

Revival 186

Chapter 186 Thanks

Zhang Liqin woke up.

She had slept very soundly and securely, the terrifying events of the previous day hadn't greatly affected her mind.

Even though her heart would still palpitate when she occasionally recalled it, the man by her side had given her a strong sense of safety.

"Why haven't you slept yet?"

She might have slept soundly, but she did not feel comfortable upon waking up.

She wasn't sure if it was because of helping out with brick moving yesterday or for some other reason... She just slightly raised her head to glance at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian had his eyes half closed, half-open, and wasn't asleep; he resembled a dozing tiger or wolf, maintaining vigilance at all times.

"I can't sleep."

He sensed Zhang Liqin's restlessness and opened his eyes.

"You're so wealthy, so young, and so powerful, why push yourself so hard?"

Zhang Liqin murmured, displaying a lazy posture.

Yang Jian said, "That's my business, you don't need to worry about it. However, I apologize for yesterday, I was impulsive."

Ever since he became a ghost controller, his needs had been suppressed to the lowest, almost imperceptible level—the closer he got to the edge of awakening, the greater his own impact.

After all, ghosts lack the seven emotions and six desires, and Yang Jian had been approaching that state before.

But recently, he felt that some of the things he had lost were coming back, or perhaps there was some change within the ghost in his body. He couldn't quite tell.

"It's fine, just don't talk about it, keep it a secret for me," Zhang Liqin said with a slight smile.

"I will. Do you want to sleep more? I have things to do today and need to get up," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin glared at him slightly, "What, is being with a woman older than you that uncomfortable? I may not be as pretty as your girlfriend, but I'm not so uninteresting that you'd lose interest after one time, right?"

"You men are all the same."

After speaking, she felt her tone was somewhat inappropriate, as if she were a jealous, coquettish young woman, then she changed the subject, "But I have to go to work today, and later I need to help you with some procedures. What time is it now?"

"It's past ten," Yang Jian said.

"This late?"

Zhang Liqin was startled, hurriedly got up, picked up a towel from the floor to wrap around herself, and then checked to see if yesterday's clothes were dry.

Yang Jian said with a smile, "Have you considered working for me? You can name your salary requirements."

"Sure... no, no need."

Zhang Liqin was about to agree but then became somewhat panic-stricken and quickly shook her head in refusal.

"Do you have a difficult secret?" Yang Jian asked.

"It's none of your business," Zhang Liqin said with a flushed face. "Don't you have a girlfriend? Why hassle me, I'm not even close to you, we've only met twice."

"You're mistaken, she's my employee, and my relationship with her is very pure, nothing inappropriate has happened," Yang Jian assured earnestly. "And to say we're not close is not quite right—I did save your life, after all."

"Then I really should thank you,"

Zhang Liqin bit her lip, gave Yang Jian a displeased look, and showed the charm of a woman, "But you can't expect to keep me just because of that."

"That's truly a pity, but if you don't agree, then let's leave it at that. Take your time getting dressed; I'll be going out," Yang Jian shook his head, ready to leave.

"Wait a minute."

Zhang Liqin suddenly asked with suspicion, "Did you, take any photos of me yesterday?"

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Wealthy people can be such freaks, and she definitely didn't want to be controlled by Yang Jian.

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment before saying, "What are you joking about? Would I do something so immoral? No matter what, I'm a very upright and honest person, so I absolutely didn't take any pictures."

"That's good to hear," Zhang Liqin sighed in relief.

"But I did take a video," Yang Jian said.

"..." Zhang Liqin's eyes widened in shock.

"Just kidding," Yang Jian laughed. "Do you think I had time to take pictures yesterday?"

Zhang Liqin thought about it and finally relaxed.

When Yang Jian came down to the living room on the first floor, he saw Zhang Wei and Jiang Yan with dark circles under their eyes, yawning from time to time.

"What's wrong with you guys? You look exhausted, like you haven't slept all night," Yang Jian asked curiously as he walked over.

With a look of grievance, Jiang Yan glared at Yang Jian: "You have some nerve! Leaving me alone in the room, I was so scared I couldn't sleep all night. Didn't you say there were ghosts here? You dare to stay in a haunted house. If it keeps up like this, I'm going to go mad. Where did you go yesterday?"

Did you sneak out by yourself?"

"You don't need to worry too much. The supernatural events here will be taken care of. If you don't want to stay, you can move out anytime. Isn't your apartment still vacant? You can move back there if you like," Yang Jian said.

"I'm not going back," Jiang Yan pouted.

Meanwhile, Zhang Wei, yawning, said, "Stayed up all night, I'm feeling so empty, Brother Tui didn't keep me company to have some fun."

"I was busy yesterday too," Yang Jian said, then glanced at Zhang Liqin who had come out.

