

Revival 241

Chapter 241 The Surrounded Crowd

"Huff, huff!"

Yang Jian was gasping for breath at this moment, this Wang Xiaoming's office was on the twenty-fourth floor, which was also the topmost floor.

He had taken the stairs all the way, even running and jumping, any normal person would be exhausted by now.

During his years at school, he had exercised regularly and considered his physical fitness quite good, but even so, now his legs were about to give out from fatigue.

"After I go back, I must exercise properly. Although ghost hunters are special, deep down we're still ordinary people. One can't expect to rely on the power of vengeful spirits for all the strenuous tasks, that would be too much of a waste of life. One still needs to keep up with physical tasks and can't get too weak," Yang Jian thought to himself.

But in the end, he safely made it to the twenty-fourth floor without any incidents.

After looking around for a bit, he quickly found Wang Xiaoming's office.

However, he looked toward another safety passageway.

He couldn't hear any footsteps coming up from below, not even the slightest sound.

This meant that Wang Xiaoming and his team had yet to come up. Even if they were moving a step slower, they should only be five or six floors behind at most, and their footsteps should be audible by now.

If it's still like this in five minutes, Yang Jian could conclude that Wang Xiaoming must have encountered danger, most likely gotten lost on one of the floors, or encountered a ghost.

"Never mind that for now, I have to get that finger first. Having that object will facilitate the next steps. Otherwise, there's no really good way to restrict the movement of a ghost that can even break into the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian didn't waste time and directly kicked open the office door.

The lock on this type of door wasn't secure. The reason Wang Xiaoming could leave things here was because there were security personnel around usually.

The office was in disarray, with a map of Dachang City on the desk, ghost hunter profiles, the details of various supernatural incidents in Dachang City, and some important experimental materials...

Yang Jian searched and quickly found the box containing the Ghost Infant.

"I never should have lent that thing to Wang Xiaoming so freely; now I've screwed myself over."

Upon opening the box, the Ghost Infant was still motionless, lying inside as if it were dead, while a withered finger pierced it like a sharp dagger.

Yang Jian immediately took out the withered finger and hastily sealed the box shut again.

No sooner had he taken out the finger than he felt the Ghost Infant inside come to life, struggling violently to break free.

Unfortunately, the power of a vengeful spirit couldn't affect gold, so no matter how hard it struggled, it couldn't get out.

"Done, time to retreat." Yang Jian took the object and left without any delay.

But when he was about to go downstairs, he hesitated, wondering whether to go back the way he had come up or to take the safety passage that Wang Xiaoming had taken.

"No, I think it's better to wait a little longer. At least I'm safe now, no need to rush. At this moment, going downstairs, I could very likely encounter ghosts on those floors. Instead of going to support them, it's better to wait for them to regroup with me," he reflected.

Yang Jian decided it was best to preserve his own condition, restore some energy, and wait for a moment.

Time passed gradually.

The surroundings were still very silent, eerily so.

The lights in the corridor were hazy and dim amidst the dark bluish haze, with not a twinkle of brightness.

The pervasive chilliness made one feel none of the summer of Dachang City.

Yang Jian sat quietly in Wang Xiaoming's office, waiting.

He was completely still, listening for any sounds or movement from outside.

Even though he was on a high floor, he could faintly hear the creepy crying coming from downstairs—the sound produced by the Ghost Infant after birth—as well as some footsteps that shouldn't exist. For instance, right outside the office, it seemed as if someone was slowly making their way here, yet eerily, they made not a single sound, nor was there any sign of the door being pushed open.

Yang Jian stared at the office door until the footsteps from outside faded away before he breathed a small sigh of relief.

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"Has the ghost already invaded this floor? Yet there's no sign from Wang Xiaoming and the others—they're mostly likely trapped. Of course, I also can't rule out the possibility that they're already dead. True enough, acting with them is the most dangerous. But then again, if they are all dead, it will be difficult for me alone to resolve the current situation."

He was now torn between whether to actively rescue them or not to do so.

Saving him might mean dying together, but not saving him would mean letting so many ghost controllers die in vain, which would only make the situation in Dachang City go from bad to worse, and in the end, we might not be able to escape death either.

At this moment, on a certain floor of the hospital.

Wang Xiaoming and the others had no choice but to stop their progression forward because the thing standing in front of them made them feel extremely uneasy and wary.

A child.

A naked child with a blue-black complexion.

It just stood stiffly at the corner of the staircase, tilting its head as it stared at everyone with a pair of pitch-black, hollow eyes.

"It's a Ghost Infant from the Second Stage."

