

Revival 211

Chapter 211 Desperate Escape

Afternoon.

Dachang City had deployed an operation plan to capture Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng.

After pulling up the city's surveillance cameras, Wang Xiaoqiang's location was immediately confirmed.

He was still inside the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, and he hadn't left since entering the club yesterday. Unless he could vanish into thin air, he was definitely inside.

As for Ye Feng.

That guy had sensed some danger and was hiding in an old district.

The exact location was unknown, but it was believed that a thorough search would make it easy to find him.

"Let's handle Wang Xiaoqiang first, Ye Feng must be put aside for now," Yang Jian also had his own considerations.

First the easy task, then the difficult one.

To eliminate the more vulnerable Wang Xiaoqiang first, and then figure out how to deal with Ye Feng was in line with the current situation.

Moreover, it wasn't just Yang Jian acting alone this time; Zhao Kaiming and Sun Yi would be providing support. This was a clear arrangement from above, and had to be followed.

A bit ironic.

Yang Jian and Zhao Kaiming, who had grievances against each other, actually had to cooperate under these circumstances.

"Zhao Kaiming will at most clock in and show his face, absolutely no effort expected from him, and that Sun Yi... his ability is unclear, but from previous conversations, he seems to be a rather poor Talisman, not much to hope for there, so this time I still have to rely on myself," Yang Jian thought quietly.

It was precisely because Zhao Kaiming was involved that he did not dare to confront Ye Feng directly.

If that guy were to stab him in the back, he would be finished.

The law couldn't contain that vicious person.

After all the preparations were in place, the operation began at 1:20 p.m.

Yang Jian was slightly delayed because he had gone back to get some things.

By the time he arrived at the mansion outside the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, the area had already been completely sealed off and surrounded.

To ensure a foolproof operation, nearly a hundred special forces personnel had been deployed.

When Yang Jian got out of the car, the crowd had already been dispersed.

"Yang Jian, all preparations are complete, the suspect Wang Xiaoqiang's location has been confirmed on the third floor of that building in front. We're ready to take action at any time," the police chief from the Eastern City District came over and said gravely.

"You don't need to take action, just enclose the area," Yang Jian said. "Leave the rest to me. Wang Xiaoqiang is a special case, and ordinary firearms won't work against him, unless you're using weapons of mass destruction."

"This matter is of great importance, and there are strict orders from above. If the operation fails, someone must be held responsible. Don't be too stubborn," the chief warned.

Yang Jian said, "As long as you don't shirk your duties, there's no way the operation will fail. Where are Zhao Kaiming and Sun Yi?"

"Over there," the chief gestured.

Yang Jian said, "Let them secure the left and right sides. I'll go in alone."

"It may be inconvenient for you to act alone. I'll get a team to support you," said the Eastern City District chief.

"No need, just let them stay on guard outside," Yang Jian said after a moment's thought.

Seeing Yang Jian's determination, the chief did not insist any further. Although he was in charge of deploying the operation, he still had to respect Yang Jian's opinion on the details, especially as Yang Jian was now the head of Dachang City.

"You really plan to go in alone and kill Wang Xiaoqiang?" As Yang Jian walked towards the club's main gate, Zhao Kaiming, who was guarding the entrance, sneered, "If you kill him, how will you explain it to Wang Xiaoming?"

"Professor Bruce Pi's influence is bigger than you think," Yang Jian said indifferently. "If he doesn't die, how will Wang Xiaoming explain it to me? But isn't this the outcome you'd be happy to see?"

"That's true, but if you really kill his brother today, Wang Xiaoming will go after you, and then you'll truly be finished," Zhao Kaiming said.

"Even if I were to die, I would certainly go after you. What do you think?" said Yang Jian.

Zhao Kaiming naturally understood the implications of Yang Jian's words, and he continued, "Aren't you curious why I want to kill you? Do you think it's just because you and I are vying for a position? I'm not a local, the position of head of Dachang City doesn't matter much to me, if I can't get it here, I can still get it in another city."

"If it's not for the position of head, then what is it for?" Yang Jian asked.

"You'll know when you're dying," Zhao Kaiming replied.

Yang Jian said, "Then I think under the circumstances that you're still alive, you should speak sooner rather than later, otherwise you may not have the chance to speak."

Zhao Kaiming sneered without a word.

Yang Jian paid no attention to the man.

Now was not the time to deal with this guy. After becoming an international Ghost Domain master, killing this Zhao Kaiming would require a very opportune moment or some rather special methods.

At this moment.

On the third floor of the club.

Wang Xiaoqiang was lying on the ground, seemingly fallen asleep, surrounded by bottles of all kinds of alcohol, and the entire lobby was filled with a strong smell of liquor.

It seemed that he had spent the previous night in a drunken stupor.

But he was not drunk.

After becoming a ghost master, he had lost a lot of things, he no longer felt hunger or cold, and was even less likely to get drunk.

A ghost resided in his body, whatever he ate was fed to the ghost inside.

How could he possibly get drunk.

At this moment, most of the security guards, waiters, and lobby managers in and around the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club had been taken control of; only a few had slipped through the net.

"Boss, the situation is bad, we're completely surrounded, there's people everywhere outside."

A security guard and several waiters rushed over in a hurry. When they saw Wang Xiaoqiang lying on the ground, seemingly drunk and asleep, the security guard hurried over and tried to wake him up.

As soon as his hand touched Wang Xiaoqiang's body, the security guard was startled.

At that moment, Wang Xiaoqiang's body was ice-cold and stiff, with no heartbeat at all, as if he had died the night before.

"Ah... dead, he's dead."

However, before the security guard could finish his sentence, Wang Xiaoqiang suddenly opened his eyes, his body moved in an abnormal manner, and he sat up from the ground.

It was as if a dead man had suddenly come back to life.

Hearing the security guard's words, Wang Xiaoqiang immediately turned over and looked out the window.

Indeed.

The entire estate outside was filled with fully prepared personnel; the whole club was thoroughly surrounded.

"Boss, what do we do now?" The remaining people panicked.

Wang Xiaoqiang's expression changed. He was very aware of the current situation; what he feared yesterday had become reality. Yang Jian had indeed started to act, and this time he didn't intend to come alone to deal with him. Instead, he used the power of the Ghost Domain master to turn this private grudge into a criminal case.

Escape~!

Almost instinctively, this word flashed through his mind.

But immediately after, he hesitated again.

Where could he flee to?