Zhang Liqin's face looked a bit unnatural, her gaze darting about, avoiding Yang Jian's eyes. She approached with a stack of documents, "If you're free, you might as well sign this car purchase contract. Also, for the car plate registration, I don't know if you want to handle it through our dealership or do it yourself?"

"If you're registering through the dealership, I have a special software here that you can use to pick a license plate."

"Any license plate is fine, just handle it," Yang Jian said as he picked up a pen and signed.

Zhang Liqin crouched down and pointed out, "You also need to sign here. Miss Jiang has already made the payment. Here is the invoice and receipt, and the insurance has also been arranged in advance."

"How long will it take for the license plate to arrive?" Yang Jian asked.

"If we're handling it, it should take about three days, but there might be delays in some cases. However, it will definitely be done within seven working days, please don't worry," Zhang Liqin explained patiently.

After everything was handled, she said with a guilty conscience, "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving now."

"Alright, you don't need me to see you out, do you?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, no need," Zhang Liqin replied.

Yang Jian said, "Remember to deliver my license plate in a few days. I need my car urgently."

Zhang Liqin turned her head and blushed at Yang Jian's knowing look, stammering, "I... I'll do my best."

After speaking, she left in a hurry.

Once outside the villa, Zhang Liqin finally felt relieved, patting her chest with her heart racing fast.

Thinking about having to provide door-to-door service again in a few days, she couldn't help but be overwhelmed with anxiety.

"There's a problem," Jiang Yan said with a strange look as she watched Yang Jian and the departing saleswoman.

When had Yang Jian ever been so courteous to women?

In the days she had been with him, she had not been spared from his temper.

"When is your father coming, Zhang Wei? We need to spend some time sorting out your issue today. Your problem may not seem big now, but it's always a potential risk," Yang Jian said, ignoring Jiang Yan's suspicious look.

"He said he'd come around noon," Zhang Wei answered.

Yang Jian said, "That's still two or three hours away. Let's go have lunch."

Chapter 187 The Ancient House

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Two patrol cars drove along the clean and tidy asphalt roads of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"We have now arrived at Building A. To our left is the villa area, to our right is also villa area, and ahead is still villa area... The total number of villas in this A section, uh, I don't actually know how many there are in total, but anyway, there are a lot, and they are not yet on sale to the public. What? Several sets have already been sold?

Okay, a few have been sold, but it seems, maybe, probably no one is living in them yet."

A manager stood up in the front seat of the patrol car, introducing the development to Yang Jian and others including Zhang Xiang.

"As a manager, don't you think your introduction is a bit too amateurish? Friends are watching, could you please be more professional?"

Zhang Wei looked at the manager; "Dad, can we fire him? Having such an unprofessional manager is embarrassing."

Zhang Xiangü pondered for a moment before replying, "I'm afraid that's not possible."

"Why not? Aren't you the boss around here? How come you can't even fire someone?" Zhang Wei said; "You're making me lose face in front of Brother Tui."

"Because he is your uncle," Zhang Xiangü coughed twice before saying.

"I know, but Dad, if you don't bring it up, only my uncle will be embarrassed. If you do, our whole family will be embarrassed," Zhang Wei said.

"..." Zhang Xiangü's face showed a hint of embarrassment.

Yang Jian sat in the car, looking around, trying to spot something amiss.

But all was calm.

"Let's keep moving forward and skip the introduction. Just drive around the area and try to pass by every building. I'll try to find out what's unusual here," he said.

"Okay, okay," Zhang Wei's uncle said somewhat awkwardly.

The residential complex was huge.

It was a bit beyond Yang Jian's expectations; if they were to tour around at this pace, it would take an hour or two.

Nevertheless, realizing that forty percent of this vast area belonged to him excited him somewhat, giving him the feeling of turning over a new leaf as a landowner.

"Brother Tui, have you noticed anything?" After a while, Zhang Xiangui couldn't help but ask.

Yang Jian shook his head: "It's very normal. As far as I can tell, there are no supernatural events here. If there were, I would have some sense of it."

His Ghost Eye enabled him to sense the presence of ghosts nearby.

Even without the Ghost Eye, places with supernatural events tend to have some irregularities.

"Ahead is Section D, that's where the buildings under construction are. I hope the problem isn't there," said Zhang Xianggu.

"Why?" asked Yang Jian.

Zhang Xianggu replied, "The buildings there are skyscrapers, intended for sale as regular commercial housing. If there is a problem, abandoning that block of buildings would result in a huge loss."

Yang Jian looked up and saw, indeed, there was a dense line of tall buildings ahead, most of which were already completed. Only one project was still under construction, but it had stopped, with only some workers maintaining the usual operation of the construction site.

As the car entered this area,

suddenly,

he felt a slight uneasiness and instinctively looked towards a neglected area overgrown with weeds at the back of the complex.

