

Revival 591

Chapter 591 Outrage

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain spread too fiercely. Previously, it had only affected one street, but at some point during the night, this boundary was effortlessly broken. The scope of the Ghost Domain suddenly surpassed all imagination, and in less than ten seconds, half the city disappeared.

"This is impossible."

In the headquarters office, Cao Yanhua, who had just fallen asleep not long ago, was urgently awakened. Upon arriving at the office and hearing Shen Liang's report, his complexion changed drastically, and he slammed his hand on the desk, roaring while trembling all over.

It seemed that Yang Jian's ghost had fully resurrected, and the Ghost Domain now covered nearly half of the city.

"Previously, it was clearly just one street..."

Cao Yanhua gripped the report in his hands tightly, staring intently at Shen Liang.

Feeling Cao Yanhua's murderous gaze, Shen Liang had no choice but to persist, "The estimate was inaccurate... Yang Jian's ghost is more terrifying than we imagined, and I haven't been the one in charge of him all along, so my understanding of many pieces of information about him is not comprehensive. If there were no issues with Zhao Jianguo, he should have a new assessment report."

Cao Yanhua thought of several reports during Zhao Jianguo's tenure, which indeed mentioned that Yang Jian required special attention and that he was extraordinary.

However, he didn't take it too seriously at that time. Although he did pay close attention afterward, he didn't think deeply about it.

Shen Liang continued in a subdued voice, "Moreover, this incident came too suddenly, disrupting everyone's arrangements. Some exorcists already want to flee the city area, after all, with Yang Jian's resurrection and the Hungry Ghost incident still unresolved, the pressure is immense. Even people in our circle are preparing for retreat, though it's not confirmed yet, but things are looking grim... Deputy Minister, morale is beginning to collapse."

"Damn these friends circles, these dog things, capitalists. Not only did they cause me to lose a top captain, but they've also created another S-class supernatural event, wrecking what was a somewhat manageable situation into chaos, beyond salvage, and now they are scared, wanting to smooth things over and leave, dumping all the trouble back on us?"

Cao Yanhua crushed the report in his hands into a ball, flinging it away with an enraged roar in his bloodshot eyes.

"I should never have persuaded Yang Jian to reconcile with the friends circle. I should have stood out and supported Yang Jian in eliminating these parasites. These people are useless when dealing with real ghosts, one more cowardly than the next, but when it comes to dealing with people, they're all ruthless. Without Yang Jian, Li Jun, Leuk San, Cao Yang stabilizing the situation, would they still think about sitting in Ping'an Tower, sipping tea, and plotting?"

"Now they want to run, now they think they can run..."

Cao Yanhua was shivering with rage, pacing back and forth as though considering emergency measures.

Time was incredibly urgent now. Evil spirits had revived, the Ghost Domain covered nearly half the city, and apart from the unimaginable effects this would have on the global situation once the incident was over, the damage caused during this period alone was chilling.

After the Hungry Ghost incident, he had seen the report of Dachang City with his own eyes, and it was horrifying.

And that incident from start to finish only lasted about a dozen days.

"We must not let the people from the friends circle escape. If they run, the team's spirit will be completely broken."

Cao Yanhua's mind wasn't clouded by anger. If the people from the friends circle escaped as if the matter didn't concern them, what would the others think?

They were afraid of death, and so were his own ghost exorcists.

"Go and invite Old Qin. Have Old Qin make a trip to Ping'an Tower and tell the people from the friends circle that no one is allowed to leave. They must take responsibility for this matter. If anyone dares to run, kill them immediately. There's no room for negotiation, no possibility of choice, that's the deal. Whether they like it or not, they have to do it," Cao Yanhua said through clenched teeth.

"If Old Qin leaves, what if something happens here, now that the headquarters is also within the affected area?" Shen Liang reminded him, worrying that a rash decision could spoil everything.

Cao Yanhua said, "If we worry about everything, we'll accomplish nothing. We can't manage so much right now. Dangerous? Where is there a safe place at the moment? If we can resolve this matter in the shortest time, there's still a chance for recovery, but if it drags on, the consequences are unthinkable."

"Do we need to discuss this and report it?" Shen Liang hesitated for a moment.

Cao Yanhua's expression darkened, "No need, I'll take responsibility. Once this is over, I'll resign. So you don't need to worry about anything else."

Shen Liang nodded and prepared to leave immediately.

However, at that moment, a phone rang.

Cao Yanhua glanced at it and immediately answered.

It was Li Jun calling, "Deputy Minister, where are you? I've come to your office, but I don't see you."

"You're at my office, are you sure?" Cao Yanhua paused for a moment, then his eyes narrowed as he looked around, but there was no sign of Li Jun.

"Correct, I'm standing right in front of your desk," Li Jun said. "This matter is very urgent, I came over immediately."

Shen Liang exclaimed in surprise, "Li Jun, I'm in the office with the deputy minister as well, but I haven't seen you."

After hearing these words, Li Jun fell silent on the other end of the phone.

