

Revival 121

Chapter 121: First Meeting

“Yang Jian, I’m here.”

A beauty dressed in a short dress, exposing a pair of fair and lovely legs, with an innocent and cute appearance, carrying a bag and walking in high heels entered the fried chicken shop.

She waved her hand, her face brimming with a charming smile.

Jiang Yan gave herself eighty-two points for this carefully crafted entrance, and the remaining eighteen points, she believed Yang Jian would give to her in the form of triple sixes.

She had made up her mind.

She wanted to shake off the image of Big Sister Jiang, the accountant, in Yang Jian’s mind and completely change her style.

Many customers turned their heads, looking at Jiang Yan.

Especially their gazes lingering on those delicate legs for quite a few turns.

Those legs...

Many male patrons thought to themselves in silence.

“Big Sister Jiang, you see me and you come over, or do I have to move the table over for you to sit down?” Yang Jian raised an eyebrow slightly, lifting his head.

“Got it.”

Jiang Yan giggled, carrying a bit of girlish mischief, and obediently walked over.

“You look a bit abnormal... Did you encounter a ghost or something?” Yang Jian stared at her neck, “Do you want me to check for you?”

“I did not, stop being so superstitious,” Jiang Yan said.

“Really? Why do I feel like you’re gradually turning into a freak? Is it because I’ve been out of society for too long and can’t keep up, or have you become flighty and I just can’t understand your tactics?” Yang Jian looked at her suspiciously.

Jiang Yan immediately became angry.

I dressed up specially for you, and you’re calling me a freak?

“I’m very normal, please, could you have a more normal mindset?” Jiang Yan said.

“Am I not normal?” Yang Jian asked.

Jiang Yan’s beautiful eyes rolled, “Not normal at all, not at all.”

“Then what’s considered normal?” Yang Jian asked.

“Like other naive young men, liking to look at beauties, enjoying talking about somewhat risqué topics, liking to watch some unhealthy movies and such. Take me, for example. I don’t mind at all if you have any fantasies about me,” she said with a flirtatious tone.

Yang Jian was puzzled, “At your age, fantasizing about young fresh meat all day, and you say you’re not a freak?”

“ ... ”

Jiang Yan’s mouth twitched, feeling an urge to flip the table.

Which wire did I cross when I chose such a sissy?

Is it really a generation gap caused by age?

I can’t fathom his thought process at all.

“I’m angry now, I don’t want to talk to you,” Jiang Yan turned her head away and said.

“Ice cream?”

“I’ll have the strawberry flavor, thank you.”

Yang Jian said, “I’ll have one too, could you please buy one for me as well?”

“Huh?”

Jiang Yan looked at him with wide eyes.

“It’s my treat,” Yang Jian.

Jiang Yan started to feel a little crazy. Was this a matter of treating her or not? Shouldn’t he be the one to buy it? You’re a man. I go out shopping with you and this is how you treat me?

What about the pride of being a beauty?

Yet, a moment later.

Jiang Yan left the counter with an ice cream in hand, heading towards Yang Jian.

“Xiao Yan, I knew you’d be here, I saw your car parked outside.” At this moment, a gentle voice sounded.

Jiang Yan shivered upon hearing it.

A man who frightened her appeared.

“Qian Feng, why is it you again? How did you find me?”

“Of course, it’s the guidance of love,” Qian Feng winked, looking smug.

Jiang Yan didn’t care, rolled her eyes, and walked away.

“Who is this?”

Qian Feng followed her and looked at the man who took the ice cream from Jiang Yan’s hand.

“My boyfriend,” Jiang Yan immediately said, without any hesitation.

Boyfriend?

Qian Feng sized up Yang Jian. This young man wasn’t very old, looked to be not even twenty, with an acceptable appearance, somewhat handsome even, but what on Earth was he wearing? His short-sleeved shirt was filthy, dirty and grimy, and there was a sour stench coming off him that seemed like something had gone rotten, almost enough to make one gag.

How bad does one have to let himself go to reach such a state?

What on Earth was Big Sister Jiang thinking to fall for a weirdo like this?

Could she possibly have some strange fetish?

“Hi, I’m Xiao Yan’s college classmate, Qian Feng, nice to meet you.”

Qian Feng smiled and politely extended his hand.

Yang Jian looked up, put down the chicken leg he was holding, and reached out his hand, “Yang Jian.”

When Qian Feng saw the greasy palm, he felt queasy and frowned, unable to shake the hand,

“Rude.”

