to help put his head back together, and there had to be a foundation of mutual trust between them. Otherwise, should things go awry, not only would Yang Jian die, but the entire city would be in peril.

Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, Huang Ziya.

Yang Jian's remaining Ghost Eye saw these three individuals inside the Ping'an Hotel, and they were the best candidates he could think of at the moment. He didn't know or trust anyone else; these three had gone through the Ghost Envoy incident at the training base with him, establishing a certain level of trust. Previously, they even had the intention of forming a team.

However, out of these three, he planned to select only one to enter the Ghost Domain.

The time to think was fleeting.

Among the three candidates for help, Yang Jian first ruled out Wang Jiang. He was a bit too naive, just a college student, and had experienced very few supernatural events. During the Ghost Envoy incident, he didn't perform well, so he wasn't a good choice for seeking help.

So, the remaining choice was between Zhang Lei and Huang Ziya.

Zhang Lei, codenamed Ghost Eater, had handled two paranormal incidents. He was experienced, courageous, and had caught the headquarters' attention as the most capable of the three. Yang Jian was more inclined towards him.

However... his condition was not good, and there was a certain risk of ghastly resurgence.

As for Huang Ziya.

Even though she was a woman, she performed even better than Wang Jiang, only somewhat less capable. Yet, in critical moments, her resolve was no less than Zhang Lei's. Although she had less experience than Zhang Lei, her state was better than his.

"It's a pity that Feng Quan and Tong Qian aren't in the Ping'an Hotel; otherwise, they would have been even more suitable." Even though this thought popped into Yang Jian's head, he had already made up his mind and was preparing to ask one of them for help.

Huang Ziya!

Yang Jian's ghostly eye gazed towards one of the floors of Ping'an Hotel.

Through the massive floor-to-ceiling glass windows, he could see Huang Ziya sitting leisurely on the sofa, watching television, where a very clichéd idol drama was playing.

Choosing her was a well-considered decision.

It wasn't that Zhang Lei was not good, but Yang Jian worried about the risk of Zhang Lei himself undergoing a ghastly resurgence, and he was also concerned that his own corpse would prioritize attacking Zhang Lei.

Because the ghost within Zhang Lei's body was more attractive to the Headless Ghost Shadow.

If the Headless Ghost Shadow decided to use Zhang Lei as a puzzle piece to assemble a ghastly body, then Yang Jian's actions would be tantamount to harming both himself and others.

Huang Ziya had only harnessed one ghost; her target was comparatively small, and her condition more stable, making her a better fit.

At this moment.

Huang Ziya, who was watching television on the sofa, still had no idea about what was happening outside.

From the time Yang Jian was killed to his awakening and then to the resurgence of his headless body, everything happened so swiftly that the headquarters couldn't immediately issue a relevant notification or warning. Even Li Jun was just reacting to the emergency by rushing to the scene to check it out.

So, the people inside Ping'an Hotel continued as before: those who needed rest did so, those with insomnia had it, and those who had to work worked.

Hmm?

When the fourth level of Ghost Domain approached the hotel and was about to cover one of the floors...

Zhang Lei, who had been working on the ghost painting case all day and was ready to rest, immediately sensed something was amiss.

It was an intuition of impending crisis.

Zhang Lei slightly looked up to glance outside the window. At that moment, he saw the street lamps near Ping'an Hotel rapidly going out. At first glance, it seemed like an invisible darkness was encroaching at an incredibly fast speed, already reaching the outside of the hotel, with a speed that seemed unbelievable.

"Damn, what's going on?"

He flipped out of bed in shock. He wanted to run outside, but then he stopped in his tracks.

The range and speed of this encroachment meant that the entire building would be affected. It wasn't something he could escape from with just a few steps, unless one possessed a Ghost Domain.

He wasn't the only one to notice the anomaly. Some who knew they might not be able to escape still frantically ran out of their rooms, figuring they should leave first and talk later. Even if it only meant getting a bit farther away, it was still better.

Huang Ziya was a bit less alert, or maybe she had been less severely affected by the ghost, not as sensitive to paranormal events as the others. Hence, she sat on the sofa watching television, completely unaware that the street lamps outside had gone out, and an unseen paranormal force was infiltrating the entire hotel.

