

Revival 181

Chapter 181 Lights Out and Departure

"Fortunately, the danger of the Ghost Rope isn't great, perhaps because it has just revived. If it were not a corpse hanging on it, but a ghost instead, the danger would probably increase several levels."

"But, in the end, there was danger, yet no harm done."

Looking at the Ghost Rope now inside the bag.

The influence of Wang Yue's death due to the revived fierce ghost was temporarily resolved, preventing the impact of this supernatural event from spreading further.

Otherwise, if the Ghost Rope had been drifting throughout Dachang City, it could have brewed a major incident.

But now...

Yang Jian looked at the gradually darkening surroundings and immediately frowned, his body on high alert.

"The Door Knocking Ghost is here, there's no need to clash with it to the death here, I've already achieved my goal for coming," he said.

He immediately turned around and walked towards Tong Qian.

At this moment, Tong Qian was holding the Ghost Candle, its eerie candlelight providing the only gleam in this dark city. The darkness had utterly enveloped the area; once you stepped out of the candlelight's range, the outside world would be pitch black, any light devoured.

Even if someone turned on a flashlight, the light would only extend a few meters, unable to illuminate the darkness that was creeping in.

"Give me the Ghost Candle, gather the survivors, we need to leave," Yang Jian said as he took the Ghost Candle.

Tong Qian nodded and gathered the remaining survivors.

"Everyone, get within the range covered by the candlelight; I'm about to blow out the candle," Yang Jian instructed.

"Nearby, there seems to be someone else," Tong Qian said, looking uncertainly at the empty road.

From the distant darkness, she could hear footsteps approaching, as if someone was coming this way.

"Not someone, Ghost Slaves, and there are quite a few of them," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes.

She couldn't see clearly, but he could see very clearly.

On that dark shrouded road, figures with pale faces, lifeless eyes, and like corpses were slowly approaching from the dark, moving closer to this place.

Just one glance revealed at least a dozen people of all different appearances.

Yang Jian even spotted some old classmates, like Qian Wanhao, Duan Peng, Zheng Fei... but now they were no longer human; they had all become Ghost Slaves, driven by the Door Knocking Ghost.

And as the darkness approached, the number of Ghost Slaves he saw in his eyes was growing.

He estimated there were already over a hundred of them.

"How many people has this old ghost controlled? Does it intend to turn everyone it kills into its Ghost Slaves?" Yang Jian felt a chill.

If that were the case, it would be truly terrifying.

"Yang Jian, it's about time; nearly everyone has assembled. These are the only people left, as some have already scattered," Tong Qian reported.

Yang Jian saw that only a dozen or so survivors remained.

The resurrection of the Ghost Rope had frightened quite a few people away.

Having lost sight of Yang Jian and the others, they were now lost within the Ghost Domain, and Yang Jian had no time to look for them one by one.

"Get ready, then. The moment I blow out the Ghost Candle I will take you away from here. In that instant, you will also be attacked by fierce ghosts, so at that time, you're on your own. If you're unlucky enough to be left behind, it'll just be bad luck," Yang Jian said coldly to the shivering survivors huddled under the candlelight.

Within the Ghost Candle's influence, his own fierce ghost power was suppressed; therefore, he had to blow out the Ghost Candle in order to use the Ghost Domain and leave this place.

Hearing this.

The remaining survivors became even more terrified.

"It's here." Just then, Tong Qian suddenly sensed something and looked in a direction.

Out of nowhere, an old face, covered in death spots and wrinkles, emerged from the darkness and was reflected in the eerie candlelight. Those hollow, deathly still eyes devoid of any sign of emotion, were like those of an old corpse that had appeared out of thin air, giving anyone who looked a fright.

"Ah~!"

A survivor let out a scream of terror.

But Yang Jian was unmoved.

It was just the Ghost Candle casting light on the Door Knocking Ghost; it still hadn't stepped into the range of the candlelight.

However, with the Door Knocking Ghost drawing near, the burning speed of the Ghost Candle increased significantly.

From the beginning until now, a full third of the Ghost Candle had burned away.

This was somewhat regrettable to Yang Jian.

However, most of the Ghost Candle's consumption was not because of this Door Knocking Ghost, but because of the ghost under the street lamp.

"We will meet again in the future," Yang Jian stared at the old man in the black long robe outside the candlelight, his expression solemn.

Actually, that old man wasn't the only one around.

In reality, they were surrounded by ghosts on all sides, with countless pale faces turning towards them, a crowd surging, but invisible to the others.

Once the Ghost Candle went out, the horde of ghosts would swoop in and tear the crowd to shreds.

"Huff~!"

At that moment, Yang Jian sharply exhaled, and the Ghost Candle in his hand instantly extinguished.

The eerie candlelight disappeared.

Everything was enveloped in darkness.

"Tap tap~!"

From all directions, crowded footsteps echoed.

Pale hands stretched out from the darkness, reaching for the nearest survivors.

Even the old man was advancing again with his stiff steps.

And at this moment,

A red light, piercing through the oppressive darkness like thick ink, emerged.