Seeing Qian Feng didn’t move, Yang Jian commented.

Qian Feng nearly burst with anger, “You’re the one being rude. Your hand is filthy; don’t you know to wash it?”

“Don’t you know that interrupting someone’s meal is already quite impolite, let alone asking for a handshake while they’re eating? Plus, when speaking to someone, you shouldn’t be condescending, you should sit down... How many modern etiquette classes have you taken? Did you really graduate from college?”

Yang Jian looked at him said.

“Uh...” Qian Feng was taken aback for a moment.

This kid is pretty articulate.

“Qian Feng, you better go first, it’s not very convenient here,” Jiang Yan said.

Qian Feng smiled, “It’s alright, it’s fate that we met today. I’d like to chat with this friend here.”

“Yang Jian, if you don’t mind me asking, what is your current job, and at which company do you work?”

As he spoke, he sat down.

“Work? Working is impossible, I will never work in this lifetime. I get by on extortion to make a living. You seem pretty glib and thick-skinned. How about working for me? I’m short of a salesman. If you’re willing, I’ll give you a one percent commission for each deal, but there’s no base salary,” Yang Jian said.

“You’re joking. I am a college-educated person with cultural refinement. How could I work for a thug? And do you think the money you get through those means really sustains a living? If you don’t mind, could you tell me your monthly income?” asked Qian Feng.

Yang Jian replied, “I definitely can’t tell you the exact figures, but I can clearly tell you that all my living expenses, including some luxury items, are earned.”

This kid sure is full of confidence~!

Qian Feng looked incredulously at the Yang Jian whose clothes added up to less than a hundred yuan, eating cheap fried chicken, filthy and stinking, with a snakeskin bag that looked like it was picked up from somewhere, containing something like... cardboard boxes.

Aside from the golden swing stick worth a couple hundred yuan at his waist, he didn’t seem to have the appearance of owning any luxury items.

“You don’t have to look at me with envy. If you work with me, I guarantee you can afford to buy these things too,” Yang Jian said.

Work with you?

Is it to pick trash with you?

Qian Feng laughed, his smile somewhat forced.

"I thought you were just a thug, but it turns out you're not even that. You're actually a trash picker. What right do you have to be Xiao Yan's boyfriend with your sloven appearance? Just leave her. You can't give her happiness, so stop troubling her."

Yang Jian knocked the table with the bone of the chicken leg he had just finished, speaking somewhat gravely, "Although you insulted me, I can forgive you this once. Also, don't misunderstand; I am not her boyfriend. To be precise, she is my employee, I am her boss, she has been hired by me, and is currently working for me."

"How can you say that? We've been living together; how are you not my boyfriend?" Jiang Yan said with a hint of plaintiveness.

Qian Feng's eyes widened.

This can't be right.

Such a rare weirdo, and you are still throwing yourself at him?

Is this charity?

"I am just residing temporarily, we have always maintained a purely financial employer-employee relationship," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan pouted, "But we've been sleeping together for several days."

"That's because you couldn't beat me for the bed and didn't want to sleep on the floor," Yang Jian said.

"I don't care, you are responsible for me," Jiang Yan said.

"I am only responsible for your safety, not for your feelings, and only during the period you work for me," Yang Jian said.

Listening to their conversation, Qian Feng's mind couldn't quite keep up; how did the topic get so sidetracked? Wasn't he supposed to get Yang Jian to leave Jiang Yan?

He needed to sort out his thoughts.

Now he suspected that Jiang Yan was deliberately colluding with Yang Jian to mock him.

Simply finding someone to put on a show.

"Sorry, I need to take a call, excuse me for a moment." At that moment, Qian Feng's phone rang, and he stood up to leave temporarily.

Chapter 122: Disturbance

As soon as Qian Feng left, Jiang Yan began to stare at Yang Jian strangely.

"Didn't you see that Qian Feng was deliberately trying to humiliate you by looking down on you with his dog eyes? Why did you bother being so polite to him? You should have just driven him away. There's no need to be concerned about my feelings."

"Moreover, his pursuit of me is also with strong ulterior motives. To be honest, I don't like this kind of man. It's only because of our past as classmates that I tolerate him to some extent."

“So, when he comes out later, think of a way to get rid of him. As long as you are willing, there’s definitely a way.”

She didn’t want Qian Feng to keep pestering her, lest it cause some misunderstanding, making Yang Jian misconceive something about her.

