

Revival 191

Chapter 191: Luring the Ghost into the Mirror

Brother Hwu was still scared stiff, lying on the ground begging for mercy, while Yang Jian played with the live streaming room.

He didn't mind revealing his identity as an international ghost controller; after all, many people knew about it. It was just the general public who were kept in the dark, but all the rich and powerful people knew about the international ghost controllers stationed in the city.

"Brother Tui, do you need to pull a gun? That ammo is pretty expensive," said Zhang Wei, walking over at this moment.

Yang Jian said, "I can't just hug in public and fight it out like you, right? People who don't know better might think we're doing something else. As someone with status, I can't brawl like you do. It's embarrassing. Besides, there are over a hundred thousand people watching in the live streaming room right now. You should be mindful of the influence.

It would be awful if word got out."

"I don't want to be called a pervert when I walk down the street."

Zhang Wei said, "What's wrong with a man being a pervert? Don't mind what others think. You can do it, Brother Tui."

"I really can't. Take care of Brother Hwu since he's like this now. If you feel short-changed, teach him a lesson and send him on his way. After that, I still need to deal with your issue. Don't waste too much time," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei smirked and let out a sleazy laugh, "Don't worry, I know what to do."

Then he gave Brother Hwu, who was shivering in fear, a sinister look.

You have finally fallen into my hands. If I don't give you an unforgettable experience today, I would be doing a disservice to the name Brother Wai.

"Fellas, are you enjoying today's live stream? If you're having a good time, hit 6," Yang Jian said to the camera at this point.

"666, Brother Tui is getting into live streaming too."

"Oh my god, I just called to report it and it's been confirmed. The officers didn't trouble Brother Tui; they seriously warned me instead. Now I believe that Brother Tui really is a ghost controller."

"I called too, and Yaoyao Ling directly indicated they were dealing with a ghost controller's case."

"Hurry up and offer some tea to the big boss."

Yang Jian said, "Fellas, I'm going to turn off the live stream now because what's coming up involves some special events. It's better for you all to remain unaware. Brother Hwu, don't worry, I won't punish you out of spite. I'll let him go later. In the future, try to keep Brother Hwu's temper in check when he's out and about; otherwise, it'll be his downfall sooner or later."

"You teach us well, Brother Tui. Leave the matter of Dog Brother to us. But what are these special events?"

"No, Brother Tui, keep streaming. You're way more thrilling than Brother Hwu. I'll tip you ten thousand yuan."

"Real MVP, I'm begging you, Brother Tui, take care of me, I'm a girl,"

Yang Jian ignored the barrage of comments in the live streaming room, planning to shut down the stream.

"Wait, Brother Tui, let me have a go," Zhang Wei hurried over and snatched the phone, saying.

"What are you going to do?"

Zhang Wei faced the camera and said, "Fellas, if Brother Tui won't stream for you, I, Brother Wai, will. Last time, Brother Hwu dared to film me doing my business in the wild. Now that he's fallen into my hands, he won't get off easy."

"Brother Hwu, what are you looking at? If you don't take off your pants and shit in front of everyone, you're not leaving. I'll let you see what it's like to be in a live stream."

"No, you can't be serious?" Brother Hwu was dumbstruck.

Zhang Wei said, "You love filming others so much, now it's Brother Wai's turn to give you a live broadcast."

"No problem, fellas, live broadcasting Brother Hwu's shit. If the followers exceed two hundred thousand, I'll make him do it twice," he proclaimed, aiming his phone at Brother Hwu's butt.

"Hurry up, the fellas are all waiting impatiently. If you dawdle any longer, I'll get Brother Tui to teach you a lesson."

Brother Hwu was on the verge of tears, looking pitiful, not knowing who to turn to for help.

"Brother Wai sure knows how to have fun, but I bet Brother Hwu's butt isn't as perky as Brother Wai's."

"This streaming room is too spicy for the eyes."

"How can such vulgar stuff still be streamed? Shut this streaming room down now. But before you do, make sure he's done."

