

Revival 161

Chapter 161: History Repeats Itself

In the villa, besides Yang Jian, Zhang Wei, Zhang Xiang, and that Auntie Huang, there indeed existed a fifth person.

That ghost which had always been lurking around them, its spirit never dissipating.

No amount of words could surpass the persuasive power of seeing with one's own eyes.

Zhang Xiang had indeed seen with the mirror that there was another person in the room, and this person could only be seen through the mirror, invisible to the naked eye.

If it weren't for Yang Jian remaining calm and collected sitting there, Zhang Xiang would have already fled with his son and lover, scrambling to escape.

"Did you see it?"

Upon seeing the sudden change in Zhang Xiang's expression, Yang Jian knew he had confirmed it.

Zhang Xiang's complexion turned particularly ugly, a chill enveloping his entire body. He began to feel restless, the urge to leave immediately surging within him.

"Uncle Zhang, there's no need to panic, even though panicking won't help. Also, don't think about escaping right away. That thing has always been following Zhang Wei, and it's useless to go anywhere. For now, the ghost doesn't pose a serious threat, as long as we don't get too close to the mirror," Yang Jian reminded him.

"Can you, can you resolve this?" Zhang Xiang still asked nervously.

Yang Jian replied, "Not currently. No one in this world can guarantee to resolve a paranormal event, not even people with extensive experience, because the terror of a ghost is unpredictable. For the moment, the ghost has not started killing people. That's already the best news."

"I am here to investigate how that ghost became attached to Zhang Wei. Has Zhang Wei had any strange experiences recently, encountered any peculiar incidents? If one stays at home, the chance of encountering a ghost is not high. Even if one does encounter one, it's unlikely that it'll keep clinging on."

"You're right, that thing wasn't encountered at home, but on the construction site. I took him to the site a few days ago," Zhang Xianggu said with a deep frown.

"How can you be sure?" Yang Jian asked, puzzled.

Zhang Xianggu replied, "The construction site has been suspended recently due to the disappearance of workers. Just now, I saw that thing with my own eyes, and the clothes it wore were the workers' uniforms from the site. That's why I am certain that it must be something that came from the site."

"I see."

Yang Jian nodded, "That makes sense."

Zhang Xianggu was able to calm down quickly. If he became a ghost master, he definitely would have potential.

Dealing with fierce ghosts requires a cool head, being able to analyze important information from any insignificant clue.

"Although you are Zhang Wei's classmate, and some things might be awkward to say, this matter concerns Zhang Wei's life. He is my only son, so I must ask for your help with this matter," Zhang Xianggu said seriously, "Of course, as a form of gratitude, I won't let you help for nothing. As long as Zhang Wei is safe, you can name your price."

"As long as I can afford it, I won't even frown."

To him, people are more important than money.

And Zhang Xianggu thought that given his straightforwardness, Yang Jian would not have the cheek to quote an impossible price.

“Dad, what do you mean by that? Brother Tui isn’t lacking money right now, you can’t use money to insult others. We don’t want people to think just because we have a bit of money we are something special, that’s what you always taught me, right?” Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian gave him a peculiar look.

Who the hell said I’m not lacking money.

I’m risking my life for money; how could you, a rich second generation, possibly understand the bitterness.

“This case is different from other paranormal incidents, it’s somewhat special. I’ll try to help and see what I can do. After all, we are friends, I can’t just stand by and watch Zhang Wei die,” Yang Jian said.

“Thank you so much,” said Zhang Xianggu, grateful. “When do you plan to start?”

Yang Jian answered, “I’ve already started. Since the source isn’t in this house, we have to go check out that construction site. If we can’t find the source, this ghost will be with us forever, and it’s only a matter of time before something happens.”

“Let’s leave right now. Xiao Huang, pack up the stuff, get ready to leave this place. I don’t plan to come back. No, don’t bother packing, let’s just go.” After hesitating for a moment, Zhang Xianggu immediately changed his mind.

Auntie Huang was taken aback for a moment, then nodded in agreement.

Yang Jian said, "It doesn't matter, if there are any valuables at home, you might want to pack them. You probably won't dare to come back before this is resolved, and with me here, nothing will go wrong."

"Then give me ten minutes," Zhang Xiang said.

Indeed, he did have some important items at home, not jewelry or anything, but some important documents and files.

"Brother Tui, you've got to cover me, I need to grab some stuff too," Zhang Wei said.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen," Yang Jian said.

Although the ghost looked scary, its actual abilities were still quite weak. At least for now, it was not highly dangerous.

Soon.

Zhang Xiang came out with a stack of documents, Auntie Huang with a pile of jewelry, and as for Zhang Wei, he actually removed several hard drives from the computer, taking nothing else.

"Let's go," Yang Jian said.

Soon, the group of people drove away from the place.

"Xiao Huang, take these things back first, store them in the safe, and if anything happens, come find me at the construction site," Zhang Xiang instructed his mistress halfway through the trip.

It was clear that he trusted his mistress quite a bit.

Afterward, the three men headed straight for his construction site.

But at this very moment.

In a bustling area of Dachang City.

There was a bar with a sign that read: Rose Bar.

Normally, this bar was buzzing with lively crowds.

But because it was daytime, business seemed much quieter.

And at this very moment.

On the second floor of the bar, in a large private room.

A young man dressed in a Ghost Master uniform, leaning on a gold cane, said with a gloomy face, "Wang Yue, you should be well aware that as long as Yang Jian is alive, he will eventually become a problem for both of us. The kid has managed to control a second ghost through other means, significantly delaying the revival of the malicious ghost. As long as he doesn't recklessly use his ghost powers, he could live for at least a year."

"In a year's time, the chances of him becoming the next person in charge of Dachang City are very high. I don't think you would like the idea of having some eighteen-year-old kid managing a city, would you?"

