

## Revival 226

### Chapter 226 Incident

"Catching a Ghost Infant?"

Upon hearing this task, everyone furrowed their brows.

It seemed easy enough, yet it somehow made everyone feel very uneasy.

"Professor Wang, can you be sure that there are over a hundred people with Ghost Infants in their bodies? Can't we just recruit any volunteer? Is it necessary to go through so much trouble?" Sun Yi said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I studied the Ghost Infant when it was in Zhou Zheng's body. In fact, when it is inside a human body, the Ghost Infant has no physical form. You can feel the Ghost Infant in your belly, you can see its outline on the skin of your stomach, but in reality, when you cut open the stomach to take it out, you will find that there's nothing inside."

"Otherwise, if surgery were possible, we could just perform a Caesarean section to remove the Ghost Infant without all these problems."

"Of course, with the task comes a reward. After this matter is resolved, you can make any request you wish, and as long as I can make it happen, I will."

Hearing this, the crowd finally started to show some interest.

Everyone knew that Wang Xiaoming was a very authoritative international professor. No one could surpass his thorough research on fierce ghosts, and the conditions he offered were indeed very tempting.

"Catching a Ghost Infant for Professor Wang's research is not a problem, but after the task is completed, I need the method to control the second Ghost," He Chuan said with a somber face.

"Agreed."

"I want a Ghost Candle, can Professor Wang grant my request?" Ye Feng said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I can't do that. It's a Strategic Level resource. Just for one Ghost Infant, it's not worth it. Unless you can solve this spiritual event, only then can I give you a Ghost Candle."

Ye Feng said, "I was just saying. I didn't really expect it anyway. Then, I want a metric ton of Gold, which is, at market price, worth about ten billion."

"Agreed," Wang Xiaoming said.

Zhang Han suddenly said, "Professor Wang, if I succeed, can I join headquarters?"

"You may," Professor Wang said. "However, my condition only applies to the first person who captures a Ghost Infant. If you don't ask him, any of you can start."

The others were itching to get started, as the deal was indeed very profitable.

"Don't fight over it, it's embarrassing. A Ghost Infant, right? I've got one here, just caught it yesterday."

Suddenly, at that moment, Yang Jian took out a gold box from his backpack and tossed it over:  
"Additionally, Professor Wang, your conclusion is a bit incorrect. The Ghost Infant does have a physical form, and it can be taken out. It just requires some methodology, and I happen to have figured out a little."

Hmm?

The others all turned to look at Yang Jian.

He had a Ghost Infant?

Wang Xiaoming immediately picked up the gold box in front of him. Although it was wrapped in several layers of gold foil, it wasn't soldered shut and was easy to open.

"Rest assured, there's no danger now. It's already been nailed down," Yang Jian said.

Indeed.

When he opened it, inside the gold box lay a baby the size of an adult's fist. The infant was blue-black all over, cold as ice, and soggy, as if it had been dead for several days.

Yet, there was a withered finger stuck into the baby's belly.

Seeing this finger, Wang Xiaoming said, "This finger is a product of my lab. How did it end up with you?"

"Confiscated," Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming's face changed, naturally related to Wang Xiaoqiang's death, and he closed the box saying, "You are indeed capable, which is why I can tolerate you having killed my brother and still call you to this meeting. However, the Ghost Infant you caught can only serve as a backup material for research. Given the current situation, this material is not quite up to standard."

Yang Jian said, "Professor Wang, you're not mixing personal feelings with public duties, are you?"

"Not at all."

Wang Xiaoming said, "The Ghost Infant you caught is still too small. It needs to grow, but I don't think we have the time to wait for this Ghost Infant to develop. If possible, I hope to obtain a Ghost Infant that has surpassed the Third Form as research material. That way, we'll be able to understand all the information about this ghost in the shortest time possible."

"Surpass the third stage?" Yang Jian said, "Does that mean it's beyond the form of that adolescent Ghost Infant?"

"Correct, the unknown form I'll temporarily call the Fourth Form," Wang Xiaoqiang said.

"Research would progress much faster if we start directly from the Fourth Form, of course, that would be the ideal scenario. If that's not possible, the Third Form, the adolescent Ghost Infant, would also be acceptable."

"Professor Wang, does that mean there's more than one Ghost Infant that has grown up?" Ye Feng asked.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "Yes, I need to figure out the source by studying the growth of other Ghost Infants, in order to thoroughly resolve this paranormal event."

"The source is obvious; it's certainly the Ghost Infant inside Zhou Zheng's body. If that one is taken care of, this paranormal event can definitely be brought to an end," Zhang Han immediately said.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "Your deduction has some merit, but Zhou Zheng's Ghost Infant has been out for quite some time. How can you be sure what form it is currently in? Even if that Ghost Infant is taken care of, how can you guarantee that the others will disappear? And if they cannot disappear, how will you deal with the growing number of Ghost Infants?"

"That..." Zhang Han said with an embarrassed face, "Then what do you suggest, Professor?"

"We must understand everything about the Ghost Infant to find a way to completely resolve this incident. We need to be cautious in the face of a major event. Of course, if you can take care of Zhou Zheng's Ghost Infant, I can agree to give each of you three conditions.

Although I didn't initially want to waste too much time on chasing Zhou Zheng's Ghost Infant, if there's a chance, I wouldn't mind skipping the preliminary work and seeing the outcome," Wang Xiaoqiang said.

Yang Jian said, "Actually, Professor Wang is very clear that Zhou Zheng's Ghost Infant poses the biggest threat at the moment. Everything that has happened is related to it. Although dealing with it may not solve all the current problems, it can at least stabilize the situation. The issue is... that thing has had the longest time to grow, and naturally, it's the most terrifying.

