

Revival 391

Chapter 391 The Little Devil

After an early dinner, seeing Wang Haiyan's restlessness, Yang Jian didn't delay any further. Although he knew Wang Shanshan's issue wasn't urgent, he still felt it was important to consider the feelings of a parent.

After all, he came from a single-parent family and understood very well how a mother felt.

"Big Sister Jiang, please keep Auntie Wang company for a while. Wang Shanshan, come upstairs with me. I'll resolve your issue first," Yang Jian stood up and said.

Wang Haiyan's eyes lit up immediately, and she hurriedly urged her daughter to follow.

Wang Shanshan still had an incredibly indifferent demeanor, as if she didn't care about anything. She simply acknowledged with a soft 'mm' and followed.

In the quiet staircase, only the sound of their footsteps echoed.

Yang Jian, walking ahead, remained silent and Wang Shanshan, following behind, didn't speak either, making the atmosphere somewhat eerie.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have turned you into this in the first place. Then you wouldn't have become this neither human nor ghost-like creature," suddenly, Yang Jian stopped and turned back to look at Wang Shanshan.

As seniors in high school, he and Wang Shanshan weren't particularly close, but they weren't on bad terms either, occasionally interacting with each other.

However, after the supernatural events at No. 7 Middle School, the few survivors had grown much closer to each other.

Yet, of the seven people who left the school alive, few had met a good fate: he became a ghost master, Zhang Wei had died once, Zhao Lei was left with only his body, Wang Shanshan had become neither human nor ghost, Miao Xiaoshan transferred to another place to take the college entrance exam...

"You can't blame yourself; I would probably be dead if you hadn't done that," Wang Shanshan said, shaking her head slightly. Her tone remained cold, but her thinking was normal, no different from an ordinary person.

Yang Jian said, "Being alive can sometimes be more painful than death. It's tough to feel like a freak. I've been there, I know that all too well. And you haven't truly escaped danger. Remember how you passed out before? That was because of my influence."

"If I die, you'll return to that half-dead state, and, in the end, you'll still die."

"Then you just have to not die," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian shook his head, "Being a ghost master and trying to live for a long time is very difficult. Controlling one ghost carries the risk of a fierce ghost's revival, while controlling two extends the time but leads to death eventually. I've found a special way to resolve the problem of the fierce ghost's revival, but my body won't hold out for too long... I still need to seek new fierce ghost powers to meet my personal survival needs and achieve a new balance."

"That's too difficult."

"At least we're still alive, aren't we? Much better than the other students who died in the school. So I should be grateful to you for allowing me to survive. And I think this state is quite good. I don't feel fear, sadness, or heartache. It seems like my whole being has been elevated, maintaining clear thoughts and rationality all the time," Wang Shanshan spoke.

"This is a terrible state, not a good thing at all. It means you're moving closer to the nature of ghosts. The only difference is that I'm still alive, and your thoughts can stay continuous. Once this thing fully revives, you'll be completely eroded by the curse of the ghost eye and become a ghost slave," Yang Jian replied, pointing to his own forehead.

A crimson ghost eye stretched open the flesh, emanating a faint red glow, eerily surveying its surroundings,

Wang Shanshan wasn't frightened by these words; she no longer had such emotions. Instead, she managed a pale and strange smile, "So, Yang Jian, you have to survive. For your sake and mine. After all, I'm afraid of dying, and I don't want to just die like this."

"I'll try," Yang Jian said, looking at her with a complex gaze.

While they were speaking, the two had already reached the fifth floor.

To ensure nothing went wrong, he took out a spare golden box and also exposed the old straw rope wrapped around his wrist.

It was time to resume old practices once again.

If he could solve all the problems brought by the fierce ghosts one day, maybe becoming an obstetrician would be a very promising career.

"I'm going to take out the Ghost Infant from your stomach now. Don't worry, it won't be painful. Just stay calm and don't panic, no matter what happens," Yang Jian rolled up his sleeves and said seriously.

"Do you need to cut open my stomach?" Wang Shanshan lifted her clothes to reveal her slim and fair waist.

A dancer's physique, indeed.

Yang Jian said, "Who told you that we need to open up the stomach? Am I that cruel?"

"Isn't that how it's done in horror movies?" Wang Shanshan replied.

"I'm much more creepy than what's shown in horror movies," Yang Jian said.

No sooner had Yang Jian finished speaking than he abruptly stepped forward, his hand thrusting directly into Wang Shanshan's stomach, as if to tear a huge hole in her belly.

But eerily, though his hand reached in, Wang Shanshan felt no pain at all.