“He’s just an ordinary person, no need to make such a big deal out of it. You can’t just jump up and kill someone’s entire family because of a few words they said,” Yang Jian said, “This way, you can’t make friends in the future.”

Jiang Yan felt that Yang Jian’s way of thinking was very strange, as he still thought about making friends with others.

“But I also really dislike your classmate. Maybe I should just find an opportunity to kill him later?” Yang Jian added.

“ ... ”

Jiang Yan’s eyes widened again, looking at him with shock and uncertainty.

“Weren’t you just thinking about making friends?”

“Who let him insult me just now,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan said, “Didn’t you say you didn’t mind?”

“I didn’t mind before, but thinking about it now, I feel a bit shortchanged. I guess I do mind after all, considering I’m somewhat petty,” Yang Jian said.

“You’re not really going to kill him, are you? After all, he only insulted you once,” Jiang Yan said somewhat anxiously.

Anyone else saying this would definitely be bluffing, but when Yang Jian said it, she couldn't help but suspect he was serious.

"It depends on whether he knows his place or not," Yang Jian casually remarked, continuing to eat.

Jiang Yan, frightened, didn't dare to say more and had to sit obediently beside him.

If Yang Jian really decided to act ruthlessly, she couldn't stop him. She could only hope that Qian Feng would be more astute and not provoke him any further; otherwise, something really could happen.

Not long afterward.

Qian Feng came out of the restroom.

After straightening out his thoughts, as soon as he sat down, he said, "Yang Jian, do you mind if we continue our earlier conversation? I'll repeat what I said before: I hope you will stay away from Xiao Yan. Like me, she graduated from university, and she became a white-collar worker as soon as she left school. Whether it's her job, family, or upbringing, you can't compare to her."

"Someone like you can't give her anything she wants. So, letting go would be good for you and for Xiao Yan..."

"Bang~!"

Yang Jian pulled something out from under the table and slammed it down on the table, then said, "Continue."

He then continued eating.

Qian Feng was stunned for a moment, and when he saw clearly what was on the table, his pupils constricted.

A golden pistol, as exquisitely crafted as a work of art, with its heavy metal texture reflecting a cold light, and the dark muzzle at that moment, whether intentionally or unintentionally, was aimed at him.

A pistol?

This was actually a pistol. Where did Yang Jian get such a thing?

It must be fake.

His complexion changed, then he laughed and said, "I can't be intimidated by your childish tricks. You think you can scare me by bringing out a toy model? You think I'm that easy to fool? If I were to be deceived by someone like you, I would have wasted my years of education. Besides, even if it were real, what does a mere pistol matter in the face of love? Could it be that I'm afraid you'll shoot me dead?"

"Just give up. These childish tactics are useless. You're not worthy of Xiao Yan..."

Yang Jian didn't speak, he simply reached into his pocket for a few bullets and then loaded them into the gun, chambered a round, all in one smooth motion.

"Bang~!"

The loaded pistol slapped down on the table once more, and he continued to eat, head bowed.

Having witnessed this series of actions, Qian Feng froze for a moment, then involuntary cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

This thing seems to be real~!

"Boss, where was I? Right, if you're not worthy of Xiao Yan, then no man on this earth is worthy of her. I think sister-in-law has great insight, she spotted a true hero hidden among the ordinary people at a glance. Your unrestrained dress and the way you eat to your heart's content prove that you are an extraordinary man."

Qian Feng said with a grave expression, "As the saying goes, beauties love heroes, and heroes love beauties; you two are a match made in heaven. It's my great fortune to meet you both today."

"I'd like to know when you and sister-in-law plan to get married, and please make sure to let me know. No matter if I'm at the ends of the earth or at the far corners of the sea, I will make sure to arrive on time."

"Qian Feng, what are you talking about? Your attitude just now was not like this," Jiang Yan said, looking at him with surprise.

Qian Feng laughed, "Sister-in-law, you must be seeing things; when I first met the boss, I couldn't fully understand him, so I deliberately said some things I didn't understand myself to test the boss. Sure enough, the boss is truly a man of valor, his composure is like Mt. Tai unshaken before its collapse. I can't help but feel inferior to such magnanimity and spirit."

"Now when I think about it, I find it laughable, my indecent language, not fit to be seen, used to test the boss."

"I'm in the wrong, I'll punish myself with three drinks as an apology to the boss."

