

Revival 1141

Chapter 1141 Seeing a Dog in a Dream

The sound of something being dragged echoed in the silent apartment lobby.

Yang Jian, with a blank expression, dragged a chair out of a room.

"Captain Yang, what are you doing with a chair?"

Sun Rui, leaning on his cane, stood in the middle of the lobby, looking at him with a puzzled expression.

"Sleeping," Yang Jian replied.

Sleeping?

Sun Rui was suddenly bewildered, "Sleeping here? Are you getting kicked out by your wife with nowhere else to go, so you come here to sleep?"

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "Why do you have such strange ideas?"

"Maybe I've watched too many TV dramas recently, and my mind can't help but wander," Sun Rui said.

"If you're bored, you should read more books instead of watching TV."

Yang Jian added, "I need to sleep here, but after falling asleep, I will encounter a ghost in my dreams. During that time, my body might have some abnormal reactions. Keep an eye on me, and if necessary, seal me off."

Sun Rui was momentarily stunned, then nodded, "So that's how it is. Don't worry, Hell Apartment's predecessor is the Ghost Post Office, and the Ghost Post Office has the function of imprisoning ghosts. It won't affect the outside if something goes wrong."

"I understand. That's exactly why I chose to sleep here," Yang Jian said as he placed the chair in the middle of the lobby.

After sitting down, he set the long gun beside him and then slowly rolled up his sleeves and pant legs.

"Why are you rolling up your clothes before sleeping?" Sun Rui couldn't help but ask, watching Yang Jian's peculiar actions.

Yang Jian said, "To prevent my clothes from getting wet."

"Sleeping will get your clothes wet?" Sun Rui found it even stranger.

He suspected that this wasn't just about encountering a supernatural event in his dreams; it might also trigger some other uncontrollable situations.

"Please bring that painting over here for me," Yang Jian requested.

Sun Rui nodded, quickly bringing over the eerie oil painting of Yang Xiao, "You're preparing so much, you won't be causing a big issue, will you? Please don't ruin this place because I'm still investigating some situations here. If certain taboos are triggered, it will remain dangerous here."

He pointed upstairs after speaking.

On the second floor, a strange woman with a cold aura and hollow eyes was standing there, facing this side, seemingly observing everything happening.

"Don't worry, the real danger now is not the Ghost Post Office's predecessor, but me," Yang Jian glanced and didn't concern himself with these so-called dangers.

"That's good. I hope everything goes well for you," Sun Rui said.

"Alright, keep an eye on things for me, and if any paranormal activity happens, let me know. Remember, don't try to get close to me; I might be extremely dangerous once I'm in a dream." Yang Jian instructed.

Sun Rui responded, "I understand that point."

After giving some instructions, Yang Jian didn't say more. Sitting on the chair, he placed the oil painting on his lap, then slowly immersed his hands into it, finally relaxing and closing his eyes.

Yang Jian attempted to sleep at this moment.

Actually, given his current state, he could stay awake and wouldn't need to sleep.

But that's under normal circumstances.

Now, within his memory, there is an Evil Hound, a hound that draws people into dreams. If you let your guard down, you'll immediately be dragged into a dream and start a relentless nightmare.

Time ticked by.

Yang Jian still didn't feel the slightest drowsiness; his mind was very clear.

But gradually, he sensed something amiss. As time passed, his consciousness started to blur, as if an unseen eerie force was pulling at him, trying to make him sleep.

He subconsciously tried to resist this sleepy feeling.

But it was futile.

The drowsiness didn't disappear; instead, it grew stronger, so strong that it couldn't be resisted, forcing him to sleep involuntarily.

Yang Jian understood that this wasn't normal sleep but rather a supernatural force influencing him, making him unknowingly slip into sleep.

He didn't resist this feeling, choosing to accept it, willingly influenced by that invisible supernatural force, falling into a deep sleep.

Soon, Yang Jian fell asleep.

From sitting down to falling asleep took only about a minute, and from the moment his consciousness was influenced by the supernatural, he lasted just a little over ten seconds.

Once asleep.

Yang Jian immediately entered the realm of dreams.

This is the world of dreams.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

In the dim world, a cold breeze blew, and the surrounding silence was terrifying.

When Yang Jian regained consciousness, he found himself standing on a dirt path in the fields, ahead of which stood an old forest, not very large, entirely planted with the same kind of slender trees swaying in the night wind, rustling with sound.

"Here it comes, the world of nightmares," Yang Jian looked at his hands.

One of his hands was incomplete.

That is the position of the Ghost Hand.

In the dream, he doesn't have the Ghost Hand, because it cannot manifest in the dream, so this deficiency is the most effective way to distinguish between dream and reality.

"That Evil Hound should be in this Old Lin ahead." Yang Jian looked around.

There was nothing around, and it seemed as if the whole world was left with just this Old Lin.

He did not hesitate much and walked into this Old Lin with firm yet cautious steps.

The ground was full of fallen leaves, yellow and blackened, layer upon layer. Stepping on them brought a soft touch, making one begin to doubt whether this was a dream or had entered a bizarre yet real peculiar world.

Yang Jian was very familiar with this forest; he had been here before.

Because the scene in the dream corresponded to the forest near his old home, and it was exactly the same with almost no difference.

But quickly Yang Jian felt something was wrong.

This seemingly small forest felt endless once inside, no matter how you walked, you could never find your way out.

"Found it."

After walking for quite a while along a familiar path in the forest, Yang Jian stopped, staring ahead.

It was a clearing in the forest.

An old wooden cabin was built on the clearing, the cabin's door was half-open, the inside pitch dark, yet Yang Jian instinctively felt there was something terrifying inside that cabin.

Cautiously approaching.

Yang Jian knew very well that this time he came to find that Evil Hound in the dream, if the Evil Hound existed in the dream, it could only be in this place.

Because when his father was alive, he had raised a large pack of dogs in this forest.

And the one that survived was the Evil Hound in the dream.

Yang Jian's arrival and approach indeed alerted the dreadful Evil Hound in the cabin.

A pair of slightly red eyes suddenly appeared in the cabin, even through the half-opened door you could feel the fierce gaze, which also showed a trace of numbness that could not be described, rendering it eerie and dangerous, more fearsome than a real ghost.

The next moment.

Accompanied by a series of oppressive low growls, a large, all-black-furred Evil Hound burst through the cabin's door, baring its fangs as it slowly walked out.

It stared at Yang Jian, sticking out its crimson tongue, its fierce eyes sizing him up, starting to slowly approach.

"This thing is truly fierce, in the dream I have no doubt I would be bitten to death by this creature." Yang Jian's heart tightened, feeling a strong sense of danger.

However, he did not carry any weapons because he came to subjugate the Evil Hound, not to fight it.

Of course, the most important point is that even if Yang Jian brought weapons into the dream, he could not defeat this creature.

In his dream, he is not only an ordinary person but also a disabled one.

Although the Evil Hound appears to be a dog, its true identity is a ghost, a real fierce ghost; do not be fooled by its appearance.

Yang Jian stared at the Evil Hound, and it stared back at him.

The most worrisome situation did not occur.

Yang Jian felt a slight relief because he was not immediately attacked, which is good news, indicating that although this dog is a ghost, it has some difference from previous Ghost Dreams, or rather, once a ghost becomes a dog, it acquires some dog traits.

But he still dared not approach rashly.

Because Yang Jian did not know this dog; the dog only knew his father, and he merely bore a seven or eight parts resemblance to his father.

"The best way is to let this dog mistake me for my father because its real master is my father; only then can I make this dog loyal to me, for now at most it just doesn't attack me." Yang Jian concluded after observing.

"Try approaching, see if the dog will misjudge me."

After a standoff for a while.

Yang Jian thought continuing like this was not a solution, so he decided to try approaching because by the nature of ghosts, they would attack the nearest living person first.

If the Evil Hound could suppress this instinct and not attack him, then the rest would likely succeed.

Having said that, Yang Jian took a few more steps forward.

Upon approaching, the Evil Hound visibly became disturbed.

It stared at Yang Jian, growling low, issuing warnings, pacing back and forth, and appeared very anxious as if it was reluctant to attack him, yet some instinct drove the Evil Hound to want to pounce and bite Yang Jian.

Yang Jian caught this change; he did not continue to approach but stopped.

"Sure enough, it still feels foreign to me and doesn't want me to get close."

Seeing the Evil Hound's reaction, Yang Jian understood some information about dogs' habits.

However, when dealing with the Evil Hound, some anomalies appeared on him outside in the apartment.

"What's going on? Why is there so much water on the ground?" At this moment, Sun Rui looked in surprise at the ground of the hall.

A puddle of water was slowly spreading out at this moment.

"No, that's not right, this water is coming from Yang Jian's body." Subsequently, Sun Rui deduced the source of the water.

The source was Yang Jian, who was asleep in a chair.

Chapter 1142 - Unexpected and Appearance

In the apartment's lobby, Sun Rui had already left the first floor and arrived at the second floor.

He bent down to look below and saw that the floor of the lobby was covered with accumulating water, which was exceptionally cold and possessed a strong supernatural power. Even the supernatural phenomena in the apartment were influenced, as evidenced by the flickering lights on the first floor, which seemed ready to go out at any moment.

"If this continues, the first floor will be completely submerged by the water. Moreover, this isn't ordinary water; it's probably something supernatural. If necessary, it's best not to come into contact with it to avoid any unforeseen consequences."

Sun Rui observed for a moment and drew some conclusions.

However, if this trend continued, there was really a possibility that the entire apartment would be submerged.

But before the apartment became submerged, Sun Rui was more concerned about whether Yang Jian would accidentally drown himself, given that the water had already reached Yang Jian's ankles and was still rising.

Yet despite this, Yang Jian, sitting in the chair, showed no signs of waking up.

Evidently, this kind of sleep was not a normal slumber.

"Let's wait and see. So far, the situation is still controllable," Sun Rui wasn't impatient, just quietly waiting for the outcome.

And in the dream.

Yang Jian was still fixated on the large, entirely black Evil Hound before him, feeling heavy-hearted and trapped in a dilemma. He dared not retreat, afraid of undoing his progress, nor advance recklessly, fearing the Evil Hound might pounce and attack him.

Now, he was very tense, cold sweat trickling down his back, with an indescribable fear welling inside him.

In the dream, Yang Jian was not affected by the supernatural, thus exhibiting normal human emotions.

The Evil Hound growled lowly; although it had not attacked Yang Jian, its demeanor suggested it could go out of control at any moment.

"Things aren't as smooth as imagined. It's rejecting me, but its instinct as a faithful dog tells it that my identity is not that of an enemy. So, the dog has been suppressing its impulse to attack me. But I can't just keep waiting like this because the longer it takes, the more unsafe it is for me."

"In the dream world, ghosts become more dangerous and terrifying as the nightmare persists. The Evil Hound before me has inherited all this and thus possesses such traits."

Yang Jian quickly thought back to his past experiences with Ghost Dreams.

The previous experiences could be referenced, as they were the same in essence; the only difference was the identity of the vengeful spirit.

"Be a bit more aggressive."

Yang Jian watched the restless Evil Hound and cautiously approached it by two more steps, raising his hand to gesture, "Relax, I'm not your enemy; we've met before; good dog."

He attempted to pacify the Evil Hound's emotions.

The Evil Hound bared its teeth while growling, pacing back and forth, its body gradually retreating.

It didn't assume an attacking posture; rather, it seemed a bit afraid of Yang Jian.