Wang Xiaoming's gaze shifted slightly, "But it saw us, so why didn't it attack us? Could it be that the conditions triggered by these later-born Ghost Infants are not cumulative, but individual? Does the Second Stage Ghost Infant only attack if you touch it?"

"Very likely. A derivative ghost can't possibly have the same abilities as the original source. If that were the case, Dachang City would have been finished long ago and wouldn't have dragged on until now. Since the trigger condition is individual, we've got an advantage."

"Keep moving forward, bypass this thing, and don't touch it. Then we'll be fine. Zhang Han, lead the way."

Zhang Han had also seen the child up ahead and was so nervous that his palms were sweating. He didn't refuse and simply continued on, steeling himself.

Though nervous, he was somewhat confident in dealing with this thing.

Cautiously, he walked ahead, drawing ever closer to this eerie child.

But it remained still, continuing to stand there.

Even as Zhang Han passed the child, it didn't attack him, just watched him with those eerie eyes, turning its head following his direction.

Despite the hair-raising stare, it was undeniable that the path ahead was safe.

"Professor Wang, it's fine. This kid is a bit off, it doesn't seem to want to attack me. Should we take this chance to contain it?" Zhang Han whispered in a low voice.

"No need, we only prepared one containment unit, and it's better to save it for the original ghost. The threat from a Second Stage Ghost Infant is not that great, as long as you don't touch it," Wang Xiaoming took a deep look at the child.

Without the condition of overlap and indiscriminate killing, only after thoroughly analyzing it, can we realize it's not that terrifying.

After all, it's the fear of the word 'ghost' in humans that leads to such great taboo, and under fear, people can do stupid things.

However, in the next moment.

The child started to move, not going after Zhang Han above, nor did it attack Wang Xiaoming or the others, but instead, it walked down the stairs, roaming aimlessly around the hospital.

Its pair of pitch-black, hollow eyes glanced over everyone but still did not attack.

Everyone carefully avoided it, letting it leave.

"It also has the characteristic of aimless movement, which is good; we've understood the Ghost Infants from the First and Second Stages. Now we just need to confirm the Third Stage Ghost Infant," Wang Xiaoming thought to himself.

Without direct verification, relying on data alone is not very accurate.

Although a considerable amount of time had been wasted.

But seeing a ghost simply pass by like this, everyone still felt an unspeakable sense of relief and joy.

Mastering the method meant a greatly increased chance of survival, even ordinary people could survive in this situation.

Yet they were celebrating too soon at this moment.

At that time, the staircase above, the nearby floors, and the staircase below all began to echo with heavy footsteps.

At the same time, the lights in the elevator on this floor ominously lit up, with the display indicating that an elevator would soon stop on this level.

It seemed like something was encroaching from all directions.

Chapter 242 The First Attack

"Something is very wrong here."

Zhang Han, who was at the front, suddenly stopped in his tracks.

Listening to the footsteps coming from the corridor above, it seemed like a group of people was descending the stairs, while at the same time, there were sounds of footsteps climbing up from the lower floors.

The sounds were dull, devoid of the lightness, variation, and liveliness of normal human footsteps, only a mechanical stiffness remained.

Everyone present had dealt with supernatural events before, and upon hearing this kind of footsteps, they were acutely aware of what was happening around them.

"It's more than just wrong; it's as if we're surrounded. The ghosts from earlier couldn't have already woken up, could they?" Sun Yi started to panic.

"We can't go forward, and we can't go back. What do we do now? Isn't this a dead end? Are these things trying to force us to jump from this ten-story building?"

"I don't mind jumping. It's just that Professor Wang won't be able to withstand it."

Wang Xiaoming's expression was changing, but he remained calm; "There's no need to panic. A direct confrontation was bound to happen sooner or later. If you withstand this wave of attacks, the situation will turn around, everything will change. If you can't, then prepare yourselves to die here together."

The implication was that there was no intention to flee, but to stand and fight.

"Professor Wang, what are you joking about? Listening to these footsteps, it's not just one or two—it's far too many. How can we withstand that?" Someone was flabbergasted.

"No, you're wrong. There's only one real ghost. What we're about to face are all Ghost Infants, which are derived from the main one. I believe these are incomplete ghosts, unable to possess all the characteristics of a real ghost. The ghost child that passed us earlier is the best proof of that."

"Besides, Yang Jian has gone to fetch what I need. If the ghosts attack us, that means he's safe. As long as his mission isn't compromised, the plan is still on track."

Zhao Kaiming said with a stern face, "But what if he doesn't come? Aren't we going to die in vain here? Professor, aren't you being a bit too reckless by putting all your hopes on him? I don't trust Yang Jian."

"It's not that I want to put all my hopes on him; I have no other choice," said Wang Xiaoming calmly. "And he will come. He's a smart man. It's in his best interest for us not to die; if he were the only ghost controller left in Dachang City, his own chances of survival would diminish greatly."

