

Revival 596

Chapter 596 Each Holding Their Ground

The first attack on the Ping'an Tower meeting room came from a menacing crimson glow, swift and without warning, claiming the lives of most people within a mere tens of seconds. Only a few withstood the attack and managed to survive.

They thought that after the first attack, there would be peace at last.

Most of those fitting the criteria for the ghostly attack had already died; surely the ghost would no longer focus on this place.

Fang Shiming, Jang Shangbai, and Wu Yun, with a Dead Man's Head called Liu Dong, planned to make a temporary retreat to the underground safehouse of the Ping'an Tower.

Given the financial power of their social circle, and the limitless funding by numerous capitalists, constructing a safehouse wasn't difficult at all.

However, the second attack was even more bizarre.

Hand palms the color of deathly cyan, as if stretching out from a pile of corpses, suddenly materialized on everyone's bodies. These cold and terrifying hands with stiff fingers, stronger than those of an ordinary person, clutched onto them and continued to writhe, making one's hair stand on end.

This invisibility felt more like a curse, an inner spectral attack rather than an external one.

The real ghosts seemed to have penetrated their bodies at some point earlier and were now bursting out.

"Damn it, here it comes again," Jang Shangbai exclaimed in shock and rage.

He felt palms grasping at him through his clothes but the Ghost Shroud he wore fended off the horrific assault, preventing the spectral hands from invading his body immediately and ensuring his safety.

Yet, at this moment, he felt extremely frustrated.

Having command over three ghosts, he found his Ghost Domain suppressed and useless. The Ghost Shroud repelled wave after wave of attacks, but likewise, his body began to rapidly decay.

If this continued, his body would eventually become a complete corpse.

"I don't want to die," Wu Yun was on the verge of collapse. He tried to pull and shake off the ghastly green hands grasping at him.

But to his horror, he found that these hands seemed to grow from his body, impossible to shake off unless he tore his flesh apart and dug out the hands by brute force.

Yet, that was not feasible.

For Wu Yun felt several eerie fingers emerging from his eye sockets, gripping his cheeks as if to burst forth and tear apart every inch of his flesh.

The chilling attack drove him insane. Without further thought, he dropped the cloth enveloping Liu Dong's Dead Man's Head and hoisted the head towards himself.

The freshly severed head had already decayed to the point of being unrecognizable, emitting a nauseating stench, with a shriveled and indented skull, as if something had brutally smashed it in. The eeriest part was the absence of visible bones inside.

Yet, in a baffling scene, the pair of lifeless gray eyes in that decaying head kept rolling—seemingly without ever having stopped.

Just as Wu Yun lifted the Dead Man's Head towards himself, the eyes ceased moving.

The dim, hollow eyes sharply focused, eerily staring at Wu Yun.

What happened next was unbelievable.

The grotesque fingers reaching from the depths of his eye sockets loosened their grip on his cheeks, retracted back into his eye sockets, and finally disappeared. The hands that clutched his ankles also released their hold in an instant, retracting as if someone had reflexively retracted their hand from scalding water... the Ghost Hands on his body were vanishing.

The catalyst for all of this was, indeed, the withered and rotting Dead Man's Head in his hands.

The ghost that even a five-layered Ghost Domain couldn't banish seemed far more terrifying than these Ghost Hands.

What a pity that the spirit controller Liu Dong was less fortunate; his head remained, but his body had vanished within the five-layered Ghost Domain.

"It works."

Having skirted the brink of death, Wu Yun was now both startled and relieved.

But the moment the Ghost Hands disappeared from his body, he quickly placed the rotting head down and covered it with his clothes.

He couldn't afford to be watched by the rotting head for too long; otherwise, he would die.

Liu Dong met his fate because his body was turned to the side, not directly facing the red light's source; otherwise, he could have withstood the first attack.

Even during that brief eye contact moment, Wu Yun felt his skin rot away and peel off his face.

The most terrifying part—he felt no pain whatsoever.

It was as if his brain was rotting too.

Nevertheless, he somehow withstood the second wave of attacks and lived.

But they couldn't possibly imagine that the main target of the Ghost Hands wasn't Jang Shangbai in the Ghost Shroud, nor Wu Yun holding the rotting head—they were merely caught in the attack's spread. The true intended victim was Fang Shiming, President of Ping'an Tower and keeper of the Ghost Scissors.

The situation on Fang Shiming's body was far worse than the others.

His entire body was seized by those eerie palms, and fingers were extending out from his mouth, ears, nose, and even his gut was churning as if a hand was carelessly moving inside.

What was more terrifying was that the Ghost Hand possessed the ability to suppress the ghosts within his body; it was far from a simple invasion of the body to strangle or even tear him apart.

Based on his experience, he could deduce that the Ghost Hand might have obtained a part of the ghost puzzle, filled in some deficiency, and become an even more fearsome entity.

"What the hell is going on here?"

Fang Shiming was furious.

His mouth felt stuffed with cold palms that were clutching his throat from the inside, rendering him speechless. The Ghost Hand in his belly was even more audacious, treating his body as a toy, ceaselessly wreaking havoc. Moreover, a Ghost Hand was already twisting his head.

The strength was astonishing, leaving no room to resist.

If this continued, he might have his neck twisted, his body torn apart, and die under the assault of the Ghost Hand.

If he were to die this way, it would probably become a joke throughout the entire supernatural circle.

The president of a big corporation, sitting in an office meeting, bizarrely strangled to death by a Ghost Hand.

But those who haven't experienced it will never know how desperate the attack of a Ghost Hand can make a person feel.

The ability to suppress three ghosts, along with the invasion from the third layer of the Ghost Domain into all parts of the body, was almost unsolvable. No ghost controller could withstand such an attack.

He tried to resist, but it was fruitless.

How could mere human effort struggle against the Ghost Hand?

His body began to twist and tear nonstop.

The entire lower jaw was viciously torn apart by the Ghost Hand, his cervical vertebrae were making the sounds of breaking, and his arms and legs were effortlessly snapped, being moved around on his body in all sorts of unimaginable positions.

Fang Shiming's eyes were wide open, filled with rage and unwillingness. He did not feel a hint of fear, but was thinking instead.

What exactly was this all about?

First, that strange red light shone upon him, followed by this attack from the Ghost Hand—this was utterly nonsensical.

Sitting in the office, so far away from where Yang Jian had died, it was absolutely impossible to trigger the murderous pattern of malevolent ghosts. If the first time could be a coincidence, then this second time was inexplicable.

The only explanation was one.

Yang Jian was suspected not to be dead; though he might be reviving as a vengeful ghost, he should still be alive, relying on a sliver of remaining consciousness to control the reviving ghost to kill these people.

Thus, both attacks were so terrifying and vicious.

It was like a true S-grade supernatural event had struck, leaving no possibility of a response.

"Yang Jian!"

Fang Shiming's throat convulsed, his eyes filled with anger, as if he was about to roar out loud.

But before he could make a sound, with a crisp snapping of bones, his head tilted completely, and he fell to the ground, lifeless.

He was dead.

Dead from the attack of the Ghost Hand.

