

Revival 141

Chapter 141: Separate

It was just a second.

Yang Jian appeared on a pedestrian walkway three kilometers from the KTV.

A red light flashed.

Three people materialized out of thin air.

Fortunately, there were few people on the streets at night, and nearby pedestrians didn't pay attention; otherwise, it would have caused a panic.

"That was a close call, just a false alarm, but I hope this way we can completely shake off that ghost. As for whether the others at the KTV will be unlucky enough to be haunted by that ghost, that's not something I can worry about anymore." Yang Jian thought to himself.

"Miao Xiaoshan, it's all right now."

Miao Xiaoshan was still shaken, looking around at the familiar scene.

It was the same when she left school, appearing in a different place in the blink of an eye.

With the experience from last time, she accepted it much quicker this time.

"Where, where is my cousin?" Miao Xiaoshan searched anxiously.

Yang Jian pointed towards the green belt: "Over there, I've already brought him out."

Seeing Shangguan Yun scared and paralyzed sitting there, though in a disgraceful state, at least he was alive and away from the mirror.

"Thank you, thank you, Yang Jian."

At that moment, she finally couldn't hold back and burst into tears in Yang Jian's arms.

Although she was a survivor of supernatural events, Miao Xiaoshan was after all a girl.

She hadn't grown as fast as Yang Jian, didn't have Zhang Wei's natural thick skin, and certainly couldn't compare to Zhao Lei's courage, daring to investigate supernatural events alone.

The fact that she survived, just like Wang Shanshan, was simply due to having slightly more luck than the other girls in her class.

So her heart was still very fragile, full of fear.

Seeing Miao Xiaoshan throwing herself into his arms, hugging him, and weeping, Yang Jian was stunned for a moment, not knowing how to comfort her, and just let her hold him that way.

"Thank you, Yang Jian, thank you." Miao Xiaoshan held on tightly, thanking him through her sobs.

"It's okay, no need to thank me, I just lent a hand casually." Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan continued to cry while holding onto him.

Passersby glanced curiously but didn't make a fuss, assuming it was just a lover's tiff, nothing unusual.

After a while, when Miao Xiaoshan's emotions stabilized a bit, she wiped the tears from her eyes, looked up and said, "Sorry, I've made your clothes dirty with my crying."

"It doesn't matter, letting out your emotions is a good thing. At least crying it out will make you feel a bit better." Yang Jian said, "I'm glad that you're hugging me and crying, not cuddling up to your cousin and crying."

"Would you be jealous if I cried hugging my cousin?" Miao Xiaoshan asked him, her voice tinged with melancholy.

Yang Jian said, "No, I'm afraid your cousin might think you're a ghost and get so scared that he runs onto the highway and gets hit by a car. Then my effort to save you would be for nothing, wouldn't it?"

"But looking at him now, even if he didn't die in the mirror, he will probably suffer a huge psychological shadow, especially when he sees your situation. So, stay away from your cousin from now on. Don't scare him suddenly. If he goes mad by accident, don't blame it on me."

"Now that you're safe, call your parents to pick you up. It's already late, so head back and rest early. This event is over. According to my estimation, that ghost shouldn't come for you again, but just to be on the safe side, you should still stay away from any mirror. If you can't avoid it, at least don't stand in front of it for too long."

"Okay, I'll listen to you." Miao Xiaoshan nodded.

"I'll go check if your cousin has been scared silly. He's been sitting there motionless since just now, which doesn't seem like a good sign." At this point, Yang Jian walked over and nudged the big cousin.

Shangguan Yun suddenly snapped back to reality, grabbing Yang Jian's hand in a panic, "Where, where did that ghost go? Where is it?"

"Who knows where it went, as long as it's not near us, that's enough. You haven't been scared silly, have you?"

Yang Jian patted his face and held up his middle finger, "What is this? Do you know?"

"One."

Shangguan Yun said, "But why would you specifically lift your middle finger?"

"It looks like you're quite normal, not scared silly. That's a relief to me."

Yang Jian said, "You better go home early if there's nothing wrong. Walking around at night is dangerous, especially for an unlucky person like you. Look at Zhang Wei, the chosen one, the lucky guy, he beat a ghost in rock-paper-scissors for an entire evening without even a tie."

"If he had tied even one round that night, the person entering the mirror wouldn't be you, but him."

Saying this, he marveled at the guy's incredible luck.

The ghost had already overlapped with Zhang Wei's shadow and even resembled Zhang Wei, except for the critical point of mimicking his movements.

The ghost must have been trying to imitate his actions, but would never have guessed that Zhang Wei would play rock-paper-scissors with a mirror.

And no one expected Zhang Wei to win all night long.

Unable to mimic the actions perfectly, the ghost couldn't replace Zhang Wei and enter the mirror.

So Zhang Wei was safe and sound.

"You mean, that was really a ghost just now? There really are ghosts in this world?" Shangguan Yun's fear had not faded as he asked.

Yang Jian smiled, "You already know very well, don't you? And you still ask me? Luckily this ghost was somewhat special, not the kind that indiscriminately kills people. Otherwise, not to mention rescuing you, it would have been a question whether the rest of us could leave alive."

"This time you encountered me, next time you're on your own. There are many supernatural events in this world, and what just happened was a trivial incident. I hope you don't encounter a major supernatural event; otherwise, it won't be so easy to escape."

Shangguan Yun was stunned, "This, this isn't just a coincidence? How come I've never heard of such things before?"

"Look at them, they don't know either." Yang Jian pointed at the passersby.

Got it~!

Shangguan Yun, as a grown man, instantly understood the meaning of Yang Jian's words.

He, like other ordinary people, was kept in the dark, and today he was just unlucky enough to come into contact with the supernatural events that you can never encounter in normal circumstances.

...

I was fortunate to have seen a real ghost.

"Yang Jian, my parents are here, I might have to go."

At this moment, Miao Xiaoshan walked over and hesitated before speaking.

Yang Jian patted Shangguan Yun's shoulder, "Take Miao Xiaoshan back with you. I hope there will be a chance to see you, my great cousin, in the future. It's a blessing to be safe and sound these days, cherish the opportunity to have survived."