As he spoke, he picked up the cola beside him and downed it in one go, his hands still shaking, barely able to hold the cup steady.

Seeing how scared Qian Feng had become, Jiang Yan said with a mix of exasperation and amusement, "So, are you still renting the place opposite me?"

Yang Jian glanced at him.

Qian Feng immediately explained, "Misunderstanding, it's all a misunderstanding. I was just talking off the cuff, the thing about renting a place, that's just impossible. I don't even live in Dachang City, sister-in-law, you must believe me. I swear to heaven, if I rent a place across from sister-in-law, I will be hit by a car the moment I walk out the door."

“Hmm?”

Suddenly, at this moment, Yang Jian faintly sensed something and looked up towards a high-rise building outside.

On the street outside, unbeknownst to when, a crowd had gathered. They were all looking up, talking animatedly as if something was happening,

He listened carefully.

He heard people mentioning something about jumping off a building, a fire, and the like.

“No, this isn’t right.”

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, feeling an intense sensation. His ghost eye beneath his skin seemed to be throbbing, as if it was stimulated by something external.

“Leave here.”

He put away his pistol and suddenly stood up.

This abrupt move frightened Qian Feng into kneeling down, hugging his head and whimpering, “Big brother, spare my life, spare my life, I didn’t mean it earlier, please let me off...”

“What happened?”

Jiang Yan, seeing Yang Jian’s reaction, felt vaguely uneasy.

“There’s a supernatural incident happening nearby.”

Yang Jian quickly packed up, grabbed the bag on the floor, and prepared to leave.

Jiang Yan, terrified, hastily clutched his arm, "Take me with you."

As a survivor of a mall supernatural incident, no one feared ghosts more than she did.

Chapter 123: Accidental Encounter Event

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It was still broad daylight.

The streets in the bustling area were overflowing with a constant stream of people.

“Bang~!”

Suddenly, glass from high above a nearby skyscraper fell down, crashing onto the ground and shattering, with shards flying everywhere, injuring numerous pedestrians.

Others scurried for cover, but at the same time, many curiously looked up at the building.

It must have been about fifteen stories high.

Although it wasn't very clear, one could still make out that on the fifteenth floor of the office building, people were using all kinds of tools to crazily smash the windows from the inside.

The glass in the skyscraper was tempered, which under normal circumstances is very hard to break, but the people inside, with some mad burst of energy, managed to smash the window panes, causing the broken glass to fall to the ground and almost hit the pedestrians below.

"It looks like something serious has happened; people on that floor are breaking the windows to escape. Could there be a fire?"

"I don't see any smoke though, it doesn't seem like it's a fire."

"Weird, what are they doing then? Could it be some collective madness, or is the company brainwashing its employees?"

Many people discussed among themselves while quickly leaving the dangerous area.

After a short while.

A crowd of onlookers had gathered, all staring up at the fifteenth floor of the skyscraper where the incident was unfolding.

"Don't come closer, don't come closer... Help, someone save me!"

A female employee from the company was sitting at a window, crying in despair, her face full of terror.

She waved her hands toward the inside of the office, trying to drive something away, but at the same time, she desperately tried to move away from that layer, forcing half of her body out of the window, almost jumping out.

But the next moment.

The female employee suddenly screamed hysterically and, summoning courage from who knows where, flipped over the window intending to jump out.

But before she could, she seemed to be grabbed by something, and her entire body was flung back inside instantaneously, disappearing from the sight of all the onlookers, with only a faint, agonizing scream echoing from the fifteenth floor.

It sent chills down the spines of the listeners.

“Bang, bang~!”

Several younger and stronger male employees were frenziedly smashing the windows, attempting to use the broken glass to climb down to the floor below.

Nobody knew what exactly was happening inside that could drive people to such dangerous actions from such a high floor.

“Everyone is shouting for help; there must be something dreadful happening. Call the police!”

Some bystanders who felt something was amiss hurriedly called the police.

But more people were instead looking up in curiosity at the unfolding event.

There were even quite a few who took out their phones to broadcast the scene live.

At this time, Yang Jian was standing by the side of the road, eating an ice cream while frowning at the problematic floor.

The entire floor was as dark as if it had lost power, shrouded in a layer of dark green mist, not like smoke or fog, it was bizarre. Although one could still make out the fifteenth floor, anything inside covered by the dark green mist was reduced to a blurry outline.

“It’s true, something really has happened. How did you know?”

Jiang Yan clutched his arm, not budging an inch, with an inexplicable panic in her voice.