As soon as he showed his face, he would be wanted throughout Dachang City, and it would be the same if he ran to another city.

At this time, a waiter's phone suddenly rang.

"Hello~!" The waiter hurriedly answered the call.

"Pass the phone to Wang Xiaoqiang." The voice of Wang Xiaoming came through the phone.

"Boss, it's for you."

Wang Xiaoqiang's complexion changed, and after a moment's hesitation, he took the phone.

"You see what's happening outside the club? Right now, there are a hundred special forces personnel outside with live ammunition aimed at you. The nearby roads have been blockaded and put under martial law. In addition to that, Zhao Kaiming, as well as the assessor Sun Yi sent from above, are among them, ready to provide support at any moment,"

"You're currently facing three Ghost Domain controllers, as well as the entire force of Dachang City."

It seemed Wang Xiaoming was on a helicopter. His voice was noisy over the phone, "If you want to live, listen to my orders. There should be several sports cars parked downstairs. Start driving and charge straight through the main entrance. As long as you're fast enough, I'll pick you up on the expressway bypassing the city after you've made it out."

"As long as you can get to me, I can save you. That's all, Yang Jian is already on his way up."

As soon as he finished speaking, the phone immediately hung up.

"Damn it." Wang Xiaoqiang gritted his teeth, struggling internally for a moment.

Ultimately, the desire to survive overcame his resentment toward his older brother, Wang Xiaoming.

"Anyone who doesn't want to die, take the elevator downstairs and surrender. You're too late, and getting shot on the spot is not my fault," he growled lowly.

The others were stupefied for a moment, then suddenly panicked and scrambled towards the exit.

At that moment, Wang Xiaoqiang directly opened the window on the third floor and found a spot that wasn't easily visible to jump down from.

"Ding-dong~!"

The elevator door on the third floor opened.

Yang Jian stood inside the elevator with a golden baton in hand.

However, as soon as the elevator door opened, he saw three to five people rush in, frantic with fear.

"Dachang City's international Ghost Domain controller, Yang Jian. If you don't want to die, put your hands on your head and squat down," he said sternly, immediately commanding.

The terrified crowd hurriedly crouched down with their hands over their heads.

"Where's Wang Xiaoqiang?" Yang Jian asked.

"Inside," a trembling waiter said.

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, "Buying time? So, he's trying to escape?"

When he reached the third-floor lobby, he heard the roaring engine of a sports car, then he saw a blue sports car speed out from below, heading straight for the door.

The distance was quickly expanding.

It had exceeded the coverage of his Ghost Domain.

"What gave you the hope to escape?" he stood by the window, frowning as he looked at the barricades set up at the entrance.

To Yang Jian, this escape seemed pointless.

Even if you could get out of here, could you really escape Dachang City? Could you leave the country?

"It's Wang Xiaoqiang."

Sun Yi and Zhao Kaiming, who were guarding the junctions on either side, immediately noticed the person sitting in the sports car.

With a crazed grimace on his face, Wang Xiaoqiang paid no heed to the roadblocks at the main entrance, pressed down hard on the accelerator, and increased his speed drastically.

"Where does he think he's going?"

Walking forward symbolically a few steps with his cane and prosthetic leg, Zhao Kaiming pretended to show an attitude of chasing after the criminal.

"Holy shit, a sports car? How rich is Wang Xiaoqiang?" Sun Yi exclaimed in surprise at that moment.

"Quick, move aside, watch out, and dodge!" a captain at the entrance urgently shouted.

The crowd dispersed.

The barricade was instantly broken through as Wang Xiaoqiang's sports car executed a sharp drift turn and then sped straight northward along the avenue.

"Attention, attention, the criminal is escaping from south to north in a blue sports car; all units at the intersection must intercept," the chief in charge of the command roared immediately.

He felt disgraced at this moment.

Such a well-organized police operation had been forcefully breached by the criminal.

"Hey, Yang Jian, stop hanging around inside; Wang Xiaoqiang has fled. Did you see him?" Sun Yi notified him through an international ghost hunter's satellite positioning phone.

Standing in front of the third-floor window, Yang Jian watched the sports car race away, his expression calm as he said, "I know, he won't get far."

"Don't talk like that; he's in a sports car and has accelerated to over two hundred miles per hour. Our cars can't catch up," Sun Yi said. "Why don't you buy a sports car too? Give me a thrill ride while you're at it, I've never been in one in my life."

"I told you, he cannot escape," Yang Jian said indifferently, his body gradually emitting a red glow, and the ghost eye on his forehead instantly opened.

A beam of red light appeared from within the club as if shone by a powerful flashlight.

The next moment, Yang Jian appeared at the entrance.

"Hm?"

Others nearby were startled by Yang Jian's sudden appearance.

If it weren't broad daylight, one might think it was a haunting.

"Ghost Domain, huh?" Zhao Kaiming looked at the red light emanating from Yang Jian and his now-open ghost eye, certain that this guy was getting serious.

Sparing no expense in using the power of vengeful spirits.

Yang Jian looked northward along the wide road.

By now, Wang Xiaoqiang's car had vanished into the distance, no longer visible to the naked eye.

Probably, the most worthwhile expenditure in Wang Xiaoqiang's life was this sports car worth millions.

"His escape is very purposeful; he would rather turn around just to flee north. There's only one possibility in such a case... someone is there to pick him up," said Yang Jian. "And with Wang Xiaoqiang's situation, having become a fugitive, the only person I can see willing to help him escape is one man."

Professor Bruce Pi.

That is, Wang Xiaoqiang's brother, Wang Xiaoming.

"We must intercept him before he leaves the city; we can't let Wang Xiaoming get him."

Once Wang Xiaoming got hold of him, the situation would become quite complicated. With Wang Xiaoming's status and identity, protecting his brother should not pose any challenge.

Immediately, a cold murderous intent flashed in Yang Jian's eyes, and the surrounding Ghost Domain no longer covered everything in all directions but purposefully formed a narrow path solely for one person to traverse, extending straight ahead.

He had thought about it a lot yesterday.

About another way to use the Ghost Domain.

It was Wang Xiaoqiang's gaunt finger that had inspired him.

The range of the Ghost Domain is fixed, but by changing its shape, one can extend the distance.

If covering the surroundings, Yang Jian could only extend it up to thirty meters at most.

But if it covers just a path, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain can stretch forward at least three hundred meters.

In his mind, he calculated that this was approximately correct.