It was like inserting a hand into a transparent shadow.

With the experience of the previous two surgeries, Yang Jian was much more adept this time. His ghost eye locked onto the special Ghost Infant inside Wang Shanshan's stomach. Then he grasped it firmly with his hand, perfectly detaching the entity from her body with the powers of the Ghost Domain and Ghost Shadow.

Quickly.

Yang Jian's hand retracted from Wang Shanshan's stomach, and in his grasp was an infant slightly larger than a palm.

This baby was faintly green all over, resembling neither a dead infant nor a ferocious Ghost Infant; at this moment, the palm-sized baby had a pair of red eyes open, examining everything around it like ghost eyes.

"Will it start eating people?" Yang Jian stared at the Ghost Infant in his hand in silence, on guard.

Based on his previous understanding of Ghost Infants, one that had just been born would eat the first person it saw.

The first person it saw was himself.

The Ghost Infant should have attacked him spontaneously.

However, after waiting for a while, the Ghost Infant neither attacked Yang Jian nor Wang Shanshan nearby.

"Is this a Ghost Infant?" Wang Shanshan looked at the entity Yang Jian had extracted from her stomach, feeling a bit odd, "It's almost like a baby I've given birth to."

"Ghost baby?" Yang Jian laughed abruptly, "If this thing gets out of control, it can devour an entire city's population, even ghosts."

The ghosts devoured by the Ghost Infant aren't dead but forcibly absorbed and become a part of its body.

"How do you want to deal with it?" Wang Shanshan asked.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, but he didn't answer.

Wang Shanshan's question was something he had been pondering since daytime.

The Ghost Infant was unique; of the many in Dachang City, only the one birthed by Wang Shanshan was an anomaly. It wasn't controlled by the Hungry Ghost, it hadn't vanished when the Hungry Ghost was contained

, and it had survived in a new way due to the curse of the Ghost Eye.

This situation was one in a million, a result of various accidents and coincidences.

Therefore, he had been considering two methods of handling it.

Extermination, to prevent further trouble.

It wasn't a real ghost; such derivations could be killed.

The second method was to control and nurture it.

If successful, Yang Jian could feed it ghosts, allowing it to grow into a terrifying existence even beyond the Hungry Ghost Level.

But it might get out of control; if successful, however, its value would be immense, potentially affecting the entire Asian continent, no, even the global situation.

After all, it was too precious.

"In my current situation, do I still need to fear death?" Yang Jian's eyes hardened, and he immediately made a decision.

To raise it.

Risk and reward are proportional; without taking a chance, there is never an opportunity.

"I've decided to raise it."

Wang Shanshan, usually indifferent, was taken aback, "You want to raise a little ghost?"

"This is a risky investment, but the profits are high. I have no choice," Yang Jian said, having made his decision, he would not change it easily, speaking very seriously.

"Then I'll help you raise it. After all, you can't carry this thing around with you all the time," Wang Shanshan said abruptly.

Yang Jian was surprised, "You help me raise it? No, that won't do. If something goes wrong, you won't be able to control it."

Indeed, he couldn't keep it with him, as it could have a bad influence on him.

So he had thought about keeping it in a safe house to see how things would go, but he hadn't expected Wang Shanshan to make such a suggestion.

"I seem to have some connection with it; there shouldn't be any issues," Wang Shanshan said, looking at the Ghost Infant in Yang Jian's hands. "Moreover, this is also a trial. If I can help you control it, then it would be valuable. Even though there might be danger, do I look like someone who would fear it now?"

Yang Jian pondered.

He had to admit Wang Shanshan made sense.

Raising a little ghost wasn't difficult, but the problem was making the mischievous ghost obedient. A noncompliant little ghost was worthless.

He couldn't always carry it with him, so the best method was to find someone to help watch over it and conduct related research and experiments.

This required tremendous courage as well as ample ability and Yang Jian's complete trust.

Wang Shanshan had the courage; her resistance to fear was very high now. As for trust, Yang Jian never doubted it, considering Wang Shanshan's fate had long been intertwined with his.

The only thing lacking was ability.

If things got out of control, Wang Shanshan might be the first to die.

"This is risky; you shouldn't be the one to do this," Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan didn't speak; she just came over and took the Ghost Infant from Yang Jian's hands.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, and he saw the Ghost Infant resting comfortably in Wang Shanshan's hands without showing any malice; the rules of the Ghost Infant's killings seemed to have failed.

"Look, it's quite cute, kind of resembles you," Wang Shanshan eyed the Ghost Infant in her hands.

Then she added, "You saved me before at the risk of your own life. There's no reason you should always be the one taking risks while I should just be saved by rights."