"Sssss!"

At that moment, the lights in her room began to flicker, and the normally functioning television also showed a distorted picture, as if the signal and circuitry were being interfered with by something.

"Hmm?"

Huang Ziya blinked and looked up, her expression gradually changing as she just stood up.

The next moment, all the lights in the room suddenly went out, plunging the surroundings into darkness. But this darkness came quickly and left quickly as well. A rich red light beamed in through the hotel's glass windows, enveloping everything in red, making the whole world seem immersed in an indescribable eeriness.

"This is... Yang Jian's Ghost Domain?" Huang Ziya tensed up first, becoming extremely alert, but upon seeing everything engulfed in the red glow, she actually breathed a sigh of relief.

The characteristics of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain were too distinct. She had seen it countless times when she had experienced paranormal events with Yang Jian before, and she recognized it right away.

Chapter 584 Huang Ziya's Move

"Why did Yang Jian suddenly release the Ghost Domain out of the blue?"

Huang Ziya, inside her hotel room, wasn't panicked; instead, she was somewhat puzzled. At this moment, she hadn't heard any news about a supernatural event. Although the ghost painting event was severe, it was still in the exploration and searching phase, with no real contact having been made yet.

"Could it be that he got into a fight with someone again?"

Huang Ziya couldn't help but suspect this, knowing a bit about Yang Jian's temperament—he wasn't the easiest person to get along with. There were always some fearless folks who ended up clashing with him, and she wondered what they were thinking.

Probably that their brains weren't working right.

She walked over to the window and looked outside the building.

Everything outside was the same as before, without any change, except that she couldn't see any pedestrians or passing vehicles; the whole world was enveloped in a layer of red light, and the silence conveyed a strange and eerie atmosphere.

"Let's wait and see; this state shouldn't last too long."

Once Huang Ziya made sure there was no danger around, she decided to wait it out as if nothing had happened until Yang Jian withdrew the Ghost Domain.

But just as she turned to walk away from the window, she noticed the LCD TV flickering constantly with light, as if the signal was seriously interfered with and couldn't broadcast the picture normally.

"Looks like there's no way to watch the TV drama," she was somewhat helpless.

Within the Ghost Domain, electronic products were easily affected. It wasn't done deliberately, but due to interference from supernatural powers, electronic components couldn't operate normally, leading to phenomena such as flickering lights, signal obstruction, and so on.

This phenomenon was common, and of course, easy to resolve—all that was needed was to coat the machine with a layer of gold.

The person-in-charge's satellite-locating phone components were all gold-plated, allowing it to maintain normal communication throughout most supernatural incidents.

However, just as Huang Ziya was about to turn off the TV, she suddenly noticed several red characters appearing on the screen.

"Don't panic, it's Yang Jian."

Huang Ziya paused for a moment, then looked around, noticing that Yang Jian was nowhere in sight.

"Captain, what do you want bothering me so late at night? Don't tell me you miss me. Do you want me to come to your room and keep you company?" she said with a smile, directly addressing Yang Jian as the captain.

After all, she was clinging to him.

His abilities were evident to her, and he was trustworthy.

She didn't know if Yang Jian had heard her, but the red text projected on the TV continued to jump: "The situation is very urgent. I'm in a bit of a bad state and need your help."

"You need my help? Tell me what's wrong—if I can help, I definitely will," Huang Ziya said.

The characters kept flickering: "I've been attacked by something sinister. My head has been separated from my body, and I need you to help me put it back."

"Huh?" Huang Ziya was immediately taken aback, before realizing the seriousness of the situation.

Yang Jian was in danger and was asking for her help.

"Where are you? I'll come right away," she thought for a moment, ready to spring into action immediately.

"My head is now on a street outside the Ping'an Hotel. If you are willing to help, act immediately. I have a Ghost Candle near me to ensure your safety."

The red characters projected on the TV continued to change, displaying the next message.