On a large leather sofa sat a man with a tall build, wrapped in a thick scarf despite the heat, and smoking a cigar, with two flamboyantly dressed, twenty-something women in short skirts on either side.

His name was Wang Yue, and he was the owner of the Rose Bar.

"Zhao Kaiming, you need to understand, Yang Jian is a trouble for you but not for me," Wang Yue said with a laugh. He took a puff of his cigar, pointed at himself and said, "I've killed Yan Li and his entire family for you, as a gesture of respect towards the Ghost Master. I wasn't even this polite when Zhou

Zheng, the previous Ghost Master, came to me. Whoever becomes the next Ghost Master doesn't really concern me."

He shook his cigar, blowing out a ring of smoke.

"You lost a leg to Yang Jian, that's your own problem. Don't drag me into your Ghost Masters' power struggles, OK?"

Zhao Kaiming, leaning on his golden cane, limped closer, his sinister gaze fixed on Wang Yue, "You're already involved. Yang Jian seeks revenge for Yan Li and his family, do you think you don't know? Wang Xiaoqiang's club was overturned by him, a bunch of shareholders died, only a guy named Ma Youcai survived."

"Wang Xiaoqiang is no match for him. The Huanggang Village incident also caused Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club to lose five or six Ghost Masters. Now, the only credible person left in his club is someone named Ye Feng. The other few Ghost Masters, each controlling just one ghost, are bound to die when the malicious ghosts surge; they won't dare to show their faces."

"If Ye Feng really goes after Yang Jian, at best it would be one-on-one, and the odds of winning aren't great. So, if I'm not mistaken, Wang Xiaoqiang will definitely come to you for a meeting."

"So you want me to agree to Wang Xiaoqiang, join forces with Ye Feng to get rid of Yang Jian? Then you, the instigator, will reap the benefits, letting us go head-to-head until one of us dies?"

Wang Yue, puffing on his cigar, smirked and pointed to his head, "I'm not stupid, Zhao Kaiming. Don't treat me like an idiot. I've survived several supernatural incidents, show me some respect, okay?"

Zhao Kaiming stood by the window on the second floor, watching the bustling traffic outside, "Such a prime location, such a busy bar, you must be raking in gold every day, right? It would be a shame if it got shut down."

"You can go ahead and seal it off, I can open as many bars as I want if I wish, you think I rely on this to make money? Since I've become a 'Ghost Controller,' I've made more than enough money. The only reason I opened this bar was to play with some women."

As he spoke, Wang Yue gave the beauty in his arms a kiss.

“President Wang, I want one too,” another woman cooed.

“Sure, sure, everyone gets a share, I just love the way you pout,” Wang Yue laughed with a he-he.

Zhao Kaiming said, “A man with no long-term concerns is bound to have immediate worries, Wang Yue, you need to look further ahead. I’ll give you one hundred kilograms of gold and this entire commercial street for the deed you promised to Wang Xiaoqiang.”

Wang Yue, who had been flirting with women, restrained his smile slightly, “And what if I refuse?”

“Bang~!”

The next moment, a gunshot rang out.

Blood spattered from the woman in his embrace immediately.

“If you don’t agree, this is what will happen to you.”

A wisp of white smoke rose from the pistol in Zhao Kaiming’s hand, his eyes tinged with a hint of madness.

“Ahh~!”

The other woman beside them was stunned at first, then screamed and ran out frantically after coming to her senses.

Wang Yue didn't stop her. He put down the cigar in his hand, wiped the blood off his face, and stood up expressionlessly, like a wild beast about to fly into a rage, growling from his throat, "Zhao Kaiming, are you looking to die?"

"If Yang Jian doesn't die, I'll end up dying by his hands sooner or later. I don't stand much of a chance against him; he can surprisingly knock off one of my legs just as he can take my head. But I'm quite confident in dealing with you. And are you sure you want to go to war over a woman? Think it through before you act. No matter what, I'm now the in-charge of Dachang City; if you kill me, you will be wanted."

Zhao Kaiming squinted his eyes, like a venomous snake.

"As a fugitive, once Yang Jian takes over, his first order of business will be to clear you out. Even if he doesn't, the headquarters will issue orders against you for violating human safety — a priority over supernatural events."

"You don't have a choice."

Wang Yue's breathing was heavy, and the rage in his heart wanted to burst.

But reason stopped him.

Zhao Kaiming was right; getting into a fight with him now would do no good — on the contrary, it would corner himself into a dead end.

But agreeing to cooperate with Wang Xiaoqiang to deal with Yang Jian also felt unbearable to him.

He didn't want to get involved in the struggles between 'Ghost Controllers.' He had helped Zhao Kaiming kill Yan Li previously as a favor to this new 'Ghost Controller' to avoid being bothered by him.

He hadn't expected that dealing with Yan Li would be a trap, entangling him in this complex struggle.

“Kill Yang Jian, and everything will get better. You’ll still be the underworld boss of Dachang City. I can guarantee that during my term, this will be the last time I ask for your help, there won’t be a next time,” Zhao Kaiming said.

Wang Yue pondered for a while and then, with a grim face, walked over and landed a fierce punch on his face.

Zhao Kaiming did not resist and was knocked to the ground by the punch, blood streaming from the corner of his mouth.

“Heh, then it’s a deal. I wish you good luck,” he struggled to stand up using a cane, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and revealed a cold smile.

“You should have died sooner; you’re more like a ghost than a human.”

Wang Yue picked up a bottle of champagne, took a swig, and then threw the bottle against the wall, where it exploded with a bang, “Get lost, and don’t ever let me see you again.”