"So I can take risks too..."

Hearing her say this, Yang Jian stopped persuading, "Since you've decided, I'll say no more. I respect your choice, but the Ghost Infant is very dangerous, and being with your family could hurt them, so you'll need to go somewhere quiet where you can live alone."

"Where do you think is good?" Wang Shanshan stroked the infant in her hands as if it were a little kitten.

Yang Jian looked out the window toward the inside of the neighborhood, "This complex is large, and at the very back there's a construction site that isn't finished yet. There's a temple there that Zhang Xiangui recently completed. You can stay there. I'll give you my satellite phone number, so you can notify me immediately if anything happens."

"Besides that, I need to take some protective measures, just to be safe."

"What kind of protective measures?" Wang Shanshan inquired.

"Give the Ghost Infant to me. I want to try to alter its memory to make it obedient. I just don't know if it will work," Yang Jian said.

He intended to use the Ghost Newspaper for a test.

Chapter 392 Persuasion

Altering the Ghost Infant's memory went smoothly.

Yang Jian used a blood-stained Ghost Newspaper to remove Ghost Shadow's face, and added three commands.

First, obey all commands from Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan.

Second, without orders from Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan, killing is forbidden.

Third, do not appear among crowds at will.

The changes were minor and very simple, not complex at all, because if the memory alteration was effective, these three commands would be sufficient. If ineffective, no amount of detailed alterations would help.

The face was then reattached.

Looking at the infant in his hands, its skin a pale blue and eyes a sinister crimson, Yang Jian knew that today's decision, right or wrong, would have a significant impact on him. It might be a good thing, or he might be brewing a disaster with his own hands.

Once raised, this thing would definitely become a Fourth Stage Ghost Infant in no time. If it fed on a few more ghosts, it would be on par with a real Hungry Ghost.

But Yang Jian no longer had a second Coffin Nail in his hand.

"It's not too late to regret this now. This is risking your life, and you need to be clear about that." Yang Jian walked out of the room and asked Wang Shanshan seriously again when he was about to hand over Ghost Shadow.

Wang Shanshan didn't hesitate at all and said, "There will be more supernatural events in the future, right?"

"In theory, that's correct. After all, supernatural events are still in an eruptive growth phase." Yang Jian explained.

With his access at headquarters, he naturally knew the situation of supernatural events. If when he became a Ghost Master half a year ago the global supernatural events were only in their early or middle

phase, then now they should be in the mid-phase, and according to this trend, supernatural events might fully erupt in one or two years.

"You said, only ghosts can fight ghosts. By raising it, we can survive. This isn't just for you, but also for me, for my parents," Wang Shanshan said with a faint smile on her pale face as she took the altered Ghost Infant from Yang Jian's hands again.

Initially, she feared it, almost to the point of a mental breakdown, becoming totally abnormal.

She never thought that one day she would be raising one herself.

"You have indeed changed a lot." Yang Jian looked at her intently and said, "Those who have personally experienced supernatural events usually go to extremes, and it looks like you've chosen the same path of desperate survival as me. It's not an easy path, even I am not certain I can keep going indefinitely. Who knows when I might die."

"But there's no other way, right?" Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian sighed and responded, "Yeah, no other way."

Although the two of them rarely communicated or interacted, they had an unspoken understanding of each other, or perhaps, due to the Ghost Eye Curse, Wang Shanshan could empathize with Yang Jian's feelings better than others.

Raising a Ghost Infant, risking one's life, is not something just anyone has the courage to do.

"Before you leave, I'll give you something. It's not much, but it might provide a bit of comfort. Wait here." Yang Jian went back into another room.

This room was used for storing equipment.

Yang Jian took a specially made handgun, a gold box, and the remaining half of a white Ghost Candle.

"Take these for self-defense. If the Ghost Infant gets out of control, use this white Ghost Candle to lure it into the box and seal it away. Don't light the Ghost Candle recklessly. It can attract ghosts nearby. Although there are no ghosts in Dachang City, there is a cursed mansion behind the temple you'll be visiting, dating from the Republic of China Period. It has a sealed room which may contain unknown dangers."

"You should be safe on normal days; I've studied this. But I fear that the Ghost Candle could bring trouble, so be cautious with it."

The mansion from the Republic of China Period had three rooms. The first room with a wooden door housed the Ghost Mirror. The second room with a copper door contained the Ghost Cabinet. The third room was sealed shut with a golden door, suspected to house a ghost.

Gold was only used when confining vengeful ghosts.

Yang Jian dared not open it, nor did he dare to investigate. He didn't have the confidence just yet.