Now, Yang Jian could only communicate with Huang Ziya by changing the intensity of the colors to display the characters. He couldn't hear her speak and didn't know what choice she would make. Yang Jian was just revealing his information and if Huang Ziya refused, he would have no choice but to seek help from someone else.

But that would take a bit more time, and he wasn't sure if there would be enough.

Huang Ziya saw the address that appeared on the TV and realized it was nearby. She even remembered going to that street for food, so she knew the way.

"Okay, I know where that is. I'll leave right now."

After checking the TV and seeing no new information, she immediately set out.

As soon as she pushed open the door of her room, Huang Ziya found that the outside was not a hotel corridor at all, but rather a somewhat noisy street with many cars stuck together and quite a few panicked pedestrians apparently trapped here and unable to leave.

"The Ghost Domain altered the environment, connecting the hotel's entrance with the doors of the shops on this street. I've now arrived at the place where Yang Jian met his incident."

When Huang Ziya turned her head, she discovered that the hotel room was still behind her, yet the street and road lay before her eyes.

Such incomprehensible phenomena would only occur within the Ghost Domain.

Without much surprise, Huang Ziya identified the direction and immediately rushed towards the precise location, without hesitation or delay.

She was clear in her mind; the pedestrians on this street were still alive and well. This could prove that the real danger had not yet arrived. It was time to act boldly and she must also be fast, as this opportunity would certainly not last forever. Once a change occurred, and danger appeared, the situation would become different.

Huang Ziya's judgment was very correct.

Indeed, this was the safest moment. Yang Jian's headless corpse had not yet started killing, but it was almost time.

"Where is he? Where could Yang Jian be?"

As Huang Ziya ran, she observed her surroundings.

Soon, on the pedestrian path in front of her, a coagulated bloodstain stood out conspicuously. There was no one around the bloodstain; it seemed that the passersby who noticed it had intentionally avoided it.

"Found it." Huang Ziya hurried over.

She found a red Ghost Candle scattered around the bloodstain, along with an old Eight-Tone Music Box. The music box was open, and it was unclear what was hidden inside. The dark interior was difficult to see, giving off an unsettling feeling.

But what drew the most attention was Yang Jian.

"How did it become like this?" Huang Ziya was shocked when she saw Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's body had disappeared, with only a head split into two halves remaining. The upper half of this head still had one eerie eye, which was looking right at her.

A line of text emerged on the blood next to it.

"My body is resurrecting. Find my body quickly and piece my head back together, and I can come back to life."

"You're still impressive, team leader, to be alive even like this... I'll try my best, but my powers are limited, and I may not be able to help you find your body successfully."

Upon reading this line, Huang Ziya immediately looked around.

There were many people on the entire street, and the road was tumultuous with various cries, complaints, and voices. She couldn't find Yang Jian's body right away, and considering the range covered by the Ghost Domain, it seemed it wouldn't be easy to find in a short time.

However, she did find a trail.

Following the bloodstains on the ground, Huang Ziya saw a bloodied footprint leading down the road towards the most crowded area.

Clearly, that must be where Yang Jian's body had gone.

Huang Ziya began to act. She wasn't afraid of the bloody Dead Man's Head on the ground because she knew Yang Jian's head posed no danger. Instead, Yang Jian's body was even more terrifying. Therefore, she simply took off a coat, pieced together the two halves of the head on the ground, wrapped it up, and carried it in her hand.

"Team leader, seems like your brain has fallen out, no problem, right?"

Although Yang Jian's head was pieced back together, it was still just simply put together, and he had not regained hearing or vision, nor could he speak.

He needed the power of Ghost Shadow to properly reattach his head.

Moreover, his current state was very special, like a consciousness parasitizing a mutilated body, not existing based on the physical body.

In other words, Yang Jian's thoughts had become independent, and the head was just a vessel for that consciousness.

"Hurry and act, there isn't much time."

Another line of text appeared, showing Yang Jian's urgency at this moment.

"It seems you can't speak right now, team leader, but don't hold what happened just now against me. I'm saving you here. Later on, you need to thank me and not make things difficult for me," Huang Ziya said while she followed the blood-colored footprints with Yang Jian's head in her hand.

