

## Revival 231

Chapter 231 Number 7

Inside the stadium.

Just like yesterday, a meeting was convened early this morning.

It was still hosted by Wang Xiaoming.

All those who should have been present were, those who weren't probably couldn't make it anyway.

"Ye Feng and that He Chuan couldn't have died, could they? The two of them didn't even show up," Zhang Han said, quite astonished.

As a former member of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, he still found Ye Feng's absence unbelievable.

"Who knows, maybe they're dead, maybe they're hiding and don't want to get involved in this mess, or maybe he ran away. After all, with his abilities, it's not impossible for him to find a way to leave Dachang City," Zhao Kaiming said with a grin.

"What happened yesterday, Zhao Kaiming, weren't you with them?" a ghost controller asked.

Zhao Kaiming said, "We ran into a little trouble, got separated, and after that, I don't know what happened. I can't keep track of such a big person with hands and feet."

He acted as if it was none of his concern.

Yang Jian didn't say anything, just sat on the side eating buns.

"Where did you buy the buns? The breakfast shops in Dachang City are all closed now, I didn't even have anything to eat yesterday," Sun Yi remarked, somewhat surprised looking at Yang Jian.

"Steamed at home, do you want some? My treat," Yang Jian said.

Swallowing, Sun Yi replied, "Then I won't be polite."

And so, the meeting room gained two more people eating buns.

Seeing Yang Jian still in the mood to eat buns, Zhao Kaiming's face darkened: "Ghost Controller Yang, are you happy about Ye Feng's disappearance? Makes sense, after all, you have one less enemy, worth celebrating with a few buns."

"Bang~!"

Without hesitation, Yang Jian picked up a bun and threw it straight at Zhao Kaiming, hitting him on the head.

"What are you doing?" Zhao Kaiming rose to his feet abruptly.

"Offering you a bun, stuffed with pork," Yang Jian said.

"Are you trying to start trouble?" Zhao Kaiming asked.

"Are you trying to pick a fight?"

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "I agreed not to conflict with you just a few days ago, yet you are itching to stir things up already? I haven't said a word just now, yet you can't wait to drag me into it. Since you don't want to honor our previous agreement, I don't mind playing along.

Ye Feng's disappearance is none of my business, but if you went missing, I think a proper celebration would indeed be in order."

Zhao Kaiming's expression shifted uneasily; he wasn't one to endure insults well, but he knew that breaking his deal with Yang Jian was not a good choice, so he forced a smile and said, "Ghost Controller Yang is joking. I was just speaking off the cuff, let's pretend I never said that."

"That's more like it," Yang Jian said.

"We'll see how long you can keep that smug attitude," Zhao Kaiming thought darkly to himself.

At that moment, Wang Xiaoming hurried over, looking exhausted and with red eyes, indicating he probably hadn't slept all night, busy with who knows what.

"Has everyone arrived? Good, I'll cut to the chase. Ye Feng and that He Chuan disappeared yesterday, probably around this location on the map." He immediately started the slideshow, pulled up the map of Dachang City, and drew a circle on it.

"Zhao Kaiming said that before they encountered a supernatural event here, it was very likely the Ghost Infant. The disappearance of Ye Feng and He Chuan is related to this."

Zhao Kaiming added, "However, before Ye Feng vanished completely, he sent me a text message. The content was incomplete, likely because he hadn't had the chance to input everything, so there was only one character."

After speaking, the slide on the projector flashed, and a screenshot of the message appeared before everyone's eyes: 7.

A very simple number.

7?

Everyone immediately furrowed their brows, indicating their confusion.

Wang Xiaoming said, "This message reveals too little information. Does anyone here have any good ideas?"

"Maybe he encountered seven ghosts, warning us that it's dangerous there," Sun Yi immediately spoke up.

"It could also be that he wrote the wrong thing in a rush and sent out a mistake," Zhang Han said.

Zhao Kaiming suddenly smiled and said, "Maybe it wasn't even sent by him, but by that thing, hinting that the remaining seven of us are all going to die. We were originally nine, and now with Ye Feng and He Chuan missing, assuming they're dead, the remaining seven would correspond precisely to the seven of us."

"Damn, Zhao Kaiming, don't talk about such scary things, alright?" exclaimed a ghost-controller, startled.

"What's your take on this, Yang Jian?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

Yang Jian said, "There's nothing to deduce from just a number—it's a bit ridiculous. This digit that Ye Feng sent out before he disappeared holds no significance, it's just wasting our time. I think we can temporarily ignore it, but ignoring it doesn't mean we can overlook it. We can make a note of the number for now and see if we can combine it with some other useful information later."

"We might be able to disregard the message, but the disappearance of two ghost-controllers can't be ignored. We're already two people down on the first day; this is extremely detrimental to our operations going forward," Wang Xiaoming said with a grim expression.

"Professor Wang, aren't you trying to capture the third-stage Ghost Infant? The site of the incident could be an opportunity. This time, I think we shouldn't split up. We might as well act together and try to catch that Ghost Infant," Zhang Han said.

