

Revival 116

Chapter 116: The trade is underway

Yang Jian handed the choice over to Wang Xiaoming.

Since Professor Bruce Pi is so wise and selfless, he surely knew what had to be done.

If he killed Wu Yue, Yang Jian would be convinced that the tampering with the archives was done for the greater good, without any personal selfish desire involved. In such a case, he could begrudgingly forgive.

If not.

It would just be empty words meant to appease others, and Yang Jian would not hesitate to use the power of the vengeful spirits to personally take care of Wang Xiaoming.

Now, with the gun in Wang Xiaoming's hands, what would he do?

Yang Jian was looking forward to it.

At this moment.

Zhao Jianguo remained silent, and the special forces team leader, Li Jun, did not speak either.

They knew.

It was a trade.

Life of an ordinary man for that of a ghost tamer.

Wang Xiaoming looked at the gun in front of him and then at Wu Yue next to him.

“Professor Wang, don’t listen to Yang Jian’s ghost talk. He’s using you to kill me. Even if you kill me, he might not join. And I’ve made significant contributions to the company, whether in maintaining the lab’s financial operations or in acquiring Ghost Coffins...”

At this moment, Wu Yue panicked.

Others might not know Wang Xiaoming’s character, but he was very clear about it.

He was capable of anything, including... killing him.

“Wu Yue, there’s no need to say more. Yang Jian’s value is indeed greater than yours. The company can replace a general manager like you, but without Yang Jian, we’d be missing a responsible figure. And you’re very clear about the average loss behind each incident,” Wang Xiaoming said as he picked up the gun and stood up. “That’s why your value doesn’t compare to his. Now, I hope you can make a sacrifice.”

“I will take care of your wife and children. You don’t have to worry.”

“Bang~!”

The gunshot sounded.

Wang Xiaoming fired the gun at Wu Yue without hesitation.

But Wu Yue dodged the bullet by quickly ducking, lucky to avoid the shot.

“Run~!”

At that moment, Wu Yue was close to breaking down. He scrambled to his feet, desperately trying to escape.

“Death is light as a feather, or heavy as Mount Tai. Everyone has their time to sacrifice. Now it’s your turn; you shouldn’t run, as it will only bring you more pain.”

“Bang~!”

A scream rang out as Wu Yue stumbled to the ground, not knowing where he was hit.

Wang Xiaoming walked over with the gun and aimed it at his head. There was no mercy on his face, only a realization.

A realization that taking a life was justifiable for the greater good.

“Wait, wait a moment, Professor Wang, do you remember I treated you to the ‘big health care’? And it was me who introduced you to your wife...” Wu Yue’s face was covered in sweat, shaking all over, pleading as he propped himself up.

“Bang~!”

Before he could finish speaking, the third shot rang out.

Wu Yue fell into a pool of blood, his body still twitching, his eyes wide open as the life quickly drained from them.

Soon.

There was an increasingly cold corpse on the ground.

Wu Yue was dead.

From the beginning to the end, Captain Li Jun and Zhao Jianguo watched the whole affair unfold.

They didn't stop it.

Even though both had the power to do so.

This was different from Yang Jian taking matters into his own hands at the start. It was Wang Xiaoming who pulled the trigger, and the outcome seemed best for everyone involved.

Yang Jian needed Wu Yue's death to prove there was no saboteur within, and to confirm that Wang Xiaoming was truly selfless and trustworthy.

Li Jun needed Wu Yue dead to fulfill his duty to protect Wang Xiaoming. If Wu Yue lived, Yang Jian might have acted, putting Wang Xiaoming's life at risk.

Zhao Jianguo needed Wu Yue dead to provide an explanation to headquarters.

Wang Xiaoming also needed Wu Yue dead to ensure Yang Jian's recruitment into headquarters, contributing to the company and smoothing the way for upcoming deals.

Perhaps Wu Yue didn't deserve to die; after all, he was working for the company.

But the situation demanded his death, and he had to die.

His value wasn't enough to spare his life.

"Are you satisfied now?"

Wang Xiaoming walked back, placed the gun on the table, and pushed it towards Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "After some time, I'll undergo an assessment. Once I pass, I will join, but I hope in the future that there won't be any case of file tampering. If there is, I reserve the right to know."

Wang Xiaoming said, "As long as you contribute significantly, there won't be any secrets kept from you about certain confidential matters."

"Good. Now that this matter is settled, let's discuss the acquisition," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes as he picked up the body bag next to him and placed it on the table.

A cold, corpse-like smell emanated from the bag.

"Two ghosts, plus the Ghost Coffin I brought from the village behind me, how much are they worth? By the way, each of these items is very precious, so you'll need to offer a high price."

Now that the conflict had been resolved, it was time to start discussing benefits.

"I'm not very knowledgeable about business, so you can set a price, as long as you're satisfied, of course, provided the company can afford what you're asking for." Wang Xiaoming said, "Today, I only need to take the Ghost Coffin back."

Did that mean he should ask for a sky-high price?

Yang Jian began to calculate in his mind.

This Ghost Coffin was a ticking time bomb, definitely not something to keep. It would be best to sell it off, and seeing as Wang Xiaoming was incredibly eager to get it, not fetching a good price would be doing a disservice to all his hard work.

Let me think it over.

