

Revival 216

Chapter 216 Protection Mission

"Are you breaking out in a cold sweat on your face?" asked Yang Jian in the taxi.

"No, it's just a bit hot in the car, and it's normal to sweat a bit when it's over thirty degrees outside," said Old Wang, who was driving.

"The noise from your car is getting louder and louder. It doesn't sound like tire noise. Something feels very wrong," Yang Jian said.

"That's just the shock absorber making noise; it's nothing to worry about," Old Wang said.

Yang Jian said, "When you drifted around the corner just now, I thought I heard something suddenly fall off from the back with a bang."

"Really? This car is quite old, so it's normal to lose something when driving too fast, especially after that drift," Old Wang said.

Yang Jian said, "Why are you constantly stepping on the brake?"

At that moment, Old Wang slammed on the brakes, but the car kept speeding up and couldn't stop at all.

"Don't worry, it's nothing. I can handle it. It's just a temporary brake failure, probably damaged by that lad last time."

"..." Yang Jian's expression turned odd, as if to say you're just shirking responsibility.

"What are you doing, making a phone call? You dare to use the phone while driving?"

"Just remembered something, making a quick call to report that I'm safe. Don't be nervous, it's nothing," Old Wang said.

As he spoke, he dialed a number in front of Yang Jian: "Hello, wife? It's me, Old Wang. Nothing much, just picked up a ghost controller to assist with a case, so I might get held up. I'll skip dinner; you and the kids go to sleep first, that's it... Oh yes, there's something I've always wanted to tell you."

He paused for a moment and then said, "Wife, I love you."

After finishing the call, Old Wang put the phone in his pocket, then took his hands off the steering wheel, took out a cigarette, lit it, and gazed through the window with blurred eyes as he blew a ring of smoke deeply.

"The wind today is a bit noisy. The sunset came a little bit earlier than usual. The night view of Dachang City is pretty good, but I don't know if I'll have another chance to appreciate it."

Yang Jian said, "Why are you saying all this, Brother Driver? You should be holding the steering wheel and looking ahead. Don't you know it's very dangerous to drive like this at such a speed?"

"I know."

Old Wang flicked the ash from his cigarette, "But the brakes have completely failed. Can't you see my foot playing the piano here? Now there's no point in holding the steering wheel since I can't reduce the speed. In less than a minute, I will have to rush into the river in the city. Do you need a life vest? I've got two here; I bought them when the city flooded."

"..."

Yang Jian's face darkened. He had indeed not heard wrong. Old Wang's taxi was going too fast, and something went wrong with the drift.

"I'm not good at swimming; I think I'd better jump out of the car."

"No, jumping out at this speed could be fatal. Trust me, once we plunge into the river, don't panic. After the car sinks, by scientific calculation, the car won't fill with water immediately. Also, don't rush to open the door right away because at that point, the external water pressure will be too high, and you can't open it."

Old Wang said earnestly, "You just need to wait calmly. When water fills the cabin and the pressure inside and outside equalizes, I'll use this window breaker to smash the glass. Then we can get out through the window and you'll be able to float to the surface within ten seconds."

"Okay, okay, I'll trust you one more time." Yang Jian, convinced by his expertise, abandoned the idea of jumping out of the car.

The next moment.

Old Wang turned the steering wheel and drove directly onto the sidewalk, avoiding the pedestrians, and rushing into an artificial river beside them.

Everything went as he had planned: the car plunged into the water, then the engine died, and it started to sink.

Perfect.

But moments later, Old Wang began to grimly laugh: "Man's plans are no match for fate's. It must be my time today. Why did the car flip upside down into the riverbed? Now the windows are stuck in the mud and completely sealed shut, unable to be opened. My window breaker is useless now. If I break the windows at this moment, mud will rush in, and death will come even quicker."

At that moment, Yang Jian, with a very dark expression, sat upside down in the passenger seat.

Water was pouring in from all sides, and they were about to suffocate.

Indeed, he should never have trusted this old driver.

If it weren't for his bravado, he would have been played to death by this old driver today.

"Young man, do you have a girlfriend? Look, this is my lovely daughter. She's in the fourth grade this year, isn't she pretty?" At this point, Old Wang took out a photo with a sorrowful look.

He had completely given up hope and was coming to terms with his impending death.

"Let's not talk about that now. Weren't you the one who has never flipped a car in twenty years of driving, whose wife you even won over?" Yang Jian asked.

"I've never flipped a car, but I've been in an accident. That's where I met my wife—in the hospital. She was a nurse..."

"Alright, alright, that's enough," Yang Jian said.

He patted Old Wang on the shoulder, "In the future, Old Wang, try to drive more carefully, and don't even think about drifting around corners—not for me, but for your nurse wife and lovely daughter."

"No, if there's a next life, I want to be a racing driver. It's been my dream for a lifetime," Old Wang said with conviction.

"This isn't the place to talk about dreams. Let's change the subject," Yang Jian sighed, emitting a red glow that enveloped Old Wang.

The next moment, the two disappeared from the bottom of the river and reappeared on the nearby sidewalk.

"Ah~!"

Old Wang fell to the ground, staring at his surroundings with a face full of shock and confusion.

Wasn't he at the bottom of the river just now? How did he suddenly reappear on the sidewalk?

Right, that young man.

He looked around but Yang Jian's figure had already disappeared, vanishing into thin air like a ghost.

A short while later.

Yang Jian returned to the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club he was at before.

The place had been completely sealed off, with investigators processing the crime scene and gathering various pieces of evidence of Wang Xiaoqiang's crimes.

"Yang Jian, the ghost-controller, how are things? Has Wang Xiaoqiang been successfully apprehended?" the bureau chief who saw Yang Jian hurried over and asked.

