

Revival 586

Chapter 586 Return of Consciousness

Around eight o'clock in the evening.

Ding ding!

A text message was sent from headquarters. All ghost hunters in the city with satellite-positioned mobile phones received this message, and the receipt of the information was mandatory; there was no possibility of refusing it.

"Hmm? Yang Jian was involved in some unknown supernatural event, suspected to be dead, the incident occurred at...."

At this moment, Zhang Lei, who was still lingering in the Ping'an Hotel, took out his phone and glanced at it, his face immediately changing to one of shock and disbelief.

Ghost Eye Yang Jian, just died out of the blue?

It must be a joke.

After looking over the message again and again, Zhang Lei confirmed that it was indeed sent from headquarters and not some prank message received all of a sudden, and the place where the incident occurred was on a street near the Ping'an Hotel.

Then, he rushed to the window, peering outside.

Zhang Lei had already noticed something unknown approaching the hotel earlier, but didn't know what had happened as it had disappeared afterward.

"It's true. The whole area near the site of the incident is sealed off. The earlier supernatural intrusion into the hotel must have been an unknown ghost," Zhang Lei said quietly, feeling an inexplicable chill all over his body.

Could a top-tier, Captain Level ghost hunter of such caliber really be dead like this? It was just around noon that he was discussing teaming up with Yang Jian in the lobby; if it weren't for being dragged off by Xiong Wenwen for a meal at his place, the team-up should have been set by now.

How long has it been since then, and now the man is gone?

That was Yang Jian, a man who had dealt with the Hungry Ghost incident, survived the Ghost Envoy ordeal, and possessed life-saving objects like the Ghost Candle and surrogate dolls. What kind of event could have silently killed him?

Beyond the shock, there was even more disbelief.

But the message had already been sent, and he was not the only recipient.

Chen Yi, who was searching for traces of ghost paintings somewhere in the city, also received this message. His frown deepened as he saw the content: "What? Yang Jian is dead?"

He stopped in his tracks and looked toward the location of the accident, his expression growing even more solemn.

What kind of supernatural event could have taken out that guy?

Although it was common for ghost hunters to die in supernatural events, Chen Yi was well aware of Yang Jian's survival abilities.

"Losing a Captain at this critical juncture..." Chen Yi's concerns deepened once more.

In another residential villa complex.

Guo Fan and Zong Shan also received the message. They had just patrolled the area and found no traces of the ghost painting; now back at their residence to rest.

"Did you see the message? Yang Jian is dead."

Guo Fan's eyes widened, almost gleeful: "Ha ha, this guy died even before me. It looks like Ghost Eye Yang Jian wasn't as tough as imagined. I always said that with his arrogant demeanor, he'd meet his end sooner or later. And with his death, the Captain's position is vacant, Zong Shan, we have an opportunity."

Zong Shan took a drag of his cigarette while reading the text on his phone and then set the phone down, saying, "Don't get too happy so soon. It's only a suspicion of death, not confirmed yet. Remember Tong Qian who disappeared inside Caesar Hotel? She vanished for a whole week and still turned up alive in the end."

"This is information issued by headquarters. Do you think they'd broadcast an uncertainty? This so-called suspicion is just to keep a bit of hope, but everyone is well aware," said Guo Fan with a slight smile, clearly in high spirits.

"That's true, but his death or life doesn't really concern us much. Although Yang Jian rejected our invitation, he didn't become our enemy, so there's no need to be so pleased," Zong Shan replied, shaking his head gently. "And could losing a Captain at such a key moment be a bad thing?"

"One less person means one more danger if the ghost painting incident erupts."

Guo Fan replied indifferently, "That's a future problem, not for me to worry about. For now, I'm just happy that he's dead."

Elsewhere.

Outside the site of the incident, Li Jun also received the message, looking down at his phone: "Yang Jian is dead? What a pity."

He could not help but sigh inwardly, deeply regretting the man's death.

He remembered the first time he met Yang Jian while accompanying Professor Wang to Huanggang Village in Dachang City to retrieve the Ghost Coffin. Back then, Yang Jian was one of the few survivors, along with another named Zhang Han.

In the blink of an eye, nearly half a year had passed, and the once inconspicuous ghost hunter had become an influential figure at headquarters. Yet, he did not expect that after a meeting just this morning, he would receive news of Yang Jian's death in the afternoon.

"Does that mean the Ghost Domain incident here was caused by a vengeful ghost's resurgence after Yang Jian's death?" Li Jun looked toward the now empty street nearby, feeling even worse.

The death of a ghost hunter had resulted in an additional supernatural event, exacerbating an already precarious situation.

While strolling down the main street, Cao Yang who received the message couldn't help but smile coldly: "Seems like the friend circle's meddling really did succeed. Such a disgusting power; they're useless when doing legitimate work but excessively authoritarian when it comes to internal conflicts. Such a force really has no reason to exist. Headquarters sent out the message undoubtedly to maintain the overall situation and stabilize things. And after this incident, they will certainly settle accounts with that friend circle."

"But still...."

He soon shook his head slightly.

It wasn't his place to judge headquarters' decision; after all, choosing for the greater good was not wrong either. It was just unfortunate for a talent like Yang Jian, who didn't die in a Class S supernatural event, but at the hands of the friend circle.

Once word got out, those overseas would probably laugh to death.

The news of Yang Jian's suspected death spread quickly. It wasn't just the city's ghost hunters who received it; within ten minutes, his information was also posted on a special website, and soon the entire paranormal community would be abuzz with discussions.

In fact, Cao Yanhua had also considered temporarily suppressing the news.

But the news could not be completely sealed off, and it would inevitably leak out, because people in the friend circle were also involved. Therefore, all they could do was send out the information as quickly as possible to cover up the truth first.

Although Yang Jian's death was a heavy blow to the confidence of the others, it was still better than letting the truth get out and causing more significant conflict.

Meanwhile.

In the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain.

"Ah!"

A scream of fear and despair echoed along the empty streets.

When Huang Ziya arrived hurriedly with Yang Jian's head, all she saw was a freshly killed corpse, its head crushed beyond recognition as if squeezed by a pair of hands, with the faint outlines of finger marks still visible on it.

"Too late again, Captain. The killing frequency of your headless corpse is getting faster. It took almost three minutes for the second victim to die after the first, but now, it's been less than thirty seconds since the previous victim, and the ordinary people trapped here have realized there's a ghost killing among us. They are all hiding in fear," Huang Ziya said somberly.

"But in your Ghost Domain, hiding is useless, isn't it? At this rate, in less than an hour, everyone on this street will be killed," she added.

