

Revival 621

Chapter 621 The Best Choice

What was thought to be a routine visit turned out to be a premeditated scheme with preparations.

Wang Xiaoming came specifically for the spiritual talisman in Guo Fan's possession, and yet, that talisman was critical to maintaining Guo Fan's balance. Without it, he would have died long ago. This matter of life and death was something no sane person would consider lending to another, especially given Wang Xiaoming's excessive demand.

He actually wanted Guo Fan to enter the spiritual talisman again.

What is this?

Presenting oneself as a gift, all nicely packaged and ready to be given away.

That's why, no matter how courteous Guo Fan had been to Wang Xiaoming before, it was time to turn hostile.

"If I don't give you the item, are you planning to take it by force? If you really intend to make a move, I can take you down right here and now. We can just go down together—after all, it's merely a matter of dying."

Guo Fan's face, which resembled that of a corpse, showed a trace of a sinister and fierce nature.

When it really came down to making a choice, he would truly not hesitate to kill Wang Xiaoming.

"Guo Fan, stay calm," Zong Shan quickly urged, fearing that he might suddenly strike at this critical moment.

In this tense moment, any slight action could have irreversible and severe consequences.

"How do you expect me to stay calm when Wang Xiaoming is after my life? You can't see that? If I'm about to die anyway, what's the use of staying calm?"

Guo Fan was not receptive to Zong Shan's persuasion, his numb gaze fixed on Wang Xiaoming standing before him.

Despite being unremarkable within the headquarters' circles, where people like Yang Jian, Li Jun, Cao Yang, Leuk San... or even Feng Quan and Su Fan were more important, it was only within that context. In the city under his jurisdiction, he was the big boss, and taking out a regular person was just a matter of saying the word.

"Wang Xiaoming, I don't want to fall out with you, but if you insist on this, then don't blame me."

Wang Xiaoming remained calm, similarly gazing at Guo Fan: "If you kill me, you will definitely die, and you will also drag down many people behind you. If you agree to my proposal, you may not necessarily

die; at least there is a small chance of survival. Besides, you can also make some demands of your own. If possible, I will try to satisfy them."

"Moreover, your current condition is very bad. Even if I don't come to you today, how much longer can you survive? As harsh as it may sound, I only hope that you can do something more valuable with your last moments."

"In fact, I could have deceived you by pretending to help you resolve the problem of the specters' resurgence, enticing you to willingly hand over the spiritual talisman, but I don't wish to do that, I'm just offering you a reasonable choice."

"If we step back and consider it, even if you really die, the reputation, status, and power you'll have gained, along with the compensation that follows, are far greater than what you have now."

Guo Fan's complexion shifted uneasily. Although there was some truth to Wang Xiaoming's words, how could he willingly put his life in someone else's hands?

"You think you can convince me with just a few words?"

Wang Xiaoming shook his head: "No, I'm not trying to persuade you. As I said before, I'm just presenting you with a choice."

With that, he added: "You don't believe that becoming a ghost controller would allow you to live forever, do you? Everyone has their day to die. Some die due to specter resurgences, others in supernatural incidents, and some are killed by others. These deaths don't carry much value. Since you're

about to die, why not choose the way of death that has the greatest value? Besides, you might not even die."

"The chance of living is admittedly very slim, but it exists nonetheless."

His words were straightforward, yet they were exceedingly cruel.

Really, from the moment Wang Xiaoming stepped through the door, there was only one path laid out before Guo Fan—to agree.

He was left with no choice in the matter.

If this ended in mutual destruction, not to mention whether he could successfully take down Wang Xiaoming, even if he succeeded, Guo Fan would die too. Not to mention, the surroundings had been infiltrated by a strange darkness, which clearly indicated the presence of a ghost controller secretly protecting Wang Xiaoming, who had not yet made a move only because they hadn't yet come to blows.

"Let's wait on this. I need to call the Deputy Minister to ask about the situation and see what the Deputy Minister has to say."

At this point, Zong Shan decided to delay further and at the same time confirm what Professor Wang's true purpose was in acting today.

"I'll give you at most ten minutes,"

Wang Xiaoming checked his watch: "I'm in a hurry to get back to the lab."

Even though there was a problem with the last laboratory studying the Ghost Coffin, he didn't have just one laboratory. Moreover, after taking over some assets from his circle of friends, some things had become more convenient for him.

"Zong Shan, then you hurry and ask the Deputy Minister for me, I'll keep an eye on Wang Xiaoming."

Guo Fan also temporarily calmed down and agreed to Zong Shan's phone call.

Quickly, Zong Shan got through to his own operator and then transferred the call to Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua, roughly explaining what had just happened.

"The situation is like this for now, Professor Wang has come to take away the spirit slab in Guo Fan's hands. You've seen Guo Fan's file, he is alive solely because of that spirit slab. Once it's taken away, it'll break the balance of his two ghosts immediately, and he'll die soon. Not to mention that Professor Wang also wants Guo Fan to enter the spirit slab one more time, then leave his own body."

"What does this mean? This is equivalent to indirectly taking Guo Fan's life,"

"The current situation is extremely delicate. Guo Fan was so angry he almost killed Professor Wang on the spot, but luckily I managed to persuade him. However, Professor Wang doesn't seem to have any intention of giving up, so Deputy Minister, you'd better make a decision, otherwise, there really could be trouble."

Cao Yanhua, who was driving back to headquarters, suddenly received this call, and his face changed immediately upon listening to Zong Shan.

But immediately after, Cao Yanhua quickly realized why Professor Wang wanted to take something from Guo Fan's hands.

It was for Yang Jian.

To solve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box for Yang Jian, it was likely that the spirit slab in Guo Fan's hands was needed.

This made him hesitate, uncertain how to handle the situation.

Yang Jian can't die, and most certainly cannot. If within two days Wang Xiaoming cannot help to solve the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, then heaven knows what Yang Jian would do.

The last issue with his circle of friends had already been very unpleasant. If this time the agreement is violated, the headquarters might very well become the second 'circle of friends.'

Even though he is now close to death, before dying he is still a vigorous young man.

Capable of any deed.

"Pass the phone to Guo Fan, I want to speak with him personally," Cao Yanhua mused.

At this moment, on the other side, Zong Shan, hearing this, handed over the phone: "Guo Fan, the Deputy Minister wants to talk to you."

Guo Fan's expression showed a hint of suspicion, but he still took the phone: "Hello, Deputy Minister? It's me, Guo Fan. What do you think should be done about Wang Xiaoming's matter?"