"What?" Jang Shangbai's face changed dramatically upon witnessing such a scene.

President Fang dead?

He didn't fend off this attack?

How could that be possible?

The assault of the Ghost Hand was not as terrifying as one might imagine. One only needed the ability of the ghosts to defend against it, to survive. Wu Yun and himself had succeeded in doing so—there was no reason why Fang Shiming should have died like this, right?

Was it an illusion?

Jang Shangbai blinked hard, thinking he had seen wrong.

But the corpse was lying there, not looking like a fake.

Perhaps he really was dead.

Even though it was hard to believe, Jang Shangbai could be certain that this Fang Shiming was not counterfeit; he was unquestionably real.

Chapter 597 The Second Fang Shiming

Fang Shiming died?

At this moment, not only were Jang Shangbai and Wu Yun from the circle of friends incredulous, but even Yang Jian, who was in the third layer of the Ghost Domain and had personally orchestrated this terrifying scene, was somewhat surprised too.

In Yang Jian's view, Fang Shiming could easily withstand even the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain, so how could he perish so readily under the attack of a Ghost Hand?

Although he knew that his Ghost Hand could now unconditionally suppress three ghosts and silently invade the bodies of spirit manipulators, Fang Shiming hadn't used the Ghost Scissors just now, nor had he preemptively used the ghosts in his body to resist...

"Could it be that the suppression of the three ghosts, coupled with my restraining of his movements, left him unable to resist and helplessly killed off like this?"

Yang Jian's eyes were fixed on the corpse of Fang Shiming.

The corpse was real, not fake, he was very certain of that.

"It's not impossible; just like how I inexplicably got attacked by people from the circle of friends, my head split open without any resistance, lying on the ground, becoming a corpse. What of the balance maintained by the three ghosts? They still need the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to extend their lives and survive."

"Accidents are quite common in the circle," he reflected inwardly, only able to explain it this way.

An experienced spirit manipulator dying in some inconspicuous supernatural event was common too; without contacting ghosts, one would never know how terrifying they could be.

Just like the Ghost Hand Yang Jian held at the moment—it might just be a C-class event in case of a supernatural outbreak, killing only a few people in a month in one place.

But if a spirit manipulator were to incarcerate it, anyone who could control three ghosts or less would be sending themselves to death.

"No, something's not right."

However, as Yang Jian retracted the Ghost Hand, he frowned upon discovering something illogical.

Although Fang Shiming was dead, and his body lay there, there was no resurrection of a fierce ghost, not even a hint of any movement.

It was as if.... there were simply no ghosts inside the body at all.

"There's something off about Fang Shiming," Yang Jian felt a sense of alarm.

But just that alone could not stop his following actions; this time the Ghost Hand had already taken Fang Shiming's life, but the remaining Wu Yun and Jang Shangbai were still alive, and the Dead Man's Head carried by Wu Yun had caught his attention.

He had seen clearly just now, that Dead Man's Head had blocked the attack of the Ghost Hand, and it did so quite effortlessly.

"I must eliminate the potential threat first; take out that Wu Yun, then deal with the rest. Jang Shangbai has two confirmed ghosts, I am very familiar with the Ghost Shroud, his Ghost Domain should be suppressed by me now, and unable to be used, leaving only the power of one remaining ghost unaccounted for."

Yang Jian did not cease his movements; he walked through the third layer of the Ghost Domain, approaching Wu Yun.

Facing the impending danger, Wu Yun remained oblivious.

He was now trembling, frightened, especially after seeing the corpse of Fang Shiming lying in front of him, he felt even more desperate.

"Jang Shangbai, President Fang is dead..." Wu Yun cried out in a lost voice, his face in disbelief.

Jang Shangbai's complexion was gloomily unattractive, "Don't yell, I've seen it too. Fang Shiming didn't block the attack just now, he was taken out."

"That's not right; how could we have survived while President Fang dies? That strange hand wasn't as terrifying as we imagined, and you're fine too," said Wu Yun, his voice trembling but still loud, as if to give himself a bit of security.

"You're asking me, but whom shall I ask? Perhaps the true Ghost Hand attacked Fang Shiming, and we were just incidentally affected. Moreover, I haven't experienced this kind of attack before, so I can't analyze its reasons, but one thing I'm sure about is that this attack is definitely linked to Yang Jian," Jang Shangbai spoke.

"Yang Jian? Didn't he die already? President Fang took him out, and even headquarters sent out a death notice," Wu Yun quickly pressed on.

...

"There's only one explanation left, if Yang Jian really had died completely, his vengeful spirit would definitely not come after us upon its revival. These two attacks have made it quite clear; this is a deliberate targeting. Our friend circle controls the entire district in Dachang City, and besides him, who would dare to cross us? Even if headquarters wanted to take us down, they would need a detailed plan, and we would receive notification in advance."

Jang Shangbai gazed around him with the utmost vigilance.

"So... the third attack will come soon, you and I both need to be careful. Maybe next time, someone else will die."

Even someone as slow to react as him should have realized the irrationality after being attacked by vengeful spirits twice.

If one still thinks this is a paranormal event caused by the revival of a vengeful spirit, then that's just stupidity.

Upon hearing this analysis, Wu Yun was immediately startled.

It wasn't a ghost attacking them, but Yang Jian, who had taken control of the vengeful spirit.

"Damn it, it's all Fang Shiming's fault. Saying Yang Jian was already dead, that he managed to kill him off, acting all big and bossy, and now he's bungled this trivial matter. Now, look, we're all screwed because of him."

Wu Yun was both shocked and enraged, cursing through gritted teeth as he looked at Fang Shiming's corpse.

If Yang Jian was truly still alive, then being targeted by him now was even scarier than being targeted by a vengeful spirit.

At least vengeful spirits still follow patterns when they kill, but Yang Jian was clearly determined not to stop until he had his revenge.

"Yang Jian, I can understand you wanting revenge, but I'm also the captain of the headquarters. Can you bear the consequences after killing me?"

Jang Shangbai shouted to the empty surroundings, "No matter the outcome, you can't hold on to your captain position, and without the protection of the headquarters, all your relatives and friends in Dachang City will probably be doomed."

"We still have people in our friend circle, and they aren't all as easy to talk to as I am."

"Fang Shiming, who attacked you before, is already dead at your hands. Stop now, and I can take over the friend circle and discuss a deal with you. You want the Ghost Scissors, I can give them to you, and more..."

He attempted to negotiate with Yang Jian and stop the strife.

Because if this continued, Jang Shangbai knew that he was certain to die there, there was no chance of survival, as he couldn't even escape Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

But before he could finish speaking, a shrill scream answered him.

A pale, cold hand materialized out of thin air, grabbing Wu Yun's neck tightly, just like the previous Ghost Hand attacks without any warning. As the screams subsided, Wu Yun's neck was broken, his body dangling limply in midair.

His body was covered in blood-red patterns. These patterns, like a curse, formed a line of text that conveyed some message.

But this bizarre curse had been forcefully stopped, and now there was no reaction.

"Wu Yun?"

