

Revival 166

Chapter 166: Request for Support

Zhang Xianggu certainly wanted to take advantage of the chaos.

If not to take advantage of the chaos, why would he hastily set up this trap with Yang Jian?

“President Zhang, let’s talk after I leave this damned place, okay? I’m begging you, have Yang Jian come save me. As long as I’m safe and sound, everything is negotiable.” President Qin pleaded.

“That won’t do. Some things should be discussed first. If President Qin has no sincerity, then forget it. We’ll talk next time we meet,” Zhang Xianggu said, sounding like he was about to hang up the phone.

“Wait, wait a moment,” President Qin hurriedly said. “Everything is negotiable, don’t hang up just yet.”

Zhang Xianggu asked, “So, President Qin, are you selling your real estate or not?”

“Even if we were selling, President Zhang, you couldn’t afford it. I’m well aware of your financial situation. Most of your assets have been invested in the construction site. You probably don’t have much left before the real estate is sold,” President Qin said.

“That depends on President Qin’s sincerity. If you’re willing to sell below market price, naturally, I can afford it,” Zhang Xianggu said.

“How much are you offering?”

Zhang Xianggu answered, “Ten billion.”

“Ten billion and you expect me to sell you the whole package? You might as well rob me directly, Zhang Xianggu. I’ve already invested over six or seven billion in this land,” President Qin cursed angrily.

Zhang Xiangui said, "Don't misunderstand, the ten billion isn't for your land alone; it includes President Qian's property as well. A total package deal for ten billion. Although it's a bit of a loss, this price is still reasonable. After all, there are rumors that the construction site is haunted. I'm having Yang Jian investigate. If it's true, then the property here is worthless. If it's false, then it's a cause for celebration."

"So I'm taking a risk too. It's just whether the two of you are willing to let go or not."

President Qin wanted to refuse outright, but Zhang Xiangui's words reminded him abruptly.

Right.

Selling at market value, he would definitely take a loss.

But if this place were really haunted, and the houses couldn't be sold, selling everything to Zhang Xiangui for ten billion and getting out of here might not be a bad idea after all?

Zhang Xiangui was still uncertain whether this place was really haunted.

But he was certain of it.

This place really was haunted.

With this thought, President Qin felt this deal could work.

While he was on the phone negotiating, footsteps outside the elevator had come very close. Judging by the sound, the pair of dead man's feet illuminated by the cell phone just now should not be more than three meters away.

Even possibly closer.

“President Qin, is there, is there no outcome yet? Hurry up and have Zhang Xiang send someone to save us,” President Qian urged.

“I, I’m communicating with him, aren’t I? Zhang Xiang is taking advantage of the situation to try to acquire our real estate at this critical moment. He wants our assets and is offering ten billion for the whole package... This damn guy really knows when to pick his moment,” President Qin said with both shock and rage.

He never suspected that the supernatural event in front of him was orchestrated by someone.

Experiencing such an incident for the first time, how could he possibly think there was someone behind it?

However, before he finished speaking,

One of the bodyguards standing by the elevator suddenly lurched forward and fell to the ground.

“Help, help me!” the bodyguard cried out in terror.

Everyone quickly looked over.

But in the darkness, it seemed as though a human silhouette was dragging the bodyguard, quickly disappearing into the shadows.

In the blink of an eye.

The person was gone.

There was no further sound, only an eerie silence around them.

Even the footsteps from before had vanished.

“Quick, tell Zhang Xiang I agree, I agree! As long as we can leave here alive, I agree to sell my real estate,” President Qian said. Being faint-hearted, he couldn’t bear such a fright. Seeing this, where could he care how much the place sold for?

As long as he could be safe and sound, he would agree to any condition.

But at this very moment,

Yang Jian, who was controlling the Ghost Domain, suddenly received a call.

It was the satellite positioning cell phone that rang.

“Hello, who is it?” Yang Jian frowned, annoyed at being disturbed at this time.

“Is this Yang Jian? I’m your operator, Liu Xiaoyu,” came a familiar voice from the other end of the line.

Yang Jian said, “What’s the matter? I’m a bit busy right now and can’t talk on the phone.”

“Emergency situation. A supernatural event has occurred in Dachang City; it’s confirmed. It’s the Ghost Door Knocker incident that you’ve encountered before. We need your assistance on this matter and hope you can rush to Shengli Road, Rose Bar in Dachang City to provide support,” Liu Xiaoyu said.

“Wait, wait a moment.”

Yang Jian said, “Aren’t the supernatural events in Dachang City taken care of by Zhao Kaiming? When did it become my responsibility?”

“Zhao Kaiming has already been dragged into this event, and now the situation is critical, he has lost contact, his operators cannot determine whether he’s alive or dead, so I have no choice but to entrust you with this supernatural event. After all, you have experience dealing with the Door Knocking Ghost case,” Liu Xiaoyu said.

Zhao Kaiming was involved in the Door Knocking Ghost case?

Upon hearing this,

Yang Jian immediately realized what was happening.

That old man went to find Zhao Kaiming.

The curse that was spread through the ringing of the telephone, it worked.

With this thought, a slight smile appeared on his face. Today was truly a day of double happiness—he not only reeled in a big business deal but also got rid of an annoying person.