"Guo Fan, rest assured, I can guarantee you, Professor Wang will absolutely not harm you, you can be at ease. However, the current situation is pressing, and indeed, we need that item in your hands. His approach was a bit excessive, but it's all for the greater good. I hope you can understand," Cao Yanhua said earnestly.

Guo Fan said, "Doesn't the Deputy Minister realize Wang Xiaoming might be after my life?"

"The situation is not as serious as all that. There must be some misunderstanding. Here's what we'll do, pass the phone to Professor Wang, and I will personally order him to ensure your safety, to absolutely not act recklessly," Cao Yanhua's voice came through.

"Since it's your guarantee, Deputy Minister, I will trust you this time," said Guo Fan and then handed the phone to Wang Xiaoming.

Wang Xiaoming spoke into the phone, "It's me, Wang Xiaoming."

"Professor Wang, I understand your actions today, but you can't harm another ghost master because of this. Guo Fan is also a capable leader. If he has a problem, we should think of a solution, not exacerbate the issue. Find a way to keep Guo Fan safe," said Cao Yanhua.

"Alright, I will do my best to keep him safe."

Wang Xiaoming replied calmly, then hung up the phone directly, but then said, "Do you have any further questions? If not, hand over the spirit slab immediately."

"Wang Xiaoming, the Deputy Minister just now did not agree to what you're doing," Guo Fan immediately said.

"You may regard this as my personal action, unrelated to headquarters," Wang Xiaoming replied.

Seeing Wang Xiaoming hang up the phone, Zong Shan on the side sensed something was wrong. Not only that, he could see the darkness creeping into the house getting thicker and thicker, the lights dimming suddenly, the surroundings filled with a chilling aura.

And in that deep darkness, he didn't know if it was an illusion, but he faintly felt as if a pair of empty, cold eyes was watching them, like a true fierce ghost lurking all around.

"Guo Fan, there's something in the dark watching you, be careful," Zong Shan shouted a warning to him.

Of course, Guo Fan had also noticed the darkness drawing nearer, with no escape route from all directions. By now, besides the light within three meters around the tea table, everywhere else had become completely invisible.

"Since you don't intend to stop, then don't blame me. After I catch you, I'll burst out of here and then escape abroad," he had thought for a long time and finally made up his mind.

Guo Fan dared not kill Wang Xiaoming, but he did not want to be caught without a fight either, so the only way out was to capture Wang Xiaoming as a hostage, leave here alive, and then use Wang Xiaoming as a bargaining chip to seek a chance to survive at the headquarters of the ghost masters abroad.

But the moment he reached out his hand—

From the darkness behind him, an old, darkened straw rope suddenly appeared, giving off an inexplicably eerie sensation, like the hanging rope of a dead person. The rope looped around Guo Fan's neck and instantly tightened.

An incredible amount of strength emerged, causing Guo Fan's tongue to almost spit out as he felt his neck was about to be snapped at that very moment.

His hand, stretching towards Wang Xiaoming, was stopped mid-air, missing by about twenty centimeters but ultimately failing to grasp the slightly emaciated ordinary man before him.

His body kept moving backward.

Going into the darkness where the old straw rope extended, it seemed as if fierce ghosts were pulling on the rope, dragging him alive into it.

"Zong Shan, help, this is Yang Jian's Ghost Rope, cough, cough... This thing can even bind ghosts."

Guo Fan's originally pale face became even uglier, turning a shade of blue as if he was about to die any moment, desperately calling for Zong Shan's help.

Zong Shan was just about to act but was stopped by Wang Xiaoming's words, "This has nothing to do with you; if you get involved, the meaning changes."

"Professor Wang, you can't do this," Zong Shan didn't dare to act rashly and cried out.

"To deal with supernatural events, many people have to make sacrifices; now it's just his turn," Wang Xiaoming's attitude was still very firm.

Guo Fan struggled while cursing uncontrollably, "Bullshit, Wang Xiaoming, why don't you go make the sacrifice..."

But his voice was shrill and hoarse, speaking seemed very strenuous.

Wang Xiaoming turned and said to him seriously, "If the time is right, I will."

Behind him, the Ghost Rope pulled tighter and tighter, pulling Guo Fan further into the darkness behind him. He was powerless to resist, because at this moment, he realized the rope was not just tightening around his neck; it was also suppressing the ghost within his body.

Because the ghost in the spirit tablet showed no reaction at all.

This sensation, and the phenomenon of being shrouded in darkness, was just like... facing a Ghost Envoy.

"Who could it be?"

Guo Fan was filled with shock and fury, certain that the Ghost Rope might belong to Yang Jian, but the person appearing today was definitely not Yang Jian.

His neck was so tight that he could hear the sound of his neck bones breaking, suffering immense pain, but still desperately twisting his neck trying to see who was hiding in the darkness behind him.

And who was so terrifying that it left him utterly powerless to resist.

At the moment when he was to be completely engulfed by the darkness, he saw it.

He saw a person standing at the other end of the Ghost Rope, a person who was cold, rigid, and corpse-like.

The person's complexion was dark, his body exuded death, his gaze empty and dull, devoid of any luster.

What shocked Guo Fan the most was this person's face, which was eerily identical to that of a Ghost Envoy.

This was the Ghost Envoy... Wei Jing.

No.

This was impossible; Ghost Envoys wouldn't obey Wang Xiaoming's orders, no, that couldn't be right.

This was not a Ghost Envoy; this was Wei Jing.

Had Wei Jing come back to life?

In a flash, many thoughts ran through Guo Fan's mind, a sense of horror overwhelming him.

A person who had already died and had been replaced by a Ghost Envoy after a fierce ghost revival had actually come back to life.

Could it be that Wang Xiaoming was now able to bring people back to life after a fierce ghost revival?

"Wait, wait a moment, I agree to your demand..."

At that moment, Guo Fan chose to back down; he did not dare to fight anymore with his own ghost suppressed and the apparition of Wei Jing, who supposedly was a Ghost Envoy.

This was a fight with no chance of winning.

"You have ten seconds," Wang Xiaoming's voice arrived.

Immediately after, Guo Fan felt the Ghost Rope around his neck suddenly loosen a fraction, not as tight as before, and the strange suppression had also lifted.

This was Guo Fan's last chance.

If he did not agree, Wei Jing would take it by force.

With no other options, Guo Fan clenched his teeth and hurriedly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing an empty stomach with no internal organs, emanating a rotten stench. He reached inside and took out an old wooden spirit tablet.