Jang Shangbai cried out in horror, but could only watch as Wu Yun drew his last breath not far away.

He, who had survived two assaults, was killed just like a common man by that eerie hand.

"The vengeful spirit was suppressed... that hand can suppress the resurrection of vengeful spirits."

Jang Shangbai realized the problem when he saw the curse on Wu Yun's body had no effect.

He also understood why Fang Shiming had been taken down so easily.

The real Ghost Hand had the power to suppress other vengeful spirits, just like... the Ghost Envoy incident at the training base.

"Did Yang Jian personally imprison the Ghost Coffin, come into contact with the Ghost Coffin, and survive both times, obtaining part of the Ghost Envoy's power during some incident?" Jang Shangbai thought, feeling a chill all over.

If that was the case, it was terrifying.

This Yang Jian still had secrets, far beyond what he had shown on the surface.

...

Even the manner in which Yang Jian had previously been killed might have been feigned.

After all, he possessed the power to suppress the resurgence of fierce ghosts and had the characteristics of a Ghost Envoy, so there was a possibility that he could have blocked Fang Shiming's attack.

However, the world enveloped in red light remained eerily silent and strange.

No one spoke, and no one responded to Jang Shangbai; it seemed that the possibility of Yang Jian still being alive was merely a conjecture.

Gurgle...

After Wu Yun died, the rotting Dead Man's Head wrapped in clothes fell to the ground and rolled away to the side.

Jang Shangbai's eyes snapped open, and he hurriedly rushed over, attempting to seize the rotting Dead Man's Head in his hands.

Having one more ghost at this time meant a slightly better chance of survival, and it didn't matter how dangerous the Dead Man's Head was; it was still better than being directly killed like the others.

Although his response and actions were quick, how could they possibly be faster than Yang Jian, who was within the Ghost Domain?

Another hand eerily appeared beside the rotting head, directly lifting it up, and then both the hand and the rotting Dead Man's Head disappeared without a trace.

Jang Shangbai grasped at air.

At the same time, Wu Yun's body was gone as well.

"Damn it..."

Jang Shangbai's face was void of color and ghastly pale, as ugly as that of a dead person.

Failing to grab the rotting head meant he had one less chance to survive.

He felt despair and helplessness.

Because at this moment, he was the only one left on the top floor of Ping'an Tower; everyone else was dead, not a single person was left, no help to be found.

And Jang Shangbai was clear that he was the last one surviving not because he was more formidable, but because the previous attacks did not deliberately target him, prioritizing him less than the others.

But now, he would be the only one to endure the third attack.

"Can I block it?" Jang Shangbai questioned himself, his hands trembling slightly, his body seemingly going limp.

Fear, incessantly emerging from within, was driving his emotions to the edge of collapse.

It was at this moment he realized that the difference between him and Yang Jian wasn't in the number of ghosts; although he too had controlled three ghosts, just like Yang Jian, at the moment he was utterly defenseless and even easily slaughtered.

No wonder that guy had never taken him seriously from the beginning to the end when they previously interacted.

Should he now say: Yang Jian truly is someone who has survived two S-level supernatural events.

"It's coming."

Suddenly.

Jang Shangbai felt a sinking sensation in his chest as he saw a large shadow shaking on the ruined building beneath his feet.

It was as if a person's shadow was being cast under the light.

But looking in the opposite direction of the shadow revealed no one there, and what was most eerie was that the shadow was profoundly dark, like a patch of blackness... and the shadow had no head.

Headless Ghost Shadow!

Jang Shangbai recognized this ghost; it was the shadow that followed Yang Jian, which he had paid attention to before. Yang Jian's shadow was just like that, without a head, no matter the angle or light, nothing could fill in the missing head of the shadow.

"The first attack was from Ghost Eyes, the second from Ghost Hand, and now the third attack is this Headless Ghost Shadow, exactly corresponding to the three ghosts Yang Jian possesses. Indeed, the guy is still alive."

This belief solidified his conviction in Yang Jian's survival.

Attacks by a ghost controller work like this; it's not possible to always use the power of one ghost. They need to counter each other, maintaining balance, so it's best to alternate abilities.

But now, as the third attack was approaching, readying to target Jang Shangbai—

There was a secure room in a certain underground level of Ping'an Tower.

Inside the secure room was a solitary compartment.

The next moment.

The door to this solitary compartment suddenly opened.

A stench of decay that had been sealed away for a long time wafted out, and in the pitch-black room, a figure slowly emerged.

"Have I, died once?" A hoarse, deep voice echoed within the secure room.

When the figure finally stepped out of the room, the fluorescent light in the secure room faintly illuminated his appearance.

It was... Fang Shiming.

But there was a subtle difference than the Fang Shiming who had died before; the earlier Fang Shiming had been like a healthy living person, yet the Fang Shiming who emerged from the secure room now

was like an emaciated corpse, with eyes full of blood vessels that seemed huge, filling the entire eye socket, hideous and startling.

He stepped out of the secure room.

He glanced around with a slightly moving gaunt face: "Ghost Domain? And quite a large one at that. Looks like a serious problem has indeed occurred; even the 'me' from the photograph has died. Although the 'me' in the photograph didn't possess the power of a ghost, it was still an isolated existence, not something ordinary supernatural events could kill."

"Since things have gotten to this point, I can't just sit idly by."

He took a few steps forward.

A chilling wind abruptly arose around him.

The wind was like the whispering of fierce ghosts in one's ear, causing one's hair to stand on end, and came with a persistent smell of decay that made one wonder if the source of the wind was a corpse or perhaps a fierce ghost...

As the cold wind blew, the surrounding lights began to flicker.

Everything around became dim.

Fang Shiming disappeared from the spot, arriving in a world covered in red light.

This was an invasion.

He had directly entered into the second layer of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

"A Ghost Domain within a Ghost Domain? The characteristics of this Ghost Domain are very similar to those of Yang Jian from Dachang City... did I fail to kill that guy last time when I came to borrow the Ghost Scissors?"

Fang Shiming seemed to have lost a part of his memory and was unclear about what had happened in the past few hours.

"If that's the case, then it's just the same if I kill him now."

He looked up at the rooftop.

As if he could see the events unfolding atop the rooftop, despite the layers of buildings in between.

Chapter 598 The Ghost of Jang Shangbai

Ping'an Tower is suspected to be under attack by a revived ghoul, Jang Shangbai cannot hold out and needs support!

After the red Ghost Domain covered almost half of the urban area, all ghost masters involved began to feel anxious. They dared not wander around, nor did they dare to loiter on the deserted streets. Instead, they sought a relatively safe location nearby and chose to wait quietly.

To wait for the situation to change and to avoid being attacked by the ghoul.

After all, no one knew in what manner Yang Jian's ghost would appear after his death, nor in what manner it would attack them.

So the best course of action was to wait quietly, reducing the likelihood of being targeted by ghosts.

However, at this time, everyone with a GPS-enabled phone received a text message needing support.