The red light burst forth from Yang Jian's body, swiftly spreading out and covering the surroundings.

The next moment.

The red light flashed and then vanished into the darkness.

Gone, too, were Yang Jian, Tong Qian, the remaining survivors, and a nearby car.

The darkness completely took over the place.

But one could clearly hear several mournful cries echoing in this darkness.

Fear, helplessness, despair, collapse.

Some left, but some were forcibly kept by the ghosts, remaining within the Ghost Domain.

There was a gap of a few seconds between the extinguishing of the Ghost Candle and the opening of the Ghost Domain.

It was during this interval that more survivors fell victim.

Here and now,

On a deserted street.

Red light flashed.

Yang Jian and the others appeared out of thin air on the road, where everything seemed much the same as before.

The only difference was that it was a little less eerie and chilly here; streetlights were on and stars and moonlight were visible in the sky, no longer dim and pitch-black.

"Where is this?" Tong Qian was confused for a moment.

"Still in Dachang City, just outside the range of the Ghost Domain,"

Yang Jian said, "I have completed my mission this time; the follow-up is up to you, the criminal police officer. The rest is beyond my responsibilities."

After scanning the surroundings and confirming everything was as it should be, he opened the car door, gathered up the Ghost Candle and Ghost Rope, and then started the car, preparing to leave.

"Wait, you're just going to leave like this?"

Yang Jian said, "What else do you expect? It's past eight o'clock; I need to get some sleep, and they have work tomorrow. Everyone's busy, you know."

Tong Qian's expression changed, and then she asked, "How can I find you if I need to?"

"Ideally, you wouldn't find me at all, not if there's trouble or otherwise."

After thinking for a moment, Yang Jian said, "Go back to the city you're in charge of. Don't come to Dachang City anymore; it's too complicated here for you to handle. And I advise you, try to control a second ghost as soon as possible to delay the revival of the fierce ghost. Don't get involved in meaningless supernatural events."

"I admit you have a sense of responsibility and compassion, but I see no hope in you, only despair because you won't live long. A person who won't live long has no hope to speak of. You may think I'm selfish, but people who aren't selfish don't live long in this world. Everyone has only one life; I believe the life of a ghost controller is more valuable than that of an ordinary person."

You figure it out for yourself; that's all I have to say."

His words were a well-intentioned warning.

He simply didn't want to see another Zhou Zheng, who died in the line of duty during a supernatural event.

It was a tragic thing.

Having said that, he stepped on the gas and drove away.

Tong Qian watched Yang Jian leave, lost in thought.

Then she looked at the survivors.

There were fewer than ten left.

Clearly, several more had died during the escape.

In the face of such supernatural events, ordinary people had no chance of survival; there was no room for resistance.

Had Yang Jian not led them out, even Tong Qian herself would have died.

After pondering for a moment,

Tong Qian snapped back to reality, took out her satellite phone, and made a call, "Mission failed, I'm sorry the Door Knocking Ghost incident in Dachang City is unresolved... and I've used too much ghostly power, the revival of the fierce ghost is not far off. I would like to apply for the second ghost control proposal; my qualifications should be enough."

Chapter 182 Tears of Poverty

A luxury car worth millions was cruising down the road. Although it wasn't a rare sight in Dachang City, it still drew glances from pedestrians on the roadside.

Some envied, some were jealous.

"Wow, that's a Bentley, right? It looks so expensive, must be several hundred thousand at least," exclaimed a girl who was shopping with her boyfriend.

"It's probably around five million, not just several hundred thousand. You really have no clue," someone said.

A taxi with a slightly deformed front from an accident rolled down its window, and the driver, smoking a cigarette, said with some depth, "If it were any other car, I'd tail it in anger if it pissed me off. But I really wouldn't dare chase this one."

"Five million? Look at that guy, then look at yourself. You don't even have a car worth tens of thousands, and he even looks younger and more handsome than you. You really need to work harder," the girl said to her boyfriend.

The man scoffed, "What's the big deal about being rich? Having money doesn't necessarily mean you're happy."

Yang Jian, waiting at the red light, looked out the window after hearing this and said, "Sorry, but having money really does make you happy."

"Damn..."

The man's face darkened, and then, forcing his courage, he retorted, "Even if you're rich and happy, you're still a single dog. I'm different; I have a girlfriend."

After saying that, he lifted his head proudly.

Yang Jian thought for a moment, then rolled down the car window.

Behind him, Jiang Yan, who was playing with her phone, appeared.

"What's up? Did we get home?" Jiang Yan asked, looking up in confusion.

Although Auntie Jiang was a bit older, she was indeed quite attractive. Combined with the careful grooming before heading out and her curvaceous figure matched with a charming face, plus a dress that was innocent yet seductive, she could certainly be considered a beauty.

"It's almost nine o'clock now. Why don't I stay at your place tonight? We'll handle the paperwork tomorrow," the female sales associate whispered on the side, indicating her reluctance to leave.

She was purely frightened and had begun to feel paranoid.