If the market price for one ghost was one billion,

the Ghost Coffin plus the ghost inside means two ghosts, which equates to two billion.

Then, adding the 50% premium that Wu Yue mentioned before, that's three billion.

Just thinking about it felt exhilarating.

He was about to become a billionaire, something he could never have dreamed of back when he was in school.

After contemplating for a while, Yang Jian soon spoke up, "The Ghost Coffin is very special, it's not just about the ghost, it has unique abilities as well, I think it should be worth...at least five billion."

"Fine, five billion it is. Who's the financial manager? Transfer the money," Wang Xiaoming called out over his shoulder.

Immediately, Sun Lihong walked over nervously and fearfully, "Okay, okay, Professor Wang."

"..."

Such swift agreement, transferring the money without argument, could it be that I quoted too low a price?

I wonder if it's still possible to amend the figure now.

But looking at Zhao Jianguo, Li Jun, and feeling this serious atmosphere,

Yang Jian felt it would be quite a blow to his dignity to change his asking price now.

It's embarrassingly awkward.

But what can't be set aside in the face of money?

"The five billion is just for the Ghost Coffin. I had a tough time getting it out of the village, and I even disassembled a sports car. These costs should be accounted for...add another fifty million," Yang Jian said brazenly, finding an excuse to increase the price.

"Okay, then add another fifty million," Wang Xiaoming said.

Damn.

I still quoted too low.

Indeed, poverty has limited my imagination.

How frustrating.

If only I had studied more, then I wouldn't feel so embarrassed to ask for more money.

Yang Jian wanted to raise the price further, but he really couldn't lower his pride.

To continue asking for more would leave him with no dignity at all.

"Forget it, let's consider it charity. But I need to get a good price for Feng Quan." Yang Jian thought he should make a substantial amount from Feng Quan.

This guy certainly took advantage of him in Huanggang Village.

Dear friend.

My fortune depends on you.

Yang Jian touched the body bag in front of him.

It felt like he was not touching a corpse, but a bag full of money.

“Then, it’s a pleasure doing business with you.”

Seeing the price agreed upon, Wang Xiaoming got a bit excited, and then he said, “Captain Li, would you mind transporting that Ghost Coffin back to the lab?”

“Of course.”

Li Jun stood up immediately, leading a group of lab security to prepare for transporting the Ghost Coffin.

Yang Jian said, “Just a friendly reminder, there’s a ghost inside the Ghost Coffin, and once you open it, the ghost will come out. You should be careful... I’m not responsible for any after-sales issues.”

“Thank you.”

Li Jun glanced back at Yang Jian,

“I’ll let the company’s people talk to you about the rest of the transaction. I have things to do back at the lab, so I won’t stay any longer.”

Watching the Ghost Coffin being carried away, Wang Xiaoming couldn’t wait to get up, ready to leave at once.

“Hm?”

You're leaving just like that?

Aren't you taking Feng Quan? I was planning on charging a hefty sum for him.

At that moment, Yang Jian felt he had made a big mistake.

This Feng Quan... doesn't seem to be worth much.

"Mister Yang, please enlighten me further, I will be in charge of the subsequent transactions, do you have any objections?"

Sun Lihong took a deep breath, starting to speak somewhat nervously.

Chapter 117: All are required.

Mister Wu Yue's death was right before their eyes.

At this moment, when Sun Lihong dealt with Yang Jian again, she no longer had the confident demeanor she had before. Although she appeared calm on the surface, she felt a deep fear of this high school senior.

This fear did not stem from Yang Jian being a ghost manipulator.

Rather, it was the fear of Yang Jian's ruthless methods.

And the person who acted was not himself, but Wang Xiaoming, Professor Wang.

It felt like, at that moment, Wu Yue had been abandoned by everyone, as if not dying would have been an affront to the heavens themselves.

If these tactics were used by a seasoned politician, Sun Lihong wouldn't be surprised, but the person in question was only eighteen years old.

Still just a kid.

Though occasionally naive and simple, that was merely due to being limited by experience and social exposure.

As long as he didn't die at the hands of revived evil spirits, Yang Jian would be a top figure in the future.

"The price of the transaction will follow the rate previously set by our deceased boss for the purchase of the goods in Mister Yang's hands. What do you think about this, Mister Yang?" Sun Lihong's face was tense, and she seemed restless.

Yang Jian looked at her and said, "You... seem to be a bit uncomfortable?"

"No, not at all," Sun Lihong said.

"That's good."

Yang Jian patted the body bag on the table and then said, "The thing inside here is different from the common ghosts we imprison, it's a bit special. If you treat it as a normal business deal, I'll assuredly make a loss, so I think it's necessary for us to discuss the price a bit."

"That should be fine, right?"

If it had been the Sun Lihong from before, she would certainly refuse Yang Jian outright. Wu Yue had already offered a fifty percent premium; any further raise in price would reflect poorly on her business capabilities.

But... there was the death of the boss earlier.

Sun Lihong feared that if she offended Yang Jian, he might find some reason to kill her.

“May I ask how you would like to negotiate the price, Mister Yang?”

“No rush, let’s first check the goods so you don’t think I’m asking for the moon later,” Yang Jian began to open the body bag.

“Ah~!”

Startled, Sun Lihong’s face turned pale as she quickly retreated from her seat.

What was imprisoned inside was a ghost.