Wait.

It was still not certain whether Zhao Kaiming was dead.

“Sorry, although I have the experience of surviving the Door Knocking Ghost case, in my opinion, that supernatural event is of the Unsolvable Level,” Yang Jian said solemnly.

He wasn’t lying with this statement.

The Door Knocking Ghost case indeed was unsolvable.

Once you entered that old man’s Ghost Domain, not only did you have to face that old man, but also the Ghost Slaves that appeared around you at all times.

Most importantly, you couldn’t get out of the Ghost Domain.

You would be worn out to death inside.

“Now is not the time to shirk responsibility. With Zhao Kaiming’s life and death uncertain, you need to take up this responsibility at this time,” Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian said, “It’s not a matter of responsibility, but a matter of going or not going to a certain death. Since you’ve classified the Door Knocking Ghost case as Category A, then you should understand how terrifying that thing is. The Huanggang Village event I resolved was only classified as Category B, not to mention myself, even if you send ten people over, it would be a death sentence.”

“It’s not a question of numbers, but the fact that the Terror Level differs too much. I refuse to accept this task.”

“Moreover, Liu Xiaoyu, let me remind you seriously, unless I take over the position, I would take up this responsibility, but for now, I refuse.”

“You...” Liu Xiaoyu was immediately frustrated, but she couldn’t find any reasons to persuade Yang Jian.

If it really was an unsolvable terror event, sending Yang Jian would indeed be sending him to his death.

However, if Yang Jian could solve it and didn’t go, that would truly annoy her.

“You’ve been continually dragging your feet on taking the assessment, not taking up your post, isn’t it because you don’t want to accept task assignments?”

Yang Jian said, “I haven’t accepted any tasks, but I also haven’t enjoyed any privileges or benefits, have I? On the contrary, I’ve resolved two supernatural events for Dachang City, the Furen Mall incident and the Huanggang Village incident, which are there for all to see. And I want to ask, which supernatural event has that newly-appointed Zhao Kaiming solved? Don’t tell me quarantine counts as a solution.”

“You should be fair and mature in your handling of matters. I was very unhappy about the modification of the archives last time. If you continue to give me this kind of service attitude, I think it might be necessary to ask Zhao Jianguo to replace my operator.”

Inside the operator's room.

Zhao Jianguo noticed Liu Xiaoyu's mood and took over the receiver, "Yang Jian, you should realize the importance of this event, I hope you can think of the bigger picture."

"I'm currently dealing with another supernatural event and can't leave, there's a ghost beside me. Do you want me to take that ghost to find another one? Are you wishing for my quick demise? I also hope you would place importance on my safety," Yang Jian said.

Yang Jian lied a little, though it wasn't exactly a lie—

He was indeed dealing with a supernatural event.

But it was a rather minor one.

"So you're handling another supernatural event, understood, I can sympathize with that. How about I send temporary support, can you provide some useful information that might help?" Zhao Jianguo said.

"It's best not to send support. Anyone who enters the Door Knocking Ghost's Ghost Domain is doomed to die."

Yang Jian said calmly, "The biggest help I can give you is to advise you not to interfere."

"Zhou Zheng died at the hands of that ghost during the incident at No. 7 Middle School."

"I understand, thank you for your suggestion," Zhao Jianguo quickly ended the communication.

"Captain, Yang Jian refuses to provide support, what should we do now?" Liu Xiaoyu said.

Zhao Jianguo pondered, "Having survived the Door Knocking Ghost incident, he probably has developed a trauma towards that ghost. It's normal that he does not want to face it. And Yang Jian is right, rashly intervening could be tantamount to suicide. We can't force someone against their will. You shouldn't be using that aggressive tone when assigning tasks to others, that's not the right attitude. We sit in offices, but they are the ones who face the fierce ghosts. If the mission fails, it's their lives on the line, we can't understand the pressure and fear they go through."

"Captain, I was also just worried about the situation in Dachang City. A Catastrophe Level terror event occurring in the city center could potentially cause large-scale turmoil. If that ghost lingers in Dachang City, the city might well fall. This is different from previous supernatural events," Liu Xiaoyu said, her face slightly changing as she quickly explained.

"So you lost your composure?" Zhao Jianguo said, "What kind of person Yang Jian is, you should know. If he were Zhou Zheng, your approach would not be wrong, but it's not suitable for him. Reflect on this after you return."

"If it were any other operator, making such an error I would have already dismissed them, but for you, this is the last tolerance. Yang Jian is right, you need to handle matters more maturely."

"Arrange for a helicopter to provide backup, and ensure arrival in Dachang City within the hour," he ordered.

"Alright, yes!" Liu Xiaoyu immediately responded.

Chapter 167: Contract Settled

He hung up the phone.

A sly smile crept across Yang Jian's lips.

Zhao Kaiming getting tangled in the Ghost Door Knocker incident was indeed good news.

The criminal investigation department wanted his assistance?

That was a joke; the conflict between him and Zhao Kaiming was irreconcilable. If they didn't have to meet face-to-face, Yang Jian felt he would have taken the fight right to his doorstep.

But now, to kill by a borrowed knife saved him a lot of trouble.

