

Revival 221

Chapter 221 Successfully Retrieved

"Did it work?"

Yang Jian looked at his own contorted and cracked arm, he felt that the Ghost Shadow inside was no longer losing control.

Sensation returned to his arm immediately.

Even though his arm was deformed, he felt no pain.

"Crack~!"

The sound of joints moving sounded, and in the next moment, Yang Jian's arm returned to its normal state in almost a bizarre fashion. The cracks on his arm were still there, not healing, indicating his body needed to heal on its own.

"Relying on two ghost eyes just to suppress an arm with a Ghost Shadow, indeed, once a Ghost Shadow gains a body, its level of terror dramatically increases. When it exists as a mere shadow, it's at its weakest. I really don't know if the words on that human skin paper before were true or not, can this thing really be perfectly controlled?"

Watching his arm slowly regain its function, his expression remained very grave.

"Yang Jian, are you all right?"

Zhang Liqin asked cautiously, her nerves even tenser than Yang Jian's.

In this situation, she could only watch silently as a bystander, unable to take any action.

"For now... it's nothing serious. My previous thoughts were correct; if it's just controlling an arm, I can just manage," Yang Jian said as he touched his left hand.

Although there was sensation, it was cold and stiff, like the arm of a corpse.

"Yang Jian, what are you doing over there? You mustn't do anything dangerous at such a critical time. There aren't many ghost controllers in Dachang City, and your presence is vitally important. If your condition goes sideways, it might affect the following situation," warned Liu Xiaoyu from the satellite-tracked cell phone.

From Yang Jian's previous conversation, it seemed he was attempting something dangerous.

"I know my limits, you don't need to remind me. It's precisely because of this unique environment that I'm trying to explore the capabilities of the ghosts in my body to prepare for any situation that may arise," Yang Jian replied.

"You should go to Professor Wang for research on vicious ghosts, he's a pioneer in that field, and nobody's research is more thorough than his," suggested Liu Xiaoyu. "If you need, I can get in touch with him right away."

"No need, I'm almost finished here."

Yang Jian didn't quite trust Wang Xiaoming and, having just killed his brother, asking for his help now would be too much for face, wouldn't it?

"Next, you'd better keep quiet. I need to deal with some sight issues. If you have time to talk to me, you might as well check if the files I asked for are organized yet. And I also want a copy of Zhao Kaiming's file."

"Then be careful," said Liu Xiaoyu, not disturbing Yang Jian as he dealt with the supernatural event.

"Miss Zhang, get ready. I'm going to attempt it for the third time," Yang Jian said again.

Zhang Liqin stood there, extremely nervous; "I'm ready, go ahead."

Yang Jian's expression was serious as he lifted his arm, which was covered in a faint red glow—released from the power of the ghost eyes.

According to his plan, he would first use the power of the Ghost Domain to dematerialize a normal person's body. Even though the vicious ghost might be affected differently, he could distinguish it directly as long as there was a difference in the entities since the Ghost Infant had merged with Zhang Liqin.

Then, using the arm that the Ghost Shadow had possessed, he would grab the Ghost Infant and extract it without harming any organs.

Suddenly.

With a movement of his palm, he fiercely reached for Zhang Liqin's slightly bulging belly.

Something unimaginable happened.

Yang Jian's entire hand eerily entered her stomach, yet Zhang Liqin didn't feel any pain at all, only a chilling coldness spreading inside her body.

But in the next moment.

The Ghost Infant inside Zhang Liqin's belly started moving rapidly, escaping from under the skin and crawling upwards following the flesh.

The two could clearly see the bulging area moving continuously.

"Yang, Yang Jian, it's, it's moving?" Zhang Liqin's face turned white with fright.

"Not just moving, it's running because it feels the danger I bring."

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, and he stepped forward, plunging his entire arm into Zhang Liqin's body, his hand reaching for the direction in which the Ghost Infant was squirming.

Before it could reach the chest cavity, he felt his palm grip something.

A cold, squirming creature, with a body the size of a fist, had an almost bizarre strength.

"You want to run? Get out!" Yang Jian yanked fiercely.

His entire arm pulled out from Zhang Liqin's stomach.

In his hand was a dark-green, eerie infant that hadn't even opened its eyes, resembling a newborn mouse, yet exceptionally vicious.

The Ghost Infant opened its mouth and let out an unnatural, eerie cry: Waaah~!

The voice was sharp and piercing, it wasn't just the floor that heard it—the entire villa echoed with this spine-chilling cry.

"What the hell is that?"

Jiang Yan, who was taking a bath, was so frightened by the noise that the soap slipped from her grasp.

"It worked."

Yang Jian looked at the still unformed Ghost Infant in his hand, placed it directly into a golden box, and prepared to imprison it.

However, as soon as he let go, the Ghost Infant jumped up, trying to escape rapidly.

"This thing is wicked enough; it's so fierce when it's just this small. If it grows up, who knows what will happen." Yang Jian wouldn't give it the chance, picking up a withered finger beside him, pressing the Ghost Infant down, and nailing it to the spot.

The withered finger pierced through the body of the Ghost Infant, pinning it to the table.

The Ghost Infant let out a piercing cry and then lay on the table as if dead, motionless.

Yang Jian nudged the body of the Ghost Infant, making sure it was completely still before he finally relaxed.

However, he knew that although the Ghost Infant appeared dead, it was actually just temporarily pinned down, and as soon as the withered finger was pulled out, the Ghost Infant would immediately regain its movement and become incredibly fierce again.

Along with the finger, Yang Jian put the Ghost Infant back into a golden box, sealed it tightly, wrapped it with several layers of gold foil, and made sure it was foolproof.

"Done." After all this, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

From today onwards, it would be quite difficult for this Ghost Infant to escape; if nothing unusual happened, it would be imprisoned for life.