"It's decided then. This isn't the place for a confrontation. Follow me. I remember there's a ward on this level with a window that leads to a small platform where the air conditioners are. We can get to the floor below through there. It might not be much, but at least it's an escape route—better than being trapped on three sides here."

After finishing, Wang Xiaoming immediately took action.

"Damn it, looks like we have to fight for it. If I'd known it was going to be like this, I would have gone with Yang Jian," cursed Zhang Han under his breath, hurrying back to follow the others to a ward on this level.

Just as the group hadn't gotten far, the dull footsteps reached the corner of the stairs below, and through the dark green murkiness, it was clear to see figures slowly ascending, coming to a halt on their floor.

Simultaneously, the footsteps from above also reached their level.

Two streams of dark green figures converged, completely sealing off the stairwell.

From the vague silhouettes, it was apparent that the numbers weren't just a few or a dozen; there were at least twenty or thirty.

But it didn't stop there.

"Ding~!"

The sound of the elevator operating came to a halt, and the hospital's two large elevators arrived on their floor at the same moment.

The doors of both elevators opened automatically, and inside stood more figures.

From upstairs, downstairs, and the elevators, the figures converged, all silent, all moving stiffly through the dimly lit hospital, and their direction was shockingly unified—towards where Wang Xiaoming and the others had left.

This floor became even darker, and in this darkness, it seemed as if everything around was gradually disappearing.

As if being swallowed, leaving behind only a blurry outline, until even that outline was gone.

"This is it."

Wang Xiaoming led the others to a relatively spacious ward. It was empty of patients, having been evacuated earlier, leaving behind only empty beds.

"Close the door first, then tie together the bed sheets to make a rope. If we really can't hold on, we'll retreat. But in my view, this retreat is just a delay—fruitless if the situation can't be reversed."

The others kept silent, hurriedly locking the door and barricading it with useless items.

Yet everyone knew very well that such measures wouldn't affect the overall situation—ghosts would find you regardless of where you hide.

When the key moment came, they would have to rely on their own ghosts.

Only the power of ghosts could contend with ghosts.

Even so... deep down, they still felt extremely uncertain.

The power they could draw from fierce ghosts was limited, whereas real ghosts were limitless.

Just as everyone was using bed sheets to untie knots, leaving a route for retreat, heavy footsteps echoed through the corridor outside. The footsteps were dense and numerous, the quantity of those beings outside could be felt even through the walls.

"They're here." Zhao Kaiming whispered.

Everyone's heart chilled, and their hands involuntarily stopped what they were doing.

The ghosts had found them.

Right outside the door, just a wall away.

Wang Xiaoming didn't speak anymore, he just stood at the back holding a flashlight, shining it forward to maintain the surrounding light, while also keeping absolutely calm.

He was just an ordinary person, he had no means to counter this situation, and since his trip to Dachang City was quite hasty, he hadn't brought many life-saving items. Even Li Jun, who was supposed to protect him, was left behind in the laboratory.

So what he could do now was just to keep quiet and not to be a burden to the ghost-manipulators.

All eyes were fixed on the door that had been sealed off, hearts raised to their throats.

They were terrified that the door before them would be pushed open by the ghosts at any moment, and then flood in and kill them instantly.

However, the situation was not as imagined.

The footsteps outside the door suddenly disappeared.

No, not disappeared, but the ghosts outside had stopped walking and stood outside the ward.

The dense footsteps began to gradually disappear.

This disappearance didn't bring any relief, on the contrary, it was incredibly heavy because the fading of each footstep meant a ghost had taken its place outside the door.

"Why haven't they attacked directly? What are they waiting for?" Zhang Han's palms were covered in cold sweat.

He felt this incident was much more terrifying than the incident at Huanggang Village.

"Look, the wall has changed." Suddenly, Sun Yi pointed forward in shock.

But they saw that the wall, which had blocked the group of ghosts, was now rapidly dimming, its color blending with the surrounding environment, turning into a dark, cyan haze.

Only this dark, cyan haze was much thicker, like darkness itself.

Even the flashlight could no longer illuminate this wall.

At this moment, everyone couldn't help but retreat, not daring to get close to this pitch-black wall anymore.

Then, in the next moment, something terrifying happened.

A protruding outline suddenly appeared on the pitch-black wall in front of them, at first it was just slightly elevated, but soon the raised outline became clearer, and the dark wall rapidly formed into the shape of a human face.

There were eyes, a nose, facial features.

As this human face became clearer, the darkness began to recede, and a blue-black skinned deathly face appeared before everyone.