In other words, he could cover a distance of three hundred meters in the blink of an eye.

If it weren't for the fact that the guy was driving a top-tier sports car, Yang Jian felt it wouldn't be an issue even if he let him have a 299-meter head start.

Immediately, he vanished on the spot.

The next moment, he appeared at the end of the red glow, a position three hundred meters away.

Then the Ghost Domain covered the area again, and Yang Jian disappeared from the spot once more.

Chapter 212 Transforming into a Rainbow

At this moment, a helicopter was speeding towards Dachang City.

Wang Xiaoming sat in the helicopter, calmly looking in the direction of Dachang City.

He could not let his only younger brother die here; anyone else could be sacrificed for the right price in his eyes, everyone except Wang Xiaoqiang.

Turning Wang Xiaoqiang into a ghost summoner through an experiment was not his original intention. Rather, Wang Xiaoqiang had already been diagnosed with a terminal illness, and this was the only way he could keep his younger brother alive.

Thus, he chose the easiest ghost to control and the one least likely to cause its host's death.

This ghost was meant to protect his younger brother.

In this dangerous world, he needed a ghost to guard him.

However, it seemed his younger brother was not too grateful for his efforts, but that didn't matter—he was only doing what he, as an older brother, ought to do.

"Locate Wang Xiaoqiang's position and see where he is now," Wang Xiaoming suddenly spoke.

A technician immediately replied, "Through vehicle tracking, Wang Xiaoqiang's car is quickly heading toward the peripheral expressway entrance to the north, having already sped through the most dangerous part of the urban area."

"How long until arrival?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

"Within three minutes."

Wang Xiaoming continued, "Locate the satellite phones of all ghost summoners in Dachang City and see if anyone is following."

"Got it." The technician swiftly began to track and search.

Each person in charge's phone was equipped with satellite positioning capabilities—all it took was the right access to perform global location tracking via software.

"There is a ghost summoner following behind Wang Xiaoqiang, and according to the satellite location feedback... this satellite phone belongs to Yang Jian. Oh my god, it's impossible; his signal is very strange. He was in the city center before, and now he has already left the city," the technician exclaimed in shock from the signal feedback.

The signal on the display screen progressed in a bizarrely erratic manner.

"The Ghost Domain, huh? But its range is limited, and he's not proficient enough with it to catch up with Wang Xiaoqiang," Wang Xiaoming glanced at the screen.

Based on the signal feedback from the screen, Wang Xiaoqiang's car speeds were approaching one hundred meters per second, while the signal from Yang Jian pulsed at three hundred meters intervals, but with pauses in between, each pause lasting about four seconds.

With that calculation, the speeds were virtually identical.

If it weren't for Yang Jian traveling in a straight line and Wang Xiaoqiang having to drive a longer route, the distance between them would only grow farther apart.

"Head to the designated pickup spot and retreat immediately once the person is collected," directed Wang Xiaoming.

Now, it seemed that the rescue would be without major issues.

At that thought, a faint smile appeared on his lips.

"How can Wang Xiaoqiang drive so fast without fearing that he'll crash?" For the first time, Yang Jian truly despised people who drove supercars.

Even the Ghost Domain couldn't catch up when the speed was pushed to the limit.

It was first-rate for escaping.

And the location of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club was also critically chosen; if it were in the urban area, traffic could make Wang Xiaoqiang question his life choices.

Following this newly built asphalt road from just a few years ago, one could get directly onto the peripheral expressway to the north.

"To catch up with him, I'd have to change the method, a more delicate control over the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he thought of a solution.

While moving through the Ghost Domain, he would extend it forward concurrently, thus eliminating the need for mid-way pauses.

Although he couldn't close a three-hundred-meter gap all at once, because there were no pauses, this method was quicker.

"Let's give it a try."

Yang Jian began his attempt.

A red light streaked across the road, and then three seconds later, another red light shot forward rapidly from the point where the first light had vanished.

"It's still too slow; keep experimenting," he thought.

The red light continued to extend forward, pausing for two seconds this time.

After one minute, the pause time shortened to one second.

Two minutes later.

The interval of one second disappeared.

The experiment was successful, a seamless transition in the Ghost Domain achieved.

At this point, drivers on the road could clearly see a red light fly by overhead at an unimaginable speed, just a flash and then gone.

Within that red light, one could vaguely discern the outline of a person.

No, what was seen was merely the residual image left in the viewer's eye; in reality, the person had already vanished from sight.

"Professor, not good, Yang Jian's speed has suddenly increased," the technician aboard the helicopter cried out, monitoring the signal feedback, "It's reached one hundred meters per second now, and the speed is still increasing, one hundred twenty meters per second, one hundred fifty meters per second... now two hundred meters per second, my god, what kind of ghost machine is this?"

Does he intend to break the sound barrier? Such speed is unachievable by any means of transportation; only flight could possibly do it."

Wang Xiaoming's face subtly changed, "You're right, Yang Jian indeed took flight."

"I've studied the Ghost Domain before and have gained some insight into its application. If controlled well, those who command ghosts can simulate a form of flight using the Ghost Domain."

"There are also records of this in ancient times. They referred to this method of travel as... 'Rainbow Transformation'."

"Different times, different names, different descriptions, but essentially the same thing."

Looking at the signal on the display screen, Wang Xiaoming immediately said, "Drive the helicopter forward, we can't wait for the highway anymore. Pick him up at this intersection."

He pointed at the map, confident that this was the most suitable location.

However, at this moment, Yang Jian had already pushed his speed to the extreme by utilizing the Ghost Domain.

Although he wasn't as fast as those resurrected malevolent ghosts, he was pushing his limits as far as he possibly could.

Such extreme speed even surprised Yang Jian himself.

Because he... had taken to the sky.

Enveloped in red light, the scenery on either side blurred past so quickly it was indistinct, with only the blue sports car ahead steadily getting closer in his vision.

At this speed, Yang Jian wasn't worried about colliding with telephone poles, cars on the road, and such.

Existing within the Ghost Domain, he was ethereal, just a shadow; ordinary objects couldn't touch him, so he could recklessly increase his speed.

"It's big brother's helicopter."

At this moment, Wang Xiaoqiang, who had recklessly sped the sports car, narrowly avoiding several car accidents, had finally escaped the most dangerous section. The driving skills he had honed over a year had at last come into play today.

In the end, he saw a helicopter approaching from afar.

It was Wang Xiaoming's private chopper.