Zhao Kaiming wiped the liquor from his face and then, preparing to leave with his prosthetic limb, cautioned, “Be wary of the shadow under Yang Jian’s feet and his eyes. His file name is Ghost Eye Yang Jian. That ghast eye must be quite exceptional; otherwise, it would have been impossible for him to survive the Huanggang Village incident. If possible, I suggest you confine that ghost eye.”

“Perhaps, this could turn into an unexpected gain for you on this trip.”

“Get lost.”

Wang Yue growled lowly, and the lights in the private room flickered on and off before going out completely, plunging everything into darkness.

Zhao Kaiming smiled, but as he was about to leave, he noticed the walls around him suddenly begin to decay.

The plaster peeled away quickly, and moss started to spread, while a stench of decay wafted through the air.

Through the private room's glass door, he could vaguely make out the figure of a tall, thin person wearing a black robe who had appeared outside at some unknown time.

"This isn't your doing, is it?" Zhao Kaiming turned back to ask.

Wang Yue's expression tensed, and he immediately turned and dashed toward the floor-to-ceiling window, looking out onto the street.

At this very moment,

the street outside suddenly turned pitch black. The light from the entire world was vanishing, and even the pedestrians and vehicles on the road had disappeared without trace. What's more, the darkness from all directions was rolling in like fog, continuously encroaching upon this place.

It was like the gaping maw of a monster, ready to devour everything in front of it.

"Of course, it's not my ability," Wang Yue said.

"Since it's not, it seems we're quite unlucky today. This is a paranormal event... and it's a paranormal event targeting us," Zhao Kaiming slowly retreated from the doorway.

The tall, thin man in the black robe standing outside the door was, without a doubt, a ghost.

A real ghost.

"Thump, thump-thump~!"

The next moment, a knocking sound came from the door.

It was heavy and oppressive, like a knock on the heart itself, almost leaving one breathless.

“Is this... Ghost Door Knocker?” Zhao Kaiming’s eyes suddenly narrowed.

He had heard the knocking before, during his call with Yang Jian earlier that day.

It was this sense of crisis that had prompted him to quickly arrange for Wang Yue and Wang Xiaoqiang to join forces, but he hadn’t expected that despite his swift action, he would still encounter this paranormal event.

“What is Ghost Door Knocker?” Wang Yue inquired.

Zhao Kaiming was not afraid but spoke very calmly, “In the paranormal events of Dachang City, only seven lucky individuals left alive, and Yang Jian was one of them. That paranormal event was named Ghost Door Knocker by the Ghost Tamer Department, Terror Level: A, Catastrophe Level. Oh, and the last Ghost Tamer, Zhou Zheng, also died in a university incident.”

“What? A Catastrophe Level ghost?”

Wang Yue’s face contorted with fury, “Zhao Kaiming, you damn bastard, you’ve screwed me over.”

“Sorry, I’m as innocent as you are. It seems Yang Jian has a way of manipulating the Ghost Door Knocker event, so the real enemy is him, not me. Now is not the time to be angry. Let’s find a way to survive first. The danger level of a Catastrophe Level ghost doesn’t need reminding,” Zhao Kaiming said.

“Your mother’s...”

Wang Yue was so angry he felt like killing someone,

but the current situation did not allow him to settle the score with Zhao Kaiming.

“Thump, thump-thump~!”

The second round of knocking sounded again.

Chapter 162: Guanjiang Residential Complex

Dachang City’s urban area experienced another paranormal event—an extremely serious Ghost Door Knocker incident.

However, the initiator, Yang Jian, was entirely oblivious. Even if he knew, he would only clap his hands and cheer in approval.

The car stopped.

Yang Jian, Zhang Xiang, and Zhang Wei arrived at a construction site not far from the city center.

“Guanjiang Garden.”

A massive original archway stood in front, followed by rows and rows of newly completed buildings. At a glance, the residential complex seemed endless, with at least dozens of high-rise buildings and over a hundred villas—a vast complex indeed. Moreover, the complex was built along the river, with perfect geographical location and environment.

The majority of this real estate had been completed and was already on the market.

There were various advertisements on the sides, including average prices of fifty thousand, slogans like “buying is earning,” and descriptions such as “prime location,” and similar phrases.

“Quite a nice residential complex,” Yang Jian noted, feeling somewhat tempted.

It was neither too far nor too close to the city center, with convenient transportation. Most importantly, it was situated by a large river with a low population density nearby. Settling here would be the ideal choice.

“Of course, this is a real estate project that I’ve developed with great care. Whether it’s the environment, architectural style, or geographical location, it’s top-notch nationally. My intention is to turn this place into a wealthy district. The villa area alone covers more than fifty percent of the land, and we’ve abolished the pre-sale system. I believe that once the complex is fully built and they see the environment and quality of the houses here, people will definitely be tempted to buy, even at a higher price,” said Zhang Xianggu with a chuckle. Although boasting somewhat, he had great confidence in his real estate project.

“It’s a pity about the haunting. If that gets out, not to mention the rich, even the poor won’t buy.”

Yang Jian said, “Moreover, construction stopped and sales were canceled as soon as trouble arose, all for the sake of controlling information. The nerves of the wealthy are always a bit more sensitive; any rumor or bad news can deter them from buying a house or, at the very least, affect the selling price.”

“You’re right. We’re already looking for the cause. But if it really is a haunting.... then we’d need Brother Tui’s help, wouldn’t we?” Zhang Xianggu asked politely.

“Let’s go sit in the sales office first. The site has been relatively calm these past few days, and there have been no incidents of workers disappearing. It should be safe here.”

Yang Jian asked, “Even so, would you live here, Uncle Zhang?”

“Of course not,” Zhang Xianggu admitted candidly.

“This sales office is impressive, quite luxurious. It’s built by the river with a wide view, lavish decoration, like an estate, and it has five floors, which is quite convenient for living.”

Yang Jian arrived in front of the sales office and observed.