"Yang Jian, why are you grinning like a psycho? You aren't thinking about something weird, are you?" Zhang Wei, who was playing with his phone, suddenly asked.

"I won't tell you. You still dare to play with your phone at this time? Aren't you afraid that ghost will come for you?" Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei replied, "Isn't Brother Tui here? If Brother Tui can't handle it, I'd already have been doomed. What's there to worry about?"

That thought seemed right.

At that moment.

The door to the reception room was pushed open.

Zhang Xiang entered briskly, his face flush with excitement, "Success! President Qian and President Qin have agreed to sell their properties. I offered ten billion to buy them all. Your method was effective, it really scared them into agreeing to everything."

Yang Jian hadn't even fully controlled Ghost Domain yet, and it had already happened?

Of course, it was within his expectations.

"Ten billion? That's too much. In my opinion, one billion per person would have been enough to send them off. I didn't expect Uncle Zhang to be so generous."

Zhang Xiangui laughed, "After all, we're likely to see each other again in the future. We can't be too excessive, or they won't be content and will surely cause trouble afterward. I think ten billion is within their range of tolerance. Pressing the price further would be counterproductive."

"So, Uncle Zhang wants to cut a slice of their flesh without making it too painful?" Yang Jian understood.

"That's roughly the idea," Zhang Xiangui said.

Yang Jian nodded, feeling that made sense – leave some leeway for the future.

But if it were up to him, he certainly wouldn't have done the same.

What was Zhang Xiangui's status?

A corporate president worth tens of billions. He was just a short-lived ghost master; Zhang could plan for the future, but Yang Jian felt there was no need.

"This is the draft contract. Just get their signatures on this, and everything will be settled. As long as they don't know the inner workings here, even if they realize later that they might have been duped, it will be too late," Zhang Xiangui said.

Yang Jian said, "Since the matter is settled, let's do it this way. Give me the contract; I'll go get their signatures."

"After it's done, I'll give you forty percent of the profits," Zhang Xiangui said.

Even after giving out forty percent, he would still make a profit.

Yang Jian nodded, took the contract, and walked out.

At this moment.

President Qian, President Qin, and their bodyguards, trapped in the tenth basement level, were already on the verge of a mental breakdown from fear.

Everyone's face glistened with sweat; their eyes fixed on the dim space outside the elevator, their bodies tensed, not daring to step out.

One bodyguard had already been snatched into the darkness and vanished just moments before.

They did not want to be the next.

"What did Zhang Xiangyu say? Does he agree?" President Qian asked with difficulty.

"That bastard Zhang Xiangyu has agreed. He's sending someone named Yang Jian to rescue us, but only if we sign the contract on the spot," President Qin spoke with an unsightly expression, whether from fear or resentment.

"What a time he chooses. Ten billion it is, then. Let's sell to him. There's a haunting here, and the property surely won't sell in the future. Unloading it now might not be such a bad thing; consider it a lost investment, just a few billion in losses, which we can afford," President Qian ventured shakily.

"I was thinking the same," President Qin said.

"Tap, tap, tap."

At that moment, the clear sound of footsteps came again from the darkness ahead.

And, within the darkness, a light was lit, flickering unsteadily like a remnant candle in the wind, yet the light never went out.

It even seemed to get closer as time went on.

“What, what is that?” Everyone tensed again.

They involuntarily retreated, pressing tightly against the elevator’s metallic walls for fear the terrifying scene might repeat itself.

“Gentlemen, no need to panic; it’s me.”

As the light approached, it turned out to be Yang Jian with his phone’s flashlight on, walking out of the darkness.

“Only a dozen minutes have passed and you two presidents don’t recognize me?”

“You, you are Yang Jian?” President Qin’s pupils shrank with disbelief.

He couldn’t understand why Yang Jian came from in front of them; shouldn’t he have come down from above the elevator?

“President Zhang sent me to take you out of here, but first, you need to sign this contract,” Yang Jian said.

“If there are no issues, please sign quickly. This place is very dangerous; staying another minute, I can’t guarantee there won’t be any accidents,” Yang Jian added.

With that, he walked over and handed over two contracts.

President Qin’s palms trembled as he took them, pulled out his pen, and prepared to sign, but just as he was about to put pen to paper, he suddenly looked up at Yang Jian.

“How much did Zhang Xiangui pay you? I’ll double it. Just don’t sign this contract, and take us out of this damned place,” he said.

“Right, President Qin is right, name your price.”

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment, and then smiled: “Don’t bother; you can’t afford the price President Zhang is paying.”

“How can we not afford it? Zhang Xiangui’s net worth is only a few billion. Our combined net worth surpasses that guy. Fifty million, I’ll give you fifty million. How about that?” President Qin said hurriedly, trying to persuade Yang Jian.

“Fifty million? I just spent fifty million buying the sales department here. You don’t really think I’m some poor guy who’s never seen money, do you? You want to get rid of me with fifty million,” Yang Jian said with a teasing smile.

He owed his good fortune to himself.

With each business deal he made, the stakes got higher, from hundreds of thousands at the start, to millions, and finally billions.

Yang Jian’s ambitions had grown step by step.

He was no longer the naive student fresh out of school.

“Then name your price? Anything we can afford,” President Qin said.