"What? The bunch in the WeChat group got attacked by ghouls? Jang Shangbai is about to give in, and we're supposed to help them? Are you kidding me, doesn't their circle have a lot of ghost masters, how could they possibly need our support?" Guo Fan was still staying inside a villa, not venturing out.

After the Ghost Domain spread, he knew it was dangerous outside, so staying put was actually the safest option.

Zong Shan, who was nearby, made the same choice, but his brows furrowed after receiving this message: "This is not as simple as it seems. What place is Ping'an Tower? The head office for the friends' circle: President Fang Shiming, Manager He Tianxiong, Captain Jang Shangbai, Supervisor Liu Dong, Wu Yun... Together, they make a top-notch ghost master team. Before the captain's plan is fully formed, this power could practically dominate locally, they could even disregard the headquarters."

"Now they need support, what does that mean?"

Guo Fan's eyes widened, realizing, "Are they done for?"

"Heh, if they haven't met their end, they're pretty close. Anyway, they've taken a big fall this time, and..." Zong Shan hesitated, then added with a tone of uncertainty, "And Yang Jian might not be dead."

"Not dead? That's impossible. The headquarters has already announced his death, and the ghouls have revived... Wait, that's not right." Guo Fan's brows knitted: "Is Yang Jian's ghoul revival a ruse?"

"I'm not sure, it's just a guess based on what's happened to the people in the WeChat group," Zong Shan said.

Based merely on a text message needing support, he deduced so much. It had to be said that he indeed had the potential to become a top ghost master, very sharp about the ongoing events.

As Zong Shan spoke he looked out at the red-hued world: "But if, as you said, this ghoul revival event was really staged by Yang Jian, that would be terrifying. A Ghost Domain of such a large scale is on par with the Hungry Ghost incident, the Ghost Painting incident, all S-level supernatural events."

Guo Fan's breathing also became heavy. He had always looked down on Yang Jian, only later did he have to admit that the guy had some ability, but if Yang Jian was as Zong Shan said...

Yang Jian was indeed frightening.

"So what you're saying is, we're not going to provide support?" At the end, he asked another question.

Zong Shan shook his head: "Better go take a look. If Yang Jian is not dead, we won't be in any danger. He's not an irrational person, nor is he a ghost master whose psyche has collapsed. The likelihood that he would turn on us is not high. Of course, if my guess is wrong and Yang Jian has indeed become a ghoul, then going to support the WeChat group is also in our own interest."

"Sticking to self-preservation and seeking refuge at this critical moment is simply asking for trouble. I can't bet my life on that."

With that, he stood up from the sofa, ready to head to Ping'an Tower.

"What if Yang Jian isn't dead?" Guo Fan followed suit.

"If Yang Jian isn't dead, then it's a spectacle for us. The friends' circle isn't from the headquarters, so if they die, they die. Ghost masters die all the time these days. Whether Jang Shangbai survives depends on Yang Jian, and if the headquarters seeks accountability, it will fall on Yang Jian, not us spectators," Zong Shan said with an indifferent expression.

Guo Fan nodded in agreement, finding the reasoning sound.

They weren't the only ones who thought this way.

Cao Yang, too, was sitting on a bench on a certain street within the Ghost Domain, pondering after seeing the SOS message.

"Interesting, even the guys in the friends' circle have such a day, letting the headquarters send out an SOS for them. This is unprecedented. Yang Jian is suspected to be not dead? Otherwise, the location of the ghoulish attack is too coincidental. The Ghost Domain covers such a large area, yet no other place suffered an attack, except for Ping'an Tower."

He chuckled as he quickly made his way to Ping'an Tower.

No need to sit here on guard for the abnormal anymore; if ghosts had already appeared in Ping'an Tower, other places were likely safe.

"Does Jang Shangbai need support?" Elsewhere, Li Jun glanced at the text message and, without further thought, immediately headed towards the incident location.

In addition to them, Su Fan, Leuk San, Li Leping, Wang Jiang, Zhang Lei, and others who received the message also decided to head to Ping'an Tower to check things out.

Some were there for the excitement, to watch the show; some truly intended to offer support; others wanted to meet up with the rest to stick together for self-preservation and to discuss how to deal with the day's events, after all, there was strength in numbers at a time like this.

Although everyone had different ideas, they all had one direction in common.

Meanwhile.

Inside the headquarters' conference room.

The person who sent out the text message was none other than Wang Xiaoming.

He sat motionless in his chair, his weary eyes faintly looking at the information flashing on the computer screen next to him, though that information was incomplete, appearing to have been interfered with.

"Professor Wang, although you are in charge of this incident today, I want to ask, why only now are you sending out a request for help? Earlier, Jang Shangbai had already sent out a distress signal."

The conference room wasn't crowded, with only a few people present. The speaker was Shen Liang, who, despite his friendly appearance, cast a suspicious gaze.

He suspected Wang Xiaoming was deliberately delaying, trying to get the people from the friend circle annihilated in this supernatural event.

"There are things that need confirmation, some information needs to be gathered."

Wang Xiaoming said calmly, "Letting the friend circle's people face the first wave of the fierce ghost's attack is a very cost-effective deal. Alive, they're worth less to me than a computer at headquarters; waste should serve the purpose of waste."

Shen Liang was shocked; he could hear that Wang Xiaoming was very dissatisfied with the friend circle.

But hadn't Wang Xiaoming accepted support from the friend circle before, conducting research on supernatural events in their lab?

How had that friendship turned sour so suddenly?

Was it because he had been shortchanged in his salary by the friend circle, or they didn't pay overtime?

"But this could lead to accidents, right? The death of a ghost-controller is not a good thing," another team leader reminded.

"When necessary, I will have Wei Jing make a trip; Old Qin and the Coffin Nail can't be moved for now," Wang Xiaoming said slowly. "Handling supernatural events, you can't play all your aces in one breath, that only leads to a messier loss."

Wei Jing?

Shen Liang felt a chill in his heart.

This was a very familiar name; if he remembered correctly, he was a ghost-controller from the same batch as Feng Quan, a veteran with old qualifications. Most from that group were already dead, and Wei Jing was no exception. He seemed to have nearly died from the rebirth of a fierce ghost and had to enter a Ghost Coffin.

And then his body had been seen during the last Ghost Envoy incident at the base...

Before he could think it through.

The light in the conference room suddenly dimmed, everything around seemed to be eroded by darkness, and a layer of invisible red light was retreating rapidly.

In the deepest part of that darkness, a figure slowly walked out.

The man's face was blackened, resembling that of a dead person, his body emanated a chilling coldness, and he approached with especially stiff movements, as if he was a marionette. Particularly, his eyes were numb, lifeless, yet they emitted a bizarre, eerie gleam.

What was even more disconcerting was the old, coarse hemp rope held in Wei Jing's hand, seemingly the kind used for hanging the dead.

"He's actually still alive?" Shen Liang's eyes widened in disbelief, a nameless dread creeping into his heart, and he subconsciously took a step back.

He felt an inexplicable fear towards this Wei Jing.

"Yang Jian... not dead," Wei Jing spoke, his voice scratchy and odd, which was quite disconcerting.