Noticing this, Yang Jian continued to advance, "Right, just like that. Good dog, I'm not your enemy; you need to remain calm."

"Calm, calm, don't bite me."

"I know you're a good dog and won't bite people indiscriminately."

Currently, he was coaxing the Evil Hound much like soothing a child, and this Evil Hound seemed to cooperate, refraining from lunging to bite Yang Jian. This granted Yang Jian, who was originally tense and fearful, a bit more confidence.

Perhaps today he could indeed form a connection with the Evil Hound, turning it into a loyal one.

Yang Jian wasn't rash; despite the increasing danger the longer he remained in the dream, he had to compose himself and build a connection with the Evil Hound when it was so close, preventing any mistakes.

He was betting with his life now.

If the Evil Hound lost control, Yang Jian would die horribly.

The immense risk was the reason he resisted dreaming consistently.

After a momentary pause, the Evil Hound seemed to calm down, ceasing its aggressive stance and examining Yang Jian with a tint of recognition, mistaking him for someone familiar.

"There is an effect,"

Yang Jian felt slightly joyful and inched two more steps closer.

By now, the distance between him and the Evil Hound was only three or four steps apart, incredibly close, and he could even feel the warm breaths the hound exhaled hitting his face.

"Yes, just like that, we know each other, we're acquaintances. Don't be so guarded against me; I've come to visit you, not to confront you."

"Be a good dog and don't bite people."

Yang Jian continued speaking, unsure of its effectiveness, merely hoping the Evil Hound would realize he posed no threat, he was friendly and a previously familiar person.

The Evil Hound put away its ferocious expression, no longer baring its teeth or growling, instead slightly tilting its head to observe him, sniffing with its nose experimentally while cautiously approaching Yang Jian.

Being a ghost, it remained unaware of having replaced the ghost, hence maintaining the instincts and traits of a dog.

The Evil Hound seemed to catch Yang Jian's scent, gradually nearing him.

Yang Jian was very tense, hardly daring to move, for as the Evil Hound approached, its true size was daunting, much like a young calf. How his father trained such an Evil Hound was beyond him, perhaps the hound underwent some special transformations in the dream, explaining its current form.

The sharp fangs and large mouth left no doubt they could sever an arm or a neck with ease.

"Success is near; it's accepting me," Yang Jian saw the Evil Hound sniffing his palm, its nose touching his skin lightly, filling him with both tension and joy.

Everything turned toward a positive direction.

Once the Evil Hound accepted Yang Jian, everything in this nightmare would be perfectly resolved.

The Evil Hound continued sniffing, familiarizing itself with this person and establishing some connection.

At this moment, it was no longer an Evil Ghost, just a purely abandoned wolfhound in the dream world. If tamed, its fierce loyalty could be his.

However, currently, only Yang Jian was qualified to attempt this task; anyone else entering would likely be bitten to death at first instance.

Because Yang Jian inherited some special characteristics from his father, the dog's guard against him was minimal.

Things were expected to proceed smoothly from here.

But when the Evil Hound sniffed around Yang Jian's wrist, its previously calm demeanor shattered instantly; it bared its teeth immediately, its red eyes suddenly turning fierce, as if even its fur bristled, changing its attitude instantly and entering an attack mode.

"This is....." Yang Jian sensed something, glancing at his wrist.

A black birthmark had quietly appeared around his wrist like a bracelet.

"It's the bracelet Sister Hong gave me back at the old mansion," Yang Jian realized immediately what was happening.

Though this was a dream world, where a bracelet couldn't manifest, the bracelet's supernatural influence had affected him, likewise drawn into the dream.

The Evil Hound sensed an abnormal scent, casting doubt on Yang Jian's identity.

In the next moment.

The Evil Hound roared, lunging at Yang Jian with its sharp fangs aimed fiercely.

"Not good."

Yang Jian's expression tightened, reacting swiftly by stepping back to dodge the attack and quickly retreating, widening the gap between them.

"Listen, doggy, calm down..."

But before he could finish, the Evil Hound seemingly lost some sanity, charged forward aggressively, and began biting without restraint.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian understood the situation spiraled out of control; the Evil Hound lost control due to specific circumstances, which normally would never happen.

Indeed, supernatural incidents never guarantee certainty; unexpected occurrences always hold potential.

Yang Jian thought quickly while retreating hastily.

The Evil Hound pursued aggressively, relentlessly closing in on Yang Jian over mere seconds, eventually catching up and knocking him down, followed by frantic tearing and biting.

Blood splattered, flesh and blood thrown into disarray.

The ferocity of the Evil Hound was breathtaking, under typical circumstances, a person would be quickly bitten to death.

Yet as Yang Jian failed to connect with the Evil Hound and got attacked.

The next moment.

A blurry figure emerged from a small path near Old Lin, swiftly approaching here.

Someone resembling Yang Jian by seventy to eighty percent in appearance emerged, though emitting a chillier aura, unlike that of a living person, resembling an emotionless corpse.

"An accident did happen," Yang Xiao's voice echoed in the woods near Old Lin.

Upon hearing this voice, the Evil Hound biting Yang Jian abruptly halted, then lifted its head, gazing towards Yang Xiao in the near distance.

Chapter 1143 - Success of the Misjudgment

With some advantages of his own, Yang Jian could have subdued this Evil Hound by himself, but who would have thought that the bracelet mark left on his wrist would manifest in the dream, causing the once-calm Evil Hound to lose its senses and attack him directly.

The tackle, the biting, it was seamless. Yang Jian had almost no chance to resist, barely struggling a little.

If this continued, he would surely be bitten to death alive.

However, the sudden appearance of Yang Xiao directly ended this situation.

Yang Jian's arm was bloody, full of bite marks. Seeing the Evil Hound stop its attack, he quickly rolled over and stood up, rapidly retreating to leave the range of the attack.

"You're a bit late, I almost died here." He was gasping for breath, heart still pounding with fear, completely ignoring the wounds and pain on his body.

These injuries are just temporary; once out of the dream, everything will recover.

Yang Xiao continued to walk forward step by step: "My appearance can only be used as a last resort in emergencies, I must not appear first. In the world of dreams, anything can happen. Moreover, it's not a ghost that dominates this dream, but a dog, so any accident could happen."

"All I can do is prevent the worst outcome."

Saying this, he looked around: "This is indeed a familiar place, the old woods behind the village. Did I raise the Evil Hound in these woods? So the dream world of the Evil Hound consists only of this forest, no other places, but as long as used properly, memories can be used to construct a cage that locks in the ghost's movement."

After speaking.

Yang Xiao's gaze stopped on the fierce Evil Hound baring its fangs and covered in blood.

However, unlike Yang Jian, Yang Xiao was neither attacked by nor warned against the Evil Hound. Instead, after a moment of eye contact between man and dog, the Evil Hound's emotions gradually stabilized.

The impulse of the Evil Hound gradually disappeared, replaced by a curious scrutiny and observation.

It seemed to be identifying Yang Xiao.

"As expected, the true object of this Evil Hound's loyalty is always my father." Yang Jian thought to himself, quickly understanding the situation.

It's quite simple.

In the nightmare world, his father accompanied this Evil Hound for at least more than ten years. During this time, man and dog must have formed a very strong bond, one that couldn't just be replaced by a newcomer like Yang Jian, hence Yang Xiao's appearance immediately stopped the Evil Hound from its attack.

"So that's it, I understand now." Yang Xiao nodded slightly seeing the Evil Hound's behavior, understanding why this arrangement had lasted for over a decade.

Dogs are loyal, especially an old dog that accompanied through over a decade in a dream.

This instinct of loyalty has been ingrained into its very bones, capable of even suppressing some of the ghost's instincts.

Yang Xiao once read a newspaper story about a lonely old man who kept company with a dog for nearly a decade. One day, the old man suddenly died of illness at home, and the old dog stayed by the corpse, starving to death without ever biting the corpse.

In the end, man and dog died together at home.

Although this was just a story in a newspaper, it served as an example: if a loyal dog would rather starve to death than gnaw on a corpse, then even with the instincts of a ghost, it should be controllable.

It might even do better than a person.

"However, I cannot be sure that the dog raised in a dream is a loyal dog. People have different temperaments, and dogs are no different."

Yang Xiao's footsteps stopped here, he did not come closer, but instead gestured: "Come here."

"Will this work?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he saw Yang Xiao greeting the Evil Hound.

But before he could think further.

The unexpected happened.

The Evil Hound seemed to hear a command and immediately rushed towards Yang Xiao, showing no intention of attacking, but instead displayed a very affectionate demeanor once it got close to Yang Xiao, even extending its tongue to lick his hand, as if identifying this long-lost master.

Even though the real him was dead, for this Evil Hound, it didn't matter.

"It recognizes me."

Yang Xiao said, stroking the Evil Hound's head: "This proves my previous assumption was correct."

"What assumption?" Yang Jian asked.

Yang Xiao replied: "It does not only acknowledge the future me, it can recognize a new master through some faulty guidance. Strictly speaking, I am just a phantom from the painting, not truly him, yet the Evil Hound still identifies me as him. This is good news, because if the Evil Hound only recognized him, it would surely bite me now."

"So next, we need to transfer this master's identity onto you."

Yang Jian understood what Yang Xiao meant.

In fact, Yang Xiao was not the real master either, but the Evil Hound still recognized him, indicating that through some erroneous guidance, the Evil Hound can be led to a false recognition.

"You can come closer to it once more, I believe with me restraining this Evil Hound, it won't bite you," Yang Xiao then gestured.

"Alright, then let's try again." Yang Jian nodded, his expression tense and cautious as he approached again.

Upon getting closer.

The Evil Hound instantly reacted, growling at Yang Jian, baring its teeth, and even its large body couldn't be held by Yang Xiao, meaning if this Evil Hound lost control, even Yang Xiao wouldn't be able to stop it.

In the nightmare world, this dog was the most terrifying, irresolvable existence, even if Yang Xiao could intrude here, compared to this dog, there was still a significant gap.

"Calm down, Yang Jian is not your enemy; he is your future master, you have to listen to him from now on," Yang Xiao squatted down, embracing the Evil Hound's neck, and said in a deep voice.

These words seemed to have some effect, as the hostility of the Evil Hound diminished, its growls gradually fading, but it still kept an eye on Yang Jian.

The gaze was exceptionally fierce, emanating an indescribable eeriness, making one hesitant to approach, as if in the next moment, this Evil Hound would again leap forward to take Yang Jian down and bite him to death.

"I will try my best to calm it, to stop it, the rest is up to you," Yang Xiao noticed Yang Jian's concerns and said a reassuring sentence.

"Don't worry, I'm not that timid, it's just that facing uncertainties, anyone would have some apprehension," Yang Jian said.

After he finished, he approached the Evil Hound once again.

This time, with Yang Xiao's intervention, the viciousness of the Evil Hound was greatly reduced, and no assault took place.

"Good, just like that," Yang Xiao continued.

Yang Jian now stood before the Evil Hound. He could feel the dog's animosity was not strong but still very wary of him. If not for Yang Xiao on the side, a second attack would still likely occur. Moreover, quite some time had already been wasted, and if continued, the Evil Hound within the dream would become fiercer.

At that time, the action was considered a failure.

Because Yang Jian didn't have a second chance to try again, surviving this dream itself was a challenge.

"Reach out and touch it, let it know you're not a threat, and make it remember you. This ghost has been replaced by a dog, taking on its characteristics, so treat it like a dog," Yang Xiao continued.