At first glance, it seemed as though a dead person had been embedded alive into the wall.

The eyes on this dead face were empty sockets with eyes inside, but they were pitch black without pupils, revealing an eerie color. Yet those dark eyes moved slightly when they saw the people, revealing a sinister and bone-chilling violence.

As if everyone had been targeted, it sent a shiver down their spines.

And just below this face on the wall, a slight bulge appeared, and the contour of a body began to emerge.

A blue-black arm, marred with what seemed to be postmortem lividity, stretched out from the wall.

This ghost was actually passing through the wall forcefully, ignoring the barrier.

And it wasn't just this one face, other parts of the wall began to show more outlines of faces one after another.

One, two, three... dozens of faces imprinted on the dark wall, and quickly passed through it, attempting to enter the ward.

Although they knew that a single wall couldn't stop these ghosts, the way they entered the ward was chilling to the bone.

"They can even change matter? This is no longer something that can be done by just a Ghost Domain." Wang Xiaoming deeply furrowed his brow, and for some reason, he felt like this mission was going to end in a terrible defeat.

"Let's stop them together." A ghost-manipulator issued a horrified and desperate low growl.

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At this time, there was no need to be stingy with the power of the fierce ghosts; if they couldn't withstand this wave of assault, everyone would die.

Chapter 243 Oppressive Candlelight

Very...quiet.

Yang Jian had been waiting in Wang Xiaoming's office for a while, from the beginning when there were weird noises around, now it seemed as if everything had quieted down.

It seemed as if every sound had disappeared.

The whole world was silent, without a hint of noise.

This wasn't good news.

Yang Jian stood up, peering through the glass window down at the lower floors.

The entire building was shrouded in dimness, like an abandoned construction site devoid of life for a long time, as if there were no other living person apart from himself.

Moreover, the visibility around was poor.

The vicinity was enveloped by a dark, bluish haze; one couldn't see far, and even the tall buildings on the opposite street were barely discernible as vague silhouettes.

It was as if this hospital building was the only remaining existence in this world.

Yang Jian's face bore a contemplative look, with a hint of hesitation.

But the hesitation didn't last long.

Soon, he made up his mind.

He turned and left the place, heading downstairs through the safety passage.

Indeed, he couldn't just watch Wang Xiaoming and the others get trapped and die on a certain floor.

Although he didn't want to provide support, if these people died, then this paranormal incident would undoubtedly end in failure.

Reluctantly, or not wanting to readily relinquish the fate of this city and his own to a ghost, despite his desire to stand aloof and focus on survival, Yang Jian found that when he came to the crossroads of decision, he actually had only one path to take.

With that withered finger, he hurried downstairs, ready to make his last stand.

The ghost had already appeared, and time was running out.

If successful, this paranormal incident could likely be resolved. If he failed... Dachang City would be entirely lost.

First floor, second floor, third floor... Yang Jian counted the floors as he passed.

Based on his deduction, since the sounds around had disappeared, it was very likely that all the ghosts of the hospital had gathered around Wang Xiaoming's location, leaving him temporarily safe.

But this safety wouldn't last long; once Wang Xiaoming and the others were all dead, the next target for the ghost would most likely be himself.

Suddenly.

As he passed a stairwell on a certain floor, Yang Jian involuntarily stopped in his tracks.

"They're trapped on this floor..."

Although looking up this floor appeared identical to the others, with no distinction, the ghost eye lurking under his skin had reacted.

It was the sensing between fierce ghosts.

Yang Jian stepped out of the safety passage and ventured deeper into this floor.

As he passed the two elevators, he noticed that the doors of both elevators were always open. The entrance of the elevator was covered with messy dark bluish footprints. These footprints seemed to converge with those from other places, extending towards the direction of a certain ward on this floor.

The dimness there grew even denser, the gloom accumulated, gradually transforming into a profound darkness.

The sensing in the ghost eye beneath his skin grew stronger.

He was sure that once he entered the darkness ahead, he would definitely encounter a ghost, and what danger he would face was anyone's guess.

"There's no need to conserve resources at a time like this," Yang Jian said, his eyes flickering as he once again lit the Ghost Candle.

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The crimson candle emitted a sinister light.

The light spread out, illuminating the surroundings, casting an eerie green hue around, the glow driving away the dimness, taking with it the cold and weird ambiance.

"If we can't win by using the Ghost Candle this time, then we will have no more chances," he muttered under his breath, holding the Ghost Candle as he quickly moved forward.

The further he went, the thicker the gloom became.

The sinister and eerie candlelight was now under suppression, its reach visibly shrinking rapidly.

Where the candlelight could illuminate a five or six-meter area, it was now forcefully condensed to about three meters, and this distance continued to diminish as Yang Jian progressed.