Yang Jian said, "The matter with Wang Xiaoqiang has been resolved. I shot him dead myself. I've already reported the situation at the site of the car accident. There's no need to look for the body; you wouldn't be able to handle the corpses of people like him. I've seen to his disposal."

"That's excellent news," the chief sighed in relief, excitedly shaking Yang Jian's hand with great enthusiasm.

If Wang Xiaoqiang had really escaped, he would have been responsible for the blunder.

"Yang Jian, you've come at the right time. Have you noticed that the sky is becoming odd, growing darker and darker, and it's not even night yet?" Sun Yi said as he walked over.

"I've noticed. If I'm not mistaken, it's very likely the brewing of a supernatural event... and judging from the current situation, this event seems to be affecting a rather extensive area," Yang Jian said with a grave nod.

If the supernatural event were to erupt, it would be more severe than the event at Huanggang Village.

The event at Huanggang Village only affected one village, but what's happening now is affecting an entire city.

"I've just received the latest news that Dachang City has been locked down. An emergency meeting is being convened above; the situation is more serious than we thought. Yang Jian, how about a temporary truce? Fighting amongst ourselves will only lead to a quicker death," said Zhao Kaiming, leaning on his cane and limping over.

He knew as soon as Wang Xiaoqiang was dealt with, either he or Ye Feng would be Yang Jian's next target.

This sudden supernatural event was an excellent opportunity for a temporary truce.

Yang Jian squinted at Zhao Kaiming, "You certainly know how to choose your moment. Are you scared because Wang Xiaoqiang is dead?"

Zhao Kaiming's offer of a truce wasn't because of the imminent supernatural event but because he was intimidated by Wang Xiaoqiang's death, spawning wariness in his heart.

"This could be a large-scale supernatural event; such events rarely happen in our country. Once it happens, it isn't just about a few dozen or a hundred casualties; an entire city could be doomed. You

must have people you need to take care of, relatives, friends? Instead of wasting energy fighting those above, you might as well take care of your own first. I am very sincere," Zhao Kaiming said.

Just as Yang Jian was about to speak, his satellite locator phone rang.

"Hold on, I'm taking a call."

"Hello, who is this?"

Liu Xiaoyu's voice came through the phone, "Yang Jian, a very special supernatural event is happening in Dachang City, and the situation is extremely critical. From now on, we need to maintain 24-hour communication to stay in touch and exchange information at all times."

"There's no need to be on call all the time, I doubt you can handle it," Yang Jian replied.

"???"

Liu Xiaoyu then continued, "Also, Professor Wang hasn't managed to leave Dachang City in time for some reason and is now unable to get out. The city is currently in a state of isolation; nobody can enter from the outside, and no one can leave from the inside. Until our support arrives, we're hoping you can ensure Professor Wang's safety."

"He absolutely cannot die in this supernatural event."

Yang Jian said, "What does that have to do with me? I'm only responsible for dealing with supernatural events, not protecting people. If you're looking for someone to protect Wang Xiaoming, you should hire a bodyguard, not come to me."

"There's a reward for this mission," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"I'm not interested in money," Yang Jian replied.

"If you take on this task, you'll have the authority to mobilize all the gold reserves of the major banks in Dachang City. It doesn't matter to those above whether you use it for public or private purposes, as long as Professor Wang survives," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian immediately asked, "Where is Wang Xiaoming now?"

"I will inform you of the specifics from my end. I hope you're mentally prepared," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

At that moment, Yang Jian turned to look at Zhao Kaiming beside him, then said, "Some are alive yet already dead, others are dead but their spirit lives on. Wang Xiaoqiang was right, smiles dissolve old resentments, and laughter erases grievances. We should indeed make a temporary truce in face of a catastrophe, for internal strife would only lead to mutual destruction."

"I hope we have the chance to cooperate in the future." He extended his hand.

"It's fine you've agreed to a temporary truce,"

Zhao Kaiming didn't shake hands; he didn't want Yang Jian to dislocate another one of his arms. He had also received the mission to protect Professor Wang.

It was a crisis and an opportunity.

To continue fighting internally would truly be unwise.

Chapter 217 Entering the Night

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Due to the potential outbreak of a large-scale supernatural event in Dachang City, Yang Jian had to temporarily abandon his actions against Ye Feng.

The conflict with Zhao Kaiming was also forced to stop.

In fact, like Yang Jian, Zhao Kaiming also thought it would be foolish to continue fighting against each other in the face of such a special event.

Heaven knows if they could survive this supernatural occurrence.

If they didn't, all their conflicts would be meaningless.

"First, go to Captain Liu's place," Yang Jian said as he drove straight into the city.

The sky was already darkening, and with evening approaching, all the streetlights in the city center, despite being lit, couldn't dispel the sense of gloom that enveloped the whole city. This atmosphere was cold and thick, carrying with it a permeating eeriness.

It was unimaginable what Dachang City would turn into after nightfall.

Would ghosts take advantage of the dark and emerge?

Yang Jian furrowed his brows deeply, knowing staying in a big city wasn't a good choice, as densely populated areas were too prone to triggering supernatural events. He had been moving out of the city center at the fastest pace possible, avoiding the heart of the city, but he hadn't expected an event of this scale to occur.

"This range, it covers Guanjiang Residential Complex too. Is it some kind of Ghost Domain, or something else? Liu Xiaoyu mentioned that Dachang City has been sealed off, with certain areas outside of the city set as boundaries, preventing free entry and exit," Yang Jian pondered.

"If a single ghost could achieve this, its level must have surpassed A Catastrophe Level. It's impossible that a ghost of this level existed in Dachang City before without any notice," he continued to think.

Neither the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club when it was still active nor Zhou Zheng during his time mentioned any reports of such caliber.

Yang Jian was not overly afraid of fierce ghosts, what he feared more was that unknown terror.