The corner of Yang Jian's mouth twitched; he hadn't expected Zhang Wei to think of this method to teach Brother Hwu a lesson. It was truly dreadful. Brother Hwu had really met with misfortune by falling into Zhang Wei's hands.

But... it seemed fair for each to have a turn.

"Brother Hwu, don't take off your pants. You're a man of status; how can you yield to Brother Wai's threats?"

"Let him take them off, let him take them off."

Now, the number of viewers in Brother Hwu's live stream shot up drastically, breaking past one hundred thousand in an instant, and the numbers were still rising, turning a minor broadcaster into a major one.

After all the fuss.

In the end, Brother Hwu was humiliated and left something behind before pulling up his pants and leaving in tears.

That's no way to play.

Think you're great just because you have a gun...

Seeing him flee, Zhang Wei coldly laughed, "Good, you know your place. See if you dare to film me again."

"You're not even disgusted," Yang Jian said.

"You don't know what that guy is like. Last time, when I was desperate at a construction site and found a secluded spot to relieve myself, he filmed the whole process from start to end, yelling 'bros, no problem.' I was so mad I could have killed someone," Zhang Wei said, still furious about the incident.

"This time he dared to attack us. If we don't show him some color, this kid will become lawless. Next time he falls into my hands, I'll let him experience what a paranormal event really is."

Yang Jian said, "Alright, it's over now that they're gone. Come upstairs with me; I've discovered something new."

"What discovery?" asked Zhang Wei.

"That ghost that's been following you around, I want to figure out what's going on." Yang Jian said, "I now have a rough idea where that ghost originated from; I've found the source."

"I thought it was something serious, but it turns out to be this trivial matter, ruining my live streaming time. No way, next time I'm going to start my own live stream," Zhang Wei said excitedly, his eyes lighting up.

Yang Jian asked, "What do you want to live stream?"

"How about live streaming supernatural events? Scare the hell out of those guys," Zhang Wei responded.

"You're spreading panic, be careful not to get investigated."

Zhang Wei said, "No worries, I've got you, Brother Tui, to cover for me, right? What's there to fear? What's the use if only the two of us are enjoying the supernatural events? We need everyone to have fun. We're not spreading panic; we're spreading laughter, spreading love."

You're retaliating against society, man. This will scare people to death.

Yang Jian looked at him oddly.

It seemed Brother Hwu's incident had led Zhang Wei to discover a whole new world.

Mentioning live streaming made him even more excited than playing games.

"Let's first figure out your issue before we talk about that. I don't want a ghost staring at me from some corner every time I'm with you," Yang Jian said.

He was certain that the ghost following Zhang Wei was in this building.

It was just invisible without a mirror.

Although he didn't have a mirror in his hand, there was one in this building.

The Ghost Mirror!

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and took Zhang Wei back to the second floor.

He had speculated before why the mirror on the second floor didn't reflect any images.

It wasn't that it couldn't reflect an image, but that the shadow had run away.

Now Yang Jian had to try to get that shadow back into the Ghost Mirror.

"Right, isn't that the place where you pooped outside that one time?" On the second floor, suddenly, Yang Jian pointed to a small hole in a wall.

Through the direction of the hole, one could see a tall building.

"Yes, that's right. Which pervert has such a scheming mind to peep on me from such a distance?" Zhang Wei said in shock and anger, feeling as if the whole world had seen him going to the toilet outdoors.

He felt no sense of privacy at all.

"That's right, the mirror was originally placed here. When the door opened, the reflection from the glass of the distant building hit Zhang Wei, who was using the toilet, through the hole in this wall. That's why the Ghost Mirror showed his image," Yang Jian said with a focused gaze.

He had been pondering the cause previously.

Now, some scattered clues had come together, allowing him to deduce the entire sequence of events.

But why did the ghost in the Ghost Mirror leave? If a ghost like Zhang Wei's can leave, why didn't the other ghosts in the Ghost Mirror?

That's another question.

