

Revival 156

Chapter 156: Methods of Dealing with It

The “Zhang Yuan” on the fourth floor quickly disappeared into the corridor and entered the building, leaving Yang Jian’s line of sight.

Losing track of the ghost was a dangerous situation.

However, due to the special nature of this ghost, Yang Jian believed that the people in the building were safe for the time being.

It was rare to come across a non-violent ghost.

In Yang Jian’s view, the Mirror Ghost was like a breath of fresh air in the world of malevolent spirits.

“Although this ghost poses a low threat and can at most be classified as a Category C, Restricted level, it has one very troublesome characteristic: it seems that this ghost cannot be contained,” Yang Jian reflected on the previous events.

The appearance and disappearance of this ghost were uncontrollable.

It was like a phantom that could appear and vanish at any moment.

This characteristic was not good news for a ghost controller.

Liu’s team’s efficiency was still very high.

Moreover, given that they were in their workplace with sufficient staff, finding a person in the entire building was quite easy.

It didn't take long.

One of the staff had already located "Zhang Yuan" on the surveillance footage in the control room.

"Captain Liu, we've confirmed the suspect's location; it's on the fifth floor in the archives room. The surveillance camera captured the suspect entering the archives room," they reported.

"Good, a few of you come with me. Immediately seal off the archives room, and the rest of you stay alert on the fourth floor. Keep an eye on all potential exits," Commander Liu ordered.

"Yes, Captain."

Liu then spoke into the phone, "Yang Jian, we've pinned him down, he's in the archives room on the fifth floor, hurry up and come here."

"I'm on my way."

After hanging up the phone, Yang Jian looked up at the floors above and frowned.

He had a question: what was it that made this ghost linger in this building and unwilling to leave?

But the intentions of a ghost were unfathomable; sometimes they had clear objectives, and sometimes they didn't. In any case, it was a dangerous existence.

Yet, he entered the building again and went straight to the fifth floor.

At that moment, on the fifth floor.

Commander Liu arrived promptly and inquired, "What's the situation now? I hope nothing has gone wrong."

A security officer guarding the door of the archives room reported, "No incidents so far. The suspect went into the archives room and has been quiet ever since. There's no sign of the suspect at the door, and we have no reports of casualties among the staff."

"As long as everyone is safe, that's good," Commander Liu said. "You've done well. The best way to handle these things is to keep your distance. Don't get close, and definitely don't try to apprehend them."

"Dealing with them is not something we can do."

"Continue to be on the lookout. Yang Jian will be up here shortly, and he'll have a way to deal with it."

Supernatural incidents were best left to ghost controllers, as ordinary people getting involved was a dead end.

"Oh no, damn it, there are footsteps coming from inside, the suspect is about to come out," suddenly, one of the observers changed their expression and hurriedly reported.

Footsteps from dress shoes echoed on the floor of the quiet archives room, gradually approaching the door, clearly indicating that someone was about to come out from inside.

Everyone surrounding the area tensed up, their faces managing to stay calm, but their hearts had risen to their throats.

Because they were all aware of the kind of entity they were about to confront.

Very soon.

With a blur of movement.

A man dressed in a uniform appeared before everyone.

This person looked exactly like Zhang Yuan who was trapped in the mirror; even the badge looked the same, except that the lettering on it was reversed.

“Captain, why are you guys here?”

Zhang Yuan walked out unhurriedly, paused, and in surprise turned to address the approaching Captain Liu outside the door.

The moment these words were spoken, a chilling horror gripped the hearts of Liu and his team. ‘Could this seemingly normal person really be a ghost?’

But the reality was right in front of them.

Commander Liu immediately warned, “Zhang Yuan, stay right there, don’t move.”

“Captain, what’s wrong? What happened?” the “Zhang Yuan” in front of them asked.

“You are currently a major suspect, and I am ordering you to stay put and not move. Everything will be explained once Yang Jian arrives,” Commander Liu said.

Zhang Yuan took another step, moving towards the door, and asked in confusion, “Yang Jian, who is that?”

“Stop, I’m ordering you to stop, do you hear me?” Commander Liu shouted.

As the team captain, he was responsible for the safety of everyone here. If this Zhang Yuan didn’t obey commands, he’d take immediate action.

This Zhang Yuan was too much of a problem; he couldn't allow this person to leave the archives room.

"Yang Jian, who is it?" Zhang Yuan asked again.

"I order you to stop, don't walk any further," Captain Liu spoke.

"Captain, what's wrong? What happened?" Zhang Yuan asked again.

The repetitive, mechanical question and answer made everyone's pupils involuntarily shrink.

Indeed, Zhang Yuan was acting very abnormally.

Zhang Yuan didn't stop at Captain Liu's words; he kept walking, and now the distance to the door was less than five meters—and still closing.