In that neglected area, there were some old buildings, decrepit wooden houses, and some demolished earth houses, but one of the structures built with bluish bricks, with a distinct Republic of China style, caught his attention.

"President Zhang, what is that area?" Yang Jian asked.

"That should be President Qin's property, but if I remember correctly, there used to be a small village there with not many residents, just over a dozen households. Later, President Qin relocated them elsewhere, and what's left most likely hasn't been demolished yet," replied Zhang Xiangyu.

"Drive over there and take a look," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangyu immediately frowned, "Don't tell me there's a problem with that place."

Yang Jian replied, "There's no problem with the land; it's that house that I feel is somewhat off."

He was talking about the old Republic of China era house.

The two-story house was built entirely of blue bricks. The wooden supports for the roof tiles had rotted, collapsing a large area, which was overgrown with weeds and moss. The walls, however, were densely covered with ivy, the leaves thick and lush. Due to the long absence of inhabitants, the surrounding desolation and decay added a sinister air to this old Republic of China-style house.

"This house... has a problem." Yang Jian closed his eyes, faintly feeling his Ghost Eye beneath his skin stirring with restlessness.

The closer they got, the stronger the uneasiness became.

It was then that Zhang Xiang spoke up, "I just asked the foreman under President Qin, and he said the reason this land has been left here is that they can't find the original owner of that house. Due to the issue of ownership rights, that piece of land has been left abandoned and no work has started on it yet."

"Yes, it's that house."

...

He also pointed to the old house covered in ivy.

"Stop the car," Yang Jian suddenly said.

The car came to an immediate stop.

"Aren't we going any further?" asked Zhang Xiang.

"No need, if we go any further I'm afraid something unexpected might happen," Yang Jian said; "I want to know some information about this house, any aspect will do."

At this moment, he could be completely certain.

This house was very unusual.

The uneasiness of the 'ghost eye' became even more apparent.

"Alright, I'll have someone make inquiries," said Zhang Xiang.

He immediately ordered his subordinates to look for the contractor or workers responsible for the demolition of this area.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian got out of the car, furrowing his brows as he stared at the building from a distance.

He observed carefully.

Soon, he noticed something very odd.

This house had no windows.

Yes.

Neither the first nor the second floor had windows.

No.

It's not that they were missing; it's as if they were never constructed in the first place.

Yang Jian even took a walk around, and he did not see a single window on the side of the house either.

An old house without any windows.

This was clearly very unreasonable.

All houses have windows, that has been a building style since ancient times.

Unless... unless the original owner never intended to stay, but the specific reason for doing so would probably only be known by the first owner of the house.

But that was something from the Republic of China Period.

That was over a hundred years ago, there was no way for Yang Jian to find out.

"Looking for so long? Could it be that this house is a haunted house?" At this moment, Jiang Yan came over, curiously had a look, and then asked quietly.

"Most likely," Yang Jian squinted his eyes, "But to be certain, we will have to go and see it for ourselves."

"Don't look at me, I'm not going with you," Jiang Yan shivered and immediately took a few steps back.

Yang Jian said, "I didn't ask you to go. Zhang Wei, you will have to come with me to take a look later."

Zhang Wei was the source, with a ghost always following him around; if he wanted to resolve the situation, he had to be present.

"No problem," Zhang Wei gave a thumbs up.

At this time, Zhang Xiangui said, "I've had people ask about the building. We didn't get much information, but we were able to contact a few locals who are being relocated. They know that over forty years ago an old man lived there. Later, that old man died of an illness during the winter; it was the villagers who helped with the funeral. Afterwards, the house was locked up and abandoned."

"People used to live there?" Yang Jian was surprised.

"Indeed, that's what those being relocated told us, it should be correct," Zhang Xianggu said.

Yang Jian said, "Didn't the old man have any relatives, children or the like?"

"It was quite some time ago, the elderly who knew have passed away, and those details are not clear to those being relocated," Zhang Xianggu shook his head.

The events from over forty years ago were still remembered by many and had not been forgotten.

But the information that could be traced back was just this little bit.

"I see, it looks like I will have to take a trip there myself," Yang Jian's gaze once again shifted to the old house from the Republic of China Period.

Chapter 188 Live Haunted House

If it were up to him, Yang Jian would not willingly involve himself in any supernatural events.

But in this world, there are many things you can't control, regardless of whether you want to or not.

The supernatural occurrences here must be resolved.

Even if they are not related to Zhang Wei's life safety, in order to ensure his own interests, there must absolutely be no supernatural events in this housing complex. Any sign of trouble must be nipped in the bud.

After all, Yang Jian planned to live here in the future.

And he also owned a forty percent stake in this complex.