"I did that earlier, but certain supernatural elements caused the action to fail."

Yang Jian said, cautiously reaching out to touch the Evil Hound once more.

The large body of the Evil Hound struggled, appearing uneasy, baring its teeth and growling, seemingly warning Yang Jian not to touch it.

Yang Xiao continued to calm the Evil Hound from the side, preventing it from losing control.

Finally.

Yang Jian's hand successfully touched the head of the Evil Hound, and this time, the hound did not lose control.

"It's a success," he let out a slight sigh of relief.

Yang Xiao let go of the Evil Hound and stood up, "No, this is just the first step. Next, you need to cause the Evil Hound to misperceive, make it think you are me, and treat you as its new master. After all, some characteristics you possess can make this hound quickly recognize you; once you take this step, the relationship between you will improve over time."

After speaking, he slowly walked towards Yang Jian and stood behind him.

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

But when he turned his head, there was no one behind him; Yang Xiao had vanished.

No, he hadn't disappeared; he had exited the dream, leaving Yang Jian there alone.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian felt puzzled, then suddenly tensed up.

Because the Evil Hound he was touching was again baring its teeth at him.

But in the eyes of the Evil Hound, Yang Xiao had disappeared after coming behind Yang Jian, and the two had somewhat overlapped in form, with similar appearances and nearly similar auras... as if two people had fused into one.

Of course, this was merely a visual misdirection.

Yang Xiao's goal was to make the Evil Hound mistakenly believe Yang Jian was himself, and see him as its master.

The Evil Hound made an error in judgment alongside baring its teeth.

It wasn't that smart, being a dog after all.

So, it gradually seemed to think Yang Jian and Yang Xiao were the same person.

"Anyway, this is an opportunity."

Yang Jian saw the Evil Hound didn't attack him, that everything reverted to its previous state, and if this couldn't make the hound acknowledge him, there wouldn't be another chance like this today.

Meanwhile.

Outside of the dream, in the apartment lobby.

The water had spread completely, nearly reaching Yang Jian's knees.

He continued to sleep on the chair, unable to wake.

And the cold and silent water covered the first-floor lobby, while Sun Rui, observing from the second floor, fixedly stared at Yang Jian's reflection in the water.

Sun Rui didn't see Yang Jian's reflection on the water, only a bizarre and fierce Evil Hound.

"Yang Jian's shadow in the water is a dog? No, not right, the water must be a medium, revealing something that cannot appear in reality. But what is that dog? I've never seen a dog appear in supernatural phenomena."

Sun Rui's confusion deepened, and he didn't dare disturb.

Yet an intuition suggested to him this dog was terrifying, capable of leaping out of the water at any moment.

As time passed slowly.

Two hours had elapsed since falling asleep.

Yang Jian maintained the same pose, unchanged, the only difference being the rise in water level.

Under the influence of the water, the lights in the apartment's first-floor lobby had completely dimmed, with even the second-floor lights flickering wildly due to the strong supernatural interference, while the walls of the apartment began to deteriorate, the surface peeling to reveal an old wall beneath, mottled and moldy, like a building abandoned for decades.

Sun Rui understood that this was the manifestation of the Ghost Post Office hidden within Hell Apartment.

If things continued, some supernaturalities, unresolved malevolent ghosts from within the Ghost Post Office could even emerge again.

"Hopefully, this won't go further; otherwise, things can't be restored," he thought silently.

Three hours passed.

Then, new changes appeared. Yang Jian's previously motionless body showed slight signs of activity, seemingly a precursor to waking up.

Meanwhile.

The Evil Hound's shadow under the water began to slowly rise to the surface.

A few seconds later.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian, having slept for so long, opened his eyes, broke free from the nightmare, and woke up.

In the next moment, a massive splash accompanied by a large black wolfhound leaping from the flood, landed steadily on the water's surface.

Originally, merely a reflection in the water, now reality had been invaded.

"Success," Yang Jian slowly let out a sigh of relief.

Chapter 1144 - The New Master

The lobby on the first floor of the apartment was submerged in icy cold water.

An unbelievable scene occurred.

Sun Rui witnessed with his own eyes that the Evil Hound, initially just a reflection in the water, disregarded the boundaries between reality and illusion and truly leaped out of the water.

At this moment, the reflection was no longer just a reflection but a real entity.

"This is incredible, this is a terrifyingly fierce and bizarre Evil Hound, and it seems it has been spiritually eroded. This is definitely not an ordinary hound; Yang Jian's previous coma is most likely related to this hound," Sun Rui had already reached the third floor of the apartment.

Because the second floor had already been affected, he retreated to the third floor for safety.

But he wasn't the only one who retreated to the third floor; the female corpse wandering within the building appeared on the fourth floor, seemingly aware of the danger, unwilling to touch the cold water covering the first floor lobby.

"Yang Jian, are you awake?" Sun Rui saw Yang Jian suddenly regain consciousness and called out hastily.

At this moment, Yang Jian had just escaped from a nightmare.

He was drenched, as if soaked by the puddle, or perhaps as if he had awakened from a nightmare, his entire body covered in cold sweat, with an ashen complexion, exceptionally pale, like someone who had lost a lot of blood—no, even more severe, as though he'd suffered some kind of supernatural attack.

"Successfully breaking free from the nightmare,"

Yang Jian felt the water underfoot, glanced around, and immediately understood he was no longer in the dream realm.

However, the elements from the dream had now manifested into reality.

The large and imposing Evil Hound stood on the water, staring at him, and at this moment, it no longer exuded hostility but an indescribable warmth and familiarity, as if Yang Jian was its master.

No, not as if.

Currently, Yang Jian was its master.

Yang Jian slowly stood up, withdrawing his hands from the world of the oil painting, casting a glance at Yang Xiao, who was in the painting's world.

Yang Xiao within the oil painting world also looked at Yang Jian.

Simply through this exchange, both understood that the nightmare involving the Evil Hound was resolved satisfactorily. Had it failed, Yang Jian would never have awakened.

"Sun Rui, I'm fine; my nightmare is over." Yang Jian finally looked up and responded to Sun Rui on the third floor of the apartment.

Sun Rui breathed a sigh of relief: "No harm done, then. I was worried something had happened to you, your sudden awakening gave me a fright. If you lost control, the consequences would be severe."

"Not losing control, just my own supernatural powers being somewhat uncontrollable after falling asleep." Yang Jian, looking at the water on the ground, was already prepared.

The supernatural presence of Ghost Lake is extremely frightening.

Usually, Yang Jian suffers from this supernatural erosion, so if he falls asleep, this kind of supernatural loss of control is somewhat expected, as long as the impacted range isn't vast and no harm occurs.

"As long as there's no loss of control, but what's with this Evil Hound?" Sun Rui continued to ask.

He stared at the black Evil Hound for a long time, always feeling it was terrifying and required full alertness.

Yang Jian replied, "This is the reason for my recent nightmare. In my dream, there was such a dog, but don't worry, it's not an enemy now. It's under my control; without my permission, it won't arbitrarily attack people."

Saying that, perhaps to alleviate Sun Rui's concerns, he approached, crouched down, and hugged the Evil Hound's neck.

Indeed.

The Evil Hound didn't attack Yang Jian; instead, it extended its scarlet tongue and licked Yang Jian's cheek, very affectionately.

"A dog that can appear in a dream? And even invade the real world now—what is this, a dog or a ghost? Unbelievable, truly unbelievable," Sun Rui said, feeling his worldview shaken, truly unbelievable.

For nothing like this has ever happened in the supernatural circles.

"Anything can happen in this world. I was also very surprised the first time I encountered such a thing, but later got used to it," Yang Jian said.

He didn't elaborate much on the Evil Hound's situation, slightly reserved.

Sun Rui, very tactfully, didn't press further, because such matters involve a person's privacy, especially for a ghost controller, privacy is extremely vital. Probing too much can provoke hostility.

"So this isn't a bad matter, but a good one? From now on, you'll have such a special Evil Hound by your side?" Sun Rui added.

Yang Jian nodded, "If nothing unexpected happens, that's the case. Its presence indeed can help me resolve many troubles."

"That's good," Sun Rui said.

He truly admired Yang Jian's continuous growth and progress, without any jealousy, as in the supernatural field, each advancement requires risking life, one misstep could lead to death.

A simple beginning of a nightmare was yet another test of life and death.

Yang Jian looked at the Evil Hound beside him as the water underfoot started gradually disappearing, and the supernatural interference in the apartment also halted.

Everything seemed to be restoring to normalcy.

"This is yet another new supernatural power, and it should be recent mastery. How many ghosts are inside his body now?" Sun Rui's heart tensed.

Previously at the Ghost Post Office, Yang Jian never showcased such bizarre water or such a terrifying Evil Hound.

Having awakened, Yang Jian now familiarized himself with his condition and the black Evil Hound beside him.

As the water underfoot gradually vanished, the Evil Hound's form slowly blurred, finally disappearing when the water was gone.

Without the water as a medium, the Evil Hound couldn't manifest in the real world.

This was similar to the characteristics of a ghost dream.

"The matter is nearly settled, I should leave," Yang Jian suddenly said.

Sun Rui seemed very surprised, appearing in the lobby on the first floor: "Leaving so soon? Are you treating this place as your spot for sleeping, and disappearing once you're awake?"

"No choice, I've recently been involved with many curses, I need to handle them. Coming here today was just to take care of one of my troubles," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui replied, "I see, so you have indeed encountered considerable danger recently, is it the Ghost Lake incident?"

"You know about it too?" Yang Jian asked.

"The headquarters recently took some actions, I could guess a bit. Don't be surprised; I'm also in charge, so I have some right to know," Sun Rui said.

It was apparent he found being stuck here alone very dull; otherwise, he wouldn't seize the opportunity to chat with Yang Jian.

However, Yang Jian truly didn't have time to linger here for Sun Rui.

Therefore, after resolving the matter of the nightmare Evil Hound, the purpose of his visit was fulfilled and he should leave.

He re-hung Yang Xiao's painting on the wall.

Yang Jian then turned and walked towards the exit of the apartment.

"Not staying a while longer?" Sun Rui was still trying to keep him.

"Once I take care of my issues, I'll come back to accompany you for a bit. Besides, this place is important to me; I'll return periodically. If you feel bored, maybe get a computer and play some games, that might help you pass the time," Yang Jian suggested.

"Makes sense, but I still prefer exploring. There are still some aspects here I haven't explored completely, and I've made some progress regarding Zhang Xiangguang's matter. Next time you come, there might be some findings," Sun Rui said quietly.

Though ostensibly he was merely languishing around here, he was actually involved in some activities.

Zhang Xiangguang?

Yang Jian paused, showing a hint of emotion.

This person wasn't merely a specter in the oil painting world. He was the third administrator of the Ghost Post Office and might even still be alive outside, not deceased.

Undoubtedly, he hides many secrets regarding the Ghost Post Office, indeed worth investigating.

"I'll look forward to your news," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui smiled, "Sure, give me some time, I believe I won't disappoint you."

With these words, he knocked on his cane, and the door leading outside the apartment immediately opened.

Yang Jian hesitated no more, stepping outside, quickly disappearing into the streets of Dahan City.

Chapter 1145 - Missing People

After several days.

Yang Jian once again returned to Dachang City. The Ghost Lake incident had a profound impact on him. Although there were some unexpected gains, the potential dangers were enormous.