Without sufficient information, the only way to understand a ghost was to risk one's life in the attempt.

This was exceedingly perilous.

"However, this feeling seems somewhat familiar, as if I've encountered it before," Yang Jian said, looking at the layer of dark gray haze overhead, recalling the image of the Ghost Infant.

Zhou Zheng died because of the Ghost Infant that was released by a revived fierce ghost.

The last encounter with the Ghost Infant was supposed to have been in an office building in the city center.

By that time, it could no longer be called a Ghost Infant but a Ghost Person.

Because within about a month's time, the thing had grown from an infant to a child and then to an adult.

Growing in an almost supernatural manner.

"It can't be the Ghost Infant, could it? If classified, that thing's danger level would probably only be C Level. It kills one by one, which is too slow in efficiency. However, by the last time we met, the Ghost Infant had indeed grown to a level capable of using a Ghost Domain," Yang Jian continued to muse.

"But that Ghost Domain was very small, barely enough to cover the area of one floor of an office building, even lacking the ability to completely seal off the Ghost Domain; ordinary people could come and go freely."

"Wait, why do I think that the Ghost Infant also has a Ghost Domain?"

Recalling the last supernatural incident in the office building downtown, a group of office workers encountered the Ghost Infant and were forced to jump off from the upper floors.

If that had truly been a Ghost Domain, they would have had no chance to jump from the building.

So... it wasn't a Ghost Domain.

At least not the same nature as the Ghost Domain controlled by Yang Jian.

"Intuition tells me that this incident is out of the ordinary. If we don't prepare in advance or figure out a way to deal with the source, I fear the consequences will be extremely severe," Yang Jian said as he looked at the increasingly dim sky, feeling his unease grow.

The car stopped.

He had arrived at Captain Liu's location.

"Yang Jian, have you arrived? We have already made arrangements here; you can access those weapons, but you have a supervisory responsibility. They absolutely cannot end up in the hands of criminals again," Liu Xiaoyu's voice came through the satellite-located mobile phone.

"When can your backup arrive here? There aren't many ghost controllers in Dachang City now, probably less than ten combined. With such few people and the lack of enough intelligence, if we really run into an Unsolvable Level supernatural event, the likelihood of our group being wiped out is very high.

Even if Zhao Kaiming and I try our best to protect Wang Xiaoming, it would be tough to ensure their safety," Yang Jian said, making the situation sound graver to acquire more support.

"We are already in action here, actually we are even more anxious than you," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Since you're free anyway, why not help me sort out and give me a copy of all the supernatural files you have on Dachang City. I fear this supernatural event might trigger others, making the situation even worse than imagined," Yang Jian requested.

Ghosts generally do not target other ghosts, but they can break certain balances, triggering potential supernatural events.

So this needed to be considered.

"You're right, your idea has alerted me. I will report this immediately and will get you a file of all supernatural events in Dachang City within three hours," Liu Xiaoyu promised promptly.

Just as Yang Jian entered, he saw Captain Liu and several colleagues were already waiting there.

"Exorcist Yang Jian," Captain Liu greeted with a salute.

"Captain Liu, nice to meet you," Yang Jian shook hands, "Has the higher-up already notified you about the weapons left by those criminals who tried to assassinate me last time?"

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"Everything's here, nothing missing," Liu said, pointing at a table that had been temporarily set up.

Several strong, well-equipped personnel were protecting it with guns, ensuring nothing would go wrong.

"We have a total of twenty-five pistols, three sniper rifles... and a number of special bullets," Liu read from a list in his hand.

"If you need more weapons support, Yang Jian, just ask the higher-ups, and they can provide even more assistance."

Yang Jian said, "Ordinary weapons are useless, not even as good as a brick. These are special weapons, so they're somewhat useful."

Although they couldn't kill ghosts, they could still serve some purpose, such as long-distance probing, dealing with ghost slaves, or intimidating those who didn't follow orders.

If he were to buy these himself, they would be too expensive. Heaven knows how many middlemen they'd gone through. Being able to use this batch of confiscated weapons meant he wouldn't have to worry about them for a considerable time.

"There's too much of this stuff for me to use all of it. Leave some for your team, Liu. It might come in handy sometimes. I'll take the rest. As for the bullets, give me more of the same type. Ordinary ones are fine too.

There's an old saying about not waiting until the battle to sharpen one's weapons; I should find some time to practice," he said.

Yang Jian's marksmanship was guaranteed at five meters, relied on luck at ten meters, and beyond ten meters, as unbelievable as it might sound, he could aim for someone's head and end up hitting their bird instead.

"I'll have to request permission for that. I can only supply you with ammunition if the higher-ups agree," Liu said.

Yang Jian replied, "Of course."

In these special circumstances, such requests would naturally be approved. It wasn't long before the higher-ups gave their consent, on one condition - Yang Jian would be responsible for ensuring the weapons didn't fall into the wrong hands.

After taking the weapons, Yang Jian prepared to leave; "Liu, I fear the situation in Dachang City these past few days is more serious than we imagined. Though your team is fighting hard on the front lines, I hope you can be more careful. In some situations, it's best to ensure your own safety first."

"Rescuing people is an unquestionable duty, but one must also consider their capabilities."

Liu fell silent for a moment before saying, "Thank you for the reminder, but there's something else I should tell you."

"What is it?"

Liu said, "Xiao Zhang, he's dead?"

Xiao Zhang?

Yang Jian showed a hint of puzzlement.

"It's Zhang Yuan, the one who was trapped in the mirror last time."

Liu pointed to a piece of decorative material that had been removed from the wall and said, "To prevent too much of a disturbance, that object has been taken away and dealt with specially."