But the female sales associate was also attractive, mature and dignified in her professional attire, exuding a somewhat different charm.

"It's fine. Since you're a salesperson, I'll make an exception and let you stay for the day without charging you rent," Yang Jian said, then glanced back at the man on the roadside.

"What the hell is this supposed to mean?"

Seeing Yang Jian with two beauties in his car, the man almost burst into tears.

It was bad enough that he was rich, but to rub it in like this was too much.

So young and already such a player, he should be careful not to weaken his kidneys.

"Even if you're rich, and even if you have a girlfriend, you're still just a good-for-nothing second-generation rich kid. I have many skills that you don't. What can you do aside from having a lot of money?" the man said, trying to refute again.

One must not lose face, even in defeat.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "I can drive a Bentley with one hand. Does that count as a skill?"

"I can ride a bike with one hand. I can fix computers. I can make brown sugar water..." the man went on, and before he knew it, tears of poverty began to flow.

Forget it, I'm not playing with you anymore.

It's not easy being a commoner, just trying to get by, yet I had to run into you, a second-generation rich kid.

"Why is he crying?" Jiang Yan asked, puzzled.

Yang Jian replied, "He was probably just struck by reality."

"Hey, don't leave in such a hurry, friend. I have something for you." Suddenly, as if he'd thought of something, he called out to the man.

"So what if you're rich? I don't want your charity. Keep it for yourself. I may be poor, but my spirit is not," said the man, feeling crushed and preparing to leave with tears in his eyes.

Yang Jian said, "I have a car parked in a corner of the city center. If you can find it one day, it's yours. You can't transfer ownership, but you can keep it and drive it." As he spoke, he extended the key to the Mercedes.

"Brother, from now on, I'm your brother for life. You're the big brother, and I'm the little brother. We may have different fathers, but we're closer than real brothers," the man exclaimed, running over and grabbing Yang Jian's hand in excitement.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian chuckled and handed over the car keys, then as soon as the green light was on, he immediately drove off.

"See that? My big brother is just different, so generous." The man said excitedly, holding the car keys.

But in the car, Jiang Yan was dissatisfied.

"Why give a perfectly good car to some stranger? Why not keep it for me to drive?"

Yang Jian said, "That car was parked in the Ghost Domain, and even if the Ghost Domain disappeared, who knows where the car ended up. Can you find it? I certainly can't. Plus, that was Master Luo's car; it's useless for you to take it. It's better to give it to someone else to enjoy."

"What will I drive in the future?" Jiang Yan said with a pitiful look.

"Don't you have money? Go buy one yourself," Yang Jian said. "I gave you a bonus of five million, what more do you want?"

"All that money went to pay off debts," Jiang Yan said helplessly.

Yang Jian said, "Then keep working to earn money. My salary and benefits are quite high. Believe in yourself; you'll soon earn enough to buy a car."

"Stingy," Jiang Yan pouted.

Sleeping with you every day, and you can't even spare a car for me.

"First, go to your place and move out all the important things, then leave here," Yang Jian added.

Jiang Yan was taken aback for a moment and asked, "Leave here? To where?"

"Guanjiang Residential Complex. Didn't I tell you earlier? I'm moving away from the city center to a quieter neighborhood to avoid getting unwittingly involved in supernatural events. The more crowded a place is now, the more dangerous it is. Your experience today proves that," Yang Jian said.

"Got it," Jiang Yan said.

The female sales associate nearby listened thoughtfully.

She was just an innocent bystander who had been accidentally swept up into this supernatural event.

Her experiences today had completely overturned her understanding of the world, suddenly plunging her into a mysterious and unknown realm.

However, she was very measured and did nothing but watch throughout, not asking too many questions, quietly taking note of everything Yang Jian did and said.

"I should move out of the city center as soon as I get back too, and tell my parents and relatives to move away from the city center," the female sales associate thought to herself.

"By the way, what's your name?" Yang Jian asked.

"Me, me?"

Caught off guard, the female sales associate said, "My name is Zhang Liqin."

"As thanks for saving you today, do you mind going upstairs and helping this Big Sister Jiang move some things down?" Yang Jian said.

"Yes, of course," Zhang Liqin answered without any intention of refusing.

She dared not offend this Yang Jian.

This was someone who could wield a gun and deal with ghosts without a second thought. Despite his young appearance, he inspired an indescribable fear.

But at the same time, he inexplicably made people feel safe.

Fear mingled with a desire for reliance.

A contradictory feeling.

This must be what a big shot feels like.

"You're not going to help?"

After getting out of the car, Jiang Yan said, "Those things weigh hundreds of kilograms; they are very heavy."

"I'm hungry. I'm going to have egg fried rice. Call me when you're done moving. If you find it too heavy, ask your college classmate to help; he seems to live next door," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan rolled her eyes: "Never mind, I'll do it myself. You go eat your egg fried rice."

She couldn't move a few hundred kilograms of bricks, but a few hundred kilograms of gold, not only could she move it, she could even run with it.

"Thanks for the help," she said.

Zhang Liqin replied, "Sure, no problem, Miss Jiang."