The reason why Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City is called Guanjiang Residential Complex is because a river flows through it, and the developer Zhang Xiang used this as a selling point to build this riverside complex.

However, due to the occurrence of supernatural events, this complex did not sell well. If Yang Jian hadn't gotten involved, Zhang Xiang would most likely have gone bankrupt.

But today.

Yang Jian was alone, stepping on the slightly rippling surface of the river, walking calmly forward.

He did not sink into the riverbed, as if something eerie beneath the water was supporting him.

The sunlight shone down, and faintly, one could see pale corpses swaying in the cold river water. These corpses seemed to remain deceased but showed no signs of decay for a long time. As Yang Jian continued forward, the corpses ceaselessly wandered from side to side, following him as if in tow.

The supernatural essence of Ghost Lake once permeated the waters of Dachang City.

Yang Jian walked across the water's surface, inspecting the anomalies in the water, while simultaneously neutralizing the previous impact of Ghost Lake, allowing the city's river to return to normal.

"Splash!"

Suddenly, a woman's head with disheveled hair emerged from the water nearby. However, in the next moment, a pair of stiff, pale hands reached out from the water, gripping her head tightly, persistently

pulling her back down. In a short while, both the arms and the woman's head disappeared underwater together.

The water's surface quickly regained its calm.

The supernatural was being eradicated.

Yang Jian, expressionless, continued to tread on the river's surface as if he hadn't noticed.

He didn't need to deliberately examine any specific area; merely passing through, his own supernatural influence would seep into the region, as if another fierce ghost had forcefully invaded, driving away the other supernatural presences.

Thus, the anomalies in the water persisted.

The only difference was that the uncontrollable supernatural phenomena had become manageable ones.

The principle of using ghosts against ghosts remained upheld.

Yang Jian continued his exploration, yet peculiarly, his reflection in the water was not his own but that of a large black Evil Hound, pacing and low-growling under the water, patrolling left and right, appearing poised to leap out at any moment, warranting one's extra caution.

The Evil Hound, residing in memory, could manifest through the medium of water.

Even if the hound desires, it could break through the barriers of reality and dream at any time, directly invading the real world.

With mastery over this Evil Hound combined with the Ghost Lake's accumulating waters as a medium, Yang Jian undoubtedly wielded an incredibly terrifying fierce ghost.

Most importantly, this fierce ghost and Yang Jian remained independent, neither corroding him nor reviving. Thus far, it was the most perfect existence.

This was a miracle born of supernatural clashes, transcending any prior method of taming fierce ghosts.

Treading along the river, Yang Jian circled around Dachang City and finally chose to land at the entrance of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

He left the water, and only then did the pale corpses that had followed him slowly sink back into the riverbed, deeply concealed. Simultaneously, the Evil Hound's reflection in the water vanished.

Because this Evil Hound could not manifest on land.

"Let's go back and have a look."

At that moment, Yang Jian headed towards his residence.

His home was the former sales office of the Guanjiang Residential Complex, converted into a luxurious five-story villa with the best environment and location in the complex. Unfortunately, he rarely spent time there, as most of his time was occupied with business trips and dealing with supernatural incidents, leaving him no time to enjoy even the most luxurious mansion.

However, home was not prepared for himself but for his family.

When Yang Jian stepped into the front yard, he was momentarily stunned. He saw a plainly dressed woman in her forties along with a shapely young woman squatting in the garden, pulling weeds, turning the soil, and planting some vegetables.

"Mom, why are you here?" After a brief hesitation, Yang Jian swiftly walked over and called out.

Yang Jian's mother, Zhang Fen, and Jiang Yan beside her, immediately stopped their work upon hearing his voice and looked up.

"Yang Jian."

Jiang Yan was the most excited. She shouted, grinning from ear to ear, dashed over, and threw herself into Yang Jian's arms, boldly and passionately planting a kiss on his cheek.

"Hehe, did you miss me? I've missed you terribly."

She continued hugging him tightly, burying her head in Yang Jian's chest.

Zhang Fen chuckled, washing the dirt off her hands: "The house back at the village is almost finished. I found myself with nothing much to do, so I came over to take a look. I also planted some vegetables since they can't be planted if the season passes. But your secretary, Zhang Liqin, took care of things quite well. The fruit trees planted before survived the winter without dying."

"I heard from her that you went on another business trip? You're so busy with work. Make sure to take good care of yourself while you're out."

Yang Jian said, "I'm doing well, just that things are varied, and I need to run back and forth. It's actually not tiring, much like traveling."

"You remind me of your father; he was the same way, running around all the time, and I never knew what he was up to." Zhang Fen said with a hint of nostalgia.

"Mom, how's everything back home? Is everything okay?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Fen said, "What could happen? After that last incident, quite a few people got rich, they're building houses and buying luxury cars back in the hometown. Some are drinking and gambling in the village every day. They've been reported several times, but it's no use, nobody can control them. Your uncles have become much more restrained, knowing you have skills and connections, they're not as snobbish as before."

"That's good." Yang Jian nodded.

"But your cousin has gone missing, she's been reported missing for a while now, and still hasn't been found." Zhang Fen mentioned another matter.

Yang Jian's expression turned serious: "Cousin is missing? When did this happen?"

"Just recently, about half a month ago. They say she disappeared suddenly one night. Nobody knows where she went. Some say they saw her in the woods behind the village, but when the investigators came, they didn't find her or any clues," Zhang Fen explained.

Jiang Yan added at this moment, "I've already put out a million-dollar reward, but there's been no progress yet."

"Do your best, if she's really not found, then there's nothing we can do," Yang Jian said calmly.

He roughly understood that the cousin's disappearance must be related to supernatural occurrences. Or perhaps she sensed that the nightmare was about to end, so she chose to leave the village.

After all, behind her seemingly youthful appearance, her experiences and identity were quite complicated. At the very least, it's certain she isn't a person from this era.

Her disappearance now seemed to Yang Jian a good thing rather than a bad one. At least he didn't have to be wary of this hidden threat anymore.

But he's sure, the cousin hasn't died; she is still alive.

Zhang Fen sighed, "How could someone disappear out of nowhere? You should keep an eye out while you're running around outside. I think she slipped away secretly, she's definitely not in Dachang City anymore, maybe she's gone somewhere else."

"Alright, I'll ask some friends to look into it," Yang Jian nodded.

But just as they were talking.

Inside the house, Zhang Liqin came out wearing an apron, "Auntie, Jiang Yan, take a break. The food is ready, time to eat... Yang, President Yang, you're back?"

She was a bit surprised to see Yang Jian, then showed a happy expression.

Jiang Yan, holding Yang Jian's arm, pouted a little unhappily but didn't show it too clearly since she and Zhang Liqin were old friends.

Yang Jian nodded slightly, "Mom, let's eat first. We can get busy after we finish."

"Alright, Xiao Yan, wash your hands and eat first. This afternoon we'll try to finish planting these vegetables," Zhang Fen said with a smile.

"No problem, Auntie," Jiang Yan nodded repeatedly.

It was obvious that during the time back in the hometown, Jiang Yan and Zhang Fen got along well, and their relationship was good.

"Let me go get the rice." Zhang Liqin hurried back into the house.

At this moment, Yang Jian suddenly asked, "By the way, Mom, how did you meet Dad? And how did you end up getting married?"

He was curious why his ghost-riding father would marry his mother and have him.

Zhang Fen laughed: "It was all introduced by people from the village. We met twice, felt good about each other, bought a set of clothes in town, and settled the marriage. In the early years after the

wedding, your father and I farmed in the hometown. Times were tough, so your father went to the city to work. Although life got better, your father's visits became fewer and fewer."

"Who would have thought he would end up in a car accident."

She briefly recounted some past experiences.

Nothing special.

Just like many people from rural backgrounds.

But Yang Jian understood, his father's fate changed the moment he went to the city to work.

Back then, his father probably wasn't just working, but was forced to become a postman for the Ghost Post Office, delivering letters for it.

Becoming a messenger was supposed to be the moment his father changed his fate, stepping into the supernatural world, writing a legend. But who would have thought he would gamble and lose in the end, unable to control the Ghost Dream, and was hit by a supernatural bus.

Yang Jian didn't know what his father experienced during that time.

But he figured it must have been incredibly thrilling. The Evil Hound he inherited was the best proof.

Very soon.

Yang Jian set aside this topic, no longer discussing the regrets of the past, and instead, accompanied his mother, Zhang Fen, to have lunch.

After lunch.

Zhang Fen, Jiang Yan, and Zhang Liqin were planting vegetables in the yard together.

He went into the safe house to start the routine inspection of supernatural items and the detained ghosts, to ensure everything was normal.

After finishing these chores, Yang Jian instructed Zhang Liqin to start documenting the Ghost Lake incident from beginning to end.

An extremely detailed event record, it's part of Yang Jian's personal file. So far, only Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan have read it.

Chapter 1146 - Trap

"Work, work, it's been so long since I went to work. People at the company probably almost forgot about me."

The next day, Jiang Yan was full of spirit, even a bit excited.

After finishing the construction work on her new home and safe house back in her hometown, she was impatient to resume her previous working life. After all, it was too boring in her hometown; it's livelier in the city.

Yang Jian was driving, and as usual, he didn't go straight to the company but drove around the district of Dachang City.

As the person in charge, he had to pay attention to the safety of Dachang City.

However, with Li Yang, Tong Qian, and Huang Ziya in Dachang City, the safety was certainly assured. Yang Jian wasn't too worried, it was just his habit to drive around.

Very soon.

The car stopped at the company entrance.

Yang Jian, Jiang Yan, and Zhang Liqin got out of the car.

As soon as they got out, he saw a lot of people gathered at the company's entrance, and among them were several familiar faces.

"It's President Yang's car."

"President Yang is finally back, we thought today again we might not catch him."

"It's really Yang Jian."

His appearance drew everyone's attention. It seemed something had happened in the company during the few days he was away on a business trip, as the people who came were all company employees, not his teammates, so it should have nothing to do with a supernatural incident.

"What happened, why are you all waiting for me at the entrance?" Yang Jian casually glanced around and asked directly.

"Zhang Liqin, do you know what's going on?"

Zhang Liqin shook her head: "I don't know either. I haven't been in the company these days, I've been at home accompanying my aunt."

Jiang Yan also hurriedly said: "Don't look at me, I just got back home, I don't know anything."

"Yang Jian, there's a problem with the company." At this moment, a middle-aged man in a suit squeezed out of the crowd, his face grave and filled with concern.

His name was Wang Bin, the father of Wang Shanshan, and currently the general manager of Yang Jian's company. Usually, the company's operations depended entirely on him.

"A non-profit, almost charitable company can also have problems?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Bin looked around, then lowered his voice: "This situation is a bit embarrassing to talk about, I think it should be discussed back in the office."

"Alright, let's discuss it in the office then." Yang Jian nodded.

"Please make way." Zhang Liqin immediately signaled for everyone to step aside and not block Yang Jian's path.

Yang Jian strode forward, and no one really dared to stand in his way. They only symbolically surrounded him for a moment then quickly dispersed, for blocking others might just get you chased away, but blocking Yang Jian might very well cost your life.

Soon after.

He led a group into the company, took the private elevator to the office.

"Have a seat."

Yang Jian gestured then said: "Pour them a cup of coffee each."

Zhang Liqin nodded and took Jiang Yan to the bar.

The people who came to the office weren't many, just a few key members of the company, including Zhang Wei's father, Zhang Xiang.