The Headless Ghost Shadow was becoming more skilled at controlling Yang Jian's body. Previously, it just walked to its victims to kill, but now it had started to exploit the Ghost Domain, using it more adeptly. After each kill, it would instantly disappear to seek the next target.

And the headless corpse wasn't actually trying to kill people—it was merely searching for its own head.

But because its hands were gloved, the headless corpse couldn't remove anyone's head, hence the horrific scene before them.

Every victim's head was crushed and distorted, killed by the sheer force of the headless corpse's grip.

Yet the broken heads did not meet the headless corpse's needs.

Thus, the eerie body fell into a vicious loop: searching for a head, killing, searching again, and killing...

Until there was no one left alive in this place.

Once the people of this Ghost Domain were exterminated, the headless corpse, with no targets left, would begin to move, dragging this layer of the Ghost Domain with it, and then ensnare more people from other areas in the same endless repetition.

Yang Jian's remaining ghost eye faintly rotated, clearly aware that the situation was spiraling out of control.

"If this continues, I can only wait, wait for your body to attack me proactively, only then will I have a chance. But I can't be certain, when your body targets me, whether or not I can withstand that attack. If I can't, then I'm as good as dead," Huang Ziya said somewhat helplessly.

Using oneself as bait for the Ghost Master to attack was a risky endeavor.

However, apart from that, there was no better method.

Movement within the Ghost Domain could not be restricted.

"Wait," Yang Jian revealed his own thoughts.

"You and I think alike; I also feel that waiting is better," Huang Ziya nodded slightly.

Being prepared for an attack felt safer; venturing out to seek the corpse could lead to an ambush, and she might indeed fall victim here.

She had limited abilities and couldn't fight against excessively dangerous ghosts.

Immediately.

She stopped actively searching and chose an open place to wait.

The headless corpse attacked people following two patterns: one was turning their back to the ghost; the other was having a fresh head.

The first pattern was almost irrelevant because, in the Ghost Domain, anyone could have their back turned to the ghost; the headless corpse could easily change its position, making the second pattern the real reason for its killing.

For ordinary people, this pattern essentially amounted to indiscriminate killing, leaving almost no room to escape.

Unless the person's brain was defective, something the Headless Ghost Shadow wouldn't be interested in.

Huang Ziya also fit this criterion, but she wasn't the optimal choice because she was a ghost controller, and her body was in poorer condition than an average person's, meaning her body wasn't very "fresh."

This was also why, despite her close encounters with the headless corpse multiple times, she hadn't been targeted first.

"Since we're waiting to be attacked, there's no need to waste any Ghost Candles," she extinguished the Ghost Candle, unwilling to squander this precious resource.

But this plan of waiting was exceptionally cruel for others.

During this time, some would be killed by the headless corpse, with no hope of survival; the only difference was how quickly death came.

The less fortunate would be targeted and killed by the ghost sooner, while the luckier ones might be targeted later.

As time slowly passed.

Screams of terror intermittently rose along the street.

Sometimes, the location of a scream would be followed, about ten seconds later, by a second scream closer to the front.

The positions seemed to be shifting constantly.

Huang Ziya listened with twitching eyelids, feeling uneasy inside. She might not have witnessed what happened in those places, but she could imagine the desperate and dreadful scenes.

But she was limited in her power, unable to stop any of it.

Yang Jian was equally powerless to stop it, now reduced to just a head, barely clinging to consciousness with nothing but a single ghost eye left.

What can a single ghost eye do?

In his own Ghost Domain, he could do nothing, at most, control the range of the Ghost Domain's changes, and such ability was useless under the current circumstances.

A moment later.

Huang Ziya saw people running out of the building in panic, screaming and shouting as if they had witnessed a terrifying scene, their emotions somewhat collapsed.

Others were crying out for help, their voices pitiful, choked with sobs.

Ordinary people were too fragile when facing ghosts; they didn't stand the slightest chance to resist.

But the cruel process also neared its end.

Although Huang Ziya wasn't the primary target of the attack, as time passed and there were fewer and fewer people running and escaping on the streets, eventually, the headless corpse drenched in blood appeared behind her.

Its appearance was silent and sudden, materializing out of thin air without any sign.

"It's here."

Huang Ziya saw the shadow of a headless corpse reflected at her feet, a thick scent of blood wafting from behind her. It was unknown how many heads the ghost controlling the corpse had tried to snatch during this time.

The headless corpse was now soaked in blood, its gloved hands dripping with blood that was still emitting warmth.

At that moment, those hands reached out toward Huang Ziya's head again.

Huang Ziya knew she was under attack; she had always been on her guard. However, the attack came so swiftly that the moment she was about to react, she felt a pair of cold, bloody hands gripping her head.

Then, a terrifying force came over her, trying to wrench her head off her neck with brute strength.

In just a few seconds, Huang Ziya would lay like the previous victims, her head shattered and her body cold on the ground.

However, she was different from the others; she was a ghost controller.

Huang Ziya had controlled a ghost.

The moment the corpse's hands touched her, the thick black hair draped over her shoulders wrapped around the headless corpse's arms.

And the black hair began to spread further, as if it intended to engulf those arms entirely.

This odd form of resistance allowed Huang Ziya, who was almost head-crushed, to immediately break free. She quickly turned around and placed Yang Jian's head, which was ready, onto the neck of the corpse.

The head, split into two halves, barely maintained a complete shape and was successfully placed on top.

Huang Ziya had to support Yang Jian's head, fearing it might fall off again if she let go.

Otherwise, her efforts would have been in vain.

She had anticipated this situation and had deliberately avoided it.

"Can it be pieced back together?" Huang Ziya looked at the recovering Yang Jian with trepidation and not much confidence.

Yang Jian's head, returned to the neck, remained lifeless, the ghastly split still on his forehead, harrowing to behold. His ashen eyes stared blankly ahead, showing none of the spark of life, and if you added in his nearly blood-drained cold corpse.

Then, the current Yang Jian was no different from a ghost.

The only difference might be that he still retained self-awareness.

Under Huang Ziya's nervous observation, she noticed that the wound on Yang Jian's neck was fading little by little, as if it was reconnecting with the severed neck.

However, the wound didn't completely disappear, leaving behind a red mark.

The instinct of the Headless Ghost Shadow could control the corpse to kill, but it could also piece together bodies, even Yang Jian's incomplete head; it would still join it together.

But the Headless Ghost Shadow was flawed.

The wound on the neck was gradually healing, and half of the head was successfully attached to the corpse. But there was no movement from the other half, and that savage cut remained.

And that other half was where Yang Jian's consciousness resided.