Chapter 183 Moving

"What is this, a small suitcase and it's so heavy." The saleswoman, Zhang Liqin, heaved a suitcase into the elevator, panting.

You can't even talk about carrying it, let alone lifting it.

Though Jiang Yan was drenched in sweat, she was full of determination and didn't feel tired at all.

"This is the territory I've conquered," she said with squinted eyes, somewhat boastfully, "Since you helped, I'll make an exception and show you."

With that, she opened a heavy briefcase.

Inside were bars of gold that glowed enchantingly, now lying before Zhang Liqin's eyes.

"Gold?" Zhang Liqin was a bit surprised, "All of this is...?"

Her heart skipped a beat.

Were those ridiculously heavy suitcases she had just moved all filled with gold?

"Of course, it's all gold. It may not look like much, but it's a good four hundred kilograms, costing four billion," Jiang Yan explained.

Zhang Liqin was clearly shocked.

As a car salesperson, she had dealt with some big clients and entertained presidents with net worths of several billion, but she had never before encountered someone transporting four hundred kilograms of gold in one go.

"What does your boyfriend need so much gold for?" Zhang Liqin pressed, trying to hide her astonishment while fishing for useful information.

Jiang Yan replied, "How would I know? He usually makes no sense. Last time I asked him, he said it was for house decoration, and this might not even be enough."

"House decoration... with gold?" Zhang Liqin's eyes widened.

"That's what he says, but it must be a lie. Maybe it's just an investment. Recently the price of gold has skyrocketed, and the stock market is under control. I've got several million trapped in it. Investing in physical gold is definitely a good opportunity," Jiang Yan said, getting a headache from the thought. "Too bad I'm penniless now and can't afford to invest anymore."

She was now looking forward to Yang Jian giving her a bonus.

Though this young man was a bit odd, he was very generous with money, unflinching even when it came to millions.

"Maybe it's not just for investment," Zhang Liqin thought to herself.

If it were any other company president buying this much gold, she might think it was for investment, but a woman's intuition told her Yang Jian was definitely not such a person.

"I should buy some gold too when I get back, see if I can make a small fortune following President Yang," she said with a laugh, revealing her plan.

Jiang Yan said, "Following Yang Jian will surely be fine, he might trick others but he definitely won't trick me."

Soon.

The two women, exhausted, slowly moved the gold to the side of the car.

"Why are you so slow? I've been waiting here for ages," Yang Jian said, squatting by the roadside, holding skewers of lamb, eating and talking.

"You heartless man, I'm moving stuff for you and you're here eating skewers!" Jiang Yan complained.

Yang Jian asked, "Do you want some?"

"I don't want skewers, I want steak and red wine at a French restaurant, and you're paying," Jiang Yan demanded.

"Is steak better than skewers? Don't joke around; such a tiny piece of steak trying to make it look like I can't afford it—do you really not want skewers?" Yang Jian asked.

Jiang Yan hesitated, suddenly feeling a bit hungry; "Then, give me a skewer."

She took one and carefully took a bite: "Hmm, it's good, really tasty."

"Being picky is a bad habit; you'll have to quit that," said Yang Jian as he finished eating, clapped his hands, and stood up. "Have you moved everything?"

Zhang Liqin said, "President Yang, it's all moved, right here."

"Don't call me President Yang; I'm not that kind of company owner. Ordinary people call me by my name, industry folks call me Ghost-eye Yang Jian, and friends usually call me Brother Tui. Pick whichever you like," Yang Jian walked over, opened the trunk, and loaded the four hundred kilograms of gold onto it.

"That's it? Don't you have any clothes or anything to move?" he asked.

Jiang Yan, mouth greasy from eating, not yet satisfied, asked the vendor to roast ten more skewers: "I've moved. Anyhow, my clothes are old, and you'll have to give me an advance on my salary to get new ones."

"It depends on your work attitude," Yang Jian said.

"Pack up, let's go, stop eating, it's too late to be wandering outside. If you run into another supernatural event, you'll be unlucky. In Dachang City, if I remember correctly, there's still a ghost roaming around; I haven't run into it lately, don't know whose home it has gone to now."

"What?" Jiang Yan almost choked: "Why didn't you say so sooner?"

Hastily packing up, she got into the car and instantly grabbed the passenger seat.

"What are you spacing out for, let's go!"

Yang Jian said, "You really are afraid of dying. Miss Zhang, do you want to come along or should I take you back home?"

"Together, together, I guess, since I still haven't completed your paperwork," Zhang Liqin hesitated before getting into the car.

It wasn't just about the paperwork for her, but the lingering fear in her heart wasn't subsiding. She felt safe with Yang Jian and didn't dare to leave hastily.

"Then let's go."

...

Yang Jian quickly started the car and then headed toward the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

While still en route, his satellite-positioning phone rang.

"Hello, Yang Jian, it's me, Zhao Jianguo."

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

Zhao Jianguo laughed, "I'm calling to thank you. Thank you for your assistance in rescuing ghost hunter Tong Qian from the Ghost Domain. Moreover, according to Tong Qian's report, you also dealt with a ghost hunter named Wang Yue? And you've detained that ghost?"