On the spirit tablet was a photo of a corpse, the person in the photo closely resembling Guo Fan.

That was a real ghost.

But the next moment—

The person in the photo changed; a terrified Guo Fan suddenly appeared in the photo on the spirit tablet, and the ghost from the photo disappeared.

At that moment, there was a crack from Guo Fan's neck, and it twisted. The marks from the rope swelled up quickly and began to heal.

There was no longer any sign of life in his body, and the coldness of the ghost spread out.

Now, Guo Fan had turned into an actual ghost.

The moment this ghost appeared, the only remaining light above went out, and the ghost started to move.

It turned towards Wei Jing hidden in the darkness behind it.

But the next moment—

The Ghost Rope tightened once again, wrapping around the ghost's neck as it had Guo Fan before, only this time even more viciously.

Guo Fan's body, now taken over by the ghost, was lifted off the ground, forcefully suspended in midair.

It seemed there was a suppression formed.

In the ghost's hand was still the wooden spirit tablet, which suddenly released from its rigid grasp and fell from midair.

In the spirit tablet, Guo Fan still wore an expression of terror, seemingly realizing he had left his body and become a consciousness residing within the tablet.

"Pack up; it's time for us to go," Wang Xiaoming said as he finally stood up.

Zong Shan watched silently.

He could not prevent such things from happening.

The ghost master hidden in the darkness was too terrifying; Guo Fan didn't even have a chance to retaliate, otherwise, he would not have begged for mercy so quickly.

"Is he definitely going to die?" Zong Shan looked at Wang Xiaoming.

Wang Xiaoming said, "He'll most likely die; that would be the best outcome."

Chapter 622 Unknown Hidden Danger

Yang Jian returned to Big J City once again.

His actions were hurried, and after confirming the situation with the Ghost Cabinet in Dachang City, he returned without delay, not staying a moment longer.

Because from now on, his next moves would be crucial to his chances of survival.

"Finding the Source Ghost in the ghost painting might complete the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet, but within the next two days I should also receive news from Wang Xiaoming, and I will then decide whom to trust based on the situation," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He discarded some unrealistic plans, and in the end, only these two feasible options remained.

Yang Jian arrived in the city center.

He was on a quest to find the next ghost painting, convinced that in the days he clashed with his social circle, the situation with the ghost painting had worsened significantly.

It was just that no one had paid attention to the change before.

But as the conflict with his social circle came to an end, the crisis of the ghost painting would surely regain attention.

Standing on the street and looking around, during his prior coverage of the city with the Ghost Domain, he had identified several locations that couldn't be explored, not safe houses but places that might have been steeped in supernatural phenomena.

Only the supernatural could block the coverage of his Ghost Domain.

However, the likelihood of a city like this having supernatural events was incredibly low, and if there were any, they were likely associated with the ghost painting incidents. Hence, he now needed to inspect these unknown locations.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian activated his Ghost Domain to change his position.

The next moment.

He appeared in a clean, tidy alleyway.

Pedestrians passed through the alley in succession, everything looked normal, and there was no sign of the area being cordoned off.

"It's in the courtyard house just ahead," Yang Jian stood in an inconspicuous corner, looking towards a small, courtyard house with tightly closed doors in the middle of the alley.

There seemed to be signs of supernatural invasion there.

However, the people around didn't seem to be aware of any problems with the courtyard house; otherwise, there wouldn't be passersby nearby.

Yang Jian strode over; he wasn't foolish enough to appear directly at a location where supernatural events might occur. Instead, he chose to emerge nearby and then cautiously make his way there.

Soon, he stood in front of the large gate of the courtyard house.

He tried pushing it.

He found that the gate was locked, and moreover, it was bolted from the inside.

"Young man, that family is not at home; their door has been shut for several days now," at this moment, an elderly man walking his bird in a cage happened to pass by and kindly offered a reminder.

Yang Jian subconsciously turned his head to look.

"Are they relatives, or friends? Standing there won't do any good, you should ask for a phone number," the old man added.

Without responding, Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow had already seeped through the crack of the door unnoticed by others.

"Creak!"

Soon after, the lock inside was destroyed by the Ghost Shadow, and the large door slowly opened.

Yang Jian pushed open the gate and said, "Elder, if there's nothing pressing, you should walk around somewhere else. This place is not suitable."

After speaking, he walked straight into the courtyard house.

"Strange, the door wasn't locked properly, it opened with a single push?"

The old man found it odd, carried his birdcage, and followed, standing at the doorway looking in.

He saw the young man who had just entered standing in the yard, looking around as if it was his first time there, unfamiliar with the items in the courtyard.

"Young man, it's not very good for you to barge in like this when the owners are not home," the old man was worried that Yang Jian might be a wrongdoer and felt compelled to keep an eye on things.

Yang Jian stood in the courtyard, not to observe the layout, but to peer at the abnormalities. If the ghost painting were here, it would likely be in one of the rooms, so he needed to test with his Ghost Eye.

The Ghost Eye dared not open in the face of the ghost painting.

It was a kind of restraint between supernatural entities.

"No reaction?" Yang Jian furrowed his brow, "This is strange, I clearly detected an anomaly here last night, could I have remembered it wrong? Or has the ghost painting already left?"

The ghost painting was movable, not fixed in one place; about this, he was very clear.

Instantly, he covered the entire courtyard house with his Ghost Domain, ready to thoroughly investigate the situation.

As the Ghost Domain covered the area, everything came into his field of vision, ordinary buildings and walls did not block the Ghost Eye.

"A corpse."

Yang Jian's gaze darkened as he spotted a body in one of the rooms of the courtyard house.

Because it was winter and the weather was cold, the corpse had not decayed and no stench of death wafted out. It merely lay stiff on the bed, as if it had fallen asleep one night a few days ago and never woken up.

"A ghost once appeared here and killed the owner of this courtyard," Yang Jian said, "but the ghost has since vanished. It seems as if it departed after the murder... This isn't a Ghost Drawing, because a Ghost Drawing would constrain my Ghost Eye, so this must be a paranormal event that has never occurred before."

Yang Jian furrowed his brows slightly.

He did not want to deal with the matters here. Finding the source of the Ghost Drawing was his top priority.

Other spiritual incidents were irrelevant to him for the time being.

"Old man, report this to the authorities," Yang Jian turned and said to the elder who had approached earlier.