"Yang Jian, is it done?" Zhang Liqin, after witnessing this terrifying scene, dared to ask.

Yang Jian said, "The Ghost Infant inside you has been dealt with for the moment, but I really want to know how this thing got into your body. Have you really no recollection of these past few days? Or have you encountered any bizarre incidents?"

He felt that the appearance of this second Ghost Infant had a reason behind it.

It could not have appeared in Zhang Liqin's belly without cause.

"I really don't know. I just went to work normally these days," said Zhang Liqin.

"Then, has anything strange happened to the people around you? Don't overlook any unusual details. Think carefully," said Yang Jian.

Zhang Liqin said, "Then let me think again."

"Good, I'll give you ten minutes to think," said Yang Jian as he began to pack up the items on the table.

Just in case, he had prepared many things.

However, as he was packing, Yang Jian suddenly noticed that the sky outside was looking increasingly wrong.

Reflected by the light shining through the glass, he saw that the night outside was not black but was tinged with an eerie blue. This blend of blue and black was like the color of the skin on a baby that had been dead for several days, exactly the same as the Ghost Infant he had just extracted from Zhang Liqin's body.

"The Ghost Infant must be related to this ongoing major event. Zhang Liqin's situation is definitely not accidental. To completely clarify this matter, we probably have to wait for the problem to emerge on its own," Yang Jian thought to himself.

At that moment, Zhang Liqin suddenly said, "Oh, right, something that may or may not be related occurred. I heard someone in my community talking about a female neighbor getting pregnant and going to the hospital for a check-up."

"It's normal for a woman to get pregnant. What's so special about it?" Yang Jian asked, tilting his head.

"But the woman in the community is infertile. She's been married for almost ten years without getting pregnant. She often fights with her husband about it, some fights were so big that everyone in the community knows about them," Zhang Liqin explained.

Yang Jian's expression changed: "This happened just these past few days?"

"Yes, these past few days," Zhang Liqin confirmed with a nod.

"I'll have someone check it out tomorrow," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin guessed, "Do you think that neighbor could be going through the same situation as me?"

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian's face instantly turned grave: "We better hope not, or else..."

"Or else what?"

"Or else this city is doomed," Yang Jian said in a hushed tone.

Zhang Liqin was startled: "Is it that serious?"

"It's only going to be more serious than you can imagine. I'll have someone investigate and get proof tomorrow. It's best to keep today's incident a secret, don't mention it to anyone, remember, to anyone," said Yang Jian.

"I'll keep it a secret, don't worry," Zhang Liqin nodded.

Yang Jian said, "Your issue is temporarily resolved. It's getting late, you should go to sleep if there's nothing else."

After walking a short distance, he looked back and said, "What are you standing there for, come on over."

Zhang Liqin first stood dumbfounded, then realizing what he meant, her face turned red: "Wait a second, let me get my clothes."

Picking up the clothes from the floor, she immediately followed him, walking into the room of her own accord.

And at this very moment.

In the dimly lit Dachang City, an unknown terror was brewing.

The general populace had already noticed this large-scale anomaly, and there were even some places that had begun to panic. Fortunately, the incidents had happened only recently, so the panic had not spread too much.

However, in an unknown corner of the city, a community shrouded in darkness, suddenly, the cry of an infant rang out.

Piercing and bizarre, it sent shivers down the spine.

Chapter 222 One Day

"Zhang Liqin? Hmm, her file doesn't have any problems."

In the communications room, Liu Xiaoyu studied Zhang Liqin's file attentively while taking notes on a notepad with a pencil, "Zhang Liqin, has been possessed by a Ghost Infant, later extracted by Yang Jian

using some method, currently freed from the Ghost Infant's control. The extracted Ghost Infant has been detained and sealed by Yang Jian.

The matter is certain without doubt; below is the recording of the whole event."

Then she extracted that segment of the recording, placing the recording USB drive into the file bag.

"From the conversation, it seems that Zhang Liqin's possession by the Ghost Infant might not be an isolated incident. There's suspicion of a similar encounter involving a woman in her residential complex that needs to be investigated and verified. Yang Jian is already on it."

"Send this file to the captain," Liu Xiaoyu wrote on the file bag: "Dachang City Ghost Infant Incident."

"Okay." A staff member immediately took the file bag and left.

Liu Xiaoyu continued to monitor Yang Jian and Zhang Liqin.

Actually, it wasn't so much eavesdropping, but openly listening, since it was done with Yang Jian's consent, maintaining communication twenty-four hours a day.

At that moment, voices transmitted through her headset.

Liu Xiaoyu listened and took notes simultaneously.

This was her job, to have both a recording and written notes to ensure the authenticity of the events, reducing the possibility of the files being tampered with.

But as time passed, she noticed the voices coming from Zhang Liqin and Yang Jian growing stranger.

Her pen abruptly stopped writing, her face gradually tensing, then the voice through the headset made her cheeks instantly flush; she jumped up from her chair like a startled rabbit.

"Yang Jian, you bastard," Liu Xiaoyu couldn't help but curse as her face turned red.

The communications officer next to her laughed, "What's wrong, Liu Xiaoyu? What did your Yang Jian do to upset you this time? I think you should just bear with it. The Yang Jian you're in charge of is one of the better ones.

Last time, Xiao Wang, who was in charge of another spirit master, had it worse; that one would talk to themselves all day, muttering things like 'Death to all,' 'I'll kill your whole family,' 'I want to twist off your head,' scaring Xiao Wang into nightmares and leading to some mental instability."

"With such an incident occurring in Dachang City, he actually, he actually still has the mood to, to get involved with a woman," said Liu Xiaoyu.