"I know. The only reason someone would survive an attack of that magnitude is if they had moved the Eight-Tone Music Box,"

Wang Xiaoming's expression remained calm, not at all surprised by Wei Jing's conclusion.

"What? You knew Yang Jian was still alive? Then why did you still ask your circle of friends to fend off the ghost's attack?" The group leader who had just spoken stood up in shock.

Wang Xiaoming glanced at him, "Does it matter whether Yang Jian is dead or alive? Sometimes, there are no boundaries between ghosts and humans; at times, humans can even be more dangerous than ghosts."

The group leader was at a loss for words; he understood the meaning behind Wang Xiaoming's words and could not find any reason to argue.

All of this happening outside had nothing to do with Jang Shangbai, who was at the top floor of Ping'an Tower at the moment.

When he suspected that Yang Jian was still alive, he indeed sent out a distress signal, but now he was ignoring the device, even the satellite-positioned phone was cast aside, not worth his attention. At this moment, even if headquarters agreed to rescue him, the chances of survival until then were exceedingly slim.

Yet, he thought sending out the signal was better than not having sent one at all. Maybe, just maybe, he could be saved because of it?

However, the harsh reality offered no hope.

The massive black shadow swaying between floors was now taking strides, closing in on him rapidly, step by step.

"The shadow is the ghost. If I can block that thing, I should be fine," Jang Shangbai silently thought. He didn't place his hope in the Ghost Shroud he wore.

True, the Ghost Shroud could protect against the attack of fierce ghosts, but it wasn't absolute.

Otherwise, how did the person who previously wielded the Ghost Shroud die?

Right then, Jang Shangbai lifted both feet at the same time, a feat that would be impossible for a normal person, but it bizarrely occurred on his body as though some strange force was lifting him off the ground, and after his feet were raised.

From under the shadow where his feet should have been, a pair of dead-like soles suddenly stretched out, covered in corpse spots, eerie and chilling, replacing his feet and landing on the ground.

He now seemed to be standing on stilts, his feet not touching the ground but suspended mid-air, yet he could walk normally.

Because a pair of ghastly feet were taking steps for him.

The ghost he controlled was one without record, a hidden piece of information, unknown to others, but within his circle of friends, many were aware. This ghost was deliberately assigned to Jang Shangbai by someone; code-named: Ghost Stomper.

Also known as the Ghost that Tramples People.

This ghost was very special.

The dead-like soles, when stepping on someone during the process of walking, would undoubtedly result in the death of the living person, even a ghost controller might not be able to withstand a stomp from this ghost.

The most unique aspect was that it could come into contact with real ghosts.

Jang Shangbai once used these dreadful soles to kick away a true ghost during a paranormal incident.

The ghost that was kicked would be in a state of suspension for probably a few seconds, tens of seconds, or even several minutes.

During that time, the ghost would absolutely not take any action, and if coordinated well, one could even directly resolve a troubling supernatural incident.

With the Ghost Domain combined with the Ghost Stomper, and further combined with the Ghost Shroud, Jang Shangbai was confident that he could face any supernatural incident below S-rank. Even if he couldn't resolve it, he definitely wouldn't easily die at the hands of a fierce ghost. Even as a team leader, he could still command the respect of others with the abilities of the three ghosts.

"I just need the Headless Ghost Shadow to come closer. Once I step on it, it will be restricted no matter what, and I definitely won't die at the hands of that shadow," Jang Shangbai thought to himself.

He had seemed somewhat powerless when facing the Ghost Hand, but this Ghost Shadow was different.

The shadow was on the ground; he could step on it and kick it, but the Ghost Hand that had just emerged from his body was different.

His feet couldn't step on it; he could only pray that the Ghost Shroud would hold up.

The Ghost Shadow's speed, reflected on the ground and walls, quickened. It had now approached close to Jang Shangbai, and at this moment, the dark and dense shadow began to extend its arm.

This arm was no longer just a shadow; it rose from the ground and grabbed Jang Shangbai's arm.

Jang Shangbai didn't dodge. His Ghost Domain was suppressed, and he couldn't dodge even if he wanted to. He could only let the Headless Ghost Shadow's hand grab him. But he believed that the Ghost Shroud on his body could block such an attack.

Indeed.

Jang Shangbai felt a cold breath trying to invade his arm through the grabbed spot, attempting to make his entire arm numb. However, the shroud that seemed peeled from a corpse did its job and isolated the invasion, securing his life once again.

While he was being attacked, he also attacked the headless shadow on the ground.

The feet, covered in the mottling of a dead person, lifted, took a step forward, and stepped onto the tall shadow on the ground.

The shadow, as though it had been attacked by some unknown fierce ghost, was irresistible. The black arm that had grabbed Jang Shangbai suddenly let go and fell from mid-air, becoming a shadow on the ground once again. At the same time, the whole Headless Ghost Shadow began to shake, as if struggling or retreating.

The Headless Ghost Shadow's attack was not only fiercely repelled, but the Ghost Shadow was also suppressed.

"Yang Jian's third ghost is not as scary as I imagined..." Jang Shangbai's gaze flickered, regaining some confidence. As he took a breath, he followed the direction of the struggling shadow.

The tail end of the shadow would definitely lead to where Yang Jian was.

But there was nothing there; the shadow seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, with no one standing there.

But Jang Shangbai's judgment was correct.

Yang Jian was indeed at that location, but he was within the third layer of the Ghost Domain, which Jang Shangbai could not possibly see.

"Jang Shangbai's last ghost has been exposed? I indeed underestimated him a bit. If hit by his Ghost Stomper, the Ghost Shadow would be momentarily uncontrollable, even I can't control it. It's almost like it can completely freeze a ghost," Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, focusing on those feet that seemed dead.

He couldn't help but wonder if stepping on the Door Knocking Ghost, Hungry Ghost, and such would lead to direct suppression?

If combined with the Ghost Domain, then it would be even more indefensible.

"A perfect trio of ghosts. The friends' circle must have put thought into promoting him as the team leader. The life-saving Ghost Domain, feet that restrict other ghosts, the Ghost Shroud that blocks attacks from fierce ghosts... If I didn't have control over the Ghost Hand, I indeed would be inferior to him."

He assessed himself. If the Ghost Hand didn't have the ability to suppress the three ghosts, he indeed would be quite inferior to Jang Shangbai.

"However, all you've faced is the Headless Ghost Shadow in normal situations... Can you withstand the next shadow?" Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged, as he continued to unearth even more terrifying abilities of the Ghost Shadow.

Chapter 599 The Spread of the Dark Shadow

Jang Shangbai's bizarre feet were indeed special, as the Headless Ghost Shadow attacking him was forcefully stamped onto the ground, unable to move, only struggling instinctively, seemingly trying to escape from this terrible suppression.

The disparity between them was immediately apparent.

Yang Jian wasn't shocked. Instead, he found it to be expected. He knew that a ghost's abilities didn't have levels of strength or weakness, but depended on whether they countered the opponent, as well as the degree of their revival. Just like his Ghost Eye, at first, he didn't even have the Ghost Domain, but later he had the Ghost Domain, and eventually, his Ghost Eye evolved to the point where it could directly remove ghosts that weren't too terrifying. This type of change was unthinkable in the past.