However, Yang Jian now wondered if Zhang Xiang's willingness to give up such a large stake so readily was also for the sake of protecting Zhang Wei?

"Brother Tui, is it just the two of us? Don't you think we're a bit outnumbered? Should I call a few more bodyguards?" Zhang Wei asked, feeling a bit uneasy.

Yang Jian said, "What good are bodyguards? They can't deal with ghosts, and if something really happens, at most you'll be the only one who dies. There's no need to drag others into it."

"That sounds logical, but why do I feel like I'm about to be in big trouble?" Zhang Wei said.

"You were already in trouble. I forcibly extended your life," Yang Jian said.

The ghost following Zhang Wei had actually tried to come out several times but vanished again after Yang Jian discerned its identity.

Although he didn't know what the ghost intended to do after leaving the mirror, if it achieved its goal, it certainly wouldn't be anything good.

Soon.

The two arrived in front of the dilapidated house.

Weeds overgrew the entrance, and the wooden doors, nearly rotted through, were half-open. Through the gap in the door, it was clear that the inside was also overgrown with weeds and covered in moss. And because the house had no windows, despite the sweltering heat and the harsh sunlight outside, the interior remained dim and cold.

Ordinary people would be frightened by the environment alone, let alone the presence of ghosts.

"Let's go in and have a look," Yang Jian said.

He didn't act rashly. He carried a Ghost Candle with him, ready to use Ghost Domain to leave immediately if something felt off. And if things really turned south, he would use the Ghost Candle.

He was just there to assess the situation and did not intend to confront any ghosts that might appear.

Though the house was old, the interior wasn't small.

After entering, there was a reasonably spacious antechamber, followed by the main hall.

The main hall was cluttered with old farm tools. It seemed that the older generation had used this place as a storage area. But due to years of neglect and a leaking roof, the air was filled with a musty smell.

"Brother Tui, what's it like inside? Any ghosts?" Zhang Wei still stood outside, whispering loudly.

"Why haven't you come in yet?" Yang Jian turned to look back and raised an eyebrow.

"I'm scared."

Zhang Wei whispered again, "If there's nothing in there, let's go back and play 'Chicken' together. My recoil control is super steady. I'll carry you to victory."

Yang Jian said, "I'll look around a bit more, then we'll head back."

His gaze shifted to the second floor.

That sense of unease came from the second floor; everything on the first floor was normal.

Just as he was about to step up the stairs.

At that moment, suddenly, the sound of footsteps and voices came from behind the main hall on the first floor.

"Who's there?" Yang Jian suddenly called out.

"Did you see that? That's the notorious haunted house of our village. It's about to be demolished. If you don't see it now, it will be gone in a few days. Brother Hwu is taking you to check it out in daylight. We'll come back at night to see if there are really ghosts here.

Remember to double-tap 666, Brother Hwu will lead you into the unknown mysterious world."

At this time, two youngsters, one holding a mobile phone filming, the other speaking to the camera, were seen.

"Damn."

Yang Jian's shout scared the younger one, known as Brother Hwu, who turned and ran.

"Bro, that rich second-generation guy," the one filming said, recognizing Zhang Wei.

At that moment, many comments started popping up on the phone.

"Nearly freaked out, huh?"

"There's a ghost, right?"

"You scared the hell out of me. I really thought there were ghosts. Turns out we've stumbled upon one of our own."

Yang Jian frowned and walked over. "Who are you?"

"Who the hell are you, I'm livestreaming here, what are you shouting and screaming for in broad daylight? You scared the bejesus out of Brother Hwu." Said the man who claimed to be Brother Hwu, then he looked into the camera and said, "No worries, just a little hiccup, Brother Hwu can handle it."

"Livestream?" Yang Jian glanced around.

"Even if you are livestreaming, don't come to a place like this, get lost."

As he finished speaking, a flurry of comments flashed across the phone of the person filming behind him.

"This kid is so arrogant, if it were me, I would have taken the keyboard and suppressed him on the spot."

"It looks like this guy has the courage of a thousand men, Brother Hwu, get out quick."

"Get out, fight, can you take being talked to like that, Brother Hwu?"

Brother Hwu curled his lips and said, "Kid, why the arrogance, do you even know who I am? I'm the Brother Hwu known online, don't stir up trouble, or I might just lie down and sue you for harassment."

"Wow, Brother Hwu, that's some slick maneuvering."

"Professional scam artist, bro, you've gotten yourself into big trouble."

As soon as Zhang Wei saw this guy, he immediately rushed over and kicked him; "You still dare to livestream here, I'm gonna beat you to death."

"Look, it's Zhang Wei, the guy who got caught pooping on camera last time."

"I remember, his butt is so big and white it even made me heart flutter."

"Don't mess with this one, he's a rich second generation, Brother Hwu, you better scram. With a single call, more than a hundred workers will heed his command, you'll definitely get the shit beat out of you."