But he knew that whatever the former owner of the mansion left behind must have been of great value. Indeed, this proved true. Whether it was the Ghost Mirror or the Ghost Cabinet, once under control, they could change many dire situations. So, if there was a ghost in the third room, it had to be something very special.

"I understand," Wang Shanshan noted his words carefully.

Yang Jian nodded and said, "That's all then, be careful. Keep detailed records during the raising process; it will be beneficial later on."

He also went over some of the killing patterns of the Ghost Infant with Wang Shanshan, urging her to be mindful of this.

After spending two hours, he and Wang Shanshan finally descended the stairs.

"Yang Jian, how's the situation? Is Shanshan alright?" As soon as they reached the bottom of the stairs, Wang Haiyan approached them eagerly and asked impatiently.

Yang Jian hadn't spoken yet when Wang Shanshan indifferently said, "Mom, I'm fine. The Ghost Infant has been removed, and it's right here."

After saying that, she opened the box in her hands, and a baby with a bluish hue to its skin lay there, its eyes open and surveying its surroundings.

"Ah~!"

Wang Haiyan was startled and screamed, retreating several steps back.

"Yang Jian, help me." Jiang Yan also saw the thing and immediately jumped up like a rabbit, hiding behind Yang Jian as if trying to escape,

"It's alright, it's very well-behaved."

Wang Shanshan stretched out her finger and playfully touched the Ghost Infant, calmly saying.

"Furthermore, Yang Jian and I have discussed it, and I've decided to adopt it and raise it. That way, we'll have a ghost to protect us in the future, and we won't have to worry about supernatural events anymore."

Wang Haiyan turned pale at these words: "Wha...what? You're going to keep it? No, no, it could kill us all."

"Don't worry. It won't. I've decided to raise it in the temple behind our neighborhood," Wang Shanshan said earnestly. She didn't intend to keep it a secret because it was impossible to hide, and it was better to let everyone know.

"Yang Jian, please persuade Shanshan not to keep this thing," Wang Haiyan implored, nearly scared to death.

However, Yang Jian said, "This Ghost Infant is different from the previous ones; I have it under control, although I can't be entirely certain. Although it's dangerous, we must try. Auntie Wang, you've also experienced the Hungry Ghost incident and know the terror of an impending supernatural entity. Shanshan is right, if we can get the Ghost Infant's protection, our whole neighborhood will be very safe, and Uncle Wang and you will no longer be in danger."

"This isn't for selfish reasons but for everyone. I didn't force her to make this decision; it was her own choice. Of course, if you want to blame me, Auntie Wang, I don't mind."

He certainly understood a parent's inability to accept their child making such dangerous decisions.

That's why Yang Jian hadn't yet told his own mother that he had become a ghost controller, dealing with ghosts and death on a daily basis.

"But this is too dangerous," Wang Haiyan said, her voice tinged with a plea. "I only have one daughter, it wasn't easy for her to survive. If something were to happen to her, what would we do in the future..."

But Wang Shanshan said, "Mom, Yang Jian has done a lot for our family. Without him, we would've been dead long ago. Remember the Ghost Infant that ran into our home before? Yang Jian saved us. I feel I

should do something. We can't rely solely on Yang Jian; after all, he's just one person, and we can't be so selfish."

While the reasoning was sound, Wang Haiyan would never allow her daughter to stay with such a terrifying thing.

But she couldn't persuade Wang Shanshan, and with Yang Jian's tacit approval of the situation, her fear only intensified along with her anxiety.

Yang Jian didn't pay attention to the dispute between the mother and daughter. He felt that everyone had their own choices and he wouldn't impose, and if Wang Shanshan were persuaded and gave up on rearing the Ghost Infant, he wouldn't say more but choose another way to raise it.

"Are you really letting Wang Shanshan keep that thing? Didn't you say Ghost Infants eat humans? It won't come out at night and devour Wang Shanshan's family, will it?" Jiang Yan, hiding beside Yang Jian, said nervously, "Why don't you get rid of that thing? It really is dangerous to keep it in the neighborhood."

"I have it under control."

Yang Jian said, "I've considered all sorts of scenarios. Although it's a bit dangerous, as long as it's controllable, the danger doesn't count for much."

"It's getting late; I'm going to sleep. In a few days, I have to go to J City, so these next two days, I need to sort out my company matters. You should also go to bed early; you have work tomorrow."

"Then, can I sleep with you tonight?" Jiang Yan hugged his arm, seemingly unwilling to let go.

Yang Jian said, "I don't mind, but I'm afraid I might accidentally touch you at night and dismantle your arms or legs off."