Yang Jian said, “I’ll give you both one more minute to think. If you don’t sign, I’m leaving, and you can prepare to die here. I can sense it coming back again.”

“Two hundred million, how’s that?”

“Fifty seconds left.”

“Four hundred million, I’ll pay four hundred million. That should do it, right? A full four hundred million for you to live a life of luxury.”

“Forty seconds,” Yang Jian said, looking at his phone and giving them no room to choose.

Cold sweat streamed down President Qin’s face, turning paler by the moment.

He desperately hoped to persuade Yang Jian to take him away from this place, but Yang Jian was completely indifferent.

The offer of several billion yuan hadn’t swayed him in the slightest.

To raise the bid further would be worse than signing the contract.

“If you won’t sign it, President Qin, I will. Losing a few billion is nothing, but if we lose our lives, we truly lose everything,” President Qian said as he snatched the contract and quickly signed his own name.

“Is that acceptable now?” he asked.

Yang Jian looked at the contract, “You’re pretty sly, huh? There’s a signature missing here, so the contract won’t take effect. Trying to trick me into saving you?”

President Qian’s face changed color, and he hurriedly apologized: “Sorry, sorry, I was just scared and forgot in the moment.”

“Keep playing, no worries, I’ve got plenty of time. But that thing is getting a bit impatient,” Yang Jian suddenly glanced at the darkness behind him.

Footsteps sounded once again.

Different from his own steps, the sound was strange, as if someone was walking on tiptoes.

“Give it to me, I’ll sign,” President Qin, terrified, didn’t dare delay any longer and quickly put down his name without any attempt to deceive.

President Qian also had no choice but to add his signature.

“Is, is this fine now?”

Yang Jian took the contract, checked it, “No problems now, follow me.”

He felt no stir in his heart, actually finding it a bit laughable.

They were so easily fooled.

It really is all about the method in making money.

“We’re just walking out like this? There won’t be any trouble, right?” President Qin stammered in fear, hesitant to step out of the dimly lit elevator.

“If you don’t leave, the only thing waiting for you here is death,” Yang Jian said. “That’s all I’m going to say. If you want to stay here, I won’t force you.”

Having said that, he turned and walked into the darkness.

“Wait, wait a minute.”

How could they dare to stay in this place? With Yang Jian leading the way, they followed him despite their great fear.

The further they went, the darkness around them faded.

The surroundings gradually brightened.

Soon, they hadn't walked far at all,

when they suddenly realized they had appeared at the entrance of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

They were no longer in the sales department.

Shock, astonishment, disbelief.

This was a supernatural phenomenon.

When they looked at Yang Jian again, there was no scorn in their eyes anymore, but rather an inexplicable reverence.

A reverence for the unknown and the mystical.

Chapter 168: Reinforcements

"Young brother, I can't thank you enough; you really are our lifesaver. I was wrong about the incident before, and here I am apologizing to you. I hope you won't take it to heart. If we meet again, I'll definitely treat you to a meal,"

President Qin stood at the entrance of the residential complex, holding Yang Jian's hands with tears of gratitude.

“I even doubted you before, I feel so ashamed. This is my personal compensation to you; I hope you will accept it with a smile. The password is written on the card.”

President Qian was even more direct; he stuffed a card into Yang Jian’s pocket to express his thanks.

After escaping death, these two businessmen had forgotten their business losses and were filled with only joy and gratitude.

Yang Jian, what a master.

This was the only thought in their minds.

Watching them showing their gratitude, Yang Jian had an odd look on his face.

Fortunately, they did not know the truth. If they had, they would probably be jumping up to chase him with knives right now.

After much fuss, the two presidents left their business cards. Unable to withstand such enthusiastic thanks, Yang Jian also left his phone number, and finally watched them leave.

“Being kept in the dark is just fine.” Yang Jian looked at the card in his pocket.

It must contain at least a few million.

Generosity is to be expected from such bosses.

He thought to himself.

Feeling pleased, he returned to the sales office.

"It's all taken care of." Yang Jian placed the contract on the table, "Now, this residential complex entirely belongs to you, Uncle Zhang."

Zhang Xiang, who was waiting for a response at the sales office, was thrilled to see this. He had thought achieving such a feat would be impossible, yet Yang Jian had easily managed to obtain the transfer contract.

"I'll draft a new transfer contract immediately, transferring some of the properties to your name," said Zhang Xiang.

Yang Jian shook his head with a smile, "Uncle Zhang knows more about business than I do. I'm only interested in the final profits. Transferring the properties to my name is useless, as I couldn't sit here and sell them. So, let's not bother with that. Just leave me a few buildings, a couple of villas, and keep the rest in your hands."

"That's not a problem. The profit sharing will be the same," Zhang Xiang nodded.

"However, could you pay me in gold for the money I've earned?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Xiang chuckled, "You seem quite interested in gold. The price has indeed risen sharply recently. Converting the money to gold might be a losing proposition. If the gold price falls, you could suffer a heavy loss."

"It's alright, no matter how much money I have, it's of no use to me. Gold is very important to me,"

Yang Jian said, "I also think the price of gold will continue to rise. Uncle Zhang, you might also consider converting your surplus funds into gold. It won't be a loss in the future."