"Young man, what did you just say?" asked the elder holding a birdcage, seemingly not having heard clearly.

Yang Jian pointed to the side and explained, "There's someone dead in that room, been dead for at least three days now. If it weren't so cold, the body would have rotted by now."

"You can't be joking about something like this, young man," the elder responded, looking shocked.

Without further discussion, Yang Jian turned and was ready to leave the courtyard to check other places.

But quickly,

he hesitated, then stopped in his tracks.

Because Yang Jian's Ghost Eye had been monitoring the corpse lying in the room, he noticed that the body was incomplete — a hand was missing, seemingly torn away by something.

"Why take only one hand..." Yang Jian suddenly thought of something.

An incident involving the supernatural came to mind.

The Ghost Strangler event he had encountered on the plane when he first arrived.

The source of that spiritual event was a Ghost Hand, but that hand had already been tamed by him and become his palm.

However, the incident had not ended; its origin was a bottle, a spirit bottle made of gold, suspected to contain a ghost.

That ghost and the Ghost Hand were one and the same.

Moreover, to survive the Ghost Coffin incident at the training facility, Yang Jian had personally released the ghost from the spirit bottle, aiming to increase his side's ghost count as a countermeasure against the repression of the Ghost Envoy.

"After the Ghost Envoy incident ended, I couldn't find that ghost in my three-tiered Ghost Domain. Could it be that the ghost slipped away at some point and entered the city? The death of Zhang Hui last time was very bizarre; it seems to have been a mysterious spiritual attack, and he died in a hotel."

"Even a ghost controller couldn't withstand the ghost's assault and passed away overnight, without sending out any call for help."

Yang Jian's contemplation deepened, as he began to sense the severity of the situation.

A ghost was killing people within the city.

But because it was responsible for so few deaths, almost insignificant, it hadn't raised much alarm.

If one were to assess this type of spiritual event, the danger level would only be considered C-grade.

But given that a ghost controller has died, Yang Jian believed it was at least a B-grade incident.

"I've resigned already; let someone else in charge deal with this headache," Yang Jian shook his head slightly, deciding to search for the next suspicious location.

He abandoned this place.

He strode out the door and, as soon as he turned a corner, he disappeared from the spot without attracting anyone's attention.

"Wait a moment, young man..."

The elder carrying a birdcage followed, but when he stepped outside, he no longer saw Yang Jian. He hesitated for a moment, then decided to help close the door first, and then call to report.

After the elder made a phone call,

soon,

the courtyard was sealed off.

A body was carried out in a body bag.

"There's no sign the door was opened before, so who discovered the body first?"

Chen Yi rushed over, worried that the incident might involve a Ghost Drawing.

"The one who called was an old man, but the person who entered here first was Yang Jian. There's surveillance footage of him nearby," said a staff member.

Chen Yi's gaze sharpened, "Yang Jian? Is he also investigating a spiritual event?"

"Alright, I'm informed. Seal off the area, and don't let anyone in or out for the time being."

But as two groups of people arrived, no one knew that an unseen sinister presence had dissolved in the room of the recent corpse. It seemed to have been scattered or perhaps followed one of the people who had entered the room as they left.

This subtle change went undetected by all.

Even Yang Jian, who had been here just before, had no inkling of it.

Chapter 623 Another Painting

Yang Jian left the courtyard he had just visited and hurried to the next location with abnormalities. His Ghost Domain had once covered a large part of the city, so he vaguely remembered many places. However, he was acting more discreetly today. He didn't display such a high profile by covering the entire town with his Ghost Domain, lest headquarters thought he was up to his old tricks again.

He didn't want to be troubled or trouble others, so he searched quietly.

This time, Yang Jian arrived at a residential community.

The community wasn't large, and although the buildings had been renovated, they still looked quite old—typical low-rise apartment blocks with staircases.

"There's a problem here too, and it hasn't been sealed off, which means no responsible person has come by. It's an abnormal place that hasn't been discovered." Yang Jian stood at the bottom of an apartment building.

He looked up.

His Ghost Eye revealed abnormalities, not daring to look directly at a certain room on the fourth floor, he immediately closed his eyes.

"Another ghost painting?" Yang Jian mused.

He surveyed his surroundings.

He found that the community wasn't affected, meaning that the ghost painting had not yet formed a Ghost Domain, unlike the one he encountered in Miao Xiaoshan's bedroom. This was good news for him.

If it hasn't formed a Ghost Domain, it meant the ghost painting wasn't very dangerous and could easily be contained without much effort.

"Let's go up and take a look."

Yang Jian was not afraid, just cautious. In front of the ghost painting, his Ghost Eye was completely useless. He was utterly suppressed and unable to retreat timely, risk being trapped remained.

Quickly,

He climbed the stairs and reached Room 401 on the fourth floor.

"Indeed, no Ghost Domain has formed, not even this floor is affected. People still live above and below."
Yang Jian heard the voices of residents above.

It had to be said that these residents were very lucky.

Separated by just one level, because of the ghost painting's uniqueness, they hadn't come into contact with the paranormal and hadn't been targeted by the ghost painting, allowing them to continue living normally.

The door to Room 401 was locked, but for Yang Jian, breaking in had become second nature.

Soon, the door was open.

Yang Jian glanced inside; it was dimly lit, no stench of decay wafted out, nor any cold or eerie feeling. The darkness was merely due to the lights being off.

He didn't hesitate, walked straight in, and then turned on the lights.

With the living room lighting up, he could finally see inside clearly.

There was no surprise.

In the living room, he saw a painting, a huge oil painting.

Beside the oil painting lay a canvas that must have been used to cover it previously.

Yang Jian moved closer, standing in front of the oil painting, he took a look at it. The painting depicted a woman dressed in European-style red clothing. Her features were blurred, as if she was smiling or perhaps snooping on everything in the room, creating an indescribably strange sensation.

Yet the background of this oil painting differed from the ones at headquarters. The background of this oil painting depicted the scene of this community.

In the gloomy and oppressive setting, the small community buildings were hidden within, dilapidated and desolate, as if uninhabited by the living, turning what could be a highly artistic composition into something eerie.

"The woman in the ghost painting isn't stretching out her hands," Yang Jian observed. The woman's hands in the ghost painting were still pale but did not reach out of the painting.

It seemed all the abnormalities had vanished. The painting appeared completely normal.

But there was another detail that Yang Jian noticed.

It was a dark, inconspicuous corner on the painting.