Only then did Yang Jian remember that during his last visit, there indeed had been someone trapped in a mirror that glowed; "Sorry, although I resolved that incident for now, I couldn't save the person inside."

He wasn't lying; that was simply the truth.

Because Zhang Wei had already died once, the ghost had vanished, and naturally, there was no chance of reentering the mirror.

"Zhang Yuan died of thirst while trapped in the mirror. His death was agonizing and helpless. I witnessed it with my own eyes. I don't even dare to tell his mother about this. Do you know? Just yesterday, his elderly mother was sitting on the doorstep, wailing for her son.

Although the report said that Zhang Yuan was missing, his mother has guessed that he has already been sacrificed," Liu said.

Liu added, "At that moment, I didn't know how to comfort his mother, and I even dared not tell her the truth."

"I understand. The likelihood of sacrifice is high once involved in such events. And you are a ghost controller, with the power to handle these events. I'm not asking you to do anything because I'm well aware that you too risk your lives dealing with those ghostly entities. Still, I can't help but say something."

"Please take over from here on, and don't let the sacrifice of us all become meaningless," Liu said, with utmost seriousness and sincerity.

Yang Jian didn't respond. Out of respect, he saluted Liu and then left without looking back.

He didn't have the courage to take on that responsibility.

Because he wasn't that noble; everything he had done until now was just to survive, to live better.

Global paranormal events aren't changeable by one person.

It's like when an earthquake or flood comes, they can't be reversed by human effort. Sacrifices, deaths, and pain are unavoidable parts of it.

After departing, the skies outside had grown even darker.

The surroundings were enveloped in a thick fog-like mist of dark, greenish-black air, dense and sticky, lingering.

But this darkness didn't affect visibility too much. Looking ahead, one could still make out objects clearly, though they seemed blurred, as if suddenly beset with myopia.

He looked up at the sky.

Dark clouds weighed down like a city under siege, making one feel almost breathless.

The luminous lights from the shops along the sidewalks cast a murky glow in this dim world, creating an unnervingly eerie and sinister atmosphere.

The whole bustling city, with its bright lights and revelry, now resembled a ghost city.

Perhaps, in some corner of the city, an unknown supernatural event was occurring.

Chapter 218 Alien Species Breeding

At this moment, Guanjiang Residential Complex.

The villa where Yang Jian lived was brightly lit; before he returned, Jiang Yan, who was very timid, had turned on all the lights. Experience more on empire

Not even sparing the bathroom lights.

Wherever she went, there was brilliant lighting, which gave her some sense of security, considering such a large place was inhabited by only one or two people, making her feel very unsafe.

But today, a guest had arrived.

In the living room on the first floor.

"Miss Zhang, I think Yang Jian won't be back until late tonight. You shouldn't wait anymore. Just leave the license plate here; I'll attach it for him later," Jiang Yan said with a smile, while also casting a wary glance at Zhang Liqin.

After staying overnight last time, she had felt something odd about this woman.

Could it be that she was clinging to Yang Jian?

That won't do. By arrival, she had secured her position first and wouldn't allow any other competitors to appear.

Zhang Liqin had dressed up specially today, with light makeup on her face and her hair neatly tied up, not a strand out of place.

She could be described as a woman who exuded a strong feminine charm from head to toe.

"It's okay. I'll wait a bit longer. There are still some documents that I haven't processed. Since I'm here this time, I might as well get it done all together; otherwise, it'll be delayed until the next time. I'm afraid it might hold up President Yang's affairs," she said with a slight smile, appearing very patient.

"You just want to squat here and not leave, right?" Jiang Yan's expression became odd, though she didn't dare say it out loud.

If Yang Jian found out that she had chased away Miss Zhang who was handling his registration and license plate, he might scold her when he returned.

"But looking at the situation today, it's possible that Yang Jian won't be coming back. He was delegated a task today and apparently has a mission. I'm going to rest soon; I have to work tomorrow and can't keep Miss Zhang company here all the time," Jiang Yan said.

Zhang Liqin replied, "Then, Big Sister Jiang, go ahead and sleep. I'll just wait here for President Yang to return by myself. If it is really too late, then I might have to stay another day."

Hearing her tone, she had decided to stay overnight.

Jiang Yan was certain that Zhang Liqin definitely wanted to latch onto a rich man. Someone was trying to snatch the wealthy benefactor she had finally got ahold of.

How could this be allowed?

Yang Jian had only two legs—one for herself, and one for his good friend Zhang Wei; there was no spot left for this woman.

"Since Yang Jian isn't back, there are some things I can't decide on my own. Also, he doesn't really like strangers staying here. If Miss Zhang really needs to stay overnight for work, why don't I take Miss Zhang to the sales department next door for the night? It's really not very convenient here."

After finishing, Jiang Yan spoke in a subdued voice with a hint of horror, "In the past few days, over twenty people died outside, bodies everywhere. Yang Jian mentioned that there are supernatural occurrences happening in the residential complex. Our fifth floor has certain untouchable taboos. Do you know why the villa was covered in black cloth last time?"

"Because there's a ghost. That ghost was in the villa. To this day, I am not sure if that thing has left. Maybe it's sitting next to the sofa right now, listening to our conversation."

"I heard President Yang mention it before, but speaking of this, I should really thank President Yang. If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have been able to get out of the city center last time." Although Zhang Liqin felt slightly uneasy, she didn't seem too scared.

Her face still bore a look of deep concern.

Damn, she's not scared off by this?

If Zhang Wei were here, he'd definitely have a way to drive away Zhang Liqin.

Unfortunately, that talented individual was taken away by his father.

As Jiang Yan was pondering various methods to chase away Zhang Liqin, this woman she felt threatened by, and secure her position as the Eastern Palace Empress, a car abruptly stopped outside.

"No way, he's here so early?" Jiang Yan was a bit dumbfounded.