However, Yang Jian shook his head and said, "Ye Feng was wearing a shroud that could withstand attacks from malicious ghosts. If even he succumbed, I think everyone else going will just be marching to their deaths. This thing can't be overcome by sheer numbers; it requires a strategy. Isn't Professor Wang researching the third-stage Ghost Infant in an attempt to find a method?"

Zhao Kaiming spoke calmly, "So, are you saying that we're facing an obstacle on the very first day? If we're too scared to go to dangerous places, and there's no activity elsewhere, dragging this out will likely lead to serious problems."

"Would sending ourselves to our deaths solve anything?" Yang Jian sneered. "Don't forget, Ye Feng had two ghosts inside him, and with He Chuan's, that makes three. If they're truly dead, then the ghosts within them have undoubtedly escaped. Even if they haven't revived, they'd almost be there. Imagine how dreadful it would be by then; it's probably unimaginable."

Finally, Wang Xiaoming made up his mind and declared, "Seven days. If there's no progress in capturing the third-stage Ghost Infant within seven days, everyone will investigate this place, including myself."

Hm?

Yang Jian's expression changed, somewhat surprised.

Wang Xiaoming was a bona fide ordinary person. Was he really daring enough to risk his life going to a haunted place to investigate?

Did he feel so carefree because he knew he was protected?

Or did he think that after seven days, his safety could no longer be guaranteed, and so he wanted to make a desperate attempt?

Unclear.

But he was the boss now; he could do as he pleased, and Yang Jian couldn't do anything about it.

Of course, Wang Xiaoming had his own considerations. He was racing against time. All signs indicated that the supernatural events were becoming more and more severe. If no breakthrough was found, everything might become irreversible.

## Chapter 232 Surgery

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Time passed quickly, and three days had gone by since the last meeting, inching closer to the time Wang Xiaoming had scheduled.

However, in these three days, everything in Dachang City seemed very calm.

Nothing particularly notable happened, except that the number of people found to be carrying Ghost Infants inside their bodies was increasing. Previously, there were just over one hundred thirty cases, but now it had surpassed two hundred cases, and soon it would be time for the first batch of Ghost Infants to be born.

Once that batch of Ghost Infants was born, Dachang City would have over a hundred more ghosts.

With the current number of remaining ghost hunters, there was no way to address so many paranormal events, and they could only wait for death.

The assistance from outside Dachang City was still cut off. Although many highly-ranking ghost hunters had set aside their own city's affairs to offer support, without exception, they were all unable to set foot in the city.

There wasn't a single piece of good news, but bad news came one after another.

Yang Jian, although capable of removing Ghost Infants, chose to conceal this ability at such a time.

"Are you kidding me, remove over two hundred Ghost Infants?"

"Is that supposed to kill me?"

If the root cause couldn't be resolved, even if the over two hundred Ghost Infants were dealt with, more would appear later.

Wang Xiaoming knew of Yang Jian's ability, but he didn't bring it up, as with his intelligence, he must have also judged that Yang Jian's importance outweighed those currently possessed by Ghost Infants.

The shelter in Guanjiang Residential Complex was being built at the fastest speed under the supervision of Zhang Xiangu, but time was pressing. Additionally, with public security in Dachang City gradually deteriorating, many tasks couldn't proceed smoothly, and whether the shelter could be completed on schedule was in question.

One headache after another.

Aside from driving aimlessly through the dimly lit city every day, Yang Jian had nothing else to do.

He knew the situation was getting worse, yet he was unable to do anything to change the current state of affairs.

The power of one person seemed particularly insignificant, even if he controlled two ghosts.

"If the situation continues to deteriorate like this, it seems I need to consider hanging myself in front of the Ghost Mirror. There's been no word from Ye Feng for three days; he's probably gone. Although I really dislike the guy, I have to admit Ye Feng's ability to control ghosts is indeed troublesome," Yang Jian sighed while driving.

"That shroud was able to resist even my Ghost Shadow's attack, but now he's dead by the hand of a Ghost Infant? What on earth happened at that time?"

"To only leave behind the number 7 before dying."

"But a ghost that could kill Ye Feng must be beyond the third stage, perhaps it encountered a fourth stage Ghost Infant."

He pondered while observing the surroundings.

Today was quiet as ever.

There were very few pedestrians on the streets, only special personnel patrolling to maintain public order.

The city gradually began to feel dead, and in the darkness, who knows how many people disappeared. Yang Jian could clearly sense this. The day before, there were people gathered at the entrance of a residential complex discussing these incredible events, but the next day, the complex was deserted.

"Yang Jian, have you found anything?" Zhang Han's voice came from the radio in the car.

"It's the same, no incidents," Yang Jian said.

On the other end of the radio, Sun Yi said, "Same here. I've been driving around until the car almost ran out of gas, and I still haven't seen any Ghost Infants. What's the price of gas now? Can it be reimbursed? I only have a few dozen yuan in my pocket – someone lend me some money to fill up, and I'll pay back when I get my salary next month."

To improve efficiency, the three of them carried out separate patrols, using radios to stay in contact and to provide immediate support if needed.