The danger level of such a thing was unimaginable, and opening it now for a check seemed less like a verification than a pretext for killing her on the spot.

“What’s wrong? Miss Sun’s reaction is a bit extreme, isn’t it? Don’t be scared, this thing is quite tame, it won’t hurt people. Look, I can open it just like this, and nothing happens at all,” Yang Jian said with a sincere look.

He now seemed like an irresponsible person strutting down the street with an evil hound.

Saying the dog doesn’t bite anyone, when in truth, it just doesn’t bite him.

Sun Lihong was just an ordinary person, how could she dare to get close to such a dangerous thing?

“If you really are scared, you can stand back and watch. I’m a good person, why would I make things difficult for you over such a small matter?” Yang Jian said as he pulled out a head from the body bag.

The face was pale with no trace of blood, both eyes shut tight as if it had been severed from a corpse, still fresh.

Upon seeing the head, Sun Lihong was first frightened, then shocked.

This person was Dachang City's first ghost manipulator... Feng Quan.

As a local of Dachang City and an employee in a special company, she certainly recognized these significant figures.

"You seem to recognize it. The international ghost manipulator, Feng Quan, who disappeared a few months ago while dealing with the paranormal incident in Huanggang Village," Yang Jian said with a light smile. "The price of two ghosts indeed isn't great, but what if it includes an international ghost manipulator?"

"The price shouldn't be low, Miss Sun. Shall we start negotiating now?"

Summoning her courage, Sun Lihong cautiously walked over.

Since Yang Jian was standing so close without issue, the ghost must have already been restrained, most likely harmless.

But as she was just approaching,

suddenly,

the pale-faced Dead Man's Head on the table suddenly opened its eyes.

"Ah~!"

Startled, Sun Lihong collapsed to the ground.

And while they were negotiating here,

Wang Xiaoming, Professor Wang, personally oversaw the company security personnel, under the command of the special forces team leader Li Jun, as they took the Ghost Coffin off the truck and carefully moved it to another transport vehicle.

Looking at the coffin, he felt no fear or dread, but a kind of indescribable excitement and anticipation.

“This Ghost Coffin will play a significant role in upcoming research. If a breakthrough can be made from this coffin, the current situation might be completely reversed.”

“By that time, my research will fundamentally change the structure of the world.”

Wang Xiaoming was engrossed in his world, as if he couldn't wait to return to his lab to examine the properties of the Ghost Coffin.

“Professor Wang, although I'm an outsider and shouldn't say much, I feel responsible to remind you that this thing... is extremely dangerous,” Zhao Jianguo came over and said in a low voice. “Based on my understanding of Yang Jian, if this Ghost Coffin really had great value, he wouldn't let it go so easily. The fact that he was willing to sell it for five hundred fifty million suggests he might have said there's only one ghost in this coffin as a hidden danger. If possible, I'd really rather not have Professor Wang open this coffin for research.”

“If the ghost inside is released again, I fear it could lead to a disastrous calamity. Though I have long heard of the protective measures in place at the research institute, danger is still inevitable.”

Wang Xiaoming, however, laughed and said, “A thousand years ago, lightning from the sky could kill people and livestock, from the king down to the commoners, all lived in awe. Who among them could have imagined that a thousand years later we would be able to harness this power and apply it to every aspect of our lives?”

“I don't care what the nature of a fierce ghost is, but since it exists, there must be a way to control it. The ghost controllers are the most obvious result, though this utilization rate is not high. However, this Ghost Coffin presents an opportunity for me to find a breakthrough.”

“No matter how dangerous, it’s all worthwhile.”

Zhao Jianguo could not comprehend the mentality of a researcher, but he felt Professor Wang was engaging in a particularly dangerous act.

This made him very uneasy.

Just as he was about to offer a few more words of caution, Sun Lihong, who was earlier in charge of the transaction with Yang Jian, hastily approached.

“Professor Wang, there are some aspects of the deal with Yang Jian that I can’t decide on my own. I need your input,” Sun Lihong said with a complexion that was not too good; her expression still carried shock and urgency.

Wang Xiaoming might have been just the head of a research institute, but he held great power.

The primary purpose of Wu Yue’s company was to serve the research institute and maintain the operation of the laboratories. The real decisions were made by Wang Xiaoming.

“Can’t the company matters be handled by someone else? I will be busy shortly and have no time to manage the company’s operations,” said Wang Xiaoming, waving his hand with a touch of impatience.

“Professor Wang, but this matter involves the former head of Dachang City, Feng Quan,” said Sun Lihong.

Feng Quan?

At the mention of this name, both Wang Xiaoming and Zhao Jianguo beside him paused.

Indeed.

How could they forget him?

Wang Xiaoming then remembered that Feng Quan hadn't died, but had only been trapped in Huanggang Village. There had been occasional reports, and though later there was no news, the chances of him surviving were still significant.

The only people seen leaving the village previously were Yang Jian and Zhang Han.

They thought Feng Quan had died since he didn't show up.

"Is Feng Quan still alive?" he asked.

Zhao Jianguo immediately came over to inquire.

"Still alive, there," Sun Lihong pointed toward Yang Jian sitting under the sunshade.

At Yang Jian's table, Feng Quan's head lay neatly beside him.

Neat and tidy.