As for whatever had fallen from the head, there was no longer any need to pay attention to it.

Chapter 585 Good and Bad

Huang Ziya, carrying Yang Jian's head, followed the direction the headless body had gone and pursued its trail.

The street was very ordinary, a straight line, making the direction easy to discern. There was no fear of getting lost, and the chances of finding a certain body were relatively high—only if the surrounding buildings and shops were taken into account, the difficulty increased significantly. With some good luck, walking a bit further might reveal the terrifying body in a state of revival. But with bad luck, it's possible Yang Jian's body would fully awaken as a ghost before it was found.

"The bloodstains on the footsteps are fading."

Huang Ziya quickly followed the fresh bloody footsteps, left by Yang Jian's body.

However, when she reached the middle of the street, near the road, the bloodstains were no longer visible; no traces were left on the ground.

"People on the street are starting to panic, realizing the abnormality of being in the Ghost Domain, so now they are all moving around chaotically, trying to find a way out," Huang Ziya frowned deeply.

The pedestrians scrambling about meant that the ghost could attack any one of them. As for which target it would choose and where, that was very difficult to determine. It would be easier if all these people were gathered in one place.

She glanced at Yang Jian's head in her hand.

Huang Ziya didn't receive any notice from Yang Jian, which meant even he didn't have any good method to find his own body.

No, to be precise, that no longer qualified as Yang Jian's body, it should be referred to as the Headless Ghost's corpse.

Without Yang Jian's control, his body was a bona fide fierce ghost, even more terrifying than an ordinary ghost.

"Keep searching," Huang Ziya revealed a sense of urgency, knowing that the sooner she helped Yang Jian find his body, the safer it would be.

If it took too long, all kinds of horrible things could happen.

Yang Jian also saw the disappearance of the bloody footsteps on the road, and his remaining ghost eye was searching for the headless body's location. Since this ghost eye was not one of the eyes that could open the Ghost Domain, he was unable to understand everything in the Ghost Domain and had to look with his eye just like a normal person.

"Can I find my body before it turns into a real fierce ghost?"

He silently pondered to himself.

Although Huang Ziya's rescue and timely perception of information were a great start, the current action was what truly determined whether he would live or die.

"My body isn't on the highway." Yang Jian's ghost eye had excellent vision, enabling him to see from one end of the street to the other.

He quickly filtered through the options but didn't find his target.

Huang Ziya seemed to notice this as well, frequently glancing at the shops on both sides, as if she suspected that Yang Jian's body might have run into one of them.

This guess was right.

At that moment,

A headless corpse, its whole body covered with congealed blood, was taking heavy steps, walking from where Yang Jian was attacked all the way along the wide road towards the end of the street choked with cars. There, most of the passersby caught up in this situation were gathered, discussing the strange phenomena happening here.

A middle-aged man with his back to this direction appeared to have become the target of the Headless Ghost's corpse.

Initially, the middle-aged man had been discussing the situation here with other strangers and also called for help.

At times the phone worked, at other times it didn't, as if it was being interfered with. He could only barely speak a few words, but the other side couldn't hear him completely, receiving only a "Hello," frustrating him to the point of nearly smashing his phone.

Then, the middle-aged man thought of the computers that might be available in the nearby shops.

If calls couldn't get through, perhaps it wouldn't be a problem to ask for help online using a computer.

Immediately, the middle-aged man turned and headed towards a nearby shop, trying to borrow a computer to go online, trusting that the shop owner would be willing to help with this at such a special time.

As he turned, the headless corpse not far behind him also changed direction, following him. The terror of danger was silently approaching, yet this person was completely unaware and never once looked back.

However, just because the middle-aged man didn't notice, didn't mean the other pedestrians hadn't seen.

"Hey, did you see that just now? Someone with no head seemed to have passed by there," someone said, incredulously widening their eyes as if doubting their own eyesight.

"I think I saw it too. That person was covered in blood, following behind someone, but I couldn't see their head."

"Are you guys joking? With no head and still walking? What you saw, was it a person or a ghost?"

A ghost?