"I'm a businessman. My capital must be put into circulation. Converting it to gold and just letting it sit there is the worst investment," Zhang Xiang refused, shaking his head.

Seeing this, Yang Jian didn't say much more. After all, Zhang Xiang's estate was vast; not buying gold was no big deal, just a slightly smaller profit.

"Now that the contract matter is settled, what about Zhang Wei's situation? How are you going to handle it, Brother Tui?" Zhang Xianggu changed his address to a more affectionate one, calling Yang Jian Brother Tui.

"Dad, do you even remember me? I thought I might be adopted, considering you've been discussing business all afternoon without a thought for my current predicament. Right now, I'm still haunted by ghosts. I could die at any moment; are you hoping that once I'm gone, you could have another child with Auntie Huang?"

Zhang Wei put down his phone and said indignantly.

"What are you thinking? How could I possibly neglect you?" Zhang Xianggu coughed awkwardly.

He had indeed forgotten because he was too busy.

"It's getting a bit late now, and I need to investigate the entire complex to find the source of the ghost's appearance. I'm afraid there isn't enough time for that now. Let's start tomorrow. In the meantime, just keep Zhang Wei away from any mirrors and reflective objects, and there should be no danger. The same goes for everyone else," Yang Jian said.

"Are you sure nothing will happen?" Zhang Xianggu asked.

"Nothing has happened for over a week, and nothing will definitely happen today either. Don't panic, I will handle this. After all, I still plan to live here," Yang Jian said.

"Right, deduct the fifty million for buying the sales office from my profit. Today, I also hope Uncle Zhang can arrange to move the sales staff and some items out of here, as this will be my home from now on."

Zhang Xianggu smiled and said, "That's no problem. Although the price is a bit high, the sales office is indeed a good find. A lot of effort was put into the decoration. You might not be too familiar with the layout of the sales office since it's your first visit, so let me briefly introduce it to you. The first floor of the sales office is the hall, previously where the staff worked. Once the staff moves out, you can use it as a living room. The second floor is a rest area with a gym, a billiards room, and a swimming pool. The

third floor has a lounge, tea seating, and a small bar. My office and another rest area are on the fourth floor. The fifth floor is currently empty, but you can arrange it as you wish.”

“Considering that one would stay on the construction site for a long time, the sales office was equipped with everything necessary. You can just move in and live. It’s just that there are few rooms: five guest rooms on the fourth floor and my master bedroom.”

He enthusiastically explained the setup to Yang Jian.

“These rooms are quite sufficient,” Yang Jian nodded. “But I feel rather bad accepting this from Uncle Zhang since he seems rather attached to it.”

The meticulous setup clearly indicated Zhang Xiang’s great affection for it.

“What does that matter? You’ve made such a big deal for me, a sales office is nothing. Besides, you’re paying for it. With so many houses in the complex, it’s a matter of minutes for me to set up a new sales office. But, I would like you to take special care of Zhang Wei’s issue,” Zhang Xiang said with an air of gravitas, seeming unconcerned.

Yang Jian replied, “Rest assured, Uncle Zhang, I will resolve Zhang Wei’s issue.”

“However, I have some matters to attend to in the city and need to make a trip there. Have Zhang Wei wait for me here tomorrow, and we can take action then.”

“Alright, no problem. I’ll leave it to you, Brother Tui,” Zhang Xiang said.

“Uncle Zhang, you’re the one who has worked hard,” Yang Jian responded.

Yang Jian smiled, and then glanced at Zhang Wei: “Be careful.”

Zhang Wei said, “Careful of what? I’m not planning on leaving; I’ll stay here tonight. Or maybe I should wait for your return and we can share a bed?”

“...You’d be better off dead. Although I can’t be sure what unexpected changes the ghost might undergo if it succeeds, I think you are the root of the problem, so the best-case scenario is that you don’t get messed with by that ghost,” Yang Jian said.

“Okay, I understand,” Zhang Wei responded earnestly, nodding his head.

“Then I’m off.”

Yang Jian didn’t linger and drove out of the complex, heading back to the city.

He still had to move his gold from Jiang Yan’s apartment and also needed to check how far the supernatural event at the Rose Bar had escalated.

Even if he didn’t get involved, it was still necessary to stay informed.

Driving the Benz rapidly on the highway, it didn’t take long before he entered the city. At that moment, Yang Jian saw a helicopter circling above Dachang City, ready to provide assistance at any time.

“A helicopter? Could it be that Zhao Kaiming has called for additional ghost controllers from other places for support?” Yang Jian wondered, furrowing his brows.

It was highly likely, as there was no other explanation.

With Zhao Kaiming caught up in the Ghost Door Knocker case and having refused assistance, Zhao Kaiming’s only option was to call for reinforcements from elsewhere.

And the fastest means of support would naturally be a helicopter.

“They’re doomed if they come. If I, who command two ghosts, dare not face the Door Knocking Ghost, other ghost controllers won’t fare any better,” Yang Jian thought, withdrawing his gaze and steering the wheel, avoiding the direction of the circling helicopter.

He did not want to get involved.

Moreover, he would prefer Zhao Kaiming to die in this incident over the deaths of others.

Chapter 169 Conditions and Agreements

Supernatural incidents frequently occurred downtown, which proved Yang Jian's previous judgment to be correct.