And today.

Under the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, Yang Jian could ensure his own immortality, which meant he wasn't worried about the ghosts' revival anymore.

Under these circumstances, it would be a waste not to further explore and harness the ghosts' abilities, if he could survive the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, then he'd certainly advance further on the path of controlling ghosts than others.

"Yang Jian, I'm not as easy to deal with as you might think. My previous proposal still stands. Stop this now and let's call it off," Jang Shangbai shouted loudly, confidence returning as he stood on the Headless Ghost Shadow.

Negotiation requires leverage.

Earlier, he didn't receive a response from Yang Jian because he assumed all his people were picked off one by one, facing death, and thus lacked the qualification to negotiate.

Jang Shangbai now blocked the attack of the Ghost Eye, prevented the intrusion of the Ghost Hand, and even more so, had trodden the Headless Ghost Shadow underfoot. In his heart, he believed that he and Yang Jian were on equal footing; perhaps his own methods were a bit more fierce and terrifying, but with the Ghost Shroud on his side, he wouldn't be taken down easily.

The gap wasn't very large.

"Yang Jian, stop hiding. I know you're alive. If you were dead, it wouldn't be like this. Your repeated attacks have proven this is an act of revenge. A real ghost wouldn't just fixate on our circle of friends, right?"

Jang Shangbai followed the quivering Ghost Shadow with his gaze to where Yang Jian was standing.

The signal is clear, I know you're there.

"We may have made some mistakes, but there's nothing adults can't let go of. I, on behalf of our circle of friends, apologize to you. Moreover, you've caused enough trouble today, continuing this is pointless."

"Children need to apologize when they make mistakes, but adults have to pay the price." The next moment, Yang Jian's figure appeared; he was indeed standing on the other end of the Ghost Shadow.

A black shadow extended from under his feet all the way to Jang Shangbai's feet.

Seeing Yang Jian's intact complexion, and even an overly healthy skin tone, Jang Shangbai couldn't help but his eyes narrowed, finding it incredible.

Why was this guy controlling three ghosts, using the ghosts' abilities in succession, and yet not showing any signs of corruption? If this vitality continued, there wouldn't be a risk of ghosts' revival for tens of years, or even he could start dating, get married, and have children to play with.

An absolute anomaly within the paranormal community.

"Even if the ghosts' abilities don't vary in strength, if it really came down to a fight, I'm sure I would be the first to have a ghost revival," Jang Shangbai thought with a sinking feeling; he realized he couldn't afford this endurance battle with Yang Jian.

Three ghosts against three ghosts, certainly the person in worse condition would die first to a ghost's revival.

"Would sufficient compensation satisfy you?" Jang Shangbai attempted to negotiate, "Say what you will, I am still the captain of headquarters. Give me a chance."

He didn't want to die. After enduring so much and reaching this point, how could he resign himself to dying at the hands of a ghost controller?

Yang Jian looked at him and forced out a cold smile, "Do you think you can withstand my attacks by stepping on my shadow and relying on the Ghost Shroud I submitted to headquarters? The reason I'm willing to come out and talk to you is not that I want to negotiate but because I want you to die knowing why. Even without a ghost's revival, I could hands-on destroy your entire circle of friends."

"Don't try to scare me with your captain status. Before dawn, I am also a captain... But what does that matter? Your circle of friends gave me, their captain, no chances at all, saying to finish me off by six o'clock, so it was done by six o'clock."

"Now, I'm merely doing to you what you did to me before, playing it back on your own turf. Isn't that fair?"

Jang Shangbai's face darkened, "You were the one who struck first."

"Should I have waited for you to have me completely figured out before I acted? Even kids know that starting a fight first gives you the upper hand, do I need to explain this to you? I know you're trying to stall for time, was it a distress signal you sent out earlier? Indeed, people are on their way here, but it's useless. I can finish you off before they get here. If I time it just right, when they arrive at the bottom of the Ping'an Tower, they can just collect your body."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, he pointed to the ground, "And during the time we've been talking, haven't you noticed something's wrong?"

Jang Shangbai suddenly looked down.

Beneath his feet, the black shadow he stepped on had unknowingly spread out, like a drop of thick ink falling on the surface of water, darkening everything around it.

The area expanded rapidly, and during the short conversation, the entire incomplete top floor was already covered by the black shadow. And that was not all—the black shadow started to rise from the ground, vaguely outlining shapes like bodies about to move.

"The fierce ghost is resurrecting?" Jang Shangbai's heart quivered violently as he quickly glanced at Yang Jian.

Had this guy gone mad, using the power of a fierce ghost so recklessly? Wasn't he afraid of dying?

Or was it that Yang Jian had made up his mind to kill everyone in the friend group, no matter the cost?

There was no time to think further.

Although he had stepped on the shadow, he couldn't suppress such a vast expanse of darkness. The unstable feeling under his feet grew increasingly severe, and the cold sensation that hadn't invaded his body before was now surging up from below.

Suddenly.

Several black arms emerged from the depths of the dark ground, each arm with a black hand that tightly grasped Jang Shangbai's arms, legs, and neck, pulling him down into the ground bit by bit.

Jang Shangbai was sinking, about to be completely engulfed by the darkness beneath him, swallowed by the dreadful shadow.

"Yang Jian, we have no grudges or hatreds, why go to this extent?" he yelled out desperately, realizing he was losing.

Yang Jian didn't want to waste words on him. If Jang Shangbai hadn't been at Ping'an Tower that day, perhaps he wouldn't have gone out of his way to kill him and would have given the headquarters some respect. But today, he was there.

That meant he was involved in the attempts against him.

No grudges or hatreds?

He had some nerve saying that.

Did he really think Yang Jian was a three-year-old child, easily deceived?

"Isn't it better to just quietly disappear from this world?" Yang Jian walked over, an icy expression on his face as he directly reached out to grab Jang Shangbai's neck and pressed him to the ground.

The Headless Ghost Shadow was swallowing him too slowly; he couldn't wait.

This pressing action made Jang Shangbai utterly despair, realizing that the Ghost Shroud was not taking effect at this moment. The cold shadow instantly invaded his body.

And after that, every place it eroded, he lost all sensation.

It was as if his body was rapidly changing masters.

"Does this Yang Jian have hidden abilities? He can suppress my ghost... this is the power of the Ghost Envoy."

Jang Shangbai wanted to struggle, wanted to scream, but he could do nothing, watching helplessly as the Yang Family pressed him into the dark ghostly shadow, quickly submerged, devoured.

"It actually takes a full three quota slots to completely nullify the Ghost Shroud?" Yang Jian frowned as he looked at Jang Shangbai disappearing into the shadow.

He realized he had underestimated the Ghost Shroud.

Was it because it had been worn on a Hungry Ghost for a while, or was the Ghost Shroud itself so frightening, its full potential overlooked because he had been too weak before?

"It doesn't matter now; the Ghost Shroud is mine. The stronger the ability, the better. So far, this shroud is the best-controllable strange object I've come across, with side effects I can withstand," Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly, uninterested in Jang Shangbai's other ghosts.