"Damn it," Captain Liu gritted his teeth, no more hesitations, he drew his gun and fired.

"Take action."

A gunshot sounded quickly.

At such close range, it was impossible to miss.

The bullet hit Zhang Yuan's arm.

However, he saw Zhang Yuan's arm just tremble slightly, clearly gaining a new bullet hole, but no blood flowed from the wound, and the man did not fall to the ground; not even half a pained expression appeared on his face—it all remained so calm.

"Damn ghost thing," Captain Liu exclaimed in shock and anger.

This shot confirmed Zhang Yuan's identity beyond doubt.

Another person wanted to shoot.

But at this moment, they stopped themselves from doing so.

"It's useless, firearms can't handle this thing. Your weapons are good for criminals, but shooting at this thing is nothing more than a show of courage or a waste of bullets," Yang Jian said.

"Yang, Yang Jian?" Captain Liu was startled, his mind had been so tense he hadn't even noticed Yang Jian approaching.

Yang Jian was now looking at the Zhang Yuan who was close at hand.

Without a doubt, this was a ghost.

He had encountered this ghost before, only that time it had a different identity.

"Captain, are there any cases left unhandled today? I think I should go to work," Zhang Yuan said again with a natural demeanor, showing no signs of discordance.

But even this natural response couldn't hide the mechanical nature of his replies.

Captain Liu's warning had been fully witnessed by Yang Jian.

If he asked the same question to this person, he would receive the exact same response.

In an ordinary conversation, it would be very difficult to notice this flaw since it's unlikely for one to repeatedly ask the same question to another person.

“Is there a way to deal with it?” Captain Liu didn’t respond to Zhang Yuan, but instead turned to inquire of Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, “It’s not hard to deal with, but it’s still only a temporary solution, not a cure. Special incidents like this are never that easy to resolve thoroughly.”

“He’s about to come out,” Captain Liu suddenly changed color.

Zhang Yuan had reached the doorway.

Within reach.

Almost about to touch it.

Though Captain Liu and the other staff dared to engage with the most dangerous criminals, they didn’t dare to face this special existence.

However, Yang Jian’s eyes narrowed slightly as he stood motionless at the door.

The method to handle this ghost was actually quite simple.

It had been pointed out by someone last time they met; all he had to do was to follow suit.

“What is your name?” Yang Jian asked.

“My name is Zhang Yuan,” he replied naturally, even with a smile on his face.

Yang Jian said, “You don’t have to pretend anymore, you are not Zhang Yuan, you are a ghost.”

Exposed!

Immediately, the smile on Zhang Yuan's face stiffened, then he went back to being expressionless, and his complexion gradually turned pale, his body beginning to stiffen... At the same time, his figure was fading away.

Like a drawing being rapidly erased by an eraser.

In just a moment.

A full-grown man vanished into thin air.

"No, he's gone?"

The personnel standing guard outside widened their eyes at this scene, feeling a shock as if their basic understanding of reality had been overturned.

Was this one of the urban legends—paranormal events?

They had heard about them, but this was their first time witnessing one.

Chapter 157: Follow Closely

"Resolved?"

Chief Liu's voice still carried the tremor of shock that had not yet subsided. He had witnessed a living person vanish into thin air right before his eyes due to something Yang Jian said, and he still had not calmed down.

“Chief Liu, are you joking? There’s no way this thing is so easily resolved, although it’s not particularly dangerous, it definitely is a very special ghost. If I’m not mistaken, it hasn’t disappeared but has just adopted another form of existence, and right now, it should be right behind us.”

Yang Jian suddenly spoke.

“What?”

The other officers were so startled that their hair stood on end, almost jumping reflexively to look back.

Behind them was a corridor, alongside which were a row of windows.

Each person’s reflection appeared on the glass of the windows, and among these reflections, there abruptly appeared an extra person.

This person, dressed in work clothes and of slender build, was oddly turned away from the group, slowly walking toward the staircase.

Looking back.

They were horrified to discover that no one in the vicinity had moved, no one had crossed the police line heading toward the stairs, and the person inside the glass simply did not exist in reality.

Yet this person, who did not exist in reality, was displayed in front of everyone through the reflection in the glass.

“This ghost doesn’t exist in reality, only in mirrors; the glass on the windows can show the existence of this ghost, but under certain specific conditions, it can walk out of the mirror. Although it hasn’t caused much harm yet, if it has some other purpose after leaving the mirror, it’s unimaginable.”

Yang Jian said, “The situation here is resolved for now. I’m going to track it. The rest is up to you, Chief Liu.”

“What about Zhang Yuan’s situation...?” Chief Liu remembered something and hurriedly asked.

He still had a subordinate caught inside a mirror.