The communications officer next to her was confused, "Is that even an issue? That's his private life; we have no right to interfere. As long as there's nothing wrong with Yang Jian's partner's identity, it's fine. But you haven't been working long, so you might not be aware of some things.

You know, some spirit masters are even on the verge of losing control and are no longer able to communicate normally."

"..." Liu Xiaoyu exclaimed in shock, "Really?"

"Ghosts erode the psyche too deeply, and it naturally affects one's thoughts and consciousness. Most spirit masters are alone and helpless, and when faced with the erosion of fierce ghosts, it's normal for them to be unable to resist since they're human after all. In such situations, they do things that are incomprehensible to find some psychological support.

From a medical standpoint, they're all potential psychiatric patients."

"Just look at those who have survived supernatural events, each one of them has psychological trauma, and it's not uncommon for them to break down and go insane."

"Of course, there are spirit masters who are more mentally stable, but given the big data, the number of such individuals is decreasing, while the number of those with mental issues is increasing. Didn't an expert talk about this during a lecture? Overcoming fear requires a strong inner self and a resilient spirit."

"And most spirit masters don't have this temperament. However, through natural selection, those who ultimately survive are unquestionably the strongest spirit masters."

"Why do you think the captain asked you to keep a close eye on Yang Jian? It's because he has this potential. Otherwise, with so many spirit masters under his responsibility, why would he frequently inquire about Yang Jian's affairs?"

The communications officer beside her clearly had ample experience and a broad knowledge.

After being counseled, Liu Xiaoyu's expression softened considerably.

"So, should I record and take notes of this incident?" she asked later with flushed cheeks.

"You decide," her colleague smiled.

Liu Xiaoyu looked at the headset, her heart torn with conflict. After gritting her teeth for a long time and wrestling with her inner turmoil, she eventually put the headset back on, her face still red.

She felt she was slowly becoming twisted.

However, time quickly passed.

Dachang City, seven in the morning.

The entire city was shrouded in darkness, with an ashy black aura pervading the city, making it feel as if it were night during the day.

The only consolation was that the horror was still brewing and had not yet occurred; otherwise, if the city plunged into chaos, it was unthinkable what might happen.

And at this very moment.

Outside a villa in Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"Bang! Bang!"

A series of gunshots suddenly broke out, awakening the two people in the room.

"Who's so annoying shooting guns early in the morning? Don't people need to sleep?" Yang Jian abruptly opened his eyes, annoyed.

He hadn't really been asleep but was just resting with his eyes closed.

Due to suppressing the fierce ghost, he hadn't slept for a long time.

"What time is it now?" Zhang Liqin, snuggling Yang Jian's neck, asked lazily.

"Seven twenty," answered Yang Jian.

Zhang Liqin slightly opened her eyes, "But why is it still dark outside? Is your clock wrong?"

Hmm?

Yang Jian then noticed that it was indeed still dim outside, but the clock on his phone showed it was already past seven.

But that's morning time; by all means, it should have been daylight by now.

"There's trouble," he said, his expression becoming serious as he suddenly sat up.

He rushed to the window and looked outside quickly.

Indeed, his worst fears had come true. It was past seven in the morning, but it was still dark outside, the sun had not risen, and the sky was covered in a haze of gloom, as if the entire world had fallen into apocalypse.

"Is this supernatural event finally about to erupt?" Yang Jian's expression was grave.

Chapter 223 Words Must Not Be Recklessly Spoken

What's the most serious thing right now?

Without a doubt, there's only one.

The sky of Dachang City had darkened~!

Even though it was daytime, and the time had already reached eight o'clock, Dachang City was still shrouded in darkness, with the gloom enveloping the city showing not a hint of wanting to disperse. If one didn't check the time, they might think it was still around one or two o'clock in the morning.

"The situation is more serious than I imagined. This is no longer just a simple supernatural event; it's very likely a major disaster," Yang Jian felt very heavy at heart at this moment.

He was not only concerned about the fate of the entire city but also about the fate of himself and his group.

If the situation had truly become irreparable, then it was very possible that the entire city's population would be trapped to death in this darkness.

"Yang Jian, what's wrong? What happened?" Zhang Liqin asked anxiously when she saw Yang Jian hurrying out.

"Of course it's a big deal. If you want to know, you can go look outside the window yourself. After you see the situation outside clearly, you'll naturally understand," Yang Jian said, "I'm going downstairs first."

After he left, Zhang Liqin curiously went to look out the window.

At first, she did not realize what was happening, but when she saw the time on her cell phone, she was stunned.

In disbelief, she checked the time repeatedly, even going online to confirm it, and only after seeing a series of text messages on her phone did she finally acknowledge it.

The sky of Dachang City had darkened; the sun had not risen, and the entire city had fallen into dimness.

"Yang Jian, where did you hide yesterday? I couldn't find you. You better come take a look, something big has happened outside," Jiang Yan urgently said when she saw Yang Jian appear.

Yang Jian replied, "No need to say, I already know. The sky of Dachang City has darkened. There's no need for panic—it's just a major supernatural event. Once it's resolved, everything will naturally return to normal."

"What if it can't be resolved?" Jiang Yan asked worriedly.

Yang Jian replied, "Coffin prices are going to rise; we need to prepare in advance. Remember to prepare one for me too; I'll need it."

"You know I get scared easily, don't frighten me," Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian replied, "I'm not trying to scare you, it's the truth. By the way, who was playing with a handgun just now, you?"

"It wasn't me; it was Zhang Wei. He, his dad, and a whole bunch of people have all come. They're all sitting in the hall on the first floor now. With such a big event, of course, they've come to seek protection," Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian replied, "Oh, is that so? What about your family? How come I don't see any of your relatives and friends coming over?"