Zhao Jianguo glanced over and realized, "Feng Quan has fallen into Yang Jian's hands? What's going on here? Could it be that the object of your transaction with him is Feng Quan?"

Selling a famed ghost controller as a ghost?

What kind of move was this?

Yang Jian really was as fearless as a calf, daring to do anything.

“We must purchase it.”

Wang Xiaoming immediately said, “Feng Quan’s value is immense, not only as the former head of Dachang City but also as the principal informant in the Huanggang Village incident. This will play a crucial role in my subsequent research.”

“Yang Jian does indeed intend to sell, but his asking price is a bit high... I can’t make that decision,” Sun Lihong said.

Wang Xiaoming said, “Money is no object, just ensure Feng Quan is safely traded, and that’s enough. I don’t care about the rest.”

“By the way, how much is he asking for?”

Sun Lihong hesitated for a moment before saying, “He wants it all.”

“I’m not interested in money. If he wants it all, then let him have it,” said Wang Xiaoming, without much reaction.

“...”

Zhao Jianguo, holding back his words, said, “This is extortion. By agreeing, you’re essentially giving the entire company to him. Without funds to sustain it, your research institute will also have difficulty continuing. Even if funds were allocated from above, they won’t arrive immediately. You don’t want your research to stop, do you?”

“Moreover, he is quoting a bottomless price, which isn’t really for the money. The previous five hundred and fifty million should already be enough for him.”

“If not money, then what does he want?” asked Wang Xiaoming.

"I think it's something more valuable, related to ghost controllers," Zhao Jianguo said. "When one's finances are utterly free, people typically start thinking about their life, health, hobbies, and such."

"As a ghost controller, he would think about things related to ghost controls."

"Didn't we already agree to help him control the second ghost and extend the fierce ghost's revival?" asked Wang Xiaoming.

"That was the previous deal and should not be included. You might want to personally discuss this with him," advised Zhao Jianguo.

Wang Xiaoming, looking at the Ghost Coffin already loaded into the vehicle, said, "I don't have time now, as I must return to the lab shortly, and Feng Quan must be taken away as soon as possible to assist with the research. Here's what we will do, Manager Sun, go to my car and bring over that golden box, the rectangular one, next to my seat."

"Okay, alright."

Sun Lihong immediately agreed and left.

Shortly after, she returned with a rectangular golden box.

"What's this?" Zhao Jianguo asked somewhat puzzled.

"The latest achievement of the lab, not yet officially public. Only an extremely small number have been requisitioned, but I heard they've achieved good results," Wang Xiaoming said as he took the golden box and went over.

Chapter 118: Candle

"What is this?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brows as he looked at the golden rectangular box sitting on the table.

Wang Xiaoming, Zhao Jianguo, and Sun Lihong were approaching at this moment.

Because the initial price was set too high, or rather, outrageously high, they had to force Wang Xiaoming to come and negotiate in person.

And that was exactly what Yang Jian wanted.

“This is the latest achievement from my laboratory. It will be very helpful for you in handling paranormal events in the future. Trading this for Feng Quan will be a good deal for you.”

As he spoke, Wang Xiaoming opened the golden long box.

Yang Jian looked on curiously.

Then he was taken aback. He had thought it might be some precious treasure, but upon opening it, to his surprise, it was a crimson candle that seemed to be made of coagulated blood.

Yes.

A red candle.

“A candle?”

Yang Jian’s eyebrows shot up. “This thing is worth a Feng Quan? I think it’s worth at most fifty cents.”

Wang Xiaoming said, “Its value is equivalent to five fierce ghosts, and so far, only my laboratory has it. Due to its scarcity, it has never been formally distributed, and even if you have the money, you can’t buy it. I’ve given it a name: Ghost Candle.”

“Nice name, but what’s the specific use?” Yang Jian asked.

Although it looked somewhat eerie, it just seemed to be a candle. However, the fact that Wang Xiaoming was willing to trade this item for Feng Quan meant that it definitely had significant value.

Better to understand it first.

“The function of the Ghost Candle is simple. Once you light this candle, as long as the candlelight covers you and the flame doesn’t go out, you will be absolutely safe from being killed by a fierce ghost,” Wang Xiaoming explained.

Hmm?

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian’s eyes narrowed, and he began to feel somewhat shocked.

“That’s impossible.”

Wang Xiaoming said, “It’s normal for you to not believe it since it’s your first time hearing this, but I don’t have enough time to keep explaining it to you. The Ghost Candle has been tested in three major paranormal events and confirmed to be truly effective. If you don’t trust it, there’s nothing I can do. This is the highest offer I can make.”

At this point, Yang Jian’s gaze flickered uncertainly as he looked at the crimson candle, inevitably harboring some doubts.

Lighting this candle can protect a person from being killed by a fierce ghost?

What is the principle behind it?

You, Wang Xiaoming, may be a professor, but you’re not a magician. Is this really something your lab can make?

But if it's as he said and the Ghost Candle truly has such powerful effects?

Being absolutely safe until the candlelight goes out.

Yang Jian understood very well what that implied.

It's no exaggeration to say – this was like a ghost handler's second life.

"You've really tried it? It's truly effective?" Yang Jian was hesitant.

"Based on the results of the experiments, even an A-level Terror ghost can't kill the person inside before the Ghost Candle's flame goes out," Wang Xiaoming said. "If you think I'm lying during your trial, you can come for revenge."