Yang Jian ignored Sun Yi's concern about running out of gas at such a time and said, "I've had a speculation these past few days, although it's unlikely, I still want to put it out there."

"What have you thought of?" Zhang Han asked.

Yang Jian said, "I think the Ghost Infants are actively avoiding us. It's not that they aren't in this city, but that they're hiding."

"Hiding? How is that possible? Even if they are, what would be the purpose of hiding?" asked Zhang Han.

"Not sure. Maybe they're waiting for an opportune moment or the time hasn't come, but I'm certain that if we can't find a breakthrough, when the paranormal events truly erupt, we will have no chance to turn the tables," Yang Jian said. "I have this premonition."

"Could the 7 that Ye Feng left behind refer to seven days? Folklore says that seven days after death, the spirit returns, and on that night, ghosts are the most ferocious. That's why Professor Wang asked us to capture the Ghost Infants within seven days, and if we can't manage it, to investigate the dangerous possibility of the place where Ye Feng disappeared," said Zhang Han.

"It's not out of the question. Hold on, I've received a task."

While they were chatting, Yang Jian's satellite-positioning phone received a message from Liu Xiaoyu: "Yang Jian, there's an emergency. Please rush to a certain hospital in Dachang City immediately. It's Professor Wang's instructions."

"Did Professor Wang not mention what it's about?" Yang Jian asked.

"No," said Liu Xiaoyu.

Turning the steering wheel, Yang Jian said, "Could putting all our chips on Wang Xiaoming be a wrong decision? He's had no progress for several days; this professor seems a bit incompetent."

"At this time, we can only trust Professor Wang. I hope you will cooperate at this moment, and after this is over, everything is negotiable," Liu Xiaoyu patiently consoled.

"What if it doesn't work? Can I act according to my method then?" Yang Jian asked. "Little Liu, you rank too low, let Zhao Kaiming answer."

Soon, the connection was transferred, and Zhao Kaiming said, "Can you ensure Professor Wang's safety?"

"I can't guarantee it fully, but I have some confidence," Yang Jian replied.

"How confident are you?"

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"Around forty percent," Yang Jian said.

Zhao Kaiming pondered for a moment before speaking, "If there's no progress after seven days, I agree to your personal action."

"I've recorded what you just said. Don't place the blame on me if anything goes wrong," Yang Jian said with a laugh.

"Of course I understand. Alright, I won't disturb your actions any longer," Zhao Kaiming disconnected.

At this moment, Yang Jian had already driven to the front gate of a hospital.

The place was under martial law, completely sealed off. No one could enter or leave except those who had been granted permission.

"It seems Professor Wang's research has made some progress, otherwise he wouldn't have called me here alone," Yang Jian noted as he looked around. There was only his car; neither Zhao Kaiming, Sun Yi, nor Zhang Han was anywhere to be seen.

"I am Yang Jian. May I ask where Professor Wang is?"

"Hello, Yang Jian, please come this way," a staff member immediately came forward to greet him.

Guided by the staff member, Yang Jian arrived in front of an operating room.

However, on his way there, he heard many patients' painful screams, as if they were being tortured by some terrible illness.

"Professor, Yang Jian has arrived," the staff member announced.

The operating room door opened, revealing Professor Wang, who was seated in front of an operating table, recording something, while an IV dripped into his arm. His white lab coat was stained with a lot of crimson blood, and the entire operating room was filled with a heavy scent of blood.

It was as if this place had become a slaughterhouse that had previously processed a significant number of livestock.

"Working like this, you're bound to die of sudden death," Yang Jian commented after a glance at the IV bag, which contained only glucose water, indicating that Wang Xiaoming was not ill.

"You're here,"

Wang Xiaoming set aside his pen and looked up at him, "Some parts of the research have hit a bottleneck and I need your help. Without enough assistants, I can't fully carry out the work. You, like Li Jun, possess the abilities of the Ghost Domain, which is very important to me, although I'm not too keen on asking for your help."

"I know," Yang Jian responded. "May I ask which stage Professor Wang's research has reached?"

"We've clarified the killing and growth patterns of the Ghost Infants at the Second Stage. The Third Stage Ghost Infants lack research materials, so it's uncertain and can only be speculated. But that's not important. What's important is that I've made a new discovery these past few days," Wang Xiaoming said as he stood up.

"What discovery?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Before the seven-day deadline, I had already sent people to investigate the places where Ye Feng and He Chuan had their accidents, unfortunately, they discovered nothing there."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, "Why didn't you mention this information earlier?"

"Because there was no need? Setting a seven-day deadline can make you all work harder," Wang Xiaoming said calmly. "Besides, it's not good news, because we've lost the last chance to make a bold move."

"I personally believe that the place where Ye Feng met his accident doesn't exist in any street in Dachang City; it should be a special place, similar to the Ghost Domain. For now, I call it Seventh Street."

"And the reason I've called you here today is to ask for your help in locating that place and entering it."

Yang Jian said, "Even if we do get inside, what then? If Ye Feng died in there, are we supposed to die inside too?"