Cao Yanhua also began to breathe rapidly.

Because the situation might be worse than imagined...

"It's the Ghost Domain, the Ghost Domain has separated us. I just realized there's not a single person in the entire headquarters."

Li Jun seemed to have confirmed the situation just moments before and spoke with exceptional gravity.

Upon hearing this, Cao Yanhua staggered, barely able to hold himself steady after days of continuous work; he almost collapsed.

"Deputy minister," Shen Liang quickly steadied him.

Cao Yanhua gritted his teeth and said, "Go, inform Professor Wang that from now on, everything will be arranged by Professor Wang. Put Old Qin's matter on hold, and if Professor Wang needs it, he can use Coffin Nail of the Hungry Ghost if necessary."

He no longer dared to command because he couldn't comprehend the eerie situation, so he had to leave it to the person most familiar with paranormal events to craft a plan.

And Wang Xiaoming had always been researching these matters; no one understood the current situation better than him.

Meanwhile.

On the top floor of a building in the city.

Yang Jian casually sat atop the building's parapet, his feet dangling over nearly two hundred meters in the air. The chilling wind from the high-rise buildings whipped around wildly, seemingly on the verge of sweeping him away, but his body remained unstirred, as if completely unaffected.

However, above his head, three red eyes watched over the entire city with a kind of strangeness that was beyond comprehension.

The three Ghost Eyes represented the three levels of the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian had utilized all nine Ghost Eyes, holding nothing back.

The activation of his three-level Ghost Domain wasn't impulsive. The area it covered wasn't haphazardly chosen but was purposeful.

"The first layer of the Ghost Domain has separated all the ordinary people. They should just live their lives normally within the first layer of the Ghost Domain, there's no need for them to get involved in this mess."

Yang Jian overlapped the first layer of the Ghost Domain with reality, making no changes to it. In other words, ordinary people wouldn't notice or be affected, having nothing to do with the events that were about to unfold — in fact, staying in his Ghost Domain might even be a form of protection for them.

Among the ordinary people were his friends and acquaintances; he was only pretending to resurrect fierce spirits, not actually doing so, thus these measures were necessary.

"The second layer of the Ghost Domain is where all the ghost masters reside. To them, the entire city is deserted, devoid of the living and light, just a world dyed red. This is the truly dangerous place."

"And I am in the third layer of the Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian spent some time screening and separating all the people within the Ghost Domain to facilitate his actions.

After accomplishing all this, he slowly stood up.

"Now, from this moment forward, I take control of this city," Yang Jian stepped forward.

His step was placed into two hundred meters of thin air, but he didn't fall. Instead, he took a few steps forward, and then his figure flickered, disappearing eerily.

The surrounding chilling wind instantly subsided, everything turned desolate and lifeless, devoid of any vitality.

Yang Jian entered the third layer of the Ghost Domain.

Within the third layer of the Ghost Domain, he could appear anywhere in the city, and nothing within the covered range of the Ghost Domain could withstand his intrusion.

Walls, floors, the vaults of banks... he could pass through everything, except for safe houses made of Gold. Otherwise, there were no secrets left in the city before his Ghost Eyes.

Chapter 592 Yang Jian Logs Off

Yang Jian saw many people in the Ghost Domain, some familiar, some less so, and others completely unfamiliar, even including a few foreign faces.

There were more ghost masters hidden in the city than he had imagined.

He had discovered no less than twenty safe houses.

Although they were not large in scale, some even less impressive than the safe house he had built in Dachang City, the number was indeed surprisingly high, which made Yang Jian have to marvel that the wealthy in big cities really were numerous, as he had spent all his money, plus his salary, to barely build a safe house.

Apart from these safe houses that could not be invaded, a part of the headquarters that his Ghost Domain could not cover was blank, impenetrable.

There was a blank spot in a certain area of the suburbs.

There were also some obscure places in the city district that the Ghost Domain could not invade.

"There's no time to worry about those now," Yang Jian wasn't interested; the ethereal, odd melody of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still resonating in his mind.

That sound reminded him that his life was no longer long, and he had to hurry in whatever he did.

He suspected that the area of the headquarters that could not be invaded was Old Qin's residence.

But he didn't care and still appeared in a dormitory building of the headquarters.

Liu Xiaoyu in the dormitory building had a sleepless night.

During her work, she always had a wish, which was to sleep for a dozen hours straight at home when she had a day off, without anyone disturbing her and no sudden awakening phone rings.

But now that the day had come, Liu Xiaoyu found herself unable to sleep.

Yang Jian was dead.

Her own exclusive communication room was gone too.

She could no longer hear that voice that might pop up at any moment, nor see that face she detested.

"You were still so young, not even twenty years old yet, you always seemed so tough, never losing a fight, never winning an argument... Zhang Wei was still waiting for you to come back and play games with him, your secretary was still working hard to manage the company and improve performance, and your mother was still bragging to family and friends about how promising you were, and now you've just disappeared like that?"

That's what Liu Xiaoyu thought, she didn't cry, but she was still heartbroken.