"Thank, thank you," Shangguan Yun said.

"No need, just don't come to me if there's trouble next time," Yang Jian said with a smile, giving him an early heads-up.

"I understand, I caused you trouble this time," Shangguan Yun nodded.

At this time, a car had already stopped by the side of the road, and a middle-aged man stood by it calling out, "Xiao Shan, Shangguan Yun, aren't you leaving?"

"My father is urging me," Miao Xiaoshan said to Yang Jian.

"Then what are you waiting for? Go back," Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "I will be leaving Dachang City in a few days. Don't you have anything to say to me?"

"Nothing at all. Do you have anything to say to me?" Yang Jian asked in surprise.

Miao Xiaoshan struggled for a moment, her face suddenly reddening as she said, "For what happened today, thank you so much."

"How come you're saying thanks again?" Yang Jian said.

"Let me finish speaking. I've been admitted to college, and after four years of study, if by then you still don't have a girlfriend, I... I can be your girlfriend. If you have a girlfriend by then, just pretend I never said this," Miao Xiaoshan said, her face now even redder.

She said this and left quickly, turning around and walking away briskly.

Yang Jian touched his head, furrowing his brow.

What did Miao Xiaoshan mean by that?

Wait a minute... Oh my god, in Miao Xiaoshan's eyes, am I really such a pathetic person that I can't find a girlfriend in four years and have to settle for what's nearby?

Fortune can change in thirty years; don't mock a young man for not having a girlfriend.

I must prove to Miao Xiaoshan that I can do it.

He made a commitment to himself.

Soon

Yang Jian hailed a taxi and prepared to head back.

But at this time, in the restroom of that KTV from before.

The once empty restroom mirror once again showed a figure.

This time, however, the figure no longer resembled Miao Xiaoshan but had reverted back to Zhang Wei's appearance.

In the mirror, it turned and walked towards the depths of the glass, gradually disappearing, and then vanished completely into the pitch-black darkness around the restroom's corner.

Afterward, in which mirror will it appear again?

No one would know.

But to come out of the mirror, it definitely needs to find a person standing in front of a mirror as a replacement.

In the entire Dachang City, anyone standing in front of a mirror could potentially become the target of this ghost.

"Damn, where is this? I'm lost."

After running out of the KTV, Zhang Wei wandered aimlessly, clueless about which alley he ended up in.

"Brother Tui, you can't blame me for abandoning you. I'm really lost. I can't help you with the ghost, and going there would just make me a useless fish, not even having a chance to shout '666'."

"Boss, maybe?"

At that moment, a woman in a strappy dress and heavy makeup suddenly called out.

Zhang Wei looked left and right and asked, "Are you talking to me?"

The woman laughed, "You're joking, boss. It's just you here, of course I'm talking to you."

"...Legit?" Zhang Wei asked.

"Of course it's legit, this is the most legitimate place."

Zhang Wei said, "The normal ones I don't go to. Who the hell goes to legit places?"

"Boss, don't go, we're not legit here, not legit," the woman called after him, holding on to Zhang Wei.

"You should've said it's not legit earlier. What do you all have here?" Zhang Wei asked in a low voice.

"We have everything here," the woman said again.

Zhang Wei said, "You have everything, that impressive?"

"Sure, of course we do," she replied.

While laughing, the woman pulled Zhang Wei inside with her.

Zhang Wei said, "I don't mind if it's a bit pricey, but let me make it clear, I have high standards for hardware. The tactile feeling and hand-feel must be good, and the sound has to be clear and three-dimensional. Especially important is to hear footsteps clearly."

"Right, and absolutely no smoking," Zhang Wei added.

"If you don't smoke, no one will smoke here, we only have private rooms."

"That's good then."

...

Chapter 142: The Arrest of Zhang Wei

"The number of ghosts in Dachang City is increasing, and this is not a good sign. My previous guesses were indeed not wrong; we're probably in the peak period of a surge in psychic events. As Zhou Zheng said, if we can't think of an effective way to resolve these events in the future, humanity might not have a future."

Yang Jian took the elevator to return to Jiang Yan's apartment.

Gazing at the dim and silent hallway.

Even though he knew there were no ghosts in this building, once he entered the dark environment, he couldn't help but tense up involuntarily.

It had become a subconscious reflex.

He knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" came Jiang Yan's voice from inside.

"It's me, Yang Jian."

There was a rush of footsteps from inside, and Jiang Yan hurried to open the door. She had just taken a shower, her body wrapped in a towel, a hairdryer in her hand, her hair still damp, a delicate blush on her beautiful face, looking exceptionally enticing.

However, when she saw Yang Jian, her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"You came at the right time, I have some great news for you."

As she spoke, she hugged Yang Jian's arm, laughing as she pulled him into the apartment.

"What great news?" Yang Jian asked.

"Five days, it only took five days, but I've spent a full four billion, four billion! I've never seen so much money in my life, and I could never have dreamed that one day I'd be able to spend so much in such a short period. You should have seen those managers and owners today; they were so respectful toward me, almost ready to worship me like a bodhisattva."

Jiang Yan continued to buzz with excitement while talking about the events of the day.

Just thinking about how the employees and managers of those companies looked at her filled her with satisfaction.

“So you mean to say you’ve turned the four billion into gold?” Yang Jian said.

“Of course, you can trust my work. Cash payment against gold delivery, I’ve been running around almost all the big banks and gold dealers in Dachang City for the past few days, even traveling out of town several times, and finally concluded the last transaction today. Four billion worth of real gold, look, it’s all here.”

She pointed to several large boxes on the floor.

“A full four hundred kilograms; but gold is really expensive now, it has risen to one thousand, and it seems like I’m not the only one buying.”

Four hundred kilograms sounds like a lot.

In reality, laid out before you, it’s not that much.

Yang Jian opened a box; inside, gold bars were neatly arranged.

He casually picked up a gold bar.

Cold and heavy, smooth as a mirror that reflected his face, but blurred, as if obscured by something.