Once aboard the private chopper, not to mention a single Yang Jian, even ten wouldn't dare to attack Wang Xiaoming's chopper, or else they'd be shot dead on the spot, even if they were in charge.

"Did I survive?" Wang Xiaoqiang gasped for breath, only then noticing his entire body soaked with cold sweat.

But after his narrow escape from death, a look of joy appeared on his face.

"What makes you think you've already survived?" At that moment, a cold voice suddenly sounded from beside Wang Xiaoqiang.

Right beside him.

Less than a meter away.

"What?" Wang Xiaoqiang jerked his head to look,

only to see Yang Jian had somehow taken the passenger seat.

"You..." Wang Xiaoqiang was both shocked and angry.

But Yang Jian immediately said, "Watch the road, drive carefully."

It was then that Wang Xiaoqiang abruptly realized the world in front of him had changed color, as if enveloped in a layer of red light, and he could no longer see the blue sky or the dazzling sun.

The world was eerily silent, so quiet it was terrifying, and even the helicopter that was once in front of him had vanished.

Ghost Domain~!

"Yang Jian, you bastard."

Wang Xiaoqiang bared his teeth in fury, feeling somewhat desperate.

His own big brother was right in front of him to pick him up; why, why was Yang Jian here?

He knew very well what it meant to enter the Ghost Domain; without special means or Yang Jian's permission, there was no way to leave this cursed place by normal means.

Even if the Ghost Domain spanned only a few hundred square meters.

"You should have killed me yesterday when you had the chance. I told you, if you don't kill me, I will kill you. With the experience of dealing with you once before, you won't be able to resurrect again this time," Yang Jian remained seated in the passenger seat, indifferent.

"Let's see who dies first," Wang Xiaoqiang suddenly pulled out a gun, ready to kill Yang Jian in front of him.

The next moment.

"Bang~!"

The car hit something, jolted violently, then soared into the air and crashed down hard onto the road, rolling forward wildly due to the high-speed momentum. A sports car worth tens of millions immediately began to disintegrate, becoming a shattered wreck.

"I told you to watch the road and drive carefully. You didn't listen. If you don't mind, please turn off the engine, step out of the car, and present your driver's license," Yang Jian said, standing in front of the ruined vehicle, looking at Wang Xiaoqiang covered in blood.

He wasn't dead yet.

If Wang Xiaoqiang had any skill, it was not dying easily; never mind a car accident, even if his head was severed, the ghost within him could help reattach it.

But not this time.

Yang Jian already knew how to completely kill Wang Xiaoqiang this time so he wouldn't resurrect.

Chapter 213 The Death of Wang Xiaoqiang

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"Am I too late?"

From the helicopter, Wang Xiaoming witnessed his brother Wang Xiaoqiang's sports car disappear into thin air after being overtaken by a beam of red light.

He knew all too well that Wang Xiaoqiang hadn't disappeared; rather, he had fallen into Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

In the final moments, he had been caught by that Yang Jian after all.

If Wang Xiaoqiang had arrived just half a minute earlier, Wang Xiaoming was confident he could have whisked him away — not even Yang Jian, let alone anyone from above, would have dared to utter a word.

"Land the helicopter," Wang Xiaoming ordered.

Inside the Ghost Domain at this moment.

"Yang Jian!" Wang Xiaoqiang roared through clenched teeth, his heart seething with rage.

Facing Yang Jian, who stood before the wrecked vehicle, Wang Xiaoqiang had never felt such despair.

"You should have expected this outcome yesterday. Did you really think I let you go because I had no choice? It was because I wasn't in good shape myself, and if I had dragged it out, I might have ended up dying alongside Ye Feng from the resurrection of fierce ghosts. Moreover, the Ghost Rope caused me quite a bit of trouble. It's just that you failed to seize the opportunity," Yang Jian said calmly.

Although he appeared strong yesterday, perfectly resolving the assassination attempt, his situation was actually quite precarious.

"Even without anyone else's help, I'm not someone you can kill just because you want to. Don't forget, I'm also a ghost manipulator. I'll fight to the bitter end," Wang Xiaoqiang growled as he struggled out of the crumpled car wreckage.

Yang Jian watched as Wang Xiaoqiang, with difficulty, crawled out of the crushed and distorted car. Before Wang Xiaoqiang could steady himself, the black Ghost Shadow at Yang Jian's feet spread over him, tightened around his neck, and hoisted him into the air.

"What was that? Fight to the bitter end? Now, try doing that for me," Yang Jian taunted.

With that, the Ghost Shadow tightened its grip, and Wang Xiaoqiang's neck made a cracking sound as if it were about to snap.

Wang Xiaoqiang's face turned beet red, unable to utter a word.

"No wonder you fled this way; your big brother was here to meet you. Too bad, you acted a little too late. If you had escaped overnight yesterday, maybe you would have had a chance to leave Dachang City. Now... sorry, but you can only die here."

"You can't kill me; my big brother is right nearby." Wang Xiaoqiang gasped out the words, nearly suffocating.

In front of this Yang Jian, he didn't even have the right to fight to the bitter end.

Yang Jian said, "If a person's life is almost gone, what else is there to fear?"

As he spoke, he glanced at the abandoned car wreckage nearby.

At that moment, rain began to fall from the sky, pattering down on Wang Xiaoqiang.

"Gas, gasoline?"

Wang Xiaoqiang's face changed instantly when he smelled the odor; he knew that Yang Jian had used the Ghost Domain to transfer the gasoline from the tank right above his head.

"You're harboring a ghost inside your body, but what truly belongs to you is just the outer skin. That is truly frightening. The fact that you can survive with only a layer of skin left is a testament to the amazing power of fierce ghosts. Being able to control such a ghost is impressive, I admit, but it's a pity you don't know how to use it effectively.

If I burn off that outer layer, do you think you can still survive?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoqiang immediately began to struggle fiercely.

But it was futile; it wasn't Yang Jian who held him, but the black Ghost Shadow.

He could not break free from the grasp of a ghost.

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"It seems I was right." Yang Jian took out a lighter from his pocket.

"Yang Jian, is Wang Xiaoqiang in your hands? Can we talk?" At this time, Wang Xiaoming's voice came from outside the Ghost Domain.

"Bi-, Big brother?" Wang Xiaoqiang became somewhat agitated, as if he saw a glimmer of hope for survival.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and didn't immediately kill Wang Xiaoqiang, but instead made the Ghost Domain visible.