The denser the population, the higher the likelihood of supernatural incidents occurring.

It wasn't just the Ghost Door Knocker incident that he could spread; the previous Ghost Infant incident had also appeared downtown, as well as the Headless Ghost Shadow incident, and the ghost he encountered in his home.

"After moving those gold to Guanjiang Residential Complex, try to avoid downtown as much as possible," Yang Jian thought to himself.

However, as he entered downtown,

The satellite-positioning phone of the ghost control practitioner rang again.

Yang Jian glanced at the phone on the passenger seat, hesitated for a moment, but decided to answer it.

"It's me, Zhao Jianguo." This time, it wasn't Liu Xiaoyu in charge of communication.

"Captain Zhao, is there something else?" asked Yang Jian.

Zhao Jianguo's tone was very grave, "You were right; the Ghost Door Knocker incident is indeed extraordinary. The ghost control practitioners I sent to support have just lost contact, and the situation seems to be worsening. Several roads in the city center have been completely blocked off.

Not only have two ghost control practitioners been trapped, but at least several hundred civilians are also involved."

"..." Yang Jian was at a loss for words.

I already warned them not to send people in to die, and yet they still went.

What a mess of command; if you want to resolve a supernatural incident, you should at least consider whether your people are capable of handling it.

This could lead to deaths.

"Now that it's happened, what's the use of calling me?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhao Jianguo said, "It was a mistake in my command and arrangement, and I owe you an apology."

"Don't apologize to me; apologize to the family of the ghost control practitioner you sent, your reckless command cost a ghost control practitioner his life," Yang Jian said.

"I know, and I will take responsibility for this, but this supernatural incident really involves a lot, losing two ghost control practitioners, blocking off a city center, and involving hundreds of people. I could be executed three times over for such responsibility, but my own life and death are trivial.

As a native of Dachang City, surely you do not want to see this supernatural incident spiraling into a disaster either," Zhao Jianguo admitted.

Yang Jian frowned and after thinking for a moment, said, "Your interference will only make this supernatural incident more complicated. I understand that ghost to an extent; it will leave once it has killed everyone in the Ghost Domain. By sending more ghost control practitioners, you are merely prolonging the time that ghost stays in Dachang City, and naturally, the damage will increase.

Moreover, I am truly powerless against that ghost, and you would understand if you could grasp that."

"I understand, but you are the only one who led others to survive this supernatural incident. If you could lead your classmates to escape, you should also be able to lead others out. I'm not asking you to resolve the incident, just to save those people, even if it's just one ghost control practitioner," Zhao Jianguo earnestly said.

He now sought not to resolve the supernatural incident but to minimize losses.

Save people?

Yang Jian thought for a moment.

Although he could safely lead people out using the Ghost Domain, there was still a level of danger in rashly entering.

But as he was contemplating, his personal phone rang.

"Hold on; I need to take another call," Yang Jian said, taking the opportunity to think a bit more.

"Okay, I'll wait for your response."

Yang Jian set down the satellite-positioning phone and picked up his personal phone: "Jiang Yan? What's wrong?"

"Yang Jian, is it really you?" Jiang Yan's voice was tense.

"I'm very busy right now, so if you have something to say, say it quickly," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan's voice was laced with sobs, "I, I seem to be lost in Dachang City, the city is deserted, everything around is pitch black, only my car is on the road, it was still daytime before, look, could it be that I've run into a ghost?"

"On which road did you get lost?" Yang Jian asked.

"Shengli Road."

"Is there a Rose Bar nearby?"

"Yes, yes, that's right; I did pass a bar just now, but there were strange screams coming from it, and I was so scared that I ran the red light to get away. But the further I drove, the fewer cars there were, and all the traffic lights around me went out..."

Jiang Yan continued with a sobbing voice, "I don't want to die, can you come and save me?"

"I will be very obedient, please don't abandon me, I'm scared of ghosts more than anything."

"You're quite something, choosing to drive on that road in Dachang City of all places. Keep driving and stay moving, don't answer any calls from now on except from my number, I'll think of something," Yang Jian said.

"You... you'll come to save me, right? I've made an agreement before, I work for you and you protect my safety, please I beg you, you must come, I'll wait for you."

Yang Jian said, "I'll try my best."

"Good, love you, cuteness overload," Jiang Yan's voice trembled.

Women.

Yang Jian hung up the phone somewhat irritably, his expression changing.

Unexpectedly, Jiang Yan had also been caught up in the incident while driving through the city center, which was a real hassle for him.

"The timing of this incident isn't bad, but the location is terrible, the city center has a lot of traffic passing through, no wonder Zhao Jianguo said the impact is significant, and several hundred people involved might still be an underestimate."

"To abandon Jiang Yan would truly be irresponsible; after all, I did promise to ensure her safety, and in the past few days, she has indeed done quite a few things for me. Furthermore, I will need Jiang Yan's help with the business dealings with Zhang Xiang in the coming days."

Yang Jian weighed his options and immediately picked up the satellite-positioning phone again, "Zhao Jianguo?"

"It's me, how have you considered?" Zhao Jianguo immediately responded as if he was just beside the communicator.

"I can make a run to rescue people, but just to save them; as for how many I can bring out or whether I can definitely bring a ghost controller, I can't guarantee that," Yang Jian said.