Wang Xiaoming replied, "That's just the first step. After finding the location, we don't necessarily have to enter. I need the subsequent research to determine the source, to ascertain where exactly the Hungry Ghost is."

"Do you know something?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes.

"I do know something, but I can't tell you yet. We need to complete the first step first, otherwise it all means nothing," Wang Xiaoming said.

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

Wang Xiaoming said, "I heard you have a way to extract the Ghost Infant?"

"That's right."

"Good, then start with saving someone," Wang Xiaoming said. "Bring in the patient, let's begin the surgery."

As his voice fell,

the doors to the operating room opened, and a patient was wheeled in.

This patient was a man, his belly swollen as if he was a pregnant woman, his body emaciated, his brows furrowed, a look of pain on his face.

"I have used the maximum dosage of painkillers a human can endure. You can go ahead with your method, but I hope it is all done within your Ghost Domain, and that your Ghost Domain replicates the map of the whole Dachang City," Wang Xiaoming said.

"You want to trace to the source following the leads; will that work?" Yang Jian asked. "Using human reasoning to conjecture a ghost's thoughts, isn't that a bit naive?"

"Let's try and see, it's worth a shot," Wang Xiaoming stated.

Yang Jian said, "Alright, I'll make an exception and try it out, but I'm only helping this once. If it takes repeated tries to confirm your findings, then I refuse. I don't want to be the first to die from a ghost's resurrection."

Constant use of abilities could lead to the revival of the two ghosts he controlled.

"Of course, your importance in Dachang City now outweighs anyone else, including me," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Let's start, then," Yang Jian approached the patient.

Beneath that swollen belly, the outline of an infant writhed continuously.

The ghostly entity inside the belly was nearly ready to emerge, having grown to the size of a newborn infant.

Chapter 233 Again Study

Seeing the emaciated patient before him, Yang Jian was reminded of the first time he had met Zhou Zheng.

It was the same look.

But Zhou Zheng had suffered for much longer, the pain had become etched into his very bones, and what was left was a numbness from being tormented too long.

"Compared to others, he can be considered lucky," Yang Jian said, looking at the patient.

Although it was an experiment, this person could be freed from the torment of the Ghost Infant and return to normal.

At this time, Wang Xiaoming and the other staff members silently left the operating room and entered the observation room next door.

Through the glass, they could see everything happening here.

Was it to retreat in time if there was any danger?

"Hmm? Why are you standing so far away?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "It's a necessary precaution, you don't have to worry about it. Be ready to initiate the emergency plan at any time, and immediately seal off the operating room if anything happens."

"Under the operating table, there's a metal box made of Gold. As soon as you find that location on Seventh Street, immediately imprison the Ghost Infant; if you can't, choose to retreat right away."

"..." Yang Jian's face darkened.

This was clearly doubting his ability to deal with this ghostly thing alone.

"Young man, don't be nervous, it's just a painless abortion, it'll be over in less than a minute, you'll see, it's very quick," Yang Jian said to the patient reassuringly.

He was a young man in his twenties, only appearing a bit older due to his withered face.

"Big brother, can I trust you? I'm not going to die, am I?" the young man said with a mournful expression.

Yang Jian said, "If you really don't feel at ease, shall I give you anesthesia?"

"A low dose of anesthesia can't numb these types of patients; probably because of the existence of the Ghost Infant, they've developed some drug resistance. A large dose of anesthetic might work, but it's likely to cause irreversible damage to the human body, so I just gave him a sedative," Wang Xiaoming explained seriously from a distance.

"Big brother, I don't want to die, please save me," the young man pleaded again.

"I'll do my best," Yang Jian said. "But you'd better close your eyes. If you can't manage that, then no matter what you see, hear or encounter later, don't scream. It could affect my work. Of course, if you really affect me, it doesn't matter to me, because you're the one who might die. Understand?"

"Understood." The young man looked like he was about to cry.

"Let's start."

Yang Jian hadn't started to use the Ghost Domain because if he wanted to extract the Ghost Infant, he couldn't use his Ghost Domain.

The suppression from his Ghost Eye meant he could only use one of his abilities.

Perhaps when the fierce spirits were in a gradually reviving state, this situation would improve.

In an instant.

Yang Jian's left hand swiftly penetrated the patient's clothes and thrust directly into his swollen belly.

"Ah~!"

A sharp, bizarre, and spine-chilling scream instantly filled the entire operating room, causing even Wang Xiaoming in the observation room to frown, while the staff beside him covered their ears in terror.

But the sound seemed to come from within oneself, and covering the ears was useless.

"It's a clever move, using the Ghost Domain only on his left hand. This way, he can reach into the patient's abdomen without touching the patient's skin," Wang Xiaoming observed Yang Jian's actions and couldn't help but admire his approach.

A high school senior managing to wield the power of a fierce ghost to this extent in such a short time was very impressive.

"But he shouldn't be able to catch the Ghost Infant, so what method will he use to solve this?" Wang Xiaoming had this second question, but when he saw a tall black Ghost Shadow rising behind Yang Jian, everything became clear.