Inside, a world covered in red light appeared on the road like a projection.

"Professor Wang, long time no see. How is the research on the Ghost Coffin coming along?" Yang Jian greeted calmly.

Wang Xiaoming said, "The progress is quite smooth, thanks largely to your help. Being able to retrieve the Ghost Coffin and rescue Feng Quan has greatly impacted my research."

"That's good to hear. Professor Wang, you've got so much on your plate, working hard for the peace of all humanity. My modest contributions are nothing." Yang Jian said, "However, since I've contributed to

Professor Wang's research, why does your brother feel the need to join with other ghost masters to assassinate me?"

"Is it to silence me, to permanently keep the news of the Ghost Coffin a secret?"

Wang Xiaoming's expression shifted slightly. He obviously understood the personal enmity between Wang Xiaoqiang and Yang Jian, and these words undoubtedly elevated a personal grudge to a much higher level.

If he chose to save Wang Xiaoqiang, it would be the same as admitting that he was behind the assassination attempt.

This would have a considerable impact domestically.

"Name a price. As long as it's within my power, I will do it. You won't be at a loss," Wang Xiaoming didn't respond but instead directly proposed his terms.

Yang Jian said, "Last time I asked you, what's more important between a ghost master and a manager? And you didn't hesitate to kill the latter."

"There's no benefit for you in killing my good-for-nothing brother. If you are willing to spare him this time, I can assure you he will never appear before you again and will not cause you any more trouble." Wang Xiaoming paused and added, "He's the only brother I have."

"And my mother has only one son."

Yang Jian said, "If I die, my family's line ends with me. If Wang Xiaoqiang dies, he still has you, his older brother. If I let him go now, then who spared me yesterday?"

Wang Xiaoming furrowed his brow deeply, "Still, name a price."

"Sorry, my willingness to meet with you isn't because I plan to spare Wang Xiaoqiang, but rather, out of respect for your brotherhood, I'm willing to do the decent thing and let you see Wang Xiaoqiang one last time, so you can't accuse me of being inhumane. Besides, you should know that this isn't the first time he has tried to take me down; I've already given him a chance before."

"But there will always be people who test your limits. This time it's him; next time it will be someone else. If you're not assertive, you'll get hit, bullied. After all, I'm no match for you, a prominent professor with status and position. I'm just an insignificant ghost master, and how much longer I can live is an unknown. If I'm not ruthless enough, I can't even secure a foothold in Dachang City."

Saying this, the Ghost Shadow behind him lifted Wang Xiaoqiang up to his face.

Wang Xiaoming, seeing Wang Xiaoqiang so close, instinctively reached out to grab him, but his hand passed right through Wang Xiaoqiang's body.

The scene before him wasn't real, merely something Yang Jian showed him through the Ghost Domain.

Who knows where the real one is.

"Bi-, Big brother, save me." Wang Xiaoqiang was filled with fear, feeling the threat of death.

But truly facing this moment, he did not want to die.

With pleading and crying, he begged Wang Xiaoming for rescue.

However, the next moment, Wang Xiaoqiang's skin began to turn rapidly blackened and he writhed in pain and howled.

"Yang Jian, you..." Wang Xiaoming's face changed drastically upon seeing this.

Although there were no visible flames, he guessed that his brother Wang Xiaoqiang was in the midst of a fierce fire.

The fire, after all, was lit.

"This time, I don't want to name a price. There are some things that cannot be compromised," said Yang Jian.

"Brother, brother, save me..." Wang Xiaoqiang stretched out his hand, now turning charred black, towards Wang Xiaoming, tears of regret streaming from his eyes.

Wang Xiaoming reached out to grab it, but caught nothing; he could only watch helplessly as his little brother perished in the fierce flames of the Ghost Domain.

The struggling sounds grew fainter and fainter.

Soon, that pitch-black arm dropped without strength.

Afterward, the flesh sticking to his body fell off in large chunks like earthen plaster losing its adhesive quality, rapidly revealing a ghastly white skeleton beneath.

No matter how fiercely the fire burned, the skeleton remained intact as if new.

Suddenly.

Those chilling white bone palms suddenly moved, grabbing the Ghost Shadow around the neck.

This eerie action was definitely not under Wang Xiaoqiang's control.

He was already dead.

What was left was this Skeleton Ghost, devoid of the flesh that belonged to Wang Xiaoqiang, burned away without a trace.

Even if his ghost was bizarrely powerful, it shouldn't have been possible to resurrect Wang Xiaoqiang.

Wang Xiaoming, who personally turned his little brother into a ghost manipulator, knew better than anyone that his brother had died in the Ghost Domain, completely vanished from this world.

Even he couldn't bring Wang Xiaoqiang back to life.

"Why, why didn't you listen to me, why didn't you run sooner, why did you cause such a disaster outside," Wang Xiaoming wept bitterly, kneeling on the ground, his whole being nearly collapsing.

"Professor." The escort staff quickly supported Wang Xiaoming.

They then looked at Yang Jian in the Ghost Domain with a complex gaze.

They could not blame or even resent him.

Because Yang Jian was the person in charge of Dachang City, and Wang Xiaoqiang was a criminal, a fugitive explicitly named in the warrant. Even if he was killed on the spot, Yang Jian would be credited without fault.

So, Yang Jian had done nothing wrong.

"Wang Xiaoqiang is dead, and the ghost inside him is out. You should be clearer about its capabilities than I am. If Professor Wang is willing to cooperate with my work, you could share what you know. Of course, if you don't want to say anything, I won't force you. This will be resolved one way or another," Yang Jian said.

The escort personnel widened their eyes at Yang Jian.

You've just killed his brother, and you have the nerve to ask for information?

However, if we're talking strictly business, Professor Wang indeed should cooperate with Yang Jian's work. After all, it was him who originally let loose the ghost from the lab, and he has an obligation to take responsibility.

Wang Xiaoming slowly stood up from the ground. He didn't wipe the tears from his face but immediately turned and left.

Although his heart ached, he bore no grudge against Yang Jian.

Because today, Yang Jian truly had done nothing wrong. If the one being hunted down wasn't Wang Xiaoqiang, but another ghost manipulator, he would have fully supported Yang Jian's approach.

A lawless ghost manipulator should be eliminated, as such a person is a greater threat to society than any malevolent spirit.

"Professor?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "Don't say anything, go back to the lab, I must continue my research."

The escort staff looked solemn and dared not say anything further.