"Honestly, I have a lot of confidence in my experimental product."

Yang Jian frowned, glancing back and forth between the severed head of Feng Quan and the nearby Ghost Candle.

Indeed, there was no reason to lie or deceive him at this point.

The Ghost Candle must truly have this effect.

"How long can one Ghost Candle last?" Yang Jian inquired.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "It's hard to determine. The burning speed varies depending on the situation. The more terrifying the ghost, the faster the Ghost Candle burns. But regardless, it should last at least half an hour without any problems."

“This thing, there’s only one, seems a bit insufficient, right? How about adding another one?” Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming said, “As of now, the Ghost Candle is considered a Strategic Level resource. The one I carry is for ensuring my own safety. If you still want more, you’ll need to apply for it. Even I can’t make that decision.”

“But if you wish to apply, merely joining the International Ghost Handlers won’t be enough. You would need to rise at least another two levels. Even Zhao Jianguo here doesn’t qualify for that.”

Zhao Jianguo touched his nose on the side, looking somewhat embarrassed.

He didn’t even know about this item, let alone how to apply for it.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and then said immediately, “Then, it’s a pleasure doing business with you. Feng Quan is yours now.”

“Take Feng Quan away. We’re heading to the laboratory. From now on, Manager Sun will be in charge of the company’s affairs. Don’t bother me with small matters anymore.”

Wang Xiaoming immediately instructed the security personnel.

Immediately, personnel carrying a body bag with Feng Quan’s head hurriedly left under the watch of the special forces leader, Li Jun.

“Ghost Candle?”

Yang Jian looked at the red candle and then quickly put it away.

As long as it was genuine, he felt that he now had an extremely important trump card for when he faced ghosts with unbeatable powers.

Afterwards.

He suddenly remembered something and hastily called out, "Wait, my two million-dollar... bag, uh, seems like I'm a bit late."

The transport vehicles started, and Wang Xiaoming and his team had already driven off.

It seemed that the body bag was not going to be returned.

"Yang Jian, you really shouldn't do this kind of thing in the future, trading your colleagues... it's indefensible, no matter how you slice it."

At that moment, Zhao Jianguo said with a wry smile, "It's a special period now; even if you don't consider the bigger picture, you should still maintain better relationships with your colleagues, which is good for you too. After all, you'll have the chance to see each other later,"

"Selling out your team is still better than someone stabbing you in the back, right?"

Yang Jian said, "Moreover, I'm merciful in my trades, while others are vicious in their schemes. In comparison, I think my actions just now were a bit like God showing care for all."

"..."

Zhao Jianguo's mouth twitched, not knowing how to respond, so he simply said, "Then try to avoid being too merciful next time, or else it'll be hard for me to explain to the higher-ups. Just do it as a favor for me."

"I'll try."

Yang Jian said, "I really didn't expect Feng Quan to be so valuable, managing to exchange for such an item. It's quite beyond my expectations."

For himself, the value of Feng Quan was definitely not as great as the Ghost Candle.

Once the ghosts were detained, all Yang Jian could do was sell them for money, but money couldn't buy his life.

However, the Ghost Candle could save his life.

It was clear which was more important.

"Then when do you plan to join the International Ghost Control Organization and start the assessments? If you agree, I can submit your application when I go back," said Zhao Jianguo.

Yang Jian pondered a moment and then replied, "It's better to wait. I need to confirm whether Wang Xiaoming's method to delay the resurrection of fierce ghosts is really effective. You wouldn't want a short-lived exorcist, anyway. Moreover, for the time being, Dachang City has a new exorcist, so public safety shouldn't be an issue temporarily. My joining now would be rather superfluous, especially since I'm a local, and I don't wish to go to other cities."

Even though he had controlled two ghosts, he needed to keep this information from Zhao Jianguo.

That's because the method he used was provided by the human skin parchment.

If this information leaked, Wang Xiaoming would surely find a way to obtain that parchment for research.

And at that point, Professor Wang would have to change his name to Professor Pi (Skin).

For now, Yang Jian felt it was necessary to keep the parchment in his own hands.

"I understand what you think. Since you've already made a deal with the company, it's urgent that you control a second ghost to prolong the resurrection of the fierce ghost. It's risky, you know that, but no matter what, I still hope you'll survive," Zhao Jianguo said earnestly.

The laboratory method had a failure rate.

And it was high, with a mortality rate of no less than eighty percent.

“Let’s hope so,” said Yang Jian.

“And thanks to Captain Zhao for your attention before, and for your continued support in the future.”

“It’s part of my job,” Zhao Jianguo said with a smile.

He knew the relationship between the International Ghost Control Organization and Yang Jian needed to be maintained for some time.

Now was clearly not a good time for Yang Jian to join the Organization.

He had thought about joining before to find a method to prolong the life of fierce ghosts through the Organization.

But now.

Yang Jian had the conditions to wait and see.

After all, once he formally took up the position, he would have to continuously deal with all sorts of paranormal events, which didn’t match his character of quietly making a fortune.

“By the way, if I join the International Ghost Control Organization later on, should the paranormal events I resolved before count as merits?” Yang Jian asked again.

Zhao Jianguo said, "The incidents at Furen Shopping Mall and Huanggang Village, all count as your merits and will be recorded in your file."