The Headless Ghost Shadow stood behind him, emitting a chill and sinister aura. They were less than a meter apart, yet one of the Ghost Shadow's arms merged with Yang Jian's arm.

"Another ghost? This Ghost seems very special, possessing no body yet able to attach to a person's body, like a sort of possession, right? However, this approach must be quite risky. A person possessed by a ghost can't be considered human anymore, it's more fitting to call them a Ghost.

Yang Jian didn't dare to let the black shadow fully attach to himself; he only controlled one of its arms," Wang Xiaoming thought to himself approvingly.

This bold yet cautious trial was in line with his scientific spirit. A ghost controller should be like that, leveraging the ghost's power to its fullest within their control.

It was just a pity that many ghost controllers were just passively using it to save their lives, few tried to harness this ability like this.

"Got it," Yang Jian suddenly moved, feeling his palm grasp the Ghost Infant inside the belly.

Cold, soft, with a rotten sensation, like a dead infant.

"Come out," he commanded as his arm pierced through the patient's body and even through the operating table, then suddenly, with a thud, something appeared and fell to the floor, where he pinned it down firmly.

A baby with a dark, ghastly complexion was struggling incessantly on the floor, its strength far exceeding that of a well-trained adult. The floor tiles were forcibly scratched apart by the Ghost Infant's pitch-black nails, emitting a sharp, piercing noise.

But this force was unable to harm Yang Jian in the slightest when it fell upon his left hand.

Part of the Ghost Shadow was attached inside his arm, making it impossible for the Ghost Infant to overcome the Ghost Shadow, no matter how ferocious it was.

Besides, this Ghost Infant was not the true source but merely a derived product, similar to a Ghost Slave.

"It worked," the people in the observation room watched with trepidation.

Though they had strong mental fortitude, the sight of Officer Yang pulling such an infant out of a person's belly still sent chills down their spines.

The true form of a ghost, this was their first encounter in their lives.

"Very good," Wang Xiaoming also revealed a trace of a smile, but that smile quickly disappeared.

Yang Jian's abilities were indeed powerful and outstanding, but it was these very abilities that had claimed the life of his own younger brother.

"Next, I'm going to let this thing go and lock it in the Ghost Domain. You all better be careful. There might be a slight delay in time, and in that moment, this ghostly thing could kill a man," Yang Jian said as he gripped the Ghost Infant's arm and lifted it up, then turned to Wang Xiaoming.

"First, take the patient out and immediately check all vital signs," Wang Xiaoming immediately ordered.

Soon, two staff members entered the operating room with trepidation, hastily carried the young man out, and didn't dare to even glance at Yang Jian or the eerie infant in his hands.

"Now you can begin," said Wang Xiaoming.

"You're not going to avoid it?" asked Yang Jian.

Wang Xiaoming said, "No need, I believe I can react to this distance, unless you want me dead."

"That sounds quite heart-rending. If something really happens, it's bound to be blamed on me. Liu Xiaoyu, you heard that, right? It's not that I didn't advise him; it's that Wang Xiaoming is asking for it himself," Yang Jian said with a laugh.

On the satellite-linked phone, which was kept on a 24-hour call status, Liu Xiaoyu didn't know how to respond after hearing this.

"There's no need to ask for instructions from above. Let's start now," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Of course," Yang Jian glanced at him, paid him no further heed, and casually tossed the Ghost Infant forward.

Upon hitting the ground, the Ghost Infant quickly scrambled to its feet, its limbs strangely elongated, and it scuttled rapidly along the wall, leaving behind a trail of dark green handprints.

Without hesitation, it immediately rushed towards Wang Xiaoming in the observation room.

Yang Jian, who was the closest, seemed no longer within its range of attack.

"So fast, professor, be careful!" The nearby security personnel, frightened, immediately drew their guns.

"This thing is useless, put it away," Wang Xiaoming gestured and said, "It has no other intentions; it just wants to devour me. After the Ghost Infant is born, it enters a state of hunger, randomly consuming anyone nearby it can see. To avoid being devoured by a First Stage Ghost Infant, the best method is to get out of its line of sight."

"By the Second Stage, the Ghost Infant has grown into a child and begins to choose its victims, so it will preferentially devour anyone it has had contact with. To face a Ghost Infant at this stage, one must avoid being seen or touched."

"That means neither seen nor touched."

"As for the Third Stage, we haven't been able to determine its patterns yet; we can only make general conjectures," Wang Xiaoming said calmly.

At this moment, the Ghost Infant had climbed onto the tempered glass right in front of them.

Separated only by a thin layer of glass, the Ghost Infant's pitch-black, pupil-less eyes stared at Wang Xiaoming with eeriness and ferocity.

"Crack, crack, crack~!"

The glass window in front of them quickly started to crackle and splinter.

The dark green marks left by its hands and feet seemed to be able to corrode any material.

Soon, the glass shattered.

The Ghost Infant lunged towards Wang Xiaoming.

However, at that moment, a red light flashed on, illuminating from the operating room, instantly enveloping the Ghost Infant.

The charging Ghost Infant vanished in an instant before it could make contact with Wang Xiaoming.