Before boarding the helicopter, Wang Xiaoming looked back expressionlessly and said, "Even though you killed my brother, I hope in the future you prove to be valuable enough. The moment I judge you to be more dangerous than beneficial in my eyes, I will not hesitate to use all my strength to kill you."

"Until then, I remain a professor, and you are still the person in charge of Dachang City. I will not show any bias in work matters. If you want to detain this ghost, you must dismantle this skeleton and imprison them separately to prevent its resurrection. Otherwise, it will always find a way to come back together.

Also, don't let it touch the flesh and blood of the living, or it will parasitize the body of the next person until it reaches some condition for Resurrection."

"So to speak, this ghost is quite docile, not reviving on its own, but being passively resurrected. It seems that Professor Wang picked it out meticulously for Wang Xiaoqiang to control," said Yang Jian, his expression shifting slightly.

If it's as Professor Wang described, the value of this Skeleton Ghost is unimaginable.

Using Wang Xiaoqiang just for self-protection is simply a waste. With such a skeleton, which cannot be killed and won't revive on its own, one virtually owns the means to deal with any ghost.

Without another word, Wang Xiaoming quickly boarded the helicopter and left Dachang City.

Yang Jian watched him depart, thinking, "He could endure watching me kill Wang Xiaoqiang right in front of him; this professor is indeed quite out of the ordinary."

From Professor Wang's past behavior, it was evident that he greatly cared for his brother.

To press down such deep hatred and yet be willing to undertake official duties impartially.

He's either a vengeful hero biding his time or a sage with the world in his heart.

"Whether he holds a grudge against me in his heart or becomes my enemy in the future, I don't regret today's decision," Yang Jian's gaze turned cold, without a trace of remorse.

Killing Wang Xiaoqiang was not about other meanings; it was about revenge.

All concerns of interests, background, everything else was nonsense.

Watching the struggling Skeleton Ghost before him, Yang Jian controlled the Ghost Shadow to dismember it.

This ghost was weaker than the Ghost Shadow, annoying only because it was hard to kill.

With Yang Jian's own hands, the intact Skeleton Ghost was forcibly broken into pieces of bone.

The white bones, not a trace of flesh on them, looked like a classroom skeleton specimen.

After disassembly, Yang Jian saw the bones trying to come together, seemingly attempting to reassemble. With the crucial information provided, he immediately wrapped each bone in the gold foil paper he carried.

After wrapping, the scattered bones on the ground quieted down.

No more anomalies.

Yang Jian collected these items, then closed the Ghost Domain and left the area.

"Next step, consider how to deal with Ye Feng," he thought.

However, as he was leaving, he felt something and suddenly looked up at the sky.

It was just after two in the afternoon, yet the Dachang City sky seemed dimmer, as if shrouded in a layer of dark blue.

Gloom?

Yang Jian frowned slightly but thought no more of it.

Chapter 214 Large-scale Event

"Latest news, Professor Wang's brother, Wang Xiaoqiang, is dead, killed by the new person in charge, Yang Jian."

Asia Ghost-Controller Division.

A small meeting was specially convened because it concerned a matter related to Professor Wang.

Not only was Yang Jian's operator, Liu Xiaoyu, present at the meeting, but also Captain Zhao Jianguo, along with all the key members of the department.

"I've said it before, this Yang Jian is an uncontrollable factor. His becoming a ghost-controller will only lead to more lawlessness, and now he has even killed the only direct relative of Professor Wang. If Professor Wang insists on pursuing this matter, it will provoke another internal conflict."

The man responsible for this meeting was a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes. His name was Cao Yanhua, the vice minister of this place.

"Take a look at Yang Jian's exam paper from when he participated in the ghost-controller assessment."

Cao Yanhua opened a document in his hand, "He's just cold-blooded and ruthless, showing no regard for public safety. He has just taken office and killed Wang Xiaoqiang. Who knows what kind of mess he will cause in the future. I think we should find an opportunity to remove Yang Jian and give Professor Wang a reasonable explanation."

"That's my view, what do you think?"

Another man in uniform spoke with an authoritative calm, "No matter who Wang Xiaoqiang's relative is, we must acknowledge that he organized an assassination against reserve ghost-controllers and even used a large amount of weapons. This is a complete terrorist attack, and in any era, such a person must be dealt with seriously."

"Yang Jian assumed his position and killed Wang Xiaoqiang. That's a merit, not a fault, Vice Minister Cao. If we simply tolerate him because Wang Xiaoqiang is Professor Wang's brother, then where is the law?"

"I don't agree with removing Yang Jian."

"The existence of Professor Wang is very important for the situation. His every move could affect the future of the country. We can't joke with the future. If because of this matter Professor Wang becomes emotional, and brings that emotion into his work, who will be responsible for the consequences?"

Cao Yanhua said, "I think it's necessary to give Professor Wang an explanation."

"Vice Minister, I would like to express my opinion. I think whether to remove Yang Jian or not, we should listen to Zhao Jianguo's opinions. He has been with Yang Jian for a long time and has met with him, so he should know Yang Jian very well. If he thinks Yang Jian is an uncontrollable and huge threat, then I agree with removing him.

If not, I think, on the contrary, he should be given more important roles. After all, from his record, he has solved several incidents, saved three ghost-controllers, and dismantled an uncontrolled ghost-controller club. Not many files in the archives can achieve such an impressive record, right? Zhao Jianguo, could you share your thoughts?"

Another person at the meeting table started speaking.

The focus shifted to Zhao Jianguo.

Zhao Jianguo's expression grew serious, and after a moment of contemplation, he said, "I agree with Vice Minister Cao's words. Yang Jian indeed is an uncontrollable person, impulsive and immature in his thinking, with a strong retaliatory mindset when cornered, and he even threatened to take down the entire department."

"So you think it's better to remove Yang Jian?" Cao Yanhua asked.

Zhao Jianguo then added, "However, based on my observation of him, although he has these shortcomings, he also has very frightening potential, not in studying or learning, but in handling events. Starting from the Ghost Door Knocker event, not only did Yang Jian survive, but he also became a ghost-controller and successfully rescued the other six."

"It's terrifying that a student could do this, especially considering that Zhou Zheng, the person in charge at the time, was sacrificed in that incident."

"In the subsequent incident at the shopping mall, he not only reclaimed it but also rescued Feng Quan. His record can be said to be perfect. You must understand that Yang Jian did this under the condition that the event file had been tampered with."