Jiang Yan rolled her eyes, "You don't care about me at all. My hometown isn't here. I'm just here for college and working on the side. In Dachang City, I only have a few classmates and colleagues, no relatives."

"So that's how it is. I'll go down and take a look," Yang Jian said.

Indeed, as soon as he arrived on the first floor, the hall was filled with people, men and women, old and young, families with children, all anxious and silent, creating a rather somber atmosphere.

And sitting in the middle was Zhang Xiang.

Zhang Xiang, smoking, looked solemn and worried.

"President Zhang, good morning. What's with the big gathering today? Don't tell me you've invited me for a meal," Yang Jian joked as he stepped off the elevator and saw the crowd.

Other people turned their gaze toward Yang Jian in unison, sizing him up; this was probably the first time they were meeting the fabled head of Dachang City.

Zhang Xiang gave a wry smile and said, "Brother Tui, you're still in the mood to joke around while I, with a family to support and thick-skinned as I am, have come uninvited. What else could it be about?" Saying this, he gestured outside.

"You must already know about the situation in Dachang City. It's a quarter past eight, and it's still dark outside. What is this? The end of the world? So, I came to ask you about the situation and to kindly request your help, so that us common folk can safely get through this crisis."

It had to be said that his sense of crisis was quite strong.

It was just past eight o'clock, and he had already gathered all his relatives and run to Yang Jian's house.

His ability to mobilize and act was undeniable.

Yang Jian said, "This has really put me in a difficult position. I honestly don't know the specific cause of what's happening in Dachang City. All I know is that it most likely has something to do with paranormal events. Unlike previous paranormal incidents, this appears to be a large-scale event. The terror is still brewing and hasn't emerged. I'm unable to obtain any more useful information."

"Can it be solved?" asked Zhang Xiang, hesitating.

Yang Jian said, "Still not clear. Maybe it can, maybe it can't. That will depend on the situation and can only be determined based on how things unfold. But what's certain is that an event of this scale is bound to have a significant number of casualties."

"Would staying here be a bit safer?" Zhang Xiang asked.

Yang Jian replied, "If I'm alive, Guanjiang Residential Complex will be somewhat safer than other places. If I'm dead, this place will be more dangerous than anywhere else."

If he died, and the vengeful spirits revived, this complex would become nothing but cursed ground.

"Then we'll move into the complex, and when the time comes, we hope Brother Tui can take good care of us," Zhang Xiangui said with a smile.

Yang Jian said, "Even though I am here, I can't guarantee safety in this kind of situation. I can only do my best."

"What assurance do you have as a ghost controller? All this useless chatter, if you're not sure just say so, and we will go somewhere else. Don't harm us; we're not without money. If we have money, can't we hire bodyguards?" said a voice at that moment.

Yang Jian's eyebrows raised slightly: "Which auntie just spoke so arrogantly?"

"Sis, watch your words."

Zhang Xiangui's face changed, and he scolded: "Didn't I warn you earlier? Don't just blabber. Just because you're ignorant about certain matters doesn't mean you can speak thoughtlessly."

"How am I blabbering? Does a little brat like him deserve such courtesy? He's living here because of our help. Without our assistance, what right would he have to live in such an upscale place? You're so foolish to have directly given him forty percent of the shares. Do you know how much that's worth?"

With that money, what kind of person couldn't we hire?" the woman retorted.

"President Zhang, although this aunt is your sister and Zhang Wei's aunt, I still hope she can speak with a bit more respect," Yang Jian said, not paying attention to her and instead turning to Zhang Xianggu.

"Even if one family has a few unpleasant people, it's still understandable."

Zhang Xianggu immediately stood up, turned around in a rage, and said, "This is none of your business; get out."

"Alright, Zhang Xianggu, you're scolding me for an outsider who's out of tune. How can you do justice to our deceased mother? What did you say before? Once the construction site was finished, you'd give me ten million. Where is the money now? It all went to this kid, did it?

Is he your own son? You treat him even better than you treat Zhang Wei," the woman persisted, sounding rather unruly.

Zhang Xianggu's face turned iron blue, wanting to curse but unable to get the words out, to hit but reluctant to strike his own sister, trembling with anger all over.

"Auntie, you can eat whatever you want but you can't talk nonsense. Otherwise, if you provoke someone you shouldn't, and lose your life over it, that would be really not worth it," Yang Jian admonished.

The next moment, Yang Jian appeared in front of her, his gaze icy as he reached out with his left hand and grabbed her by the throat, lifting her off the ground.

"Do you know what being in charge of Dachang City means? It means that even if I personally strangle you to death right now, I don't have to take any responsibility for it. I've taken out dozens of people in the past few days, and adding one more to the count today makes no difference to me."

...

The woman's face showed a pained expression at this moment; she didn't even have the strength to struggle, only feeling the hand on her neck cold and stiff. This touch was exactly like when she arranged her deceased mother's appearance for the last time.

Not a person, but a corpse.

Whether it was an illusion or not, behind this person stood a tall, dark shadow, eerie and terrifying, without a head.

"Brother Tui, calm down. She didn't mean to lose her temper at you on purpose," Zhang Xiang said, startled, and hurriedly added.

"It's fine, everyone has their moments. If she loses her temper at me once, I'll lose mine at her once, and we'll be even," Yang Jian said with a slight smile, gently setting the woman down.

"Cough cough~!"

The woman immediately slumped to the ground and when she looked at Yang Jian again, her eyes were filled with fear.

Having skirted the edge of life and death, she was certain that this man had really intended to strangle her.

That look in his eyes was definitely not something a normal person would have; it was like a cold, deathly monster.

Yang Jian went on, "Sorry for letting the kids see some unsavory scenes. I have no objection to you all moving into the residential complex; after all, President Zhang is in charge here. However, I hope that those who take issue with me never voice their opinions in front of me. I'm petty and I can't stand hearing others speak ill of me."