She knew more about Yang Jian's family matters than Yang Jian himself, everyone around her had been investigated, information continuously sent to her, all so that she could pass on these messages at any time, look after the moods of the ghost masters, and stabilize their conditions.

But now, none of it meant anything.

"Sss!"

However, while Liu Xiaoyu was lost in her chaotic thoughts, the lights in the dormitory suddenly started flickering as if the electrical current was unstable, affected by some interference.

Liu Xiaoyu didn't care at first.

But soon, she realized that the interference with the current seemed persistent; the lights flickered on and off, making the room alternate between light and dark, something she couldn't just ignore.

"What's happening?" Liu Xiaoyu slightly lifted her head to look at the light tube.

The thought of a ghost incident suddenly crossed her mind, but she quickly discarded it.

This was the dormitory building of headquarters, how could any ghost incident happen here? It must be a broken light tube that needed to be replaced tomorrow.

With that thought, Liu Xiaoyu propped herself up, ready to turn off the light and go to sleep.

But as soon as she sat up, the light in front of her dimmed, and she suddenly saw a strange lump of darkness appear on the bed opposite her, and upon closer inspection, it was even more startling—there was the silhouette of a person lurking in the darkness, as if someone was truly sitting there watching her.

Her face went pale with fright, she almost screamed.

Bearing in mind the last time there had been an error in Zhao Jianguo's studio, which caused the ghost incident to spill over into the communication room, many of her colleagues died, and now she was the only one left in the dormitory, impossible for a second person to appear.

"You're still as timid as ever."

A familiar voice came out from the shadows.

The extinguished light came back on, and there sat a young man, suddenly appearing there, his gaze calm and sharp, with not a hint of the eerie deadness about him.

"Yang, Yang Jian?"

Liu Xiaoyu's eyes instantly widened with a horrified expression on her face, as if she had seen the most inconceivable thing in the world.

"You're not Yang Jian, who are you? Yang Jian is already dead."

She had seen Yang Jian's body with her own eyes, witnessed his head split in two, and the blood that had pooled on the ground.

The news of his death had been confirmed, and even the ghosts had revived on that street. Every sign pointed to the fact that Yang Jian could no longer possibly be alive; otherwise, headquarters wouldn't have issued the information about his presumed death.

"In your eyes, I most certainly was dead, but some things are uncertain, right? Just think of it as me playing dead again—it's not the first time."

Yang Jian spoke calmly, then added, "Besides, I couldn't reach you, so I came to check in."

The words "I couldn't reach you" seemed to strike at Liu Xiaoyu's fragile heart, and she suddenly broke into tears, unable to stop them from rolling down her cheeks.

"My communication room was shut down. I raised my concerns with the vice minister, but it was no use... We all thought you were dead," she expressed through her sobs.

"I've seen that message. It said I died in some unknown supernatural incident, but now I can assure you that there was no supernatural event at my place of death, let alone within a kilometer nearby," Yang Jian looked at her earnestly. "You know what's going on, don't you?"

Liu Xiaoyu nodded quickly, wiping away her tears, "I know. I was just outside the communication room at the time. I heard the vice minister and some other team leaders discussing and even arguing... You weren't killed by a supernatural event; it was the work of the Friend Circle. They had to explain to headquarters before six o'clock, so they took you out."

"So, I was murdered?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

He wasn't too surprised by this conclusion; it had been within his expectations. Without a definite answer from Liu Xiaoyu, he would've targeted the Friend Circle himself.

Whether it was their doing or not, he didn't expect to live much longer. He might as well take those guys down first.

This was the classic mindset of 'better to kill wrongly than spare an enemy.'

After all, those guys weren't up to any good either.

"Do you know how they killed me?" Yang Jian queried further.

Liu Xiaoyu shook her head to indicate she didn't know.

Yang Jian didn't press on; he guessed that even Cao Yanhua might not be clear on the methods used by the Friend Circle.

"After my death, what does Cao Yanhua plan to do with the Friend Circle?" He asked another question.

This time Liu Xiaoyu fell silent, seemingly reluctant to answer.

"You don't want to say?"

Yang Jian inquired, "But I've pretty much guessed it. Cao Yanhua chose to conceal the news of my assassination by the Friend Circle, issued the SMS of my death in a supernatural event, covering up the truth. The purpose is obviously simple: to stabilize the situation, to avoid complications, and not to affect the operations against the Ghost Domain."

Liu Xiaoyu looked up, "Don't blame the vice minister. He was angry at that time and wanted to eliminate the Friend Circle, but others disagreed. Moreover, the Friend Circle threatened us; if we took action, they wouldn't mind taking out a few more leaders. The matter became too severe, so the minister issued a directive to compromise. But I believe it's only temporary. After this is over, not a single one will be spared."

She laid out everything she knew, fearing that Yang Jian might misunderstand.

"I'm not angry. What Cao Yanhua did was right. After all, who would seek revenge for someone who is dead, especially at the risk of losing several team leaders? If the Friend Circle could take me down, they could certainly take down others too."