Rushing to deal with it could lead to substantial losses."

"That's why I don't recommend that you go straight after that thing. Start with the Ghost Infants that are still growing."

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "We need to weigh the benefits and losses. The highest cost-effectiveness is in capturing a Third Form Ghost Infant, in other words, the adolescent form. The Fourth Form has too many uncertainties."

"For safety reasons, I suggest you work in teams. Nine people make three teams of three, and each team is responsible for a different area. If there are no objections, let's start the operation now."

"The longer we delay, the more Ghost Infants will be born, and the more formidable spirits we will have to face in the future. This is a race between efficiency and survival rates."

"Additionally, for the record of this incident, I've named it the Hungry Ghost Event."

"Why the Hungry Ghost Event? Why not the Ghost Infant Event or the Overbirth Event?" someone asked.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "There's a folk belief in the reincarnation of hungry ghosts. These Ghost Infants mysteriously appear, parasitizing inside a human body, feeding on the host's organs to grow, and after bursting forth from the belly, they eat living people to grow, which is similar to the stories of hungry ghosts reincarnating. That's why I've chosen this name."

"If you have any issues with the naming of this event's record, you may raise them."

"Of course, only Zhao Kaiming and Yang Jian have the right to rename it."

Yang Jian said, "It doesn't matter, it's just a name for the file. Call it whatever."

"I have no objections," Zhao Kaiming said.

"By the way, if Professor Wang doesn't need that thing, please return it to me," Yang Jian said, pointing at the gold box.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "No, it's a backup research material and still holds great research value. I can't return it to you."

"Then, how do we settle the expense? A piece of gold, a finger, a Ghost Infant, along with my labor costs," Yang Jian said. "Especially that finger—it's quite useful to me, so I can't hand it over to you."

That finger could stabilize his own Ghost Domain, and he definitely would not feel secure letting anyone else have it.

"After the event is over, I can return these items to you. But for now, I still need them. Name your price," Wang Xiaoqiang said.

Yang Jian directly said, "How about all the gold reserves in the major banks of Dachang City?"

Upon hearing this condition, Zhao Kaiming's face changed.

"Is this kid trying to monopolize all the logistical resources?"

To the average person, gold is money, but to a ghost controller, gold is equipment.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "It's possible, but I've used a lot before. I can only give you what's left, roughly two tons."

"That's enough," Yang Jian said calmly.

What he needed was not the quantity, but the last of these resources left in Dachang City.

He had to prepare for a prolonged battle and for some lifelines.

Gold was essential.

Chapter 227 Unusual

The meeting didn't last long, and it ended before noon.

Yang Jian, Zhang Han, and Sun Yi formed a team, responsible for patrolling the Eastern City District of Dachang City, with the objective of capturing a third-stage Ghost Infant for Wang Xiaoming's research.

However, everyone's task was the same, so there was nothing to complain about.

Since there was a reward, everyone took the work seriously, and there was no one who was slack in their duties.

"How are we supposed to find a Ghost Infant in such a big city district? The entire city is plunged into darkness; most of the cameras have stopped working. Otherwise, we could try checking the surveillance footage," Sun Yi said, shaking his head slightly; "I shouldn't have come to Dachang City.

I was doing fine with my arranged marriage, and now my wife's run off; I don't even know if I can make it out of here alive."

"I still haven't paid off my mortgage."

Zhang Han chuckled from the passenger seat, "You're still worried about your mortgage?"

"Of course, I am. What if I die and there's no one to pay off the mortgage, and the bank takes it back? That's all I have in this life," Sun Yi said.

"You really have it rough. But if we can resolve this incident, you're definitely going to make a fortune. Didn't you hear Wang Xiaoming's offer? If we can catch this Ghost Infant, you could make at least several hundred million."

A look of excitement crossed Sun Yi's face; "Yeah, when I think about it like that, it is quite thrilling. But let's get one thing straight—I'm not very capable. I can only make up the numbers, I won't be much help when things get tough. At most, I can help you guys scout out the situation, act as the vanguard."

"Your file isn't at the Ghost Tamers Headquarters, so I can't check. If you don't mind, why not share?" Yang Jian asked as he drove.

Sun Yi gave an awkward smile; "You'll see when the time comes. It's not a particularly useful power."

"No worries, we'll deal with the situation as it comes," responded Yang Jian, without pushing.

"But tell me, Zhang Han, why are you willing to partner up with me? Weren't you also a member of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club? You'd probably be better off following Ye Feng," said Sun Yi.

During a moment of downtime, Zhang Han pulled out a cigarette and said, "I trust your capabilities more than Ye Feng's, and besides, Ye Feng has a terrible temper. He looks down on everyone, acting high and mighty. If I teamed up with him, I'd definitely end up as cannon fodder."

"Cannon fodder? You should have tamed two ghosts by now, so you're not cannon fodder anymore," Yang Jian remarked.

"My situation is a bit special. Taming two ghosts has more to do with survival; in terms of capability, I might be even less able than before," Zhang Han said.

"Why do you say that?" Yang Jian asked.

With a look of surprise, Zhang Han responded, "Don't you know? The method of extending the revival of evil spirits actually involves restraining them. In a way, this method also restricts the growth of one's own abilities."

"The closer you are to the revival stage of an evil spirit, the stronger your own abilities become, and vice versa."

"Is this Professor Wang's understanding?"

"Yes," Zhang Han affirmed.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly; this was very different from the information he had gleaned from the human skin scroll.

The human skin scroll's method was about actively reviving malevolent spirits, using the unique characteristics of spirits to somehow bring them under control.