Crackle and snap!

The candle flame flickered violently, burning faster to unleash brighter light, resisting the encroaching darkness around it.

The acceleration of the Ghost Candle's burning meant that there surely were ghosts nearby.

About ten meters ahead, the light from the Ghost Candle was now suppressed to an area of about two meters around Yang Jian.

A thick, dark green haze and the eerie green candlelight formed a clear boundary.

"At this rate of burning, this candle will be completely burned out in ten minutes at most," Yang Jian glanced at the Ghost Candle in his hand and felt a surge of alarm.

But the next moment, as he took another step forward.

A forearm appeared in mid-air amidst the thick haze.

The forearm crossed the area illuminated by the candlelight and presented itself in front of Yang Jian, while the other end disappeared into the darkness, making it impossible to see what had happened there.

"Drip-drip, drip-drip~!"

A golden watch on the arm continued to tick away, accurately displaying the time.

"It's a ghost master's hand," Yang Jian immediately realized and quickly grasped the forearm.

He was certain that this was definitely not a ghost, for if it were, it could not have crossed the candlelight to reach him.

There wasn't time to recall which of the people he had met before wore a gold watch; he just firmly grabbed the forearm and pulled towards himself, trying to drag someone out of the darkness and into the area covered by the candlelight.

Only within the reach of the Ghost Candle's light could one be temporarily safe.

However, as soon as he touched the forearm, he immediately sensed something was wrong.

The moment the arm made contact with him, it violently seized hold of him, seemingly feeling the warmth of his hand and knowing it was a person. The arm was desperately tugging, hoping to break free from some terrifying place and get rescued.

However, when Yang Jian pulled with all his might, he did not succeed in dragging the ghost master into the area illuminated by the Ghost Candle's light. Instead, he stumbled and nearly fell.

Because... the arm had come off.

Yang Jian, holding the severed arm, grew extremely grim-faced. He saw a row of neat and ferocious bite marks at the site of the break.

It was as if it had been violently bitten off by something.

"Damn it," he rushed forward.

The haze ahead was dispersed by the candlelight.

But Yang Jian did not find the owner of the severed arm. Given the distance of the arm, it seemed that it should have been right there.

The ghost master seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Dead?

Yang Jian's heart gave a slight shiver. He didn't linger on the disappearance of someone but dropped the severed limb and moved deeper in.

Along the way, he could vaguely see numerous human shapes lurking in the haze, watching him strangely. Some tried to cross the darkness, bringing their pale, greenish-black faces close for a look. But as soon as they came into contact with the light of the Ghost Candle, they quickly retracted and became still.

He didn't dare to imagine the horror he would be facing if he didn't have this Ghost Candle.

Now, the candle burned even faster.

At this rate, not to mention ten minutes, even sustaining for five minutes seemed a stretch.

"Blood?"

A few steps further, Yang Jian saw blood splattered on the ground.

Bright red, vivid, as if it had just been spilled recently, and next to the blood were also some bits of flesh.

"You're a bit late," suddenly, a voice rang out.

The next moment, Wang Xiaoqiang walked in from the dense haze, stepping into the light of the Ghost Candle.

As he moved, someone followed behind him, trying to pull him back, but they stopped before the light of the candle and eventually disappeared back into the haze.

"It's not too late, at least you're not dead," Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "The presence of a third-tier Ghost Infant has been confirmed. The key is sound; you can't let a third-tier Ghost Infant hear you speak. Otherwise, they will attack you.

But these derivative ghosts don't have overlapping conditions, meaning third-tier Ghost Infants can only kill by hearing sounds, second-tier Ghost Infants only by touch, and first-tier ghosts of the Ghost Domain only by sight."

"Is this really the time for that? Are they all dead?" Yang Jian asked.

"Not dead, but almost. We managed to fend off the attack earlier, but the bad news is... the fourth-tier Ghost Infant has appeared, and I'm not even sure if that is a fourth-tier Ghost Infant. It's quite possible that it is the source ghost. That thing is nearby now; finding and dealing with it might settle this paranormal event."

"Follow me. At the moment, we can only sustain brief survival. Without you, we won't last much longer."

Wang Xiaoqiang pointed to a place, signaling Yang Jian to follow him.

Yang Jian's expression grew stern. Although he hadn't been part of what had happened before, he could imagine the heavy price Zhao Kaiming, Sun Yi, and Zhang Han had paid to withstand the onslaught of the fierce ghosts.

Chapter 244 Heavy Casualties

This was a bathroom in the ward.

Although small, it was crowded with several people.

The ceiling light in the bathroom emitted a ghastly white light, bringing a glimmer of brightness to this bleak world.