"I hired a famous foreign designer for this. It's one of my proudest creations," said Zhang Xiang. "With such a big complex, I had to do the storefront justice."

"So, are you selling this sales office?"

Yang Jian asked, "I happen to be in need of a house to stay, and this place is nice. Hauntings aside, this paranormal event must be resolved, and business must go on."

"If you can resolve Zhang Wei's issue, I'll give you this sales office," said Zhang Xiang after a thought, grandly gesturing with a certain extravagance.

"No, favors are favors, business is business. Things must be done properly, and before this paranormal event is resolved, how can I accept anything upfront? So, Uncle Zhang, please name your price," Yang Jian said. "Even though I'm poor, I can still afford a house."

"Well, this..." Zhang Xiang hesitated.

It wasn't that he didn't want to sell; it was difficult for him to set a price. He still needed Yang Jian's help, and if the price was set too high, no one could afford it, which would be awkward. If set too low, it was better to give it away and earn a favor.

Zhang Wei said, "Dad, Yang Jian mentioned before that he wanted to find a place to settle down. If he lives here, I'll move here too. Just give him a discount, sell it for a few hundred thousand to a million. Oh, and throw in three villas and two storefronts. I bought a Golden Desert Eagle from him today and haven't paid yet. Anyway, you can't sell the house."

Zhang Xiang gave his son an odd look.

Do you realize you're speaking like a spendthrift?

"How about this, I offer fifty million for the sales office. Would you agree to sell it, Uncle Zhang?" Yang Jian suddenly spoke again.

This price should be about right for the market value here.

Zhang Xianggu looked at Yang Jian with some surprise, not expecting the young man to boldly offer fifty million and do so without batting an eye, not at all like a student of the same age as Zhang Wei.

He remembered that not many in Zhang Wei's class came from well-off families.

"Fifty million is a bit too much. This sales office is worth at most thirty million," said Zhang Xianggu with a smile.

"That's the current price, but once I move in here, your property will be worth more than that," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly, speaking earnestly.

Zhang Xianggu's expression became stern, his eyes flickering with uncertainty.

If, as Yang Jian said, paranormal events were on the rise, and there was someone special who could resolve these events living here, it would undoubtedly reassure the wealthy in Dachang City.

The asking price of only fifty thousand for these homes might even be undervalued.

No wonder Zhang Wei decided to move in with that Yang Jian. The kid is shrewd—not foolish at all.

If I can secure Brother Tui by offering three villas, it's undoubtedly a profitable deal.

First, it would ensure my own safety, and second, it would revitalize the entire residential complex's property prices—truly killing two birds with one stone.

He really is my son.

He knows how to work around to save his father.

Zhang Xianggu was somewhat moved as he looked at Zhang Wei.

But then his face darkened instantly.

There was Zhang Wei, the little brat, using earplugs and watching videos on his phone.

... I should take back what I said earlier.

“It seems I need to have a good talk with Mister Yang about a business deal,”

said Zhang Xianggu in a serious and stern tone, switching to a more formal address.

Yang Jian said, “Uncle Zhang, just speak plainly. I’m not well-educated and don’t understand all the roundabout ways, so it’s easier for me to understand if you get straight to the point.”

“Guanjiang Garden is not developed by just one developer. I alone didn’t have the capital to secure this land, so at that time, there were three developers working on the bid. I was only one of them. I was responsible for the development of the buildings in front, while the others were responsible for the back. If Mister Yang could revitalize the entire complex and reside here, then we could enter into a business collaboration,” explained Zhang Xianggu.

Yang Jian said, “Uncle Zhang, please continue, what kind of collaboration.”

Zhang Xianggu said, “If there really are ghosts here, once the other two developers are convinced, they will undoubtedly sell their properties at a low price. We could collaborate to take their share, and then sell it at a higher price later.”

“It’s a simple operation. If everything goes smoothly, we could earn tens of billions.”

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian’s eyelids twitched.

Tens of billions?

Damn.

Here I am, toiling away to resolve supernatural incidents for a few million, and having barely made billions off selling coffins, yet Zhang Xiang could earn tens of billions just like that—the disparity is too huge.

“Of course, this is on the premise that Dachang City really has an outbreak of supernatural incidents, and it’s not a mere occasional incident. However, if supernatural events do exist, I can also give them some localized publicity, which I believe will have a good effect,” said Zhang Xiang.

“Spreading rumors and hyping property prices. Uncle Zhang, you really know how to play the game,” said Yang Jian.

Zhang Xiang said, “It’s just some of the most common business strategies.”

“If Mister Yang agrees, we can immediately sign the contract to start the next phase of our partnership. As for the final distribution, Mister Yang can set his terms.”

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, contemplating.

This deal was no doubt the most cost-effective one he’d encountered in some time.

Low risk, high reward.

If successful, I won’t have to worry about money ever again.

Even though I earned a few billion before, it was all used to buy Gold, and compared to the future consumption, it’s nowhere near enough.

“Forty percent, I want forty percent of the entire residential complex,” Yang Jian said, stretching out his fingers.

Zhang Xianggu immediately shook his head, “No way, that’s too much. At forty percent, I’d be at a loss. I’ve invested so much in this development, and taking over the other two shares requires additional capital. I am shouldering all the risks; if I give out forty percent of the profits, I’d hardly have any margin left.”

He had thought Yang Jian would be easier to negotiate with, but the guy was hard-nosed when it came to profit-sharing.

Perhaps he had misjudged him.

“I will get the other two developers to sell to you at an unbelievably low price, and I can assure you, a day will come when supernatural incidents in Dachang City cannot be concealed. With me here, securing the entire complex’s safety, the property prices here can shoot through the roof. Since it’s business, it must be fair,” said Yang Jian.

“Uncle Zhang is investing now, but that means winning the future,” added Yang Jian.