Restricting and controlling might seem similar, but the outcomes they produce are completely different.

Which is better, the method from the human skin scroll or Professor Wang's method?

No one knew, not even Yang Jian himself.

While they were patrolling around the city, elsewhere...

A team formed by Zhao Kaiming, Ye Feng, and He Chuan was responsible for patrolling the West City District of Dachang City.

Zhao Kaiming used a gold cane, limping like a wealthy businessman with a grim face as he walked down the streets.

The surrounding gloom, though unearthly and unnerving, was a friend to them, and fear was their sustenance; they were well accustomed to it.

"The Ghost Infant incident isn't so simple. The number of Ghost Infants isn't the critical issue; it's this gloom enveloping the whole city that's key," Zhao Kaiming said as he walked: "It won't be easy for Wang Xiaoming to resolve this supernatural event. Personally, I think instead of helping, it would be better to figure out a way to leave Dachang City."

"Ye Feng, what do you think? If you use your Ghost Tooth, it shouldn't be hard to bite open a hole in this dim world, right?"

Ye Feng, wearing a trench coat and hat, with a cigarette in his mouth, walked alongside, laughing, "So that's why you teamed up with me? You want to escape?"

"Not escape, just trying to survive," Zhao Kaiming said: "Speaking frankly, there have been many large-scale supernatural events around the world. The Ghost Temple incident in Japan, the church event in California, America, and the museum incident in Europe... I don't need to tell you how many people died in those events, do I?"

"Sticking around here is pointless. Once we leave Dachang City, we'll be back to our old selves, let alone with Yang Jian still in Dachang City right now."

Ye Feng pointed to his head and said, "Do you know how much it would cost to break out of this bizarre world and leave this place?"

"But you've taken control of two ghosts. You should be able to handle it," Zhao Kaiming said.

"And what if I can't handle it? The risk is too great for me. It's better to listen to Professor Wang's arrangements first. After all, I need his promises, like completely revoking my arrest warrant, or letting me join the headquarters, to rid Yang Jian of his desire to kill me. If the situation truly becomes irredeemable, then I would consider escaping from here," Ye Feng said.

"Why make it so complicated? If the three of us join forces to kill Yang Jian, all your concerns will be gone," Zhao Kaiming said coldly. "He Chuan, what do you think?"

He Chuan replied with a fierce look, "I naturally agree. He ruined the club; I really want to settle the score with him."

Ye Feng, on the other hand, was smoking and laughing, "I don't mind if you want to go after Yang Jian, but don't drag me into it. I know exactly what you did with Wang Xiaoqiang and Wang Yue to try to kill Yang Jian. I was unhappy to be involved last time. If you bring it up again this time, I wouldn't mind joining Yang Jian first to kill you."

"Scared by Yang Jian?" Zhao Kaiming's gaze turned cold as he asked.

Ye Feng said, "Don't use such a pathetic provocation. I don't mind telling you the truth. Yang Jian is not as simple as you think. There is a reason he has survived until now. Personally, I feel you're no match for him. Honestly, if it weren't for this supernatural event occurring, the next person to die would be me."

"He has grown up, no longer just a little kid that people can easily manipulate. He should be given the necessary respect and caution."

"I don't plan to flee from this supernatural event. The club is gone, and I need to find a new, stable backer. Professor Wang seems quite good, don't you think?" he said.

After speaking, he laughed, still looking proud and disdainful.

Ye Feng did not endorse fighting and killing. What era was it to still be fighting back and forth?

Zhao Kaiming all of a sudden stopped walking and said, "Since you've said so, I won't insist. But what's your take on this mission?"

"If we come across a Ghost Infant, I'll naturally catch one and deliver it to Professor Wang," Ye Feng said. "Or should we actually do nothing and just wait to die here? I'm not that foolish. Fighting among ourselves at this time would be extremely unwise. Wang Xiaoming is right; our survival rate is tied to the efficiency of our actions..."

But as he said this, his expression suddenly became serious.

Without realizing it, something about their surroundings started to feel off.

Walking along the street, at first, there were some pedestrians and some shops with their lights on. But as they reached this area, he suddenly noticed an eerie silence, with no sound at all around them.

The chilly feeling seemed even more intense here than in other places.

"Hm?" Ye Feng frowned and stopped in his tracks, becoming vigilant of his surroundings.

"Something's not right, He Chuan, be careful."

Immediately after, he looked suspiciously at Zhao Kaiming ahead of them.

They had been patrolling along with him; had he deliberately led them into this place?

"Who's there?!"

Suddenly, He Chuan shouted loudly, shining his flashlight into a nearby alley.

"What did you see?" Ye Feng asked.

"Just now, it seemed like someone was standing at that corner watching us, but in the blink of an eye, they vanished," He Chuan replied.

"Was it the Ghost Infant?" Ye Feng asked again.

"Unclear. It was just a fleeting shadow," He Chuan said.

Ye Feng looked around, but unfortunately, in this dim world, the visibility was not very good, and many things were just vague silhouettes.

There were many shadowy figures resembling humans: the distant streetlights, mannequins in the nearby shop windows, fire hydrants on the street, shadows in the corner of the walls...

"Let's get out of here first." His anxiety rapidly amplified, Ye Feng turned to leave.

But as he turned around, he saw that the road behind them had disappeared.

There was only an inescapable, dark green haze.

Chapter 228 The Disappeared Road

"Boss, has anything strange happened in this neighborhood recently?"

Yang Jian got out of the car to buy a bottle of water and took the opportunity to ask.