"Later, when another incident erupted, and the third ghost-controller, Zhao Kaiming, got involved, I made the wrong estimate to dispatch the nearest city's ghost-controller, Tong Qian, for support, leading to both of them getting caught up in the Ghost Door Knocker incident, hanging by a thread."

"Yang Jian took action again, not only saving Tong Qian, but Zhao Kaiming also survived, and he even brought out a group of survivors."

At this point, Zhao Jianguo said, "The Ghost Door Knocker incident is categorized as A, Catastrophe Level. The fact that Yang Jian survived twice from within it and was able to rescue people shows how outstanding his ability is."

"It's already not easy for domestic ghost-controllers to deal with C-level and B-level events. Those capable of handling A-level events are very scarce."

"So I think, Yang Jian's abilities outweigh his shortcomings, and he deserves to be nurtured."

Zhao Jianguo finished and added, "This can be seen from his assessment answers, especially the last question. When answering, he didn't hesitate to choose to kill the child with the backpack, and it wasn't by luck that he guessed right, but through very rational analysis. The real answer was indeed that the child with the backpack was a ghost."

"From the moment Sun Yi asked the question to the time he gave the answer, he hardly spent any time thinking. This is an almost instinctive response."

"Unlike others, Yang Jian has the talent to handle events, and I believe that if he doesn't sacrifice himself in the future, he might even qualify to participate in that plan."

"That's enough, your report is already detailed enough."

Cao Yanhua interrupted with some displeasure.

"From Zhao Jianguo's analysis, it is clear that Yang Jian's abilities outweigh his shortcomings. At least he is far more useful than Zhao Kaiming, who does nothing. I think we should cultivate him. As for Zhao Kaiming, we should find an opportunity to transfer him out of Dachang City to prevent conflicts in decision-making and avoid unnecessary losses," the person from before stated his opinion.

The middle-aged man in the Ghost Knocker uniform also spoke gravely, "During special times, special talents should be put to good use. I also believe that we should not easily remove a Ghost Knocker who has merit simply because of one criminal, not even if it relates to a relative of Professor Wang."

"Since everyone agrees, let's settle the matter with 'Ghost Eye' Yang Jian then. We should also show more concern for Professor Wang's situation," said Cao Yanhua.

"The meeting is adjourned."

After the decision was made, they immediately adjourned and left the scene.

Walking back, Liu Xiaoyu, who hadn't spoken during the meeting, asked in a low voice, "Captain, why is Vice Minister Cao so insistent on removing Yang Jian? He only just took up his post, and previously wasn't Yang Jian's action tacitly approved? They even had Sun Yi and Zhao Kaiming support him. Now that Yang Jian has successfully killed Wang Xiaoqiang, why remove him?"

Zhao Jianguo revealed a bitter smile at the corner of his mouth, "It's contradictory, isn't it?"

Liu Xiaoyu nodded.

"Actually, it's not hard to understand. Most people hope Yang Jian takes action but also hope he doesn't succeed."

"I don't quite understand, Captain, could you explain?"

"You'll naturally understand when you get to that point," Zhao Jianguo did not elaborate further.

However, at this moment, a staff member suddenly rushed over, panic-stricken, "Captain Zhao, things are looking bad."

"What happened?" Zhao Jianguo turned around and asked.

"Dachang City is not right; here are the latest satellite images."

The staff member opened a folder, revealing a satellite map inside.

Zhao Jianguo took a glance and his pupils abruptly constricted, his face showing extreme shock, "Damn, how could things have turned out this way so suddenly? Notify them quickly."

"We've already sent people to inform them. The minister is on his way here, asking us to gather in the main conference room."

"Alright, I'll be right there," Zhao Jianguo, looking extremely grim, handed back the folder, "You go inform the others."

Liu Xiaoyu spoke up, "Didn't we just finish a meeting? Why another one so soon?"

Zhao Jianguo replied, "Get back to the communication room immediately, contact Yang Jian, and once the communication is established, do not disconnect without my order. Have Zhao Kaiming's communicator do the same, the situation is the same as yours."

"Captain, has something big happened?"

Liu Xiaoyu sensed that something was amiss.

"It could very well be a major incident... If it's confirmed, it might be classified as Catastrophe Level. What are you waiting for, move!"

Zhao Jianguo barked, then rushed towards the main conference room without delay.

Catastrophe Level event?

You've got to be kidding.

Liu Xiaoyu headed for the communication room while her mind was in a bit of a daze.

You should know a Catastrophe Level event has the capacity to destroy the population of several cities.

Such events have only occurred two or three times globally, with the last instance barely minimizing ongoing damages through Professor Wang's research findings and at great cost to the lives of many Ghost Knockers.

But that incident did not come to an end.

Chapter 215 The Experienced Driver

On the outskirts of Dachang City.

A helicopter was flying into the distant outskirts.

This was Wang Xiaoming's private chopper.

However, today Wang Xiaoming was in a particularly horrible mood, the worst he had ever experienced, because his younger brother, Wang Xiaoqiang, had died.

He had watched helplessly as Yang Jian killed his good-for-nothing brother, and the feeling at that moment filled him with both rage and a deep sense of powerlessness.

"Why didn't you ask for my help earlier, why didn't you listen to me from the start, wouldn't it be better for you to just be a rich second generation quietly? Why did you have to go and set up some entertainment club and even dare to hire a hitman? You've made such a big mistake, how am I supposed to save you, how..."

Wang Xiaoming, sitting in the helicopter, clenched his fists tightly. Although he tried his best to suppress his emotions, the death of a family member still filled him with grief and indignation.

But he chose not to take revenge on Yang Jian.

Because Wang Xiaoming knew, it wouldn't be right to kill someone responsible just because his brother was a criminal.

If he did that, it would only cause greater losses.

And the death of his brother Wang Xiaoqiang would make Dachang City a better place in the future.

The collision of duty and rationality with familial emotion left Wang Xiaoming in unspeakable pain.

The officers accompanying him on the helicopter dared not speak at the moment.

They knew that Professor Wang was in a very bad mood; it was better not to disturb him at this time.

"Professor, the situation outside seems a bit off."

At this moment, the observer in the co-pilot's seat suddenly spoke up, "Take a look outside at the sky, it's darkening too quickly. It's not even four in the afternoon yet; Dachang City should be having strong sunlight at this time of summer. This shouldn't be happening."

Wang Xiaoming heard these words and looked out the window.