"There's been a slip." Yang Jian was already aware of the problem, and he thought to himself that this was not good.

"Yang Jian, hurry up; I can't hold on much longer," Huang Ziya said urgently.

At this moment, her thick black hair was getting longer, already covering nearly half of Yang Jian's body. But even more frightening was that Huang Ziya's body was nearly half swallowed by it.

If this continued, her entire body would disappear into that eerie black hair.

This was a manifestation of a fierce ghost's resurrection.

Huang Ziya, who had controlled only one ghost, truly dared not exploit the fierce ghost's abilities, especially during this standstill, which easily could stimulate a fierce ghost's awakening and result in the host's death.

Although Yang Jian didn't hear her, he saw the anxiety on Huang Ziya's face and the eerie black hair that was nearly engulfing them both.

With his experience, he was clearly aware of the current situation.

But Yang Jian was in a bad state now. To stop what was happening, he had to take control of his own body.

"How can I restore my body?"

Calm thinking was rapidly at work, as Yang Jian now realized that the only thing he could move was still just his Ghost Eye.

But a single eye couldn't even open the Ghost Domain, so how could he possibly control his own body.

Half a brain couldn't be put back together, and now, his body was still being controlled by the instincts of the Headless Ghost Shadow.

"I can only try."

However, seeing Huang Ziya's condition, Yang Jian knew he had no time left. The only thing his Ghost Eye could do was to change the position of the Ghost Domain.

So, by using the shift in the Ghost Domain's position, Yang Jian should be able to send his half head back into his body since it was a stack of four-layered Ghost Domains—what seemed impossible could actually be done.

The only question was whether he would regain mobility after it was sent back. He didn't know, so all he could do was to try and see.

The view of the Ghost Eye turned toward the headless corpse.

The surrounding Ghost Domain was twisting, as if a piece of paper was being folded.

But this kind of change was imperceptible to others; only Yang Jian could feel the changes happening around him.

"I need some time," Yang Jian muttered to himself.

He could only guide the direction of the Ghost Domain, not change it immediately, so the results couldn't be shown right away.

Fortunately, when Yang Jian was injured, the range covered by the Ghost Domain wasn't vast; otherwise, the time required would have been even longer.

"Yang Jian, what do we do now?" Huang Ziya was getting more anxious, feeling caught in a dilemma.

If she withdrew the power of the ghost, her head would be crushed; if she continued to resist, she would die upon the revival of the fierce ghost.

It was a choice where death lurked on either side.

The only way out was for Yang Jian to recover and end it all.

Although the action was proceeding smoothly, there was a problem on Yang Jian's end—he had only managed to get half his head back, and the other half remained out, so his body was still uncontrollable.

Yang Jian wanted to tell her to hold on a little longer, but he couldn't speak, nor could he give her any hint of information. The only thing she could rely on was her own judgment at this point.

She could try to struggle free and escape, or she could choose to continue resisting, risking the revival of the fierce ghost in order to keep the headless body for a while longer.

More of the dense black hair kept hanging down from Huang Ziya's head, already covering most of her body. She felt a bit unsteady on her feet, her body losing balance.

It seemed as if something within the thick black hair was pulling at her, wanting to completely drag her in.

Once she fell in, Huang Ziya felt she would never get out again.

"No chance left?" She looked at the still motionless Yang Jian, her lips betraying a bitter smile.

At this stage, even if Yang Jian came back to life, it didn't matter, she would still die from the revival of the fierce ghost, as she realized she no longer had control over the ghost within her body.

The dense hair began to erode Huang Ziya.

Her body started sinking, her feet feeling trapped by the hair, and the source of the weird hair was pulling her into it.

Quickly.

Huang Ziya's upper body had already disappeared into the dense black hair; she was struggling, clutching the cold, stiff corpse in front of her with a look of despair in her eyes that still held a glimmer of hope.

If only Yang Jian could recover, perhaps she'd still have a chance.

This hope wasn't based on delusion, but stemmed from trust in Yang Jian, a trust that was forged during the previous Ghost Envoy incident.

"Yang, Yang Jian," Huang Ziya tried to call out. In a matter of moments, only her head and her arms remained outside—her body's other parts had vanished.

Within the depths of the surrounding dark hair, the pulling force seemed to grow stronger.

This force even surpassed the hold of the headless corpse's hands, causing Huang Ziya to scream. Her face was cruelly torn open, peeling off a layer of skin and flesh, as she was torn away from the control of the headless corpse and plunged into the dark hair, almost completely buried.

But she was still alive.

She hadn't died yet.

Just the hands that remained outside clung desperately to the corpse, but this did not last long.

In just an instant, Huang Ziya could no longer hold on.

She let go of her hold.

Like a drowning person, her hands subconsciously flailed.

Just as Huang Ziya's hands were about to be pulled completely into the mass of strange hair behind her, a cold palm suddenly grabbed her disappearing wrist.

The half-headed corpse of Yang Jian moved.

This action wasn't something the Headless Ghost Shadow would do.

The only explanation was that Yang Jian's consciousness had returned.

Chapter 587 Incomprehensible Alien

Huang Ziya was already in despair. She knew she was about to die as the malevolent ghost resurrected. The eerily thick hair was terrifying, as if it connected to the Hell Abyss, intending to pull her entire self inside. This pulling was irresistible because the ghost was in her own body.

But she still didn't want to give up, didn't want to die like this. If she wanted to die, she would never have lived until now; she would have collapsed and killed herself during the time when she became a ghost manipulator.

Just as Huang Ziya felt her entire body being engulfed by the eerie hair, her hands, which hadn't been swallowed yet, felt someone grabbing her wrists.

That palm was ice-cold and rigid, without a trace of a living person's warmth, as if a corpse had grasped her.

"It's Yang Jian..."

Swarmed by the sinister hair, Huang Ziya, still alive though she could no longer see the outside scene, realized something. The fear in her heart was instantly suppressed, and a hope for life surged forth as she immediately grabbed Yang Jian's wrists.

Huang Ziya wanted to cry out for help, but countless strands of hair entangled her face, wrapping her until only a human silhouette remained, even filling her mouth with the chilling black hair.

This hair seemed not only to grow from her head but also to sprout from all over her body.

"Who has made me speechless, he must know my situation, but... can he save me in time?"

While surprised, Huang Ziya started to feel anxious again. She couldn't control the ghost inside her body anymore. The vengeful spirit was eroding her, and even if Yang Jian had recovered, he might not be able to stop all of this.

However, just as this thought had come to her mind.

An unexpected situation occurred.

Huang Ziya felt the dense black hair that was entwining and enveloping her beginning to recede, and she even gradually felt the presence of the ground nearby. There was no longer the sensation of sinking or falling into an abyss.