Yang Jian replied, “Without being able to pinpoint the ghost’s location, it’s impossible to rescue anyone. Only this ghost can enter the mirror; that’s the only way. So I hope you, Chief Liu, are prepared for the possibility that the chances of rescuing anyone are slim. It’s not that I don’t want to help, but my assistance depends on the whims of that thing, and I hope you can understand and be sympathetic.”

After saying this, he immediately followed the reflection of the ghost that appeared in the glass, moving toward the fourth floor.

It was indeed difficult to rescue someone trapped inside a mirror by this ghost.

Last time, when Shangguan Yun was caught, it was purely a stroke of not too bad luck that the same mirror trapped both him and the ghost, coupled with Miao Xiaoshan acting as a decoy, which provided Yang Jian the opportunity.

But now?

So many mirrors were on each floor, who knew in which one the ghost would appear.

Arriving at the fourth floor,

Yang Jian looked back at the windows in the corridor.

Suddenly,

The reflection continued along the stairs toward the third floor, as if intending to leave the building.

Reaching the third floor,

Yang Jian glanced back at the glass, which showed that the ghost was still descending.

It was heading to the second floor.

Until at last,

Yang Jian followed it to the lobby on the first floor.

And then the ghost disappeared.

Without mirrors over this stretch, Yang Jian could not determine the direction and location of the ghost.

“No, I almost forgot, I don’t need to determine the ghost’s location at all. The ghost will only show up where Zhang Wei has been. So I just need to take Zhang Wei away,” Yang Jian suddenly remembered this critical point.

Following the ghost was too difficult to track.

It was better to let the ghost follow him.

With that thought, he immediately said to one of the staff, “Take me to the detention center; this is a special situation, and I hope you can cooperate.”

The staff member looked somewhat uncertain.

“Xiao Liu, work with him. He’s sent to deal with a special incident. Follow the rules; you should know about priorities. In face of special incidents, even I have to step back,”

At this point, Chief Liu hurried down and immediately said upon seeing this scene.

“Yes.” Xiao Liu’s expression became serious, and he quickly saluted.

“Please follow me,” he said, striding quickly down a passage; “The detainees are held in the back.”

“I need to take someone away. He’s involved in a special incident, and keeping him here will only cause more trouble for you. You must let me take that person at once, I’m going to draw the ghost somewhere else,” Yang Jian said.

“Alright, I understand.”

Xiao Liu said, “Special circumstances call for special measures. You take the person first, and I’ll deal with the paperwork later. The authorities will understand.”

“That’s good,” Yang Jian replied.

Very quickly,

The guard in charge of the detention room received the order and immediately said, “Releasing that person named Zhang Wei, right? No problem, he hasn’t committed any errors.”

“Is his mental state okay?” Yang Jian asked.

“I was feeling a bit down yesterday, but I’ve adapted today, and I’m in a good mood, currently singing,” said the staff member.

Just as Yang Jian was about to go in to fetch the person, he heard Zhang Wei’s singing voice drifting over.

“Lost contact while soliciting in Guangdong, sometimes I also miss the old days when we ‘gayed’ together... things have changed...”

“Zhang Wei, stop singing, someone’s here to pick you up, the paperwork is all done, you can leave now,” the staff member said.

“Huh?”

Zhang Wei was somewhat puzzled.

But when he saw Yang Jian walking over, his face showed surprise and delight, “Brother Tui, it’s really you, I knew you wouldn’t abandon me.”

“You’ve gotten yourself into big trouble and still have the mood to sing here,” Yang Jian said. “Hurry up and leave with me, every extra minute you stay here, everyone in this building is in danger.”

“Ah Wei, are you leaving? I didn’t expect that after meeting you, I would inevitably have to say goodbye,” a young man nearby said with some reluctance.

“After you get out, remember to call me when you want to buy an electric scooter, I have all kinds of goods.”

“Don’t randomly gesture with your hands when you’re on the road, it’s very dangerous. I just made a figure eight with my hands and got caught. Remember that,” he warned.

The others also had an air of farewell about them.

“Don’t worry, I won’t forget any of you,” Zhang Wei said, deeply moved.

A moment later.

Yang Jian left the station with Zhang Wei and immediately drove away from the crowded area.

“Damn, a Benz, is this your car? Brother Tui, you’ve become lavish. When did you buy it?” Zhang Wei asked, surprised.

“It was a gift from someone. But do you realize how much danger you’re in right now? You’ve been marked by a ghost, you know?” Yang Jian said as he drove.

“What’s this?”

Zhang Wei rifled through the glove compartment and upon opening it, saw several handguns inside.

“Oh my God, a Golden Desert Eagle, how do you have something like this?” he exclaimed, fondling the glittering gold gun, unable to take his eyes off of it.

“It was another gift. Right now, I’m taking you somewhere less crowded, think hard about whether you’ve come into contact with anything unusual lately,” Yang Jian said.

“What about the bullets? How come there are guns without bullets? And speaking of which, these are real, right?” Zhang Wei excitedly messed with the special gun in his hands.