“Some kind of connection between similar entities... I can’t explain it, it’s like a sixth sense in humans, only my sixth sense is just much stronger.”

Yang Jian took another bite of his ice cream and continued watching.

“Although I don’t know if the other floors will be affected, but not a single person on that fifteenth floor will survive, all are doomed. The ghost’s Terror Level is very high; it can even affect the environment around it.”

He looked up, continuing his observation.

Being able to affect the environment meant a Ghost Domain was forming.

If put on that international website, the Terror Level would be defined at least as a B.

Jiang Yan shivered, “Then why are we still watching? If it’s none of our business, let’s hurry and leave. Otherwise, if we get dragged into it, it’d be really troublesome.”

“^

“No, I must take a look, at least to clear up some facts about this supernatural event, or else if we bump into it next time by accident, won’t we be completely in the dark, not knowing any information?”

Yang Jian continued eating his ice cream, “It rarely happens to me, so sometimes it feels quite nice to watch the excitement and not mind if it escalates.”

Jiang Yan saw the despair and fear on the faces of the employees on the fifteenth floor and couldn’t help but think of her own time in the shopping mall.

She felt no mood for spectating, only fear.

However, laymen watch for fun, experts watch for the routine.

Yang Jian slightly narrowed his eyes, silently musing, "This is a supernatural event happening in broad daylight. How many have occurred before in Dachang City? Those I've encountered, and those I haven't encountered... I can clearly feel that the number of supernatural events is increasing."

"The full-blown outbreak that Wang Xiaoming spoke of, one that can't be suppressed, is probably not far off."

"The peace and order are about to be shattered. The despair brought by the malicious spirits will likely soon envelop everyone's head."

Looking at the passersby, there wasn't a trace of fear or alertness on their faces, merely treating the incident as an accidental mishap, a spectacle to behold.

Who would have thought.

What they were witnessing was a real supernatural event.

"Preparations must be made immediately."

Yang Jian bit into his ice cream again, "Within the shortest time, everything must be arranged properly, and then... prepare for battle and survival."

He had a feeling that a storm was coming, and the end of the world was near.

Although everyone in the city was still oblivious, as a ghostbuster who regularly deals with supernatural events, he had already sensed something.

The storm was imminent.

The first to feel it wasn't the leaves being pelted by rain nor the thunder heard by animals, but the dragonflies flying low before the rain started.

"Ah~!"

At this moment, a desperate scream sounded.

A man could no longer bear the fear and jumped from the shattered window.

His body tumbled several times in mid-air before crashing to the ground with a thud.

From such a height, a person would instantaneously become a corpse, and moreover, a mangled one at that.

It was a gruesome sight to see.

Among the onlooking pedestrians, many screamed in fright, and the crowd started to stir, rushing backward to escape.

Yang Jian still stood unmoving by the roadside, continuing to eat his ice cream as he watched the scene.

Jiang Yan could no longer bear to watch and hid behind him.

"Jumping from the building will only hasten death, the only chance is to gather courage and run from the front while the ghost is busy killing others," Yang Jian stated calmly, "In a group of people, there are always a few lucky ones who slip through the net and are let go by the ghost."

It sounded easy.

It was difficult to execute.

A couple of brave souls charging head-on is useless, it has to be a group.

But these people have already experienced the terror of ghastly spirits, scared into despair and jumping off buildings. Those left are just waiting to die.

However, at that moment.

Several special vehicles came racing over from various roads, disregarding traffic rules and running red lights to get there.

“The support has arrived quite fast, and this could have been halted if it were a common accident, but unfortunately... this is a supernatural event,” Yang Jian did not think it was helpful.

Even if a ghostbuster immediately intervened, the idea of saving people was pure fantasy.

Dealing with malicious spirits too hastily could end up costing a ghostbuster their life.

Chapter 124: The Familiar Ghost

Because the incident happened in the city center,

special vehicles arrived at the scene within ten minutes.

Liu Jianming, or Captain Liu, was in charge of this case.

In his early thirties, he should have been full of vigor, but despite his stern and solemn expression upon stepping out of the car, the weariness on his face could not be concealed.

“Immediately evacuate the nearby crowd, establish a cordon, and isolate all unrelated persons.”

“Yes, Captain.”

Captain Liu was decisive and quick to act; he immediately gave an order, “Also, impose traffic control on the nearby roads. Have the transportation department send a few people over to redirect traffic away from this area and prevent them from getting close.”