"Ah, is it really that scary?" Jiang Yan asked, somewhat frightened.

She had spent the most time with Yang Jian and knew that he could occasionally become uncontrollable and dangerous.

"Who knows? I can't even be sure myself," Yang Jian said.

Ultimately, Wang Haiyan couldn't convince Wang Shanshan, who left with the Ghost Infant. However, Wang Shanshan assured her that she would absolutely not let the Ghost Infant out at home.

Still, this did little to alleviate Wang Haiyan's fear.

Ordinary people indeed find it very difficult to accept these supernatural and terrifying things, only the likes of ghost controllers can withstand them without too much aversion.

Because of Wang Shanshan's firm stance, the matter with the Ghost Infant was settled.

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Chapter 394 The Movement in the Warehouse

...

Yang Jian boarded the plane and was arranged by the airline's representative to sit in first class.

Of course, it was free.

But aside from having better seats and fewer people, first class wasn't much different; it didn't offer the kind of luxury he had imagined.

During the wait, several passengers gradually took their seats, men and women dressed brightly and beautifully, clearly the elite and successful class of society. Yang Jian just gave them a cursory glance then didn't pay much attention, preferring instead to look at magazines, play with the tablet on his seat, and pass the time.

The man sitting next to him in a suit saw Yang Jian's restless behavior and couldn't help but laugh and ask, "Is this your first time on a plane, friend?"

"You could say it's my first time, how did you know?" Yang Jian turned and glanced at him.

"That's how first-timers act, curious, looking around, touching everything for a sense of novelty. Once you've flown enough, it becomes like taking the bus, just like me, getting on and wanting to sleep right away," said the man in the suit.

Yang Jian nodded and said, "I see, thanks for the heads up. Looks like I should travel out of town more often and catch a few more flights."

The man in the suit, seeing this, said again, "Friend, that's not what I meant. I'm saying I want to sleep now, can you keep it down a bit? Although I don't mind you personally, I hope you can respect the other passengers, is that okay?"

"Do people always talk in such a roundabout way nowadays? I thought you wanted to chat."

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment; with little social experience, he couldn't immediately grasp what the man was getting at.

The man in the suit chuckled, a mocking tone in his laughter.

Yang Jian replied, "But I haven't spoken out loud to disturb you, right? If my flipping through a magazine or tapping on a tablet is bothering your rest, then you should head to the cockpit and ask the pilot to turn off the engines, because those are much louder than any noise I'm making. Oh, and about sleep, I know some very authoritative experts and professors in Dachang City, very famous in the country, with lots of experience in treating insomnia and neurasthenia."

"Hehe."

The nearby passengers couldn't help but laugh upon hearing this.

This young fellow immediately struck back. Say what you will, but the kid's got spirit.

The man's face soured instantly.

A sexy woman with sunglasses in the next cabin leaned over with a curious smile and asked, "Handsome, what do you do for a living?"

Handsome?

Hearing this, Yang Jian, who initially hadn't intended to engage, instantly replied, "Me? I don't do much, just working for a rather stingy department, running errands. But thankfully, I have a side job. Ever heard of the Big Boss of Dachang City? I control a city's territory, people call me Brother Tui. If you ever come to Dachang City, mention my name; it'll be useful for whatever you're doing."

"No wonder you're so without class, when it comes down to it, you're just a thug. And you sure love to boast. Why don't you claim you're one of Dachang City's leaders?" The man in the suit shook his head slightly.

Yang Jian looked at him and remarked, "This boss here seems to be filled with mysterious confidence. May I inquire what is your line of work?"

"I'm only a regional general manager of a well-known company," the man in the suit replied.

Yang Jian nodded, "I apologize, I thought you were the boss. Turns out you're a worker just like me; we're the same after all. I really don't know where your confidence comes from. But when it comes to managing matters in Dachang City, not to brag, but I can handle things even its leaders can't."

"So, you actually made a name for yourself in Dachang City?" The man in the suit seemed surprised by Yang Jian's words.

This didn't sound like mere boasting. Either the guy really had the skills, or he was simply delusional.

"Just making a living, nothing special," Yang Jian waved his hand modestly.

The man in the suit laughed immediately, taking the slightest courtesy as an invitation for impudence. Perhaps this person had achieved something, but that was probably all. A person from the lower stratum, lacking manners and education – lowering oneself to interact with such people was to degrade one's own status.

"Speaking of Dachang City, I recently watched a livestream featuring a streamer named Brother Wai; he's quite popular. He claims to be from Dachang City too, do you know him?" the sexy female passenger suddenly asked with a laugh.