The owner of the convenience store said, "Of course, the strangest thing is that it got dark today. It feels like the end of the world might really be coming. The news reports say it's smog caused by a factory pollution leak, supposedly it doesn't have a major impact on people's health.

Experts analyze that this smog contains a variety of trace elements needed by the human body, and breathing it regularly can actually be beneficial. Men can become stronger and healthier, and women can use it for beauty and skincare."

"..." Yang Jian said, "What end of the world? That's fearmongering. And you believe that expert nonsense?"

"Believe it, why not? I've been planning to invest in a factory with a friend to produce canned air like this, selling it for a thousand yuan a bottle, I'm sure it's going to be quite the venture. Feels like I'm going to make a fortune."

Yang Jian said, "Well, then I won't disturb you from doing business, how much for this water?"

"Ten thousand yuan." The convenience store owner said.

"What? Ten thousand? Why don't you just rob someone." Yang Jian exclaimed in shock.

The convenience store owner said, "Robbery is illegal. This is a legitimate business. You've already drunk the water, so if you don't pay, don't think about leaving. Why do you think I'd open for business in these circumstances? All the supermarket goods have been looted; you're lucky to be able to buy a bottle of water for ten thousand yuan today. I'm going to raise the price in a few days."

"What kind of logic is that? Even if you raise the price, does it need to go this high? Can't you make it cheaper?" said Yang Jian.

"I'll take a bit of a loss for you, then. I'll give you a 10% discount, nine thousand yuan." The convenience store owner said.

"Isn't that still robbery? Didn't you just say you were going to sell canned air?"

The convenience store owner said, "Yeah, and it's because I lack the capital that I'm raising the price. It seems like you're not planning to pay, so don't blame me for not being nice."

After he finished speaking, he pulled out a watermelon knife from under the counter.

"Boss, this is very dangerous. If things go wrong, you could go to jail," Yang Jian said.

The convenience store owner said, "Go to jail my ass. With the way things are now, do you think the authorities can control it? Hand over the money. If you don't pay up, believe me, I'll chop you up."

"Seeing how hard your business is, I'll buy this bottle of water for a hundred yuan. Let's not make a scene, okay? I don't have time to deal with your nonsense right now. Let's pretend I didn't see anything," Yang Jian said.

Yang Jian left a hundred yuan, shook his head, and prepared to leave.

It seems the chaos in the city is inevitable.

The incident needs to be resolved quickly, or else things might reach a point where it can't be controlled.

"Who the hell wants your hundred yuan? And you still dare to leave!" The convenience store owner was furiously holding the watermelon knife and charged at him,

"Come on, you're saying it's not robbery? Boss, you're going too far," Yang Jian said.

But just as the convenience store owner charged out, he tripped on the doorstep, nearly falling over. However, the watermelon knife he wasn't holding securely flew out of his hand and clanged to the ground at Yang Jian's feet.

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment, then instinctively picked up the knife and looked toward the convenience store owner.

The owner tried to reach for it, but was too late. He looked up only to meet Yang Jian's eerie gaze.

The scene suddenly went quiet.

A moment later.

Yang Jian returned to his car.

"Why did buying a bottle of water take you so long?" Sun Yi said.

"Don't ask. I ran into a swindler. A bottle of water for ten thousand yuan, seriously heartless," Yang Jian said.

"Then he really is unlucky," Sun Yi said.

"Isn't he just," Yang Jian said.

Of course he was unlucky. Of all people to swindle, he chose Yang Jian. Wasn't that just courting death in various ways?

"Are we continuing the patrol? I don't think there's been an incident in this city district. Maybe it happened in another district. Blindly searching like this seems like a waste of time," Zhang Han said.

Yang Jian took a sip of water and said, "Wang Xiaoming knows I have conflicts with other people, so he deliberately divided the city districts. He doesn't want us to have infighting. Let's go around a few more times, and if there's no situation, we'll go home to sleep. Trouble in other districts is their problem, not ours. Why, are you eager to catch the Ghost Infant?"

Zhang Han smiled, "If you're willing, it shouldn't be difficult, right? I still have faith in you."

"Too bad that, for now, I don't have much confidence in myself. Let's just see how it goes," Yang Jian said and continued driving the car around the city.

However, at this moment,

Ye Feng encountered big trouble on his end.

In this most familiar district, he had gotten lost.

No matter how he walked, he couldn't find his way out of the dimly lit streets, and the path he had come from had disappeared.

"Trapped, aren't we? Just like the last time I encountered Yang Jian, Zhao Kaiming, don't you want to explain what's going on?" Ye Feng looked at Zhao Kaiming, who had been silent from the beginning and asked directly.

Leaning on a golden cane and smiling, Zhao Kaiming turned around: "This has nothing to do with me. In such a situation, anything could happen. You can't blame it all on me, though Professor Wang's previous deduction was very accurate. The fourth stage of the Ghost Infant indeed involves many uncertainties."

"He was right to advise us not to touch it, and actually, I wouldn't recommend you touch it either."

"What do you know?" asked Ye Feng.

"Hard to say, I know some things, and yet I don't," replied Zhao Kaiming; "But, speaking of which, where's He Chuan?"

Ye Feng looked sharply around him.

He Chuan, who had been with them just before, had now vanished without a trace.

"When did..." Before he could finish his sentence, he realized that Zhao Kaiming, who had been in front of him, had also disappeared.

In the blink of an eye, he was the only one left on the entire gloomy street.

"Damn it, what is Zhao Kaiming trying to do? This definitely has something to do with him," Ye Feng cursed through clenched teeth.

He had only been cautious of Yang Jian before, not realizing that Zhao Kaiming was the real viper.