Yang Jian had yet to speak.

Zhang Wei continued, “Brother Tui, since you have so many, how about gifting me one? The Golden Desert Eagle is my lifelong dream, please take pity on me and make it come true.”

“It’s illegal for you to have it.”

“It’s fine, I’ll just play with it at home.”

"This thing is very expensive, it's custom-made, all gold, and worth a villa. I only picked up a few myself, planning to use them as spares," Yang Jian said.

"You saying that just gets me more excited. Golden Desert Eagle, I wouldn't trade it for an entire building. Give me one, and I'll give you three villas and three shops, how does that sound?" Zhang Wei said. "You know I, Zhang Wei, don't have much, just some money, so don't look down on it."

Fuck.

That statement is just asking for trouble.

"If you can really get three villas and three shops, then I'll gift you the gun. Buy one, get one free, and I'll throw in a few bullets. These are special too, a hundred thousand on the black market each, not for use against ordinary people, but against ghosts. Just don't play around and lose them," Yang Jian said as he took out five golden bullets from his pocket and tossed them to Zhang Wei.

Sending one gun in exchange for a few villas didn't seem like a bad deal, after all, he had picked up several.

"Brother Tui is still Brother Tui, so generous; it's settled then," Zhang Wei said excitedly.

"Stop messing around with the gun and focus on the serious matter, how exactly did you come across that ghost?" Yang Jian said.

"I encountered it at home," Zhang Wei replied while puffing breaths onto the gun and wiping it, seemingly tasting its flavor.

"Then we'll go to your house," said Yang Jian immediately.

They had to find the root of the problem.

But as his car turned a corner, he saw through the windshield a person in work clothes, with a pale face, identical to Zhang Wei, standing in the middle of the road watching him.

“Has it appeared?”

Yang Jian’s face changed, and without hesitation, he floored the accelerator and drove straight at it.

But after the car ran over it, there was no sensation of impact.

It was just an illusion.

Looking again at the car’s rearview mirror.

He saw in the backseat, on what had been an empty seat, someone was now sitting motionless, dressed in work clothes with gruesome, pale hands resting on their knees, body stiff as a corpse.

Now, the ghost was in the carriage.

Yang Jian glanced at Zhang Wei, who was in the passenger seat.

The guy seemed to have no sense of danger, actually licking the gun barrel with his tongue, smacking his lips as if tasting it.

Could he be a pervert?

Chapter 158:

“Is this your house?”

Yang Jian drove Zhang Wei to a place that looked like an estate?

There were no skyscrapers in sight, just a series of high-end communities. In this part of the city, such a villa would start at tens of millions at the very least.

Those who could live here were all wealthy people.

“No, this is just one of my homes,” Zhang Wei said with a slight lift of his eyebrow, somewhat proudly.

“...”

Alright.

I shouldn't have asked, giving this guy a chance to show off.

“Sir, please stop your car.”

Just then, the community security stopped Yang Jian's car.

“Brother, is there a problem?” Yang Jian rolled down the window and asked.

“Sir, you're not a resident here, are you? We have a rule that non-residents are not allowed to enter,” said the security guard. “I hope you can cooperate with our work.”

“Zhang Wei, aren't you going to say something?” Yang Jian asked.

“Sir, what is your friend next to you doing?” The security guard strained to see that Zhang Wei seemed to be holding a gun, and immediately became alert.

“I'm playing with a handgun. What's up? Is there a problem?”

Zhang Wei looked up in confusion and said, "Why are you stopping the car? He's my friend, bringing me back. Can't we just be a little flexible here?"

The security guard scrutinized them, seemingly recognizing Zhang Wei and also noticing the Golden Desert Eagle in his hand, even the bullets beside it.

He thought for a moment and finally waved them through.

"It's okay, you can go in now."

"Thanks," Yang Jian said, and drove in.

"Your security here is really tight. It's different when you're rich. But you playing with a handgun so openly in the car, you could easily be reported. Can't you be a bit more mindful of your image?"

"The security here won't care about these things," Zhang Wei said. "It's not just handguns, even if you had a rocket launcher they wouldn't ask questions. The privacy of the residents is not for them to divulge. I even saw someone keeping a tiger in the community once."

"You're kidding, right? That kind of animal can be kept as a pet?"

"A little tiger, not much different from a dog. But it wasn't long before other residents reported it, and it was sent to the zoo," Zhang Wei explained. "Of course, that's nothing. I once saw a rich second-generation walking beauties in the garden, one on each hand."

"Walking beauties?" Yang Jian looked at him.

"Yeah, that with a leash around their necks, making the beauties crawl on the ground like dogs. I think one of them was even a minor celebrity."

"Damn, you rich people are really twisted," Yang Jian cursed.