Yang Jian turned and said, "Zhang Wei is so famous online now? I didn't know that. But yes, he's my classmate, so do you think we know each other?"

The woman laughed again, "Well, that guy claims to be the son of a billionaire, throwing giveaways for phones, computers, and once even gave away a sports car on his stream – it was on the news. His viewers now call him the foolish son of a landlord family."

"..." Yang Jian's mouth twitched, "Sounds about right, the foolish son of a landlord family."

He hadn't expected Zhang Wei to be so extravagant online. No wonder he hadn't been around to play games; he had been busy streaming instead.

Yet such wastefulness hadn't gotten him killed by Zhang Xiang.

It seemed there was no doubt he was a legitimate son.

At that moment, the man in the suit spoke again, "But you, so young and already mixing with society, you won't have much of a future. I'd advise you to spend your time studying, improve your personal cultivation. It's better to work for a reputable company than anything else. Going down crooked paths will lead to trouble sooner or later, and then you'll only have yourself to blame."

His tone was earnest, seemingly for Yang Jian's benefit, but it was particularly grating.

This wasn't sincere advice; it was mockery, pure and simple.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, "Educated people really are different, talking in circles, hiding behind words. But go ahead and insult me directly instead of doing it under the guise of being nice – that's what makes it uncomfortable. Do you think I should be angry, or shouldn't I?"

The man was briefly taken aback.

"Apologize, and we'll consider the matter settled," Yang Jian said, tapping forcefully on the armrest next to him.

The woman with the sunglasses seemed intrigued; she felt that, in a flash, this young man had transformed completely.

He seemed dangerous yet powerful.

...

It was as if he had transformed in an instant from a young man fresh out of society into a fierce beast that could hunt down people at any moment, sending shivers down one's spine.

"Such a unique person," thought the sexy female passenger, alarmed.

The man in the suit saw Yang Jian's demeanor but shook his head with a smile, choosing to ignore it.

As expected, a thug is a thug, getting riled up over just a few words.

He's got quite an imposing aura, but it doesn't scare me.

Yang Jian, seeing the man's attitude—scolding someone and then acting as if nothing had happened—immediately frowned and stood up.

The passengers nearby immediately got ready to watch the excitement.

This man in a suit represented the typical case of compensating for a lack of intelligence with emotional intelligence. Though he spoke with some restraint and knew how to mask his words, who couldn't hear the insult? It's not like others are fools.

"Brother Tui, calm down, calm down. It's not worth bothering with such a petty person who gets carried away by a little wealth. I wanted to beat him up just listening to that guy's words earlier—the way he preaches is downright disgusting. He must be used to throwing his weight around in the company; he hasn't been tempered by society's hard knocks and doesn't know how to restrain himself outside," said someone.

Suddenly, a slightly overweight middle-aged man came forward with a smile and stopped Yang Jian.

"Do you know me?" Yang Jian paused and looked at the unfamiliar middle-aged man.

"No, no, I don't know you. Today should be our first meeting. Here's my business card. I hope to become friends with you, Brother Tui," the plump middle-aged man hurriedly said, handing over his personal business card.

Yang Jian glanced at it: "Wan Delu?"

He flipped it over, but there was no additional information on the back.

"What do you do?"

Wan Delu said with a smile, "I'm in the catering business. I run Wande Catering."

Wande Catering?

The color drained slightly from the face of the man in the suit nearby. This was a nationally franchised restaurant chain that had gone public, with a market value of tens of billions.

Immediately, he stealthily searched on his phone.

When he saw the clear information, his eyes sharpened.

Wan Delu, the legal representative, shareholder, chairman, and general manager of Wande Catering, followed by some peripheral news about Wan Delu's donations and rumors of improper relations with a celebrity.

"Wande Catering, I haven't heard of it," said Yang Jian. "I have heard of KFC, though, and I often eat there."

"Just a small business, nothing to speak of, nothing at all," Wan Delu said with a modest laugh.

Yang Jian said, "We'll talk later. I have some personal grievances to deal with right now."

"Why bother with someone brainless like him? Don't get angry. Sit down, Brother Tui, sit down," Wan Delu said, familiarly playing the mediator.

Yang Jian found himself with little to say at this point; after all, one does not slap a smiling face, and it was hard to stay angry when someone was being so polite.

Meanwhile, the man in the suit looked uncomfortable, his face as if he had lost his parents. He was insulted left and right by Wan Delu as a "worthless cur" and a "small-minded person" and didn't dare to retort, knowing he couldn't afford to offend the head of a billion-dollar company.