Yang Jian continued, "While I understand this, I don't accept such methods. According to the rules, if someone takes me down, the murderer should be globally wanted, and the priority of this matter is higher than supernatural events."

"That's correct," Liu Xiaoyu looked at Yang Jian, unsure of what more to say.

"You set the rules, but today they were broken... Never mind, it's useless to say more, I've asked everything I wanted to," Yang Jian stood up.

Liu Xiaoyu hastily said, "Are you leaving?"

"Of course, and from now on, you won't need to keep monitoring my communications. Ghost Eye Yang Jian is signing off. Unless something unexpected happens, I won't be coming back online," Yang Jian moved towards Liu Xiaoyu.

Liu Xiaoyu exclaimed in shock, "Are you resigning?"

"Go to sleep. By the time you wake up, everything will be over," Yang Jian didn't answer her directly but raised his hand and knocked Liu Xiaoyu unconscious.

Chapter 593 Enveloping Everyone

He left the headquarters dormitory building.

Yang Jian wasn't in a hurry to leave; he wandered about, searching, and then went under the ground and disappeared.

He arrived deep underground, at a very hidden place.

This was where supernatural objects were stored. Initially, Cao Yanhua had brought him here, trying to convince him to give up the position of team leader with these objects.

Indeed, Yang Jian had given up.

So today, he was here to take away a supernatural object that should have belonged to him.

The Ghost Camera.

The Ghost Summoning Banner.

The Skin Lantern...

Yang Jian passed many rooms but wasn't interested in any of them because he had no need for those things.

He went straight to a room that housed the Corpse Wrapping Cloth.

This was something he had already predetermined and chosen for himself.

"Just in case I can't withstand the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, this item could be used for me," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He was acutely aware of how terrifying it would be if he were to rise again as a fierce ghost after death, far more than the facade he currently presented; he needed something to take care of matters after his passing. Of course, it might not necessarily be used for himself; it could also be for some ghost. Either way, it was something he badly needed.

"Bang!"

Yang Jian reached out and smashed through a nearby wall.

The specially-made doors kept the Ghost Domain at bay, but the material in the middle of the wall was not so sturdy. To him, it was weak, so he easily opened a passageway.

Quickly,

Yang Jian's figure appeared in the room.

He opened a box and looked inside.

The dirty and old Corpse Wrapping Cloth bore the outline of a body, and at the position where the face would be, one could still vaguely make out a blurred human face, indicating that at one point in time, it had wrapped a gruesome corpse.

After taking the wrapping cloth, Yang Jian left without looking back.

However, just as he was leaving the underground, a force interfered, and the Ghost Domain was blocked.

An old man, full of wrinkles and age spots, seemingly on the brink of death, blocked his path with a cane.

"Old Qin?" Yang Jian's steps halted, not hurrying to leave.

He had considered it before: breaking into headquarters, looking for Liu Xiaoyu, uncovering the truth, forcibly taking the Corpse Wrapping Cloth... All these actions would likely alarm someone they shouldn't. But he wasn't scared, for there was nothing left that warranted his fear at this time.

Old Qin's murky gaze seemed to penetrate the Ghost Domain and see Yang Jian. He rarely spoke; on regular days, he ambled about the headquarters like a mascot, sitting down here and there, occasionally tapping his cane. Other than that, no one saw him doing much else.

But Yang Jian was wary of this nearly centenarian who was close to death.

This old man was a confirmed Ghost Master from the Republic of China Period who had completely eliminated the risk of angry ghosts reawakening and was suspected of having mastered the restart.

With that alone, Yang Jian knew he couldn't take him down.

However, Old Qin seemed to have no other action in mind. After stopping Yang Jian, he just stood there motionless, as if contemplating or warning.

Yang Jian looked at him coldly.

He didn't back down. If Old Qin really intended to strike, he would instantly activate the fifth, even sixth or seventh level of the Ghost Domain, stopping at nothing to take him down. Getting caught by this old man at this critical juncture would also have dire consequences for him.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box had cut off all his retreats.

The eerie attack in the circle of friends had yet to be investigated.

He had to wipe out the circle of friends and all his enemies in the little time he had left, and then go look for a way to resolve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box with peace of mind.

Before that, anyone who stood in his way was an enemy.

Even this old man from the Republic of China Period was no exception.

Old Qin didn't make a move but slowly spoke up, "I once ran over someone while driving a bus."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian frowned.

He didn't quite understand the meaning behind Old Qin's words.

Old Qin suddenly added, "His surname was also Yang..."

The bus? Ran over someone? Surnamed Yang?

...

These critical pieces of information bubbled up in Yang Jian's mind, finally connecting and making him realize something. His pupils shrank suddenly, showing extreme horror.

Old Qin had driven a paranormal bus before? And he had even killed his own father?

His father had died in a car accident when he was a child. The reason their family was poor wasn't just because of his father's early death; another important reason was that the culprit had fled the scene. There had been no compensation, and the vehicle involved in the accident was never found, turning the case into an unsolved mystery.