“Yes, I’m on it.”

“Notify the ambulance...”

Whether it was a normal accident or the type of paranormal event that he dreaded most, he would proceed with the standard protocol: set up cordons, evacuate where necessary, to avoid chaos and additional damage when things got out of hand.

“Captain, Yang Jian has been spotted within the crowd, and it seems that he has already witnessed the course of the incident. Should we go and ask him?” a team member approached and said.

Yang Jian?

Captain Liu was slightly taken aback.

It wasn’t the chance encounter with Yang Jian that surprised him; it was his presence that made Captain Liu immediately realize that the event was likely connected to the international ghost controller.

In other words, it was very likely a paranormal event.

And when faced with a paranormal event, they could not intervene, nor did they have the ability to do so; they could only report the situation upwards.

“Yang Jian, hello, we meet again.”

Deciding to still go and greet him, Captain Liu walked over and saluted Yang Jian who was standing by the roadside, then said,

“Captain Liu, looks like you’ve got your hands full again. Although the incident hasn’t caused significant casualties, it’s... much more serious than the previous mall disappearance incident,” Yang Jian said.

“Do you know how much damage there is?” asked Captain Liu.

“Not sure, but several lives are likely lost at the least.”

Yang Jian said, “Notify the new ghost controller, Zhao Kaiming, to come and handle this. It’s beyond your capacity to deal with.”

Captain Liu said with a wry smile, “Another paranormal event?”

“The new ghost controller is a bit difficult to deal with. Even if we notify him, it’s going to take a while for him to arrive. If possible, could you help? Not to resolve the incident, just to save a few more people if you can. That would be enough.”

Yang Jian said, “There’s a saying in our country, ‘one should perform the duties of one’s appointed position.’ Zhao Kaiming is now the ghost controller of Dachang City. I can’t rashly intervene. If the situation escalates, the responsibility would fall on me... and it’s somewhat presumptuous to interfere with another person’s case. You understand what I’m implying, Captain Liu.”

Captain Liu nodded, indicating he understood.

Having worked on cases himself, he certainly knew that a case can only have one person in charge, and it indeed isn’t right for others to interfere.

But Yang Jian’s remark was merely a courtesy.

He didn't want to involve himself in a paranormal event without good reason.

This was a very dangerous endeavor.

While voluntary rescue might seem noble and praiseworthy, one misstep could cost him dearly.

Seeing that Yang Jian was reluctant to get involved, Captain Liu quickly left to attend to the coordination of rescue efforts, keeping extremely busy.

But his hard work was of little efficacy.

At that moment, another male employee, unable to bear the terror, cried and shouted as he fled down from the fifteenth floor, jumping and screaming, "I don't want to die, save me!" and the like.

The despair in that situation could be felt by anyone.

"Bang~!"

The person hit the ground only to become a corpse, with blood splattered and flesh indistinguishable, a ghastly sight to behold.

Some were too scared to jump, but they were quickly and forcibly dragged into the dimly lit office building by something.

The sound of their collapsing screams spread once more, but soon disappeared.

Some had already guessed.

It was the scream before death.

And those who began to think realized that something was very wrong with this situation.

If it was a fire, why wasn't there any flame?

If there was a criminal inside committing violence, why was there no sound?

What on earth had happened inside?

To drive individuals, each with a strong desire to survive, to the point of jumping off the building.

Even daring to leap from the fifteenth floor, did that mean the despair and terror inside was greater than the fall from the fifteenth floor?

Soon.

The screams were becoming less and less frequent.

"They're almost all dead," Yang Jian's expression flickered slightly.

Just then, he saw a figure walk out from the office building and finally stood in front of the glass window; however, from this angle, he could only barely make out the top half of a head, unable to see the rest.

The person was very strange, standing there motionless, giving off an exceptionally calm vibe, in stark contrast to those who were panicked and screaming earlier.

Moreover, this person had a numb expression, his skin a cyanotic black, resembling a corpse left out for several days, showing none of the characteristics of a normal person, utterly lacking vitality, and bringing with it an indefinable chill and eeriness.

"Is that a ghost?"

At this moment, Yang Jing felt an uncontrollable urge to open his ghost eye, but he still suppressed this anomalous movement.

After standing in front of the window for a while, the person quickly turned around and left, disappearing on that fifteenth floor.

However, as the person turned, Yang Jian inadvertently caught a glimpse of his eyes.