In his eyes, these were not cash but a necessary resource. When dealing with fierce ghosts, gold was indispensable.

“If you become an international ghost master, you have a quota of one hundred kilograms of gold. Now it seems, this benefit is pretty good, at least a billion in disposable funds. In the future, this stuff is

definitely going to get more expensive, may even become regulated. Then, trying to buy gold with such big amounts of money will be almost impossible.”

Once the psychic events spread and cause global fear,

who would still sell gold?

People all over the world would be scrambling to buy it.

By then, it might be too late, as the supply could completely dry up.

“You’d better not contact those clients of yours anymore in the future,” Yang Jian said.

“Why?” Jiang Yan asked.

Yang Jian said, “You’ve bought so much stock from them. If the price of gold goes crazy, they might regret it to the point of wanting to kill someone, especially a big boss like you; you’d be at the forefront.”

“Don’t talk like that, with you around, who would dare to bully me? You’re the guy who can even control ghosts, the future big shot of Dachang City. From now on, we’ll be the ones bullying others, no one will dare to bully us.”

Jiang Yan’s eyes still shimmered with excitement. She walked over to Yang Jian, stretched out her fair arms, and wrapped them around his neck, saying, “I’ve been so happy these past few days, it’s been like living in a dream. I used to be just a little accountant, earning a salary of ten or twenty thousand and feeling proud of it. Compared to now, it was like heaven and earth.”

“Driving a Benz worth millions, spending billions, thank you for making all my previous fantasies come true. Do you know what I want to do the most right now?”

“You must be thinking I’m asking for my salary, you’re doing a great job with that. I’ll give you a bonus of five million. Keep working hard for me in the future. I can’t promise other things, but at least I won’t default on your salary.”

Jiang Yan gave him a charming glare, “Silly, today I must enlighten you, so you stop acting like a child all the time.”

After she spoke, she tiptoed and her lips eagerly pressed forward.

“You want to do what?” Yang Jian’s eyes widened.

“Remove the last two words,” Jiang Yan licked her lips and threw him a flirty glance.

Yang Jian’s eyes widened, “Auntie, you aren’t planning on doing something to a child, are you?”

Auntie?

Jiang Yan’s mouth twitched fiercely.

“Even if you call me ‘auntie,’ I’ve settled on you today. Don’t think about deceiving me anymore; I’ve already taken my bath.”

Her exquisite face drew closer again,

But before she could kiss the young man, a palm covered her face, and a dunk came crashing down.

“Pah, pah, pah~!”

Jiang Yan spat out her own hair from her mouth, somewhat crazed, “What are you doing, are you even a man? Don’t you have any feelings for me? I took the initiative, and you respond with a dunk? So what if you’re tall, I’ll get a stool to stand on.”

“Sorry, being tall is a big deal, and you, a woman who’s always thinking about dirty things, aren’t even considering the current situation,” Yang Jian pointed behind him.

At that moment, Jiang Yan’s eyes narrowed.

Without knowing when, a black shadow had risen behind Yang Jian, standing upright like a person, emitting a chilling aura, and on this person’s neck...there was no head.

“This, this is...a ghost?” Jiang Yan shivered.

She recognized this ghost.

The Headless Ghost Shadow from the shopping mall.

It killed dozens of people at the mall, turning almost everyone there into zombies.

“Of course, it’s a ghost,” Yang Jian’s eyes narrowed.

The Headless Ghost Shadow, with several spots glowing red, gradually sank into the ground, once again becoming his shadow.

“After I controlled the first ghost, I would be paralyzed for two or three hours every day, which affected my mental state. Even the most beautiful women in front of me were just walking corpses, killing them brought no psychological burden,” Yang Jian touched her delicate neck, his eyes flickering red.

“After controlling two ghosts, my paralysis was healed, my mental state partly recovered, and my body gradually became more like a normal person’s. But every day, I must devote a portion of my attention to suppress the second ghost. If I’m not careful, it’ll be like what just happened... that ghost is out of my control, and it might even kill me at any moment.”

“Clinging to me is very dangerous, do you understand?”

Jiang Yan's body trembled slightly as she cautiously leaned into Yang Jian's arms, "Then...you must live a very tiring life, right?"

Yang Jian paused, then said, "That's the price. There's no such thing as a free lunch in this world. I've advised you to stay away from me, but you keep clinging. You make it difficult for me."

Jiang Yan replied somewhat aggrieved, "What can I do? I'm happy today and can't control myself. Besides, I know you won't hurt me, and I don't want to leave you. Jobs are hard to find nowadays; which boss is as generous as you?"

"So what are you after, the money or your life?" Yang Jian asked.

"Of course, it's my life."

"That's right."

Jiang Yan said again, "But a poor life is no good, even if I had it; I can't live the life I want, I might as well be dead."

"..."

"Suit yourself. If you want to continue working for me, I won't refuse. I do need someone to run some errands for me. Tidy up your things these next few days," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan lifted her head, "What happened?"

"Moving," Yang Jian said.

"Dachang City is becoming increasingly dangerous. I was lucky when I went out today; I encountered a Ghost Shadow. I feel like there are more and more ghosts in the city. The more people there are, the higher the chance of triggering supernatural events. I'm planning to buy a house in the suburbs. My

mom is also coming back from out of town, probably in a few days. Oh, and I need another car. I'll transfer ten million to you later, use five million to buy two cars. One must be a pickup, cheap is fine; I'm worried I might need to transport a coffin or something."

"The other car doesn't need to be anything special, just fast. Don't buy a sports car. I'm not comfortable in those; they're too low and the visibility is poor."

"I'll make a call to check on the construction site of my classmate's father."

Saying this, Yang Jian picked up his phone and dialed Zhang Wei's number.

"Don't worry, spending money is what I do best."

Jiang Yan got excited again and, taking advantage of Yang Jian dialing, she tiptoed and kissed him.

"Hmm? What are you doing?" Yang Jian widened his eyes and looked at her.

Jiang Yan's cheeks turned red as she said, "I didn't do anything, just gave you a kiss. It's a perfectly normal greeting in other countries."