Was he overthinking?

Or was it that Old Qin had read his file and was concocting some lie to deceive him? Trying to paint himself as Yang Jian's father's murderer to enrage him into taking action?

Having grown up, Yang Jian wouldn't easily trust anyone, nor would his heart be easily swayed. Everything he did was only to survive and get better, nothing more.

"It doesn't matter if some people die. If you live to my age, you'll understand everything," Old Qin said, then turned and left with the aid of his walking stick.

He didn't stop him.

He just said a few strange words and left.

Yang Jian watched him leave with a cold gaze. He didn't press for answers, nor did he reveal his presence. He now found himself within the third level of the Ghost Domain and even suspected that Old Qin was deliberately trying to lure him out.

After all, being a curse master capable of reactivating was not a guarantee for entering into the third level of the Ghost Domain.

Their brief encounter had made Yang Jian's vigilance reach its peak, not giving Old Qin any chance.

After Old Qin left, Yang Jian also departed from headquarters, vanishing directly through the Ghost Domain silently, as if he had never appeared before.

This time, he didn't go anywhere else but headed directly to the top floor of Ping'an Tower.

There are no secrets within the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian saw many people in Ping'an Tower, including ordinary staff members who were completely unaware on the first level of the Ghost Domain, and the curse masters left by him on the second level of the Ghost Domain.

Among them were Jang Shangbai and several unfamiliar curse masters, as well as Fang Shiming.

Yang Jian didn't know Fang Shiming, but from the backup information collected by President Fei, it was apparent that Fang Shiming was actually the CEO of Ping'an Tower, the local helmsman. Jang Shangbai was just a figurehead pushed out by his circle of friends, a public figure.

"Possessor of the Ghost Domain confirmed, wielding the Ghost Scissors, has controlled a few ghosts... unknown, has had a confrontation with Ye Zhen of the Dahai City Paranormal Forum."

He recalled the information about Fang Shiming in his mind.

The data was scarce, yet a few key points stood out: he had the Ghost Scissors and could confront Ye Zhen head-on.

Based on just these two points, Yang Jian didn't underestimate him,

"Could that bizarre attack I suffered before have come from Fang Shiming's Ghost Scissors?" Yang Jian subconsciously touched his neck.

Even though the cursed melody of the Eight-Tone Music Box still echoed in his head, the previous attack still left him with lingering fear.

"Whether it was him or not, let's just settle all scores first. Even if he has the Ghost Scissors, I won't give him a chance to use them," Yang Jian planned his next move.

Although the curse allowed him to not die now and even lift some of the restrictions against vengeful spirits to unleash even more terrifying abilities, it didn't mean he was an insoluble existence.

At this moment.

Inside the building's meeting room.

The group of friends continued their discussion about Yang Jian.

"Let's retreat. Yang Jian is dead, and now the vengeful spirits have revived. With such a large Ghost Domain, it's uncertain if we'll even find his body, let alone whether it's safe considering he had more than one ghost on him," someone suggested with a grave expression.

"I agree. Now that Yang Jian's ghost has taken over half the city, if the Ghost Drawing event explodes, we won't be able to withstand two paranormal incidents concurrently. I think even headquarters will be in jeopardy this time. There's no need to worry about Cao Yanhua's feelings. In these times, just staying alive is skillful enough, regardless of what he has done."

"I also concur. Even though the level of Yang Jian's paranormal event isn't confirmed yet, considering the scale, I guess it's an S-level. There's no point in a standoff here. Let's slip away now. If it comes down to it, we can go abroad. We have investments overseas too, right? It might cause some loss, but at least it'll avoid danger."

Several people suggested leaving the area to seek refuge.

Jang Shangbai fell silent: "You all can go, but I can't escape. Having become the captain, if I run away now, I can't bear the consequences."

"President Fang, please make a decision. Once it's confirmed, we'll leave now. If headquarters' people block us, we won't be able to escape," someone urged.

Fang Shiming, at the head of the table, did not speak. Instead, he suddenly turned his head to look outside the window.

In an instant.

A red light shot from a distant place, arriving in a flash, covering the entire meeting room in a moment.

"Damn it."

Everyone's faces turned pale with alarm, feeling the peril of being targeted by a vengeful spirit. However, the attack was too dreadful, almost leaving no time to react.

Within the red light was some kind of twisted reality-bending power, as if it intended to melt everyone present.

Chapter 594 The Disappearing Circle of Friends

Just moments before, the friends gathered for a meeting were discussing whether to stay or leave, as the incidents in the city had exceeded their expectations. Staying could very well mean death. But unexpectedly, an accident happened in the next instant.

A red light with a kind of sinister gaze was cast in their direction.

As if a fierce ghost was secretly watching, it sent shivers down everyone's spine and they discovered something even more terrifying.

The red light could affect reality; their bodies felt as if they were about to vanish from this world.

Everyone in the meeting room felt horrified at that moment.