By then, Yang Jian had come out: "You really are bold to not even dodge."

"I told you, as long as you don't want the Ghost Infant to devour me, I won't die," Wang Xiaoming responded, still very calm, "The Ghost Domain opens in less than half a second at this distance. Once the Ghost Infant is locked in the Ghost Domain, it's at your mercy. I've researched the First Stage of the Ghost Infant; it absolutely cannot escape the Ghost Domain unless you release it purposely."

"You know a lot about the Ghost Infant. What do you think the pattern is for Third-Stage Ghost Infants? Not to look, not to touch avoids death, so does the Third Stage require another condition?" Yang Jian asked.

"You want to know?" Wang Xiaoming said.

## Chapter 234 Changes in Each Stage

Nonsense.

Of course, I want to know.

Why would I ask you if I didn't want to know?

Yang Jian looked at Wang Xiaoming oddly, seemingly waiting for his answer.

"The Ghost Domain can remain as it is without any problems, right?" Wang Xiaoming didn't answer immediately but instead confirmed the current situation.

"There's no problem, but I won't be able to maintain it for too long," Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Naturally, the use of the Ghost Domain consumes a lot of one's own energy. I'm well aware that ghosts capable of using the Ghost Domain aren't so easily suppressed, so in my eyes, you are special. If you hadn't killed my own brother, I think I might have liked you."

"I'm not into that, thank you," Yang Jian replied.

"You know what I mean," Wang Xiaoming said. "Let's continue with the earlier topic. What do you think a normal baby should do after being born?"

"I'm not an obstetrician; how would I know?" Yang Jian answered.

"After being born, the first thing a baby does is open its eyes to see the world clearly, and it's the same with Ghost Infants. That's why First Stage Ghost Infants will kill anyone they see. After seeing the world clearly, the next thing is physical contact, feeling the world further through the skin's touch. That leads to the Second Stage Ghost Infant, killing anyone it touches,"

"Perception isn't isolated; it's cumulative," Yang Jian pointed out.

Wang Xiaoming said, "When the born infant has seen and touched, what comes next?"

"Hearing?" Yang Jian frowned.

"That's right, hearing. Sound is the key, so I speculate that Third Stage Ghost Infants probably kill those whose voices they hear," Wang Xiaoming said. "But this is just a guess without any basis, and there's no evidence to directly prove this is the transformation of a Third Stage Ghost Infant."

"But what if your inference is true? What then about the unknown Fourth Stage Ghost Infant?" Yang Jian asked.

"Not clear, because the Third Stage is only a hypothesis. It's very unscientific to speculate based on a hypothesis. I won't do that, as incorrect information can easily mislead someone, leading a ghost controller into a wrong and deadly situation when facing fierce ghosts."

"Once a wrong choice is made, it leads to death. This isn't a game; there are no chances to start over, so I only make inferences up to the Third Stage."

"Unless it can be confirmed, I won't proceed with further guesses and research."

"Not seen, not touched, not heard," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes.

Combining the situation he faced with the Ghost Infant before, he was gradually becoming more convinced of Wang Xiaoming's conclusion.

Back at the school, after Zhou Zheng died, the Ghost Infant was born and first saw him, so it began to chase after him. Later, it chose to attack Wang Shanshan because of the presence of the ghost eye.

That was the so-called seeing.

After that, the Ghost Infant grew into a Ghost Child and began chasing Wang Shanshan, who had left handprints.

Why didn't it chase her from the beginning?

Just because at that time, Wang Shanshan hadn't fulfilled the second condition; the Ghost Infant hadn't grown into a Second Stage.

Once the Ghost Infant reached the Second Stage, Wang Shanshan started to be attacked.

As for the Third Stage, hearing.

This indeed couldn't be confirmed, as there was no personal confirmation.

However, combining the previous two situations, Yang Jian was seventy percent confident that Wang Xiaoming's deduction was correct, and the condition for the Third Stage was not hearing.

But if this were the case, dealing with a Third Stage Ghost Infant would be too difficult.

Must not see the Ghost Infant, mustn't touch the Ghost Infant, and mustn't let the Ghost Infant hear.

If that's the case, then this supernatural event is just like starting from an 'Easy' mode, evolving to 'Hard' mode, then to 'Hell' mode, and if there were to be a fourth stage, it would be 'Nightmare' mode.

If one doesn't cheat, there's basically no way to play.

Everyone would be doomed.

"So you're very important, Ye Feng can die, but you can't, if you die, Dachang City is really finished."

Wang Xiaoming said, "So I can share this research with you, but I will not disclose it to others, in my eyes, they are just cannon fodder, you are the key."

"Because my Ghost Domain simultaneously satisfies all the conditions to avoid being killed?" Yang Jian immediately understood the meaning of his words.

Hiding in the Ghost Domain, he would not be seen by the Ghost Infant outside, nor could it touch him, and he wouldn't make a sound to be heard.

It equals perfect restraint.

"Yes, you have the Ghost Domain, it's the only chance I can think of to turn the situation around," said Wang Xiaoming, "What pleases me more is that you managed to control the second ghost with your own methods. I don't know the capabilities of this ghost, but it can touch the Ghost Infant without any conditions.