Zhang Han sat on the ground with his back to the bathroom door, looking very ill.

Fresh blood was dripping steadily from his back.

A blood-drenched body lay behind him, continuously struggling to break free, even attempting to attack him several times, but something seemed to be restraining it, preventing it from detaching from his body.

Zhao Kaiming stood there with a somber face.

Behind him, someone could vaguely be seen facing the wall and the darkness beyond, their back turned towards the rest.

Sun Yi was lying on the ground at that moment, covered in blood with an exceptionally pale complexion; his lower body was completely missing. Despite being bandaged up and having received some emergency care, if he didn't get help soon, his condition would become dire, and bleeding out wasn't out of the question.

"He won't live much longer," Zhao Kaiming said coldly, his voice carrying a hint of sadistic pleasure. "Bitten by that thing, he lost half his body immediately, even the ghost that was inhabiting him got

stripped away. Without the support of the ghost's power and relying on the mere vitality of a human, he won't last."

"That thing is too ferocious. The ghosts inside you are no match for it at all. Even risking the resurrection of fierce ghosts only barely helps you cling to life. Even if you survive the initial onslaught, it's pointless."

Zhang Han's lips twitched, not out of fear, but because of the torment and pain inflicted by the ghost on his back.

Zhao Kaiming continued, "However, compared to those other guys, he's in better shape. The others were outright killed, without even a chance for their ghosts to revive. Who knows what will happen once those Ghost Infants get their hands on the ghosts from their bodies—that's a potential massive danger."

"We have no chance of turning the tables now; we can only wait for death," he said grimly. "Once we die, there's no one left to resist these things, and they will ravage Dachang City unchecked."

"What are you trying to say with all this?" Zhang Han asked, looking at him.

Zhao Kaiming gave a faint sneer, "I have a way that could help you survive, treacherous though it may be, but it's better than just waiting to die. I wonder if you're willing to work with me."

Zhang Han paused for a moment.

In a situation like this, he actually said there's still a way to survive?

"What's your plan? Let me hear it, and I'll consider it," Zhang Han said.

"My plan is... Wait, someone's coming," Zhao Kaiming replied, cutting himself off as he suddenly saw a sinister candlelight flickering outside the bathroom door.

It was the light from the Ghost Candle.

"Yang Jian? That kid's still alive? He even dares to come over for support," he said, furrowing his brows immediately.

As the door pushed open.

Indeed.

Yang Jian entered the bathroom holding the Ghost Candle, with Wang Xiaoming by his side.

"The most dangerous person survived," he thought somberly upon seeing the unharmed Zhao Kaiming.

He had previously guessed that an unseen ghost had been following Zhao Kaiming all along.

Now, it seemed that this speculation was almost confirmed as true.

"Hoo~!"

The flame of the Ghost Candle burned even more fiercely at this moment.

In the darkness behind Zhao Kaiming, where the candlelight could never reach, there seemed to lurk an unknown, great terror.

"What use is it for you to come now? Most are already dead, and those left are useless. This operation has failed," said Zhao Kaiming with a sneer.

Yang Jian said, "If I hadn't acted separately, there would have been no chance of victory. Now at least, we still have some capital to fight with."

"How do you plan to fight with these few people?"

Wang Xiaoming replied, "There's always a way. Yang Jian is right; we now have some capital to fight with. All we need is a chance and some luck. However... Sun Yi is not going to make it. Although this is a hospital, I'm sorry to say, I lack the necessary medical equipment and blood plasma to save you."

At this moment, Sun Yi lay on the ground, gasping for air. He was soaked in cold sweat, and perhaps, at the threshold of life and death, he felt no fear of the vengeful spirits.

Yang Jian walked over, crouched down beside him, surrounded by the blood flowing from his wounds. The situation was indeed very bleak.

"You're dying. Do you have any last words? Or is there an unfulfilled wish you want to tell me about? If I survive, I might be able to help you."

"Yang... Yang Jian."

Sun Yi suddenly grabbed his hand with unexpected strength and said with a ghastly laugh, "I've known I was going to die for a long time. I'm not very capable. Even becoming a ghost controller, I knew I wouldn't live for long, so I've already written my last will and left it at home. As for a wish, there is one."

"What is it?"

Sun Yi coughed violently, spitting out blood as he spoke, "That is... after I'm dead, I won't be able to draw my salary anymore. You know, my mortgage isn't..."

Before he could finish, his voice abruptly stopped, and his eyes quickly lost their vitality.

Overcome by his grave injuries, he let out his final breath.

Yang Jian watched him die before him and fell silent.

"Sun Yi is dead?" asked Zhang Han.

"Yeah, he's dead."