But that question wasn't important to Yang Jian at the moment.

"Stand in front of this mirror," Yang Jian instructed.

"There's actually a room like this here, isn't it haunted?" Zhang Wei's complexion changed, and he expressed his unease.

The only light came from the cell phone; the surroundings were dark and damp, with a musty smell.

This reminded him of the times back at No. 7 Middle School.

"Of course there's a ghost. Why else would I bring you here? Stand in front of the mirror and don't move," Yang Jian ordered.

An old mirror in the style of the Republic of China stood in front of Zhang Wei.

The mirror was as tall as a person and could reflect someone's entire figure from head to toe, but it was only wide enough for one person's shadow; there was no room for more.

The mirror was as pristine as ever, shining brilliantly.

However, when Zhang Wei stood in front of it, just like before with Yang Jian,

Zhang Wei's shadow did not appear in the mirror.

"What's going on?" Zhang Wei exclaimed in shock.

Yang Jian frowned and said, "Wait a little longer."

After a while,

suddenly, besides Zhang Wei, a pale arm appeared in a corner of the mirror.

The arm shook slightly, its movements stiff and unnatural, as if someone was slowly walking in from the direction of the door.

A chilling aura enveloped both of them.

Without a doubt,

the ghost had reappeared.

"Brother Tui?" Zhang Wei's eyes widened as he looked toward the side.

"Don't move; wait for it to come over. You've seen it before, what's there to be afraid of?" Yang Jian said in a stern voice.

Chapter 192: The Unbroken Connection

Yang Jian was certain that the ghost following Zhang Wei had emerged from the Ghost Mirror.

Through some dangerous probing before, it had been basically confirmed that there were ghosts inside the mirror, and not just one... but a great many.

The bruise-like handprints on his arm were the best proof.

However, at present, it seemed that the ghosts inside the mirror couldn't easily come out, except for the one that looked exactly like the ghost following Zhang Wei.

"Is it okay to just stand here like this? I won't end up running into the mirror all of a sudden like my cousin Shangguan Yun, will I?" Zhang Wei appeared calm, but in reality, he was incredibly nervous.

If it weren't for Yang Jian standing beside him, he would have already been screaming and running away.

Because the mirror was now reflecting the appearance of a ghost.

It looked just like Zhang Wei, but its complexion was deathly pale, devoid of any color; it simply walked steadily in from the direction of the door, as reflected in the mirror.

But when he turned his head to look, there was nothing behind him.

This was a ghost that existed only in the mirror.

"No, you and the ghost in the mirror are not moving in unison, it can't replace you. I need to make another attempt," Yang Jian said. "You just need to stand still."

Out of trust for Yang Jian, Zhang Wei had no choice but to brace himself and stand motionless in front of the mirror.

Yang Jian's true intention was to get that ghost to fully enter the Ghost Mirror, to see how exactly the ghost could leave the mirror.

If that ghost could leave, then the other ghosts inside the mirror could be just as dangerous.

The atmosphere around them started to become oppressive.

In the dimly lit room, the mirror with its Republic of China Period style clearly reflected Zhang Wei's figure in the light.

But the figure in the mirror was not Zhang Wei, but a genuine ghost.

However, this wasn't the first time he had seen it.

Yang Jian knew that this ghost was for the time being a fairly harmless entity; even if it wanted to kill, it needed to mirror the movements of the person outside exactly to pull them into the mirror, thus freeing itself.

Yet such a stringent condition for killing did not make him feel any more at ease.

Because this ghost was only part of the mirror.

And this mirror, covered in dust for at least a hundred years and deliberately treasured by someone, had to be an incredibly special existence.

After staring at the ghost in the mirror for a moment,

finally, the ghost completely entered the mirror. It became like a shadow of Zhang Wei, reflected on the smooth surface of the mirror.

The movements were now almost perfectly synchronized.

But at that moment, Zhang Wei's hand began to move frantically, making all sorts of hand gestures.

Yang Jian glanced at him, and realized the guy was actually mimicking one-handed seals from anime.