The ghost's influence on her seemed to be weakening.

No, not weakening, but being suppressed.

Her ghost was no longer resurrecting, returning to its most quiescent state before, and ultimately she couldn't even sense the presence of the ghost at all, as if she had become a normal person with unprecedentedly keen senses.

A moment later.

As the ghost was suppressed, Huang Ziya was finally able to move again. She fiercely lifted her head, and through the strands of black hair hanging in front of her eyes, she could barely discern the scene.

She saw Yang Jian squatting before her, his body drenched in blood, emanating a strong scent of blood, and his neck bearing only half of a head that looked fierce and terrifying. He appeared totally devoid of any sign of life, simply a fully resurrected specter.

"This state is a mess," Huang Ziya's expression changed drastically as she looked at Yang Jian's missing half head.

The joy of being freed from the ghost's suppression vanished completely.

She had been involved in the entire rescue process for Yang Jian and was very clear about his condition. The consciousness of the previous Yang Jian resided in the upper half of his head; the lower half was just an ordinary corpse without any anomaly.

But now, the half of the head that represented Yang Jian's consciousness had disappeared.

Was this a return of consciousness or another ghost resurrecting?

Huang Ziya felt the strength emanating from Yang Jian's palm, as if someone were desperately clutching something just before death, the rigid fingers showing no sign of loosening. She watched as the eerie black hair on her body had almost vanished, trying to pull out her arm.

But she couldn't escape that ice-cold hand.

Yang Jian remained squatting there motionless, as if sunk in silence, without any action.

He neither attacked her nor released her, and there was no signal of any sort.

"Should I light the Ghost Candle?" Huang Ziya touched her pocket, her expression uncertain.

Although the Ghost Candle had been lit before, it hadn't burned much because it had only been used previously for finding the headless body and hadn't directly resisted the ghost's attack. So, there was still more than half of the Ghost Candle left.

"Using the Ghost Candle now is pointless. If Yang Jian truly can't control his body, the Ghost Candle won't delay much. The ghost within him is too terrifying, just touching his corpse for a moment and I nearly died when the vengeful spirit resurrected," she thought.

Huang Ziya bit her lip, reluctant to use it, and chose to give up.

If Yang Jian returned to normal, the waste of a Ghost Candle would be hard to explain afterward. It was a highly precious item, and with her status, she could never apply to use one. If she used it up, she simply couldn't afford to compensate.

Let's wait a bit longer.

Huang Ziya decided to observe for a while, at least now the risk of the specter resurrecting was gone, and her condition had returned to normal. Whatever happened next couldn't be worse than before, could it?

Yang Jian's consciousness had indeed returned.

But this return wasn't normal; there was a problem with his very being.

Forcibly distorting the Ghost Domain, he had overlapped his half head with his body. This overlap was rough, as if a foreign object had been stuffed into the body, not seamlessly connecting with his other half head.

However, in the urgency of the situation, he couldn't worry about that because he saw Huang Ziya was about to die from the resurrection of the specter. Once she died, a new and unknown ghost by his side, Yang Jian felt he would surely die as well.

Although his rank was far above Huang Ziya's, in such a situation, it took only one ghost to break this fragile balance, preventing him from returning to his body.

Unable to return to the body and control the power of the ghost would naturally mean he'd also die from the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

After his half head, carrying his consciousness through the Ghost Domain, had overlapped into his body, he could indeed control the body to perform some actions.

But it seemed to be just that.

Yang Jian felt that his consciousness was struggling against something else for control of the body, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his current state was more akin to being a "ghost," only that other ghosts were interfering with him.

"Although I am still myself, my consciousness has separated from my brain, from my body, becoming a sort of cursed existence, with this curse parasitizing my skull, turning me into some sort of aberration."

"Under normal circumstances, I should be dead, with no possibility of retaining consciousness, but the Eight-Tone Music Box has kept me alive... it's truly paradoxical."

Yang Jian was extremely certain that his thoughts were clear, that he retained his memories of the past as well as of the present, and that there was no difference from when he had been alive before.

The only difference was the hollow, eerie tolling of the bell that still echoed in his mind.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box continued, but it was also due to this curse that after Yang Jian's consciousness returned to his body, it was not immediately destroyed by other ghosts, and he was gradually regaining control of this body.

In other words,

Under the protection of the Eight-Tone Music Box, Yang Jian had become a more special existence.

If this trait could be maintained, then Yang Jian could undoubtedly make unrestrained use of the power of fierce ghosts, without fear of the risk of the ghosts' revival.

Because once the revived ghost suppressed the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, Yang Jian would die instantly, given that he was currently unaware of the strength of the curse and whether it could withstand ghosts of a certain level.

Although he was thinking this,

Consciousness was gradually returning, and as time passed, the ghost in his body was retreating.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box had triumphed over the ghost's instincts, ensuring the smooth return of Yang Jian's consciousness.

After a full half-hour,

Yang Jian, crouching on the ground like a corpse, finally moved his neck slightly.

This movement sent shivers down Huang Ziya's spine, leaving her riddled with doubts and uncertainty, for she still wasn't sure whether the one who moved was Yang Jian or the ghost inside his body.

"Can't see clearly? It seems that my body's condition no longer allows my vision to return to normal. After all, half my head is gone, and it's only natural for my eyes to be blurry."

As Huang Ziya was filled with trepidation, one of Yang Jian's eyes, which had lost its luster and turned ashen and dull, suddenly split open, and within the fissure, another eye appeared.

This was a red ghost eye without a pupil.

The ghost eye replaced the dead eye in the socket, allowing Yang Jian to regain his sight.

"Yang Jian?" Huang Ziya tried calling out, her expression showing more fear and unease than anything else.

"Yes, it's me."

Yang Jian's throat moved, and he spoke, the voice strange, not one that a living person could produce.

After all, he was no longer a living person, just a body with a damaged head.

Hearing the response, even with Yang Jian looking so haunting, Huang Ziya couldn't help but breathe a huge sigh of relief.

It was a success at last.

Despite the complications, Yang Jian's head had been returned, and she had helped him take back his body.

"It's good that it's over, I thought I almost died here," Huang Ziya said; "What exactly happened to you, how did your head fall off just like that? Were you attacked by a ghost?"

"Not, clear," Yang Jian's remaining half-head moved as he spoke, his voice still sounded weird and unpleasant.

But his thoughts were clear, and he was pondering the previous events.

There had been no warning, no premonition of the appearance of a fierce ghost, only a sudden instinctive feeling of danger, and then he was attacked by something.