Through the transparent glass, he could clearly see the sky gradually darkening.

This darkness wasn't the kind that comes after nightfall, but more like a gloomy shadow that enveloped the entire city. The shadow seemed to be a sinister blue-black shade, like the bruised skin of a corpse that had been dead for days, carrying a cold and eerie aura.

Moreover, as the helicopter flew forward, it didn't seem to be getting any further from Dachang City. The helicopter seemed to be circling in place, never managing to leave the area.

"Is it foggy?" Asked one of the accompanying personnel, puzzled.

"This is not fog; it's a supernatural event... Don't fly forward anymore, we can't get out. Turn back to Dachang City, contact headquarters and report the situation," Wang Xiaoming said, "Where's my phone?"

"Here it is."

The accompanying personnel quickly took out a gold satellite-positioned phone.

Wang Xiaoming immediately dialed a number, "There's a situation in Dachang City, Li Jun, you need to come over, bring the Ghost Candle."

"Got it, I'm on it immediately."

A calm voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Professor Wang, the minister's chopper has gotten through," the communications officer said.

Wang Xiaoming took the phone, "Minister, it's me, Wang Xiaoming."

"Professor Wang, are you still in Dachang City?"

The voice of the minister from the International Ghostmaster Asian Branch came from the other side of the phone.

"Yes, still within the range of Dachang City. I suspect it's a major supernatural event. The helicopter has already been drawn in and can't leave the airspace above Dachang City. I suggest you immediately isolate the whole city. I've had Li Jun come this way; I hope it's just a false alarm. Otherwise, I could very likely die here," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Alright, I understand. I will arrange it immediately," the minister replied.

At the moment, in the main conference room.

Hearing this communication, everyone's heart sank.

"Damn it, how could Professor Wang get caught up in this? Isn't this just adding insult to injury?"

"We must find a way to rescue Professor Wang; his importance outweighs a city."

"At all costs."

Various voices could be heard in the conference room.

However, the consensus was clear: Professor Wang had to be rescued.

Meanwhile, in Dachang City.

Yang Jian sat in the taxi, on his way back to Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club.

"It's not an illusion, the sky outside is getting more and more ominous."

He looked out of the taxi window and his brows furrowed.

A dark bluish tinge, like smog, covered the sky, and the light across the city began to dim rapidly.

The air seemed to be filled with a cold, eerie scent.

This feeling... was just like facing a supernatural event.

"Brother driver, can we go a bit faster? I have an urgent matter to attend to," Yang Jian withdrew his gaze and immediately said.

The taxi driver said, "No, no, there are traffic cops at several intersections ahead, and if I'm not careful and speed, my car will be impounded right away."

"In that case, let me drive," Yang Jian said, "I'll take responsibility if anything happens."

"You? That's even worse. Last time I let the wheel go to a youngster your age, the kid sped up to 200 miles in no time and nearly flew up to shoulder the sun." The driver shook his head, "The young people these days are all too reckless, young man, don't worry, it's just a matter of ten or twenty minutes, it won't affect anything."

"I am a Ghostmaster with a real urgent matter, can you please give me some leeway? Here is my ID," Yang Jian said.

He showed the driver his credentials.

"I've seen IDs too many times to count, none are like yours; yours must be fake, which is illegal. Don't casually show it around as a joke," the driver kindly reminded.

Yang Jian slapped his handgun onto the ID, "This isn't fake, is it?"

"Model gun, fifteen bucks each, I've bought one before," the driver replied.

"..." Yang Jian was speechless.

If it wasn't for the situation outside, he wouldn't have wasted so much time talking.

"Bang~!"

The next moment, a gunshot rang out by his ear, scaring the driver almost out of his wits.

"No time to explain, drive quickly. With me here, you won't get points deducted or fined. Just don't get into an accident," Yang Jian withdrew his handgun from outside the window.

"My gosh, is that a real gun? Brother, are you really a Ghostmaster? My apologies for the offense earlier," the driver quickly said.

"Ghostmaster brother, you must be in such a hurry to chase some criminal. I, Old Wang, have been driving for twenty years and today finally the spotlight's on me. Hold tight, today I'll show you what the car god of Dachang City is all about," the driver said excitedly, a grin spreading across his face.

Then he pressed the clutch, shifted gears, stepped on the throttle, and pressed the clutch again to shift.

The whole process was smooth and skilled, quickly reaching seventh gear. The speed increased rapidly, surpassing 100 miles in the shortest time, and still rising.

The sudden burst of speed brought a strong pushback feeling as if he would fly out of the vehicle.

"A taxi's speed can reach this extent?" Yang Jian was somewhat surprised.

Old Wang smirked, "Twenty years of private savings, where do you think I spent it? On the surface, this is a taxi, but it has the performance of a race car. If it weren't for the fear of being too conspicuous with the modifications and failing the annual inspection, I would've already installed a nitrogen acceleration system. I dare say, there's not a single car in Dachang City that can outrun mine.

I heard other taxi drivers mention that a sports car on this road segment reached a hundred in one second. I saw the video my friend took, and that car's performance was nothing special."

"While that sports car is fast, it's very heavy in the front. On a straight path, I admit I can't catch up, but as soon as there's a curve, it has to lightly tap the brakes to push the nose through the turn. If the brakes are hit too hard, it'll get a heavy nose and light tail, and the car will surely be thrown off and flip.

Unless he can overcome this issue, he won't beat my taxi," Old Wang explained.

"You're right, it ended up flipping over. The car was destroyed, and the driver died. I just came from handling that case," Yang Jian said. "You're not going to flip, are you?"

Flip?

"Ghostmaster brother, are you joking? I'm the car god. I've been driving for half my life and never flipped. When I was young, I achieved supremacy against all challengers, and I even won my wife that way. People call me 'Old Driver' now, but my skills have always been at their peak and never declined."

As he spoke, Old Wang floored the accelerator, pushing the speed to the limit.

"How about that? Feel an icy shiver run through you, taken aback?"

Yang Jian said, "It's alright, but it's still a long shot from my speed."

"It seems I need to show you my real skills," Old Wang said. "See that curve up ahead? I'll show you what drifting into a turn is all about."

"Maybe we shouldn't, I feel your car starting to drift, making creaking noises. Could it be about to flip?"

"That's just ordinary tire noise, no big deal. Trust me this once," Old Wang insisted.

"..."

Yang Jian felt that this old driver was just keen on drifting, the path he was taking to go back didn't even go that way.