"I'm so grateful to you," Zhao Jianguo said, his voice tinged with excitement.

Yang Jian said, "Don't get too excited yet. I'm not the person in charge right now, so this mission can only be considered a personal request, which is why I have conditions."

"What are the conditions? You can mention them," Zhao Jianguo said.

"I want to have the rights of the person in charge of Dachang City," Yang Jian stated.

Zhao Jianguo was stunned for a moment, then said, "Zhao Kaiming is very likely to have been sacrificed in this incident. It is a stable situation for you to take over as the next person in charge of Dachang City, so why bother with this unnecessary step?"

"I have my own ideas," Yang Jian said.

In fact, his proposition left two operational margins.

"But your request is unprecedented. A city can only have one person in charge; you know that. If another is appointed, it will definitely have some consequences," Zhao Jianguo said.

"I don't understand these matters. Ten minutes, I need an answer. If it's possible, I'll go rescue people right now. That's it, hanging up," Yang Jian said and immediately hung up the phone without further conversation.

After Yang Jian hung up, the call center operator looking at the satellite positioning noted, "He's currently in downtown Dachang City. Captain, how do you think we should deal with this?"

In the call center, Liu Xiaoyu checked the satellite positioning and confirmed Yang Jian's location.

"What else can we do? I'll go ask for instructions from the higher-ups. This is a matter for the Asian division and doesn't require the headquarters' approval. If the higher-ups approve, then I can agree to Yang Jian's request; otherwise, I'm powerless," Zhao Jianguo said with a hardened scalp.

He immediately took out his private phone and made a call.

Within five minutes, Zhao Jianguo received approval from above.

"Special circumstances require special handling. I've looked at Yang Jian's profile, and he's outstanding in all aspects, especially his contributions to the Huanggang Village incident, which greatly advanced Professor Wang's research. His condition can be agreed upon; having an extra ghost controller is a good thing, after all.

Zhao Kaiming's mental state assessment is very poor, and Yang Jian can just fill this gap. It's also feasible to prepare precautionary measures in advance," came the response.

If Zhao Kaiming is sacrificed in this incident, wouldn't Yang Jian perfectly fill the vacancy as a ghost controller? So, this matter is approved."

Upon receiving this order, Zhao Jianguo was somewhat surprised and immediately agreed to Yang Jian's previous condition.

"I understand. I'm driving to the incident site now," Yang Jian said expressionlessly before hanging up the phone.

Zhao Jianguo would definitely agree; he had no other option.

Of course, Yang Jian also needed this privilege at this moment. After all, the identity of the person in charge of Dachang City was quite useful at certain times.

The vehicle made a U-turn and accelerated down the road.

Before that, Yang Jian took out a golden-colored long box from the storage compartment in his car.

He opened it for a glance.

A scarlet candle emitted a sinister aura; there was a faint scent of decaying corpses as well.

Ghost Candle!

That's what Professor Wang had named it.

As long as the Ghost Candle was lit and not extinguished, one would be in absolute safety.

"Just to be safe, I must bring it," Yang Jian said.

Without any confidence, how could he dare to face that old ghost again?

"Stop the car!"

At the roadblock ahead, several security personnel stopped the car and gestured for him to turn around and leave.

Yang Jian knew that something had happened ahead; the road was closed.

But before he could get out of the car to explain the situation,

The security personnel received a command from above: "Let this car pass."

With a hint of confusion, the security personnel verified the license plate and said, "Move the roadblock, let this car through."

"That was quick work," Yang Jian realized this was Zhao Jianguo's arrangement and immediately drove through.

Continuing forward,

The road became increasingly deserted, with security personnel visible all around.

Obviously, the people nearby had already been evacuated before that.

And as he drove past an intersection, the security presence disappeared, and the road ahead turned from light to darkness, plunging into an unfathomable blackness.

"The Ghost Domain is still here," Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly.

If the Ghost Domain existed, it meant that not everyone inside it was dead; there were survivors.

After preparing the Ghost Candle, a lighter, and a specially made pistol,

He noted there weren't many of the gold bullets left.

Anyway, he didn't expect those bullets to be effective against ghosts; they were more of a deterrent.

Once everything was ready, Yang Jian pressed the accelerator without hesitation and drove towards the road that grew darker.

Chapter 170:

Central Dachang City.

The sky here was dim, bereft of any glimmer of light. Silence enveloped the surroundings, all traces of human activity as if vanished in the blink of an eye. The entire city had become like a ghost town.

The time showed that it was still six in the evening.

But at six o'clock in the summer, night shouldn't have fallen yet, and it was still supposed to be bright outside. And yet here, darkness had gradually engulfed everything to the point where one could not see their own hand in front of them.

However, this darkness had no effect on Yang Jian.

He opened his ghost eye.

The pitch-black world was instantly enveloped in a layer of red light, and the nearby scenery clearly appeared within that eye.

Darkness greatly affects people, but not ghosts.

Yang Jian had already gotten a clear grasp of the function of the ghost eye.

And it was when he was driving into this Ghost Domain.

Also on the road was a luxury car worth more than four million.

The car bore a temporary license plate and seemed to be newly bought, just recently picked up from a 4S store.