However, Zhang Xiang didn't look well today. His face was haggard, as if he hadn't slept for several days. He seemed to be under a lot of pressure, as if he was troubled by something.

"Actually, the company's matters don't need to involve me. I'm not very interested in the company's operations. If it's a supernatural incident, I could help out." Yang Jian sat down and directly stated his position.

Wang Bin was silent for a moment then said, "Actually, strictly speaking, it's not really a company matter, but a personal issue."

"A personal issue? What specifically?" Yang Jian asked.

"This has to start from a few days ago... The cause of the matter was a business exchange. President Zhang and I, along with a few high-level executives of the company, attended that exchange meeting." Wang Bin hesitated for a moment and then recounted everything that happened a few days ago.

The matter was not complicated.

It was just that several executives, shareholders of Yang Jian's company, attended a business gathering in the circle.

Such a business gathering was originally a very normal matter, but afterward, Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu met a broker named Qian Xin. This Qian Xin introduced an investor to Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu, saying there was a large sum of money that intended to be invested in Yang Jian's company.

Afterward, they arranged to meet in Da'ao City.

After meeting, the investor took Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu to visit his company and industries, and finally, he warmly invited them to the city's famous casino for some leisure.

Hearing this, Yang Jian said: "So, did you lose?"

"Yes, and the amount was large," Zhang Xiangui said.

"So you lost your shirts?"

Yang Jian laughed: "Were you just high, or were you set up?"

"It should have been a set-up," Wang Bin said seriously: "At that time, both President Zhang and I were in an unusual emotional state, seemingly a bit out of control, and in an irrational state."

"Entering someone else's territory, whether you lose or get set up, the result is the same," Yang Jian said. "You've lost so badly that even the company is affected. It seems a bit unusual. But since this is illegal, you don't need to worry too much; they won't dare to come and collect the debt."

"If we just leave it like this, the damage will be huge," Zhang Xiangui raised his head and said, "At the very least, I'll go bankrupt. I hope you can step in and help me out."

Yang Jian replied, "You lost the money to someone else. I can't just step in and take it back, or go in myself to win it back for you, can I?"

As he spoke, he shook his head and laughed, "I don't do such foolish things. You went to gamble, which means you accepted the rules set by others. You've lost at the first step; how can you win later? I'm the one who sets the rules for others to follow, so I won't participate in gambling with those who set you up."

"Robbing won't work, and gambling is wrong too. Since this doesn't involve any supernatural events, if I forcibly intervene, the meaning would be different, and people could die."

"It's just some money. Lost it, so be it. Just learn from this lesson. I'll call the person in charge of Da'ao City later, and that'll be the end of it."

He dealt with it formally and didn't involve himself in the matter because of personal connections.

This approach by Yang Jian put Zhang Xiang and Wang Bin in a difficult spot, making them frown.

The atmosphere in the conference room was a bit stiff.

"Here, have a cup of coffee," Zhang Liqin handed them coffee at this moment.

But neither of them was in the mood to drink.

Yang Jian was decisive and immediately instructed, "Jiang Yan, go downstairs and get Liu Xiaoyu, ask him to connect me with the person in charge of Da'ao City."

"Alright, I'll go find Liu Xiaoyu right away," Jiang Yan left the office immediately.

Soon, Liu Xiaoyu arrived and handed a phone to Yang Jian: "I have contacted the operator for the person in charge of Da'ao City. You can connect anytime."

"Dial," Yang Jian waved his hand.

Liu Xiaoyu wasted no time and instructed the operator at headquarters to connect.

Soon the call was connected.

"Hello, Captain Yang. I'm Lok Sheng, the person in charge of Da'ao City. I wonder what advice Captain Yang has for me,"

A voice with a heavy accent came from the other end, sounding somewhat hoarse and deep, as if his throat wasn't in good health.

"This is Yang Jian. Here's the situation: some of my company's people went to your city a few days ago and got into some trouble. I hope this matter can end here, and I hope you can help handle it," Yang Jian said.

"No problem, it's no issue. I can handle that for you," the person in charge of Da'ao City agreed without hesitation.

Yang Jian replied, "Good, I owe you one. Reach out to me in the future if you need anything."

"Captain Yang, you're being too kind. Please consider this relationship in the future too," Lok Sheng chuckled dryly, sounding very courteous.

After putting the phone down, Yang Jian casually took the Coke handed by Zhang Liqin and continued, "Just manage the company well in the future; such things are best avoided again."

"Understood," Wang Bin and Zhang Xiangnong nodded.

Although they suffered a big loss, at least they didn't go bankrupt, which was considered a small fortune.

However, not long after the call ended, the phone rang again.

"It's the person in charge of Da'ao City, Lok Sheng," Liu Xiaoyu handed the phone to Yang Jian, "It's probably for you."

Yang Jian frowned slightly and answered the phone: "This is Yang Jian."

"Captain Yang, I'm really sorry. I can't help you with this matter. The amount your people owe is quite large. I think you'd better pay the money first before we discuss further. After all, we're all respectable people; it's not good to be a deadbeat," Lok Sheng said stiffly, losing the previous politeness.

"How much do they owe?" Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"Not much, just a Shangtong Tower. I believe Captain Yang isn't lacking such a building. How about using it to offset the debt?" Lok Sheng replied.

"You want my Shangtong Tower?" Yang Jian responded calmly, "No problem, I'll come tomorrow and sign the transfer documents with you."

"Captain Yang, please don't be mad. A bet is a bet. We should be fair in our dealings. As a person in charge, I'm not in a position to play favorites," Lok Sheng chuckled dryly.

Yang Jian said, "I see, let's handle it officially then."

After saying this, he immediately hung up the phone.

Everyone else in the office listened to the brief conversation between the two and was momentarily stunned, then all looked at Yang Jian in astonishment.

They hadn't expected the other party to refuse Yang Jian's proposal, not giving him face.

When had Ghost-eye Yang Jian been unable to handle even a city official?

Liu Xiaoyu also felt surprised but was simultaneously curious about what was going on in that responsible person's head. Did he really want to seize Yang Jian's building? Wasn't that courting death?

"They were targeting me; indeed, you fell into the trap,"

Yang Jian took a sip of his Coke and slowly said, "Since they want to play, I'll play along with them. Hope they can afford to lose."

"So, what do you plan to do?" Wang Bin asked.

"It's simple, go on a trip in a few days and play with them again," Yang Jian replied casually, "It's nothing serious, just something to pass the time. By the way, do you want to travel?"

After saying this, he looked at Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan.

"Of course, I want to," Jiang Yan immediately replied with a mischievous laugh.

Chapter 1147 - Latest Report

"Wait, wait a minute, Yang Jian, how can you be sure the other party is targeting you, and not just laying a trap for us?"

In the office, Wang Bin couldn't help but ask as he listened to Yang Jian's confident words.

Yang Jian paused for a moment, then glanced at Liu Xiaoyu: "This is an obvious question, even she knows it, or maybe Uncle Wang is underestimating the identity and status of a captain at headquarters. Although I'm just in name, in the supernatural circle, being in name or not is basically the same."

"A person in charge in Da'ao City couldn't even handle a few small roles running casinos. The only possibility is that he doesn't want to handle it, or there are figures from the supernatural circle behind these small roles."

"When it involves the supernatural circle, it's not your problem anymore, it's my problem."

Liu Xiaoyu nodded and said: "Yes, I'm also surprised that Lok Sheng would reject Captain Yang's request. Although Lok Sheng is not under Captain Yang's jurisdiction, it's a small matter that a captain is dealing with. As the person in charge, Lok Sheng theoretically has no reason to refuse."

"However, Yang Jian, if you go to Da'ao City in a high-profile manner, it might be too noticeable. I suggest letting headquarters handle this matter."

"They are already eyeing my Shangtong Tower. Do you know what that means?"

Yang Jian sipped his cola, showing a slight cold smile: "Someone wants to test me, or even wants to bring me down. It's highly possible they'll draw me to Da'ao City to get rid of me. Lok Sheng has already been compromised."

"That's absolutely impossible. No one dares to act against a captain level person. Once exposed, it would trigger a backlash from all ghost handlers at headquarters." Liu Xiaoyu was startled by Yang Jian's speculation.

Yang Jian said: "I'm just considering the worst-case scenario, or it could just be a simple trap involving money."

Liu Xiaoyu blinked, momentarily unsure of what to say.

"It can't be that serious, right?" Wang Bin was also startled, his whole body involuntarily trembling.

If Yang Jian's speculation is true, then he and Zhang Xiangyu are just appetizers. The real target is Yang Jian, and if something happens to him, it's not just a loss of tens of billions, everyone related to Yang Jian could be implicated.

Zhang Xiangyu solemnly said at this moment: "It hasn't reached that point yet, I think we can delay it. Since the other party set a trap to make us lose a lot of money, as long as we find a way to win it back, the matter can be stopped, preventing further escalation."

"That's a good idea, but if you get involved, things will go wrong. The former is about money, the latter might lead to casualties." Wang Bin said.

He also learned some things about Yang Jian through his daughter Wang Shanshan, understanding the general nature of people in the supernatural circle, so he wanted to persuade Yang Jian to resolve this matter through normal means.

"You still want to gamble with them?"

Yang Jian shook his head: "That's too foolish. The other party won't let you win. The reason you lost this time is to inform me, to let me know. If you go again next time, I guarantee not only will you lose, but you'll also be detained."

"Winning through normal means is impossible, but what if we use abnormal means? I know..." Wang Bin raised his head to look at him again.

"No, supernatural powers must not be used for this." Liu Xiaoyu immediately opposed.

Yang Jian glanced over: "I think this suggestion is good. How can you be sure the other party hasn't used supernatural powers to interfere with them?"

"You have no evidence, just a guess." Liu Xiaoyu said.

"A captain doesn't need evidence to act, only a suspicion is required."

Yang Jian put down his cola: "That's a captain's privilege, don't pretend you don't know."

Liu Xiaoyu was at a loss for words.

Indeed.

What Yang Jian said was right, if a captain suspects a supernatural involvement, action can be taken without needing a reason.

Because supernatural events themselves are reasonless, if everything required evidence, would there be any action at all?

"That's the decision then."

Yang Jian thought it over again and found it feasible: "Go play with them again, if they are targeting me, they'll make a move, if it's just a misunderstanding, once the losses are recovered, this matter is over."

"Alright, this is the most stable way." Zhang Xianggu nodded repeatedly.

Wang Bin also agreed.

"We'll depart tomorrow morning, take my private jet to Da'ao City, just consider it a trip." Yang Jian said.

Liu Xiaoyu asked, "Do you plan to go alone or bring any teammates?"

"I can't gamble, I need to find an expert." Yang Jian said.

Expert?

Liu Xiaoyu frowned, searching among Yang Jian's teammates.

But just at this moment,

A cold laugh came from behind the office door: "Heh, an expert? Isn't that me?"

After the laugh,

The door opened, revealing Zhang Wei in a trench coat, comb in hand, combing his hair as he walked in: "Yang Jian, you're looking for the right person now. I, Ah Wei, may lack other skills, but when it comes to gambling, I'm a true expert. Since debuting, I've only won, never been defeated."

"Dad, you've been so careless, working hard for over twenty years, always bragging about your success and how much money you've made. Yet, you lost it all in a day and are now bankrupt. Luckily, you have a smart and capable son like me, don't worry, with me here, you'll be fine."

Zhang Wei stood beside his father Zhang Xiang, patting his shoulder earnestly.

"You brat, where did you go, why didn't I see you earlier?"