As dark as ink... devoid of pupils, as if they were two pitch-black voids, sinister and ominous.

Despite it being just a fleeting glance, Yang Jian was taken aback.

“It’s that one~!”

He recognized this ghost.

It was the Ghost Infant that had emerged from Zhou Zheng’s body.

Yes, without a doubt.

Those pitch-black voids for eyes, the cyanotic black skin, it was definitely the Ghost Infant.

Yang Jian had encountered it twice and would not mistake it.

The first time was when it had just awakened, killed Zhou Zheng and crawled out from his stomach in the form of an infant, and the second time was at Wang Shanshan’s home.

By that time, the Ghost Infant had grown to resemble a child, capable of standing and walking.

But now... this was clearly the appearance of a young adult.

The cyan-black haze enveloped the entire floor; that was the Ghost Domain the Ghost Infant had been nurturing the last time they met, which back then was merely showing signs of its beginning, far from being a full-fledged Ghost Domain.

But now, it was very close to possessing its own Ghost Domain.

“If we let this Ghost Infant keep growing, we probably can’t stay in Dachang City anymore.”

Although Yang Jian had not intervened in the incident, the confirmation of the Ghost Infant’s growth rate sent chills down his spine.

The ghost was becoming more and more terrifying.

“Let’s leave this place.”

He spoke to Jiang Yan, who was hiding behind him, too scared to leave.

Now that he knew the identity of the ghost, there was no need to keep watching.

But at that moment.

“Rumble~!” Accompanied by the roaring sound of a car’s engine.

An armored military vehicle, full of power, charged out of the nearby intersection like a wild beast, ramming through a vehicle that was turning the corner and onto the pedestrian path at the crossroads, not slowing down as it barrelled towards Yang Jian.

Yang Jian’s footsteps halted, and one ghost eye opened directly.

A headless shadow appeared behind him, with a faint sensation of a forceless body trying to rise back up.

“Coming for me?”

He felt that the car was accurately targeting him.

Chapter 125: Confrontation

The military explosion-proof vehicle was incredibly powerful and sturdy; it could even withstand bullets.

On the road, it was only slightly less robust than a tank, and no ordinary truck could ram through it.

Yet, at this moment, the explosion-proof vehicle charged towards Yang Jian like a fierce beast. If it hit him, he would die on the spot; there wouldn't even be a need to go to the hospital.

However, just then.

The explosion-proof vehicle suddenly swerved, crashing into the roadside greenery with a loud bang, rolled right over it, and then screeched to an immediate halt.

“Bang~!”

The door opened, and out stepped a young man in uniform, his face somewhat gloomy.

The current International Ghost Controller from Dachang City.

Zhao Kaiming.

“Yang Jian, you sure have guts, not even dodging when the car was headed straight for you. If I hadn’t turned the steering wheel in time, you might have become the first ghost controller in history to be killed by a car, haha, I’m just kidding, you don’t mind, right?”

After getting out of the car, Zhao Kaiming didn’t bother with the accident behind him.

Instead, he walked straight towards Yang Jian.

“No worries, just hit me next time; I’m quite open-hearted, you know. Someone just praised me for this virtue. Why would I mind if you bumped me? After all, when a person dies, all grudges are let go.”

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, harboring hostility towards Zhao Kaiming.

Of course, Zhao Kaiming probably had the idea to get rid of Yang Jian since the Huanggang Village incident, after his failure to recruit him.

Not for any other reason.

But because Yang Jian’s existence threatened his position as a ghost controller.

“Haha, Yang Jian, congratulations on making it back alive from Huanggang Village. I said before that if you survived, I’d treat you to hot pot. So, when are you free?” Zhao Kaiming still said with a laugh.

But the smile revealed more of a cold and ruthless demeanor.

Yang Jian said, “I think I’ll be quite free on the day of your funeral. Please invite me then.”

“When speaking with an International Ghost Controller, you should learn to be a bit more polite.”

Zhao Kaiming’s previously smiling face suddenly turned grim, carrying a hint of threat and warning.

Yang Jian said, "It's because you're too polite that I don't feel the need to reciprocate. Your idea of politeness includes trying to run me over with a car, so a few words from me shouldn't be too much for you to handle, right?"

"If you're in the mood for a fight, I wouldn't mind either."

Zhao Kaiming's grim expression changed again as he smiled and said, "You're right, you're right. What I did just now was indeed not very nice, and I apologize for it."