Amidst the discussion, as soon as the word 'ghost' was inadvertently mentioned, those already a bit panicked faced with this weird situation felt a nameless fear.

Could it be that a ghost is causing trouble on this street?

But thinking about it carefully again, they couldn't really believe such an absurd guess.

Even though it was night, the streets were filled with vehicles and people. With so many around, how could there possibly be a haunting?

Yet... as everything was enveloped in red light, some had already sensed the danger that had arrived and were trying to quickly get away.

The young couple that had seen the headless corpse stand up had now fled the street as if their lives depended on it.

"We need to get out of here, get away from that street, we absolutely can't stay there any longer. We didn't see it wrong just now, that headless corpse really stood up. It's very possible that a supernatural event is happening. Do you remember the ghost stories that have been popular online recently?" The young man, pulling his girlfriend, had already run to the end of the street.

He looked out at the silent city shrouded in darkness, and his fear deepened.

The young girlfriend was also in a panic, not doubting her boyfriend's words because she had seen that scene as well.

But even though they reacted quickly and started to flee, reality was cruel. This was the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, and no matter which way they went, they couldn't leave this place.

The only way to survive and get out was to wait until Yang Jian's head returned to his body and retracted the Ghost Domain.

And Yang Jian was striving to do just that.

Huang Ziya wasn't slow in her actions; carrying Yang Jian's head, she was still quickly searching for the headless ghost corpse.

As time passed, her anxiety grew.

Because she knew just how severe the consequences of a fierce ghost's revival could be.

"Continuing to search like this definitely isn't the way. The street is too long, the corpse must have run into one of the nearby shops or buildings. It wouldn't be easy to find unless the ghost starts killing. People will panic, making it easier to pinpoint its location," Huang Ziya said, slightly out of breath.

She was starting to run out of strength.

"Use the Ghost Candle." At this moment, Yang Jian saw her urgency and red text floated in front of her face, giving her a bit of informational help.

Ghost Candle?

Huang Ziya was slightly stunned for a moment.

She quickly understood Yang Jian's meaning.

When a Ghost Candle is lit, its burning time can fend off all attacks from fierce ghosts. As long as the candle's light covers them, people won't be killed by ghosts before it burns out. This effect has been verified through several supernatural events. While it may not count as truth, it has a high degree of credibility.

However, at this time, lighting the Ghost Candle was not to use this effect.

It was to detect the ghost's location.

The closer to the ghost, the more violently the Ghost Candle would burn. Using this feature, they could quickly determine the ghost's position.

Unfortunately, Yang Jian's white Ghost Candle was placed on the corpse. Otherwise, using the white Ghost Candle would have been more effective.

"Alright, let's use the Ghost Candle," Huang Ziya gritted her teeth, took out the Ghost Candle Yang Jian had left behind, and lit it.

The sinister candlelight emitted a strange color, and the Ghost Candle was successfully ignited.

Currently, there were no ghosts around, so it was burning slowly, meaning the Ghost Candle could last for quite some time.

"The Eight-Tone Music Box's curse is not affected by the Ghost Candle." The eerie ringtone in Yang Jian's mind was still echoing and didn't disappear with the lighting of the Ghost Candle.

This indicated that the Ghost Candle was ineffective against the Eight-Tone Music Box.

"No wonder the previous people who used the Music Box all died mysteriously; a curse that not even the Ghost Candle can fend off is indeed very dangerous," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He wasn't the first person to use the Music Box to save his life. Cao Yanhua had said that the Music Box had gone through several owners and had even been used by other ghost tamers at the headquarters. Although it could prolong life for a time, the headquarters had tried many methods and failed to overcome this terrible curse.

Initially, when Yang Jian chose it, Cao Yanhua had not recommended it, after all, it wasn't an item to save people, but to kill them.

However, now Yang Jian wasn't worried about the curse of the Music Box at all.

If his head couldn't return to his body, he was as good as dead; whether cursed or not was no longer important.

If Yang Jian survived this, he would then consider how to deal with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Because she was carrying the Ghost Candle, Huang Ziya acted even more boldly. She didn't need to fear ghost attacks, so she began to run along the side of the road.