Zhang Xiang immediately stood up, smacking Zhang Wei's head.

Zhang Wei stumbled, almost falling, hastily picking up the comb to straighten his slightly messy hair:
"Done, you've gone mad with losing, this time hitting me without reason. Wasn't I just downstairs in the internet café, staying up all night online?"

"Stop messing around, go home and sleep." Zhang Xiang grabbed Zhang Wei, pushing him out.

"Brother Tui, save me." Zhang Wei shouted immediately.

Yang Jian said: "Uncle Zhang, don't be angry, Zhang Wei is only trying to help, and gambling isn't about people, it's about who cheats better. I actually think it's a good idea to take Zhang Wei, at least they don't know him, it's an advantage."

Zhang Xiang released Zhang Wei: "Is it not inappropriate to take Zhang Wei, what if there's danger?"

"I'll be going together, there won't be danger. If there's danger with me around, then there's nowhere safe in this world." Yang Jian said, speaking with confidence.

Zhang Xianggu thought for a moment and agreed, nodding.

"Brother Tui, you know me, I've never cheated in my life, I've always won with my own skills. Give me a hundred bucks, and I can win it all from them, make them call me daddy."

Zhang Wei lifted his head, adjusted his trench coat, and then slicked back his hair, looking spirited and confident.

"Quit bragging, it won't kill you." Zhang Xianggu glared.

Zhang Wei said, "Dad, it seems you still don't understand me very well. No worries, I'll make you see me in a new light."

Liu Xiaoyu spoke up at this moment, "Yang Jian, you want to take Xiong Wenwen, right? He can foresee, knowing the results beforehand, which suits this trip well."

"Is foreknowledge really that outrageous?" Zhang Wei's eyes widened.

Yang Jian nodded, "Supernatural powers are indeed that outrageous. I plan to take Xiong Wenwen with me, his foresight doesn't fail when it doesn't involve supernatural matters."

Zhang Wei understood, "That's fair, having a cheat to prevent the opponent from cheating back is good, but the main force is still me. I'm aware of that."

"You're just here to make up the numbers, just don't cause trouble." Zhang Xianggu looked at Zhang Wei with a strange expression.

"Dad, you've lost a lot and you're talking nonsense again."

Zhang Wei shook his head, paying little mind to the words, automatically disregarding them.

"You little brat, how dare you mock me, I'll beat you when we get back." Zhang Xianggu said angrily.

"He's triggered, Brother Tui, look, my dad's now not only broke but triggered too. He used to say I was a fool giving money away all day, now that he's given so much away I haven't said a word. Although he's my dad, fairness is fairness, and I'm still actively contributing to the family." Zhang Wei said.

Zhang Xianggu, furious, looked around, as if searching for a stick, wishing he could beat Zhang Wei to death.

"President Zhang, calm down, calm down, this mess is really our fault." Wang Bin quickly restrained Zhang Xianggu.

After all, things had gotten out of hand, their assets were gone, being rebuked by his son was to be expected.

Yang Jian was also unfazed.

Zhang Wei and Zhang Xianggu were always at odds, it wasn't the first time this happened.

However, during their conversation, this matter was settled.

In Yang Jian's view, this was just a simple trip, nothing major. In his current state, with a dog in the supernatural circle, he could practically roam unchallenged.

After the conversation ended, Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu left, and Zhang Xianggu took Zhang Wei with him.

The office was quiet again.

Zhang Liqin cleaned up the coffee and tea on the table, while Jiang Yan excitedly hugged Yang Jian's neck from behind, "What time are we going out tomorrow so I can prepare a few nice outfits in advance? What type do you like, I'll wear it for you?"

"Jiang Yan, leave your personal matters for later, Yang Jian has other things to handle." Liu Xiaoyu said.

"What other things?" Jiang Yan asked curiously.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "Of course, it's matters in the supernatural circle."

"Report anything going on recently as soon as possible." Yang Jian gestured with a wave of his hand.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "Yang Jian, have you forgotten? There's an incident designated as the Black Umbrella near Dachang City. Feng Quan was monitoring the movements there, but after you got involved in the Ghost Lake incident Feng Quan was transferred. Now, Tong Qian is responsible for observing, but just yesterday, Tong Qian had to return to Zhongshan City where he was previously in charge."

"Currently, Wang Yong is keeping an eye on it, but Wang Yong's report from last night shows something unusual; the Ghost Domain has started moving."

As she said this, she handed over several satellite images.

The images showed an area that was indistinct, as if something was interfering with the signal. Comparing a series of images, it was clear that the area affected by the interference was moving. Over one day, it had already moved several tens of kilometers.

"It's moving south and not heading toward Dachang City." Yang Jian looked at it.

"You should find some time to resolve this." Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian nodded, "You're right, I'll deal with it when I get back. But wasn't there a method using the White Ghost Candle to attract and fix the range of the Black Umbrella? How could it move uncontrollably this time?"

"The White Ghost Candle can indeed attract the Black Umbrella, but once the candle goes out, the Black Umbrella will continue in one direction. Wang Yong suspects that someone or something at that location is attracting the ghost." Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian pondered over this.

Wang Yong's suspicion wasn't wrong, but dealing with the Black Umbrella is very risky.

The Ghost Domain layers upon layers within the umbrella, and if you delve deep enough, there's a possibility of getting lost. So Yang Jian didn't want to prioritize it because if anything went wrong, he'd be trapped. At the very least, he wanted to wait until he had finished dealing with the matters at hand before considering it.

"By the way, why did Tong Qian return this time? Please don't tell me it's about the Caesar Hotel." Yang Jian shifted the topic, asking.

Liu Xiaoyu said gravely, "You guessed right, there's a supernatural phenomenon at the Caesar Hotel, and Tong Qian is going to investigate it this time."

"Tell him not to go alone." Yang Jian immediately said.

The place at the Caesar Hotel is eerie and dangerous, even he dared not easily step in. If Tong Qian recklessly acted alone, he'd end up very badly.

"Tong Qian is not acting recklessly; he is just observing the situation to determine the scope of the supernatural influence." Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian nodded, "That's fine, this matter is of a higher priority. I'll check out the Caesar Hotel after returning from Da'ao City this time."

"Perhaps you should take a look first to prevent any accidents." Liu Xiaoyu suggested.

Yang Jian said, "If an accident were to happen, it would have already happened; a few days earlier or later won't make a difference. Are those all the reports? Is there nothing else?"

"There's more. The Exorcism Club in Japan sent someone who wants to contact you. Their liaison is staying at the Shangtong Tower. Do you have time to meet them?" Liu Xiaoyu added.

"No time, I just got back, and I have no mood to meet others. Let them wait." Yang Jian waved them off.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "That's all on the agenda. There are some less important matters, but your secretary can report those to you."

"Got it."

After listening to the recent reports, Yang Jian remained silent for a moment.

Things were piling up.

Unconsciously, supernatural events have started to become uncontrollable, and the situation is worsening faster than expected.

Chapter 1148 - Setting Off

"Yang Jian, do you think I look better in this outfit or this one?"

Back at home.

Jiang Yan couldn't wait to open her wardrobe and take out the clothes she had bought and treasured for a long time, trying them on one by one. She was like a fashion showgirl, constantly changing outfits.

Every time she changed, she would run to the fourth floor to show Yang Jian.

The fourth floor was the swimming pool and gym.

At this moment, Yang Jian was half-submerged in the swimming pool. His skin was pale and cold, lacking color, and there was no expression on his face, numb and slightly stiff.

Jiang Yan appeared in a short skirt, revealing her long, white legs, which would attract any gaze on the street, but Yang Jian only glanced briefly without paying much attention.

"Can you be a little quieter?"

"Then I'll wear them all and show you later." Jiang Yan giggled, not upset by Yang Jian's indifferent attitude.

After Jiang Yan turned and left.

Yang Jian's body suddenly sank in the swimming pool, completely submerging underwater.

Incredibly, he couldn't be found in the shallow pool, as if the water had swallowed him completely, disappearing right before the eyes.

Ripples softly spread across the water surface.

A lingering gloom stirred at the bottom, as if the darkness below connected to some unknown and terrifying place, instilling fear.

The situation lasted for an unknown amount of time.

Perhaps ten minutes, perhaps half an hour, until bubbles broke the eerie calm on the water's surface.

Yang Jian gradually emerged from the water again, still half of his body submerged, dripping wet.

But without a doubt.

He had indeed disappeared just now.

"I see, water territories eroded by supernatural forces are connected, even without direct contact. As long as there is water, they can link together. Simply put, I can use the water in my home's pool as a medium to travel to Ghost Lake and even other places."

Yang Jian's brows slightly furrowed, understanding more about the Ghost Lake supernatural he controlled.

This was more unique than the Ghost Domain's supernatural power.

The Ghost Domain still requires supernatural power to cover an area.

But this doesn't need such things.

Even with just a puddle of water underfoot, Yang Jian could immediately submerge and use it as a medium to connect to his home's swimming pool.

This only applied when the Ghost Lake supernatural power Yang Jian controlled didn't spread.

If this supernatural power were to fully expand.

Then Yang Jian could easily use lake water as a medium to control all water territories, and such control ignores distance, even including international waters if he wished.

"Thankfully, the containment of Ghost Lake was timely before. Otherwise, the fierce ghosts from Ghost Lake would invade cities through water territories, but such containment surely couldn't completely stop Ghost Lake, as it still exists through other mediums outside and could manifest again."

Yang Jian's heart gradually sank again.

Even when sealing regions and altering landscapes using his controlled Ghost Lake supernatural to block Ghost Lake, he still couldn't completely seal it.

The only solution was to fully harness Ghost Lake, at the very least to acquire no less than fifty percent of its supernatural power.

After pondering for a long time.

Yang Jian slightly shook his head: "Forget it, the Ghost Lake matter has concluded for now. No one can predict what might happen later; I can only take one step at a time. That thing is too occult and frightening that even the captain might accidentally get killed. I've done all I could."

No longer pondering, he slowly stepped out from the swimming pool.

Yang Jian was soaking wet, with water dripping down incessantly, but then they all gathered and, in an unreasonable manner, flowed back into the swimming pool.

In an instant, there wasn't a drop of water on the ground, and Yang Jian became dry.

Yet his skin remained as pale as ever without a trace of blood like ice-cold lake water.

The supernatural erosion was irreversible.

Even the Deceiving Ghost couldn't restore Yang Jian's current body.

Previously, Yang Jian could briefly return to a normal human body using the supernatural power of Deceiving Ghost, but now, even if he changed immediately to a brand new living body, that new body would be instantly eroded into a cold corpse.

Temperature had lost its meaning for him.

Return to the bedroom on the fifth floor for rest.

That night, Yang Jian dreamt again, where he was a regular person without supernatural erosion, having normal human emotions.

The dream world was vast, with everyone he'd met and every city he'd visited, all so real. He could feel cold, hunger, pain in the dream... the only difference from reality was that a large black dog constantly accompanied him.

Though the dream belonged to Yang Jian, it was constructed by the black dog's supernatural dream.

The collaboration of one human and one dog could create this unique personal dream world.

Though Yang Jian lost the warmth of a living body in reality, he gained the experience of normal life within the dream, meaning he could sleep peacefully from today without being on edge or forced to stay awake.

"A rather good night."

Early the next morning.

Yang Jian awoke from his dream, feeling a strange sense of calm and satisfaction, his entire body feeling much more relaxed. Even though his body was cold and eerie, his mental state was more normal than ever before.