Zhang Han said, "Does that mean we're next? Maybe we won't be as lucky as last time."

"We don't need luck, only strength. How long can you hold on?" Yang Jian asked.

"I'm not sure. I might be the next one to die in the next attack," said Zhang Han.

Yang Jian said, "Really? If that's the case, then I'll have to initiate the revival of the vengeful spirits. Let's see if the two ghosts inside me can hold off these Ghost Infants and that Source Ghost. There is only one opportunity, and that is to drive this finger in my hand into the ghost's body, pin it down, and then imprison it." Discover more content at empire

"How confident are you?" Zhao Kaiming asked, his expression shifting.

"That depends on whether the ghost gives me the chance. If it doesn't show up, and it only plans on wearing us down with these Ghost Infants, then we'll have no chance. Zhao Kaiming, I know your ghost is special, but at this time, I hope you don't mess things up. Otherwise, before dying from the spirit revival, I will make sure to kill it first," Yang Jian said, turning and staring intently at him.

Zhao Kaiming said, "You're misunderstanding me. I haven't done anything. It's tough enough for me to have made it this far. My ghost is special, but it's more for self-protection. I won't be able to help you when the time comes."

"I don't need your help," Yang Jian stated.

"Good," replied Zhao Kaiming.

Wang Xiaoming said, "There's not much of the Ghost Candle left. We'd better start soon, or once the Ghost Candle goes out, those Ghost Infants will begin to attack you. Your chances of success will become even slimmer then."

Chapter 245 Lift the Suppression

Dachang City was shrouded in gloom, silent as the grave, as if the sun would never shine again. It seemed the city was on the brink of becoming a true Ghost City, destined to forever sink into the darkness and drown out the last glimmer of twilight.

Yet outside the city.

Where the gloom hadn't spread, the sun blazed in the sky, and the air was scorchingly hot. There was no trace of chill or uncanny atmosphere.

All roads leading to the city were under martial law.

Within five miles of the gloom, the area was designated a forbidden zone, patrolled by armed special forces personnel.

The headquarters for Asia's ghost hunters had prepared for both eventualities in Dachang City.

They would either resolve the large-scale supernatural event by working together both inside and out, or they would have to quarantine the entire city to prevent the spread of the entities within, to avoid greater casualties and losses.

At this moment.

On the road leading to Dachang City.

A middle-aged man in uniform, resolute and composed, stood just outside the boundary line, staring intently at the dark green expanse of gloom before him.

The gloom writhed as if it were alive; it couldn't be dissipated by the wind, nor could it be cleared away using large-scale weapons, rendering it impossible to carve out a path into Dachang City.

The only relief was that communication signals were not affected; some contact was still possible.

"Li Jun, the latest intelligence is grim. The situation at the professor's end is dire. Most of the ghost hunters gathered in Dachang City are dead. Only Zhao Kaiming, Yang Jian, and that Zhang Han are still alive. The liaison officer Sun Yi we sent earlier has been sacrificed," said Zhao Jianguo as he walked over with a stern face, the special forces personnel beside him saluted.

"The professor is planning to stake everything on Yang Jian, hoping for one last fight. There is a chance, but it's slim."

Li Jun's sturdy frame shuddered slightly, and he turned with an ugly look on his face, "Can't any other ghost hunters break through? With so many of them, surely a few exceptional ones can emerge."

Zhao Jianguo shook his head, "This Hungry Ghost incident has been classified as an S-level event. The number of ghost hunters who can handle this level of event isn't just scarce in Asia; they are few and far between globally. Once those things revive, they evolve too quickly for our research and arrangements to keep up."

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"An entire city... are we just going to stand by and watch it die?" Li Jun roared, tears rolling in his eyes.

"I will come forth to fight with my life on the line."

"Li Jun, don't act rashly."

Zhao Jianguo pressed on his shoulder, "This isn't something that can be resolved by sheer desperation. Yang Jian is still trying, and there may still be a chance. Besides, you should know, if you were to truly sacrifice yourself, and the ghost within your body were to escape, it would only make things worse."

Li Jun understood this rationale, but how could he sit idly by and let such despair happen?

"What are the orders from above?"

"The minister has contacted headquarters to see if they can resolve it. After all, there have been precedents of S-level supernatural events exploding abroad. Although they weren't resolved, at least they were suppressed," Zhao Jianguo explained.

Li Jun said, "It's no use, they would rather see us in Asia make a fool of ourselves. Even if they had the ability, they wouldn't help."

"Offering a higher price could still yield some possibility. But even if we can't save the city, we must save the professor; he cannot die here," Zhao Jianguo said in a low voice; "Yang Jian has left a contingency plan, and I have agreed to it. At the critical moment, I will have him save the professor."