"What's normal about that? You even stuck your tongue in. Is that how it's done overseas?" Yang Jian asked.

"No," Jiang Yan said, turning her head away in embarrassment.

Yang Jian exclaimed, "You actually have the nerve to deny it. You not only stuck your tongue in, but you also spit in my mouth. You think I didn't know? That's disgusting. I need to brush my teeth."

After saying that, he spat twice and wiped his mouth.

"It serves you right for being so rich and still single."

Jiang Yan, infuriated, her chest heaving, bit her lip and turned her head away, leaving.

I'm not playing with you anymore; I'm going to snatch a bed and go to sleep.

"Yang Jian, how are things on your end? Have you settled it yet? Is Big Cousin dead? If he is, I'll give Miao Xiaoshan a condolence envelope. How much do you think is appropriate? Is four hundred too little? What about forty thousand? If it's too small, wouldn't it undermine my image as a rich second generation?" Zhang Wei's voice came from the phone.

"You've been too concerned; they didn't die. I took them away with me. I wanted to ask you something."

Before he could finish, Zhang Wei suddenly blurted out, "Damn it, get the hell away, go to your mother, I'll kick you to death."

"What's happening over there? You're not fighting with someone again, are you? If that's the case, start a video call quickly; I want to see how you get beaten up," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei sneered, "I always do the beating; no one can beat me. Just now, an old lady came in and started undressing, then tried to take off my pants. She was probably here to rob me, considering I have a lot of valuable things in my pocket. But it's fine now; I just kicked her flying. Man, that felt good. I'll send you a photo later."

"But what's with women nowadays? No class at all. With their own two hands and feet, why don't they do something decent instead of trying to rob people?"

Yang Jian said, "You're absolutely right. Women are truly inexplicable nowadays. Just now, an old lady spit in my mouth."

"Damn, that's disgusting. I didn't expect you to be worse off than me. That woman truly deserves to be hacked to pieces. I sincerely sympathize with your plight. Oh right, what did Brother Tui want with me earlier?" Zhang Wei asked.

"I wanted to ask if your dad's house is ready. I'm thinking of buying it and moving there. The city is too dangerous," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei replied, "It's built, but it's not selling well. Maybe you should consider something else?"

"What happened?"

"Several workers have gone missing. I think it's mostly ghost-related. With such a big construction site, over a hundred buildings, and having dug up who knows what graves or filled in ponds, it wouldn't surprise me if a ghost or two showed up," Zhang Wei said.

"But you, Brother Tui, definitely aren't afraid. Do you have time tomorrow? I could take you to have a look. Those real estate developers working with my dad are damn disgusting. Remember to figure out a way to blackmail them good when the time comes, make a few dozen buildings off them. It might not be useful, but it will feel damn good."

"Bang~!"

Before Yang Jian could speak, a sudden crashing noise came through from the other end of the phone.

"Routine check," a voice sounded.

Zhang Wei said joyfully, "Brother, you guys came at the perfect time. I was just about to report a crime. Just now, this stinking bitch actually tried to rob me. She came up and started taking off my pants, but thank goodness I reacted in time and kicked her away. Quickly take her away; lock her up for a few months to let her reflect. Women these days really need to be disciplined."

"Sit still, don't move, put your hands on your head. What are you doing here?"

"Playing chicken," he replied.

“Take him away.”

Zhang Wei struggled, “Brother, you’ve got the wrong person, the wrong one. Damn, this is for real. I’m innocent; I’m an adult, not breaking any laws.”

“In all these years, you’re the first to sound so righteous. Take him away,” said another voice.

“Brother Tui, save me, Brother Tui, save me!”

“Beep beep...”

Yang Jian frowned as he listened to the busy tone on the phone.

What kind of mess was Zhang Wei getting himself into now, getting arrested like that?

“Forget it, I’ll ask Team Liu tomorrow. Anyway, he’s been taken away, so nothing bad will happen. It’s not like he’s encountered a ghost.”

He wasn’t worried about the situation at all.

Just as he was about to go to bed, he saw Jiang Yan had already taken her position, deliberately spreading her arms and legs to leave no space for him, barely leaving room to lie on his side.

That was the spot where she often slept.

“If you don’t want to sleep beside me, then make a bed on the floor,” said Jiang Yan as she opened her eyes, looking quite pleased with herself.

“I am your boss, and this is how you treat me?” said Yang Jian.

"I am your only employee, and also a woman. Shouldn't you take extra care of me?" Jiang Yan said.

"I almost forgot you were a woman," Yang Jian walked over and flipped back the bedding.

"What do you think you're doing?" Jiang Yan instinctively covered her chest, starting to get nervous.

Yang Jian loomed over her, "Remove the last two words."

Jiang Yan's cheeks instantly flushed, "You've changed your mind?"

"What if, by accident, you get pregnant? Shouldn't we use some protection?" Yang Jian said, touching her soft cheek.

"Then you go buy it," she said and pushed his chest, her face blushing.

"I am a man, why should I care about that? We'll have to have children sooner or later anyway," said Yang Jian.

Jiang Yan thought for a moment, then her face turned red as she quickly got up from the bed, "Wait for me, I'll be right back."

"Bang~!"

The door closed quickly behind her.

Her hurried footsteps echoed in the stairway.

"Heh, women, trying to compete with me. My intelligence could crush you down ten streets," Yang Jian said with a satisfied smile before sprawling on the bed.

Time to sleep.

Chapter 143: Revival of Blood

“Drip, drip~!”

The quiet night was silent.

But at some point, a clear dripping sound began to echo around.

The sound wasn't coming from the bathroom but was emanating from the ceiling of the apartment building.

“Drip~!”

Another droplet sounded.

The noise started near the head of Yang Jian's bed, where he was asleep.

The air was thick with a pungent smell of blood.

What was dripping from the ceiling wasn't water but bright red blood.

The blood seeped through cracks in the rooftop, infiltrating everywhere, and the quantity was gradually increasing.

Soon, the entire ceiling was soaked in blood, a crimson expanse.