In that corner lay a corpse that had been dead for days, distinctly out of place against the painting's backdrop. The body lay curled and twisted on the floor, head tilted back, revealing a face sunk with deep fear.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, "The person in the ghost painting is a resident of this house. Because they lived alone, no one paid attention when the ghost painting killed them... This suggests that the ghost painting doesn't kill through direct means, nor does it kill everyone who has seen it."

He stood before the ghost painting without being attacked.

"However, seeing the ghost painting must be one of the conditions for being killed. That explains why this painting has been here so long without anyone nearby being attacked. If no one enters this room, I suppose the ghost painting will never kill again."

Yang Jian thought for a moment and decided to move the ghost painting.

They had discussed ghost paintings at the headquarters meeting.

The backgrounds in the ghost paintings seemed to be connected. If one could enter one of the ghost paintings, they might be able to find the source within.

So, all Yang Jian needed was to collect one ghost painting as a breakthrough.

He immediately picked up the canvas from the ground to cover the ghost painting, preventing it from being spied upon by others, which could lead to some unforeseen changes.

Yang Jian carried the ghost painting downstairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, two people were making their way up, and the three of them met in the corridor.

"Is it you? Yang Jian?"

Suddenly, one of the two seemed to recognize Yang Jian, speaking in a tone of surprise, with an expression of disbelief on his face.

Um?

Yang Jian glanced over and noticed it was a woman wearing sunglasses. However, he was sure he did not know her.

After all, in this city, there are very few people he knows.

"Who are you?" Yang Jian stopped in his tracks, staring at her.

The woman hurriedly removed her sunglasses, her expression complicated as she said, "My name is Su Qing, we met on the plane before. Although your attitude wasn't friendly last time, Mister Yang, I still want to thank you."

"Plane?" Yang Jian thought for a moment.

He seemed to have some recollection.

The female passenger who was attacked by the Ghost Hand?

"I remember now, you're that woman who almost died? Compared to last time, your attitude seems much better—it really is true that a setback builds character," Yang Jian said, his face still cold. "But no need to thank me, I haven't done anything worth your gratitude. I was just carrying out a mission."

Having said that, he was ready to leave.

Exchanging greetings with a woman he had seen just once was enough; there was no need to waste more time.

"Hey, buddy, my girlfriend just thanked you, and this is your attitude? Seems pretty disrespectful to me," said a physically fit man standing next to her, frowning disapprovingly.

Yang Jian glanced at him, then at Su Qing, "It seems you are cautious enough not to spread the incident from last time. That is definitely to your benefit. But when you have time, teach your boyfriend there are some people whom, no matter how annoying or rude they are, you must tolerate."

"Because it's in your own best interest, and also, don't waste my time, I'm very busy."

"I'm sorry, Mister Yang, I really am," Su Qing apologized hastily, tugging on her boyfriend's arm, indicating that he should not provoke the man before them.

Because the man known as Yang Jian was indeed dangerous, and even more frightful.

Yang Jian didn't respond, just took the ghost painting and continued downstairs.

Once he was gone, the man couldn't help but curse, "What the hell, that attitude was really nasty, completely ignoring us. Su Qing, if you hadn't held me back, I would never have let it rest with that guy."

"Don't say anymore, he's not someone we can afford to offend," Su Qing said, somewhat annoyed, fearing that her clueless boyfriend might cause trouble.

"What's so intimidating about him? Is his family rich or something?"

Su Qing didn't know how to explain; she also didn't dare to talk about the plane incident everywhere, to avoid trouble.

"Let's go home, forget about what just happened. It was an accident; we won't run into someone like Yang Jian again."

"Hold on."

But just as Su Qing had taken half a flight of stairs, she suddenly stopped in her tracks, her expression turning to one of sheer panic, trembling slightly.

"Quickly, let's leave this place."

Her voice filled with urgency, she grabbed her boyfriend and turned to head downstairs.

"What is going on all of a sudden?" her boyfriend asked, clearly puzzled and concerned by her abnormal behavior.

Why Su Qing acted like this was because she realized something terrifying: why was Yang Jian here?

Could it be that this housing complex was also haunted?

And when leaving, Yang Jian seemed to be carrying something, shrouded in white cloth—it appeared to be something special.

"We can't stay in this neighborhood any longer..." Su Qing felt a chill go down her spine.

Because she had been living in this troubled building for several days already.

Chapter 624 Wang Ye

Yang Jian carried the painting shrouded in a white cloth down the stairs.

Actually, holding this object in his hand was a risk, as it was a truly supernatural item. To some extent, it wasn't much different from a real haunted painting. In the past incident of Hungry Ghosts in Dachang City, it was a fourth-stage ghost.

However, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still present, and with the experience from last time, Yang Jian was bold due to his skill.

Even with gloves on, his hands grasping the old carved wooden frame could still feel the rough and chilling sensation coming from it.

The Ghost Eye had become silent at this moment, and Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was completely suppressed.

There was no possibility of using it anymore.

He could only walk and carry the painting away, heading to He Tianxiong's Villa No. 8 in the suburbs.

That villa was special, built at great expense by He Tianxiong. The walls and floor were covered with gold foil, and inside there was a separate small safe house. If used to store the painting, there was no need to worry about the haunted painting affecting the outside world for a short time.

Soon.

Yang Jian left the residential area, but when he reached the intersection, he stopped, his face showing a moment of hesitation.

When he came, he had appeared here directly using the Ghost Domain, but now to leave... it was a bit inconvenient.

He needed a vehicle.

Walking would be too time-consuming, and he guessed that a taxi wouldn't be able to accommodate such a large painting.

If it had been before, a phone call to headquarters would have surely resulted in a car picking him up, but now he had fallen out with headquarters, almost equivalent to resigning. Of course, calling headquarters now would certainly meet his request, but he didn't want others to know too much about this action of his, nor did he want to lose face over something so trivial.

"There's nothing that money can't solve, if there is, then it's just not enough money," Yang Jian eyed a small truck parked across the street.

The truck driver was smoking in the driver's cab while workers were unloading behind.

Yang Jian planned to go over and offer money to have the driver make a trip.

However, just as he was about to move, a man in a suit, sweating profusely, hurried from a building across the street towards him.

The man was running and shouting, "Yang Jian, Mister Yang, please wait a moment."

The suited man dashed across the road as if he was risking his life. If it hadn't been for a car that managed to swerve and brake in time, he might have been hit and killed by now.

"A stranger? He knows me and is coming for me," Yang Jian's expression shifted, but he simply stood in place watching the stranger.

