

Revival 85

Chapter 85: The Box that was Knocked

Unlucky, just so unlucky.

If Yang Jian could swear, he would definitely be cursing right now.

He had done absolutely nothing, yet out of all the people in the village, it had to come for him.

That alone would have been bearable, but it had to come when he was in the most awkward situation.

Ever since he acquired the “Ghost Eye,” he experienced paralysis for an hour or two every night, and as he used the Ghost Eye more often, the duration of paralysis gradually increased.

However, he could accept this side effect, considering ordinary people sleep for eight hours every day.

What Yang Jian couldn't accept was being hunted by ghosts during the times when his body was out of his control.

In the darkness, although he couldn't see clearly, the sound of the door creaking open was distinctly audible.

He felt as if he could see a tall shadow standing at the door, motionless.

From the vague outline, he could tell that this was definitely not the old man Liu Genrong from the daytime...but a very, very unfamiliar person.

It didn't seem like someone from the village either.

It was as if this person had suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Following the door opening,

The tall, vague figure at the door didn't continue to loiter outside, but instead took heavy steps, one by one, and walked inside.

The heavy footsteps didn't sound like those of a living person, but like those of a rigid, cold corpse.

At that moment, Yang Jian stared intently towards the direction of the footsteps, his face covered in cold sweat.

He wanted to get up, but the Ghost Eye was still taking over his body.

"Stay calm, stay calm... Even if it really is a ghost that's come for me, it won't necessarily harm me. If I don't meet the ghost's murder criteria, the ghost will at most just be passing through," he thought to himself.

Since he couldn't move, he forced himself to stay cool and composed.

He had encountered ghosts of a high Terror Level before; with some luck, death wasn't certain.

"It, it has stopped."

Suddenly, Yang Jian heard the footsteps come to a halt.

Right beside his headboard.

Approximately less than two meters away.

He could even feel a chill slowly enveloping him, and with each breath, a damp and rotting smell wafted over.

This presence and odor,

Without a doubt...was definitely a ghost.

“Why has it stopped? Is it waiting for the right time, or have I not met its conditions for killing...” As Yang Jian trembled, he was grateful for his previous encounters with fierce ghosts.

Otherwise, he might have fainted from fear by now.

At a distance less than two meters from an unknown ghost of high Terror Level, and in such close proximity,

What was more fatal was that he couldn't move at all.

Even the least terrifying ghost could easily kill him.

In the dark room, the unknown ghost and Yin Jian, paralyzed in bed, seemed to be locked in a stalemate.

The silence around them was terrifying.

Only Yang Jian's slightly heavy breathing could be heard; apart from that, there was complete silence.

But the absence of noise didn't mean there was no danger.

As long as the ghost was still in the room and hadn't left, Yang Jian's life hung in the balance.

Even becoming a Ghost Slave offered no guarantees.

“What is its purpose here? To kill me? No, if the ghost had wanted to kill me, I would have been dead by now. I’m clearly not its preferred victim, so could it be here to watch me?” Yang Jian blinked, his cold sweat dripping into his eyes; “It’s very possible, but a real ghost wouldn’t waste time just watching someone.”

“Unless it’s a Ghost Slave.”

“Any ghost that has a Ghost Slave must possess a Ghost Domain, usually categorized as a Terror Level A, like that Door Knocking Ghost.”

“If it’s a ghost of this level, then I must give up on the Huanggang Village case; this is not something I can handle.”

But, as Yang Jian’s mind raced with wild guesses,

The footsteps inside the room moved again.

“Step, step, step~!”

It didn’t head towards Yang Jian’s bed; instead, it circled around the foot of the bed and opened a closet.

“That’s...” Yang Jian’s pupils suddenly narrowed.

There wasn’t much in the closet except for some items he had prepared for his trip to Huanggang Village.

Although they were valuable, they were useless to a ghost.

“Could it be that a ghost controller from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club has come to steal my things?” a thought popped into Yang Jian’s mind.

If that was the case, then it wasn't the worst outcome.

At least he was dealing with a ghost controller, not a real ghost.

"Cling~!"

It sounded like a rock hitting metal, a crisp sound echoing throughout the room.

"Cling~! Cling~!"

One after another, heavy and forceful, hitting in a fixed pattern.

This sound was...

Yang Jian recalled that there was only one thing in his backpack that could make such a noise.

The Gold box that contained the Headless Ghost.

"Damn it, this ghost is smashing the Gold box that holds the Headless Ghost," he thought in panic, a wave of fear instantly sweeping over him, sending chills all over his body.

This ghost wants to release the Headless Ghost?

"Absolutely not, I can't let it release the Headless Ghost; once it's out, it's all over," Yang Jian began to struggle desperately, trying to regain sensation in his body.

The Headless Ghost was one he had imprisoned himself.

He was very clear about this ghost's capabilities; if released, it would certainly take over his body first.

If the Headless Ghost obtained his Ghost Eye, it would be like having an unrestricted Ghost Domain.

The terror level would skyrocket, catching up to the Door Knocking Ghost.

Not a single person in Huanggang Village would survive; those few from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club would all become prey for the Headless Ghost.

If in the end the Headless Ghost managed to form a body made up of fierce ghosts...

Yang Jian didn't know how the world would face this ghost.

"I must find a way to stop it, I must,"

He clenched his teeth, attempting to fight the Ghost Eye inside his body, trying to get his body to move.

As long as he could move, he would immediately snatch the Gold box, then use the Ghost Domain to leave this place, away from this ghost.

No matter what, as long as the Headless Ghost isn't released, there's still room for turnaround.

"Cling! Cling!"

However, the striking sounds kept resonating, one after another.

Yang Jian felt that this sound was even more terrifying than the sound of the ghost knocking on the door; he didn't know how many more hits the box could withstand.

Perhaps dozens of hits were needed to completely open the Gold box.

Or maybe just one.

As soon as a tiny crack appeared in the box, the Headless Ghost would be free, and then what Yang Jian feared the most would happen.

He was still struggling on the bed, trying to get up.

But reality didn't give him that chance.

No matter how hard Yang Jian struggled, he couldn't restore movement to his body.

In the face of a ghost, human will and spirit seemed incredibly fragile.

Without the allotted time, the Ghost Eye wouldn't hand back control of the body to Yang Jian.

However.

The ghosts in this room weren't just three in number.

There was another one...

Inside the opened wardrobe.

A piece of human skin paper moved without wind, slowly drifting down from inside, whether by coincidence or intent.

In the darkness, the human skin paper precisely covered the deformed Gold box that was being struck.

The knocking sound suddenly stopped.

Once again, everything around plunged into oppressive silence.

“It stopped, it stopped? But why?”

Yang Jian didn’t know the real situation; he just knew that the knocking sound hadn’t continued.

Could it be that the box was already open?

The stopping of the sound didn’t bring him the slightest joy; instead, it made him even more fearful.

If the box was truly open, then it meant that a Headless Ghost was standing right beside his bed.