Within the blood on the ceiling, one could discern the outline of a person with an open mouth, the blurry features contorted in agony, struggling as though it were an Evil Ghost tortured and wailing, screaming, but all of it was eerily silent, with not a single sound being emitted.

At that moment.

Yang Jian suddenly opened his eyes.

He hadn't been fully asleep but was in a state of semi-consciousness, extra sensitive to changes in his surroundings.

"An illusion?"

Upon opening his eyes, he saw nothing out of the ordinary in the room.

There were no droplets on the ceiling, let alone bright red blood.

The events that had transpired seemed like an illusion, as if they had never existed at all.

"No, it's not an illusion." Yang Jian suddenly caught sight of a drop of bright red blood staining his pillow red next to him.

The blood was rich and thick.

It had a distinctive stench, as if it were already rotting.

After thinking for a moment, Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, and he immediately sat up, got out of bed, dressed, and left the apartment.

As soon as he stepped outside.

The corridor was marked with trails of crimson footprints, made of congealed blood, as if someone had been there before, and at the door of the apartment, the bloody footprints were particularly chaotic and dense.

That person must have lingered at the door previously.

Yang Jian immediately followed the bloody footprints.

He went down the stairs and exited the apartment building.

The last of the footprints led to a bench beside a green belt within the residential area, stopping there.

In the dim light, the silhouette of a person seemed to be seated, waiting for Yang Jian's arrival.

"Yan Li?" Yang Jian tentatively called out.

This blood was not left by an ordinary ghost but by the Ghost Blood from Yan Li's body.

He was aware of this.

So he wasn't panicked.

"Yang Jian, this is probably the last time we'll meet. I don't have much time left, and I wanted to say goodbye and talk to you one last time."

Yan Li was wrapped in a trench coat, wearing a hat, making it impossible to see his face clearly.

But on him, the blood flowed incessantly like water from an open faucet, staining the ground around him, unable to disperse.

"It's been a while since I've seen you, and your situation seems dire."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly as he approached cautiously.

Yan Li said, "You better not get too close to me. The ghost inside me has revived, and I don't know how long my consciousness will last. It's dangerous for you to approach me."

Yang Jian's heart grew cold; indeed, Yan Li was on the verge of a resurgence.

Through the streetlight nearby, he could faintly see that Yan Li's face no longer existed, only a mass of blood outlining his shape.

He couldn't be considered human anymore.

"What do you want to tell me?" asked Yang Jian.

Yan Li said, "People from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club are targeting you. The incident in Huanggang Village has angered them, and they plan to kill you because your existence threatens many. If possible, it's best if you leave Dachang City and live elsewhere."

"Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, huh? If they want to deal with me, let them come. Leaving Dachang City is not an option. If I leave here for another city and then someone in that city threatens me to leave, where can I go?"

Yang Jian's lips curled into a cold smile. "If they really want to deal with me, then I'll just resolve the people from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club. I'm already in this state; what more is there to be afraid of?"

"There's one more thing, the box you gave me was stolen by people from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club."

Yan Li said, "I'm sorry, I owe you a debt I'm afraid I'll never be able to repay."

"Is that so? No worries, I'll handle it," said Yang Jian.

He didn't mention that the box was a fake, swapped by himself.

"I have one last request of you," Yan Li added.

"Let's hear it," said Yang Jian. "If it's too difficult, I might not be able to help."

"I don't think leaving my wife and children in Dachang City is a good choice. I want you to tell them for me, ask them to go back to their hometown," Yan Li said.

Yang Jian replied, "You can tell them yourself. A phone call or something like that should still be within your capabilities, right?"

"I've been targeted by people from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club. I haven't contacted my family for several days. No one else knows my family's address except you. I don't want to expose it, especially now that I'm about to die," Yan Li said, his tone revealing a profound sense of helplessness and reluctance.

"Fine, I'll personally notify your family."

"Thank you," Yan Li said. "The time is almost up; I need to go."

"Where are you going?"

Yan Li replied, "I'll find a deserted place to die. I absolutely can't resurrect within Dachang City. If that Evil Ghost appears here, you won't be able to handle it."

After speaking, he stood up and then got into a sports car parked nearby.

The car started.

Without any hesitation, he floored the accelerator.

The sports car quickly surged past a hundred miles per hour, accelerating even more, and eventually disappeared at top speed into an intersection, heading in what seemed to be the north. He intended to leave the city from the north side, to get onto the highway and away from the urban area.

"Another ghost controller has died," Yang Jian murmured as he watched Yan Li drive away. His gaze shifted slightly and he felt a complex mix of emotions.

He had come to say goodbye this time.

Yan Li's condition was clearly so severe that he could no longer suppress the Evil Ghost, and even without wielding the Ghost's power, the Ghost itself was about to emerge.

"If you had come with me to Huanggang Village initially, perhaps you wouldn't have ended up like this," Yang Jian thought to himself.

But then he slightly shook his head.

Perhaps he would have died even faster in Huanggang Village, since only Zhang Han and he himself survived from that group.

The roar of the car engine filled the air.

The roads were sparsely populated in the early morning.

Yan Li's car sped up to over two hundred miles per hour, running red lights and weaving through traffic, racing out of the city as fast as possible.

The surroundings blitzed by in a mad reverse.

At that speed, even a minor collision meant certain destruction and death.

But he felt not a trace of fear.

Because he was already dead.

He was merely holding onto some semblance of consciousness.

So he just kept pressing the accelerator to the floor, going as far as possible. If by bad luck he got into an accident, it wouldn't matter to Yan Li.

After all, he had tried his best, and there was nothing he could do if the Ghost inside him appeared in the city.

It seemed that fate still favored him somewhat.

He encountered no mishaps along the way but managed to get onto the highway smoothly and left the urban area.

The car continued its mad dash, speeding along.

Now away from the city, he tried his best to move as far from the urban areas as possible. If he could, it would be best to find an uninhabited field or mountainous area.

Perhaps sensing his impending death,

Despite trying to resist contacting his family, Yan Li couldn't help himself and picked up the phone on the passenger seat.