"That's good. I'm counting on moving up in rank after I join the International Ghost Control Organization," said Yang Jian.

It could be inferred from Wang Xiaoming's words before.

Depending on the rank within the International Ghost Control Organization, you receive different privileges.

Advancing two ranks could even earn access to strategic level resources like the Ghost Candle.

Of course, that was just one aspect; there were certainly other privileges as well.

Chapter 119: Return to the City

The barricades on the main road were being removed, and the blocked roads began to reopen to traffic.

A variety of vehicles gradually drove away.

In a short while, all the personnel here had successively left, leaving only a few observers responsible for continuing to monitor the aftermath of the vanished Huanggang Village to prevent any sudden incidents from happening again.

Yang Jian took a ride in Zhang Han's car, asking him for a lift to the city.

On the way, Zhang Han asked with some confusion, "I have to go to that company for testing tomorrow. If I'm fast, I could start controlling the second ghost within a week. As long as my luck isn't too bad, I might be able to extend the ghost's revival and keep living."

“Why did you refuse before?”

Yang Jian said, “The success rate of controlling the second ghost is still very low, a chance of less than twenty percent. You dare to try it, but I should consider it. At least, I will wait until the success rate is increased before I take the risk.”

“Besides, I can hold on for now, anyway. The spot is there, and Wang Xiaoming won’t renege on it. You go try it first, and tell me about the process afterward. I will consider when to start based on my own situation.”

He had already controlled the second ghost, greatly delaying the revival time of the fierce ghost.

So he had the capital to wait for Wang Xiaoming’s method to mature further, improve, and increase the success rate.

“You’re right to think that way, it’s a bit safer. But I can’t wait any longer. I doubt whether I can hang in there until it’s time to control the second ghost,” said Zhang Han, looking pale.

As if injured, silently enduring some kind of pain.

Yang Jian felt the car sway on the road and said, “I really think you look unwell. Seeing you so sweaty, you look like you have heatstroke. How about you cram yourself into the luggage compartment later, and I’ll find a chance to sell you? If you die, it’d be a hassle. I’d have to take time to deal with the ghost inside you.”

“No, it’s not that. I got an injury while fighting the ghost. The flesh on my back was torn open, and now it’s bleeding. I need to go to the hospital to bandage the wound. I’ll be fine quickly,” Zhang Han hurriedly said.

“Oh, I see. You had me excited for nothing. I almost had your funeral arrangements settled,” Yang Jian said.

“...” Zhang Han didn’t want to bother with the guy.

Just now, he had witnessed Yang Jian selling Feng Quan, reaping quite a profit. It seemed that he'd gotten addicted to selling out his teammates.

"Is the thing about the Ghost Candle... true?"

After a moment of silence, Zhang Han couldn't help but ask curiously.

Yang Jian looked at him in surprise, "What Ghost Candle? What are you talking about? I don't understand at all. Did you say something just now?"

Zhang Han's face darkened, "I'm not interested in your Ghost Candle, what are you doing? Why so nervous?"

"Shush, walls have ears. We can't talk about it, we can't talk about it. The fewer people who know about this stuff, the better. Dachang City has more than just a few of us who control ghosts. Although many from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club have died, there are definitely other ghost controllers. What if someone finds out and comes to kill for treasure?"

Yang Jian hushed.

"This thing can save lives; it is an extremely precious resource. In Professor Wang's hands, others don't dare mess with it, but it's different if it's in my hands. If one day someone finds out I have this thing, I definitely won't let you off the hook."

Zhang Han nearly hit the brakes hard upon hearing that, "What does someone coming after you have to do with me?"

"It must be you who leaked the information. Who else would I look for?" Yang Jian said.

"..."

Zhang Han was speechless and thought about it; there seemed to be some truth to it.

But on further consideration, there was a problem.

“Maybe it’s someone from Wang Xiaoming’s side who leaked the information.”

“They wouldn’t dare.”

Yang Jian said, “Ordinary people and ghost controllers are not in the same league. Wu Yue is the perfect example. No matter how rich and powerful some people are in the company, in reality, our status as ghost controllers is much higher. Although we’re struggling now, we play a pivotal role in the face of paranormal events, after all, we’re the only ones who can solve such things.”

“Okay, okay, no need to tell me anymore. I don’t know about that thing; not knowing is fine, right? Anyway, all I need is to extend the ghost’s revival, I don’t care about the rest. I won’t ask more in the future. Just consider my earlier words as nonsense,” Zhang Han said.

“Knowing that you’re talking nonsense reassures me,” Yang Jian replied.

Zhang Han felt like punching the insolent kid for the conversation that had frustrated him. Whose kid was this, speaking without a filter... But then he remembered he couldn’t beat Yang Jian and had to forcefully swallow his anger.

He was an adult and wouldn’t stoop to a student’s level.

“Still, I have to thank you for this time. Without you, there’s no way I would have made it out of Huanggang Village alive. Ye Jun and the others were wrong. If they had listened to your arrangements earlier, maybe not so many would have died,” Zhang Han said with some emotion.

Although Yang Jian was infuriating in interpersonal communication, it had to be said that the kid was talented.

He had survived the incident at Huanggang Village by the skin of his teeth.

The other so-called seniors were just like extras on a film set, getting their packed lunches within less than a minute of their debut.