"You're not eyeing my ghost, are you?" said Yang Jian. "I sold the coffin to Professor Wang last time, but I don't plan to sell this ghost."

"No, no, no, don't misunderstand, I'm merely expressing my gratitude. It's a good thing that you've detained the ghost. You've eliminated a potential threat to Dachang City, and that's no small deed. It

will indeed be a help to your application for exercising rights of responsibility. The more merits you have, the more the higher-ups will look after you," said Zhao Jianguo.

"If it hadn't been for the incident at Huanggang Village, the higher-ups would not have agreed to your request this time. Besides, the official procedures for assuming the role of the person in charge of Dachang City still need to be followed. Someone will contact you within ten days. Rest assured, we will do what we've promised on our side."

"That's good to hear. Is there anything else? I've been running around all day and I'm tired. If there's nothing else, I'd like to go to sleep," said Yang Jian.

"Sorry for disturbing your sleep. There is indeed one more thing to notify you about. Just twenty minutes ago, it was confirmed that the Ghost Domain in the center of Dachang City has disappeared. Just as the records stated, the Door Knocking Ghost has left."

"Then you should be vigilant about other places," Yang Jian said. "If the Door Knocking Ghost has left Dachang City, it will surely appear somewhere else."

"Indeed, the higher-ups are already devising an action plan to detain the Door Knocking Ghost. It's unacceptable to let such a terrifying ghost wander around freely, killing people without restraint."

Zhao Jianguo said, "This operation report is of great help. I will speak up for your merits. As for Dachang City, please take some extra care."

"Whether they happen or not, as long as you solve and report the supernatural events, this side will credit you. It's beneficial for your future."

"I'll make the reports if necessary," said Yang Jian.

"All right then. I won't disturb your rest any further. Oh, one more thing, the ghost hunter Zhao Kaiming, who got involved in this incident, has survived and didn't sacrifice himself. I hope you two can get along well in the future." Having said that, Zhao Jianguo ended the communication.

Yang Jian frowned upon hearing this.

Zhao Kaiming is still alive?

That's really not good news.

But how did that guy survive the hands of the Door Knocking Ghost?

He should have only controlled one ghost.

"Even if he survived this time, he must have paid a significant price," Yang Jian thought. "But as long as he's alive, there's always a risk."

It wasn't Zhao Kaiming's ability that Yang Jian dreaded.

It was his personality.

Like a dormant viper, invisible until it strikes with a lethal blow.

If it weren't for handling Wang Yue this time, if Zhao Kaiming's plan had succeeded and used Wang Yue and the members of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club to target him, he would have undoubtedly died.

Killing Yan Li was not out of vengeance, but rather to eliminate a potential ally at his side and also to drag Wang Yue into this struggle.

"Why go through such painstaking effort to target me? He's always had great animosity toward me," Yang Jian pondered while driving. "By principle, I have no grudges with Zhao Kaiming, and we haven't even met before."

The first time they met, Zhao Kaiming just wanted to recruit him, which he simply refused.

If there was any enmity between them, there could be only one reason.

Zhao Kaiming didn't want to relinquish the position of a ghost hunter!

But that reason wasn't sufficient.

With doubts lingering in his mind, Yang Jian considered it for a moment but couldn't fathom the reasons, so he didn't dwell on it further. Since they were already enemies and their stances were clear, the reasons no longer mattered.

Soon after.

The car stopped in front of the sales office at the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Zhang Xiangu was efficient in handling things. The sales office signage had been removed, and quite considerably, workers had erected metal railings nearby. The construction had already been completed.

Anyone coming here for the first time wouldn't think this was a sales office, but rather a luxurious European-style villa.

"Is this the new house you bought?" Jiang Yan got out of the car and was stunned when she saw the five-story villa.

"Yes, a classmate of mine is in real estate. His father gave it to me; we'll live here from now on," said Yang Jian.

"That's fantastic," cheered Jiang Yan, as she immediately dashed eagerly inside to see her new home.

Standing by, Zhang Liqin was not surprised; it was normal for a billionaire to live in such a villa.

"You're leaving just like that? If you go now, who will help me move the stuff?" Yang Jian shouted.

He glanced at Zhang Liqin.

Zhang Liqin, feeling a bit embarrassed, said, "I've strained my muscles and don't have the strength anymore. I can't move things."

"Then you go on in; I'll handle it myself then." With no other option, Yang Jian had to do the manual labor himself.

Chapter 184: Call Daddy

Jiang Yan seemed to have revived with full health as she ran and roamed around the five-story sales center.

"So big, this living room is so big, it's like shopping in a mall."

"The second floor is a conference hall, this sofa is really nice, sitting on it feels so comfortable."

"There's even a gym on the third floor, and a swimming pool, that's amazing."

"Fourth floor... huh, who's in that room?"

When Jiang Yan got to the fourth floor, she saw a room with the door open, where dim lights flickered, and voices were coming out.