Upon hearing the car noise, Zhang Liqin immediately breathed a sigh of relief. As a saleswoman, she could easily distinguish that it was the sound of Yang Jian's Bentley.

Very soon.

Yang Jian walked in carrying two heavy bags.

"Are you out of your mind? You're alone at home and you turned on the lights on four whole floors, even the bathroom lights. As if the person paying the electricity bill isn't you. Electricity's expensive nowadays, can't you save a bit? It seems those who don't manage a house never know the struggles of it. It's tough for me to con money outside."

As soon as he walked in, Jiang Yan got scolded.

Jiang Yan puffed up her cheeks, "With tens of billions, how can you still care about a bit of electricity? I'm scared being here alone, okay?"

"Go outside and see; you'll realize it's even more terrifying out there. You really don't know how good you have it," Yang Jian said.

"President Yang, hello," Zhang Liqin greeted.

Yang Jian raised an eyebrow, "When did you get here?"

"I came in the afternoon, and have been waiting for you since," said Zhang Liqin.

Jiang Yan pouted, "She's here to get your license plates and handle your vehicle registration, really great service, waited half a day for you."

Zhang Liqin smiled awkwardly, "President Yang, could I trouble you for a few minutes? There's something I'd like to discuss with you in private."

Yang Jian thought for a moment, "Okay."

After speaking, he added, "Big Sister Jiang, help me put these things away, don't mess around with them."

"Got it," Jiang Yan responded, while casting a suspicious glance at Zhang Liqin.

A woman's intuition told her that Zhang Liqin must have something secretive to discuss today.

Zhang Liqin, not her first visit, deftly led Yang Jian to the room where the two had previously been intimate.

"I thought you wouldn't come again, but it turns out you're just saying one thing and feeling another," Yang Jian said with a smile, "What's the matter, missed me?"

Zhang Liqin hesitated before speaking, "Yang Jian, these past couple of days, I've noticed something odd about my body, it seems like I might be pregnant, I didn't dare let others know, so I came to you."

The smile on Yang Jian's face gradually stiffened, and his mind was immediately swarmed with phrases like 'sucker,' 'congratulations on becoming a dad,' 'wide open green fields,' 'thank you,' 'I really like this hat...'

"It's definitely not mine, I'm very confident about that. You're not trying to make me take the fall for it, are you? Sorry, I'm not taking this one."

Zhang Liqin, both embarrassed and anxious, "That's not what I mean. I'm not pregnant at all, even if it accidentally happened last time, it wouldn't show this quickly. But look at my stomach."

Without any hesitation, she lifted her top to reveal her fair belly.

Compared to the last time, her belly was slightly swollen, as if she really was pregnant.

"Yang Jian, you scumbag, fooling around behind my back," Liu Xiaoyu's agitated voice transmitted from the satellite-located phone.

Keeping communication open 24/7, she too had heard the previous conversation.

"Who, who's talking?" Zhang Liqin was startled.

Yang Jian said, "It might be my conscience condemning me, don't mind it."

"Could it be an illness?"

Zhang Liqin said, "No, it's not an illness, there really is a baby inside my stomach, you can feel it if you want." With that, she took Yang Jian's hand and placed it on her belly.

Yang Jian immediately frowned; he indeed felt a fetus squirming inside.

The fetus was very small, probably only the size of an adult's fist.

But the next moment, his palm felt something and he swiftly withdrew his hand.

Through Zhang Liqin's belly skin, a grimacing baby's face appeared, mouth open as if to bite towards Yang Jian.

"Ahh~!"

Zhang Liqin instinctively covered her stomach, feeling intense pain.

"So vicious even at this tiny size?" Yang Jian raised an eyebrow, "Even trying to bite your dad? Be careful, or I'll kill you."

"Yang, Yang Jian, what, what's actually happening?" Zhang Liqin said in a panic.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and spoke in a grave tone, "This is Ghost Infant... how did you come to have this thing?"

Zhang Liqin shook her head, "I, I don't know, it seemed to have just appeared, and by the time I realized it, the fetus inside me was already formed, seems to grow a bit fast."

"It's grown slow enough, count yourself lucky you found me, otherwise, in some time what's inside your belly would've consumed all your organs, it would rip through your belly to get out, and congratulations, you'd have given birth to a real ghost with your own life," Yang Jian said.

"No, this can't be, Ghost Infant should be Zhou Zheng's, how could this woman have one, Yang Jian, you must be mistaken," Liu Xiaoyu exclaimed in surprise from the satellite-located phone.

Yang Jian said, "Perhaps it's only because I'm correct, have there ever been instances where ghost controllers had relationships with ordinary people and conceived Ghost Infants?"

"Absolutely impossible, do you think you're God or something? Capable of impregnating someone with a Ghost Infant." Liu Xiaoyu answered very affirmatively, "This has nothing to do with you."

Yang Jian said, "I thought so, it'd be too ridiculous otherwise, since it's not due to me, then there's only one truth..."

Chapter 219 Uncontrollable

Looking at Zhang Liqin's slightly swollen belly.

Who could have thought that a Ghost Infant was brewing inside?

Yang Jian had also wondered if it was due to his status as a ghost herder and his deep interactions with ordinary people that a Ghost Infant was born?

But Liu Xiaoyu's words ruthlessly overturned his conjecture.

It had nothing to do with him, but if not for that, Yang Jian felt there was only one possibility... the Ghost Infant in Zhang Liqin's belly was related to the supernatural event that happened today in Dachang City.

Although the supernatural event had exploded only today.

But there must have been a period of gestation before the supernatural event fully erupted, and victims would emerge during this process.

Zhang Liqin might be one of them.

"Yang Jian, what do we do now? Please help me," Zhang Liqin, after hearing that the Ghost Infant inside her could cause her death, was so frightened that her face color changed.