At this age, it was as if they had lived their lives for nothing.

“Even if Ye Jun and the rest were still alive, I’d take care of them properly, find an opportunity to do them in,” Yang Jian said.

Zhang Han looked at him somewhat startled, “Why would you do that?”

“I’m a petty person,” Yang Jian said.

“Got it, understood.”

Zhang Han held back whatever else he wanted to say and focused on driving.

At this moment, Yang Jian picked up his phone and made a call, “Hello, is this Big Sister Jiang?”

A somewhat frantic voice came from the other end, “I’ve told you not to call me ‘Big Sister.’ Why are you only calling me now, after almost a week? Do you have any idea how I’ve managed this past week? Do you?”

“You haven’t been hiding at home playing ‘Greedy Blue Moon,’ have you?” Yang Jian said.

“I....”

Jiang Yan didn’t know how to answer, feeling frustrated.

"I'm in the city now. I'll send you my location in a bit, come pick me up in your car. There are some things I need you to do later," Yang Jian said.

"That's great, I'll head over now," Jiang Yan said excitedly.

Yang Jian hung up the phone, feeling a bit puzzled. Was there any need for Jiang Yan to be that happy about picking him up?

Could there be a catch?

"You're getting off here? Do you live nearby?" Zhang Han asked.

"No, I'm just hungry and want to eat something. In Huanggang Village, I've been getting by on compressed food. You know how it is, that stuff just doesn't suit my taste. Eat too much and it makes you bloated. Anyway, I left you my number, call me if anything comes up," Yang Jian said.

"No, scratch that last sentence, it's better if I contact you in case there's anything—don't contact me. We're not that close."

"..." Zhang Han had actually wanted to invite him for a meal.

But hearing that, he felt asking again would be somewhat demeaning.

"Then, see you next time."

Zhang Han, feeling as if he had constipation, got out and watched as Yang Jian drove away in his expensive sports car.

"That's a really nice sports car. When I have the money, I'll buy one too," Yang Jian watched enviously and muttered to himself.

Afterward, he turned and walked into a fried chicken shop inside a nearby mall.

He was kind of missing junk food.

However, under the light of a street lamp nearby, no matter from which angle it shone on Yang Jian's figure, there was only one shadow behind him. This shadow was darker and more profound than those of others, stretched diagonally and long, as if a very tall person was lying on the ground... most importantly, this shadow had no head.

From that day in Huanggang Village, the Headless Ghost Shadow would always accompany Yang Jian.

Dangerous and terrifying.

Passersby who occasionally stepped on the shadow were not harmed but would suddenly feel a chilly coldness penetrate the soles of their feet. However, as the shadow followed Yang Jian's footsteps and moved away,

everything returned to normal.

"Excuse me, miss, would you mind if I cut in?"

Yang Jian, seeing the people lined up and feeling quite hungry, couldn't help but speak up.

"Hmm?"

The young woman in front of him in the queue widened her eyes to look at him.

As if she were looking at someone crazy or perverted.

Yang Jian said, "Sorry, my mistake, I meant to ask if I could cut in line. It's a bit awkward to say, but I've actually not eaten for several days..."

Chapter 120: The Pursued Jiang Yan

Jiang Yan's gloomy mood vanished in an instant after receiving Yang Jian's call, and she immediately felt a surge of joy.

Even though she knew very well that Yang Jian was a ghost controller and that being with him was dangerous,

in their time spent together before, she had felt that a ghost controller wasn't that different from the average person.

Moreover, Yang Jian was far superior to other men, young, capable, and rich... with a handsome appearance too.

Even though his thought process could be quite bizarre at times, what did that matter?

Humming a tune,

Jiang Yan began to groom herself carefully, deliberately choosing a youthful hairstyle, and then slipped into a newly purchased dress with a bit of a cartoonish flair.

The dress just covered her knees, revealing a pair of long, white, and slender legs.

Looking at herself in the mirror, Jiang Yan struck a V-sign with her fingers, "Perfect."

"Now Yang Jian won't call me 'big sister' anymore. If I step out, I can look younger than those seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girls. When we meet, I will definitely leave him head over heels."

She was quite proud of herself; with her figure, anything she wore looked stunning.

No matter what,

she was determined to latch onto Yang Jian, the 'big thigh.'

"Oh, right, the car keys."

Jiang Yan grabbed her car keys, ready to head out.

But just as she was leaving, she saw a young man in a suit and fashionable attire standing outside her door, holding a rose in his hand and smilingly saying, "Xiao Yan, we really do have a telepathic connection. I've just arrived at your doorstep to knock, and you already knew to open the door for me. I must say, you look absolutely stunning today, captivating."

"This flower is for you, though it pales in comparison to your beauty."

The sight of this man immediately soured Jiang Yan's previously good mood. She said, "Qian Feng, what are you doing? Please stop bothering me, alright? I've already told you I have a boyfriend, and pursuing me like this is pointless."

"Xiao Yan, don't say that. I'm willing to compete fairly with your boyfriend. I believe that with the sincerity of my feelings, I won't lose to him," Qian Feng said.

"Out of respect for our college friendship, I advise you to leave quickly and stay away from me. If Yang Jian finds out you're pestering me here, I can't guarantee what he might do," Jiang Yan pleaded somewhat.

She regretted attending that class reunion a few days ago.