"Is it a person or a ghost?" she started to feel scared.

She then remembered, she was the only one in the huge villa, and the silence around her felt quite terrifying.

"The residence that Yang Jian arranged definitely won't have ghosts." Thinking this way, Jiang Yan felt a bit more at ease and cautiously peeked inside.

She saw a person sitting at a computer desk, playing a game.

"Hm? There's footsteps." Zhang Wei frowned at the computer, realizing things were not simple.

Locating by sound.

Zhang Wei immediately looked toward Jiang Yan standing outside the room.

"A thief? There's nothing to steal here, scram quickly, don't disturb me playing games."

"I'm not a thief, who are you? What are you doing in my house?" Jiang Yan immediately said.

"Your house? What proof do you have that this is your house, just because you're wearing silk stockings on your legs? Or because you smell like skewers of mutton?" Zhang Wei sneered, dismissively saying.

Jiang Yan said, "I am Yang Jian's girlfriend, this villa was bought by Yang Jian, how is it not my home? Who exactly are you? If you don't explain, I'm going to call the police."

"Yang Jian's girlfriend? How come that kid never mentioned it." Zhang Wei put down his headset and stood up; "Are you really Yang Jian's girlfriend?"

"Of course, we often sleep together," Jiang Yan said.

Zhang Wei said, "Call me Dad."

Huh?

Zhang Wei spoke in a deep voice, "Yang Jian is my son, if you two have gotten to that point, shouldn't you call me 'Dad'?"

"Ah, Uncle?"

Jiang Yan was instantly flustered; "I'm sorry, Uncle, I didn't recognize you, I'm really sorry, I didn't mean it just now, it's my first time here, and I'm not very familiar with the place."

She apologized profusely and bowed deeply.

Fearing that she had offended Yang Jian's father.

"Call me Dad, just a 'Dad' and we'll be family from now on." Zhang Wei nodded and said.

"Dad~!" Jiang Yan called out, both shy and happy.

"Good girl, I'll give you a hard drive as a wedding gift later," Zhang Wei said with satisfaction; "Go have fun, don't disturb me playing games."

"Okay, alright." Jiang Yan was taken aback.

She hadn't expected Yang Jian's father to be so young at heart, engrossed in computer games,

After leaving, the more Jiang Yan thought about it, the more something seemed off. Did Yang Jian even have a father? She never heard him mention one, but she did hear that his mother had gone away on a business trip and might be returning soon.

At this moment.

Yang Jian brought in four hundred kilograms of Gold all at once.

"Didn't expect Ghost Shadow to have such a use," he glanced at the dark shadow behind him.

Ghost Shadow was like a coat rack at the moment, with all the boxes filled with Gold hanging on it, and as Yang Jian moved forward, it followed closely behind him, the four hundred kilograms not too much for a shadow that didn't even have a physical body.

Indeed, in front of a ghost, science doesn't apply.

He moved the Gold to the fifth floor through the elevator and then locked it in a room.

Besides the idea of investing, buying so much Gold was mainly because Yang Jian wanted to build a safe room.

A room lined with Gold, preventing ghostly attacks, a temporary safe haven.

Of course, this was just a concept.

To implement it, a huge financial backing was necessary.

Four hundred kilograms of Gold was clearly not sufficient.

But that was okay, for the safety of his family in the future, all of it was worth it. At worst, the Gold would appreciate in value if left there, along with being readily available for immediate use.

Gold would only become scarcer in the market over time.

Once supernatural events fully erupted, it might even become difficult to purchase with money.

Thus, Yang Jian was planning for the future.

Keeping money at hand was useless; it needed to be converted into something more valuable. Not for luxury, but for better survival.

That was the reason he spared no effort to make money.

"Yang Jian, does your dad also live here?" At this moment, Jiang Yan found him and asked, "I think I saw your dad on the fourth floor just now."

"Your dad just moved in here," Yang Jian said. "My father passed away when I was in elementary school. You must be seeing ghosts."

"Ah? But, but there was definitely someone upstairs just now claiming to be your dad. Don't scare me," Jiang Yan said, shrinking down instantly at the mention of ghosts and hiding behind Yang Jian.

"Someone else is upstairs? I'll go check it out," Yang Jian said.

He frowned and thought about it. There shouldn't be anyone else here, just the few of them.

Upon reaching the fourth floor.

Jiang Yan pointed at a room with lights on and said, "It's in there."

But Yang Jian was not afraid. He walked straight over and saw Zhang Wei sitting there playing video games.

"I almost forgot, Zhang Wei has no place to live, so he's staying with me temporarily."

"Zhang Wei? Not your dad?"

"Of course not."

"But he clearly said you were his son just now," Jiang Yan said.

"He's also my grandson," Yang Jian said. "Don't bother me with such trivial matters in the future."

Jiang Yan instantly understood she had been hoodwinked by Zhang Wei.

She had called out 'Dad' for nothing.

A big loss indeed.

Feeling both embarrassed and angry, she thought about it.