"Now, I don't welcome this auntie here. Would you mind leaving?"

The woman was helped up by the people next to her, not daring to look at Yang Jian, and hurriedly left as if fleeing.

"Everyone else, get out too, stay over there at the sales office," Zhang Xiangui said, somewhat regretting having brought these relatives.

Initially, it was just a meeting between family members and Yang Jian to leave an impression and perhaps improve relations.

How could he have known that such an incident would occur?

"I'm sorry about what just happened," Zhang Xianggu apologized again.

Yang Jian waved his hand and said, "It doesn't matter, no need to apologize. I was a bit impulsive. If she was hurt in any way, I can only say sorry for that. With how things are now, I'm also quite distressed. If we can't resolve this situation, there's no need to talk about apologies or regrets, because soon, we might all die."

"Is it that serious?" Zhang Xianggu asked, his face showing alarm.

In comparison to the life and death of his entire family, the earlier situation really wasn't much.

"I didn't spell it out only to avoid scaring you all. Does such glossing over make me a laughingstock? Sometimes ignorance is bliss; at least it doesn't cause fear." Yang Jian said, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Zhang, based on my experience, I estimate that no more than thirty percent of the people in Dachang City will survive."

He held up three fingers: "This is just the most optimistic estimate. The situation could be even worse. If I and the other exorcists can't deal with that thing, the worst outcome would be total annihilation."

"Total annihilation, you understand, means the whole city will become Ghost City, with not a single living person left."

"Also, just to let you know, there are at most ten people like me in Dachang City right now. If there was a ranking, my abilities would be first or at least second. If something happens to me, I believe we wouldn't be far from total annihilation."

"Yang Jian, look what I just picked up on the road! A handgun. I tried firing it twice, and it's the real deal," Zhang Wei said excitedly as he came in, holding a golden pistol with great fondness.

"..."

So, you're the one whose gunshots kept me from sleeping in this morning.

Yang Jian looked at Zhang Wei with a strange expression on his face.

"Where did you find it?"

"In the bushes outside, but I only found two bullets. Once they're gone, that's it."

Yang Jian said, "It seems it was left over from before. Since you've found it, keep it. I have some bullets here. We're idle anyway; let's find a place for some shooting practice. As compensation for that previous accident, how about I treat you to a few shots?"

"A few shots? That's not nearly enough; I need at least dozens of shots."

"Wait for me a moment." Yang Jian quickly turned and left. When he returned, he was holding two bags filled with weapons.

"Damn, Brother Tui, where did you get all this? So many real guns—if you're caught with these, it's off with your head," Zhang Wei exclaimed.

Yang Jian replied, "I'm the person in charge of Dachang City; I'm entitled to carry guns. Off with whose head? If you're caught with them, your head would be on the line."

"Over there is a good open space. Let's go and have some fun," Zhang Wei said, excited.

"Okay," Yang Jian picked up some weapons and training bullets and set off.

As he was leaving, he patted Zhang Xiang on the shoulder. "Actually, giving me forty percent of the shares isn't a loss for you at all, Mr. Zhang. In time, your relatives will understand. I'm going to practice shooting. If Mr.

Zhang has anyone else to take care of, bring them all into the residential complex. In the end, looking after one person isn't much different from looking after a crowd."

"Thanks," said Zhang Xiang, relieved at the comment.

"I understand, I understand," replied Zhang Xiang, his heart sinking. Yang Jian's words about total annihilation had sent a chill through him.

Had things really become so serious? The sky outside was simply dark, but the situation still looked stable.

Yet intuition told Zhang Xiang that Yang Jian wasn't just trying to scare them; such a thing could really happen.

"I don't even dare mutter a word in front of Yang Jian; where did that woman get her courage? I really admire her," Jiang Yan murmured to herself after witnessing the scene. "If she keeps provoking Yang Jian like this, she's bound to be killed sooner or later. So what if she's rich? Money's useless if you're dead."

Unlike the others, she had lived through a paranormal event.

Only Jiang Yan knew full well what Yang Jian's presence meant.

Why else would she shamelessly cling to Yang Jian? Besides her slight affection for him, her principal reason was fear of death.

You never truly understand how precious life is until you've faced something terrifying.

"Miss Jiang, where's Yang Jian?" asked Zhang Liqin all of a sudden.

Jiang Yan snapped back to reality and seeing her, she exclaimed, "What are you still doing here?"

Smoothing her disheveled hair behind her ear, Zhang Liqin said a bit sheepishly, "I just got up. I was about to tell Yang Jian that I need to leave."

"Then you better hurry. Yang Jian is very busy right now and has no time," said Jiang Yan.

"If that's the case, then I apologize for intruding," Zhang Liqin said.

Although the sky was ominous, she had too many unresolved matters and needed to return quickly.

Chapter 224 Going to the Meeting

Although it was pitch dark outside, Yang Jian had even pulled up a searchlight from the construction site to illuminate an entire clearing.

"Bang~!"

A gunshot rang out, and a bullet flew off to who knows where.

Yang Jian put down the gun in his hand and searched for a long time but couldn't find the point of impact.

"Indeed, within five meters is my effective range; beyond twenty meters, it's quite normal to miss. There's no need to lose heart, just keep practicing."

Though it was the equivalent of a last-minute cram, he had the resources to practice his shooting since he had applied for a batch of standard training ammunition.

Yet, without professional guidance, watching some videos he found online hardly had any significant effect.

"Bang~!"

Another shot fired.

The bullet landed three meters away from a glass bottle, twenty meters out.

"Much improved, keep practicing and it should be about right," Yang Jian felt quite satisfied as this time he at least saw where the bullet had landed.