It seemed that the supernatural invasion of his psyche had begun to reverse on this very day.

Oppressed during the day, relaxed in dreams at night.

At this moment, Yang Jian found a good way of living.

"President Yang, are you awake? Should we start heading to Da'ao City? I've already notified everyone, we're just waiting for you." At this moment, Zhang Liqin's voice came from downstairs, calling Yang Jian to get up.

Because it was her first time seeing that Yang Jian hadn't come down from the fifth floor by nine in the morning.

At this moment, Zhang Liqin was beginning to wonder if Yang Jian was still on the fifth floor.

However, hearing some movement from the fifth floor, she immediately called out tentatively.

"Coming," Yang Jian responded.

Soon, he tidied himself up, changed his clothes, and came downstairs.

In the hall, Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin were already dressed and made-up, waiting. At the same time, Xiong Wenwen was sitting on the sofa, playing games on his phone.

"Zhang Liqin, you stay. This time, don't go with us to Da'ao City. There's no one home, I need someone to stay and take care of my mom." Yang Jian thought for a moment and said.

Zhang Liqin paused for a moment, then seemed a bit resentful, reluctantly nodding her head, "I understand, I'll stay and take care of Auntie."

"Thanks," Yang Jian nodded.

"No worries, it's what I should do. You guys should go early and come back early, and take care on the road." Although Zhang Liqin was a bit disappointed, she didn't complain.

"Jiang Yan, you guys have fun."

Jiang Yan smiled and said, "Sister Qin, don't worry. I'll bring you a gift when I return. If you want to buy something, you can also send me a message to let me know."

"Let's go."

Without wasting time, Yang Jian directly took Jiang Yan and Xiong Wenwen and disappeared from the living room.

Before leaving, he did not forget to take the cracked spear with him.

It's always wise to bring some supernatural weapons and items just in case.

In the blink of an eye.

The three of them appeared at the airport of Dachang City.

A private jet belonging to Yang Jian was ready for takeoff, while Wang Bin, Zhang Xiang, Zhang Wei, and several other accompanying executives were already seated in the cabin.

The private jet's origin was actually related to Yang Jian's trip to Japan to deal with a supernatural incident and his dealings with the Exorcism Club there.

The Exorcism Club in Japan wasn't stingy about such a minor issue.

The airplane's interior was lavishly decorated, and the Exorcism Club had originally arranged for Japanese flight attendants to serve on the plane, but Yang Jian felt the Exorcism Club was problematic, so he replaced them all. Even the pilot was hired through Liu Xiaoyu from headquarters, ensuring clean backgrounds without potential risks.

"President Yang."

"Yang Jian, you're here."

"Brother Tui, come sit here."

As soon as he boarded the plane, the people on the plane greeted him, and Zhang Wei even waved to indicate Yang Jian to sit with him.

"Team Yang, could you tell when we will take off?" At this moment, a flight attendant came over to ask.

Yang Jian was about to answer, but then hesitated upon seeing the flight attendant: "Is it you? I know you; we met before on that flight."

A memory surged forth; he had seen this flight attendant before during his first flight to headquarters, during which they encountered the Ghost Hand incident where some people died.

"Team Yang's memory is really good," Wang Dong smiled. "Last time it was thanks to your help."

"It's just some trivial matters," Yang Jian waved his hand, unconcerned about these minor details.

He had saved many people, directly or indirectly.

However, he wasn't interested in these polite words.

"Don't waste time. Let's depart for Da'ao City now," Yang Jian said.

Wang Dong nodded, "Okay, I'll go notify the pilot and prepare for takeoff immediately."

With that, he turned and left.

And with Yang Jian's plane on the move, the airport on the side of Da'ao City immediately received the message.

This was meant to be a routine flight.

But the private jet carried Ghost Eye Yang Jian from the supernatural circle, and this movement would trigger many people's nerves.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian is coming."

The Da'ao City supernatural circle quickly spread this news at an incredible speed.

In modern society, the importance of information and intelligence speaks for itself.

Nobody wants to be the one left clueless in the dark.

Chapter 1149 - Xinji Restaurant

Yang Jian's private plane took off from Dachang City, with a direct flight path to Da'ao City Airport.

On the plane, most people were in an optimistic mood, especially Jiang Yan, who treated this trip as a vacation. She was still checking guides, planning to visit places and share on social media.

Jiang Yan knew very well that this didn't involve supernatural events, just some ordinary business disputes, and these matters were trivial to Yang Jian.

However, Wang Bin and Zhang Xiangui were quite apprehensive.

"Dad, having fun is the most important part of going out. Don't have that look as if you've encountered a cheat in a game. I've got everything covered," Zhang Wei surprisingly comforted him.

Sitting on the cabin's sofa, Zhang Xiangui glanced over, picked up a glass of red wine, and drank it all, not wanting to pay attention to his naive son.

Saying more to him feels embarrassing.

"Brother Tui, I'm a bit worried about my dad acting like this. Could you possibly persuade him? What if something happens to him? Although I'm very independent, persuading people isn't my strong suit, and I'm aware of that."

Zhang Wei again became concerned.

Yang Jian replied, "Your dad is just worried, that's normal. Uncle Zhang, you should relax. After all, I've come here personally."

Zhang Xiangyu said, "This matter might involve the supernatural realm. If issues escalate, they'll be hard to resolve because business complications involving such things become very complex. I'm only worried about this."

"Don't worry, everything will go smoothly. If anything doesn't, I'll handle it."

Yang Jian smiled slightly, signaling him not to worry.

But this is normal, as Zhang Xiangyu isn't part of the supernatural realm and is naturally fearful of it, which is understandable.

In their casual chat,

the plane had already reached the skies above Da'ao City. As the engine's roar subsided, the plane finally landed smoothly at the airport.

The flight was smooth.

The cabin door opened and the group disembarked.

"Xiao Yang, you really lack status and presence. There's not even a reception upon landing. Who's responsible in Da'ao City? Can't even show up to greet us. If you can't manage, maybe use my Daddy Xiong's name; mine might be more effective." Xiong Wenwen said while looking around.

Without any special staff to greet them, he was instantly displeased.

"Tch."

Suddenly, Xiong Wenwen said, "Who spit at me?"

"Why are you looking at me? Am I, Ah Wei, someone who spits randomly?" Zhang Wei glared.

"Seems like you did," Xiong Wenwen said.

Zhang Wei replied, "Kids should talk with evidence, you can't slander someone without proof. If you have evidence, show it, and I'll definitely admit it."

"Daddy Xiong doesn't need evidence to act. It was you who spit; not admitting is useless." Xiong Wenwen was slightly angry.

"Since you said that, I'll just tell the truth then. Yang Jian spat earlier, I saw it with my own eyes. If you want revenge, go find him." Zhang Wei immediately pointed at Yang Jian ahead.

"Do you think Daddy Xiong is a three-year-old? Trying to trick me?" Xiong Wenwen stared at him.

Unconcerned, Zhang Wei looked around, blew a raspberry, and quickly slipped away, showing he wouldn't stoop to argue with a kid.

"Don't think of running." Xiong Wenwen immediately chased after him.

But Zhang Wei ran too quickly; Xiong Wenwen simply couldn't catch up. Moreover, he didn't have ghost domain powers, so his running speed was just that of a normal child, somewhat even clumsy because his body was light and could easily trip.

The others didn't pay much attention to their bickering.

"Yang Jian, where are we heading now? Do you have any plans or arrangements?" Wang Bin approached and asked.

"No particular plans, just check into a hotel, drop off luggage, and then visit the place where you lost money before." Yang Jian casually said.

Jiang Yan cheerfully linked her arm with his and said, "Why don't we grab a bite first? I saw a famous restaurant online here, I want to try it."

"We'll eat at the restaurant you mentioned once we're hungry; no rush, take it easy." Yang Jian slightly nodded, his gaze casually sweeping toward a certain area in the airport.

A man in a suit, pretending to read a magazine on a resting bench, suddenly had a drastic change in expression, quickly retracted his gaze, and instinctively tensed up.

A strong sense of crisis surged in his heart.

He knew exactly who he was secretly observing, understanding the risk involved.

However, he didn't expect Yang Jian to be so alert to ordinary people's covert watching. Normally, ghost handlers were only sensitive to supernatural phenomena, indifferent to ordinary people and events.

Yang Jian didn't take any action, merely ignored the man shortly.

"Indeed, that overseer Lok Sheng still feels uneasy about me, covertly assigning people to surveil me. But this carries a bit of a guilty conscience. Instead, he should openly appear before me to understand

my movements. From another perspective, is he not coming to the airport because he fears I'll actually eliminate him?"

"Or maybe his background isn't clean, afraid I'll find something out."

In an instant, Yang Jian's mind raced with thoughts.

In reality, his speculation wasn't wrong.

Inside a seemingly ordinary teahouse in Da'ao City,

a man in a leather jacket, with a headscarf, approximately twenty-eight to twenty-nine years old, was sitting at a dining table, sipping tea and eating bread, chewing vigorously, while staring expressionlessly at the opposite side.

"Lok Sheng, Yang Jian has already landed, now at the airport, in an hour or less, he might appear at Daxing Entertainment City across from here. What will happen then is uncertain, and yet you still have the mood to eat bread here."

The speaker was a young man in a suit, around twenty years old. He looked exhausted and terribly sleepy, with dark circles under his eyes, as if he hadn't slept well for many days.

"Your nonsense is too much. Can I control where Yang Jian goes? He's a legitimate Captain Level figure; he even won over Ye Zhen in Dahai City. Meeting him could easily get me killed; I won't take that risk."

Lok Sheng took a deep sip of the milk tea.

"Besides, I have no interactions or conflicts with him, and after all, I'm also someone from the headquarters. He can't possibly come to me and start something, right?"

"Whatever happens in your territory, you can't escape the blame."

The young man in the suit said coldly, "There are some things you can't ignore just by pretending to be deaf and dumb. What is meant to come will eventually come."

"We'll deal with it when it happens." Lok Sheng finished his pineapple bun, drank his milk tea, and stood up.

"To be honest, I'm quite looking forward to Yang Jian's next move. It's just Da'ao City. If he wants to cause a scene, let him. I don't care. I also want to know how things will end between you and Yang Jian."

After saying this, Lok Sheng walked out without looking back.

He didn't go far but directly walked across the street to a place called Daxing Entertainment City.

"Yang Jian, it's surprising how weighty that name is. As soon as he arrived in Da'ao City, Lok Sheng immediately got scared and didn't dare to even meet him. His attitude wasn't like this before. Or has he recently received some intelligence about Yang Jian, so he changed suddenly?"

The young man in the suit pondered in silence for a moment.

"But what surprised me was that Yang Jian even brought Zhang Wei this time. He really considers this a vacation, so confident! Well, the more confident he is, the easier it is for things to go wrong."

It seems he's very familiar with Yang Jian, even knowing Zhang Wei, who's with him.

After a while, he also got up and left, and he too walked into Daxing Entertainment City across the street.

At this moment, Yang Jian and his group were riding a bus, traveling through the city.

There was no one to pick them up, and a taxi couldn't fit everyone, so they simply took a bus.

On the bus.

Yang Jian leaned against the window, calmly watching the city outside. After a while, he spoke: "Uncle Zhang, let's arrange a dinner tonight. Invite that broker Qian Xin and the investor who said they want to invest in our company."

"Yang Jian, I'm afraid it will be difficult to contact both of them," Zhang Xianggu said with a slightly troubled expression.