"It can't be something good, risking his life to see me probably means he wants me to do something for him."

He immediately formed such a conjecture in his mind.

Yang Jian was self-aware. He was neither a big star nor a well-known businessman; no one would rush towards him recklessly upon seeing him.

"Mister Yang, thank goodness, I am fortunate enough to have met you. Hello, hello..."

The man in the suit was very excited and enthusiastic. When facing Yang Jian, he was extremely respectful, even to the point of being somewhat servile.

"I don't know you, and I'm very busy right now, and not in a good mood. If you're here to find me, you'd better stay far away from me," Yang Jian glared at him, his attitude cold and even quite nasty.

...

But the man in the suit did not get angry at all and still spoke respectfully, "Mister Yang, please do not misunderstand, I am not here to disturb you but to help you. Just now, I saw Mister Yang waiting by the roadside, apparently in need of a vehicle to transport some dangerous items."

"This trivial matter, if Mister Yang does not mind, please leave it to me."

Yang Jian did not refuse, still with a hostile attitude; "Since you want to suck up, then hurry up and bring the car over."

For him, it didn't even count as help; he just didn't want to waste time.

"Alright, please wait a moment, Mister Yang." The man in the suit, still unoffended, seemed excited instead and quickly picked up his phone to make a call.

Soon, a small luxury RV drove out from an underground garage opposite them, then crossed the road without regard for the rules, and stopped right in front of Yang Jian.

"Have you been watching me for a while?" Yang Jian glanced over.

"Please get in the car, Mister Yang." The man in the suit said with a pleasing smile.

Yang Jian did not refuse and got in the car with the ghost painting, "As an exchange, tell me your purpose for seeking me during this ride. No matter the outcome, you only have this much time."

After saying this, he reported an address.

"Mister Yang is very straightforward. It's indeed an honor to deal with someone like Mister Yang."

In the car, there was another man in a suit, in his thirties, waiting; he was friendly and respectful, smiling as he spoke.

"My name is Wang Ye. I am temporarily in charge of hosting Mister Yang; I hope Mister Yang won't mind the simplicity of the car's interior."

Apart from this person called Wang Ye, there were also two accompanying beauties in the RV, one mature and sexy, the other youthful and cute. These two women greeted Yang Jian very politely upon seeing him, looking like specially trained PR women or social butterflies.

After seating himself, Yang Jian placed the ghost painting beside him, and the two women naturally leaned in close.

"Do you think we are still interested in women? Don't use these tactics. Just speak frankly if you have something to say. Of course, if you want to waste time, that's fine too. I'll get off the car once we reach the destination, and the loss will be yours."

He glanced at the two women without care, instead looking at the man in front of him with a warning gaze.

The man called Wang Ye smiled, "Mister Yang, please don't misunderstand, they are just here to make the journey less tedious. After all, we must pay great attention to hosting someone of Mister Yang's stature."

Yang Jian just calmly showed him his phone, "Drive according to this navigation route."

"Of course, there's no problem. Mister Yang is willing to trust us, and we are very happy to serve as Mister Yang's driver for this trip. It is the shortest driving route; the previous route was the same," Wang Ye said with a nod.

"I haven't finished yet. Take one wrong turn, and I'll kill you," Yang Jian said, eyes cold as he stared at him.

Wang Ye's smile stiffened slightly. He had indeed planned to take a detour earlier, but this warning instantly snuffed out that idea.

The time for conversation shrank.

Wang Ye's expression changed, and he immediately spoke up, "It's normal for Mister Yang to be cautious about us; after all, this is our first meeting with strangers. Actually, I am a department head at headquarters, just not from Asia. The sudden contact with Mister Yang today is actually due to Mister Yang's recent experiences; I heard there has been quite a conflict in Mister Yang's circle of friends."

"Headquarters of other regional spirit manipulators?" Yang Jian's expression shifted.

He knew that many countries in the world had established this department. Big J City was actually the Asian headquarters, and there were also the American and European headquarters. Still, they usually only shared information and communications; in fact, they each managed their own affairs.

"The friends' circle is no more; your information is outdated," Yang Jian said coldly, "So your purpose is to try to get me to switch sides?"

...

Wang Ye hurriedly shook his head, "No, no, no, it's not about switching sides, but about establishing some cooperative relations with Mister Yang."

"It's pretty much the same thing."

Yang Jian said, "But your instincts are still quite sharp, it seems you've had your eye on me for more than just a day."

"Mister Yang's talents do indeed warrant serious attention, and it's also quite difficult to meet with Mister Yang in person, so I may have been a bit abrupt today," said Wang Ye.

Yang Jian replied, "I'm not interested in your cooperation either. You should look for someone else, and let's end today's conversation here."

He cut off the topic, having no desire to discuss any sort of cooperation with this Wang Ye.

Let alone the fact that he was currently suffering from the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, even without it, he was tired of dealing with these powers. Just dealing with one headquarters here gave him a headache, not to mention that other powers would likely be even worse. If he survived this, his first choice would be to create his own power base.

Joining other forces meant forever being a subordinate.

"Mister Yang's disinterest in cooperation is understandable, but there might be some things you'd be interested in knowing," said Wang Ye.

While speaking, Wang Ye gestured towards the painting, "I have a piece of intelligence on the Ghost Painting Incident in my hands, originating from Europe. It's classified information that hasn't been shared with the public."

"The files on the Ghost Painting?" Yang Jian's expression became interested.

He had suspected before that the Ghost Painting Incident initially occurred in Europe, where many people died. However, after losing an elite team of ghost manipulators, the incident was temporarily brought under control.

Although the Ghost Painting was not completely confined, its influence was temporarily eliminated as a result.

The ability to do this must have been due to possessing some secrets of the Ghost Painting. The archives shared from the headquarters were just some ordinary stuff, fine for a glance but utterly worthless for reference.

"What are your terms?" Yang Jian asked calmly.

Wang Ye said, "How about a Level A supernatural incident? Of course, we could offer more. Gold, assets, or even beautiful women—we can provide you with any of them."

Yang Jian shook his head with a smile, "Too presumptuous. A file's worth a supernatural event? Do you think I'm young and gullible or that I have a problem with my brain? The headquarters is already dealing with the Ghost Painting Incident, and it's likely to be resolved smoothly. Once it's settled, your information will be worthless."