Yang Jian said, "Don't panic, the Ghost Infant is still small, far from breaking out of your belly. Did you experience any tearing pain in your stomach while sleeping last night?"

"No, no such thing," Zhang Liqin replied.

"That's good; the Ghost Infant hasn't started eating your organs yet. Otherwise, you'd be a goner," Yang Jian said.

If the Ghost Infant began to eat the organs, it would mean that it had fully parasitized the host. By then, the host's life would depend entirely on the Ghost Infant, and should the Ghost Infant die, so would the host. Even if the Ghost Infant wasn't touched, the host would still die when it ran out of the belly.

It was a total dead end.

"Can you try to control the Ghost Infant in your belly?"

Yang Jian asked again, "If you can control it, that would be very good news. You wouldn't be an ordinary person anymore, but would become a ghost herder like me."

"How, how can I control it? Would the infant inside my belly listen to me?" Zhang Liqin was both anxious and afraid.

Yang Jian said, "Give it a try; this is important. Also, keep calm. Your situation isn't that bad, trust me, at least it's much better than mine."

"Well, I'll give it a shot," Zhang Liqin hesitated, then said.

But the outcome wasn't very optimistic. Unlike Zhou Zheng, Zhang Liqin couldn't control the Ghost Infant in her belly.

Even the simplest control was impossible.

"It seems you're not a ghost herder after all, just purely possessed by a Ghost Infant," Yang Jian frowned.

Things got a bit complicated, not like what Zhou Zheng experienced.

Zhang Liqin, increasingly uneasy, asked, "What do we do now?"

"What else can we do? Naturally, we have to take out that ghostly thing from your belly. Or should we wait for you to give birth?" Yang Jian said.

"Can you accompany me to the hospital to... abortion?" Zhang Liqin said embarrassingly.

Yang Jian said, "Do you really think this is a normal pregnancy? What's in your belly is a Ghost Infant, understand? That's a ghost. I don't think the doctor can handle this. Ordinary abortion methods certainly won't work, and even cutting open your stomach might not get the Ghost Infant out."

"The reason it's called a supernatural event is because it defies common logic. No need to go to the hospital; I'll figure out a way to take it out for you. Who made me so fond of playing the dad role," he said.

"I'm sorry for troubling you," Zhang Liqin apologized.

Yang Jian said, "It's not too much trouble. With what's going to happen next, I think the big trouble is yet to come. Get dressed, come out to grab a bite, and you'll stay here today. Don't go wandering around until we resolve what's inside your belly, otherwise, I can't guarantee that you'll still be alive next time we meet."

"Alright, got it," Zhang Liqin said.

Returning to the living room downstairs.

Jiang Yan, wearing an apron, carried food out from the kitchen: "Yang Jian, it's time to eat. I've made your favorite fried rice with eggs."

"Fry an extra portion, Zhang Liqin will have dinner here and stay the night," Yang Jian instructed.

"What?" Jiang Yan paused, her expression becoming increasingly strange as she sized her up.

Zhang Liqin offered a slight smile, somewhat embarrassed, but said nothing.

During the meal, Yang Jian found himself glancing unintentionally at Zhang Liqin's belly and began to contemplate.

The most direct way to take out the Ghost Infant would be to use the Ghost Shadow to directly enter Zhang Liqin's body and snatch the Ghost Infant.

"No, that won't work. The Ghost Infant is fused with the human body; taking out the Ghost Infant would likely tear out the intestines as well. The Headless Ghost Shadow is not that gentle; nothing it touches stays in one piece," Yang Jian immediately shook his head.

"But what if I use the Ghost Domain to make the other parts of Zhang Liqin's body ethereal? That way, we might be able to successfully remove the Ghost Infant without damaging other parts," he speculated.

"However, this requires the power of two fierce ghosts working together."

With that thought, a bold but immature idea began to form in his mind.

It carried a certain risk, but it was worth a try. If successful, Yang Jian would have a new, quite special ability.

Zhang Liqin was a great candidate for an experiment, and she was very willing to cooperate.

After all, given her situation, she could only place her hopes on Yang Jian.

"By the way, Yang Jian, which room will you sleep in tonight? I'll come to find you after I take a shower," Jiang Yan, who was eating, suddenly stretched out her stocking-clad legs under the table and kicked, throwing a coquettish glance.

Yang Jian said, "I have to deal with a paranormal event tonight, so I won't be free."

"What paranormal event? I don't believe it."

Jiang Yan pouted and said, "You must be lying to me. I haven't slept with you in days. Have you been avoiding me recently? I know you must have another woman out there. Who is she? Is she more beautiful than me?"

Better at getting things done? Do you love her or do you love me?"

"..." Yang Jian cocked his head and looked at her, "You have a strange way of thinking. Are you suffering from heatstroke?"

"Miss Jiang, I hope you'll contain yourself. Don't disturb Yang Jian in these coming days; he has a very important task at hand. If you would cooperate, I would be very grateful. But if you continue to make trouble and refuse to cooperate, I can make you cooperate by force." Suddenly, Liu Xiaoyu's voice came from the satellite positioning phone.

How could she allow Yang Jian to be entangled by a woman who appeared out of nowhere at such a critical moment?

"Who's talking?" Jiang Yan jumped at the sudden voice.

Yang Jian said, "It might be God warning you, hoping you would pray sincerely to avoid His wrath."

"What God? It sounded like a girl's voice to me." Jiang Yan looked around, trying to find the source of the voice.

Yang Jian said, "Yeah, God is a girl."

"Is that her? Wow, you've been secretly hooking up with another woman behind my back! No way, I'm not going to be the other woman. I want to be your girlfriend and let that woman be your mistress. Is that okay? I'm so obedient," Jiang Yan whined, pulling on Yang Jian's hand.