He only wanted to retrieve the Ghost Shroud that originally belonged to him.

As for whether he would use it himself or keep it as a backup, that was a decision for later.

Chapter 600 Fang Shiming Reappears

"I thought I'd be the first to arrive at Ping'an Hotel, but I didn't expect to see you, Li Jun, already here."

At this moment, Guo Fan and Zong Shan arrived at the foot of Ping'an Tower unhurriedly. They could see Li Jun standing there alone, looking up towards the top of the building.

The tower, a hundred floors tall and more than four hundred meters high, was so tall that standing at the bottom, one could barely make out what was going on at the top.

Yet some instinct told Li Jun that something was happening on the very top floor.

"I've just arrived," Li Jun looked up and said seriously, "There's something wrong with this building. The whole tower has ceased operation. All the elevators have stopped. If we want to go up, we can only climb slowly."

"Climb up? Are you kidding me? I'm not going to do something that foolish." Guo Fan hurriedly shook his head, then added, "By the time we climb up there, everything will have probably already ended. I'd rather wait here honestly."

Li Jun did not refute his words because there was some truth to what Guo Fan had said; climbing such a tall building would indeed take too much time.

"I can try to use the Ghost Domain to take you both there. It seems a vicious ghost invasion has occurred up there."

Zong Shan came over and said, "Let's wait for now. Don't rashly utilize the power of vicious ghosts. If we are to act in such a way, at least wait until the others have arrived, and then we can discuss it."

Li Jun nodded in agreement.

Indeed, acting rashly at this time was extremely dangerous.

Soon.

Cao Yang, Leuk San, Su Fan... and other ghost controllers began to show up one after another.

This time, everyone impacted within the Ghost Domain gathered here after receiving the message.

"Oh, now that everyone who should be here has arrived, what do we plan to do? Who will lead the team, and who will be in charge of the action?" The one speaking was Chen Yi, his face grave as he went straight to the point.

As one of the city's leaders, it was necessary for Chen Yi to handle this situation; yet, with such a large issue at hand and the team leader plan recently confirmed, he seemed somewhat insignificant in front of these people.

Li Jun spoke up directly, "The team leaders should be responsible for the action, and the rest of you should cooperate..."

"Bang!"

But before he could finish, suddenly something fell from the sky and crashed onto the ground with a loud noise, startling many people into nearly jumping up.

"What is that?" Someone sharply turned towards the direction of the sound, their voice tinged with panic.

"Don't get close, it's a corpse," Chen Yi called out sharply after one glance.

The object that had fallen to the ground was not some debris from the high-rise building but a disfigured corpse. The corpse was naked, its pale skin exposed, not at all like that of a living person. What was most eerie was that despite having fallen from such a height, the corpse's feet were still grotesquely standing on the ground.

The pair of feet were covered in livor mortis, shoeless, and sharply contrasted with the rest of the corpse, almost as if an invisible vicious ghost with an unseen upper half was standing there.

"Damn, it really is a corpse." Many people confirmed, then quickly retreated, opening a distance.

In this situation, finding a body that had fallen from a high rise was definitely not a good thing and might even mark the beginning of a nightmare.

Li Jun's gaze was steady as he decided to go closer and investigate.

Not all corpses signified the appearance of ghosts; no one knew exactly what was happening on the top floor of Ping'an Tower, only that it had been attacked by vicious ghosts, and calls for help had been sent.

Li Jun's approach was witnessed by the others, who did not stop him.

At this point, it was indeed necessary for someone to check out the situation. Though risky, it was better than just standing there, staring at the unknown corpse that had fallen from the high-rise.

After Li Jun approached, his expression immediately changed.

...

Although the corpse was no longer recognizable, there seemed to be some peculiar quality about the body itself. Even in such a state, it was still twitching slightly. This motion wasn't due to nerve reflexes but came from an irrational force.

"It's... Jang Shangbai."

After struggling to identify the body, Li Jun suddenly cried out.

"What?"

Many people nearby were shocked.

The corpse was Jang Shangbai?

"No way, Jang Shangbai is dead just like that? How much time has passed? Even if the ghost is ferocious, it shouldn't have killed a team leader so quickly. There should have been some delay at least."

Guo Fan's pupils constricted, and a nameless chill ran through his body.

He had anticipated some losses in their circle of friends, but he hadn't expected Jang Shangbai, a team leader, to have already died.

"If he's dead, then the ghost inside his body is definitely going to come back to life. We can't stay in Ping'an Tower anymore. This will be a terrible place haunted by vicious ghosts. Who knows what the circle of friends has turned into by now, and how many ghost handlers have died?" Zong Shan immediately said.

Upon hearing this, others couldn't help but nod in agreement.

If an unknown number of ghost handlers were indeed dead, it implied that there might be several vicious ghosts in the building. Moreover, with the tower having a hundred floors and vast, complicated layouts, even the thought of entering such a place made one's scalp tingle.

"Let's not worry about that for now, we need to figure out how to deal with Jang Shangbai first. We can't let the vicious ghost come back to life right now." Chen Yi reminded everyone, urging them not to forget the immediate danger.

Without a word, Li Jun immediately said, "Guo Fan, Chen Yi, Su Fan, you guys come with me..."

He quickly named his team, forming a temporary squad with the intention of collecting Jang Shangbai's body first.

Meanwhile.

At the top floor of the tower, Yang Jian stood in front of the shattered tempered glass wall, looking down.

He could see clearly what was happening below. As for the body of Jang Shangbai a moment ago, he had thrown it down.

He had no interest in dealing with the ghost inside the body; he was only after the Ghost Shroud. Thus, the current situation was just as he had said before: the others would only be able to collect Jang Shangbai's body upon arrival, with no chance for support.

In his Ghost Domain, everything was under control.

If he didn't wish it, many people wouldn't even be able to find Ping'an Tower, instead becoming hopelessly lost in the city.

"The Ghost Scissors were not found on Fang Shiming's body. Did he hide them?" Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, turning towards Fang Shiming's body beside him.

The body was bizarre.

There was no reviving ghost, nor were there Ghost Scissors. If his identity hadn't been confirmed, Yang Jian would have even doubted whether this Fang Shiming was real. After all, it was unthinkable for the president of Ping'an Tower to rise to power with just a pair of Ghost Scissors. He must have also been a genuine ghost handler and, very likely, an exception to the norm.

Yet, he had died so cleanly, without any signs of struggle.

"There is a safehouse underneath the building. Perhaps I should have a look there."

After killing everyone in the conference room, Yang Jian decided to delve into the secrets of this circle of friends. At the very least, he wanted to find the Ghost Scissors.

Since he had taken action until now, those strange attacks that had targeted him had not occurred again. In other words, the perpetrator who almost had him killed on the streets had yet to appear. It wasn't Jang Shangbai or Fang Shiming, lying on the ground. Considering the Ghost Scissors had also not been found,

He had reason to believe that the holder of the Ghost Scissors was the culprit.