The attack came too quickly, without the slightest warning, and even if one had sensed it, there was no time to react.

Under the red light, everyone was too preoccupied to care about anything but trying to use the ghostly power within their bodies to resist everything around them.

"President Fang, save me..." Someone's face was filled with terror as they reached out to Fang Shiming, pleading for rescue.

He was also a ghost controller, but he found the ghost in his body vanishing, leaving him powerless to resist unless in a case where a fierce ghost might revive and offer a fighting chance.

Yet the red light that enveloped them was not targeting fierce ghosts, but rather humans, so much so that before he could even use the power of a fierce ghost, his body was rapidly disappearing.

Like the characters on a page being quickly erased.

There were no corpses, no wounds, just entire people eerily disappearing in the red light, even the ghosts inside their bodies vanished without a trace. It was as if they had never existed in this world.

Beyond that.

Even the entire Ping'an Tower, all three floors of it, vanished in an instant.

What was most desperate was that the red light did not merely persist for a moment; it continued without any sign of stopping, seemingly intent on not relenting until they were killed.

Some couldn't withstand this terrible ghost assault and died on the spot.

Others struggled to hold on, but their bodies were left maimed, only half of a broken corpse remained, seemingly on the verge of ghost resurrection.

Yet there were still those who managed to staunchly resist the attack.

Jang Shangbai's outer suit vanished, revealing a strange garment underneath—clearly a shroud meant for a dead person from a bygone era, marked with the black character for "longevity," stained with indelible dried blood, old and filthy.

The Ghost Shroud?

This garment was familiar; Yang Jian would not forget that its first owner was Ye Feng. They'd had a fierce fight in Dachang City. Later, after the Hungry Ghost incident erupted and Ye Feng died at the hands of the Hungry Ghost, the Ghost Shroud ended up on the Hungry Ghost itself.

Unexpectedly, only half a year had passed, and the Ghost Shroud had changed hands to its third owner.

However, it was evident that headquarters had somehow managed to strip it off the Hungry Ghost.

The Ghost Shroud was also an unusual entity. It could protect the wearer from other fierce ghost attacks, but correspondingly, the Ghost Shroud also bore a curse, or a strange power. Over time, the wearer would be continuously eroded, gradually turning from a living person into a dead one, a corpse.

And it seemed impossible to remove the Ghost Shroud once it was worn.

Yang Jian had once coveted it but had refrained due to the terrifying nature of the Hungry Ghost.

Now, this shroud, worn on a ghost, was once again causing him trouble.

The red light from the fifth level of the Ghost Domain was blocked by the shroud.

Jang Shangbai did not vanish like the others, nor did he die from ghost resurrection under the wear of the red light.

As for Fang Shiming, it was even stranger; the red light from his ghostly eye disappeared around him. He was not affected at all, without even the slightest trouble.

There was also another ghost controller named Wu Yun, whom Yang Jian didn't know, but he had seen the information collected by President Fei. This guy was also an odd one, a significant figure in the circle, like He Tianxiong who had fled earlier. Yang Jian had considered taking him down before but later abandoned the idea.

Wu Yun didn't vanish because fresh blood kept seeping from his body, a mysterious force shielding him from the attack. The flowing blood on his body outlined some symbols, which couldn't be discerned because they weren't connected.

...

This is a curse.

The information said that he became a ghost master entirely because of a reckless outdoor adventure, not knowing whether he made a bet with friends or wanted to prove his boldness. At some point, he went to a cemetery in the countryside and carved his name on an abandoned gravestone. Since then, he seemed to have been haunted by a fierce ghost....

The strange isolation of Fang Shiming, the Ghost Shroud of Jang Shangbai, and the gravestone curse of Wu Yun.

Only they were unharmed in the entire conference room; nearly everyone else had disappeared, and one had left behind a withered and sunken Dead Man's Head with a pair of dim, lifeless eyes that betrayed terror and unwillingness before death.

But that shriveled Dead Man's Head was not really dead. After a brief moment of calm, it started to blink its eyes, and the grayish-white eyeballs began to move slightly as the flesh on the face rapidly decayed.

This was a fierce ghost that could not be sent away by the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain, and it was now reviving.

The red light, having persisted for a moment and realizing that the attack had not had a further effect, began to gradually dissipate, and eventually disappeared altogether.

But, the top three floors of Ping'an Tower had vanished without a trace.

The few who survived could only stand atop the damaged building, watching the events unfold and come to an end, their silence speaking volumes of the unspeakable horror and palpitations they felt, clearly still shaken by the terrifying attack.

"What the hell, what does this mean?" Wu Yun cried out in horror as he looked around.

On the conference table, only a few of them were left, and a man named Liu Dong had completely vanished, leaving behind only the rotting Dead Man's Head, particularly unnerving as its ash-gray eyeballs seemed to be assessing its surroundings.

In an instant.

In just an instant, their circle of friends had suffered a devastating blow, and even the building had peculiarly lost three floors.

"We were attacked by a ghost."