But at that moment, a gunshot sounded by his ear.

And the glass bottle he had just been aiming at shattered instantly.

Yang Jian looked over at Zhang Wei, "How did you hit it just now?"

"It's simple, at such a close distance anyone who's not blind could hit it," Zhang Wei said, "It's not difficult, watch."

After speaking, he fired another shot.

Without even aiming, another glass bottle twenty meters away shattered.

"See, isn't it very simple?" Zhang Wei said.

Not simple at all.

Yang Jian criticized inwardly.

Zhang Wei said, "Brother Tui, you haven't hit a single bottle after so much practice, have you?"

"Well, I'm still getting the feel for it. If the feeling isn't there, the shooting is bound to be off. Once I've got the feel for it, I'll definitely hit the target one hundred percent," Yang Jian said, "But this gunplay isn't as easy as I imagined. Hitting a target at twenty meters is nothing; if you can hit the bottle at thirty meters, that would be impressive."

"Bang~!"

The next moment, Zhang Wei fired again, and the bottle at thirty meters instantly shattered. Then he looked at him, "There's no difficulty here either, twenty or thirty meters, it's all pretty much the same, isn't it?"

"..."

Yang Jian then said, "Try hitting that streetlight at fifty meters."

He subsequently pointed to a streetlight over fifty meters away.

"It's a bit far, but not difficult for me," Zhang Wei remarked as he glanced at it, blinked his eyes, reached out with his hand and fired a shot without even pre-aiming, and even the posture in which he held the gun, was wrong.

"Bang~!"

The streetlight over fifty meters away exploded upon impact.

"How exactly do you do it?" After a pause, Yang Jian looked oddly at him.

"It's easy, just align three points in a straight line: isn't there a raised thing on top of the pistol? Just align it with the target and your eye, then fire, and with a bang, it's a hit," Zhang Wei explained.

After finishing, he fired again, shattering another glass bottle.

"But just now, you didn't aim at all, so where's the three-point line?" Yang Jian asked.

"The three-point line is for beginners. What I used just now is my own invented grip, commonly known as the Gun Trembling Technique. Look at my hand, shaking as it fires, hitting the target," Zhang Wei demonstrated.

His hand holding the gun trembled, and with a bang of the gunshot, another lampshade fifty meters away shattered.

"Brother Tui, let me teach you, it's very simple. While shaking, look at that distant glass bottle, and with a bang, it'll shatter," Zhang Wei said.

After finishing, he fired again, shattering another glass bottle.

Yang Jian tried it doubtfully, his hand holding the pistol trembling, and with a bang, a bullet fell in front of him, nearly hitting Zhang Wei's foot.

"Brother Tui, that's not how you're supposed to tremble, you need to be gentle, just like you're with your own wife," Zhang Wei said, startled.

"...I feel like you've tricked me," Yang Jian said.

"I really didn't trick you, this method is simple, let me switch hands and demonstrate for you," Zhang Wei said.

He then took the gun in his left hand and accurately shattered a glass bottle.

"Besides the left hand, the logic behind using both hands to hold the gun is the same," Zhang Wei said, picking up another pistol. With both hands, he fired and two glass bottles far away shattered.

"Just like this, watch me."

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Zhang Wei fired in rapid succession, shattering all the glass bottles that had been difficult to set up.

"Okay, okay, no more demonstrating, I get it—you must be cheating," Yang Jian said.

"Cheating? Brother Tui, I, Zhang Wei, never cheat when I shoot. Only orphans cheat. Do I look like an orphan to you? Remember back when I took you chicken hunting, if it weren't for you dying four or five times in a single game, how could we have never made it into the top three?"

And the time I took on three by myself, got knocked down, leaving the last enemy with a sliver of health, and you went in with a rifle holding forty bullets, didn't land a single shot and got counter-killed by a pistol. So, Brother Tui, you have to face reality; you might genuinely lack talent in shooting. You can only hit large targets within five meters," Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian didn't want to talk and flipped him the bird.

However, as he continued his shooting practice, Liu Xiaoyu's voice came through the satellite-positioning phone.

"Yang Jian, stop your training. Just now, Professor Wang called an emergency meeting in Dachang City and insists that you must attend. Go to the meeting first," she said.

Yang Jian raised an eyebrow and put down the pistol, "Why are you only speaking now? I thought you had suddenly died from too much web browsing. Where's that file I asked for yesterday? Why haven't you sent it yet?"

"And you have the nerve to ask, what were you doing last night with that woman named Zhang Liqin?"

"We didn't do anything; we had a fight last night," Yang Jian said earnestly.

Liu Xiaoyu said through gritted teeth, "A fight? Who won?"

"Do I even need to say it? Of course, I won."

"Enough, I don't want to talk about such vulgar topics. Let's get back to business. I've already sent the material to Professor Wang; you'll receive it when you attend the meeting. Moreover, the meeting will be held inside Dachang City's gymnasium. If possible, I hope you can act quickly."

"Also, I've already reported the Ghost Infant issue. Your speculation yesterday was correct. The Ghost Infant inside Zhang Liqin's stomach is not an isolated case."

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, "What do you mean?"

"I've already started investigating ahead of time for you. There have been several similar cases in Dachang City like Zhang Liqin's. It's not just her; the current data shows there are a total of one hundred and twenty victims, including forty males."

"Are you kidding me? A hundred and twenty Ghost Infants?" Yang Jian said, shocked.

"That's what it seems like right now."

Liu Xiaoyu spoke with a heavy tone, "And the number will only get higher. The whole city is already experiencing minor chaos, so information gathering is not very accurate."

"I think they better prepare to collect Professor Wang's corpse then, I can't deal with this many ghosts," Yang Jian thought events were serious, but hadn't imagined they were this serious.