However, at this time, an unknown silhouette suddenly appeared behind him, and an icy, rigid, bluish-black arm was laid upon his shoulder. A chill descended from the top of his head, spreading across his scalp to his entire body, making him feel as if he had lost control and was frozen in place.

Before he could react, the bluish-black arm swiftly retreated.

Ye Feng regained his ability to move, and he turned his head abruptly.

But there was no one behind him anymore.

On his shoulder where the arm had been, there was now a bluish-black handprint.

It was the print of an adult's hand, seared through the overcoat onto the old, faded shroud beneath. Lifting the corner of his garment, he could even see the handprint etched onto his own flesh, clearly visible and indelible.

"How is this possible," Ye Feng's face broke out in cold sweat.

The shroud that should have protected him from ghostly attacks was now useless.

"Damn it, I must find a way to get out of here," gritted Ye Feng.

But just as he was about to act, he was suddenly startled by the sound of a baby's cry coming from the quiet street around him.

Piercing and bone-chilling.

The voice of the Ghost Infant?

Ye Feng immediately recognized the sound.

He then set into motion, following the sound.

Since he was already lost, perhaps the sound was an opportunity, a lifeline to escape from this place.

If there was the cry of the Ghost Infant, there must be the birth of a Ghost Infant, someone must have been victimized, and it might be possible to encounter other people.

A moment later,

Ye Feng arrived at an alley, out of breath.

The sound had come from here.

"This alley didn't appear when I was on the road before; it's as if it just sprung up out of nowhere."

He hesitated for a moment but still entered the alley.

Chapter 229 Irresistible Terror

Ye Feng immediately regretted entering this unknown alley.

Because as soon as he entered, the burial clothes on his body instantly shrank, clinging tightly to his skin as if they sensed fear.

He understood that it wasn't the burial clothes that were afraid, but rather a reaction to something of their own kind.

This alley, there must be ghosts.

When Ye Feng looked back again, as expected, the road behind him had vanished, leaving nothing but a thick darkness, a pressing abyss that forced one to move forward, breathless.

"That Zhao Kaiming is a ghost manipulator from Dachang City, he must be familiar with all the supernatural events here. The three of us came on patrol, and we encountered a ghost right away, this can't be a coincidence... Zhao Kaiming must have lured He Chuan and me here on purpose."

"Does he want to use me to kill someone because I refused his offer to join forces against Yang Jian?"

"No, impossible, the current conflict isn't Yang Jian, it's the large-scale supernatural event enveloping the entire city. At such a time, Zhao Kaiming has no reason to continue internal strife, unless he has another unspeakable motive."

Ye Feng wasn't panicked, despite being nervous, he was still analytically assessing the situation.

To have become a ghost manipulator and survived until now, he possessed some necessary qualities.

"Regardless, I need to get out of here first, the longer I stay, the more uneasy I become."

Ye Feng quickened his pace, having no choice but to brave the alley.

The alley was just a very ordinary urban path, flanked by various shops and convenience stores, these were all tightly shut at this hour, the street was deserted, and even the street lights were off.

This ordinary street would usually not seem strange, but to Ye Feng, it seemed bizarre from every aspect.

Because he should have left this alley in less than ten minutes at his speed, yet he remained trapped, constantly unable to find the way out.

"Could this be the Ghost Domain? An irritating thing like that Yang Jian." Suddenly, Ye Feng halted, realizing there was no use in going on.

If he truly was in a Ghost Domain, he couldn't leave just by walking.

He would need to use some special methods.

After a moment of hesitation, Ye Feng gritted his teeth, lifting a corner of the burial clothes, revealing his pale skin covered in scars, all from bloody bite marks as though something had been gnawing at him incessantly.

A set of strange teeth had improbably grown on his body.

The teeth were sharp, dark, and gave off a rotten stench. Right now, they were writhing on his body as if they had come to life.

However, when Ye Feng attempted to use his ability to bite through the Ghost Domain as he had before, he suddenly found that his ability had failed.

It was not so much a failure, as it was the realization that he was not within a Ghost Domain.

"How is that possible? How can it be like this?" Ye Feng was stunned.

Could this place not be a Ghost Domain?

The fact that his last resort had failed began to send him into a panic.

As a ghost manipulator who governed two ghosts, he could face other ghost manipulators without fear, but when it came to real ghosts, he was still extremely wary.

The burial clothes could protect him, but not for too long. Once time was up, he'd die under the burial clothes and become a ghost in burial attire.

"I must find a way out."

Sweat formed on Ye Feng's brow, compelling him to keep moving forward, scanning left and right in an attempt to spot anything unusual.

However, because he was moving too quickly and the sky was too dark, he seemed to trip over something, staggering and nearly falling.

"What is this?" He quickly shone his light on it.

The next moment, his eyes suddenly narrowed. A half-head with missing parts, a bloody skull, had been kicked by his foot and was rolling to the side.

The head looked as if something had gnawed at it, the flesh mutilated beyond recognition.

"Whose head is this?" Ye Feng furrowed his brow deeply.

While others might fear corpses, he did not. Compared to ghosts, these motionless dead bodies were as endearing as a cute young lady, so he even dared to go closer and shine a light on the head's features to recognize them.

But as he approached to clearly see the remaining features of the half-head, his eyes abruptly widened.

The face on the head was... He Chuan?

No mistake, it was He Chuan who had disappeared from his side.

"This is impossible. No matter what, he is a ghost manipulator; even if he encountered a ghost, there is no reason for him to have died so quickly. Even a lazy toad would struggle a bit before dying."

Ye Feng suspected he was mistaken and reached out to touch and feel the temperature on the head.