Because of her vanity, she wanted to show off at the reunion and drove the Mercedes that Yang Jian had left for her. While she did indeed turn heads and drew envy from her classmates, Qian Feng had since been shamelessly pursuing her.

Heh.

As if I'm blind. It's my money you're after, isn't it? If you win me over, does it mean you can avoid thirty years of hard work?

If Jiang Yan couldn't see through this, she didn't deserve to be an accountant.

But outright rejections, both explicit and implicit, still proved futile.

"Xiao Yan, your words put me at ease. If your boyfriend is someone who only resorts to violence, then he isn't worth your affection," Qian Feng earnestly continued, "And I'm even more concerned about entrusting your future to a thug who knows nothing but fighting. You deserve a man who can provide you with stability and a sense of security."

"Are you blind? Yang Jian is the one who can give me stability and a sense of security,"

Jiang Yan was agitated inside, but she didn't express it out loud.

That would affect her image.

Jiang Yan maintained her aloof demeanor, "There's no need for any more words. I'm not going to accept you. I need to leave now, so please go back."

"Don't worry, Xiao Yan. Just yesterday, I rented the apartment opposite yours; now we can see each other every day," Qian Feng pointed out, indicating the open door of the apartment nearby.

Jiang Yan widened her eyes in shock, "Are you a stalker or something? Renting right across from my place?"

"I find even your annoyed expression quite charming," Qian Feng said with a smile.

“...”

Jiang Yan felt like she was on the verge of breaking down, “Do whatever you want, I’m leaving.”

“Where are you going? I’ll drive you,” he offered.

“I have my own car, I don’t need a ride,” Jiang Yan snapped, her high heels making her walk unsteady, almost causing her to twist her ankle.

A moment later.

As Jiang Yan drove Yang Jian’s Mercedes on the road, intending to calm her mood before seeing him and pushing the recent encounter with Qian Feng to the back of her mind,

“Beep, beep-beep.”

While she waited at a red light, a car horn sounded from behind. Qian Feng leaned out of the driver’s side and shouted, “Xiao Yan, I like you, be my girlfriend, okay?”

The noise was very loud.

Passersby nearby all looked over.

Jiang Yan, who was in the car ahead, was stunned at first, not expecting Qian Feng to actually chase after her; hearing his words, she felt both angry and anxious. She really didn’t know what to do with this person; they had not contacted each other for almost two years after graduation, and they only had an average relationship while at school. Now they meet, and he’s this passionate?

What nonsense.

There was no other way.

It was time for the trump card.

Jiang Yan also stuck her head out and shouted, "Give it up, I have a boyfriend now, and I'm carrying his child."

"What the hell, what's happening?"

Passersby and people in nearby cars all widened their eyes at this moment.

This handsome young man had declared his love one moment and suffered a heavy blow the next.

It was a total tragedy.

Let's have a three-minute silence for this brother.

Qian Feng froze when he heard these words too. He had imagined all kinds of rejections from Jiang Yan, even her ignoring him outright, but he had not expected her to say something like this.

But his intuition told him that this pregnancy had to be fake, a lie to deceive him,

How could such a slim figure be pregnant?

"I don't care, give birth to it, and I'll take care of it. To love you is to accept everything about you," Qian Feng shouted loudly.

"Clap clap clap~!"

At that moment, it was as if bystanders were applauding.

It must have taken a lot of courage to say something like that.

“This young man has moved me, reminiscent of that time when another guy grabbed my steering wheel and gunned it over one-eighty, reaching the destination within a minute... All warriors indeed.”

In a taxi nearby, a middle-aged driver touched the corner of his eye, feeling somewhat moist.

Qian Feng felt everyone’s gaze focused on him, but he was not timid; he still looked sincerely at Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan started to panic.

She hadn’t expected that even after saying such a thing, Qian Feng still wouldn’t give up.

“Stay calm, stay calm, mustn’t let him succeed, must thoroughly reject him. Otherwise, how am I going to explain this to Yang Jian?” Jiang Yan bit her lip, starting to think of a countermeasure.

If Yang Jian knew she was earning his money, driving his car, and still looking for another man outside, he might strangle her then and there.

After all, he’s the kind of tough guy who dares to deal with fierce ghosts.

“Give it up, you’re not fit to raise his child,” Jiang Yan yelled again.

“Pff~!”

The onlookers who were drinking water spat out a mouthful.

That was just too harsh.

Those words were like kicking someone down to the ground and then spitting on them.

It was incredibly humiliating.

No normal man could tolerate such an insult; it seemed like the young man behind was about to explode.

It appeared that Qian Feng had already thought of a countermeasure; he shouted, “No worries, I can provide child support...”

Upon hearing this, a wave of booing erupted from nearby.

But the taxi driver beside could not hold back anymore; he stepped on the gas pedal, turned the wheel, and crashed into Qian Feng’s car.

Qian Feng was jolted and became a bit dazed.

The taxi driver cursed loudly, “Go to hell; I can’t watch this anymore. Young and doing anything but good, especially being a bootlicker. Don’t let me see your car again, or else every time I see it, I’ll tail you until you question your life.”

“Well hit.”

A few drivers waiting for the red light nearly cheered.

This taxi driver turned out to be a man of strong feelings.

Just then the light turned green.

Jiang Yan seized the moment he was hit to step on the gas and sped away.