"What's their relationship? Why would a billionaire boss stand up for a thug like that?"

Though not fully understanding the situation, there was a vague sense that this 'Brother Tui' was no simple thug.

Definitely not just any thug.

Otherwise, Wan Delu would not be so courteous to him.

Amidst this unpleasant disturbance, the plane had already started its engines. However, some turbulence was inevitable upon takeoff.

This turbulence was insignificant to the passengers.

But in the cargo hold of the plane, a cold aura had begun to grow denser by the moment, deepening the surrounding darkness.

Inside a suitcase, an inconspicuous black urn was tilted by the plane's movement, its lid opening slightly.

It seemed this was the source of the chilling aura.

Inexplicably, a vague figure slowly emerged from the urn.

"Bang! Bang!"

Shortly thereafter, dull thumping sounds came from within the suitcase, as if something inside was struggling to break free.

A normal suitcase could not withstand such an extraordinary impact.

Soon enough.

The suitcase deformed and cracked open, something appeared to escape from its confines.

Afterward, the cargo hold returned to calm, but the cold aura began to slowly seep into the passenger cabin.

Chapter 395 Airplane Malfunction

Wan Delu, although not familiar with Yang Jian, recognized him as a significant character. He had personally witnessed that very moment at the airport security check before boarding the plane, when this young man passed through and immediately drew the attention of the airport's person in charge, along with nearby special operatives.

The reason was simple: he was carrying firearms, and not just one.

If it were an ordinary person, they would probably end up behind bars for a long time, but this man was allowed to pass through, and even his luggage was permitted onboard the plane.

Glancing at the black carry-on bag at Yang Jian's feet, Wan Delu was certain it contained weapons.

For someone to have connections to obtain weapons was not surprising to him, but to walk through airport security and board a plane so boldly was extraordinary. This indicated that authorities at a higher level had allowed him to carry on board, and he likely even had a permit to carry a firearm, all at such a young age.

It was a terrifying thought.

Perhaps, the big shot of Dachang City wasn't just boasting—there was a good chance it was true.

With that in mind, Wan Delu felt that making friends with this person was more important than making a few billion.

"Brother, how about I treat you to a meal after we get off the plane? It's rare to meet someone on a plane. Meeting is fate, and I hope Brother Tui would honor me with his presence."

Wan Delu said with a grin, a man in his forties or fifties addressing Yang Jian, a young man not yet twenty, as Brother Tui, which seemed like he was ingratiating himself.

It might look a little embarrassing, but he didn't mind. In business, if your skin wasn't thick enough, what business could you do?

However, Yang Jian said, "I'm afraid that won't be possible. I don't have the time. Maybe next time we can do it together."

"Then would you mind leaving a phone number?" Wan Delu wasn't upset and asked again.

Feeling a bit cornered by this persistence, Yang Jian had no choice but to leave his mobile number: "I don't have a business card. This is my number. But most of the time, I'm quite busy. Although you kindly invited me for a meal, I really may not have the time. You can't blame me for not giving you face then."

"Of course, of course." Wan Delu took note of the number, his face blooming with a smile as if he had found a bag of money, which seemed to bring him even more joy.

At that moment, Yang Jian's satellite locator phone suddenly connected to a call, and Qin Meirou's voice came through: "Yang Jian, are you there?"

"What's the matter?" Yang Jian had just given out his number and took out the satellite locator phone upon hearing the sound.

"Ten minutes ago, an incident occurred on the plane you're currently on. Since the plane is in the air, many other departments are unable to handle it. Although it may seem like overkill, we hope you can go and check it out. Someone will contact you soon, and we hope you won't refuse," Qin Meirou said earnestly.

Yang Jian casually replied, "If it's just someone feeling airsick, falling ill, or even hijacking the plane, I definitely will refuse. I'm not a temp, not everything should fall on my shoulders. Can't someone else handle it?"

"While it's still under suspicion, we can't rule out the possibility of a special incident. It's better if you go and confirm. If it's nothing, the air marshal on board will handle it," Qin Meirou added.

"What a hassle. If I'd known, I wouldn't have taken the flight," Yang Jian reluctantly agreed.

Qin Meirou might have made it sound simple, just to take a look and not necessarily get involved, but could any assignments from headquarters ever be pleasant?

In other words, would good news ever make its way up to headquarters?

Of course not.

So, Yang Jian had learned early on, any mission assigned by headquarters that could be refused, should be refused—unless it truly couldn't be avoided.

"Who is Yang Jian?" At that moment, an air hostess came in with a hurried expression, quickly asking.

That was fast.

"It's me." Yang Jian stood up.