First came the head falling off, followed by the fallen head splitting in two.

A normal person, or even most of the Ghost Domain controllers, would have been dead beyond any hope of revival in such a situation; if it hadn't been for the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, Yang Jian wouldn't have survived either.

Chapter 588 Speculation

Huang Ziya looked at Yang Jian, who was motionless, seemingly lost in thought, and couldn't help but speak, "If you can't think of any reason, stop trying. At this point, surviving is what's most important. And are you really okay like this? After all, you're left with only half a head; will it always be like this?"

Even the most tolerant people couldn't bear to have someone with half a head moving around them.

Yang Jian's stiff, icy corpse moved slightly, but he was analyzing the situation before him, "The attack I suffered earlier doesn't seem like a supernatural event; it felt like a targeted assault. I was walking in the street and talking on the phone when suddenly, I suffered a bizarre attack. The attack happened in two stages: first, it moved my head, and then it split my head in two."

"The purpose of this attack was clear, to kill me in one blow without giving me any chance to survive."

"If it were a ghost killing someone, it wouldn't be like this. After attacking you once, a ghost wouldn't attack you continuously a second time, especially not in the same place."

Huang Ziya exclaimed in surprise, "You think it was done by a person? Was it the work of a ghost controller?"

Killing by a ghost and killing by a ghost controller are actually quite similar; the latter might even be more eerie. Because while ghosts killing people need to follow certain rules, ghost controllers possessing a ghost's powers can ignore such rules and take direct action.

"There's an over eighty percent chance someone targeted me, because after the second attack, there hasn't been a third attack until now. If a ghost wanted to kill me, it surely wouldn't just attack twice; it would keep attacking nonstop until I was completely dead," Yang Jian slowly stood up.

"So, the likelihood that a ghost has targeted me is small and also illogical. But if it was a ghost controller, then everything makes sense."

"After the first attack, I wasn't dead yet, so a certain ghost controller took another stab to ensure death, adding a second attack. After the second one, they confirmed my condition, deemed me dead, so they did not strike again. That's why there has been no third attack."

Yang Jian's eye socket with one red eye looked beyond the Ghost Domain.

He needed to investigate, he needed the truth. If it turned out to be the work of a ghost controller, then he needed... revenge.

Now, he had no more concerns.

As long as the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box was there, he couldn't die.

However...

Yang Jian felt a heavy mood, that kind of attack was too terrifying.

It ignored the barriers of the four levels of the Ghost Domain and the resistance of the ghost within his body, and in an instant, made his head fall off. Even if he currently couldn't die because of the curse, if he faced such an attack again, it would likely be hard to withstand.

This situation was almost like the one he experienced back at the Caesar Hotel.

Wandering in that hotel was a very terrifying ghost, which he had seen with his own eyes. The ghost was the corpse of a tall, rotting man, whose killing method involved stepping on the footprints of passersby.

Once the footprint was stepped on and the killing method triggered, the ghost's attack would also ignore distance, ignore the Ghost Domain, and just one attack could instantly consume nearly an entire Ghost Candle.

Had he not solved the puzzle in time, coupled with the Ghost Candle from the Dachang City incident which bought time, he, Xiong Wenwen, Lin Luomei, and a few others would have undoubtedly been annihilated there.

"Do I need to acquire the eerie Firewood Knife from the ghost's hand to fight this kind of terrifying attack? Since I can't die now anyway, I'm not afraid of being suddenly killed."

Yang Jian pondered, weighing his options.

He felt that this was a highly feasible plan. He had been interested in what was in the ghost's hand before, but due to hesitation and not wanting to directly confront an unknown level of ghost for some mysterious and dangerous item, that would have been irrational.

After all, no matter how special the object, it isn't as important as one's own life.

Now, his life was already gone, concerns no longer existed, and the conditions for action were met.

"No rush, I need to be sure of what exactly is going on before I take action," Yang Jian kept this thought in his heart for the time being.

He wanted to understand the truth.

After he understood everything, he would act, and there was still time. The Eight-Tone Music Box's curse could last for quite a while, at least for several days without any problem, and he didn't need several days to thoroughly investigate.

Tonight, he could be sure.

Because Yang Jian already had a guess in his heart, he just hadn't confirmed it yet.

But before that, Yang Jian needed to recover, otherwise his current condition would be very disadvantageous to him.

"Once again using Gao Zhiqiang's Ghost Conman to recover, it's not the first time." Yang Jian's gaze turned toward his room in the Ping'an Hotel.

Inside the bedroom of that room, there was a chest made of gold, and Gao Zhiqiang's ghost was imprisoned within it.

This was a gain from the last headquarters meeting, the ghost was neither controlled nor carried on the person, it was just casually placed in the hotel.

He was confident that no one would dare to steal things from his residence.

If someone could steal it, then Yang Jian himself would have been taken out, and such possessions would be irrelevant.

Immediately,

Yang Jian stepped forward, heading towards the Ping'an Hotel.

"Wait, wait a minute." Huang Ziya stopped him.

Yang Jian paused and turned to look at Huang Ziya.

Huang Ziya was lying on the ground, struggling to move forward, her lower half seemed to be paralyzed, unable to stand up smoothly.

"The aftereffects of the specter's revival?" Yang Jian glanced at her, and her situation immediately became clear.

Her body had deteriorated significantly, even though he had helped suppress the ghost in Huang Ziya, it was a temporary solution, not a cure.

"Aren't you going to help me up?" Huang Ziya said.

"Sorry, I was thinking about something else." Yang Jian went over and picked her up.

Light, thin, that was Yang Jian's impression of this woman, who didn't have the physique a woman should have.

This was a common problem among ghost controllers, their bodies were constantly decaying.

"You helped me this time, I should thank you." Yang Jian looked at her as he spoke.

Huang Ziya was taken aback, and she said, "Didn't you save me last time at the training base too? That time was even more dangerous than this one, and I haven't thanked you yet, but it seems we don't need to be so polite. I'm about to die, the specter's revival has already begun, and temporary suppression is useless. Once I'm away from your help, revival will continue, and by the looks of it, you probably won't live much longer either."

She said this with a bitter smile at the corner of her mouth.

Although she had anticipated this outcome on the day she became a ghost controller, the prospect of a despairing death still left her feeling unwilling.

Yang Jian, with only half his head left, did look terrible, but he replied in a strange voice, "That won't happen, at least not now."

He took Huang Ziya into the Ping'an Hotel and back into his own room.

Chapter 589 Making Strange Objects

Yang Jian's consciousness returned safely with the help of Huang Ziya, despite some dangers, but at least he was still alive.

The two returned to the Ping'an Hotel.