After thinking for a moment, Zhang Xianggu said, “I cannot agree to that price no matter what, unless you convince me with solid actions of your capability; otherwise, we’ll have to renegotiate.”

“Of course, you don’t understand the supernatural incidents fully yet. Once you do, you’ll realize that forty percent isn’t actually that much,” Yang Jian said.

“Since you say so, I’ll trust you this time. So, here’s to a pleasant collaboration,” said Zhang Xianggu with a smile, extending his hand.

“Here’s to a pleasant collaboration.”

The two shook hands.

The deal was tentatively agreed upon.

Yang Jian had to admire Zhang Xiang's guts. Any other person would hesitate to take such a big risk on an investment with such a vague return.

Unless... Zhang Xiang had known about the global outbreak of supernatural incidents all along, which enabled him to set up in advance.

However, having the foresight to spot a business opportunity in the midst of supernatural events was certainly sharp.

It was no fluke that such a person had become wealthy.

Chapter 163: Facts Speak

"President Zhang, you've arrived."

Upon entering the sales department, sales staff immediately greeted him with obvious flattery.

Zhang Xiang nodded in response, carrying the air of a CEO, making it hard to connect him with the pervert who had previously been lying on the ground and seemed to really enjoy playing twisted games.

"President Zhang, President Qian and President Qin are in the third-floor lounge. Would you like to go up?"

A sales manager, dressed in professional attire and looking somewhat attractive, hurried over and whispered.

"They both came too?" Zhang Xiang said in surprise, "When did they arrive?"

“President Qian arrived in the morning, and President Qin just arrived not long ago. They both had lunch here,” said the sales manager.

Zhang Xiangü replied, “Alright, I got it. There’s nothing for you here; you can go.”

“Understood, President Zhang,” the manager answered.

“Their arrival is quite timely, as I need to discuss some issues related to the construction site with them.” Zhang Xiangü turned back to say, “You don’t mind joining us, do you?”

Yang Jian said, “Since all the important people are here today, why not discuss this deal now?”

“Young man, you’re quite impatient. It would be good if you can really get it done, but it’s impossible to finalize such a big deal within a day—business is not that simple,” Zhang Xiangü said with a smile.

His willingness to cooperate with Yang Jian was not because he truly wanted to share such a large slice of profit with him.

It was because he wanted to buy an insurance policy for his family.

If Yang Jian really could solve the supernatural incidents, Zhang Xiangü naturally wouldn’t mind establishing a long-term cooperative relationship with such a unique talent.

As for the forty percent profit share, that’s predicated on his ability to take over the properties from President Qian and President Qin.

However, in his heart, Zhang Xiangü felt that Yang Jian wouldn’t be able to do it—those two old foxes were not easy to deal with.

“President Zhang, please hold on. Our boss is inside, having a meeting.”

Just as he reached the third floor and was about to enter the guest room, two black-suited bodyguards at the door obstructed Zhang Xiang, Yang Jian, and Zhang Wei.

Zhang Xiang's expression darkened, and he said in a stern voice, "President Qian and President Qin are putting on quite the lofty airs. In my own sales department, they don't allow me in and have bodyguards block the door? What's the meaning of this? Step aside, or I'll have you jump out of here."

He gestured towards the nearby window after speaking.

The bodyguards' faces changed, and they dared not obstruct them anymore.

Zhang Xiang pushed the door open, his expression instantly changed to a breezy smile, "Haha, what wind blew President Qian and President Qin into my sales department for tea? That's right, I happen to have a can of fine tea here; I must insist that you both try some."

After entering.

Two men in suits were currently sitting on a sofa, smoking and seemingly discussing something.

"President Zhang, perfect timing. We were just talking about you. Let's leave the tea for later," said a short, bald, overweight man with a cheery expression.

"Oh? I'm on President Qin's mind? Now, that's something I'm curious about," Zhang Xiang said with a smile.

On the side, a dark-skinned, skinny man, puffing on a cigarette, said, "President Zhang, President Qin and I were discussing the construction site issue. I think that stopping construction and prohibiting sales wasn't a correct decision. We still need to sell the houses. With so much capital tied up in such a large plot of land, the risk is not small. We cannot let the disappearance of a few people affect our sales."

"I feel the same way. Look, I've recently brought in a professional exactly for that reason—to investigate the disappearance of the construction workers,"

Zhang Xianggu introduced with a smile, “Yang Jian, a professional talent in a special industry, specializes in solving supernatural incidents.”

“Supernatural incidents?”

President Qin chuckled, “President Zhang, where did you find this greenhorn? Is he even of age yet? A professional? You could at least try to make it sound more believable. I might have believed you if you’d brought a monk, a Taoist priest, or a feng shui master.”

“He doesn’t even have a full beard yet, what abilities could he possibly have?”

“International detective, Yang Jian, I’m pleased to meet you both,” he said coolly as he walked over and extended a hand.

Yang Jian wasn’t angered. With a calm expression on his face, he walked over and reached out his hand.

“An international detective? You might as well say you’re a peace ambassador. President Zhang, we’re all people of status, let’s not bring in every Tom, Dick, or Harry. Our time is precious.”

President Qian shook his head with a chuckle, flicked his cigarette ash flying over with a dismissive gesture, clearly not believing a word.

Looking at the ash on his clothes, Yang Jian didn’t mind. He simply brushed it off and said calmly, “I’m well aware of how valuable both your time is, gentlemen. But surely that can’t compare to the value of your lives.”

“Kid, what are you talking about? President Zhang, aren’t you going to manage your people?”

President Qian’s face darkened as he looked towards Zhang Xianggu.

Zhang Xianggu smiled; “Yang Jian is here to help with some complicated issues at the construction site, it’s not as straightforward as you might think.”