Jang Shangbai was scared out of his wits, looking uneasy as he gazed into the distance: "That red light seemed to have come from the direction of the hotel, and Yang Jian died near there... It was his Ghost Eye, I've seen such a terrible attack before. Once, Yang Jian used it to make a tree vanish into thin air right before my eyes."

"I thought I couldn't block it, but now it seems that trading with headquarters for this Ghost Shroud from the Hungry Ghost was the right decision."

At that moment, he truly thought he was going to die because not all of him was ghost and there were parts of his body that the power of the fierce ghost could not affect. If any part of his body were to vanish, his life would be hard to sustain.

However, the terrifying extent of the Ghost Shroud surprised Jang Shangbai, even beyond his imagination.

After all, this was the first time he had been subjected to such an attack. Most of the time, the Ghost Shroud was just an insignificant ghost that helped him maintain his physical balance.

"Why would we be attacked by a ghost out of the blue? And by Yang Jian's ghost? We haven't done anything, just sitting here having a meeting and drinking tea. Could that also fit into the pattern of a ghost killing?" Wu Yun, with trembling voice and widened glasses, spoke.

Being scared was inevitable.

Because such attacks could likely happen again, and his current state wouldn't withstand another. Next time, he might not die from the strange red light, but he would surely die from his own curse.

The risk of the fierce ghost reviving was almost impossible to overcome.

Fang Shiming's face was stern, his brows deeply furrowed as he surveyed the desolation around him.

Several people had disappeared, leaving only the three of them and a Dead Man's Head... Aside from Zhang Jian and He Tianxiong, who had previously gone missing, almost all of the core ghost masters within the circle of friends seemed doomed to die out.

"Is it a coincidence, or is it deliberate targeting?"

At that moment, Fang Shiming even suspected that Yang Jian was not dead and was seeking revenge, but upon further thought, he dismissed the idea.

Yang Jian had already died to his own Ghost Scissors; even the fierce ghost had revived, so there was no chance he was still alive. Perhaps they had unwittingly triggered some ghostly law of killing.

However, as Wu Yun said.

It was highly unlikely to be targeted by the Ghost Eye; after all, none of them had even been to the place where Yang Jian died. If a fierce ghost was to start killing, why would it choose this place in such a big city?

There were too many inconsistencies.

Fang Shiming too, could not come up with a reasonable answer.

Chapter 595 The Second Wave Strikes

"Three people remain, as well as a head that can't be sent away, suspected to be a ghost in the midst of revival."

At this very moment, within a tall building nearby, Yang Jian stared distantly at the top few floors of Ping'an Tower, which had just been affected by his level five Ghost Domain, clearly witnessing what had just happened there.

Although his attack was strange and swift, catching them off guard.

But the people in the circle of friends were, after all, ghost masters, with quick reflexes, and immediately chose to use the powers of their ghosts to resist; it's just that most were a bit too fragile to withstand it, and were sent away by Yang Jian's level five Ghost Domain. Some simply couldn't hold on and died due to the resurgence of fierce ghosts and were then sent away as well.

This move didn't have the anticipated effect, but it at least took care of many insignificant characters in the circle of friends.

"That Jang Shangbai is actually wearing the Ghost Shroud from the Hungry Ghost... Headquarters really did deal with the Hungry Ghost, just didn't expect the shroud to appear on this guy."

Yang Jian's face turned slightly cold as he looked at the clothes that were left behind after Jang Shangbai's suit disappeared.

Originally, Jang Shangbai would have died too, but the Ghost Shroud blocked the attack from the ghost's eye.

Just like what happened with Ye Feng back in Dachang City.

"Had I known this, I wouldn't have been so cautious at the time; I should've simply stripped off the Ghost Shroud from the Hungry Ghost."

He was truly frightened when he fought the Hungry Ghost, and even though he had the Coffin Nails, Yang Jian didn't dare to touch that thing, fearing that any movement might break the balance and make the restraint of the Coffin Nails ineffective; after all, he had staked his life on that containment.

But half a year later, some people actually dared to strip the clothes off the Hungry Ghost, not knowing whether to say they were ignorantly fearless or recklessly bold.

"No matter, stripping this guy's clothes today will do just as well. Taking the shroud from him is certainly better than having to make contact with the Hungry Ghost again." Yang Jian narrowed his eyes without any hesitation.

However, the only thing that struck him as unusual was that Fang Shiming.

The Ghost Eye's attack did not affect that guy; he seemed to have used some method to isolate himself from the influence of the level five Ghost Domain, leaving not a single trace of effect on him.

As for that man who seems to be called Wu Yun...

He was just lucky to have survived; he would undoubtedly die in the next attack, unable to endure that condition.

"So, the one I need to watch next is Fang Shiming, he's indeed very special, even without possessing the Ghost Scissors, he's different from other ghost masters... an outlier, perhaps?" Yang Jian did not rush to strike again.

He wanted to think and analyze the situation.

Even with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, which could strike directly, it wasn't in his nature.