This was Yang Jian's room.

Although he had been away for a while, no one had touched anything in the room, and some important items he had left were still there.

For instance, the ghost of Gao Zhiqiang, the red embroidered shoes in that pair of boxes, and a few seldom-used white Ghost Candles.

"Wait for me a moment."

Yang Jian set Huang Ziya down on the sofa, then entered the room.

He had never withdrawn the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, maintaining it as before, because he wasn't sure if that kind of attack would happen again. Although the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain couldn't block that terrible assault, it could at least prevent other people from peeking. If the person who made the move against him was indeed a ghost controller, the Ghost Domain would still be useful.

Moreover, now he could use the power of the malevolent ghost for a long time without worrying about the risk of the ghost's revival.

The curse-like ringing of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still echoing in his mind.

Huang Ziya frowned as she saw Yang Jian leave temporarily; her thick black hair started to grow rapidly again, and the danger of the malicious ghost's revival appeared on her body once more.

As expected.

Once Yang Jian's suppression was gone, her body would immediately start to be consumed by the ghost.

This process was already irreversible, unless Yang Jian was always by her side.

"It seems the situation is worse than I thought," Yang Jian emerged quickly, still with only half a head and a stiff body exuding a chilling aura.

However, Huang Ziya noticed that Yang Jian now held a small chest in his hands.

The color of the chest was golden yellow, probably made of gold. Usually, such things did not contain anything good.

"Unless headquarters helps me control a second ghost, I'm doomed. But with my current condition, any application would definitely be rejected," Huang Ziya said, motionless, but the sofa was already covered with a layer of black hair.

She did not struggle, nor was she afraid.

She knew she would be safe now because Yang Jian was here.

"The reason headquarters has the method to control a second ghost is that they get all the ghosts we capture. They have enough materials to conduct research and find a matching ghost. But there are no absolutes. I have an immature plan that might be useful to you," Yang Jian walked over and grabbed Huang Ziya's thin arm.

Instantly,

The newly grown eerie black hair began to shrink back, and before long, Huang Ziya returned to her previous state.

Yang Jian's Ghost Hand held the quota to suppress three ghosts, and using one slot on Huang Ziya meant she was temporarily safe.

"What do you plan to do?" Huang Ziya shifted her body, asking eagerly.

"Now is not the time to discuss that; let's handle the body first," Yang Jian's tone was still bizarre, as he reached out and directly opened the chest in front of him.

Suddenly,

A stench of decaying corpses surged out from the chest, so foul it made one want to vomit.

"Is this... a ghost?" Huang Ziya glanced inside and her face changed drastically because she saw a corpse lying within, folded and curled into an odd position, and it was already in a state of decay.

Yang Jian said, "Hmm, this is Gao Zhiqiang's ghost, code name, Ghost Conman. I snatched it from that guy when I first attended a meeting at headquarters. This ghost is very special, one of the more unusual ones I've come across."

Gao Zhiqiang?

Huang Ziya didn't know this person, but she understood that he must also be a ghost manipulator from headquarters, just like herself.

"You stole his ghost? What's so special about that ghost?"

"You'll know soon enough," Yang Jian said as a red ghost eye in his eye socket looked towards the box.

Soon.

The rotting corpse inside the box began to stir, as if struggling or coming back to life.

In no time at all, the decayed body in the box slowly stood up.

"Seems like it can't stay still even inside the box, continuously restoring its body," Yang Jian observed. The corpse had started to rapidly reverse its decay, seeking to return to normal.

But in the next moment.

Yang Jian suddenly reached out and grabbed the corpse by the neck.

Immediately.

The rotting body began to collapse, turning into a pile of useless bones and flesh.

The real ghost, though, was already caught in his hand.

It wasn't a person but a humanoid silhouette, blurry and indistinct, yet this was the true nature of a ghost. The body on the ground was just the result of the ghost having deeply infiltrated Gao Zhiqiang, thinking it was Gao Zhiqiang, and thus incessantly trying to restore itself. If Gao Zhiqiang were eroded by the ghost for a long time, the ghost would completely replace him.

Moreover, normally this ghost is invisible to ordinary people and only appears within the Ghost Domain.

Huang Ziya felt amazed and began to see Yang Jian's methods in a new light.

Where others encountering a real ghost would be too frightened to even flee, Yang Jian dared to touch a ghost directly, seemingly able to hold it in his hand without being affected at all.

"No, that's not right," Huang Ziya suddenly widened her eyes.

She witnessed an incredible scene.

Yang Jian's half-dead body, which had been dead for a while, began to heal.

The head rapidly became whole again, the cold body regained its warmth, and she was still held by Yang Jian's other hand, clearly feeling the body temperature starting to appear in his grasp.

"How is this possible? Your body has healed?" Huang Ziya was so shocked she almost cried out.

Yang Jian, however, remained calm. He said, "This ghost can influence everything around it, body included. I used this to let my body heal, but only parts that haven't been eroded by fierce ghosts, like this arm of mine, which won't heal. It's still the same as it was before."

He looked at his arm, its skin darkened, its palm deathly pale, cold and still as death, no different from a corpse.

"I see..." Although Huang Ziya understood, she still found it incredible.

This method of utilizing a ghost was almost revolutionary for a ghost manipulator's knowledge.

But then, Huang Ziya found her own body also healing, returning to the state of health it had been in before, her emaciated flesh gradually filling out under her skin, her unhealthy complexion becoming rosy and smooth again. Her body, previously paralyzed due to the resurrection by the ghost, regained sensation.

Even her ordinarily unremarkable chest started to swell.

All of a sudden, the thin, haggard, nearly deformed-by-a-fierce-ghost Huang Ziya turned into a beautiful woman with an outstanding figure.

...

"How does it feel, is there anything that still doesn't seem right? I can help you modify it again," Yang Jian said.

Huang Ziya stood up, looked around, and even checked herself in the mirror. Beyond surprise, she felt a greater sense of joy.

Her figure was simply better than before she became a ghost controller.

"Captain, what exactly is going on? Did you do this on purpose? I wasn't this big before," Huang Ziya said, unable to resist glancing down at her chest after confirming there were no other issues.

Yang Jian's expression remained calm, "I just made the best choice by comparing with the figure of another woman. If you think it's too big, I can change it back for you."

"No need, this is very good," Huang Ziya immediately responded.

Rarely had she become more beautiful and attained such a fine figure; how could she possibly give it up.

"I plan to give you this ghost temporarily. It can help you suppress the resurgence of fierce ghosts. I have other matters to attend to and cannot always help you contain the ghost in your body. Consider this a reward for saving my life," Yang Jian spoke, "But you must not control it for extended periods; otherwise, you will be eroded by the ghost. You can only utilize it."