"Professor Wang researched this all night; he might have some methods. You should hurry to the meeting. Additionally, reinforcements have already arrived outside Dachang City. Everything is just beginning, and it hasn't reached an unsolvable point. There will be a turn for the better; you should trust us," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Alright, stop with the comforting words, I'm heading to the gymnasium for the meeting right now," Yang Jian said, putting down the phone, ready to set off immediately.

"Brother Tui, you're not practicing shooting anymore?" Zhang Wei asked as he saw him leaving.

Yang Jian said, "No more practicing, I have to step out for a bit. You and your family don't go wandering around; it's best to stay in the residential complex. If anything happens, notify me immediately."

"That's not what I meant. If you're not practicing shooting, what am I supposed to do? Who do I show off my excellent shooting skills to?" Zhang Wei said, spreading his hands.

Yang Jian said, "Don't you like live streaming? Go do that, shout out to your bros, double-tap 666. Don't you want to show the whole country what Dachang City has turned into?"

"That makes sense; it's a great idea. Just wait, I'll go live stream right now. I feel like it's going to be a hit," Zhang Wei said excitedly.

Considering safety, Yang Jian made sure he brought everything necessary to the meeting.

He even brought the human skin parchment with him.

Just thinking about the potential existence of a hundred and twenty Ghost Infants in Dachang City made Yang Jian's scalp tingle with horror.

Perhaps in such a situation, there were no longer any patterns the ghosts would follow; it was a direct unsolvable difficulty, where he could only face it head-on.

Chapter 225 The Incident of Exceeding the Birth Limit?

In and around Dachang City Stadium, security was tight, with the security forces at the highest level the city could currently achieve.

Every vehicle entering and leaving the area had to undergo strict inspection, and the nearby roads were completely blocked off. Without special permission, anyone attempting to cross the area would be detained by force.

Yang Jian drove through three security checkpoints before he finally stopped next to an indoor basketball court at the stadium.

When he entered the basketball hall, it had already been set up as a temporary meeting center. A large conference table had been improvised out of ping-pong tables, and many people had already arrived early.

At a glance,

Yang Jian recognized many familiar faces.

Sun Yi, Zhao Kaiming, and even Ye Feng were all present.

"Yang Jian is here~!"

Someone said, and the others temporarily put down what they were doing to look at Yang Jian, who had just walked in.

If a month ago Yang Jian was an insignificant figure in Dachang City, now, without any exaggeration, his existence could influence the fate of the entire Dachang City.

A man who controlled two ghosts, a ghost manipulator who had solved several cases, a being who had nearly killed many of the people present.

Following the death of Wang Xiaoqiang, no one could look down on Yang Jian anymore.

"I know I'm handsome and popular with women, but you don't have to stare at me like this," Yang Jian said. "Ye Feng? So you're also attending this meeting."

His gaze sharpened as he looked toward Ye Feng, who wore a trench coat and hat, trying to keep a low profile.

Ye Feng raised his head and smiled, "Professor Wang asked me to come. He has canceled the warrant for my arrest. Strictly speaking, I'm not a criminal anymore. Yang Jian, I know we have our differences, but can we join forces for now and deal with the immediate issue before settling our conflicts?"

"The number of ghost manipulators in Dachang City is already very low. Losing even one more would decrease everyone's chance of survival. If you're not responsible for yourself, you should at least be responsible for the citizens of the whole city."

"If we don't resolve this incident, how many people do you think will survive in the entire city?"

Yang Jian said, "No matter how many people survive, the issue between us will be settled."

"Of course, but we might not live to see the time of reckoning. Given the current situation, whether we can survive is itself a question," Ye Feng remarked.

Zhao Kaiming sat nearby, silent. He wouldn't get involved; if possible, he would prefer Yang Jian and Ye Feng to keep fighting.

"Yang Jian, please take a seat. We can talk about anything else after the meeting," Sun Yi said.

Yang Jian also understood what it meant for Wang Xiaoming to have called Ye Feng at this time.

In light of this issue, all the ghost manipulators' strengths in Dachang City must be fully utilized to jointly resolve the matter.

In matters of life and death, all disputes and hatred should be temporarily set aside.

"Then I hope you all behave in my presence, genuinely planning to put effort into resolving this crisis. If I find any of you making little moves, sorry, but I'll prioritize dealing with you," Yang Jian said with a cold face and took a seat.

Ye Feng smiled and said no more.

After waiting a while longer,

several more ghost manipulators gradually arrived, one of whom surprised Yang Jian.

It was Zhang Han.

Zhang Han was originally a member of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club and survived in Huanggang Village, where he learned how to control a second ghost from Wang Xiaoming.

It seemed that Zhang Han had successfully lived through it.

"Yang Jian, I thought you'd be here," Zhang Han greeted Yang Jian warmly. "Thanks to you, I didn't die when the fierce ghosts revived."

"It seems you're lucky, congratulations. I just hope we can be as fortunate in what follows," Yang Jian replied.

"Don't worry, with so many of us coming together to solve this, it will be easy," Zhang Han was optimistic, possibly because the revival of the fierce ghosts had been delayed, greatly improving his mood to the point where he could still smile at this time.

"You're Yang Jian? I heard you killed Wang Xiaoqiang," said another ghost manipulator, staring at Yang Jian with a strange and unfriendly look.

"Who are you?"

Ye Feng calmly said, "He used to be a club member too; I think his name is He Chuan. He wasn't around the club much. We thought he might have died in the revival of the fierce ghosts, turns out he's still alive."

"He Chuan? Never heard of you. So, you have a problem with me killing Wang Xiaoqiang?" Yang Jian asked.

He Chuan responded icily, "A big problem, big enough that right now I want to kill you."