His hand no longer bore any trace of flesh; it was just a shapeless mass wrapped in blood.

But just as he was about to dial,

His entire arm suddenly melted into a thick pool of blood and splattered onto the seat.

“Time’s up,” a thought flashed through Yan Li’s mind.

It wasn’t just the arm.

His legs, torso, and head all began to melt.

The blood formed nearly filled the interior of the car.

The sports car went out of control, charging off the highway, and after a brief sprint through a field, it started to roll over.

The car began to break apart,

and finally came to a stop at the bottom of a depression.

The car emitted thick smoke, which faded before it could ignite.

The rich blood, like a spring bursting forth, began to gush out from inside the car, increasing in volume until it submerged the crashed vehicle... Even so, the outpour of blood did not cease, and in less than half an hour, it filled the muddy pit, forming a Blood Pool.

As time passed, the Blood Pool gradually expanded, becoming a crimson pond.

After an indeterminate amount of time,

a grisly, bloodstained arm extended out from the Blood Pool.

A humanoid silhouette, in a bizarre posture, slowly climbed out from the bloody depths.

It did not head towards the nearby Dachang City, but towards the closest village instead.

A bloody trail lingered across the fields, stretching onward...

Chapter 144: Cruel Reality

Yan Li's death served as a wakeup call for Yang Jian.

He had a vague sense that the incident in Huanggang Village was far from over, and the ensuing consequences seemed to be affecting him.

Yet he was still in the dark, without any forewarning whatsoever.

"Yan Li definitely did not simply die from the Evil Ghost's revival; even if he were to die, he certainly wouldn't have died this quickly," Yang Jian thought as he drove, his mind starting to ponder.

He felt that Yan Li had at least half a month left before the Evil Ghost's revival.

But now, the time of the Evil Ghost's revival had been moved up.

In other words, Yan Li had used the power of the Evil Ghost.

Knowing that he was on the verge of revival, yet still using the power of the Evil Ghost, there could be only one possibility.

He had encountered other ghost controllers.

Or perhaps someone deliberately provoked him into using the power of the Evil Ghost, forcing him to die from its revival.

“First, go to his house to inform his family to evacuate, then investigate Yan Li’s cause of death. If it’s a normal death due to the Evil Ghost’s revival then all is well, but if not... then as Yan Li said, someone is coming for me,” Yang Jian’s expression became grave.

In the eyes of Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, Yan Li was their guide.

His death was a dangerous signal for Yang Jian.

The car entered a residential area.

Yan Li was very thorough in protecting his family; to avoid involving them in his affairs, he even rarely visited his wife and children here.

Even on the brink of death, he hesitated to make that last phone call, out of this concern.

“This is the place.”

Yang Jian stopped his car, looking at the villa in front of him.

The courtyard gate was open, the main door was firmly locked, the yard was covered with fallen leaves scattered about, indicating that no one had taken care of it for several days. Moreover, there was not a single sound coming from inside.

“I remember Yan Li has a wife and two lively kids, a boy and a girl. Could it be that they’ve already moved out?” he wondered.

A twinge of doubt crossed his mind, but as he walked into the yard and approached the front door ready to knock, his movements suddenly froze.

Through the crack of the door, a faint and indistinct smell drifted out from inside the villa.

This was... the stench of a decaying corpse.

Having dealt with paranormal incidents numerous times, Yang Jian was very familiar with this odor.

“Something’s wrong,”

he realized the severity of the situation almost immediately.

He took a look and then took out his Gold baton, smashing the nearby glass and forcibly breaking into the villa.

All the lights inside were off, and the air, due to a lack of circulation, was murky and stale; the stench of decaying flesh was even more pungent, to the point of inducing nausea.

Yang Jian had to cover his nose.

“The windows were deliberately locked from the inside, and the power supply was turned off,”

he noted as he tried to switch on the lights.

However, after flicking the switch, there was no response from the lights. Looking at the windows, not only were all of them tightly closed, the curtains were also drawn... With this setup, even during daylight, the interior was completely dark.

Yang Jian opened all the curtains and windows to let the sunlight in and the air circulate, attempting to dissipate the foul stench.

But it was to no avail.

The source of the stench was inside the house; simply airing out some of the smell was hopeless.

“Someone has definitely died here, and the body is still inside the house. Otherwise, the smell wouldn’t be so intense,”

he thought to himself, a bad premonition wells up in his heart.

With this ominous feeling, Yang Jian moved towards the living room of the villa.

The scene before him immediately caused his pupils to shrink.

From the exquisite crystal chandelier in the living room hung three bodies: an adult woman and two children. They had been dead for several days, their bodies already in the throes of decay.

With the windows open, the air circulating...

It was without a doubt.

These were Yan Li’s family members: his wife and two children.

Just ten days ago, Yang Jian had been here.

At that time, Yan Li’s wife was with their two vivacious children, living carefree and contentedly, with all the pain and agony borne by Yan Li alone.

But now... Becoming a ghost controller, even having to maintain his family in the face of death from the Evil Ghost's revival, Yan Li's family had collapsed without his knowledge, to the extent that before his death, Yan Li was still worried about their safety, asking Yang Jian to inform them to leave Dachang City.

Little did he know, Yan Li's family had long been dead.

"Looking at the state of decay, Yan Li's wife and children must've been dead for at least five days, and Yan Li had reached his limit and started the Evil Ghost's revival yesterday. This means someone killed his family first, then found him and forced him to die from the Evil Ghost's revival. This was a prepared plan, to eradicate Yan Li and his entire family,"

Yang Jian sat down on the couch, staring at the three bodies hanging from the chandelier in front of him.

“

He frowned and began to think.

Who could have such a planned intent to kill Yan Li and his family of three and then kill Yan Li himself, and what was the purpose?

Yan Li was already not long for this world, dying at the hands of the vengeful Evil Ghost was just a matter of time, so why couldn't some people wait?

Was it to rob the box Yan Li held in his hand?

Or had Yan Li offended someone outside, and they were the victims of a vendetta?