If it was really He Chuan's head, then it hadn't been dead long and the head should still be warm.

Yet as he reached out, suddenly, a greenish-black little arm appeared from nowhere, grabbing the head before he could.

"Huh?"

Ye Feng's complexion changed abruptly, and he hastily stepped back several paces.

At that moment, he saw a little kid with a greenish-black body and hollow eye sockets, holding the mutilated head of He Chuan in front of a shop's doorway.

"Ghost Infant, Second Stage Ghost Infant."

This information immediately popped into his mind.

Professor Wang's hypothesis was correct, there had long been a Ghost Infant born in this city, hiding in every corner, only now bursting forth.

"There's no need to deal with this ghost thing, my priority is to find a way to get out of here."

Ye Feng's thought process was clear. He slowly backed away, not provoking the ghost creature,

unless the Ghost Infant initiated trouble first.

The Ghost Infant holding He Chuan's battered head just cocked its head and looked at Ye Feng without taking any action.

But the strangeness emanating from the pair of pitch-black, empty eye sockets was enough to send shivers down one's spine.

It was unclear whether this ghastly thing had eyes or not, or if it could see him.

"Has it not set its sights on me, or is it the Ghost Cloth on me that has protected me again?" Ye Feng thought this, but in the next moment, his whole body suddenly stiffened, and a chill instantly enveloped him.

"Crash~!"

"Thud thud~!"

Suddenly, a variety of noises came from the tightly shut shops nearby, as if something was banging on the doors, trying to come out.

One shop was like this, so were two, three, four... The entire row of shops was the same.

Ye Feng stood alone in this desolate and dimly lit alley, trapped and unable to escape, frantically looking around at the shops from where the noises were coming, like a headless fly in a state of panic.

Suddenly, the door of one of the shops finally opened.

A dark, cyan-colored silhouette walked out from inside.

"A Second Stage Ghost Infant?" Ye Feng's forehead was covered in cold sweat, realizing he might have unwittingly strayed into some dreadfully dangerous place.

However, that was not all. As the silhouette slowly stepped out, the doors of other shops also opened one after another.

One after another, silhouettes continued to emerge from each of the shops, all varying in height, gender, and appearance.

The only thing they had in common was their cyan-black skin, pitch-black, empty eyes, and their slow, shuffling advance, resembling corpses that had been dead for many days.

All of them were fully-grown Ghost Infants.

Now, with all the ghosts gathered on the street, the once deserted street became somewhat crowded, while the surrounding cold and dimness grew increasingly profound.

"What a joke, how could there be so many." Ye Feng felt his entire body trembling.

Nervousness, fear, and dread, all sorts of emotions surged forth.

At that moment, he even felt despair; his usual arrogance and confidence were instantly lost without a trace.

Run~!

This single thought dominated Ye Feng's mind.

Whether or not he could escape this place, the first priority was to get away from these horrifying Ghost Infants.

However, no matter how he ran, the Ghost Infants that had emerged nearby gradually closed in on him, as if the distance was never widening.

He could only feel that the Ghost Cloth on his body was gradually becoming less protective.

An intense cold penetrated his body from all directions. The shoulder that had been smacked earlier was now throbbing with even more pain, as if something was gripping it, causing immense pain and seemingly dragging his body back, making it hard for him to flee.

Finally, when the distance had closed enough.

A cyan-black arm suddenly reached out and grasped Ye Feng.

But in the next moment, it quickly retracted.

Ye Feng looked in terror and found a blurry handprint left on his Ghost Cloth.

Before he could react, another hand reached out from nearby and grabbed at him.

It too let go quickly after the grab.

Another handprint appeared on his body.

He understood that the Ghost Cloth he was wearing was still functional, warding off the attacks of the Ghost Infants. Had he not been wearing it, he might have died at the first strike.

However, the ghosts nearby were gradually converging in increasingly larger numbers, reaching an unnervingly overwhelming extent,

Seeming to fill up the street.

Gradually, Ye Feng found himself with no route of escape, surrounded and blocked from all directions.

The worst case scenario had occurred.

Ye Feng was encircled by ghosts, trapped in an airtight circle, with cyan-black shadows flitting within the murky haze, who knew how many ghosts this city had fostered.

It was simply an insoluble predicament.

"Heh, hehe." Ye Feng couldn't run anymore. He stood in place and let out a bitter laugh.

There was no chance left.

If he had encountered such an inescapable trap, it was only a matter of time before these ghosts left this place and brought utter disaster upon the entire city.

The space around him to maneuver was becoming less and less.

"Hm? What's that."

Suddenly, amidst the churning shadowy haze, Ye Feng saw something, his expression changed, and he quickly took out his phone to send a text message. If there was any hope for him to survive, his only chance was to wait for someone to rescue him.

A moment later, a dense swarm of Ghost Shadows gathered and engulfed the area like a flood.

When the gloom dissipated, the Ghost Infants that had been concealed in the cyan-black air had vanished, but so had Ye Feng.

A trampled, battered phone remained on the ground.

On its dimly lit screen,

A message showed it had been sent successfully.

Chapter 230 Safe House

...

"Nothing happened, everything was calm, and you were right, there was no special situation in the Eastern City District. It seems we need to check the reports from the other districts."

Yang Jian didn't know about the incident at Ye Feng's end. He drove around in circles for a while, but since he couldn't find the Ghost Infant, he had to give up.

He felt it was a waste of time.

He might as well do something else with his time.

"Work is over, go home and sleep, let's call it a day. If there's anything, we can talk about it tomorrow," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Han said, "But if we go back like this, won't it be difficult to explain ourselves?"