So fast it was a blur.

"Smart as I am, could that ghost keep up with the afterimage of my hand seals? I could make three seals in one second with one hand back in junior high. You think you can imitate me? That's completely out of the question. Today, I'll let you witness my true skill," Zhang Wei thought with a sneer, while also feeling proud of his extraordinary talent.

The hard year of practice had not been in vain; it was finally coming into play today.

Seeing his incredible hand speed, Yang Jian froze, finally understanding why this guy's grades in junior high were so poor that he had to pay for connections to get into No. 7 Middle School.

So all his studying time was spent on this.

But before he could say a word, Yang Jian saw Zhang Wei's other hand begin to move as well.

Damn.

Both hands could make one-handed seals, and they were different.

How obsessed were you back then to have secretly practiced so much? To be able to perform such complex actions.

Lucky for you, you weren't born in a two-dimensional world.

Otherwise, you would have been a big shot in the anime industry.

"Alright, enough, stop showing off your single-hand sealing technique and move aside," Yang Jian said with a headache as he pulled Zhang Wei away from in front of the mirror.

At that moment, he saw the ghost in the mirror imitating Zhang Wei's actions, its stiff fingers attempting to form seals, but its speed was leagues behind Zhang Wei's.

"Ah? That's enough? I had a lot of emergency plans ready, Brother Tui, don't feel too pressured, I can handle it," Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian said, "It's really enough, trust me."

"Okay then, if it's not enough, I don't mind continuing to face that ghost," Zhang Wei said.

After Yang Jian pulled Zhang Wei away, he discovered that the ghost in the mirror that looked just like Zhang Wei had stopped moving.

It just stood there silently, like a photograph burned onto the surface.

"You get out of here first. I want to see if that ghost will also disappear after following you. If the attempt fails, it means the curse is still on you. From now on, avoid looking in mirrors and even consider going out with your face covered. Otherwise, you might carelessly get pulled into a mirror by a ghost someday," Yang Jian instructed further.

"OK, then I'm off," Zhang Wei turned and left immediately.

Without a moment's hesitation.

But in no time at all, Zhang Wei, who had just gone downstairs, let out a scream, "Who's the jerk who had no decency and took a dump here?"

"..." Yang Jian was speechless.

Wasn't this the result of your dare to Brother Hwu?

Now you've fallen into your own trap.

However, as Zhang Wei moved away, Yang Jian saw that the ghost in the mirror had not disappeared; it still stood motionless inside the Ghost Mirror.

The previous conditions had changed.

The ghost was left in the Ghost Mirror.

Seeing this, Yang Jian fell into deep thought. He looked around, seriously recalling the events, and finally came to a conclusion.

The ghost within the mirror needed another mirror to leave.

Similar to Zhang Wei's ghost, the reason it was able to depart was that the previous mirror faced a large building on the construction site and was sent away by the glass of the building.

Now, with the mirror facing a wall, there was no second mirror to act as a medium.

So this ghost was left behind.

"If my guess is correct, then I can understand why the original owner covered this mirror with an oilcloth," Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, beginning to appreciate the previous owner's good intentions.

But still.

Looking at Zhang Wei within the mirror, and then thinking of the Zhang Wei who had already left.

The human and the ghost were identical.

The shadow remained in the Ghost Mirror, but the person had already departed.

The connection between them was not severed.

The curse was merely contained, not entirely eliminated.

Looking at the handprint bruises large and small on his arm, Yang Jian was very wary of this mirror.

"Take it back and ask the skin paper. It must know something."

He thought for a while, remembering the eerie skin paper again.

In fact, if necessary, Yang Jian was not very willing to touch that skin paper. Although sometimes the skin paper could be very beneficial, in critical moments it might save lives.

He immediately picked up the old oilcloth, covered the mirror again, and carried it away.

He took it out of concerns for the safety of leaving such a dangerous object in the abandoned old house.

The wooden door had already been opened, and sooner or later curious people might slip in.