"I also find it quite twisted. I often feel out of place with them because I'm not twisted enough, I just can't get into their circle. At one point, I even wondered if it was me who was not normal. Now I understand; it's them who aren't normal," Zhang Wei added, nodding earnestly.

"Now I understand why you're so outstanding," Yang Jian said.

Turns out this guy grew up among a bunch of wealthy eccentrics.

"The villa up ahead is my place," Zhang Wei pointed forward.

Soon.

A villa occupying nearly a thousand square meters appeared before them, with a swimming pool in the front yard and many precious landscaping trees in the backyard. Just by looking at it from the outside, one could tell it was extremely valuable.

"This guy isn't your average rich second-generation," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Being a second-generation rich depends on how rich you are. Zhang Wei's level probably meant his family had at least several billion; he was truly a tycoon.

But at the moment, there were police lines around the villa, an officer on duty, and a sign that read: Natural gas pipeline leak, danger, please keep away.

"It was Captain Liu who ordered it to be sealed off," Yang Jian remembered he had phoned Captain Liu before.

He had asked him to seal off Zhang Wei's residence.

The purpose was still to avoid the possibility of Zhang Wei's house being haunted, considering the safety of his family. And, of course, Captain Liu didn't want to see a supernatural event escalate and increase

casualties and losses in Dachang City, so for both public and private reasons, it was imperative to seal off the area.

And a false pretext is the best method to cover up the truth.

Otherwise, if the wealthy residents here knew there was a haunting, they would definitely run away at the first opportunity, leaving no trace behind.

"Hello, I am the special event resolver invited by Captain Liu to deal with the ghosts here. I need to enter this house now," Yang Jian walked over and spoke up directly.

"You are Yang Jian, right? We've met before at Furen Mall. It's really great that you could come. Otherwise, we really wouldn't know how long it would take to solve this issue," the case officer breathed a sigh of relief.

After all, keeping a potentially haunted house sealed off is a significant psychological burden.

Yang Jian said, "Leave the matter here to me, and you can withdraw your team."

"I have to request instructions for that," the case officer said, "But you may go in... Please be careful."

"Thanks."

Yang Jian nodded and then entered the villa.

Actually, he was very aware.

There were no ghosts in this house; everything was normal. The ghost from the mirror had been following Zhang Wei all along.

“What’s wrong? Standing at the door and not coming in?” Yang Jian walked in but saw Zhang Wei hesitate at the doorway.

“There might be a ghost in the house. I, Brother Tui, better not go in. You can handle it. I won’t be of any help,” Zhang Wei said with an awkward laugh.

Yang Jian said, “If you don’t come in, how can we resolve this? If you keep babbling, I’ll stop caring about you. This supernatural event is revolving around you; if you end up dead someday, don’t blame a friend for not helping you.”

“No need to take off your shoes. We also have juice, coffee, what would you like to drink?” Zhang Wei suddenly rushed into the house.

“Give me a glass of juice...”

Zhang Wei said, “The juice seems to have gone bad. I haven’t been home for the past few days, and there was no maid to take care of it.”

“Then coffee it is.”

“I can’t brew it.”

“Then plain water will do,” Yang Jian said.

“It seems the water is out,” Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian said, “Then forget it.”

“How can we forget it? It’s your first time at my place so I have to treat you well,” Zhang Wei said, “We definitely can’t let it go so easily. Tell me what you want to drink.”

"You don't have anything at home, what's there to drink?" Yang Jian said.

"How about I make do with something, and open a bottle of Lafite for you? I remember there are a few cases left in the wine cellar. There's also Maotai," Zhang Wei said. "Wait here for me."

"All right, all right, I know you're rich. Now let's talk business. When did you first encounter a ghost at home? Do you remember where it was?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Wei looked bewildered, "How would I know? Wasn't it you who said there was a ghost in my house?"

"..."

"I don't want to talk to you now. Whether your house is haunted or not, you'll see for yourself." Yang Jian saw a makeup mirror on the table and handed it to him.

"If I'm not mistaken, that ghost is still following you; you just can't see it. Use this mirror to look around yourself and see if there is something around you," he instructed.

"What are you joking about? With you, Brother Tui around, what demon or ghost would dare to harm me? There's no need to look," Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian said, "Are you scared?"

"I, Zhang Wei, scared? Brother Tui, that's not fair," Zhang Wei said.

"Then look for yourself," Yang Jian handed him the mirror again.

Zhang Wei swallowed, "Really look?"

"Of course."

Chapter 159: The Scene Freezes

Yang Jian had become certain that the ghost had been following Zhang Wei right from the start.

Wherever he appeared, the ghost would also appear.

Earlier on the road, Yang Jian had already seen it; he could even be sure that the ghost was sitting right there in the car.

Now, Yang Jian and Zhang Wei had entered the villa.

If he wasn't mistaken, the ghost should have followed them inside as well.