"If you keep this up, you can write your resignation letter. Can't you be quiet?" said Yang Jian.

"Fine, I won't talk — why do you have to be so fierce?" Jiang Yan hugged Yang Jian's arm, appearing very close to him, and then glanced provocatively at Zhang Liqin nearby.

Zhang Liqin said nothing and continued eating her meal. She could clearly see the unusual relationship between Jiang Yan and Yang Jian.

She understood the situation perfectly and felt no jealousy.

Soon after Yang Jian finished eating and put down his tableware, he said, "Miss Zhang, come with me to the fifth floor. Let's resolve your issue first, Big Sister Jiang. You're holding on so tight, do you want to come to the fifth floor and take a look?"

"I don't want to go; I'll go wash the dishes." Jiang Yan immediately let go of Yang Jian's arm and hurriedly scooted to the side.

She knew very well what was on the fifth floor — all kinds of bizarre objects collected by Yang Jian, such as human skin paper, dried fingers, strange mirrors, ropes used for hanging... one never knew if a ghost might appear, so the fifth floor had always been off-limits. Since moving in, she had only been there twice.

When they reached the fifth floor, Yang Jian turned on the lights in the living room.

However, several rooms here were locked, pitch black inside, unknown what taboo items were stored.

"First, take off your clothes. I'll get some things ready," Yang Jian instructed.

"Okay," Zhang Liqin nodded.

Yang Jian went to two of the locked rooms and retrieved an empty gold box to place the Ghost Infant in and a desiccated finger wrapped in gold leaf to prevent any accidents. This eerie finger could even nail down the Ghost Domain, so pinning down a Ghost Infant probably wouldn't be difficult.

Just to be safe, he also brought a Ghost Candle.

Should anything go wrong, he could light the Ghost Candle to ensure nothing goes amiss.

"That should do it," Yang Jian nodded, feeling that he was being sufficiently cautious.

Taking such extensive precautions for an unformed Ghost Infant, he believed no one could outdo him.
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"Um, Miss Zhang, when I said take off your clothes, I didn't mean you had to take off your pants too. I'm here to deal with the Ghost Infant, not you. Can you please show some respect for my profession? After all, I am the person in charge of Dachang City."

When Yang Jian came out and saw Zhang Liqin standing there in a set of sexy underwear, looking a bit restrained, he was momentarily stunned.

"You didn't make it clear," Zhang Liqin said, her face filled with embarrassment as she quickly picked up her skirt from the floor.

"You have a great figure, and your underwear is very sexy, it suits you well. I'll give you a thumbs up," Yang Jian said, giving her a thumbs up.

Zhang Liqin blushed and smiled shyly.

Although she didn't show it, she had actually made an effort to dress up for today.

"No matter what you see next, don't get surprised or scared. Everything is under my control. Even if it's terrifying, don't scream or panic. Follow my instructions exactly. Since you've already experienced a paranormal event in the city center, you know what you need to do in such situations. I don't want to repeat myself later," Yang Jian said.

"I understand," Zhang Liqin nodded.

Yang Jian brought over a table and placed all the things he might need on it, particularly the Ghost Candle, which he put in a custom-made gold candlestick to avoid any accidental tipping, and next to it, he casually placed a few specially made gold lighters.

These gadgets were all bought online last time, costing quite a sum.

Although they seemed to be luxury items with little practical use, they could reduce the chance of error to a great extent in some situations.

For instance, the gold lighters—should they fail while lighting the Ghost Candle due to the erosion by a fierce ghost, and the Ghost Candle doesn't light up, wouldn't that spell disaster?

Chapter 220 Trying to Drive

Everything was ready, and as Yang Jian looked at the mature and alluring Zhang Liqin before him, his attention wasn't on her figure but rather on her slightly bulging belly.

He was well aware of what a forming Ghost Infant meant.

Although he didn't know if this Ghost Infant was related to the one Zhou Zheng had encountered before, the pressing matter was to extract it now.

If a few more days passed and Zhang Liqin became too deeply eroded by the Ghost Infant, it would be too late to save her.

She could only wait for death.

"I need to make some attempts, don't be nervous," Yang Jian instructed, standing in front of her.

Zhang Liqin's body tensed up, and she nodded solemnly.

"First attempt," Yang Jian thought to himself.

In the next moment, red light emitted from his body, and the Ghost Eye on his forehead opened instantly, shrouding Zhang Liqin within the Ghost Domain.

"No effect?" he wondered, looking at her slightly raised stomach.

The Ghost Infant showed no reaction, nor did it resist, smoothly entering the Ghost Domain.

"Just as I had speculated, time for the second attempt," Yang Jian said without hesitation, his shadow immediately began to change underneath him.

The black shadow thickened like ink, flowing slowly on the ground like mercury before rising from the floor.

Soon, a headless shadow eerily stood behind him.

For Zhang Liqin, it was her first time seeing Yang Jian's true form so clearly—it was indeed eerie and terrifying because she knew in her heart that neither the extra red eye nor the tall black figure behind him was human, but two truly terrifying ghosts.

The Ghost Shadow slowly approached her.

As they almost touched each other, Zhang Liqin felt a cold aura drawing near, causing her hair to stand on end and goosebumps to appear on her pale skin, a chill spreading from the soles of her feet throughout her body.

"Behave yourself," Yang Jian said sternly.

"Yes, sorry," Zhang Liqin's complexion turned grim.

"Not you, I was referring to my shadow. It wishes to possess your body. The nature of a fierce ghost still lingers; it would lose control if I suppressed it."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, the body of the Ghost Shadow suddenly split open with several cracks, and within those black openings hid several crimson eyes, a total of five.

The appearance of the Ghost Eyes immediately brought the Ghost Shadow's movements to a halt, freezing in place, unable to move.