With that, he glanced around the room, "If you were to carry it with you, what kind of item would you like to choose?"

Huang Ziya, somewhat confused, still followed Yang Jian's suggestion and turned her gaze to a European-style table lamp nearby.

The lamp had some glass crystal pendants, one of which was a beautiful droplet-shaped crystal ornament.

"How about that thing?" Huang Ziya pointed and asked.

Yang Jian nodded, "That will do."

As he spoke, the crystal pendant on the lamp disappeared and then appeared in his hand.

"Captain, what are you planning to do?" Huang Ziya asked, both curious and puzzled.

"To put the ghost inside it. It doesn't need to be sealed with Gold. It only needs to be contained for a short time so it doesn't escape. I had an idea when I was distorting the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian said, holding the droplet-shaped crystal decoration in his hand.

The next moment, his Ghost Eyes opened, and a sinister red light covered the surroundings.

The vague ghostly form he was grasping began to twist, shifting shape erratically like a flickering shadow.

Under the influence of the four-layer Ghost Domain, everything around would change.

But to prevent the ghost from reviving in a short time was impossible with just this; further influence was required.

The fifth layer of the Ghost Domain opened.

The vague and distorted human outline in his hand began to vanish rapidly... first the limbs, then the torso, until only a head remained, twisted into a black dot.

In the end, Yang Jian placed the blurred black dot into the crystal pendant he held in his hand.

Within the transparent and pure ornament, the black dot appeared like an insignificant impurity.

However, this was a ghost in its entirety. Over time, this black dot would gradually break free from its bindings and transform into a real ghost.

"Try it, hold this thing and repeatedly self-suggest that the fierce ghost won't revive. If I haven't miscalculated, it should be useful," Yang Jian tossed the crystal pendant to Huang Ziya.

Huang Ziya hurriedly caught it, her hands trembling involuntarily.

It contained a ghost, after all.

But what filled her with even greater awe was that Yang Jian could play with a ghost in his hands, and moreover, crafted it into a weird object.

Following Yang Jian's method, Huang Ziya attempted it, holding the crystal and closing her eyes to begin self-suggestion.

...

With Yang Jian's suppression gone, her thick black hair sprang back to life, growing rapidly once again.

But very soon,

The ghost's revival halted; the dense black hair stopped growing halfway.

Huang Ziya felt a chilling aura invade her body from the crystal in her hand, and it affected the ghost within her, preventing it from continuing to revive.

"It works."

She then opened her eyes and, with a surprised leap, jumped up from the sofa.

"Don't celebrate too early," Yang Jian said, "Take another look at the crystal in your hand."

Huang Ziya spread her palm and saw that the black spot inside the crystal had grown larger, as if pollution was spreading.

"I twisted the body of this ghost, making part of it disappear with a five-layer Ghost Domain, but I left a tiny bit behind. The ghost will gradually revive through this black spot. The more you use it, the faster the revival will be, until the crystal shatters and the vanished ghost reappears before your eyes."

"However, if you use it sparingly, it can ensure your safety for a while," Yang Jian said. "Figure it out on your own."

"I understand, but with such a special item are you really giving it to me?" Huang Ziya blinked.

Yang Jian said, "As I said before, I'm only lending it to you for now. If I die, then it's yours. If I'm still alive, I'll take it back later. Don't lose it. Also, I'm giving you the Ghost Candle; my life isn't that cheap."

"Well, Captain, thank you," Huang Ziya smiled, accepting without demur.

For the first time, she felt that choosing Yang Jian as the captain was the most correct decision in her life because she saw a hope for survival in him.

"No need, you deserve it. Now you can go back, I have other things to do," Yang Jian pointed to the door. "Once you step out, you can leave my Ghost Domain and return to your own room."

"Captain, are you rushing me out?"

Huang Ziya stroked her cheek's black hair: "It's quite late now, actually, I'm very willing to stay, accompany you for a bath, and then unwind; after all, sometimes I'm just a normal woman. Don't always see me just as a teammate."

Having said that, she stared straight at Yang Jian, hoping for his response.

"No need."

Yang Jian still bluntly refused: "If you have that sort of..."

"No need, then I'm going back," Huang Ziya cut him off, seemingly angry as she quickly stood up, shook her hair, and walked towards the door.

Just before she was about to leave, she paused, turned back, and couldn't help asking, "Captain, are you impotent?"

Yang Jian's face darkened instantly; "Are you trying to provoke me?"

Seeing Yang Jian angry, Huang Ziya shrank her neck in fright and hurriedly fled in a gloomy state.

She had indeed been deliberately provoking Yang Jian, but it seemed to have the opposite effect.

After all, how could it be possible for someone who could restore even a half-headless mutilated body to normal to be truly impotent? She just didn't understand why Yang Jian had not even the slightest interest in her?

Could it really be that he didn't like women?

Having left the room, Huang Ziya wandered back to her own place, musing aimlessly and wearing a smile on her face, feeling cheerful.

Today, she realized that the world was not completely despairing—there was still hope.

Yang Jian was Huang Ziya's hope.

Chapter 590 The Revival of Yang Jian?

"It's time to investigate what exactly is going on."

After dealing with Huang Ziya's issue, Yang Jian's deep voice echoed in the empty room, sounding like a ghoul whispering to itself.

He was still maintaining the fourth level of the Ghost Domain, unchanged.

Because maintaining the state he was in before his supposed death was the safest course of action. It would not only conceal him but also block outside information. So far, he had not been attacked, which meant that this was somewhat effective. Even if it wasn't, it was still best not to actively disrupt the equilibrium.

While his voice seemed to still echo in the room, Yang Jian had already disappeared.

He reappeared on the street he was on before.

He stood where he had supposedly died.

There was a patch of congealed blood on the ground that was vividly in sight, and some shattered fragments that had fallen from the body remained.

Apart from that, Yang Jian saw the fallen satellite phone and the eerie Eight-Tone Music Box beside it.

Huang Ziya hadn't taken the music box with her, and Yang Jian hadn't asked her to do so either, because who knew whether the curse of the music box would infect a second person? The safest approach was to leave it there without minding it since it wouldn't get lost within the fourth level of the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian picked up his satellite phone and saw an unexpected text message on it.

"Yang Jian involved in an unknown supernatural incident, suspected to be deceased..."

"It's a notice from headquarters; they must have determined my status through the phone and think I might be dead," Yang Jian thought. But then he frowned, "Wait, this information isn't right. How could headquarters be sure I died in a supernatural incident? Or did they confirm it?"