However, this ghost was invisible to the naked eye and could only be seen with the help of a mirror—of course, other reflective objects could also make it visible.

"You need to understand that there's a ghost right beside you at this moment," Yang Jian said earnestly, "Even though it poses no threat to you for now, it's quite dangerous for it to keep following you, since I can't be certain that the ghost will always remain in this state."

"Once the ghost's state changes, it might become extremely terrifying."

Ghosts do not always remain in the same state; some ghosts constantly change—sometimes they are harmless, and at other times, they are exceedingly dreadful.

"Everything looks normal at home, could it be that you've made a mistake, Brother Tui?" As Zhang Wei looked at the mirror before him, he felt it hot to the touch,

and dared not to take it.

“That’s why under uncertain circumstances, it’s best to see for yourself,” said Yang Jian, “That way, in the future, you can take precautions.”

Zhang Wei glanced at the empty living room.

No matter how he looked, he couldn’t see any hint of a ghost, but Yang Jian’s words forced him to confront a fact.

“Then... I’ll just take a look,” Zhang Wei picked up the makeup mirror and glanced at his own face.

“See, there’s nothing. No ghost at all,”

he quickly set the mirror back down.

Yang Jian said, “Try turning around, who said the ghost must stand behind you?”

“Turn around, then,” Zhang Wei hesitated for a moment, picked up the mirror again, and looked at himself, then rotated the mirror left and right, reflecting the surroundings of his home in the mirror.

“Still nothing, there’s no ghost behind in the dining area, not by the study there, nor by the kitchen’s location...”

But when his mirror swung to the couch nearby, his pupils suddenly shrank, and his heart stopped beating in an instant.

A person was standing behind the couch.

That person wore dirty work clothes, stood rigid, with a deathly pale, bloodless complexion, eyes numb and vacant. As Zhang Wei looked at it through the mirror, the figure also turned its head slightly and saw Zhang Wei.

“Damn!”

Zhang Wei was startled, shuddering all over, and the makeup mirror in his hand flew out, smashing to pieces on the floor.

“Did you see it? Where’s the ghost?” Yang Jian asked calmly, seated unflinching by the side.

“It’s, it’s standing behind that couch,” Zhang Wei said, shivering as he pointed to a solitary couch nearby.

Yang Jian glanced over, and there was no one there.

This was normal.

The ghost could only be seen through a glass, invisible to the naked eye, and even his ghostly sight was no different; this ghost existed within the mirror and, for now, could not interfere with reality.

“See, I guessed right, didn’t I? It came over, and it has been with you since the class reunion,” said Yang Jian.

“Then, what do we do now?” Zhang Wei asked.

Yang Jian replied, “We need to find the source. This Mirror Ghost is following you for a reason, but I’m not aware of what that reason is. That’s why I had to come here. The first paranormal event you encountered was at your home, so I speculate that the source may be here. Think about it, has anything unusual happened at home?”

“From what I’ve experienced so far, the chances of a ghost appearing out of thin air in your home should be slim, of course, but we shouldn’t rule out the possibility completely.”

“Just now, I was so scared that I almost pissed myself—let me calm down a bit,” said Zhang Wei.

Yang Jian said, "Then calm down a bit, no need to be too scared, it has at least been following you for a couple of weeks now. I have to say, you're quite lucky, that ghost hasn't found the chance to strike yet; of course, that also has to do with your living environment."

This high-end residential area had a very low population density.

The villas were very far apart from each other.

Under these circumstances, the ghost rarely had the opportunity to strike.

However, starting from the class reunion, when Shangguan Yun was attacked, and one of the staff members under Captain Liu, Zhang Yuan, was assaulted, it was evident that once they entered an environment with more people, the ghost had a much higher chance of succeeding.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, at that moment, Yang Jian looked up toward the second floor.

"Wasn't the villa sealed off? There should only be the two of us here, but I just thought I heard some noise coming from upstairs."

"No way, could there be something that frightening happening?" Zhang Wei shuddered again.

"Shh! Don't talk, just listen carefully."

They both kept quiet.

Indeed.

There was a disturbance coming from the direction of the second floor, but the sound was soft and indistinct.

It was like someone talking, or perhaps the sound of someone struggling in pain.

“There is really some noise, let’s go have a look,” Yang Jian said.

“Go up there and look? Curiosity could kill you, why not just call the police? Or should I set a fire and burn this haunted house down? See if I can burn the ghost here to death.” Zhang Wei said, not the least bit distressed about his multimillion-dollar villa.

Yang Jian said, “It’s best not to act recklessly without understanding the situation. I’ll go up and see what’s happening. If there really is another ghost, we’ll leave immediately. Also, ghosts can’t be burned to death, so don’t do anything stupid.”

He now had some confidence when dealing with fierce ghosts.