The driver was a woman in a pink dress, with a pure and pretty appearance. Though not tall and seeming somewhat petite in the car, her fair and slender legs beneath the skirt made her a head-turning beauty when walking on the street.

But at this moment, those originally slim legs were tense due to excessive nervousness, muscles taut and veins showing, with one foot, shoe slipped off, pressed down hard on the accelerator, daring not let the car come to a stop.

"What did your boyfriend say? Will he come to save us?" asked a female sales associate in the passenger seat, clutching a contract, her face filled with panic.

"I, I don't know," said Jiang Yan, on the verge of tears as she continued to drive. "If he wants to save us, he will come."

Last time, Yang Jian gave her five million to buy a car, and today she went to pick it up, happy and excited, bringing along the sales associate to have him sign the contract. Who knew that the more they drove, the more something felt wrong, with the sky around them growing ever darker. There were some people and a few cars before, but now, there was no one to be seen.

The entire city was desolate, as if it had become a real Ghost City.

Jiang Yan realized that something was amiss and hastily made a call to Yang Jian.

"I think we should call the police," said the sales associate.

With a weepy voice, Jiang Yan said, "We've hit a ghost, no one but Yang Jian can save us, not even Jesus. I've encountered this unlucky thing before; without him, I'd be long dead. It's the same this time. I don't want to die, my good life has just started. Dying here confusedly is too much of a loss."

"Don't scare yourself, it might not really be haunted," the sales associate wasn't as afraid and was even trying to comfort her important customer.

Biting her lip, Jiang Yan's fingers had turned somewhat pale from gripping the steering wheel. "No, it must be haunted, it must be. And this time the situation is different from the last, otherwise Yang Jian would tell me to lie down and not move, and he wouldn't ask me to keep moving and not stop."

Jiang Yan didn't dare to stop, nor did she dare to drive too fast.

The headlights could only illuminate a few meters ahead.

She was pretty much driving in the dark, afraid of accidentally driving into some bizarre place.

"Ding ding ding~!"

Suddenly, a warning tone sounded inside the car.

The dashboard abruptly showed that the passenger-side door was open.

"What the?"

Jiang Yan's eyes widened in horror as she glanced over at the sales associate's seat.

Outside the car window was pitch black, but one could vaguely see a shadow reflected on the window, revealing a blurry contour. No matter how fast the car went, it couldn't shake off the figure.

The car doors were clearly locked, but as shown on the dashboard, they started to open slowly.

A crack of space appeared.

The chilly breath from outside hit them in the face, and the temperature inside the carriage instantly dropped several degrees.

A stiff, pale hand with not a trace of color slowly reached in through the slightly opened door, attempting to grab the female salesperson in the passenger seat.

"Quick, close the door," Jiang Yan shouted in panic.

The female salesperson wasn't quite sure what was happening, but instinctively she grabbed the door because she indeed saw it suddenly open.

In an instant, that ghastly pale hand got stuck in the door, immediately twisted out of shape, with the flesh splitting open and a decaying smell wafting in.

"Ah~!"

The female salesperson, who had just grabbed the door, screamed in terror upon seeing the hand, tossing the contract she held aside, her entire body almost shrinking in fear.

The car door was fully open now.

Darkness encroached into the carriage like thick black ink.

The lights inside the car flickered erratically, as if there was an electrical fault.

The screams of the female salesperson were unending.

Jiang Yan bit her lip hard, struggling to keep herself from making a sound, her foot unconsciously pressing deeper on the accelerator.

At this moment, on another highway.

"The range of the Ghost Domain has expanded," Yang Jian said, driving a shiny Mercedes on the road, but he soon came to a stop.

The road ahead was blocked.

All vehicles were stopped at the intersection.

By the roadside stood a sign that read: Shengli Road, its paint peeling off and covered in rust.

If Yang Jian hadn't been here before, he might not have recognized the place.

"Rose Bar?" Yang Jian brought his car to a halt and looked aside.

A shabby bar appeared before him, its sign hanging down with the words "Rose Bar" fallen off, leaving only the character "ghost" dangling in mid-air, flickering spasmodically, and through the shattered windows on the second floor of the bar, he could vaguely make out a corpse hanging in one of the private rooms, slightly swaying, the neck tightly bound by a rope, its head cocked to one side.

Through his ghostly sight, Yang Jian could also see a cigar clamped in the person's mouth, the smoke rising faintly, suggesting they hadn't been dead for long.

"The ghost isn't here anymore. The priority now is to find Jiang Yan, saving our own before others," Yang Jian quickly shifted his gaze.

He stepped on the gas.

He drove straight onto the sidewalk, forcefully bypassing the intersection and continuing on to other places.

Not long after he drove away.

The corpse hanging on the second floor of the bar suddenly opened its eyes.

The cigar in its mouth flared up with a red glow, as if someone had taken a puff.

While driving to another stretch of road, Yang Jian suddenly heard a scream, and at the same time, as if stimulated by something, his ghostly sight uncontrollably turned towards a direction.

A hotpot restaurant.

And it was on the second floor.

"There's a ghost there."

This reaction from his ghostly sight immediately made Yang Jian understand the situation ahead.

But the presence of a ghost also meant the presence of people.

Only people scream.