"What's there to explain? It's already 10 p.m., and according to working hours, I'm currently working overtime. What can we do if we can't find the Ghost Infant? In such a big city, getting to the bottom of it isn't a matter of one or two days," Yang Jian said.

Sun Yi said, "But aren't you being a bit too relaxed? After all, we're in the middle of a special situation, dealing with a supernatural event. Even if we didn't find anything, going home to sleep seems excessive."

Yang Jian said, "You must not have a girlfriend."

"Eh, how did you know?" Sun Yi responded.

"Who with a girlfriend wouldn't go home to sleep?" Yang Jian said with a knowing smile.

Sun Yi said, "..."

"Even if it's off work, it's probably better to stay together. If the three of us get separated, who knows if we'll have another chance to meet," Zhang Han said, "The last time at Huanggang Village, we learned a blood-soaked lesson."

During the last event, it was because they were separated that they were killed off one by one by a ghost.

If it hadn't been for Feng Quan from the Ghost Coffin who made up the numbers at the last moment, Yang Jian and Zhang Han would have died long ago.

"This event is different from the last one, being alone isn't that scary."

Yang Jian said, "Let's start taking action tomorrow for any issues. That's enough for today. It's impossible to solve everything in one day. Without enough information and intelligence, even if we stand guard here, we are just like online idle players, ineffective,"

"That's it, then. Let's meet up at the gymnasium tomorrow."

Hearing his reasoning, Sun Yi and Zhang Han didn't object because it made sense. Even if they stood guard in the Eastern City District 24/7, if there was no situation, there was no situation.

But Yang Jian's withdrawal wasn't because he was really going to sleep.

He had other things to do.

Solving the supernatural event was a priority, but his personal matters were also important.

After he returned to the neighborhood, Yang Jian saw the bank's security personnel transporting cases into the villa.

Jiang Yan was not at work but was directing on the side: "Carry the stuff inside, put it all in that room, don't just place them anywhere. They look quite heavy. I don't want to have to move them again later."

"Yang Jian, you've arrived just in time, your delivery has arrived."

Yang Jian approached and said, "Get in touch with President Zhang for me; I have something I want to ask him."

"What's the matter? May I know?" Jiang Yan asked.

"You'll know when it's time for you to know," Yang Jian stated.

"Okay then," Jiang Yan immediately contacted Zhang Xiangu, then said, "President Zhang is at the sales office over there; he'll be here soon."

"By the way, what are all these things you bought? They look pretty valuable."

Yang Jian said, "Nothing much, just a batch of gold. That is the last of the stock from the major banks in Dachang City."

"Hmm?" Jiang Yan's eyes widened suddenly.

Soon after the items were all transported and the workers had left, Zhang Xianggu rushed over in a hurry.

"Brother Tui, Miss Jiang mentioned you were looking for me, is there something you need?" Zhang Xianggu inquired.

Yang Jian said, "Please sit down, President Zhang. Indeed, I have a matter to ask of you."

"If there's something, just say it. There's no need for pleasantries," said Zhang Xianggu with a smile.

Yang Jian asked, "By the way, I saw quite a few transport trucks coming in and out of the neighborhood when I was arriving. Did President Zhang buy something?"

Zhang Xianggu replied, "Nothing much, just some ordinary household supplies. Food at the supermarkets in Dachang City has been cleared out due to panic buying, but luckily I got in touch with several large supermarkets under my name to close early and had some of the stock brought over.

You know, Brother Tui, it's better to be safe than sorry, stocking up is never a mistake, and it's not like it cost a fortune."

"That makes sense, but besides household supplies, life protection is most important. Would President Zhang be willing to help me out and build a safe house for me?"

Yang Jian said, "I can't handle this myself; only a construction boss like President Zhang has the manpower and resources."

"A safe house? There are several basements in the neighborhood that I am already having built, just ahead of the construction work," Zhang Xiang explained.

"But those only protect against disasters, not ghosts. I'm looking for a safe house that can protect against supernatural events," Yang Jian clarified.

Zhang Xiang paused for a moment, "Brother Tui, what exactly are you planning?"

"Ghosts can't affect gold, and I plan to use the gold I have on hand to build a small room to shelter from supernatural events. The room must be as airtight as possible and also need to be very sturdy."

Yang Jian dragged a case from the nearby room, opened it, and it was full of gold bars.

"There's not much, just over two tons. I need to keep some spare, but does President Zhang have any good plans?"

Over two tons of gold?

Even Zhang Xiangu, a wealthy man, was stunned by Yang Jian's big move.

With the gold market surging and capital flooding in, the price of physical gold changes daily.

With over two tons of gold, Yang Jian was undoubtedly the richest person in Dachang City.

Quickly recovering from his surprise, Zhang Xiangu pondered for a moment and then said, "Two tons of gold is honestly far from enough for building materials, but it could work for constructing a small room. I could melt the gold down into blocks, turn them into steel plates, and then weld them together. But that won't work; it's too thin and not sturdy enough.

Maybe it could be used as a layer in between two steel plates, that might be better..."

...

After thinking for a while, he rubbed his head and said, "I need to find a designer to use the computer to work out the design, as well as the area of the safe house, and the number of people it can shelter, in addition to meeting all the necessary living conditions."

"Although this kind of project is small, there are too many factors to consider. I do have a suggestion, but I don't know if Brother Tui agrees."

Yang Jian asked, "What's your suggestion?"

"I've been building a shelter recently. The construction plan and design drawings are already complete and construction has already begun. Since it's just a modification, the progress is very quick. Probably within a month, it can be finished.

Instead of building a separate safe house, which doesn't meet the necessary living conditions, why not isolate a room within the shelter I'm building to serve as the safe house?"