He had prolonged the revival time of a fierce ghost, controlled two of them, and had several experiences dealing with such entities.

He no longer felt as fearful of paranormal events.

“I’ll go with you,” Zhang Wei said.

“That’s fine, following me is indeed safer, especially since there is also a ghost on the first floor of your house,” Yang Jian didn’t refuse.

The two quickly went upstairs, following the noise until they stopped outside a room.

The commotion was coming from inside this room.

“To hell with it, Brother Tui is here, whatever ghost thing you are, get the fuck out now.”

Before Yang Jian could investigate, Zhang Wei suddenly exploded, kicking the door open with a fierce kick.

Inside the room.

The curtains were drawn, making it somewhat dim.

But it was still possible to see, on the floor of the room, a middle-aged man lying naked on the ground, crawling forward, with a mature woman in her mid-thirties sitting on him, wielding a leather whip...

At the moment the door was kicked open, the two people in the room were startled and immediately turned their heads to look.

For a time, the four people stared at each other.

The scene froze for a moment.

“Dad? Auntie Huang, what are you doing?” After a good while, Zhang Wei finally widened his eyes and asked.

“Seems we’ve accidentally stumbled upon something quite scandalous,” Yang Jian said, turning his head away, unable to bear looking.

Chapter 160: Zhang Xianggu

“Cough, cough cough.”

Zhang Xianggu sat on the sofa in the living room with an incredibly awkward expression on his face. He could only use the coughing sounds as a substitute.

Zhang Wei looked at him with a bizarre expression, seeming to still be recalling the scene that had just taken place.

Yang Jian, on the other hand, sat nonchalantly next to him, eyes focused straightforward as if he knew nothing.

None of the people said a word.

“Your coffee.”

At this moment, a mature woman in her mid-thirties came over with several cups of coffee. She first handed a cup to Yang Jian, then to Zhang Xianggu and Zhang Wei. From the beginning to the end, this woman didn't dare to lift her head to face anyone, and her face was still red,

Yang Jian didn't know her name.

He only knew her last name was Huang.

She was the domestic helper of Zhang Wei's family.

But, which domestic helper has such high attractiveness, mature and glamorous, with a figure that's curvy in all the right places? This isn't something out of a movie or novel plot.

Without a doubt.

She was the mistress that Zhang Xianggu's father had conveniently kept in the house.

After all, given Zhang Wei's father's wealth and status, such matters were not unusual. The only improper thing was that the previous scene was accidentally witnessed by Zhang Wei, and he saw it all, even though it was hard to mention. But Yang Jian still couldn't help but give a thumbs up to Zhang Xianggu in his mind.

Citizens really know how to play~!

As Yang Jian was about to take a sip of his coffee, Zhang Wei stopped him.

“Hold on, Brother Tui, there’s something wrong with the coffee. Don’t drink it yet,” said Zhang Wei, his brow furrowed, sensing that something was amiss.

“What’s wrong?”

Zhang Wei said, “I checked before. The water has been turned off at home. Where did the water come from to make this instant coffee? Unless...”

He sniffed, then cast a suspicious glance at Auntie Huang nearby.

“But one person’s pee isn’t enough to make three cups of coffee, so there’s no problem with the coffee, Brother Tui. You can drink it.”

“What are you thinking about?” Zhang Xiangui said.

Zhang Wei replied, “Dad, if you keep being this perverted, I’m going to have a hard time getting along with you. Especially after what happened in the room, not only did I see it, but Brother Tui saw it too. This is going to make it hard for me to make friends in the future.”

“Cough cough, that was just a misunderstanding a moment ago. I just dropped something and was looking for it on the ground. Auntie Huang just accidentally fell and landed on top of me. Nothing actually happened between us. Please don’t misunderstand,” explained Zhang Xiangui.

“You don’t need to explain. I understand it all. I’m not a three-year-old child. There’s a folder named ‘Battle of Autumn Mountain’ on my computer hard drive, which contains all the relevant information. I study it occasionally, you know. But I can’t learn those difficult moves,” Zhang Wei said seriously.

“...”

Yang Jian felt that both people were very unusual.

Zhang Xiang's face turned red; "Let's not talk about this. Is this your classmate? He looks very promising. Aren't you going to introduce him?"

Zhang Wei said, "Yang Jian, my classmate, nicknamed Brother Tui. I've mentioned him to you before, Dad. Recently, our house has been haunted, so I asked Brother Tui to take a look."

"Oh, your classmate is also into Feng Shui Metaphysics?" Zhang Xiang said, somewhat surprised.

Yang Jian replied, "I don't understand Feng Shui Metaphysics. You've flattered me, Uncle Zhang. I just occasionally deal with some special events, and I'm not exactly an expert as Uncle Wang might think."

"What special events can you talk about? I'm very interested in some of these odd and strange matters," said Zhang Xiang.