"Find an intermediary, have someone else call them, as long as the call goes through. Tell them Ghost Eye Yang Jian invites them to dinner in Da'ao City and hopes they can be punctual at six o'clock tonight. If they don't show up, they will bear the consequences."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, he added, "Jiang Yan, what's the name of that famous restaurant you mentioned before?"

Jiang Yan immediately replied, "It's called Xinji Restaurant."

"Then it will be there," Yang Jian nodded.

Zhang Xianggu said solemnly, "Then I'll try calling through an intermediary."

Wang Bin said, "I also know a few intermediaries. If you can't reach them, I can help."

"President Ma from earlier in Dachang City knows them, I believe he can make contact." As Zhang Xiang spoke, he was already making a phone call.

Very quickly, the call went through. The person named President Ma on the other end was very enthusiastic and polite and immediately agreed to the matter, promising to pass on the message.

After a short while.

President Ma returned with a message: "President Zhang, that Qian Xin is currently abroad and can't make it, and the investor he mentioned has an urgent matter and can't attend either..."

"Yang Jian, they've refused," Zhang Xiang said with a grimace.

Yang Jian smiled at this moment: "So there really are people in this world who are not afraid of death. Tell President Ma to send another message. Give them ten minutes to think it over. After ten minutes, I will personally take action."

"Okay, okay," Zhang Xiang immediately dialed another call.

President Ma said he was willing to try again and contacted them once more.

This time the other party relented and said they were willing to meet at six o'clock tonight, but they hoped Yang Jian would personally guarantee their personal safety.

"Still daring to bargain. Xiao Yang, these two people are too arrogant. Just say the word, and Daddy Xiong will immediately go and beat them up," Xiong Wenwen was very angry as he stood up at this moment.

"It's not good for a child to be so violent. You should behave more. Be careful your mom doesn't give you more homework when she finds out later."

Yang Jian just waved his hand and said, "Uncle Zhang, you can hang up now, don't say anything more. Talking to people like this is just a waste of time. Don't worry, they will come."

"Why is that? If they don't show up, we won't have any good solutions." Wang Bin asked.

"In front of me, the further they run, the safer they won't be. They're already scared. This so-called bargaining is just self-deception,"

Yang Jian shook his head and said, "But they shouldn't be people from the supernatural world, or they wouldn't dare talk to me like that in the first place. However, they should have some idea of the kind of person they've offended, since I told them who I am. With their information channels, they should be able to find out some information."

But in his heart, these two people were already essentially dead.

So tonight's dinner wasn't a Hongmen Banquet but rather a Last Supper.

Perhaps due to his unhappy mood, there was a low, beast-like growl from inside the carriage beside him.

"Are you angry too?" Yang Jian looked at the car window in front of him.

It seemed like the reflection of a black evil hound with bared fangs and a fierce, terrifying look appeared on the car window.

Zhang Xiang and Wang Bin both nodded.

It seems that dealing with such people by conventional means is useless, and supernatural methods that defy reason are needed after all.

No wonder Yang Jian often resorts to fighting.

It is indeed effective.

Although violence can't solve the problem, it can eliminate the people who cause the problem.

Chapter 1150 - The Same Lock

Inside a luxury hotel in Da'ao City.

"Wow, this is really amazing, Yang Jian, look at this presidential suite bed, it's so big and soft. Do you want to try it?"

Jiang Yan lay on the bed, rolling around with a smile on her face, then turned her gaze with a hint of seduction towards Yang Jian standing by the window.

Yang Jian ignored her. This room was on a high floor of the hotel, overlooking Da'ao City.

At this moment, the ghost-eye had opened, and the city was being spied upon by him, exposing all its secrets and hidden things.

But there were also places here that he couldn't spy on.

A few safehouses, an old house, a rental apartment, a villa... and a place called Daxing Entertainment City.

Some of these places were blocked by Gold, some were shrouded in supernatural interference, obstructing his vision, while others exuded mystery and eeriness, hinting at the presence of lingering ghosts.

Clearly, beneath this seemingly prosperous and peaceful city lay some unknown terrors.

"Daxing Entertainment City? It seems the place where Wang Bin and Zhang Xiangui went before was there. Sure enough, there is supernatural interference. So, their terrible loss wasn't just due to bad luck but supernatural influence. As I had suspected, this is a setup targeting me," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He didn't believe the other party would use supernatural powers just for Zhang Xiangui and Wang Bin's wealth worth billions.

Everyone in the supernatural circle knows that Shangtong Tower in Dachang City is Yang Jian's place.

"What are you looking at? Is it that interesting? Standing at the window all day, don't you ever get tired of looking?" Jiang Yan pouted slightly, complaining as she walked over.

She too tried to look outside.

Although the scenery wasn't much, it became boring after a while.

Yang Jian slowly withdrew his gaze at this moment, then turned to ask, "This time we might come into contact with people from the supernatural circle. If you're scared, you can fly back now."

"Hmm?" Jiang Yan blinked: "That makes me even more determined not to go back."

"Why?" Yang Jian asked. "Have you become braver?"

Jiang Yan giggled, holding onto his arm: "Where else would be safer than by your side? If you can't protect me, I wouldn't be alive today. Also, if they want to deal with me, they'd have to deal with you first. If they really want to come after me, hiding anywhere would be useless, don't you think?"

"You've become smarter." Yang Jian looked at her, then slowly turned his gaze away.

"I'm not stupid." Jiang Yan pouted.

Indeed, as long as Yang Jian was alive, those around him would always be safe. No one would be foolish enough to bypass Yang Jian and target his people, as it would only infuriate him, causing even more trouble.

Moreover, the only real threats were the ghost tamers; ordinary people posed no threat.

Last time when Zhang Wei was kidnapped by Sun Ren, Sun Ren didn't dare to harm him but released him immediately after getting what he wanted.

Because Sun Ren knew his aim was to gain profit, not to provoke Yang Jian and be hunted by a top ghost tamer.

"Since you're not stupid, stay in the hotel. I'm going out for a walk alone now," Yang Jian said.

"Weren't we supposed to be traveling together? Why not take me with you?" Jiang Yan asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Your mouth is too noisy, just like my mom. I'll show up for dinner at six, let Wang Bin and Zhang Xiang be ready; the location remains the same, at Xinji Restaurant."

As he finished speaking, a red light suddenly flashed around.

Then he abruptly vanished before her eyes, leaving no trace.

Jiang Yan wasn't surprised by such sudden disappearances, but she started to doubt herself, "Am I really that annoying? No way, he's trying to shake me off by saying that. I can't be fooled. If I'm a mute every day, I'd surely be ignored. Only by clinging to him more can I make him care more about me."

She fantasized, persistently trying to win over Yang Jian.

This was the biggest adjustment in her life, and Jiang Yan was eagerly immersed in it.

After Yang Jian left the hotel, he didn't wander around Da'ao City. He was unfamiliar with this city, feeling alienated by its culture and environment. As someone who had lived in Dachang City for a long time, he felt out of place here.

But he still decided to explore a few places.

Soon.

He appeared in front of an underground safehouse.

"A high-level safehouse." Yang Jian squinted slightly, placing his hand on the cold metal door.

Grabbing the door handle, he pulled it strongly.

The heavy metal door deformed instantly, and red lights started flashing around, triggering alarms.

But Yang Jian was unfazed, continuing to open the safehouse door by force.

He stepped inside, finding a large basement with food, water, and some survival equipment stored there. Besides, there were some valuable items like antiques, paintings, and gold.

"A safehouse only used to store wealth? Must have been built for emergencies. My concern is unnecessary."

After taking a quick tour around, Yang Jian shook his head and left promptly.

He hadn't been gone long.

People arrived with security guards at the safehouse in haste.

"The outside alarm didn't trigger, but the one inside the safehouse did. Someone breached it and opened the safehouse directly."

Leading the group was a mature man in his thirties. His face looked somewhat grim as he went inside to take stock.

He discovered that nothing was lost; only the main door had been damaged.

"Someone from the supernatural circle has been here, and they're a figure not to be trifled with."

The man took a deep breath, his body trembling slightly with an inexplicable fear.

Despite the high level of security, the intruder seemed to have strolled in and out effortlessly, as if on a casual walk.

"Go check the surveillance cameras." The mature man snapped back to reality, ready to review the footage to see who had visited this place.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian had already gone to investigate another location. He didn't find anything wrong with his actions,

as he needed to check for hidden dangers and ascertain what was inside the safe house.

The second location was not a safe house but a residential building in the old part of Da'ao City.

It was a 24-story old building, but due to years of disrepair and incomplete facilities, few people lived there. Only some old folks clinging to the past and some tenants temporarily living there due to financial difficulties.

Even so, the building was not fully occupied.

Yang Jian stopped in front of the building, not entering it.

Passersby cast curious and odd looks at him as he stood there.

"Young man, looking to rent a place? I have an apartment, cheap for rent," an elderly man greeted him with a smile.

Yang Jian glanced at him without speaking.

At this moment, a woman nearby warned, "Young man, don't rent here. Recently, several young men disappeared inside this building. An old lady said she saw ghosts in the corridors. There's something unclean here, and they say at night, strange people roam the halls like they're searching for something."

"This place is quite eerie; if you listen to me, you'd hurry and look elsewhere."

"What eerie stuff? Don't listen to that old lady's nonsense. I grew up here; if there were ghosts, how could I still be alive?" the old man loudly retorted.

"Just because there weren't any before doesn't mean there aren't any now," the woman replied.

The old man, angry at having his business interrupted, started cursing, while the woman didn't back down, and the two began arguing below the building.

Yang Jian remained expressionless, still inspecting the building.

His Ghost Eye on his forehead began to peer in.

Exploring floor by floor.

At close range, Yang Jian could see things very clearly.

However, as he observed the first floor, second floor, third floor... when he reached the eighteenth floor,

suddenly,

a room's door started to shake violently but then quickly calmed down.

The door was tightly locked, with seven or eight locks of varying ages, the oldest being a rusty old brass lock, while the newest was added a couple of years ago, seemingly to ensure no one could open it.

Moreover, the door was very sturdy, with an iron gate outside. Without some brute force, there was no way to open it.

"Is there something supernatural inside?" Yang Jian stared at the oldest brass lock.

He had seen this type of brass lock before.

In the past, at the eerie mansion, he saw an identical brass lock on the door of the mysterious room where Sister Hong stayed.

However, the mansion's brass lock was well-preserved, while this one was covered in rust and dust.

"The same lock, the keys might be interchangeable; I might be able to open it," Yang Jian hesitated internally.

But eventually, he dismissed the idea.

This was Da'ao City, not his Dachang City. There was no need for him to create trouble.

If he opened that brass lock and something extraordinary got released, he would have to clean up the mess for the person in charge here.

Better not risk it.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian turned and walked away.

He headed to the third location he couldn't peer into.

The third place was an ancient mansion from the Republic of China Period that had not been abandoned. Instead, it was renovated and turned into a restaurant that was still operating, though it had few patrons. Business looked quite poor.

Yang Jian frowned slightly as he walked into the restaurant.

Upon entering, his expression darkened.

Because he smelled a familiar scent.

It was the smell of burning corpse oil.

Yang Jian looked up at the suspended oil lamp on the ceiling.

The source of the smell was there.

"A restaurant lighting a corpse oil lamp—is it cooking for the living or for the dead?" Yang Jian's eyes wandered slightly, observing the food on the customers' tables.