"Besides, you might even be thinking about selling the same goods to two different groups. One copy for me, one for Cao Yanhua, profiting from both sides. As for gold, assets, beautiful women—do you think they're that valuable? A Level A supernatural incident could destroy a whole city. How much is a city worth? Not to mention the long-term impact such an incident could bring to a country."

"I thought you were smart enough to have something useful to say, but it turns out you're just another fool."

He found it amusing at that moment.

Did all these forces think they were clever, or did they take ghost manipulators for fools, thinking they could keep them in line with small benefits?

However, Yang Jian was more inclined to believe that it was a matter of old attitudes not changing.

The people in power were still using the same outdated practices on the ghost manipulators, not realizing that these methods were no longer effective.

Wang Ye's face showed some embarrassment, but he continued, "Mister Yang has a point, but we could try to negotiate..."

"No need. You have a problem with your brain. I don't want to make any deals with someone with a problem with their brain. Information isn't important to me, go and trade with someone who's interested," Yang Jian said decisively.

With the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box and the weird Firewood Knife, to a certain extent, he now had the resources to resist a Level S supernatural event.

The information wasn't that important to him.

Wang Ye wanted to say something else, but as soon as he opened his mouth, Yang Jian cut him off.

"You can shut up now. Say one more word, and I'll kill you right here," Yang Jian's gaze hardened, and the Ghost Shadow behind him now eerily stood up like a living person.

The light inside the car was dim, the atmosphere cold.

Wang Ye shivered, his face showing a hint of terror, and he dared not speak anymore.

He did not doubt that if he spoke again, he would die a bizarre death right there in the car.

This Yang Jian was more dangerous than he had imagined.

What followed.

The inside of the car became very quiet, the atmosphere even a bit oppressive.

Under the threat of Yang Jian, Wang Ye dared not speak, and even the two beauties who had actively leaned in were tense, their smiles forced, their eyes betraying an undisguised terror.

After all, there stood a ghost right in front of them.

A headless black shadow.

The vehicle drove smoothly on the road, following the route given by Yang Jian's navigation, and soon stopped in front of a villa complex on the outskirts.

"You know your place."

Yang Jian simply opened the door, got out of the car with the Ghost Painting, and the eerily standing human-shaped shadow gradually receded back under his feet, turning into a dense black shadow.

"Mister Yang, as an apology for this encounter, I'll give you this file for free, hoping it can clear up the misunderstanding," Wang Ye gritted his teeth, ran down with a file in hand, and nervously handed it over.

"You wouldn't give it before, and now you're offering it for free?"

Yang Jian put down the Ghost Painting, took the file without even a glance, and sneered as he directly took out a lighter and burned it to ashes.

"Can you trust something that's free? Be careful on your way back."

After saying this, he picked up the Ghost Painting and left without looking back.

Wang Ye looked at the ashes on the ground, and after Yang Jian walked far away, he dared to lift his head and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead,

Not daring to stay any longer, he hurried back to the car.

"Team leader, the minister did not approve the gift of the file," said a young man in a suit from the passenger seat.

Wang Ye sat down, closed his eyes to calm his emotions, "Yang Jian has the potential to become a 'Jade', but their headquarters do not value him. The file I just gave away was only a copy, containing some errors, but he did not accept it or even look at it. Such caution truly befits a man who has resolved a Level S supernatural event."

"I underestimated him, so I paid the price for my rashness. I just hope this does not affect the headquarters."

"Team leader, do you mean..." but before he could finish his question.

Suddenly, two ice-cold, bluish, eerie hands appeared around Wang Ye's neck as if they were a vicious curse that could not be shaken off.

The next instant, his neck twisted, and he collapsed inside the car, eyes open, breathless.

Chapter 625 The City in the Painting

"That file is most likely problematic, or it contains only half of the important intelligence, intended as bait to hook me in. If I had looked at that information, I would have been subject to false data interference, which could have affected my own judgment."

"In that case, it's better not to look at all. That person named Wang Ye came with an agenda, not with real sincerity. I don't have the time to haggle with them. Since he doesn't meet my requirements, just kill him off. Next time, they'll understand the importance of sincerity."

Yang Jian returned to Villa No. 8, not dwelling on what had just happened. The death of Wang Ye was a mere trifle to him, and he felt no ripple in his heart.

Although he didn't recklessly harm ordinary people, it was only a restraint he placed upon himself. Yang Jian didn't want to become devoid of humanity, turning into a numb executioner, but this didn't mean that ordinary people could freely play their tricks in front of him.

In other words, when ordinary people stood before Yang Jian with ulterior motives, they had to be prepared to die.

Besides, the intelligence on The World of Ghost Drawing wasn't that important to Yang Jian.

With the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, he could be bold and take risks even in the presence of The World of Ghost Drawing.

Moreover, his purpose this time wasn't to imprison The World of Ghost Drawing but to find the real Source Ghost within it.

"Well then, let's take a good look and see what's wrong with this painting."

Yang Jian brought the ghost painting into a small room resembling a safe house.

He closed the door.

This place was probably able to isolate the Ghost Domain, as long as the nearby walls weren't subjected to some severe damage.

He stood the ghost painting before the wall and directly unveiled the white cloth that covered it.

It was an old oil painting, reminiscent of Western artworks, revealed once again before his eyes.

"No reaction, no abnormality whatsoever."

Yang Jian stood in front of this large oil painting, lost in thought.

"Am I not yet meeting the murder rules now, or has the ghost painting not yet revived?"

Yang Jian recalled the scene when the ghost painting had killed before—during the last visit to a complex with Li Yao, where someone knelt before the ghost painting with their head submerged into the frame... It seemed under certain circumstances, one could actually enter the painting.

As for what would happen after entering the ghost painting, that he didn't know.

But to find the Source Ghost, he needed to go inside the painting.

Because it was suspected that the ghost paintings were interlinked; through one of the paintings, he could find that one truly possessed by a fierce ghost.

Yang Jian thought for a moment, then reached out to touch the ghost painting.

His hand didn't go through; it merely touched the surface of the oil painting. The kind of supernatural occurrence he had imagined did not happen. If his Ghost Eye had not quieted down now, he might even doubt this was a forgery lacking any peculiar and special characteristics.

"It must be that I don't meet the conditions."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he thought of the Ghost Mirror in Dachang City.

Ordinary people won't see their reflection the first time they look into the mirror, but as time goes by, a ghost would gradually approach from the depths of the mirror, slowly transforming to look just like them. Once their movements matched those outside the mirror, the Ghost Mirror would lock the person inside, and the ghost from the mirror would appear.