He clearly had no intention of intervening in the conflict between Yang Jian and the two presidents. Moreover, he was curious to see what special abilities Yang Jian had.

If Yang Jian couldn't produce any real results, then their negotiation was merely empty talk and meant nothing.

"He's right, this construction site is not as simple as it seems. You probably aren't aware, but it's not accidents that are causing workers to disappear. The real reason is ghosts," said Yang Jian.

Ghosts?

The mention of ghosts prompted President Qin and President Qian to burst into laughter.

"Alright, enough of that. Save your swindler tricks for someone else, President Zhang. Let's send your man out and continue discussing the sales issue. I think we can launch a promotion campaign soon, with an additional ten million each for advertising costs, and operate it like we have in the past. What do you think?" President Qin said, disregarding Yang Jian and turning to Zhang Xiangu.

They had seen too many con artists trying to scam money and saw no need to treat them kindly.

If you let them stick around, you'd never be able to shake them off.

Zhang Xiangu still didn't speak; he was determined to let Yang Jian handle the situation.

After all, he had truly seen a ghost with his own eyes, so he had some expectations for Yang Jian's performance.

"It's understandable that you don't believe. Such things are indeed beyond comprehension and difficult to believe without seeing them firsthand. It's hard to believe ghosts exist in this world."

Yang Jian spoke unhurriedly: "So, I'll get straight to the point. Let me show you both the truth."

“Oh? What truth? Are you about to perform some magic trick?” President Qin asked mockingly.

“It’s not a magic trick. It’s the truth about this sales office,” said Yang Jian.

“Because the real ghost is right here in this sales office.”

As he spoke, the Ghost Eye on his forehead slowly opened.

The surroundings began to be enveloped in a red glow.

A multi-billion-dollar deal warranted Yang Jian using the Ghost Domain personally to convince the two presidents.

Watching the fierce eye open on Yang Jian’s forehead, the smile on the face of President Qian, who had been mocking earlier, slowly stiffened.

Chapter 164: The Show Begins

Facts hold the greatest persuasive power.

Yang Jian’s Ghost Eye manifested before everyone, which was the best proof.

President Qin, who had previously looked disdainful, now had his face frozen, staring intently at the eye on Yang Jian’s forehead, while President Qian, who had been enjoying the show, also slightly widened his eyes.

“What’s this?” Zhang Xiangu was clearly startled as well.

Zhang Wei curled his lip and whispered, "Brother Tui is about to blow his top, those two old geezers actually looked down on Brother Tui. The level of horror that thing possesses has already exceeded human imagination. I'm a man who came out alive from that school, Dad, you really should take a good look at some things."

Take a good look at that ghost which induces despair and horror.

"It seems he's got some skills," Zhang Xiang thought to himself, growing more expectant.

"Is that eye of yours real?"

President Qin pointed at the Ghost Eye and asked earnestly, "It's not just stuck on, is it?"

"President Qin, rather than worry about my eye, you should pay attention to your surroundings to see if anything has changed. I just wanted you two to see the truth of this sales department, in fact, it's been haunted already, you just haven't noticed yet," Yang Jian pointed at his sofa.

President Qin's hand, which was resting on the sofa, suddenly felt something sticky.

He was slightly startled and turned to look.

Somehow, the sofa he was sitting on was smeared with fresh blood.

"Damn it, what's going on?" He stood up in shock.

At that moment, President Qin saw that it wasn't just the sofa, but also the floor, walls, and even the ceiling that were covered with ferocious bloodstains, which weren't dry yet, as if they had just occurred. Even in his teacup, what was contained wasn't tea.

But a thick blood.

“Drip, drip.”

Blood dripped down from the ceiling, landing on the bald head of President Qian next to him. He touched it, and his face instantly turned pale with fright, “Damn it, why didn’t you say it was haunted earlier? Quick, let’s get out of here.”

“President Qian, wait for me.” President Qin hastily grabbed his briefcase and scrambled out.

“What’s wrong with them? Why did they suddenly run away?”

Zhang Xiangtu was stunned for a moment, seeing the two men running off as if they were crazy, he found it somewhat incomprehensible.

Yang Jian smiled and sat down on the sofa, “Because I let them see something quite frightening. It’s true that the sales department is haunted, but it should only be that ghost following Zhang Wei. That ghost couldn’t directly make these two presidents feel fear, so I added a little something to make them have some illusions.”

“After being scared and feeling fear, the next business negotiations will naturally be much easier.”

Zhang Xiangtu was somewhat surprised, “You can do that?”

“Within the Ghost Domain, there’s nothing you can’t do,” Yang Jian said seriously.

“Like what?” Zhang Xiangtu became more curious.

Yang Jian said, “Although I don’t want to say too much, it’s alright to talk about some things. Inside the Ghost Domain, not only can you make people have illusions, but you can also make ghosts have illusions. Here, what you think is real is real, what you think is fake is fake—like this cup, I can make it appear on the table or in your hand.”

After he finished speaking, the cup disappeared from the table and appeared in Zhang Xiang's hand the next moment.

"It can appear in the hand, as well as inside a person's body," Yang Jian suddenly grinned.

"Murder?" Zhang Xiang jumped with fright.

Yang Jian said, "No, killing doesn't need to be that complicated; that's using a sledgehammer to crack a nut."

Using the Ghost Domain to kill is overkill, purely a waste.

"The real purpose of the Ghost Domain is to trap other ghosts, not to deal with humans. No one uses a missile to swat a mosquito. To deal with humans, a gun will do."

He slapped his hand on the table, and a handgun with a golden metallic luster appeared in front of him.

"You even have a gun, you're not really from the International Ghost Tamers Organization, are you?" Zhang Xiang was increasingly shocked.