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, "You suggest building the safe house inside your shelter, President Zhang?"

"I'm just making that suggestion," Zhang Xianggu said with an embarrassed smile, clearly aware that Yang Jian had seen through his intentions.

A safety house worth billions, even he couldn't afford to build it. Yang Jian must have a reason for wanting to build one, and if he didn't take advantage of this opportunity to gain some benefit, he would have wasted a lifetime in business.

Yang Jian thought for a moment. Even though Zhang Xianggu was somewhat self-interested, this was indeed a win-win cooperation.

He couldn't possibly build a safe house with his own hands and was short of manpower. No company would take on such a project under these conditions, and even if one did, Yang Jian wouldn't feel comfortable entrusting all of his gold to someone else.

Moreover, a safe house is not just a single room but also requires various supporting facilities, such as ventilation, living water, supplies storage, and so forth on various aspects.

Zhang Xiang could perfectly solve all these other problems and was trustworthy.

"It's fine, let's build it within your shelter, President Zhang. A safe house can't be too big, and the number of people it can maintain in refuge is limited. I wonder how you plan to allocate these, President Zhang?" said Yang Jian.

The allocation of people could also be seen as the distribution of shares.

Once the shelter was built, how many shares would Yang Jian hold, and how many would Zhang Xiang hold?

Now, Zhang Xiang felt troubled; of course, he would prefer a fifty-fifty split, but Yang Jian was investing billions worth of gold. To split it fifty-fifty was as if he was taking Yang Jian for a fool.

Business is important, so are relationships.

"How about seventy-thirty? If the materials aren't enough, I can add some gold." After hesitating, Zhang Xiang offered his price.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and replied, "That's fine."

Zhang Xiangyu breathed a sigh of relief and smiled, "Thanks, Brother Tui."

Judging from the prices offered by both sides, he had certainly gained the upper hand. After all, to come up with that much gold, even if he sold all his assets, he might not be able to raise the necessary amount.

"President Zhang, please start the construction as soon as possible. As for the gold, have someone come to move it tomorrow. Also, make sure not to make the gold sheets too thin when enlarging the safe house. If it's too thin, like a piece of paper that easily tears, then it's useless," Yang Jian said.

"Rest assured, Brother Tui. I will ensure the proper thickness and won't let the quality drop," said Zhang Xiangyu; "It won't be of low quality."

"That's settled then. Additionally, President Zhang, it would be best to find a doctor to check every person in the community daily, especially their abdomens. If anyone turns out to be pregnant, let me know immediately," Yang Jian said.

Although Zhang Xiangyu didn't fully understand, he knew it must be for a reason and nodded in agreement.

After discussing other matters, the two parted ways.

"Building a golden house, how extravagant. Such a young man with deep pockets, spending billions without blinking an eye. Compared to Yang Jian, that kid Zhang Wei is simply idiotic. Other than playing games all day, live-streaming, and jerking off, he's absolutely useless, and now he's even stopped reading. I'm afraid he has no chance of going to college anymore."

On the way back, Zhang Xianggu was still amazed by Yang Jian's decision and felt ashamed of the gap between his own son and Yang Jian.

"No, the more I think about it, the angrier I get. I'll have to go back and give that kid a thrashing to vent my anger."

Zhang Xianggu nodded to himself, then his mood brightened.

Meanwhile, at the villa.

"Yang Jian, I'm so bored. If this continues, I think I'll go crazy. Aren't we going to do something to pass the time? How about we play roleplay?" After everyone left, Jiang Yan came over and sat down, pouting and hugging Yang Jian's arm, proposing.

"Like what?" Yang Jian asked.

"How about I dress up as a nurse and give you an injection, or I be the teacher and you be the student? Or, I could be a housewife and you could be a delivery man, how about that?" Jiang Yan suggested.

Yang Jian thought for a while and said, "Did you sneak onto Zhang Wei's computer? And did you open that folder named 'Battle at Mount Akina'?"

"How did you know?" Jiang Yan's eyes widened.

"Is it strange that I know?" Yang Jian replied.

"So are we still going to play?" Jiang Yan asked suggestively in his ear.

"We could use this time to count exactly how many grams of gold we have, so we don't get it wrong when handing it over to Zhang Xiangu tomorrow. Remember to keep the accounts straight. Although personal feelings are important, some accounts still need to be clear. And remember to supervise the work. That way, he'll be assured, and so will I," Yang Jian instructed.

"Now?" Jiang Yan's face fell instantly. "Can it wait until tomorrow?"

"Sure, then you can write your resignation letter today, and tomorrow I'll hire an accountant," Yang Jian said.

"Wait for me, I'll do the accounting right now," Jiang Yan immediately got up, then hurried off.

At that moment, Yang Jian's satellite-located phone suddenly transmitted Liu Xiaoyu's voice, "Yang Jian, there's a situation. Ye Feng and He Chuan have gone missing."

"Two grown men might have just gone sword fighting this late at night; no need to make a fuss. I still need to sleep," Yang Jian murmured.

"The message from Zhao Kaiming says they encountered supernatural events. You should head to the gym early tomorrow. Professor Wang has called for a meeting," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Another meeting?"

"This time, we have important clues, so please be there."

"I got it," Yang Jian pondered.

Sure enough, his previous deduction was correct. His own Eastern City District was unscathed while people from other districts suffered bad luck.

That He Chuan probably plays a cannon fodder role and is most likely gone.

As for Ye Feng, that guy is too boastful; dying wouldn't be so easy for him.

But the fact that both men disappeared together definitely indicated something fishy was going on.