Brother Hwu quickly dodged, saying hurriedly, "Misunderstanding, this is a misunderstanding, last time it wasn't intentional when I filmed you going to the toilet outdoors."

"If you can't handle it, call me."

Yang Jian watched as Zhang Wei chased after the guy called Brother Hwu. He didn't intervene; Zhang Wei at worst would get hurt, but if he got involved, people could end up dead.

Letting Zhang Wei entangle these two guys to keep them from causing trouble was better.

The hallway on the second floor was dim and damp, the floor was somewhat slippery, and as you walked further down, the hallway became increasingly dark, ending on a wall of green bricks. But on the side of this entire corridor were three rooms, each with its own door.

The first was a heavy iron door, like a bunker from wartime, studded with solid rivets, the door covered with moss and rust, and it seemed it had never been intended to be opened, as it had no handle.

"No, this door isn't iron, it's gold." Yang Jian reached out and felt it, his pupils contracted.

Rust fell away, revealing a sliver of bright golden color.

After a closer inspection, there was no doubt that the whole door was made of gold, only it was covered with a layer of iron sheet to deceive the unsuspecting.

But due to the long passage of time, coupled with poor maintenance, the iron had completely rusted away, allowing large chunks to be peeled off easily.

"A door cast in gold... There must be something extraordinary inside." Yang Jian felt a chill and slowly retracted his hand.

Under what circumstances would one need a door cast in gold?

According to his thoughts, it would only be worth using gold for a door when imprisoning ghosts.

"This building's history can be traced back a hundred years, could it be there were ghost handlers a century ago?" Yang Jian's expression changed: "Or am I overthinking it, and it was just some rich person from the past hiding their wealth in this way?"

He wasn't certain, but the conclusion in his heart leaned towards the former.

The second door was made of copper, covered with verdigris and also lacked a handle, heavy beyond measure and blending into the surrounding walls. To open it, one would have to smash through the wall.

Yang Jian knocked on it.

There was no echo, indicating the extraordinary thickness of the copper door.

The third door was made of wood, with a lock, and had about seven or eight locks running top to bottom.

But now, all of these locks had been cut through with tools, and the door had been opened, swinging open with a creak at the lightest push.

A cold draft struck, making one shiver involuntarily.

Yang Jian took out his phone, turned on the flashlight, and illuminated the inside but didn't rush in.

The thick green brick walls made the seemingly spacious room actually only about five square meters. He estimated the thickness of the walls... at least three meters or more.

This kind of construction was definitely not meant for habitation.

The more he saw, the more Yang Jian believed that the original purpose of constructing these three rooms was to incarcerate something very dangerous, and it might even have been ghosts.

"No, that's not right, if the owner of this place really intended to detain ghosts all those years ago, then it would be foolish to spend so much wealth on building such an estate; it draws too much attention and doesn't fit with the intention of covering up the truth. If it were me, I'd build a basement and bury it deep in some desolate place.

That way, not just a hundred years but even two or three hundred years might pass without it being found."

"Which means, what's in these rooms may not be ghosts..."

Yang Jian tried to analyze the situation based on the scant information available.

Chapter 189 Mysterious Mirror

An abandoned house from the Republic of China Period that has stood for decades, these walls over three meters thick made of green bricks, three special doors... these seemingly ordinary details have actually revealed many crucial things.

Yang Jian could be certain that the person who built this house never intended to hide what was inside forever, but rather thought that at some point in the future, the contents of the house would be released.

Quite simple.

If one truly intended to protect and perpetually hide it, they wouldn't specifically build a house and make it so conspicuously obvious.

Because even the most common of people knew that even the sturdiest of houses would one day collapse.

And the things inside the house would be revealed to the world again on that day.

Therefore, he could assert that the things inside the three rooms were definitely not ordinary.

They must represent something important but also extremely dangerous.

If it weren't important, it wouldn't be left to future generations, and if it weren't dangerous, the rooms wouldn't be constructed so securely.

"If that's the case, I actually want to see what exactly is inside these three rooms," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, a touch of interest rising in his heart.

A sense of curiosity about exploring unknown and mysterious things surfaced.

He opened his ghost eyes, and the darkness before him vanished without a trace in an instant, a world of crimson revealed within his mind.

Even without using the light on his phone, Yang Jian could clearly see what lay beyond the wooden door that had been opened.

But at first glance, all he saw was a solid wall within the room.

Covered in dust, carrying a hint of damp and decay.

"Someone has already been here though, not only has the lock been cut with tools, but there are also footprints on the ground. I'm not the first one to enter this room," noted Yang Jian as he carefully stepped inside.

Following a thick corridor paved with bluestone, he arrived at a nearly sealed small room.