Yang Jian said with surprise, "Uncle Zhang, did you really think I was talking nonsense before? Although I haven't officially taken over yet, it's a sure thing that I'll be the next one in charge of Dachang City. Once I succeed, I will have the authority to mobilize all the security forces in the city. At that point, it won't just be about locking down your villa, Uncle Zhang; blocking several neighborhoods or streets won't be a problem either."

Zhang Xiang was at a loss for words.

He realized he had underestimated Yang Jian.

To think he was just a young man with some special skills, yet he turned out to be the future ruler of Dachang City.

That was no small status.

“Brother Tui wouldn’t be called Brother Tui if he didn’t have any skills,”

Zhang Wei said on the side; “Didn’t I tell you before, Dad, that I bought a gun from Brother Tui?”

After saying that, he felt his pocket and actually pulled out a Golden Desert Eagle.

“You little rascal, let me see that,” Zhang Xiangü said, hastily taking it into his own hands.

As soon as it was in his grasp,

the cold, heavy feel told him that this thing was real.

“You dare to buy something like this?” Zhang Xiangü scolded.

Yang Jian said, “No problem, let Zhang Wei keep it for self-defense. Uncle Zhang, if you need one, I can sell you one too. This thing is rare in our country, but abroad, I reckon there are more of these than kitchen knives at home. However, what I have here is specially made, not for use against people, but against ghosts.”

Zhang Xiangü’s expression kept changing; as a businessman, how could he dare deal with such things? It was illegal. If he were caught, he would have to go to jail, and his business would be over.

“So now... you want to use a supernatural incident to scare President Qin and President Qian into selling their properties to me cheaply?”

“That’s pretty much the idea.”

“Isn’t this a bit too underhanded?” Zhang Xiangü whispered, “These methods aren’t exactly honorable.”

Yang Jian said, “We’ve already taken action, isn’t it a bit late for Uncle Zhang to say this? You’d better spend this time preparing the contracts.”

“But they’ve all run off, how can you be sure they’ll agree?” Zhang Xiangü said.

“They can’t escape. Without my permission, they can’t even leave this room, and they are bound to agree. The despair and terror brought on by a fierce ghost aren’t something everyone can withstand. Uncle Zhang, you haven’t experienced a paranormal event, so you can’t understand, but Zhang Wei gets it,” Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei nodded in deep agreement, “When you encounter that kind of thing, you’d do anything to survive, even if it means offering up your own chrysanthemum.”

“How long do you think it will take for them to agree?” Zhang Xiangü asked.

“Within half an hour, no one could endure that kind of despair,” Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangü immediately said, “Then I’ll go prepare the contract.”

Yang Jian said nothing more but slowly closed his eyes.

He needed to focus his energy on the Ghost Domain, manipulate it, and put on a horror show for the two presidents.

And they were the main characters.

Though the means were indeed unscrupulous,

which of the tycoons who did business worth billions could ensure their methods were clean? Zhang Wei's father, Zhang Xiang, couldn't guarantee that either.

Rich from the poor, Yang Jian wouldn't be soft-hearted.

Besides, he was only making the two presidents lose money, not taking their lives.

Moreover, paranormal incidents were already happening at this construction site. If Yang Jian didn't solve it, once the events blew up, the value of the houses here would still be low, and the outcome would be even worse than selling at a low price.

Thinking of this,

Yang Jian couldn't help but sigh to himself: he really was a good person, always devising plans for the sake of others.

Chapter 165:

"Boss, what's happening inside?"

At the door, two bodyguards heard the commotion inside and anxiously asked.

President Qin and President Qian, at this moment, hurried out, looking frightened.

"Don't ask so much, just get out of this damned place quickly."

The bodyguards dared not ask further and immediately followed their respective bosses away from the location.

"Damn it, could this place really be haunted? Where did Zhang Xiang find that guy named Yang Jian? Something's off about him."

“Let’s not worry about that for now, just get out of here first. If it really is haunted, it’s no joke.”

The two men spoke as they walked, quickly taking the elevator down to a lower floor.

The sales department was only five stories high, but it still had an elevator inside.

“We should invite some masters to check out this construction site later, see if it’s actually haunted.” President Qian wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. “I’ve been in construction all my life and this is the first time I’ve encountered something this bizarre. Do you think what happened just now was real?”

President Qin looked at his hand, still stained with blood, and said, “Look, could this be fake? The disappearance of those workers before was very strange. Even though the site is large, they shouldn’t have vanished without a trace, unseen alive, unseen dead.”

“Maybe, just like what Yang Jian said, we’ve encountered ghosts.”

“Zhang Xiang must have noticed something was wrong long ago. That’s why he specifically invited Yang Jian to deal with this. Turns out we were the ones kept in the dark.”

As they were talking, the bodyguards next to them immediately noticed something was wrong.

“Boss, there’s a problem with the elevator,” one of the bodyguards said urgently, as his expression changed.

At this moment, the elevator continued to descend without any sign of stopping. Most important was the floor number displayed, which oddly showed -5, and the number kept changing: -6... -7.

“This sales department only has five floors in total, where did the seventh basement level come from?” President Qian was so scared he almost jumped up.

“Quick, get the elevator to stop!”

The bodyguards rapidly induced an emergency stop on the elevator, and thankfully it did not malfunction, finally halting when the display showed -10.

The feeling of weightlessness from riding the elevator disappeared.

The few people inside the elevator now looked at each other, a sense of unbelievability in their eyes as their hearts pounded fiercely.

All of them being adults, they were starting to realize they might have encountered something terrible.

“Ding~!”

A sound signaled the opening of the elevator, which now stopped at -10, as its door slowly opened.

However, in front of them was not the familiar ground floor of the sales department, but complete darkness.

The darkness was so absolute it felt like it could swallow a person whole, sending chills down their spine.

“Oh my God, what kind of place is this?” President Qian’s legs gave out from fear, and he collapsed to the ground.