"I have been informed to ask Yang Jian to..." The air hostess apparently didn't know the situation and was just relaying orders.

"No need to say more, I already know. Take me to check on the situation," Yang Jian said, picking up his carry-on bag and taking out two golden pistols which he strapped to his waist. "Make sure someone keeps an eye on my luggage. If it gets lost, I will be asking your company for compensation."

"What happened?" Wan Delu, seeing Yang Jian actually taking guns with him, was stunned and asked somewhat panic-stricken.

Yang Jian replied, "You ask me, whom should I ask? The boss has given out an assignment, and there's no choice but to comply. That's just how it is when you're working for someone. You all be careful."

After speaking, he then followed the flight attendant and left the first-class cabin.

"Who is he? He couldn't be an undercover cop, could he?" The man in the suit was also taken aback when he saw this.

Wan Delu whispered, "Definitely not, his rank is very high. I overheard his phone call just now; the way he was tasked by the higher-ups was almost consultative, and they didn't dare to offend him. He's absolutely a prominent figure. If it weren't for an incident on the plane and a shortage of staff, he would never have been assigned such a task on the fly."

"You saw it too, he pulled out two guns just like that, without any concealment. What does this indicate? It shows that he's openly carrying a gun. If he were someone shady, he would definitely be hiding his gun."

Hearing this, the man in the suit fell silent, and after a while, he said, "President Wan, do you think it's too late for me to go apologize now?"

He had thought Yang Jian was just some rich thug, never expecting that the guy's background was frighteningly significant. Leaving aside whether he had money or not, at the very least, he definitely had the right to carry a gun, and not a small one at that.

However, Wan Delu voiced his concerns, "Whether you apologize or not is none of my business. I'm worried about what major trouble might occur now that Brother Tui is walking around with a gun."

"Could it be a hijacking, just like in the movies? Haven't such things happened in America before?" Suddenly, the sexy female passenger who had been eavesdropping from the next seat took off her sunglasses and said a bit excitedly.

"Hijack my ass."

Wan Delu swore without any class: "With so many people on patrol during the security check, they won't even let you bring nail clippers, who would dare cause trouble on the plane? The issue is definitely much more serious than that, otherwise, someone as important as Brother Tui would not have been called out."

"If something happens to the plane, it's no joke. We could all end up dead." The man in the suit said with a mix of fear and suspicion.

Wan Delu, of course, understood this, which is why he was particularly anxious.

"No, I have to check out the situation. I won't be at ease until I get to the bottom of things."

The more he thought about it, the more frightened he became. Wan Delu couldn't sit still any longer. Although the announcement had instructed passengers to stay in their seats, he ignored it, immediately slipping away stealthily to see what exactly had happened.

At the moment, Yang Jian was following the flight attendant toward the front. As he passed the other passengers, he noticed that they all seemed calm: those who were sleeping, those who were on their phones, it was as though nothing had happened. It seemed the news had been kept secret and had not spread, avoiding panic.

"Tell me, what exactly happened?"

The flight attendant spoke very quietly, "I only heard it from my colleagues; a passenger died in the restroom, and they said the way they died was very strange."

"How strange?" asked Yang Jian.

He was highly desensitized to death and corpses, and was almost never uncomfortable around them.

"I didn't see it myself. I just heard it from a colleague," said the flight attendant.

"Qin Meirou, you sent me to handle this without even collecting proper intelligence. That's very irresponsible," Yang Jian said into his satellite-positioned phone. "Regardless of whether it's a special incident or not, without sufficient information and analysis, if one rashly gets involved in the event, even the most skilled ghost master could stumble."

The unknown terror of supernatural events is the biggest threat to a ghost master.

Therefore, intelligence and observation are crucial.

"The matter was sudden and circumstances did not allow HQ to gather intelligence; I'm sorry," Qin Meirou apologized, her tone very serious.

Yang Jian said, "It's too late to discuss that now. I will confirm whether this is a special incident first."

He didn't complain or blame Qin Meirou and HQ because, at this critical juncture, he still needed to rely on HQ's resources to resolve his own situation. So, for the time being, he had to be on his best behavior.

Guided by the flight attendant, Yang Jian quickly arrived at a small compartment on the plane.

He saw a female corpse lying on the floor, with an article covering her face, hiding her features, and there was a strange chill in the air around her. There also seemed to be a faint trace of an abnormal odor lingering in the air.

That was the smell of cadaveric decay.

"A supernatural event?"

Yang Jian's heart chilled slightly. He didn't even need to examine the body; he could tell simply by instinct.

There was a ghost on this plane.