But just as he turned around,

a sudden cold wind rose around him. It wasn't strong, but it carried a weird stench of decay, as though a body lay at the source of the wind, with the scent being emitted directly from it.

...

"Were these people killed by you?" A hoarse voice suddenly echoed in the surroundings.

Without knowing when, a figure had eerily appeared in the shadows of the building nearby. The figure was withered, like a corpse dried out for a long time, lacking moisture. His eyes were bloodshot, filling the entire socket and looking ferocious and terrifying. Despite the drastic changes in his appearance, one could still determine his identity.

Yang Jian's gaze held a trace of surprise, then he quickly regained his composure, "Fang Shiming?"

"It's me. It seems that you've also noticed something off about the other me, and you don't seem too surprised."

Fang Shiming stared coldly at Yang Jian, standing there like a vicious ghost, emanating great danger.

"You also do not seem surprised by their deaths, almost as if you knew it was my doing."

Yang Jian watched him and said, "However, you are the first necromancer who has been able to directly invade my Ghost Domain like this."

The three layers of the Ghost Domain didn't block Fang Shiming's invasion, not even affecting it in the slightest.

This was proof enough that Fang Shiming was more dangerous than imaginable to a certain extent.

"Invading the Ghost Domain? It's not particularly difficult. If I want to, I can even enter the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain."

Fang Shiming said, "But my condition is indeed poor, forcing me to let the original me manage the company in my stead; otherwise, you wouldn't stand a chance of surviving under my Ghost Scissors."

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

This statement revealed a lot of information.

Fang Shiming had the ability to invade a Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain, possessing some characteristics that suggested a reboot. Most importantly, the previous attack had been firmly confirmed.

Yang Jian had suffered a head injury, the skull cracking open, confirming it was an attack by the Ghost Scissors.

The method of attack still wasn't clear.

He suspected it was a curse similar to the Ghost Door Knocker, one where the Ghost Scissors' activation condition must be easy to trigger, for he had clearly fallen for it at some point.

"Poor condition? You're about to die because of the resurgence of the malicious ghosts, huh? You've been a necromancer longer than I have, and your abilities are quite unique... Under these circumstances, it's already a miracle you're alive. Apart from that Old Qin at the headquarters, who's an exception, no one has fully resolved the issue of malicious ghost resurgences," Yang Jian withdrew his thoughts and said indifferently.

He had hung himself in front of the Ghost Mirror, causing the Ghost Shadow to crash. Using the Ghost Hand, he merged part of the Ghost Envoy's traits, securing the quota to suppress three ghosts. Then, he let the Ghost Conman continuously repair his body... Still, he faced the risk of resurgence.

This Fang Shiming, even with the resources of his entire circle, couldn't possibly be doing much better than Yang Jian himself.

Emerging from the shadows, Fang Shiming made the stench of death around him seem even more intense, "You're not wrong. I am indeed facing this problem. It's my final challenge. If I solve it, I will be the first necromancer to surpass everyone else. That's why I chose to wait, to wait for the solution to this challenge. You, however, should not have interfered with my plans."

"All your men are dead. What's the point of saying this now?" Yang Jian spoke while retracting the Ghost Shadow from under his feet, his Ghost Eye on the forehead didn't leave Fang Shiming's body for a moment.

It appeared they were just talking, but if the fight really started, it would happen in an instant.

"Although it has some impact, it's within an acceptable range. After all, as long as you die today, everything can gradually be restored," Fang Shiming stopped, seemingly tired. His peculiar body was not strong enough to keep up activity, forcing him to bend down and rest on a nearby office desk.

"Take me down? Can you do it?" Yang Jian asked calmly.

He was now cursed by the Eight-Tone Music Box, and even the resurgent ghosts couldn't take away his consciousness. Unless the curse came to claim his life, even Yang Jian himself didn't know how he could be killed.

Fang Shiming wants to take him down?

Yang Jian didn't believe it.

"Let's give it a try," Fang Shiming's voice was odd but his tone casual, as if Yang Jian's life meant nothing.

Or perhaps, he simply didn't regard anyone as unkillable.

"Right, you want this, don't you?"

Suddenly, he pulled an old pair of scissors from his pocket. The style of the scissors was not modern but from the Republic of China period. Most notably, the handles of the scissors were wrapped in eerie black hair, still connected to the scalp, and in some places, it had begun to rot.

"Kill me, and it's yours," Fang Shiming's gaunt face squeezed out a smile.

That smile, like that of a real vicious ghost, was so strange that it sent chills that one couldn't quite describe.

"Give it a try," Yang Jian said nonchalantly, as if he wasn't taking him seriously.

Fighting, he had never been afraid of it in his life.

"Another foolhardy brat, just like that delusional kid. If you're so eager to die, then I'll send you on your way. Remember, in your next life when you move from school to society, learn to bow and kneel, don't offend those you shouldn't, or you'll suffer a great loss."

Fang Shiming advised Yang Jian with the tone of an experienced senior.

But no sooner had he finished speaking.

Yang Jian suddenly felt a heaviness in his body, as if he was carrying something on his back.

No, it wasn't as if, he truly was carrying something... there seemed to be a cold corpse lying on his back, trying to press him down.

In an instant.

Yang Jian could no longer withstand the weight of the corpse and collapsed to the ground with a thud, the Ghost Shadow inside him unable to resist, was directly suppressed.

"Crack, crack..."

He could even hear the sound of his ribcage cracking.

Upon seeing this, Fang Shiming stood up and said, "No need to resist anymore. A normal person would be crushed to death carrying this ghost, and even a ghost would be suppressed. Unlike a Ghost Envoy, there's no limit to the number, doesn't matter how many ghosts you control, they will all be weakened to some extent if you can't carry it. Do you know why I am so thin? Carrying this thing around all the time, how could I not be?"

He twisted his neck and shoulders, seemingly enjoying the rare moment of relief.

This ghost had to meet one condition to attack Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's height had to exceed his own.

In other words, this ghost would attack the tallest person within a certain radius, and just now, he had sat down and there were only the two of them, him and Yang Jian.

So, without a doubt, the ghost targeted Yang Jian.

Even the protection of the third level of the Ghost Domain couldn't avoid it; it was as if the ghost had locked onto him, and no matter where he hid, it was all the same.

"So, you think you've already won?"

Although Yang Jian couldn't move under the weight of the corpse, even being crushed to the point of breaking his sternum and spitting blood, he still lifted his head.

Both Ghost Eyes now overlapped.

At that moment, the sixth level of the Ghost Domain opened.

The surroundings were shrouded in a thick red glow.

Normally, the third level of the Ghost Domain could invade the domain of a Hungry Ghost, the fourth level could unveil the truth of a Ghost Coffin, the fifth level could make a person and average ghosts disappear from the world for a while, and it allowed one to invade the domain of a Ghost Envoy.

As for what might happen when the sixth level of the Ghost Domain overlaid, Yang Jian didn't know himself.

All he knew was that Fang Shiming was dangerous, he didn't want to hold anything back, as the fifth level of the Ghost Domain had already confirmed it couldn't send this guy away.