The two bodyguards also looked terrified. Although they were skilled in combat, capable of taking on several regular people with ease, the current situation surpassed their worst nightmares. They could face various dangerous situations, but they didn’t have the courage to face these supernatural events.

“L-Let’s go back, get in the elevator and go back; we must have hit a ghost,” the bald President Qin still had not completely lost his cool and said in panic.

The bodyguards quickly tried to operate the elevator again to return to the previous floor.

But pressing the button for going up had no effect.

“Boss, the elevator is broken, it seems we can’t go back,” said a bodyguard, his voice trembling.

“Hiss~!”

The lights inside the elevator started flickering, illuminating the area intermittently, as if they could go out at any moment.

“Quick, call the police, get someone to rescue us,” President Qin shouted in terror.

The two bodyguards immediately took out their phones and dialed for help.

The call was successfully made and the signals for help were sent, but the response from the other end said it would take at least half an hour to arrive, hoping they could hold on and the like.

“Half an hour? Wasn’t it supposed to be within ten minutes?” President Qian yelled from where he sat on the ground.

Putting on a brave face, a bodyguard said, “It’s ten minutes for personnel in the city, but Guanjiang Residential Complex is a bit far from the city center, and there are no Casework Bureaus nearby, so arriving within thirty minutes is already quite good, and considering the suddenness of the event, no rescue can arrive immediately. Boss, please stay calm and don’t panic. As long as no accidents happen, we should be fine.”

But before he could finish speaking, footsteps suddenly came from the darkness ahead.

The sound was exceptionally clear, growing louder as it drew nearer, moving slowly toward them.

“Who’s there?” a bodyguard called out, not daring to step out of the elevator.

Even though the elevator lights flickered, they hadn't gone out, and the overwhelming darkness made no one dare to venture forth, especially being ten levels underground.

But no one responded to him.

The footsteps kept advancing, continuously moving toward the elevator.

The bodyguard broke out in a cold sweat, his body tense. He hastily pulled out his phone, turning on its flashlight to try to see what was in the darkness.

But the light couldn't spread far at all, as if the surrounding darkness was suppressing it, limiting it to only around a meter area.

“

“Who are you? Speak up.” The bodyguard shouted again.

The footsteps didn't respond but instead drew even closer.

“No, if they don't speak, could it be not a human? Could it be a ghost?” President Qian shivered with fear.

A ghost?

Hearing this, the two bodyguards also turned pale with fear.

“Don't scare ourselves. I'll throw my phone over to check.” The bodyguard remained relatively calm and, knowing the phone's light couldn't reach far, slid it across the floor.

The cell phone slid forward.

The surrounding darkness was dispelled.

As the phone came to a stop, within the lit area, the source of the footsteps was finally clear.

A pair of feet without shoes.

Pale, stiff, slender, and gaunt.

These eerie feet weren't walking like a normal person but were poised there, motionless.

Poised on their toes to walk?

Would a normal person walk like that?

This scene shocked everyone in the elevator.

A ghost~!

At that moment, this word popped into all their minds.

Once the reality was confirmed, it completely shattered all their understanding and the courage in their hearts, leaving only enveloping fear.

Right then,

the owner of these feet stood as if observing the phone on the ground that was emitting light.

But such observation didn't last long.

Soon, the feet moved again.

"Tap tap~!"

The sound of footsteps resumed, crossing the illuminated area and then disappearing into darkness once more, but before that disappearance, it was clear.

The owner of the feet was continuing to walk this way.

"What do we do now, what do we do? The ghost is coming, it's coming towards us." President Qian was close to breaking down; he wanted to scream but found he had no strength for it.

The two bodyguards were utterly panicked.

Despite their strong builds, the fear they felt was no less than that of their boss.

"Call Zhang Xiang, quickly, call him, and have him bring that Yang Jian to save me. He knows there's a ghost here, he must have a way to deal with it." President Qin, too, was terrified, but at this moment, a critical person came to mind.

Yang Jian.

Right now, it was too late for reporting the incident or calling for help; their only hope lay with the young man Zhang Xiang had brought with him.

Whether Yang Jian had the capability or not, at least he knew about the situation.

In such an urgent situation, the bodyguard dared not waste time and quickly dialed Zhang Xiang's number for President Qin.

“Hello, President Qin? What’s the matter?”

At that moment, inside the sales office, Zhang Xiangui was instructing the staff to draft a transfer contract, noting that it had been less than ten minutes.

He hadn’t expected to receive their call so soon.

“President Zhang, help, help me, I think I’ve encountered a ghost. Hurry, have that young man you brought, Yang Jian, help me,” President Qin’s voice was panic-stricken, with a tremor.

“Really? Encountered a ghost? There’s really a ghost in this sales office? Where are you? What’s the situation now?” Zhang Xiangui feigned surprise.

“We, we took the elevator to the -10th floor, and we’ve really encountered a ghost. Yang Jian was right.” President Qin said, “Send someone to save us quickly, or it’ll be too late.”

Zhang Xiangui also felt a tinge of astonishment.

He had taken the elevator down as well just earlier, so why hadn’t he encountered them?

Yang Jian’s skills indeed seemed unfathomable.

“Saving you is no problem, but before that, I have a business matter I’d like to discuss with President Qin and President Qian.”

“What are you waiting for? I’m in danger here, and you still have the mood to talk about business? Come save me!” President Qin was on the verge of breaking down.

Zhang Xiangui laughed, “Don’t be hasty. Business still needs to be conducted. I’ve been thinking of acquiring both of your properties recently, I wonder if Presidents Qin and Qian would be willing to sell as a package?”

“Motherfucker, Zhang Xiang, you’re exploiting a disaster for your own gain.”

President Qin immediately realized Zhang Xiang’s intentions and started cursing.