

## Revival 25

### Chapter 25: Where'd Your Dad Come From?

Yang Jian searched on the website and quickly found a section on the classification of malicious ghosts.

He clicked it open and saw a line of words on top: "The government of the various countries has classified the malicious ghosts into the following ranks according to their degree of harm towards the world."

"Note: this does not represent the terror level of the malicious ghosts."

"C-rank: Restricted level."

"Malicious ghosts that have a fixed area of movement with an extent of harm that is less than 100 people. These ghosts can usually be handled by ghost riders and housed, without the ability to spread."

"B-rank: Dangerous level."

"Malicious ghosts that already possess the ability to move around. They are very dangerous with an extent of harm that is less than 10,000 people. They can not be housed, but can still be restricted by ghost riders. They have a certain degree of spreadability."

"A-rank: Catastrophe level."

"Malicious ghosts that will wipe out the population of a city if left unchecked for a certain period of time. They are extremely terrifying and are currently unable to be housed or restricted at the moment. They have a considerable degree of spreadability."

"S-rank: Destruction level."

“Malicious ghosts that possess the ability to destroy the population of several cities. If they cannot be restrained, they may even destroy a country.”

“The level of terror of the malicious ghosts cannot be represented with the classification that is based on their extent of harm to humans,” Yang Jian’s gaze moved slightly, finally understanding the meaning of the level classifications on the website.

Whether it was a C-rank or an A-rank malicious ghost, the level of terror was about the same. It was just that a C-rank malicious ghost had not caused enough harm to humans, as such its level was low.

“Which is why the classification of levels can only be used as a reference and is not of much use,” Yang Jian shook his head and did not pay too much attention to the levels listed. These were merely the destruction levels of the ghosts as classified by various countries. If one really encountered a ghost, one would still die.

What was the difference between one death and a hundred deaths?

It was just death, anyway.

Yang Jian continued to browse through the other information.

Suddenly, a special ranking made him very concerned.

“Global Malicious Ghosts Level of Terror Ranking.”

“They have even made a ranking out of this. Those foreigners sure have a lot of time on their hands. Why don’t they make a ranking for female ghosts? Let’s see which female ghosts are more beautiful and sexier. It would be even better if they make a bikini runway show,” Yang Jian muttered to himself. When he clicked the ranking open, his eyelids immediately jumped and his expression immediately turned grave.

“Malicious Ghost Ranking #1:”

“Code Name: Ghost Call.”

“Characteristics: As long as the phone rings, death is certain. Regardless of whether you answer the call, hear the call, or have a cell phone or not, the result is the same. It kills on a global scale with indifference. It is not physical and may be similar to a strike based on the law of causality. Currently, there is no solution. Fortunately, the Ghost Call will only kill one person at a time, and is currently classified as B-rank.”

“Note: A foreign President has already died from a Ghost Call.”

“Even this can be done?” Yang Jian was dumbfounded after reading it.

This was just unsolvable. The moment the phone rang, one would die. It was simply something that hastened one’s death. On top of that, the result would be the same regardless of whether one had a phone by one’s side. Even if one was deaf, one would still die though one could not hear it.

“Malicious Ghost Ranking #2:”

“Code Name: Nightmare.”

“Characteristics: The victim will die in their sleep. Currently, its killing pattern is unclear, and its spreadability is also unclear. It is not physical. It kills on a global scale with indifference. There is a record of it killing 351 people in one go. Currently, it is classified as A-rank.”

“Note: One can avoid the Nightmare if one does not sleep.”

“Malicious Ghost Ranking #3:”

“Code Name: Ghost Cannibal.”

“Characteristics: ...”

Yang Jian looked at the malicious ghost ranking and could not help but feel a wave of despair.

It kills on a global scale with indifference.

These few words simply made one's scalp go numb.

One had no way to defend, no way to escape, and even no way to predict the movements of the malicious ghosts. As long as one encountered it, one would die without a doubt. Even if one was a billionaire, a poor beggar, or even the president of a country... .. Everyone was under the threat of malicious ghosts.

Those who knew of the existence of these existences in the world would definitely be in a panic.

"However, there are so many people in the world. The chances of encountering a ghost on this ranking are relatively small. If I do encounter one of them and get killed, I can only blame my bad luck," After a short moment of shock, Yang Jian quickly regained his composure.