Without windows or a ceiling, all around were stone bricks, bereft of even a sliver of light.

With Yang Jian's entrance, the light from his phone illuminated the surroundings.

Wooden furniture was strewn about on the ground, stools, tables, and the like, bearing the weight of many years, seemingly left behind by the previous owner of the house, but they were all ordinary items, nothing unusual, now nearly completely decayed.

Beyond these inconspicuous items, Yang Jian suddenly spotted a mirror in the corner of the room.

An full-length mirror in the style of the Republic of China Period, as tall as a person.

The mirror's stand was made of copper but was speckled with verdigris, yet the mirror itself was as pristine as new, glaringly bright, almost unseemly, as if it had just been purchased. If not for the old stand betraying its age, one could hardly tell from the glass alone that the mirror was at least a hundred years old.

Beside the mirror lay an old oilcloth, apparently used to cover it previously.

In other spots, there were safety helmets typically found on construction sites, along with some tools like pliers and hammers,

These items were recent additions, not originally belonging to the room.

"Those tools are clearly from the workers on the construction site," Yang Jian frowned: "Zhang Xiang mentioned that some workers had disappeared from the construction site, could it be that they disappeared here?"

"So it seems..."

He suddenly turned his gaze towards that pristine mirror.

Approaching cautiously, Yang Jian suddenly discovered that his own reflection was not present in the mirror.

A mirror that does not reflect the human figure.

"Indeed, the issue lies with this mirror. The missing worker must be related to this mirror... and furthermore, the mirror has been moved," Yang Jian noted the traces on the ground where it had been shifted, clearly by someone unaware of the circumstances.

Can such an object be moved around so casually?

Even being near it required extreme caution.

"The mirror was originally placed like this... facing the door." Without moving the mirror, Yang Jian speculated where it stood before, then glanced over.

Suddenly, he discovered a small hole on the wall opposite the door.

The hole was made deliberately with a drill, and through it, he could see the high-rise under construction on the opposite site of the construction site.

The high-rise was nearly complete, even the exterior glass had been installed.

"I presume that several workers from the construction site wanted to steal from this Republic of China Period house, as it's very possible to find valuable antiques in such old homes. So, they drilled through the wall, connected the electricity, then unlocked the door.

After realizing there was nothing valuable here, they moved the mirror to clear space and attempted to drill through this wall to reach the other side," said Yang Jian while looking at the drill on the ground and then at the wall that had already been drilled into.

Behind the wall was the second room, the one with the copper door.

Having found nothing of value, those workers turned their attention to the second room.

Compared to opening a solid copper door, it was obviously much easier to drill through a wall from this room.

"If things are as I suspect, there's only one possibility for the disappearance of the worker... The mirror is still here, the tools are still on the ground, but the worker is gone, and the invisible ghost that follows Zhang Wei is wearing the worker's clothes. Everything points to this mirror," Yang Jian pieced together, resolving much of his uncertainty.

But questions remained.

Although the mirror was eerie, what was its true purpose and use?

Unclear, and some dangerous experimentation was needed.

"The mirror was positioned to face the door, indicating that whoever entered would be reflected in the mirror. This is what the original owner wanted to happen, otherwise, they would not have designed it this way. But the mirror was also covered with an oilcloth, as if the owner didn't want it to suddenly reflect someone... A very contradictory design," Yang Jian pondered.

After some thought, he decided to do some testing himself.

To avoid a premature demise, he even directly lit the Ghost Candle.

He reached out towards the reflection-less mirror surface.

Something eerie happened.

His hand actually reached inside.

Dark, cold, as if he'd plunged his hand into an ice cellar.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's face turned pale with shock as he felt several palms inside the mirror grab his arm and pull him in relentlessly.

Trying to drag his entire body into the mirror.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian swiftly withdrew his hand.

Perhaps it was because of the Ghost Candle, or maybe some other reason, but his hand was pulled back out of the mirror smoothly.

Only now there were several greenish palm prints on his arm.

The handprints were of various sizes, belonging to children, elderly, women, all different.

"Ghosts~! It's full of ghosts inside."

Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart.

The mirror housed numerous ghosts.

With this in mind, he couldn't help but step back a few paces.

This mirror was too dangerous, too horrifying.

If all the ghosts inside the mirror were to escape, the consequences would be unimaginable. Perhaps the entire Dachang City could fall because of this mirror.

"Was the original owner mad, to put such a dangerous thing behind a wooden door? If it were me, I would have locked it in a box and thrown it into the ocean, never to see the light of day," mused Yang Jian, his expression changing.

"Wait, this thing can't be as simple as I thought. If it were just a Ghost Mirror, the original owner wouldn't have just placed it like this."

"If the original owner really had the intention to destroy the world, they wouldn't have built a mansion specifically to preserve this thing."