"Yo, Brother Tui is here? Wanna play some chicken? I just bought this computer this afternoon; it's got great performance," Zhang Wei warmly invited Yang Jian as he spotted him.

Yang Jian glanced over.

There were already four or five computers set up in the room, along with new computer desks. It seemed like he planned to stay here and play video games as a true homebody.

"You dare to go out and buy a computer? Aren't you afraid of dying?" Yang Jian said.

"I found that if I just put a paper bag over my head, even looking in the mirror doesn't matter anymore. The ghost doesn't appear in the mirror. I'm really fucking smart."

Zhang Wei put a paper bag on his head and cut three holes for his eyes and mouth.

"But if I'm not mistaken, that ghost should be in this room," Yang Jian said.

"Who cares, all the mirrors here have been covered up by people, there definitely won't be a problem, don't worry," Zhang Wei said, focusing intently on his game.

Not even a haunting could stop his determination to play games.

"You keep playing. I'm going to take a shower and sleep. I still need to find out tomorrow why the workers in the community are disappearing and the reason you're haunted by a vengeful ghost. I don't want to be stuck unable to sell these properties. I'm counting on making a fortune here," Yang Jian said.

He could no longer afford to play games without a care in the world.

After becoming a ghost hunter, he'd witnessed one cruel event after another. There was much to consider; he'd matured without even realizing it.

But compared to the maturity gained from skirting the edges of death, he yearned for the simplicity of Zhang Wei's life.

A computer, a bed, and billions in family assets.

He once enjoyed the luxury of a private swimming pool.

And washed off the faint stench of decay from his body.

All of a sudden, Yang Jian remembered something.

Zhang Wei was here.

The ghost must be here too.

He would be careful of mirrors, and he had previously reminded Jiang Yan, telling her to watch out.

But there was one more person here.

The female car salesperson, Zhang Liqin.

She seemed oblivious to the fact that the place wasn't entirely safe.

"This can't be good," Yang Jian furrowed his brows, losing the mood to bathe. He immediately left the swimming pool to find Zhang Liqin.

If Zhang Liqin were attacked, replaced by the ghost in the mirror, what would happen afterward was anyone's guess.

"Big Sister Jiang, did you see that Zhang Liqin earlier?" Yang Jian entered the room and asked.

At that moment, Jiang Yan was hiding under the blankets, and she poked her head out: "I, I didn't see her, no. Are you sure there really is a ghost here?"

"Yes, there is one, but it's not a major issue," Yang Jian said.

"Then, don't look for her. Just come to bed and sleep," Jiang Yan said with a gloomy face. "I'll move aside for you; this much space is enough for me."

Without Yang Jian, she'd definitely suffer from insomnia tonight.

"No, Zhang Liqin doesn't know about the situation here. If she gets hurt, you'll all be in trouble too," Yang Jian said. "I'll just remind her, and once she knows, she should be fine if she's just a little careful."

"Then get back quickly, I'll wait for you," Jiang Yan said.

Without responding to her, Yang Jian immediately turned and left.

Chapter 185 The Disappearing Impulse

Yang Jian had always wanted a home of his own, not just moving from rental to rental with his mother. He often thought of working hard to earn money early, to buy a house, the bigger the better.

But now, for the first time, he discovered that having a big house was not necessarily a good thing.

Especially since this place had five floors. Searching for a person was no longer a matter of checking each level—it meant having to shout through each floor. If someone wanted to hide here and chose not to respond, they'd be very difficult to find.

At this very moment.

Zhang Liqin was not on the fourth floor, nor was she on the third floor.

After arriving here and seeing the entire building empty, to avoid disturbing others, she had gone to the unoccupied second floor.

The second floor was the living room.

But there was also a rest area.

In the rest area, there was a bedroom, a toilet, and a bathroom.

However, upon entering, Zhang Liqin discovered something very odd about the place.

All the mirrors, including glass surfaces and anything reflective, had been covered with black cloth.

Without exception.

Even the bathroom mirror was the same.

Zhang Liqin vaguely felt that this must also be related to the haunting, so she didn't remove any of the black cloths. After all, the events from a few hours ago were still vivid in her mind.

Even the most foolish person should have learned their lesson by now.

"Take a bath, go to sleep early. It's better not to think about what happened before," she told herself.

Although she still felt fear in her heart, the thought that Yang Jian was here brought her a little comfort.

After all, if someone capable of dealing with ghosts was living here, nothing could possibly go wrong.

She took off her work uniform, which faintly smelled of death.

Zhang Liqin stepped into the bathroom for a hot shower.

The warm water washing over her gave her a sense of warmth and significantly lessened the chill on her skin, but the coldness in her heart persisted.

Even though she knew this place might be safe,

the events that had happened and the bizarre covering of mirrors with black cloth still made Zhang Liqin feel uneasy. She slapped her face to stop her mind from wandering.

Ghosts, once they take hold in a person's heart, cling like burrowing maggots that can't be shaken off.

The fear inside may not necessarily stem from death, but from the very word "ghost" itself.

This word inherently instills fear, as if possessing some sort of magic.