Yang Jian just smiled, "Really? Seems like by taking out the club, I've made quite a few enemies. But with that extra you've got there, don't embarrass yourself. If I were a novelist, you wouldn't last three chapters in my book. If I were a director, you'd be done for in the first episode."

"Say that again, I dare you," He Chuan challenged.

Zhang Han interjected firmly, "He Chuan, calm down. If you go crazy now, don't blame us for ganging up on you."

"Keep it down. Now's not the time to make trouble," Ye Feng said calmly. "If you cause a disturbance, I won't let it go."

Stirring up trouble at this moment will do no good for anyone.

However, it is said that He Chuan's mind isn't very stable, and he hasn't appeared at the club for a long time, so I estimate that it won't be long before the fierce ghost rises again.

"Ye Feng, I've tolerated this for the sake of you, but I won't tolerate it for much longer," He Chuan said, his eyes crazed, though somewhat restrained under the presence of others.

"A guy who could blow up at any moment," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly, taking note of this He Chuan.

Not because of He Chuan himself, but for fear this man might die from the ghost's resurrection and cause trouble for him.

"It seems everyone has almost arrived, we can now start today's meeting," said Yang Jian.

A moment later, Wang Xiaoming and Professor Wang hurried in with a stack of thick documents, looking somewhat exhausted.

At that moment, Yang Jian, Zhao Kaiming, Ye Feng, Zhang Han, as well as He Chuan, and Sun Yi among a total of nine people, all turned their gaze to him.

Wang Xiaoming stood in front of the meeting table and opened the thick stack of files; "First, distribute a copy of the information on there to each person."

The clerical staff member beside him immediately distributed the materials.

"The meetings I preside over are always straightforward, and from my current analysis, this matter is not accidental, but a continuation of what happened after the last ghost charmer, Zhou Zheng, died from the ghost's resurrection," Wang Xiaoming said seriously. "About Zhou Zheng's death, Yang Jian, you should be very clear since he died in the No.

7 Middle School Ghost Door Knocker case, and you were a survivor of that incident."

The others then looked toward Yang Jian.

"Indeed, I witnessed Zhou Zheng's death with my own eyes. The Ghost Infant tore through his stomach and ran out, chasing after me to bite me. It nearly ate me. Later, I encountered it twice in Dachang City, once in my classmate Wang Shanshan's home, and another time during a suicide incident in the city center.

Zhao Kaiming was also present the second time I saw it; he was the exorcist in charge of the matter," Yang Jian recounted calmly.

Zhao Kaiming's expression changed slightly. Was this guy calling him out?

"Indeed, I was handling that incident, but that thing was too malignant; it might have created a Ghost Domain. I simply didn't have the power to deal with it," he admitted, unashamed of his inadequacy.

Wang Xiaoming continued, "The Ghost Infant emerged from Zhou Zheng's body, and it should have undergone three stages of change. You'll find related pictures on the second page of the documents. Also, turn on the projector and display the photos."

At once, images appeared on the white sheet behind him.

In these images, there were three photos of the Ghost Infant. The first photo was taken in a laboratory, showing Zhou Zheng lying on a medical bed, his belly distended with an infant's face pushing against his skin, revealing a ghastly outline.

The second photo displayed a cyanotic-skinned child standing in the middle of a road, captured by a camera.

The third photo was of an expressionless adult with a cyanotic aura emanating around, standing inside a multi-story building. The picture was taken through a glass window and was fairly clear.

"Infant stage, child stage, youth stage, these are the three most apparent changes of the Ghost Infant. You all understand what this means," Wang Xiaoming said earnestly. "This entity is growing, and I personally speculate that its method of growth is...cannibalism."

"Now, look at this photo."

He pressed the switch again, and the projection changed to another image.

It was a rental room, with bloodstains all over the floor, hair scattered around, several broken fingers, and blood-drenched scratch marks on the walls.

It was hard to fathom the desperation and struggle the victim had endured before death.

"This photo was retrieved from the case files of the Northern City District Casework Bureau. After the incident, the Ghost Infant was captured on camera in front of a nearby convenience store with bloodstains on it. DNA analysis from the site matched that of the victim," Wang Xiaoming continued.

The crowd frowned.

A man-eating Ghost Infant? That indeed was bizarre.

"So what you're saying is, as long as we take out this little brat, it's over?" Ye Feng said with a relaxed laugh.

The Ghost Infant might be fierce, but it couldn't harm him in his shroud.

So, he wasn't worried about becoming its victim.

Wang Xiaoming said, "If that were the case, this incident wouldn't be so complicated. Just yesterday, I collected another set of data coming from the major hospitals in Dachang City."

Pressing the switch once more, the projection changed to a different image.

"I've selected a few particularly clear images for you to see."

In the pictures, several women had slightly distended abdomens, looking as though they were pregnant. However, there were outlines of struggling infants visible on these women's bellies.

"Ghost Infants?" many exclaimed, eyes widening with shock.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I've tested them, and they are indeed Ghost Infants, not just Zhou Zheng's one. According to the information I currently have, there are a total of one hundred and twenty, no, wait, it's

one hundred and thirty-eight now. These are the confirmed cases, and there are many more unconfirmed."

"Are you kidding me? Over a hundred Ghost Infants, is this some kind of overbreeding incident? Are you trying to kill us?" a ghost charmer said in a panic. "We can't handle this matter by ourselves, just the nine of us. How is this any different from sending us to our deaths?"

Any exorcist who had been through such incidents would feel queasy and a chill in their heart.

"Whether you live or die is your concern, and it has nothing to do with me. My only task is to resolve this issue, but for the moment, I am missing one piece of information. I need a Ghost Infant for my research. Your first task now is to capture a Ghost Infant for me," Wang Xiaoming stated.