This is a very important point."

"So, you have the conditions to detain the Ghost Infant, and what's lacking now is an opportunity, so I'll create this opportunity, and if necessary, sacrificing a few ghost manipulators is inconsequential."

"Does this mean I've become the savior of this city by sheer luck?" asked Yang Jian.

Wang Xiaoming said, "No, it's not luck, on the contrary, you're quite unlucky, just unlucky in a different way. Strictly speaking, I am the lucky one since I am the one being protected."

"Indeed," Yang Jian said.

At this moment, Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and scrutinized Wang Xiaoming again.

No wonder this guy was known as a national treasure-level researcher, even if abandoning Dachang City, they wouldn't give up on Wang Xiaoming.

His mind was indeed very sharp.

And this sharpness wasn't used to memorize things like pi or English vocabulary, nor was it used in business to make money, but to deduce the patterns of supernatural events.

Without direct contact with the Ghost Infant, through scattered information and research, he was able to summarize the Ghost Infant's habits.

Even those of a complex supernatural event with at least four variabilities.

If he had a brain like Wang Xiaoming, the supernatural events he encountered at the beginning would have been easily resolved.

"You've figured everything out, clear and simple, it would be a waste for you not to become a ghost manipulator," said Yang Jian.

"It would be a waste for me to become a ghost manipulator," Wang Xiaoming stated calmly.

Yang Jian laughed, "Indeed, ghost manipulators are short-lived, as an ordinary person you could live another fifty years, but as a ghost manipulator, you probably can survive only a few years at most."

"Where is the Ghost Infant now in Dachang City?" asked Wang Xiaoming, "Given the Ghost Infant's speed of movement, I believe it must be nearing its destination by now, right?"

Yang Jian glanced at the Ghost Domain.

At this moment, the map of Dachang City appeared inside the Ghost Domain. He had trapped the Ghost Infant in an illusion, and through this method, he discovered the location of the non-existent Seventh Street within Dachang City.

"It's walking around on the streets now, but it's roughly heading towards the Northern City District, that is, the place where Ye Feng and He Chuan disappeared," said Yang Jian.

"We'll have to wait and see," said Wang Xiaoming.

Chapter 235 The Forbidden Touched

This is a fake city within the Ghost Domain.

It looks exactly the same as Dachang City, whether it's the streets, buildings, or even the trees and greenery.

Anyone entering here wouldn't believe this world to be fake.

The world within the Ghost Domain has the power to deceive humans, and it also possesses the capability to deceive ghosts. Right now, in this eerily silent world, a dark green, strange infant, seemingly just born, lets out a spine-chilling scream as it drifts along the streets, slowly making its way toward a certain place.

That pair of pitch-black eyes without pupils scans this world in a bizarre and fierce manner.

Anyone caught in its gaze would hardly escape its entanglement.

Unfortunately, in the Ghost Domain, aside from Yang Jian, there are no other people for the Ghost Infant to kill, so it cannot grow in this world.

The Ghost Infant is not slow in its movements, quite the opposite, it's very quick.

It's just that its route is not very regular, so it has wasted a lot of time.

But at last, the Ghost Shadow arrived at a place and began to wander around, seemingly wanting to enter but lacking a path to proceed.

There seemed to be a road not present on the map.

Such a road hadn't appeared in Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, so the Ghost Infant started to loiter there.

"It can pretty much be confirmed now, the Ghost Infant seems to have stopped at this location and has been wandering around without leaving," he said.

He immediately opened his phone, used the map navigation, and quickly confirmed the exact location.

"Next to this street, there's a pharmacy, and the Ghost Infant is right across from this pharmacy. If we arrive at the destination, I can pinpoint it accurately," he said.

Wang Xiaoming glanced at the coordinates displayed on Yang Jian's phone and immediately memorized them: "I understand now. The first attempt was a success. You can now restrain the Ghost Infant. I'll gather our team as quickly as possible to make the first contact. If all goes well, we'll solve this supernatural incident."

"If only everything could go so smoothly... wait." Suddenly, at this moment, Yang Jian's expression drastically changed.

"What's happening?" Wang Xiaoming frowned.

Yang Jian tensed up, sweat suddenly breaking out on his forehead: "That road has appeared."

"The road? Are you talking about what I termed Seventh Street? What's going on?" Wang Xiaoming asked immediately.

Yang Jian replied, "Damn it, right where the Ghost Infant was, a new street has suddenly appeared. How is this possible? I didn't manipulate the Ghost Domain to create this change. It feels as if... my Ghost Domain has been invaded, and the power of a fierce ghost has forcibly altered my Ghost Domain."

"That's impossible," Wang Xiaoming declared categorically.

He had never heard of such a situation, where someone could modify someone else's Ghost Domain.

Li Jun also had a Ghost Domain and had dealt with several supernatural incidents, but had never encountered this.

"It is true. I have no reason to lie to you at this time. If you don't believe me, take a good look for yourself," said Yang Jian as he materialized his Ghost Domain.