Or was it... something else entirely.

But, no matter which way you sliced it, these methods were quite cruel.

“No, cruelty doesn’t mean much to people like us. Those who control Evil Ghosts lose some of their humanity. If it were me, my methods might not be any less harsh,” he mused.

Yang Jian’s gaze shifted slightly, “In the fight of life and death, there is no choice. Now it’s Yan Li, next time it could be me, and my family might be the ones hanging and left to decay.”

So, it was imperative to get to the bottom of this matter. The debt of Yan Li’s family’s murder had to be avenged.

Certain people had to die.

With this thought, Yang Jian’s face turned cold, his body exuding a chilling aura as he promptly stood up and turned to leave the place.

The three rotting corpses continued to dangle from the lamp, gently swaying.

The foul stench spread, gradually creeping outside the house.

He didn’t need to deal with it, as the situation here would soon become known, it wouldn’t be long before someone reported it, and naturally people would come to clean up the bodies and notify their relatives.

“The death of Yan Li’s family must be related to Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club. He had warned me before to be wary of people from the club, saying there was someone in the club who wanted me dead... These two things must be related, so I’ll head to Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club first to clarify things,” he decided.

After leaving the place, Yang Jian immediately drove to the club’s location.

It wasn’t just about avenging Yan Li and his family,

It was also for his own future safety.

Doing nothing might mean it's too late when the crisis hits.

The method of the killer was obvious: murdering an entire family, ruthless without giving any chance of survival.

Such things should not happen again.

Yang Jian would never allow such an event to happen to himself.

The vehicle sped along, and before long, he arrived at a private estate in Dachang City.

This was the stronghold of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club.

Yang Jian had been here before, so he was fairly acquainted with the place.

"Please stop, sir. This is a private club, and we typically don't allow strangers to enter without a pass," said a voice.

As soon as he stepped off the car into the grounds, two muscular bodyguards in black clothes stopped Yang Jian.

"The Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club has now started requiring entry cards?" Yang Jian said, "I'm here to see Wang Xiaoqiang. It'd be best if you just let me through. Don't make it difficult for me, and I won't make it difficult for you."

"I'm sorry, but if sir does not have a pass, we won't allow you to enter," one of the bodyguards said earnestly.

Yang Jian asked, "No room for negotiation? What if I slip you some cash?"

"We are professionals and must be responsible to our employer. Even if you offer us a bribe, without a pass, we cannot let you enter. If sir attempts to force his way through, we will have to evict you by force. Please understand," the bodyguard replied, blocking Yang Jian's way.

"More politeness is pointless, just don't waste my time, we're all busy people."

Yang Jian pulled out his gun and pointed it at the bodyguard in front of him, "Move aside, or I blow your brains out. Your choice."

"Stay calm, sir, please stay calm," urged the other bodyguard, attempting to calm Yang Jian down.

The bodyguard with the gun to his head maintained a tense expression but did not exhibit fear or panic, clearly the sign of a professionally trained individual.

Yang Jian said, "From this close, you professional bodyguards won't try to disarm me, will you? Just don't force me to act, or both of you will end up dead."

As he spoke, a sinister black shadow ominously rose behind him.

A Ghost Controller?

The two bodyguards suddenly stiffened, instinctively taking several steps back.

They indeed considered seizing Yang Jian's gun; after all, he hadn't even removed the safety.

But with the arrival of this ominous individual, the circumstances changed.

The gun was no longer the deadliest weapon present—that thing was.

"Please come in, sir. President Wang is currently in a meeting," the bodyguard conceded, no longer daring to block the way and stepping aside.

“Remember my face for next time. If this happens again, I won’t be so amiable,” Yang Jian said, putting away the gun.

Bullets that cost ten thousand apiece—definitely not something to waste carelessly.

And besides, there was no need for conflict with personnel not of immediate concern, not when the threat of force was sufficient.

“

Chapter 145: Meeting Arrangement

At this moment, inside the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club.

In the meeting room on the fourth floor.

A huge metal table was situated here, large enough to seat thirty people, but right now, only about a dozen were gathered, seemingly discussing something.

“It has been confirmed that Yan Li died due to a vengeful ghost’s resurgence. The incident occurred fifty miles outside Dachang City, next to a stretch of highway. This is the satellite image; you can take a look.” Wang Xiaoqiang, chairing the meeting, wore a suit and tie, exuding the composure and sophistication of a successful businessman.

Beneath the projection, a satellite image was displayed.

It was the exact location of Yan Li’s accident.

There, a pool had formed, filled with converging blood.

“As you can all see from the images above, Ghost Blood has begun to spread uncontrollably after leaving his body. In just less than a day, it has already expanded to cover a shocking two thousand square meters, with a depth of at least two meters. This rate of growth is horrifying, and what’s more, the amount of Ghost Blood is still increasing—there’s no sign of it stopping as of now.”

Wang Xiaoqiang frowned and said, “Perhaps we should be relieved that he didn’t die in Dachang City. Otherwise, his Ghost Blood would have followed the underground pipes, infiltrated the water supply, and flowed into thousands of homes, plunging the entire city into paralysis because of this one ghost.”

“However, the reason I’ve called for this meeting today is not only to discuss Yan Li’s death but also to talk about He Sheng, Zhang Yiming, Ye Jun, and Ouyang Tian—their four deaths.”

“In just about ten days, the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club has lost a total of five members, an unprecedented situation since the club’s establishment. Such a significant loss is all due to one person.”

The projection flickered.

The photo of Yang Jian appeared in front of everyone,

“This is the newcomer. Some may already recognize him, but most do not, as he has visited the club only once and has not yet decided to join.”

Wang Xiaoqiang continued, “You’ve all seen the basic profile of Yang Jian. His background is simple, a senior high school student, an ordinary person who accidentally became a Ghost Rider.”

“Like other young people with special abilities, it’s hard not to become arrogant.”

“He shot Ye Jun in public at the club, caused the deaths of four Ghost Riders during the incident in Huanggang Village, and after returning, he got into a conflict with the current international Ghost Rider Zhao Kaiming. I heard Zhao Kaiming lost a leg to him and has become a cripple, unable to reattach the severed limb.”