If they touched some taboos and sparked another supernatural event, Yang Jian didn't want to continue cleaning up the mess.

So it was safer for the mirror to be in his hands than anyone else's.

As for the two remaining rooms...

For the time being, he had to find a way to preserve them and prohibit anyone from casually entering the ancient house.

At this moment.

Zhang Wei was back in the residential area,

Zhang Xiang and the others had been waiting at the entrance without leaving.

"Here he comes, that kid Zhang Wei is back," said Zhang Wei's uncle happily.

"But Yang Jian didn't come with him," Zhang Xiang frowned.

Could something have happened?

But in the next moment, he saw Yang Jian also emerge from the old house, carrying something out.

"What happened inside?" Zhang Xianggu asked.

Zhang Wei, who ran up breathlessly, said, "That place really is ominous. Brother Tui said there were ghosts. Luckily, your son is quite impressive and survived. He's fine now."

Zhang Xianggu's face turned dark. Was this not just stating the obvious?

But it was good that the kid was alright.

"President Zhang, it was a close call, and for now, Zhang Wei is out of danger. However, I can't guarantee the future. His link with the ghost has not been completely severed, and I am not sure whether this is good or bad," Yang Jian said as he approached with the Ghost Mirror.

Zhang Xianggu nodded, "As long as there's no immediate danger, that's what matters. We owe you one this time. Is that house really malignant?"

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "It is indeed quite out of the ordinary, but it's safe for now. I would suggest, President Zhang, that you send a construction team to refurbish the house, update what needs updating, and maintain what needs maintaining. That house absolutely must not collapse."

If the house fell, whatever was in the first and second rooms would come out.

He could not be certain what might occur.

"Is it okay to just start construction like that?" Zhang Xianggu seemed perplexed.

"No problem. Both Zhang Wei and I have been around it. As long as you don't open the doors of those two rooms on the second floor, there will be no danger. After all, people used to live there. But if in the future the house is not well maintained and collapses after getting soaked by rain, the situation could become unmanageable.

So for future considerations, I advise reinforcing and repairing it," Yang Jian said earnestly.

"The second-floor rooms?" Zhang Xianggu said, "I got it. I'll supervise the work myself. How about also enclosing that plot of land to build a temple, concealing the old house within it, and then invite a Bodhisattva or a big Buddha to preside over it, to dispel the evil spirits there?"

"Since the land can't be cleared, leaving it barren seems wasteful."

As a real estate developer, he had his superstitions.

"That could work," Yang Jian nodded.

Building a temple to suppress evil spirits obviously had no effect. Its primary function was to settle the minds of people.

Seeing a temple standing there was always better than seeing a gloomy old house.

Additionally, once the temple was built, it would perfectly conceal the old house, so there was no need to worry about people sneaking in anymore.

"What is this? It looks like a mirror," asked Zhang Wei's uncle curiously.

He wanted to unveil the oilcloth to see, but Yang Jian stopped him.

"It's very dangerous, best not to tamper with it. It could cost lives. The two workers who disappeared were devoured by this mirror," Yang Jian said bluntly.

"What?" Zhang Wei's uncle shivered,

Zhang Xiangfu frowned at the covered mirror, "There's actually something this sinister?"

A living person swallowed by a mirror?

A single sentence conveyed an eerie chill and a sense of horror that grew more unsettling the more one thought about it.

"Let's head back, the construction site can resume work," Yang Jian said.

"If you're sure it's safe, then that reassures me," Zhang Xiangnong nodded, "Drive, let's head back."

Chapter 193 Doubts in the Heart

"How come it took you so long to come back? Is there really a ghost in that house?"

On the way back in the car, Jiang Yan leaned close to Yang Jian and asked cautiously, "If there really is a problem, won't living here be very dangerous?"

"Living at your place is even more dangerous. There are more ghosts in the city center; this place has fewer by comparison," Yang Jian said, looking at the Ghost Mirror in his hand. "Now that the world is facing a full-blown spiritual eruption, nowhere is safe if you think about it."