As she ran, she kept an eye on the candle flame.

Soon.

The effectiveness of the Ghost Candle was fully demonstrated when Huang Ziya passed by a row of shops and the flame on her candle suddenly expanded, burning much larger and faster than before.

"The ghost is nearby."

Huang Ziya abruptly halted her steps, her gaze and Yang Jian's Ghost Eye simultaneously scanning to both the left and right.

Very quickly.

Inside one of the shops, she saw a horrifying scene.

A middle-aged man was sitting in front of a computer at the shop's counter, apparently trying to seek help online, while a bloody headless male corpse had already approached him.

Perhaps because he was too focused on revealing, the middle-aged man had not yet realized that something had drawn close to him.

"Found it," Huang Ziya's eyes narrowed.

At last, the location of Yang Jian's body was confirmed.

However, the headless corpse had already begun its attack on the first person. Although both Huang Ziya and Yang Jian saw it, judging by the distance, it seemed too late to stop it.

Even if they couldn't stop it, they couldn't just stand by and do nothing.

"Quick, get away from there," Huang Ziya charged forward, shouting loudly in an attempt to warn the middle-aged man.

The distance from here to inside the shop wasn't far, just across half a street and a sidewalk; a quick person could arrive in just about ten seconds.

But as quick as her actions were, the ghost killed even faster.

The headless ghost corpse had already stood behind the middle-aged man and was slowly raising its hands.

The middle-aged man wasn't completely without alertness; he had felt someone following him into the shop. However, afraid that someone would fight him for the computer, he didn't turn his head, taking a seat immediately upon entry.

By the time he came to his senses, his peripheral vision had already caught someone standing behind him.

"Are you here to use the computer too? First come, first served, wait until I'm done then it's all yours..."

However, before he could finish his sentence, the headless corpse behind him had already raised its hands and grabbed his head.

"What do you want to do?"

The middle-aged man was startled and instinctively tried to turn around and push away the person behind him, only to realize upon touching that the person behind him was somewhat peculiar.

The body was stiff, cold, and very heavy, completely immovable.

Only then did he see that the thing grabbing his head wasn't a person at all, let alone a living one, but a headless corpse drenched in blood.

Fear surged instantly, causing even this grown man to scream hysterically.

But the screaming was of no use.

Those hands were still clasping his head tightly, with astonishing strength, squashing his skull until it began to deform.

The Headless Ghost Shadow possessed the ability to disassemble and reassemble corpses, and even though it was in a state of revival, taking the head of a living person was still a breeze, but this time it failed.

The head of this middle-aged man didn't come off, and it remained on his neck.

"The gloves in my hand isolated the ability of the Ghost Shadow, causing the ghost's attack to fail," Yang Jian thought, feeling a sense of unexpected gain upon witnessing this.

During the previous ghost painting incident, he had asked Wang Quan for a special pair of gloves to block the Ghost Hand's influence, to prevent accidentally harming others, hence he was still wearing those gloves till now.

The Ghost Shadow did not appear to have the ability to think and did not actively take off the gloves.

As a result, the Headless Ghost Shadow was greatly restricted and also unable to use that Ghost Hand.

"Opportunity."

Huang Ziya's eyes focused, her actions more decisive than usual. Whether it was the Ghost Candle in her hand that gave her confidence, or the key information revealed by Yang Jian, she felt certain about her actions.

She rushed into the shop, ready to return Yang Jian's head to the body.

However, the moment she pushed the door open.

The scene before her changed.

There was no headless ghost corpse, no person being attacked, only a bloody corpse on the ground. The corpse's features and head were deformed, as if they had been gruesomely crushed by something. It seemed as though what she had just seen was a scene from minutes earlier, and the attack had already ended here.

"How could this be?" Huang Ziya was instantly stunned.

What she had seen outside did not synchronize with what she saw inside.

"It's the Ghost Domain... The Headless Ghost Shadow has already taken control of the ghost's eye and is starting to manipulate the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain. We've been deceived by the Ghost Domain. It's still nearby, but not in this layer of the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian communicated with Huang Ziya, explaining the situation just now.

