

Revival 65

Chapter 65: Passing by

“The red paper is gradually becoming unable to suppress this eye anymore, as expected... the limit of this red paper is almost reached.”

Yang Jian wiped off the water in front of the mirror, he saw that the red paper attached to the back of his hand had split.

Yes, a very clear crack.

It should be known that this red paper is very special; it's something from the hands of a ferocious ghost. Usually, if he tries to tear it, he can't tear it apart with pure physical strength; only by harnessing the power of a ferocious ghost can he tear it.

“Is it because I used the Ghost Domain today? Or is it that, as time passes, the effect of this red paper is getting weaker and weaker...” Yang Jian touched the back of his hand.

Underneath the skin, the eye stirred restlessly.

While there was no other abnormality, he could feel that the ghost eye was beginning to revive.

His body seemed to have become a host for this ghost eye; as the ghost eye grew, he was moving towards death.

“However, it doesn't matter, as long as I find a way to curb the resurrection of the ferocious ghost, everything will get better,” Yang Jian thought to himself.

After experiencing several supernatural incidents, his fear of death had lessened significantly.

However, when he saw the stack of dark brown human skin paper next to him, he was slightly startled.

Parchment.

In Yang Jian's view, it was the most mysterious and sinister object.

Out of mistrust.

He still opened the parchment to check, to see if there had been any recent changes with it.

"Just to be safe, I should find a gold store and have a box made to store this thing, as a precaution. If this piece of human skin isn't just an item... but a ghost instead, then wouldn't I end up dying at its hands someday?" Yang Jian began to consider.

However, when he checked the parchment, he suddenly saw that a line of text had emerged on it.

"Today, after I showered and checked the parchment, I discovered a special ability of this parchment... It seems to be able to seal other ghosts, and after sealing a ghost, I learned an earth-shattering secret."

"I discovered the secret of true survival from the parchment."

"It seems like a deal, and I am contemplating whether or not to make this deal, looking at this odd piece of parchment, feeling indecisive."

"Indecisive my ass, anyone who believes you is an idiot. Fang Jing was hoodwinked to death by your bullshit, the idiom 'a pack of lies' was tailor-made for you." Yang Jian cursed, folded the parchment, and stopped looking at it.

Apparently, the parchment always seemed to latch on to what one desires most, knowing exactly what you want.

Yet it also seems to be exploiting your desire, gradually doing something or other.

But the reason Yang Jian couldn't bring himself to discard this piece of human skin was that... everything said on it was true.

At school, without the information from this piece of human skin, he would have already been dead, even if he had become a ghost controller.

Thus, in Yang Jian's heart, even though he knew this object was very mysterious and sinister, he couldn't help but think of keeping it as a means to save his life.

Seizing any slight chance to survive.

Like a drowning man's straw, it was hard to let go of.

"I'm back, Yang Jian, you're still here, right?"

When Yang Jian walked out of the bathroom, the door opened, and there was Jiang Yan, panting as she came in with a large bag of things in her hands.

"How did you come back from shopping so quickly?" Yang Jian wondered.

Moving with a man's instinct, he went over and took the heavy bag from her hands.

Jiang Yan said somewhat fearfully, "It's so late, I didn't dare stay outside alone any longer. What if I ran into a ghost again? I ran all the way here after getting off the elevator."

"Ghosts don't differentiate between day and night, you could run into one during the day if you're unlucky," said Yang Jian.

“Hmm, you’re right, but you have to save me when that happens,” Jiang Yan giggled, feeling especially at ease when she saw Yang Jian, no longer nervous or scared.

This was probably what they call a sense of security.

It turns out, such a thing really exists.

“Come in... huh?” Yang Jian suddenly felt something abnormal with his body.

It wasn’t an issue with his body per se, but rather the ghost eye inside was acting up.

It was as if the ghost eye became uncontrollable at that moment.

Almost against Yang Jian’s will, simultaneously, the eyes forced their way open in the flesh.