So, the conditions for the Ghost Mirror were the duration of looking and matching movements.

It was similar for The World of Ghost Drawing, only the conditions seemed to be a bit more unique. Yang Jian actively trying to trigger these conditions to enter the painting was proving to be a challenge.

"Not by looking, nor by touching... but why do ordinary people easily fall prey to the attacks of The World of Ghost Drawing? And the appearances of ghost paintings are also utterly unpredictable." Yang Jian frowned.

It was extremely difficult to analyze the murder rules of The World of Ghost Drawing with no clues at hand.

Yang Jian felt that if he still couldn't touch upon the murder rules, the remaining method was to look for another ghost painting.

A ghost painting that had already generated a Ghost Domain.

Because to some extent, a Ghost Domain is a derivative of The World of Ghost Drawing.

"The painting I encountered at Miao Xiaoshan's school last time had already formed a Ghost Domain. It was small, covering only two floors, but it's a good target for me—it's not too dangerous, and I can enter the painting quickly."

Just at that time, he had no such intention, and the ghost painting had been imprisoned.

Once imprisoned, releasing it again was almost impossible.

"Do I need to look for another ghost painting?" Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, thinking about wandering the city again.

With his efficiency, finding a second or third ghost painting would be easy.

But this efficiency was limited to him alone; for other ghost manipulators to use a Ghost Domain on such a large scale was practically suicidal. They all faced the issue of ghost revival, and would only use their powers against ghosts.

After some thought, Yang Jian didn't want to waste more time here.

But just when he was about to open the door and leave,

suddenly, the room's lights dimmed, and an indescribable eerie feeling appeared behind him.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, and he immediately halted, his gaze sharply fixed on the oil painting standing next to the wall.

However, the painting on the wall had disappeared, leaving behind only a frame that hung like a doorway. Through the aperture, he could even see another scene.

It was a dim and oppressive urban landscape with grey-white things floating in the sky above the city resembling paper ash or a kind of gloom.

"It appeared?"

Yang Jian felt very astonished at this moment.

Just moments ago, the ghost painting was intact, showing no signs of activity; he even thought about kicking it a few times. However, the moment he considered leaving, the painting underwent this unbelievable, eerie change.

"Not right, something's missing? The woman in the painting."

Yang Jian immediately looked around. The ghost from the painting had vanished and had not appeared in front of him, nor in the room.

"Is it still inside?"

He stared at the frame of the painting. If the ghost had not changed its position, then it should still be in the world within the painting, in the residential area Su Qing lived, which he had visited before.

"I have moved the ghost painting in the real world, but the background within the painting hasn't had time to change yet, hence the ghost doesn't recognize the way out and hasn't exited from this entrance. However, as time passes, if this exit continues to exist, the ghost will surely invade the real world again."

"Therefore, to maintain a relatively safe state for the ghost painting, it needs to be constantly moved."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian recalled the first time he saw the ghost painting in Dachang City.

Back then, the ghost painting had already formed a Ghost Domain, but the ghost was attracted by the Ghost Candle, wandering non-stop.

Now he seemed to understand why the ghost painting had to be kept in motion – only by doing so, the ghost posed the least threat. If it stopped, the issues with the ghost painting would explode.

"Should I go in and take a look?"

Yang Jian stood before the painting. He could see a vast cityscape inside, identical to the city he was in, but some places were flawed, seemingly shrouded in darkness, unconnected to the other areas.

But it was nearly complete.

The ghost painting's invasion of this city had progressed more than halfway.

In other words, just a few more days and the background in the ghost painting would change again, and it wouldn't just be a street or a residential area, but the backdrop of an entire large city.

Whatever would happen then, Yang Jian did not know, but he was sure it would turn into a nightmare.

Now, his hesitation to enter the world of the ghost painting was not out of fear of death, but out of concern that while entry was easy, exiting would be difficult. If he got too deeply trapped and wasted two or three days, he would die from the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

But after brief consideration, Yang Jian decided to go in and try.

Once he had confirmed that the room was temporarily safe, he bent down, stepped over the frame, and directly entered the World of Ghost Drawing.

After stepping inside, Yang Jian found himself surrounded by dimness, able only to see the vague cityscape in the distance. The painting's frame was behind him, but there was nothing else around him, not even a path to follow.

He was unable to comprehend this imagery; it felt as though he had been cut off from everything.

"I must not forget the location of the exit."

Yang Jian dropped a golden bullet as a marker. Made of Gold, it wouldn't be affected by the surroundings and would stay in place no matter what happened around it.

He tried walking toward the large city shrouded in dimness in the distance, the heart of the ghost painting.

Many backgrounds of ghost paintings were already on display.

Yang Jian had barely taken a few steps forward when a path eerily appeared under his feet, leading to a city boulevard in the distance, as if beckoning him into that silent and deserted city.

The emerging path was twisted and irregular, as if drawn by a random stroke of a brush.

His gaze shifted, but he was not afraid and set foot on the path, moving forward.

"That city is very dangerous... because the World of Ghost Drawing is not only inhabited by one ghost, and ghost controllers who have died may also be trapped in the painting, making their ghosts possibly stranded within as well."

Yang Jian continued ahead and found that although the world of the ghost painting seemed large, in reality, the distant city would quickly appear before him while walking. This situation was unreasonable; the sense of distance seemed to be altered.

He knew this was the power of the Ghost Domain.

Distance within the Ghost Domain was incomparable to that of the real world.

Perhaps a spot that looks distant could be reached in just a few steps, or a place that seems close might never be reached no matter how far you walk.

"If I stay here for a long time, will the Ghost Eye be suppressed to a state of 'deadlock'?" Yang Jian touched the back of his hand.

The Ghost Eye could no longer be felt at all; it was as though the ghost had left his body.

But the Ghost Shadow and the Ghost Hand still existed, unimpacted.

Soon.

He finished walking the path and arrived on the city's main artery.

Looking left and right.

The surrounding scene was identical to that of the city, with many details manifested—shops, cars, and even some items in the supermarkets, indistinguishable from reality.

"The Ghost Domain of the ghost painting can now influence reality, no, it's even more special." Yang Jian tried kicking a car parked by the roadside.

Apart from not triggering an alarm, the feedback from the kick felt just like the real thing, even the spot where he kicked dented realistically.

"Hmm?"

Walking down the eerily silent streets where no one else was present, he suddenly came to a halt and looked into a shop by the roadside.

He was not sure if it was an illusion but he felt as though someone was watching him.