"You can only move where I permit," Yang Jian said.

He closed one of the Ghost Eyes on the body of the Ghost Shadow, and one of its black arms regained movement.

This time it behaved.

The arm of the Ghost Shadow reached towards Zhang Liqin's slightly bulging belly.

"Yang, Yang Jian?" Confronted with such a strange situation, even Zhang Liqin, no matter how composed, began to succumb to fear and panic.

"It's okay, trust me," Yang Jian said, furrowing his brow deeply.

The Ghost Shadow's hand had no substance and, like an actual shadow, it passed directly through Zhang Liqin's pale skin and into her belly.

But the next moment, the attempt failed.

The Ghost Shadow's hand passed right through Zhang Liqin's body without touching the Ghost Infant inside.

"The second attempt has failed, just as imagined," Yang Jian wasn't surprised because all this was within his considerations.

As expected, if Zhang Liqin's body became ethereal, the Ghost Infant would also become ethereal, and the Ghost Shadow wouldn't be able to touch it.

So, the only way to perfectly extract the Ghost Infant was to make Zhang Liqin's body ethereal while the Ghost Infant remained solid.

Of course, raw force could also extract it, but that would kill the person.

Yang Jian was here to save a life, not take one, and he wouldn't resort to overly aggressive methods.

"Has that thing been taken out?" Zhang Liqin, trembling slightly, if it hadn't been for Yang Jian's calm presence, she would have screamed and run away by now.

Yang Jian said, "One last attempt is needed. If this also fails, your situation will become very dire. But don't be afraid, I'm eighty percent confident in the third attempt. However, it requires a bit of time to prepare. Stay here and wait for me."

The third attempt involved merging the Ghost Domain with the Ghost Eye, enabling a perfect synergy of the two powers to extract the Ghost Infant.

And this required a medium.

The medium was Yang Jian's own body, for he was a ghost controller.

Only Yang Jian himself could blend the abilities of two formidable ghosts, as ghosts do not naturally synergize with each other.

"So I've returned to the starting point once again," he mused. "The method described on the human skin scroll, hanging in front of the Ghost Mirror, resurrecting from death, and perfectly controlling the revived Ghost Shadow?"

Yang Jian felt as if he had unconsciously retraced his old steps. Explore more at [empire](#)

Could he have been tricked?

Let that be for now, since it's an experiment, there's no need to take undue risks; a small trial would suffice.

Yang Jian suddenly looked at his right hand.

Merging just one hand would mean that the risks were controllable, even in the event of failure.

"Hmm, that's what I'll do," Yang Jian nodded.

However, after pondering over his right hand for quite some time: "Better use the left hand instead."

And so, he decided to use his left hand for the trial.

"Miss Zhang, do you see that lighter and candlestick over there? If I lose control, upon your command, you must immediately light the red candle with the lighter," Yang Jian instructed; "If everything goes smoothly, there's no need to do so."

"Okay, got it," Zhang Liqin nodded in agreement.

Yang Jian was just adding an extra layer of protection.

He was merely dealing with a minor ghost, not facing a highly dangerous supernatural event; how could he allow things to go awry?

He took a deep breath, now it was his turn to be nervous.

At that moment, the Ghost Shadow withdrew, once again standing behind him.

Subsequently, the pitch-black arm of the Ghost Shadow moved again, but this time, instead of using it on someone else, it gradually entered Yang Jian's left arm.

He was attempting to control one of the Ghost Shadow's arms.

With the suppression of the Ghost Eye, there was still a chance of success.

But there was also the risk of failure; if he failed, Yang Jian faced two possibilities. The first was that he would have to give up one of his own arms to the Ghost Shadow, and the second was the Ghost Shadow going out of control.

However, the second possibility was constrained by the Ghost Candle; within the light of the Ghost Candle, the Ghost Shadow could not go out of control.

Therefore, Yang Jian only needed to worry about whether he could keep his own arm.

"It's not only about saving Zhang Liqin, but if I succeed, I can find a new way based on controlling two ghosts, without taking the risk of hanging myself," Yang Jian thought to himself.

At this moment, as the Ghost Shadow fused, Yang Jian felt his left hand enveloped by a chill, rapidly losing sensation.

It was as if his arm was no longer his but that someone else was contesting the control of it.

Being possessed by the Ghost Shadow meant handing your body over to a ghost, you're no longer yourself.

"Suppress it," Yang Jian immediately shifted the Ghost Eye within his body.

A Ghost Eye suddenly popped out, protruding through the flesh in the palm of his hand.

The coldness in his palm quickly subsided, and he felt his hand slowly regain sensation as if it had thawed from being frozen.

"Did it work?" Yang Jian's face was marked by gravity.

But in the next instant, his expression underwent a drastic change.

The Ghost Shadow within his arm had become uncontrollable, starting to agitate restlessly as the skin along the entire arm split inch by inch, resembling fragile porcelain on the verge of shattering.

In less than ten seconds, his arm would be destroyed due to the uncontrollable Ghost Shadow.

"Damn it, the power of this Ghost Shadow is stronger than I imagined. Without a body, the Ghost Shadow didn't feel significant, but once it possesses a body, the threat escalates dramatically," Yang Jian struggled to maintain control, but his power was no match for the Ghost Shadow's.

Now, the entire arm was twisting bizarrely after sprouting cracks, and if it were a normal person's, the arm would have been rendered useless.

"Should I light the candle?" Zhang Liqin asked in a panic upon seeing Yang Jian's arm in that state.

"Not yet, let me try again," Yang Jian gritted his teeth and transferred the last Ghost Eye to his arm.

The Ghost Eye on his forehead disappeared, and the seventh eye appeared on his arm.

As the Ghost Eye opened, the strange agitation within his arm immediately settled.