"I think that the real intent of the original owner was not to let this Ghost Mirror destroy the world, but rather to leave it for future generations, hoping they could find a use for it."

Use such a terrifying object?

Yang Jian thought it all seemed a bit illogical.

But this conjecture was the only one that made sense, otherwise, whether looking at the layout of the building, the placement of the mirror, or the choice of the three room doors, it was clear that everything was carefully considered.

The person who built this place must have been very clever and, without a doubt, an exorcist, too bad such a person was probably already dead. Otherwise, meeting them and learning about certain things would have been great.

But were there exorcists a hundred years ago?

And what about two hundred years before that?

How far back can the existence of exorcists be traced?

At this thought, Yang Jian couldn't help but develop another question...

However, pondering this was pointless now. What he could be certain of was that this mansion concealed a very big secret.

The mirror was just one of those secrets.

The greater secrets lay hidden behind the first and second room.

Behind those golden and bronze doors.

"Brother Tui, hurry up and save me, I can't beat them..." At that moment, Zhang Wei's cries for help came from downstairs.

Yang Jian's face darkened instantly.

He had almost forgotten that this guy was still downstairs fighting with Brother Hwu.

After thinking for a moment, Yang Jian blew out the Ghost Candle, left the room, closed the wooden door behind him, and headed downwards.

Deal with these two outdoor live streamers first, then there would be plenty of time to study that... Ghost Mirror.

That's how Yang Jian internally named the mirror.

As for the things in the room, they posed no immediate danger.

As long as one didn't tamper with them, there would be no problems.

It had been over a hundred years, and all was still well; it was unlikely for trouble to start now.

As soon as he reached downstairs, he saw Zhang Wei and Brother Hwu lying on the ground, rolling around, their faces flushed and ears steaming as they held each other tightly, exchanging pleasantries about each other's parents, while their hands and feet kept busy.

It was the picture of an intense love-hate relationship, nearly on the verge of kissing.

The scene was too beautiful to bear.

"Seeing you two like this, I'm really afraid that you might accidentally start mating on the spot," Yang Jian said as he strolled down leisurely.

He had long witnessed Zhang Wei's fighting ability: a weak chick, hence he wouldn't have called for backup if he could handle it on his own.

Turns out Brother Hwu was also a weakling.

A clash of chickenhawks.

The most unbearable part was that amidst such a scene, the little follower of Brother Hwu was actually holding a phone, live-streaming the event.

"Lads, no problem here, how is Brother Hwu's fighting skill? If you like what you see, smash 666, and for a small red flower donation, I'll have Brother Hwu spank him," the little follower shouted while filming.

Chapter 190: Brother Tui in the Society

Zhang Wei and Brother Hwu, who was into live streaming, were scrapping it out while a little lackey held a phone to live stream the scene.

They were fighting fiercely, but the chat in the live stream was getting spammed in an instant.

"Go Brother Hwu, take off his pants, I want to see Zhang Wei's big ass."

"Brother Hwu is flipping it, others stream exploring, and he streams homo stuff, so thrilling."

"The host is really fierce, mom asked me why I'm watching live stream with earphones, not gonna lie, donated ten red flowers for a butt spanking."

"Zhang Wei is about to give up, he's calling for Brother Tui, is Brother Tui there?"

A wave of spamming followed: Is Brother Tui there? Save this poor kid~!

Yang Jian looked at the two of them rolling around on the ground as if he were watching a pervert, feeling embarrassed to even break it up if he didn't know them, but seeing Zhang Wei getting the worst of it, he couldn't just stand by.

"Brother Tui, help, help me out." Zhang Wei cried out in pain: "This guy is grabbing my *."

Yang Jian walked over, "Then you grab his too."

"I tried, but I can't reach it," said Zhang Wei.

The live-streaming audience exploded with laughter upon hearing this.

"Haha, can't reach it, is Brother Hwu's * small?"

"I might have beaten Zhang Wei, but I've lost a man's dignity."

"That's a severe blow, it's critical damage."

At that point, Yang Jian stepped in to break up the fight, finally pulling Brother Hwu, who was tightly clutching Zhang Wei, apart: "That's enough, if you keep this up, don't blame me for being ruthless."

"Who asked for your damn meddling? Get the hell out of the way, I will kill this dog bastard, he dared to kick my *, I'm going all out." After pushing Yang Jian away, Brother Hwu charged back in with fire in his eyes.

"Who let you film me taking a dump and then streamed it online, I'm not through with you yet, Brother Tui, let's team up and crush this guy."

Zhang Wei scrambled up and stood beside Yang Jian, looking fearless.

"Who's afraid of who?"