He didn't fully trust that the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was invincible. If he acted recklessly and a ghost's power rendered the music box's curse ineffective, wouldn't he be doomed?

Though the possibility might be low, it wasn't nonexistent.

Especially now, in desperate times, a single slip could lead to death, so Yang Jian needed to ensure that every attack was effective, at the very least killing one person.

"Should I try the level six Ghost Domain?" Yang Jian pondered.

He had never used the level six Ghost Domain before, and currently, he could only maintain the long-lasting level five Ghost Domain, ensuring that some less terrifying fierce ghosts, including people and buildings, could be made to disappear. This disappearance, however, was only temporary and he was uncertain how long it would last, but eventually, these vanished ghosts were bound to reappear.

"No, there's no need; the level six Ghost Domain comes with risks, and it would be problematic if it affected the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box."

Yang Jian dared not risk making such a terrifying attempt without good reason; he now possessed a measure of immortality, with a high margin for error, so continuous attacks were the right approach, with no need to pursue the limits of ghostly powers.

With that, he looked at his own ghastly pale hand devoid of any blood color.

The Ghost Hand could suppress three ghosts to the utmost without maintaining its balance.

Usually, this hand wasn't of much use, and it mainly served to preserve his life, but now, for other ghost masters, the Ghost Hand was the deadliest thing, because without self-imposed restrictions, its terrifying

The next moment,

he disappeared once again.

This time, Yang Jian decided to directly invade their midst.

Faced with the imminent second attack from Yang Jian,

the few remaining people had no awareness of it and even started arguing about the previous incident.

"President Fang, let's hurry and leave. Since the ghost has attacked us once, it might very well attack us a second time. Everyone knows ghosts cannot be killed, and if we suffer another attack like that, we'll be

drained to death. With such heavy losses and so many people gone, even headquarters should have nothing more to say."

Wu Yun looked urgent, very afraid.

Besides being terrified of the scene that had just unfolded, he was also worried about other ghosts that might be reviving nearby. Although most of them had vanished with their human counterparts, Liu Dong's shriveled, rotting Dead Man's Head was still left behind.

The eyes of that Dead Man's Head were still rolling around chaotically, making it impossible not to worry.

"Let's go to the safe house and stay for a while. If we confirm everything is okay, then we'll find a chance to leave," Fang Shiming spoke, then explained, "If we're really being targeted by a ghost, we might get attacked no matter where we go, so running away is pointless. We need to confirm the situation first. Although many have died this time, it's not a big issue; there are plenty of alternatives for a replacement, and we can promote a new group later. We won't be affected."

He sounded like a CEO of a company, planning to recruit a new batch as managers and employees leave.

As long as he didn't die, his circle of friends would not collapse.

And he did not believe such supernatural events could ever defeat him.

"Take Liu Dong's head with us. That thing is very dangerous, and we can't just leave it here, and besides, it might be useful at some time," Jang Shangbai added.

Wu Yun, whose status wasn't high, could only reluctantly and carefully wrap up the head.

This was the head of a ghost. You absolutely could not let yourself be targeted, or things would become very difficult to handle. It was okay when Liu Dong was alive, but now that he's dead, a vengeful ghost reviving would be even more terrifying.

Along with finding no gold or anything, they could only use ordinary clothes to wrap the head, but this should not pose a problem for the time being. They would deal with it after reaching the safe house.

"Jang Shangbai, don't you need the Ghost Domain? Are you just going to walk there directly?" Wu Yun asked holding the perilous, rotting head.

Jang Shangbai's face darkened, "My Ghost Domain is suppressed, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye is a bit more powerful."

"We'll take the stairs," Fang Shiming suggested.

When Ghost Domains collide, they generally lead to two outcomes: the weaker Ghost Domain is suppressed and becomes unusable, or the Ghost Domains can be used, but they interfere with each other, failing to function as normal.

The latter is okay since the interference isn't significant, but for the former, it's bad luck, virtually nullifying a ghost's power.

Jang Shangbai fell into the latter category – his Ghost Domain was outright suppressed by the Ghost Eye's Ghost Domain, rendering it unusable.

However, just as the three of them were about to temporarily retreat to the safe house for protection, their bodies suddenly experienced an abnormal sensation.

A cold, bluish Dead Man's Hand had somehow grabbed their ankles without notice, seemingly as if a fierce ghost was preventing their departure.

"Is this, this the second attack?" Wu Yun's face was filled with terror, his body shaking.

It wasn't just him who experienced this mysterious attack; not only were Jang Shangbai's ankles grabbed, but another hand had suddenly appeared and grabbed his shoulder. Beyond that, he felt fingers wriggling behind his head, as if a corpse was reaching out to touch the back of his skull.

The chilling and penetrating cold that struck made one's hairs stand on end in an instant.

Fang Shiming had even more Dead Man's Hands emerging from his body, from his clothes, sleeves, trouser legs...even his mouth had fingers coming out of it.

At this moment, even he, always calm, showed a surprised expression.

Because Fang Shiming felt that the ghost within his body... was suppressed.