"Will it work?" Li Jun asked.

"I'm not sure, but I trust Yang Jian. Like those wild cubs in the army, he has the talent, but he is unruly, lacking a drill instructor to tame him. However, in the face of such a major event, he knows his limits."

"Even if he saves the professor, it won't last long if the situation can't be resolved. But delaying for some time is still good, let's see what the higher-ups decide. Perhaps they will resort to 'that thing'; after all, the professor's value is too great. We just need to follow orders and avoid causing further chaos and expanding the loss," he continued.

"I understand," said Li Jun.

Zhao Jianguo looked at him standing straight once more, watching over Dachang City, and couldn't help but sigh.

He, too, felt suffocated.

Coming from the military himself, how could he bear to watch helplessly as a city of his own country fell into the hands of a ghost?

However, joining the Asian ghost hunting division, Zhao Jianguo came to a profound understanding.

The world was no longer the same.

Facing these ghostly entities, desperation wouldn't solve anything. In the end, this incident was a hidden danger left by the desperate actions of Zhou Zheng.

But could Zhou Zheng really be blamed?

No.

Zhou Zheng initially had good intentions that turned out badly, faithful to his duty, but he had not anticipated the mess left behind would evolve into this.

At this moment.

In a hospital in Dachang City.

Yang Jian looked at the Ghost Candle in his hand that had about two minutes left to burn and knew he no longer had the luxury of hesitation.

"I've already figured out the patterns of the first, second, and third stage Ghost Infants. Their conditions for killing are triggered individually, whereas the source Ghost possesses the trait of repeatable superimposition. I can guarantee that the first ghost to attack you once you extinguish the Ghost Candle will definitely be that source Ghost."

"...I don't want to say anything else, it would be a waste of time. If the operation fails and you're still alive, just run. Maintain necessary communication and report the subsequent situation here to the higher-ups, at least you will have done your part. The rest is up to fate, and as for me, don't bother about me. Right now, you are more useful than a regular person like me.

My death is but a death."

After finishing, Wang Xiaoming didn't give Yang Jian a chance to speak and immediately blew out the Ghost Candle.

The last bit of the Ghost Candle had to be reserved for Yang Jian to flee; it couldn't be all used up here.

As soon as the Ghost Candle was extinguished, the surrounding gloom instantly enveloped them.

The silence outside was once again disrupted by the sound of cluttered footsteps.

The sound was heavy, rigid, sending chills down one's spine.

Yang Jian didn't speak but turned and left the bathroom. At this moment, he was not so noble. He wasn't doing this for the city, nor for the country, but purely for himself.

To survive this supernatural event.

After all, the entire city was involved; no one could stay out of it. If he could have escaped, he probably would have done so long ago.

"Zhang Han, go help him," Wang Xiaoming said in the darkness.

"Professor, what about you?" Zhang Han was startled.

"It's okay; there's still Zhao Kaiming. I shouldn't die so soon, holding on for a bit should be no issue." Wang Xiaoming looked toward Zhao Kaiming again in the darkness. His words were not meant for Zhang Han but for Zhao Kaiming.

He planned to use his own life to keep Zhao Kaiming in check, to prevent him from doing anything that could interfere with Yang Jian.

Zhao Kaiming didn't show whether he saw Wang Xiaoming's glance or not, only a cold smile appeared on his lips.

By sending Zhang Han away, it was clear that Wang Xiaoming was guarded against him.

Dealing with these people was never easy.

But that didn't matter. No matter what, they all had to die here. The idea of resolving this event was a pipe dream.

The Ghost had grown to an unspeakably terrifying extent...

In the end, only he would survive. No, only his entire family would.

Zhao Kaiming looked back into the darkness.

A shadow that seemed non-existent in the darkness behind him caught his eye, but his face bore no smile, only a gloomy and insane expression.

"Yang Jian, I'm coming to help you," Zhang Han charged out.

Harnessing just two ghosts, he was years away from a ghostly resurrection, but the recent attack had greatly shortened the hard-earned time left to live.

A few more times like that, and he would likely face an early ghostly resurrection.

However, he couldn't wait for that resurrection now. If they didn't succeed this time, he would also die here.

"I must open the Ghost Domain again to have a fighting chance. Once you enter my Ghost Domain, you just need to do one thing: help me suppress the Ghost Shadow behind me with all your might. If it kills me, or if it takes over a ghost's body, then we're done for."

Yang Jian spoke quickly and acted just as fast.

He had to retract the Ghost Eye, giving up the suppression of the Ghost Shadow. Once this suppression was gone, the Ghost Shadow would become uncontrollable, and so would the Ghost Eye.

He was planning to use this resurrection-induced change to fight for a chance.