The operating room was enveloped in red light, and in this world of red, an imaginary city materialized before their eyes, with the clearest view being that of a street.

However, on this street, across from a pharmacy and separated by a road, there used to be a solid wall. But now the wall had disappeared, replaced by a small path leading into a dim, dark green world, like an abyss without end.

On both sides of the street, you could faintly see various closed shops, none of which were open for business.

Wang Xiaoming's expression grew serious as he quickly called up the panoramic map of Dachang City. He found the location of this place and confirmed after a comparison that this road indeed did not exist.

"Immediately retract your Ghost Domain, this street bears a taboo. The moment you found it, it also found you. This has involved another level entirely," he said.

"It's no use. Even if I pull back my Ghost Domain, the street still exists." Yang Jian closed his ghostly eyes and the red light in the operating room vanished.

But what followed was an unrelenting gloom—the entire hospital was filled with a dark, greenish tinge. The lights around quickly dimmed, turning murky. In the area where the gloom was thickest, the image of a street was conjured.

It was as clear as a movie projection.

"Professor Wang, we should retreat immediately. The situation is very wrong," urged the protection personnel as they grabbed at Wang Xiaoming.

Yet Wang Xiaoming said, "Hold on, this is a very rare opportunity. It's very likely the ability of a Fourth-stage Ghost Infant. We must see it for ourselves."

The protection personnel were both scared and anxious. If not for the absolute orders from above, they would have let go of Wang Xiaoming and run for their lives.

These ghostly entities were more terrifying than the next, not one of them could be understood by a normal person.

"That Ghost Infant could no longer be detained," Yang Jian's ghost eyes opened, piercing through the darkness, and saw the Ghost Infant wandering in front of that illusory street.

Out of caution and wariness of the Seventh Street, he did not risk detaining the Ghost Infant that was within arm's reach.

There was no need to take this risk.

There were so many Ghost Infants in Dachang City, having one more outside wouldn't make much difference.

He absolutely couldn't afford to die here.

"Retreat~!"

Yang Jian was cautious while slowly backing away.

However, at that moment, footsteps suddenly came from that illusory street, and a figure appeared amidst the dark bluish haze deep within the street.

The face couldn't be seen clearly, only an outline was visible.

The figure drew closer and closer, the sound of footsteps grew clearer and clearer, echoing thumping sounds within the quiet and dim surgery room.

It was as if the ghost at the deep end of the street was about to walk out.

Once the ghost inside came out, it was very likely to be a Fourth-stage Ghost Infant, surpassing the third stage — the terror would be unimaginable.

Perhaps that was the origin of the entire supernatural incident, the Ghost Infant that revived after Zhou Zheng's death.

"Is this even possible?" However, Yang Jian was shocked at the moment.

What shocked him was not how terrifying the ghost was, but that everything unfolding before his eyes was forcefully opening the door of Seventh Street within his own Ghost Domain, and a real ghost was walking out from the false illusion?

If that were possible, then the Terror Level of this incident, defined as a Hungry Ghost event, could reach an unprecedented height.

Because such ghosts had completely deviated from common rational understanding and evolved into a kind of idealistic existence.

As the footsteps approached, the darkness around became even denser.

The human-shaped silhouette also became clearer, and Yang Jian could even see the slightly swaying hands, stiff, bluish-black, the color resembling the skin of a dead baby.

"Leave this place, the situation has gotten a bit complicated; the ability of that ghost has slightly exceeded my estimation," Wang Xiaoming observed for a moment and then immediately turned to leave.

"Like I need you to tell me that; if we don't leave under these circumstances, we're just waiting for death. I would bet that Ye Feng most likely fell at the hands of this thing."

Yang Jian also turned and ran; he burst out of the surgery room and distanced himself from the illusory street as quickly as possible.

The two met outside the surgery room and headed towards the hospital exit through the corridor.

"Sound the alarm, evacuate everyone from the hospital, save as many as possible," Wang Xiaoming instructed the personnel beside him.

Soon, the sound of the alarm echoed through the hospital's loudspeakers.

"You're only sounding the alarm now, isn't it a bit late?" Yang Jian said.

While running, Wang Xiaoming replied, "Don't worry; the majority of the people in this hospital have already been evacuated, only some staff and some special patients are left. I considered this possibility when doing research here. In case of an emergency, immediate evacuation and lockdown would mean the most we would lose wouldn't exceed fifty people."

"And I've set up three research sites like this one, as long as we can leave here, the research can continue, unaffected. As for the lost personnel, when compared to the crisis in Dachang City, this is nothing."

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, but he didn't say anything.

He had no right to criticize Wang Xiaoming's actions, because if it were him, he would do the same.

In the face of a major event, everyone had to make some sacrifices, it's just that the manner of sacrifice varied.

As Wang Xiaoming and Yang Jian were evacuating, the figure inside the surgery room's street scene gradually walked out.

The locked doors of the surgery room had been securely shut, but now they creaked open slowly,

The person hidden within the darkness actually pushed the door open and walked out from the surgery room.

The entire hospital began to be rapidly eroded by a dark greenish aura.