"To be completely safe, you have to rely on a ghost master to firmly guard an area. Only then can you consider it safe."

Having said that, he looked over the neighborhood: "The environment, location, and traffic here all meet my requirements. Most importantly, the surrounding area is undeveloped wasteland with few people and a small chance of triggering supernatural events. Plus, I'm a local from Dachang City, why would I leave my hometown to live in another province?"

"There are supernatural events in other provinces too, going there might not be a good thing either."

Yang Jian couldn't deny that, as a large city, Dachang City did have relatively more supernatural events. Indeed, smaller cities with fewer people would be more suitable for settling down.

But he was a local and had lived here all his life. Unless there was a special reason, he didn't want to leave his homeland.

"Starting tomorrow, you need to go to work for me." Suddenly, Yang Jian said.

"What do you need me to buy now?" Jiang Yan's eyes lit up, somewhat excited.

Her current task was to be in charge of spending money, and it was big spending at that, which was very much in line with her expertise. No matter how much money there was, she could calculate precisely and spend it reasonably.

Yang Jian said, "You wish. Starting tomorrow, you will work at President Zhang's sales office. I own 40% of this neighborhood; you need to help me manage that money."

At these words,

Jiang Yan's eyes widened: "What, you own half of the neighborhood?"

"Of course, why else would I move here to live?" Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan quickly did some mental calculations in her head. If Yang Jian owned 40% of the entire neighborhood, then that would amount to at least several billion in assets.

We've struck it rich~!

Her face flushed with excitement, she hugged Yang Jian and kissed him several times: "You're amazing, we've made a fortune."

Jiang Yan had witnessed Yang Jian go from having nothing to becoming immensely wealthy.

In just over a month.

The speed of making money was simply unbeatable.

"Don't get so affectionate, and I need to correct you, it's me who has made money, not you," Yang Jian said, placing a hand on her cheek to push her away.

Jiang Yan held onto Yang Jian's arm, refusing to let go: "Don't be so stingy, isn't what's yours mine too?"

"Hmm?" Yang Jian looked at her.

Jiang Yan hastily corrected herself: "What's mine is yours."

"That's more like it," he said, nodding his head. "You'll start work tomorrow. I believe President Zhang will have the details sorted out. President Zhang, this Jiang Yan is a professional accountant. You won't have any objections to her working in your sales office starting tomorrow, right?"

Zhang Xiang, seated in front of the car, chuckled: "Having Brother Tui send over an accountant is the best. It'll make some of the accounts easier to handle."

He had thought Yang Jian would be the kind to only care about collecting money without managing anything.

Now it seemed he wasn't that naïve; the woman he thought was just a kept woman turned out to be an accountant—quite unexpected indeed.

To this, Zhang Xiang didn't find anything amiss.

On the contrary, he rather admired Yang Jian's way of doing things, being thorough and not someone to act recklessly without consideration.

Zhang Wei, that lad, had made a good friend in this lifetime.

Zhang Xiangü didn't care about Yang Jian's wealth, only his abilities. He himself had money but was just lacking a capable person to lead the lad in the future, so he could rest easy.

Time flew by.

Soon, three days had passed.

These days, Yang Jian stayed in his villa without going out, simply restocking on some special tools.

Such as the nearly used up special bullets, body bags, and some miscellaneous small items like gold leaf, melting tools for gold, handy for crafting certain things.

All in all, he spent nearly sixty million.

After that, he stocked up on some furniture, bought a few pickups, and reserved some living supplies. In the end, Yang Jian was left with just over thirty million in funds.

He was about to become penniless once again.

Fortunately, Jiang Yan had already started working at Zhang Xiang's new sales office, so there was no need to worry about finances anymore.

In the past few days, that ancient mansion from the Republic of China Period was undergoing around-the-clock renovation, personally overseen by Zhang Xiang, ensuring quality and adherence to certain taboos so Yang Jian did not have to worry.

It was believed that the repairs could be finished within ten days, and around the house, foundations were already being laid to prepare for building a temple to conceal the ancient mansion.