At this point, Wang Xiaoqiang knocked on the table and said, "I now have enough evidence to assert that this Yang Jian has disrupted the peace of Dachang City. His reckless behavior is comparable to a supernatural event, and what's worse, it's an uncontrollable and expanding threat."

"Therefore, as the chairman of the club, I propose the elimination of Yang Jian. All in favor, and all opposed, please speak."

Upon uttering these words, the dozen or so people present fell silent.

Most of these individuals were not Ghost Riders; they had joined the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club merely for business and to make money.

Hence, it didn't matter who they dealt with, as long as the money was right.

"I've heard about Yang Jian. He's very capable, surviving several supernatural events, even resolving the Huanggang Village incident. Such a person is certainly not as simple as he seems. Without necessary conflict or disputes, I disagree with provoking a clash with a Ghost Rider. The real threat is the increasing supernatural incidents, not some individual- personal grudges."

A middle-aged man at the table spoke out.

Wang Xiaoqiang's expression darkened, "President Ma, are you suggesting it doesn't matter if the club is destroyed by this Yang Jian?"

The middle-aged man, known as President Ma, took a drag on his cigarette and said, "I funded the club without reservation because I wanted some assurance for my family and my company. In other words, I was buying insurance from the club with money. Indeed, the club has performed well by resolving several supernatural incidents and safeguarding some shareholders' safety."

"It would be good if this could continue, but rules are rules. You may be the chairman of the club, but using the club's power to kill another Ghost Rider without reason clearly goes against the original purpose of the club's establishment."

"I'm not aware of what happened with the Huanggang Village incident, nor do I want to know. Nonetheless, I oppose this matter."

"President Ma, your words are somewhat improper. The club's substantial loss is also our loss. Yang Jian is indeed a threat. He neither joins our club nor the international Ghost Riders, trying to play both sides, going whichever way the wind blows. What's the use in keeping someone like that? Should we still yield to such a person if conflicts of interest arise in the future?" another person at the meeting said.

President Ma glanced over and responded, "Ghosts don't take revenge on humans of their own accord; if they can't overcome something, they flee—humans, on the other hand, are different. Can you afford the consequences of a Ghost Rider's retaliation? Attacking someone for no reason will lead to vengeance."

"There's nothing to debate; let's all show our stance. Yang Jian has indeed caused the deaths of five club Ghost Riders, leading to substantial losses. Now the club is short-staffed. To kill or to keep, give an opinion. Raise your hand if you agree with President Wang's proposal," another person suggested.

The people around the table looked at each other for a few moments and then began to raise their hands one after another.

Of the dozen or so people, more than ninety percent raised their hands.

President Ma hesitated for a moment but eventually raised his hand as well.

"Very good,"

Wang Xiaoqiang revealed a hint of a smile at the corners of his mouth, "Since everyone agrees, I'll put it into action in the shortest time possible. Within no more than ten days, there will no longer be such a person in Dachang City."

"President Wang, how much is Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club willing to pay to deal with Yang Jian? If the price is right, my company wouldn't mind taking on this job,"

a bald brute said with a grin, his eyes glinting with greed and madness.

Wang Xiaoqiang replied, “You’re not up to it, lack the ability, don’t forget, Hao Shaowen met his end at his hands. To deal with Yang Jian, we need to use some special methods. I will take care of this. Just wait for the news.”

“Thump, thump, thump~!”

At that moment, a knocking sounded from outside the meeting room.

“Who is it? Come in.”

The next moment, Yang Jian entered from outside.

Upon his arrival,

everyone in the meeting room turned to look at him in unison, their eyes widening in apparent shock.

This situation—weren’t they just discussing whether this Yang Jian was alive or dead? How come he has appeared at their doorstep now?

“Yang Jian?” Wang Xiaoqiang was also stunned.

He thought a member of another entertainment club had come, never imagining it would be Yang Jian.

Had he heard the content of their meeting just now?

Thinking this, Wang Xiaoqiang couldn’t help but tense up. If at this moment Yang Jian caught them unawares, then the club was truly doomed.

“Why are you all looking at me like that? Have I grown handsomer recently? Or is it that you guys are conspiring something secretive behind my back?”

Yang Jian, squinting, walked in: “Wang Xiaoqiang, president Wang, long time no see. I hope my arrival hasn’t disturbed president Wang.”

Wang Xiaoqiang collected himself, “Yang Jian, what are you doing here? You’re not from the club, and you’re not welcome here.”

Judging by the situation, he must have just arrived, not having heard the content of the previous meeting.

“No one welcomes a ghost, but when a ghost needs to appear, it appears, right?” said Yang Jian.

“Hmm, my photo is still on the projector, and my documents are on the table. What, did I guess it right? You’re scheming against me behind my back?”

“Rustle~!”

At these words, the others could no longer hold back.

At least five or six people stood up simultaneously, each drawing a handgun aimed at Yang Jian.

“We were just discussing how to get rid of you, and you didn’t wait to be invited before showing up, delivering yourself to our doorstep. Great. Since you came today, don’t think about leaving. President Wang, you don’t need to think of any strategy or countermeasures. One billion, and I’ll take care of him for you,” said the bald brute fiercely.

“A high school senior, how formidable can he be? Shot and with a shattered head, he’ll still die. But after his death, president Wang, you’ll have to take care of the cleanup. Don’t let the ghost inside him cause any trouble.”

“Lei Hu wants one billion, I only want eighty million, president Wang. You should consider it.”

“Damn, are you stealing business from me?” the bald brute named Lei Hu cursed.

Seeing this, Wang Xiaoqiang had no choice but to drop the pretense and said straightforwardly, “If you can deal with him, I’ll give each of you one billion.”

“President Wang is decisive; let’s go with that,” the others displayed expressions of excitement.

“Wait, wait a minute, just hold on,”

Yang Jian waved his hand to signal everyone to pause, “So, what’s the deal here? Have you got me all figured out? Already thought about how to split the money?”