On the back of the hand, behind the head, on the body... a total of six eyes.

Instantly, they reached the limit he could attain.

“What’s going on? Why has the ghost eye suddenly started acting like this, just like when I was bitten by the Ghost Infant?” Yang Jian’s face turned pale abruptly.

He had never encountered such a sudden anomaly; the only time he had was at school when he was attacked by the Ghost Infant, and the ghost eye was stimulated to awaken.

But this time, it happened again.

“Come in, close the door.”

Yang Jian pulled Jiang Yan over and immediately closed the door.

"I haven't taken a shower yet, don't rush me," Jiang Yan said, somewhat shyly.

Yang Jian covered her mouth to silence her.

Seeing Yang Jian's serious and somber expression, Jiang Yan immediately realized something was off. Her heart trembled, her eyes widened with fear, "No, it can't be that unlucky, right? We've encountered a ghost again?"

"Not here, outside the neighborhood."

The ghost eye on the back of Yang Jian's head saw the flickering lights outside, coming from not far away.

He immediately ran to the window and took a look outside.

On a small path not far from the neighborhood, a world shrouded in gray. The lights on the road couldn't penetrate it, and everything that touched this gray world seemed to assimilate, also becoming dim and a part of that world.

"What is that thing?"

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as several of his eyes looked towards that place.

But within two seconds,

All the ghost eyes that looked that way closed in unison.

Yes, without Yang Jian's control, they closed on their own with no signs of reopening, as quiet as if sealed by red paper.

“The ghost eye dares not look?” he thought with a chill in his heart.

However, with his naked eyes, Yang Jian could tell that the gray world was likely a Ghost Domain.

But the covered area... was a bit too large.

From west to south, it presented an almost endless gray zone, like a line of death separating the entire city.

If this was the Ghost Domain of a single ghost, its level of terror was immeasurable.

If one were to define its level,

At least S, Destruction Level.

“Fortunately, we’re lucky. That Ghost Domain has just passed through the middle of the road. The neighborhood wasn’t affected. Probably the ghost eyes just sensed the disturbance early on,” Yang Jian heaved a sigh of relief instead of being scared.

If that Ghost Domain had crossed through this building,

He would probably have died a horrible death tonight.

“What... what’s happening? Is there another ghost appearing?” Jiang Yan, not daring to even breathe heavily, cautiously leaned over and asked in a low voice.

“It has nothing to do with us, just a passing ghost. It should leave soon.”

Yang Jian saw the Ghost Domain beginning to dissipate.

The gray world slowly became clear.

With his understanding of the Ghost Domain, he knew that this ghost had already left. To you, the Ghost Domain is still here, but in reality, the ghost could have already gone who knows where.

After all, within the Ghost Domain, ghosts can appear at any point.

However, just as the Ghost Domain was about to completely vanish,

Yang Jian saw a phantom scene.

Like a mirage, it showed a corner of the gray world.

A flickering candlelight, swaying in the gray world.

Emanating a strange green flame.

Below the white candle was a gold candlestick, not of an ancient craft, but rather a modern, European style... it might have even been made this month.

Beneath the candlelight, a pair of hands were reflected—smooth, fair, flawless.

These hands were pierced by the other end of the candlestick, but no blood flowed.

Finally, with a flicker of the candlelight, Yang Jian saw that the hands belonged to a woman, but only her outline was visible, with no distinct features, no face...

Mysterious, unknown, or perhaps terrifying.

Eventually, the scene disappeared, and the Ghost Domain was gone.

“Gold is used for sealing ghosts. Those hands, that woman... Have the ghost handlers clashed with this entity? But it seems the outcome was a failure.”

“This level of a ghost cannot be the target of a single ghost handler; it would require a team effort.”

“But the ghost hasn’t been captured or imprisoned, which means the ghost handlers must have... been wiped out.”

Yang Jian took a deep breath.

Who on earth had planned such an operation?

To dare attempt to capture a ghost of this level, that’s some gall.