She quickly showered, enduring an odd smell as she washed her clothes and undergarments. If possible, she never wanted to wear this set of clothes that smelled of death again; they reminded her only of fear.

She hung the clothes outside to dry.

In this weather, they would be dry by morning.

After searching,

she found a bath towel in the bathroom cabinet and wrapped it around herself.

As soon as she stepped out of the bathroom,

Zhang Liqin felt a gust of cold wind. It sent shivers through her skin and into her bones, compelling an involuntary tremble, and the residual smell of death in the air seemed to grow stronger.

She wasn't sure if it was because she suddenly stepped out and hadn't adapted yet, or if the room's air conditioner's cold air had blown her way.

Not daring to think too much,

she just wanted to hide under the covers and sleep until daylight.

Once it was light out, today's nightmare would end.

Suddenly,

Zhang Liqin faintly heard someone calling her name—it seemed to be Yang Jian's voice.

"I'm here," she thought for a moment, then responded once sure.

Following that, footsteps sounded from outside.

Yang Jian hurriedly made his way towards the second floor with brisk steps.

As soon as he entered the living room, he quickly saw Zhang Liqin, who was getting ready to go back to her room to sleep.

He was immediately taken aback.

It wasn't that he had discovered anything peculiar, but he hadn't expected this Zhang Liqin to be quite attractive. No, not beautiful, but even though her looks weren't on par with Jiang Yan, she could be considered delicate and easy on the eyes.

What made one unable to look away was her figure, mature and full, with the characteristics of a mature woman, thus radiating a seductive charm from within and without.

Especially the figure that was faintly visible beneath the bath towel made Yang Jian somewhat doubt its reality.

How had he not noticed before that this Zhang Liqin was out of the ordinary?

"Is there something wrong?"

Feeling Yang Jian's gaze, Zhang Liqin, as a woman, naturally realized it and couldn't help but divert her eyes as she asked.

Yang Jian said, "Many mirrors here have been covered with black cloth, you haven't uncovered any of them, have you?"

"No, I felt something was strange about this place, so I didn't touch them," Zhang Liqin said.

Yang Jian nodded and said, "That's good then. There is a ghost here, and messing with the mirrors might very well release it. Just avoid them, and there's nothing else you need to be cautious of. I came specifically to warn you, so you don't get caught off guard."

"What? There's a ghost here," Zhang Liqin exclaimed in surprise.

"Don't make a big fuss. As long as you don't act rashly, there will be no problem. Besides, what's one ghost in such a big place? There are quite a few ghosts in Dachang City, and you don't see the people

living downtown getting scared. Some things, when you don't see them or know about them, naturally won't frighten you as much," Yang Jian said.

"Moreover, I'll take care of this matter, it's not related to you; you're just staying for one night before leaving."

"That's true," Zhang Liqin nodded.

Even though that was said, knowing there was a ghost in the place, she couldn't help but shiver all over, and her eyes involuntarily scanned around.

Fearing that, in some corner, a person might appear out of nowhere.

"Go to sleep early, I'm leaving." Yang Jian turned to leave, but after only a few steps, he suddenly spun around and said, "By the way, you... you're not a ghost, are you?"

Zhang Liqin, taken aback, said, "Why would you ask that?"

"Some ghosts hide among people and normally can't be distinguished. Just to be safe, it's better to test," Yang Jian approached.

"How will you test?"

"Very simple." Yang Jian suddenly reached out and grabbed her neck.

Clearly, he felt Zhang Yanli's body warmth, the goosebumps that rose on the back of her head, as well as her nervous heartbeat.

Ghosts don't have so many signs of life.

Even the best-disguised ghosts lack these features.

"It seems you haven't fallen victim to that ghost. That's a good thing. Don't wander around at night and be careful on your own," Yang Jian retracted his hand.

"I—I understand," Zhang Liqin quickly nodded.

Yang Jian then suddenly asked, "By the way, those... are they real or fake?"

"What?" Zhang Liqin asked.

"Those... your breasts, where did you get them done?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Liqin looked down at herself, her face reddening slightly: "These, these are real."

"I was just asking, don't mind me," Yang Jian said.

"It's—it's okay, I don't mind."

Zhang Liqin smoothed back her hair by her ears and looked at Yang Jian, her eyes unwittingly conveying a hint of flirtation.

Yang Jian, seeing that look in her eyes, paused for a moment.

For a moment, the two locked eyes, and an unusual energy collided between them.

As a mature woman, Zhang Liqin realized that it wasn't right for her to look at a man in that way.

However, as she averted her gaze, Yang Jian came up to her and asked, "That look just now, were you trying to convey some message to me?"

"No, not at all," Zhang Liqin hurriedly denied.

"I don't believe it, that look was definitely seductive. I think as a man, there's something I should do at this moment," Yang Jian said.

"What do you want to do?"

Zhang Liqin stroked her hair again, her gaze flickering, trying to hide her unease.

Understanding what was about to happen, her cheeks flushed, she fell silent, offered no resistance, simply closing her eyes as this man she met just a day ago took her into his arms and carried her into the room.