"Look, I've apologized for the previous incident, so you should be able to grace me with your presence, right? How about the day after tomorrow? I'm off that day; I could treat you to hot pot. We really should talk things over and smooth out our past friction, as well as discuss Dachang City's public security issues. Being from out of town, I'm still not very clear about local matters,"

"and sometimes I might need to rely on a local like you. Otherwise, if something comes up that I can't handle and it destabilizes Dachang City's public order, then I might find it difficult to be responsible."

There was a double meaning in his words.

It was like he was using Dachang City's public security as leverage.

Yang Jian, unmoved, said, "I'm not free the day after tomorrow; you can go eat by yourself. And a simple apology for what just happened? If apologies worked, why would the country have criminal laws?"

"Then what do you want? Speak up and let's see if I can accommodate you. I really hope we can put our differences aside with a smile."

Zhao Kaiming spread his hands, feigning innocence.

"I've brought back a local specialty from Huanggang Village this time, which I think you'll like. If you don't mind, how about accepting it later?" Yang Jian said earnestly.

Hmm?

Suddenly.

Zhao Kaiming immediately sensed something; he noticed that the shadow at his feet had slowly risen to its feet.

This wasn't a shadow; it was... a ghost.

The next moment.

A pitch-black hand suddenly grabbed his ankle.

Cold, bone-chilling, as if seized by a corpse.

"Crack~!"

The following moment, a sound akin to blocks being assembled rang out, and one of his legs was immediately ripped off by that shadow, causing him to lose balance, staggering before tumbling down to the ground.

The headless shadow swiftly retracted, eventually vanishing under Yang Jian's feet, becoming his own reflection.

A leg then fell to the ground,

"Yang Jian..."

Zhao Kaiming became furious in an instant, his cold eyes glaring fixedly at him; "Do you wish to die?"

He never expected that Yang Jian would suddenly strike at him.

And to do so unapologetically using the power of a ghoul.

“Sorry, sorry, that just now wasn’t on us, no idea what happened, something seemed to be beyond my control, you really can’t blame me.”

Yang Jian also looked at him with an innocent expression: “How about this, I apologize to you, I’m truly sorry for what just happened, you should be able to forgive me, right?”

“I actually want to make up with you, let bygones be bygones, united and supportive.”

“I’m not free the day after tomorrow, but I am tomorrow, how about I treat you to a meal tomorrow? To clear up the misunderstanding?”

The words from before completely reversed.

The one at a disadvantage now was Zhao Kaiming, and the one apologizing was Yang Jian.

Forget past grievances with a smile?

Bullshit.

The one at a loss isn’t you.

Now, you try to let bygones be bygones with a smile, see if you, Zhao Kaiming, can still smile.

Of course, Zhao Kaiming couldn’t smile at this moment; his expression was dark and frightening.

This Yang Jian, he felt like he had become a different person since leaving Huanggang Village; the man before definitely wouldn't have dared to lay a hand on him.

"Not talking? If you don't talk, I'll take it as a rejection, and that's really a pity, I had sincere intentions, but it's okay, you're busy today, you go ahead. There will still be chances next time, after all, there's a long road ahead, right? Sometimes I'll have to ask you more about your insights on handling cases."

"I believe by then, Zhao the Ghost Controller won't skimp on your advice," Yang Jian said with a smile, very politely.

Zhao Kaiming braced himself on the nearby car to stand up, his expression exceptionally cold:
"Considering your actions today, have you thought about the consequences?"

"Consequences? Don't be naive, Zhao Kaiming."

Yang Jian walked over and whispered, "The reason I tolerated your provocation at my home wasn't because I was really afraid of you; it was because I wanted to deal with the situation in Huanggang Village and didn't want to waste time on you. Now that I've finished my business, if you want to keep fighting with me, I'm game. Let's see who dies first, you or me."

"Afraid you can't handle it," Zhao Kaiming said.

"I'm afraid you won't live to see it; better deal with what's in front of you first."

Yang Jian pointed at the building: "A Ghost Controller's power is great, but you have to be able to shoulder the responsibility that comes with it."

"Until we meet again."

After speaking, he got into an off-road Mercedes parked in the nearby parking lot and, along with Jiang Yan, quickly drove away.

Zhao Kaiming looked at the severed leg lying on the ground, his anger tempered with rationality.

“The Ghost Eye... Yang Jian? Has he tamed a second ghost?”

“Damn, I miscalculated.”