"You're interested in Auntie Huang, I bet," chimed in Zhang Wei from the side.

Zhang Xiang retorted, "You looking for a beating, kid?"

"I'm going to tell Mom later," responded Zhang Wei.

"Didn't you say last time you wanted to buy that thirty-million sports car? I'll let you go buy it tomorrow. Consider this incident as if it never happened. How about that?" Zhang Xiang offered.

Zhang Wei replied, "Alright, it's settled then."

Yang Jian said, "With Uncle Zhang's stature and standing, surely you must have caught wind of some of the strange happenings in Dachang City? For instance, my and Zhang Wei's personal experience with the paranormal events at The Seventh High School. I wonder how much Uncle Zhang knows about that?"

"I've heard some things. They're mostly rumors, whose authenticity is debatable," Zhang Xiangü acknowledged.

Zhang Xiangü said, "I've had someone look into the matter at The Seventh High School as well, and there indeed are major doubts. Although there are claims of hauntings, I remain skeptical, for some things can only be confirmed after seeing them with my own eyes."

"It's right to be skeptical, but the matter is indeed real, and where there are hauntings, there are people who deal with them. Currently, I'm engaged in this line of work. Uncle Zhang, if you're interested, you could learn more about it. It wouldn't do you any harm," Yang Jian spoke up.

"You're engaged in this line of work, do you have any proof?"

Zhang Xiangü continued, smiling, "I don't mean to doubt you, especially since you are Zhang Wei's classmate. I just want to confirm whether supernatural events are real or not. I've heard quite a bit lately and can't be sure. Today I happen to meet you, which is the perfect opportunity to clear my doubts."

"Dad, I can prove it, we really have a ghost at home," Zhang Wei said.

Zhang Xiangü said, "Nonsense, if there really was a ghost in our house, how come I haven't encountered it."

"What Zhang Wei says is true. Someone sealed off the villa to isolate this place and prevent the spread of supernatural events. The gas leak is just a smokescreen. Today, I came here to investigate, but I didn't expect to run into you and Uncle Zhang. Under this military lockdown, though, how did you two manage to get in?" Yang Jian said.

"I created an escape route when the villa was being renovated."

Zhang Xiangü said and then with some surprise, "But this lockdown, this martial law, was it arranged by you?"

A mere twelfth-grade student, could he have such power?

However, seeing Zhang Wei following this Yang Jian around like a little brother, it seemed that this guy must have some real skills, otherwise, Zhang Wei wouldn't be so respectful.

"This line of work is cruel, but those who survive have certain privileges. It's nothing unusual," Yang Jian said.

"Since you say the villa truly has a ghost, would you mind letting me see for myself?" Zhang Xianggu said.

Yang Jian said, "Supernatural phenomena differ, and ghosts appear in various ways. Right now, it's quite simple to see the ghost in the villa. Just reflect light around with a mirror. If nothing unexpected happens, it should be easy to locate the ghost's presence, as the villa is only so big."

"Xiao Huang, get a mirror," Zhang Xianggu immediately said.

Auntie Huang quickly brought over a small mirror, "Will this do?"

Zhang Xianggu glanced at Yang Jian, who said, "That's enough."

Shortly after, he took the mirror and reflected it around the surroundings.

"Dad, over there, I saw the ghost there before. If it weren't for Brother Tui here, I'd have bolted long ago," Zhang Wei hurriedly pointed behind the sofa.

With his son saying so, it seemed somewhat credible. After all, this brat wouldn't lie to him at such a time, right? Zhang Xianggu's face took on a serious expression as he reflected the light behind the sofa.

Yet there was no one there.

He reflected light to the left and right but still found nothing.

Everything in the room was normal.

“There’s nothing,” Zhang Xiangui said while laughing and shaking his head.

He was actually believing a student’s word, it seemed the ghost stories he’d recently heard had influenced his own judgment.

His son was one thing, but even he was going along with Yang Jian’s nonsense.

After all, he was a corporate executive, worth billions. If word got out, he would surely be the subject of ridicule.

However, when he placed the mirror on the coffee table, the smile on his face suddenly froze.

By the second-floor railing.

A person was standing there motionless.

Because of the angle, only half of the body was visible, but without a doubt, it was a person.

The mirror was crystal clear, there was no mistaking it.

“Hmm?”

Zhang Xiangui’s eyes widened as he abruptly looked up.

By the second-floor railing, there was nothing, it was completely empty. He turned back to look at the mirror.

But the person in the mirror was turning away and then slowly disappeared into the corridor on the second floor.

“The ghost’s location shifts, it wasn’t necessarily standing behind the sofa the whole time, so you need patience to find it. But it is definitely somewhere in the house,” Yang Jian spoke.

“Le, Brother Tui, what did you just say?”

Zhang Xianggu looked up, his voice stuttering, and fear evident in his eyes.