Brother Hwu, losing his temper, looked around, took off a thick old wooden stick from some abandoned farm tools beside him, and said to the phone, "Brothers, no problem, watch Brother Hwu take on two today, beat two dogs hard, mark my words, today Brother Hwu won't step out of this house until they kneel and beg for mercy."

"Brother Tui, is it? Two of you, right, watch me break your Brother Tui's legs today."

"Damn, this guy's cheating, he's armed." Zhang Wei was startled, frantically looking around but couldn't find anything to use.

He just plucked two blades of grass from the ground, which then broke with a flick.

"Dude, that's too much, you were in the wrong here, you streamed Zhang Wei's ass without apologizing, and you're still taking advantage during a fight, although Zhang Wei was the one who threw the first punch, I still think you owe us an explanation, otherwise where does that leave my face?" Yang Jian said seriously: "If you're going to keep fighting, then I'm really going to be sorry."

"I'm sorry to your whole family."

Brother Hwu cursed loud and swung the stick at Yang Jian.

"Brother Tui, it's on you now, he's got a weapon, I don't, I can't help you much, don't hold back, give him hell, I'll back you up from here."

Zhang Wei, who had just been fighting side by side, suddenly stepped back several paces, keeping his distance.

Yang Jian looked at Zhang Wei with a dark expression; this wasn't about helping him, but clearly making him fight for him.

No choice then~!

"Bang~!"

Without a second thought, the next moment he pulled out a gun and, raising his hand, shot at the wooden stick in Brother Hwu's hand, followed by the sound of the gunshot.

The stick exploded in an instant, sending splinters flying everywhere. Brother Hwu was so shocked that he dropped it. At the same time, his ears were ringing so loudly it was as if he had suddenly gone deaf.

Caught off guard by this sudden special situation, Brother Hwu stood there dazed, unsure of what to do for a moment.

The sidekick who was live streaming beside them was also stunned.

"Damn, my ears—I just turned up the volume because I wanted to hear some weird noises they might make."

"Holy shit, Brother Tui has a gun. Am I seeing things, or does he really have a gun? Is that the real deal?"

"The wood chips exploded, what do you think?"

"Quick, Yaoyao Ling, someone's gonna get killed, there's a shooting!"

A flurry of comments streamed in the live chat.

"You young people these days are too hot-headed, always so quick to fight and kill. That's not good. Can't you just quietly listen to what I have to say?" said Yang Jian.

It took Brother Hwu a good while to regain his senses.

His ears were still ringing, but now he felt a painful burning sensation on his face where the splinters had hit and broken the skin, causing a bit of blood to seep out.

"You, you...."

Looking at the handgun in Yang Jian's hand, Brother Hwu realized the seriousness of the situation, his eyes widening with fear.

"You' what? Still wanna fight? Go on then. You think you're tough, Brother Hwu, don't you? All ironclad and flawless. Maybe today I should give you a flaw," Yang Jian said, looking at him.

"No, no, no, Brother, Brother Tui, spare me, please spare me!" Brother Hwu was nearly in tears with fright, his knees giving out as he knelt on the ground.

Yang Jian, of course, had no intention of really hurting him; this was just to give him a scare, to make him think twice and remember not to act so lawlessly. He thought that just because the live stream was getting popular, he could disrespect everyone.

"Spare you? That will depend on what my brother here thinks," he said with a smile, slapping Brother Hwu's face with the gun.

"Brother Wai, spare me, please," Brother Hwu pleaded with a mournful face.

As the live streaming continued at the scene, even more comments flooded in.

"Brother Hwu's got a stick, but meets his match in Brother Tui with a gun; he's kicked an iron plate this time."

"Brother Tui is mighty and domineering, a real man, quick to draw a gun at the slightest disagreement."

"I thought he was just a bronze player, didn't expect him to be king rank. Kneeling down to Brother Tui, I'll offer incense for Brother Tui later, wishing him a pleasant time in jail."

At this moment, Yang Jian noticed the phone that was still live streaming and waved it over: "Come here."

"I, I..." The little sidekick, trembling with fear, didn't know what to do.

"Brother Tui's spotting you, cameraman, better run."

"Run? Can you outrun a bullet? Kneel down and apologize quickly, and don't forget to keep streaming."

"Amused to see Brother Hwu turn into Dog Brother. Tough and terse Brother Tui of the streets."

Yang Jian said, "Stand over here, take the phone, aim it at me—yes, just like that."

"I am the person in charge of Dachang City, the rumored ghost-master, responsible for the special cases in Dachang City, and I'm on duty now."

"Brother Tui is a ghost-master?"

"That's a lie, don't believe him."

"I have the inside scoop: Brother Tui is telling the truth; that satellite-positioning phone is standard issue for the person in charge. There's only one head person in a city, with unbelievable authority—they could check your water meter in minutes. This is a legendary figure I usually never get to see, and today I actually saw a ghost-master. Totally worth it."