He suspected that his attack might have been man-made, but the headquarters defined it as a supernatural incident.

This conflicted with his own conjecture.

"I need to clear this up," Yang Jian decided to contact his operator, Liu Xiaoyu.

But then he found that the phone signal was missing, and he couldn't make contact.

What a joke.

The phone had maintained communication during the Hungry Ghost incident; his fourth-level Ghost Domain simply couldn't block the signal. Many bystanders were able to make calls for help on their phones.

"Headquarters must have cut off my signal," Yang Jian's eyes shifted as he discovered that in addition to being unable to make contact, many functions of the phone were also locked.

This was a sort of software self-protection program, designed to prevent information leaks. Unless the headquarters actively unlocked it, many functions would not be available. Just like when he received Zhou Zheng's satellite phone, he had to wait for the operator to passively contact him, and he couldn't contact the operator himself.

"The information indicates it's a suspected death, but this approach almost confirms that I'm already dead. Otherwise, why cut off the signal? If I were still alive, wouldn't this be a huge mistake at work?"

"There's a problem."

Although young, Yang Jian was extremely sensitive to anything that seemed illogical due to his encounters with many dangerous supernatural incidents.

He felt that the strange attack he suffered previously and the headquarters' illogical attitude seemed to be deliberately covering something up. If he had simply encountered a supernatural incident, headquarters would surely send someone for rescue, just like when Wang Xiaoming was trapped in the Ghost Envoy's domain.

But now.

Yang Jian's vision pierced through the Ghost Domain, and he saw everything around him clearly.

The whole area was locked down.

Other than Huang Ziya, who had left, the Ping'an Hotel was empty.

Not even a single vehicle was on the streets.

"This is in preparation for dealing with my ghostly resurrection... which means I'm now being treated as a dead person?" The various signs suggested that to those outside, Yang Jian was already considered a deceased ghost master.

Otherwise, they wouldn't handle it this way.

"I need to find someone to clear things up, and it has to be discreet," Yang Jian thought. Since the headquarters was treating him as dead, he could pretend to be dead for a while and disappear from everyone's sight. However, he had to understand the truth.

Liu Xiaoyu.

Yang Jian thought of her.

Being a headquarters staff and his dedicated operator, she should know something, and as she was an ordinary person, contact with her wouldn't cause any accidents.

Only... Liu Xiaoyu should be at headquarters at this time.

Going to find her openly was definitely not an option; the situation there was more complicated than he had anticipated.

"But at this point, why worry so much? Since the headquarters thinks I'm dead, I'll let them know what should happen after my death..."

Yang Jian casually dropped his phone and picked up the Eight-Tone Music Box that was still cursing him.

Then, he opened his ghost eyes.

This time, he didn't just open four of his ghost eyes, but all nine of them.

Under the circumstance of no more than four overlapping layers of the Ghost Domain, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box wouldn't be affected, which had been confirmed. Temporarily opening a five-layer Ghost Domain wouldn't have an impact either. As for whether it would if kept open for a prolonged

period, Yang Jian didn't know, but he felt that he didn't need to take such a risk since the situation wasn't as bad as he had imagined.

The next moment.

The Ghost Domain, which only covered one street, began to expand rapidly at an almost unbelievable speed.

In a short time, it had covered three or four nearby streets, then almost an entire urban district, followed by a significant part of the city area... and the scope was still growing.

However, Yang Jian couldn't maintain a four-layer Ghost Domain over such an extensive area, so he opted to sustain a three-layer Ghost Domain.

If he wanted to expand the range further, then he would have to reduce to a two-layer Ghost Domain.

But a three-layer Ghost Domain was already enough.

More than half of the city area was covered, including the location of the headquarters.

Yang Jian stood on the street, his nine ghost eyes overlapping into three, casting an eerie red glow and forming three segments of the Ghost Domain. These segments, akin to a jigsaw in a ghost painting, fitted together to form an even larger Ghost Domain.

At this moment.

Almost every ghost master in the city felt it.

"This is..." Li Jun, who had been observing the situation nearby, suddenly raised his head.

Ordinary people didn't notice, but he could see clearly—the whole world seemed to be covered by a red light, and a feeling of being watched by a strange gaze surged in his heart. He looked around and found that the scope of the red light exceeded his imagination; everything within his sight was engulfed.

"Did Yang Jian's ghost awaken?"

A chill crept into Li Jun's heart as his worst fears seemed to be coming true.

"Yang Jian's Ghost Domain?" In a restaurant near the hotel, Zhang Lei paused, feeling a touch of surprise.

"Hey, hey, hey, no way, is this starting to happen already?" Cao Yang, walking along a street, came to a halt, his expression indescribably solemn.

He, too, recognized the terror of this Ghost Domain.

Suddenly, it was as though a vast part of the city was engulfed, without any warning, without time to react.

It was as if... a nightmare was beginning.

"This is bad."

In a villa in a certain district, Guo Fan was taken aback, the joy he felt upon hearing of Yang Jian's death dissipating completely.

"I said it before, with Yang Jian dead, don't celebrate too soon, now look what's happened," Zong Shan's brows knitted tightly as he looked out the window.

A world swathed in red light, with no other colors to be seen.

Headquarters.

There was an area here which the Ghost Domain did not affect, but other places couldn't avoid it.

"Hmm?" In a room, an old man covered in age spots, his dull eyes lacking vitality, shifted slightly, looking in the direction of Yang Jian.

"Wooo!"

In a dormitory, Liu Xiaoyu lay on her bed, her face buried in her pillow still mourning for Yang Jian's death, oblivious to her surroundings and seemingly unaware of anything else.

Ping'an Tower was also within the coverage of the Ghost Domain.

Those who were discussing how to deal with Yang Jian's corpse were, at that moment, all stunned.

"It's Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. This color, this feeling of being watched, there's no mistaking it... The ghost inside his body has come out," Jang Shangbai suddenly stood up, running to the window to look outside, his face turning dark: "This scope, it's shockingly large; half the city is gone."

Using some landmark buildings, he could discern which areas were and weren't affected by the Ghost Domain.

But it was precisely because he figured it out that Jang Shangbai looked particularly grim.

"Damn, are you trying to scare me? Covering half the city upon revival?" someone jumped up from their chair, a look of disbelief on their face.

Jang Shangbai pointed towards the distance and said, "It's easy to recognize. That building over there has lost its light. Starting from there to this end....saying half the city is an understatement. Thankfully, the Ghost Domain extended towards the suburbs; otherwise, the entire city would be inside its reach."

"Does that mean that from now on we could be attacked by ghosts at any moment?" someone else voiced their deep worry.