"I should go to the toilet and continue reading when I'm back."

Yang Jian browsed through the website for a full hour before he got up and left the computer.

"Dad, why don't you turn on the lights when you're reading the newspaper? Do take care of your eyes," Yang Jian said when he came to the living room and saw that the lights were not on.

A middle-aged man was sitting on the sofa at the moment, holding a newspaper that covered his face. He seemed to have blended into one with the surrounding darkness. He was reading the news very seriously as he did not say a word, nor did he answer Yang Jian.

Yang Jian did not think too much about it. After he went to the toilet, he continued to surf the internet.

He had to understand what was happening in the world in the shortest time possible so that he could find a way to survive.

The parchment had said that he would not live for more than three months.

However, he did not believe that there was no way to survive after becoming a ghost rider.

Fang Jing had said back in school that he had a way that could prevent ghost riders from dying from the revival of malicious ghosts.

However, Fang Jing was dead.

The contents of the parchment had also been rewritten. Yang Jian did not know what the method Fang Jing had mentioned was, but he felt that there must be a way to survive.

“While searching for a way to survive, I also have to prepare for the worst...” Yang Jian thought to himself.

“The Ghost Power Can Affect All Substances, With Only One Exception: Gold”, signed “Bruce Pi”.

A thesis had appeared before his eyes.

Yang Jian opened it and browsed through it, but at this time, one of the phones next to him rang.

He turned his head and looked.

It was Zhou Zheng’s satellite positioning phone.

“Hello, who is it?” Yang Jian picked up the phone while continue reading the thesis.

“How dare you lie to me? Your name isn’t Zhang Wei at all. Your name is Yang Jian. You’re from Meishan Village of Yang Town in Dachang City of a certain province. You were born on the 1st of January, and are

currently nineteen years old, twenty by nominal age..." Liu Xiaoyu's voice was heard over the phone as she said through gritted teeth.

Yang Jian wasn't surprised at all. Instead, he said, "So you've already found Zhang Wei to investigate? Your efficiency is average. I thought you would have discovered it six hours ago. Don't misunderstand. How could I completely trust a stranger's phone call from the beginning? What if it's a phone scam? I gave you the fake information for my safety."

"Do you know how much time and energy have been wasted just because of your lie?" Liu Xiaoyu said, "I'm seriously warning you, don't do this again. We have a lot of things to deal with every day, and our tasks are very heavy. If everyone is like you, how are we going to carry out our work?"

"That's true, but I'm not a member of the Ghost Rider Organization, so I don't have to listen to your orders," Yang Jian said indifferently.

At this time, the middle-aged man walked in from the living room and sat on the bed next to Yang Jian. He didn't say a word, still holding the newspaper in his hand and looking down at it.

"Dad, What's the matter?" Yang Jian asked.

The middle-aged man didn't say anything, but Liu Xiaoyu, who was on the phone, asked, "Who are you talking to? You should keep this matter confidential, and not tell other irrelevant people to avoid causing panic. I should explain the confidentiality rules to you."

"I'm talking to my dad. Let's call it a day. We'll talk next time. I'm very busy," Yang Jian was about to hang up the phone.

"Wait, wait a minute," Suddenly, Liu Xiaoyu raised her voice as she said in surprise, "Your dad? What's happening on your side? I have your file next to me. I can see your information from birth to high school. Where'd your dad come from? Your father died in a car accident when you were in the fifth grade. Your guardian is your mother, and she didn't remarry. In other words, you have been in a single-parent family since primary school."

Yang Jian said, "What nonsense are you talking about? My father is sitting next to me reading the newspaper."

After saying this, he turned around.

The middle-aged man sitting on the bed next to him did not move. His arm was raised as he held the newspaper that covered his face, making it so that his face could not be seen clearly. The lights in the living room and bedroom were not switched on, as such, other than the lights from the computer monitor, the rest of the place was dark. In such a dark environment, it was impossible to see the words on the newspaper clearly.

"Dad, what's wrong?" Yang Jian reached out to push the newspaper away.

But then he suddenly saw a black and white portrait of a middle-aged man hanging on a cabinet in the room.

His hand froze instantly.

"Yang Jian, something must have happened to you. Quick, leave your place," Liu Xiaoyu's anxious urging came from the other end of the phone.