At the same time, he also sensed that things were getting out of control.

In the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, the ghosts hidden within were almost unsolvable mysteries, Yang Jian, who had once controlled the ghost eye, knew this very well.

"Then what do we do? Wouldn't that mean we'll never find your body?" Huang Ziya exclaimed in shock.

Yang Jian couldn't hear her speaking, but he knew Huang Ziya was troubled; however, he quickly revealed some news, "The next time the attack happens, my body will definitely appear. That's our opportunity."

No matter which layer of the Ghost Domain his body was hidden in, it would have to be in the same layer as the others when attacking someone.

Then they would be able to reach his body.

Although that was the rational explanation, Yang Jian had to admit that his own Ghost Domain was indeed tough to deal with.

Fortunately, the Headless Ghost Shadow had not fully revived yet. Because it was wearing gloves, it had not managed to find a human head smoothly, merely taking simple control of the Ghost Domain for the time being. If those limitations were not there, then that would be the real horror.

"I know what to do now. The mission this time is fairly simple and not very dangerous. Captain, don't worry. I will handle it well," Huang Ziya said confidently.

She was not discouraged by one failure.

Having thoroughly understood the situation here, she believed this was not even a C-level paranormal event, let alone with Yang Jian's guidance and the protection of the Ghost Candle, it was impossible for her to fail.

Of course, despite her confidence, Huang Ziya did not forget that she was dealing with an unrevived corpse and not a ghost that had been resurrected.

She took Yang Jian's head, turned around, and walked out the door.

She was going to find the second victim and seize the second opportunity.

Just as Huang Ziya's actions were going smoothly.

The head office and the friends' circle were already arguing vehemently over Yang Jian's incident, each side needing a result that both could accept.

At the top floor of Ping'an Tower.

Jang Shangbai put down what must have been the umpteenth phone call, rubbed his head, and said, "The head office has agreed to help cover up the news of Yang Jian's death. Of course, they want our cooperation. In any case, we can't let others know that Yang Jian was killed by us; otherwise, the situation will spiral out of control."

"So they've compromised after all," someone sneered.

"There must be conditions," Fang Shiming said slowly.

"Yes, there are conditions. There are roughly three: first, we hand over three experimental projects and half of the properties; second, the Ghost Drawing operation must be a part of this; third, the issue of Yang Jian's ghost revival is our responsibility to handle," Jang Shangbai said; "There's no room for negotiation. If we don't agree, Old Qin will make a trip to Ping'an Tower."

"At that point, apart from those who have joined the head office's ghost riders, not a single person will be spared."

"We can't agree to that. It's practically like cutting off half of our assets," someone protested in shock and anger.

Fang Shiming spoke calmly, "They're really being tough. But it's just a bluff. Although I don't doubt that the head office has the capacity to take down our friends' circle, they won't actually do it because it's too much of a loss. Regardless of whether we die or several of their captains perish, it will inevitably cause a paranormal event."

"By then, we the living will have battled it out to the death, while the fierce ghosts wreak havoc unabated. Everyone knows how that will go."

"But we still need to give them a step to step down on. We'll agree to it first and then act according to the situation. If we've been too aggressive, we'll need to show some submission. After the fighting can't go on, it'll be time for each to use their own methods to compete for benefits," Fang Shiming considered for a moment, then continued.

"That makes sense," Jang Shangbai nodded slightly in agreement.

At that moment, many people around the conference table breathed a sigh of relief.

This also proved that Fang Shiming's strategy was correct. He had bluffed the head office using a tough stance, making Yang Jian's death a boon to them.

Even though some benefits were lost, at least the major issue was resolved.

However, both the head office and the members of the friends' circle were overlooking a reality.

What if Yang Jian wasn't dead and suddenly returned? What then?

Yang Jian didn't yet know that his attack was orchestrated by the friends' circle, nor was he aware of the head office's decision to compromise. Once he learned all the truths, the consequences would be very frightening.

But no one considered this point.

Because Yang Jian's fate had been sealed, he had died in some unknown paranormal event, with no possibility of survival.