Of course, none of this was Yang Jian's concern.

The three days of waiting were not a meaningless waste, at least he could be sure that the ghost inside the Ghost Mirror truly couldn't leave. No matter where Zhang Wei was, the ghost inside the mirror did not follow him.

His earlier guess was correct.

The Ghost Mirror was most taboo against being reflected by another mirror, otherwise, the ghost within would transfer out along with the other mirror.

Early this morning.

Yang Jian got up.

As usual, he had barely slept the entire night, just dozing off occasionally but waking up soon after.

Because he had to remain somewhat alert, vigilant of the Ghost Shadow beneath his feet that could go out of control at any moment.

The control over the second ghost was still immature, flawed.

It merely delayed the ghost's revival, the crisis was still present.

However, long nights of staying awake and sleeplessness did not affect Yang Jian's spirit. If he weren't feeling tired and in need of some rest, he could live a normal life without sleep for a full 24 hours, as if he suffered from insomnia.

Speaking of insomnia, Yang Jian had done some research online. In the past, there were people abroad who had this condition, able to stay awake day and night, and miraculously, this state did not affect the patients' daily lives or work.

Looking at it now, the so-called patients were very likely ghost controllers from abroad.

It's just that some organizations released information that was frivolous and misleading to obscure the truth.

When people focused on the insomnia, they ignored the existence of ghost controllers.

The fifth floor of the manor villa.

After the renovation, this place had been left vacant without any use.

But in one of the rooms, the Ghost Mirror brought from the ancient mansion was placed right there.

In order to prevent the stand from rotting and breaking, Yang Jian had already replaced it with a new stand for the Ghost Mirror, and also covered it with a thick black cloth. The previous worn oilcloth had almost deteriorated to the point of being unusable.

And on the walls around the room, instead of being reflective, a worker hired by Yang Jian had painted them all black, including the windows.

Therefore, the room appeared very dim, pitch-black, and somewhat oppressive.

But the darkness wasn't an issue; on the contrary, for the placement of the Ghost Mirror, it was safer.

"Tell me, what exactly is this Ghost Mirror? And what about the two remaining rooms in that ancient mansion? You must know, right?"

Yang Jian sat in a chair in the room and took out a long-sealed piece of human skin paper from a gold box.

With too many questions in mind and after long contemplation, he decided to ask the mysterious piece of human skin paper.

Yang Jian knew that this thing knew far more than he could imagine.

Due to its uncontrollable nature and eerie existence, since the end of the Huang'an Gang event, he had completely sealed it in a gold container, not intending to use it lightly.

However, the existence of the three rooms in the ancient mansion made him vaguely uneasy, so he wanted to get to the bottom of it and knew the whole story.

The human skin paper remained as normal-looking as ever, showing no changes despite having consumed a ghost in Huanggang Village, which was good news.

Soon, a line of writing emerged on the human skin paper.

"Three days ago, chasing the ghost beside Zhang Wei, I came to an old mansion from the Republic of China Period, where everything screamed of the strange, and I could feel it was different from other places... I went to the second floor and saw three rooms, which made me very wary."

"In the third room, I found a mirror, which I call the Ghost Mirror."

The writing ended there.

Yang's Jian face darkened.

Wasn't this stating the obvious?

All this information was already known to him; he didn't need it spelled out.

It seemed that after satisfying its demands last time, it now showed a reluctance to work, unwilling to reveal any key and useful information.

Chapter 194: Resurrection of the Dead?

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Dealing with human skin paper is equivalent to dealing with ghosts.

What's different from ordinary ghosts is that human skin paper poses no danger and can save lives at crucial moments, making it easy to become dependent on.

Having it is like having a cheat code in a game, allowing you to come back from certain defeat.

But Yang Jian believed that there were no ghosts in this world that would help people for free.

The human skin paper must be plotting something, or using him step by step to fulfill its requirements.

Swallowing a ghost was just the first step.

As for the second step, the intention of the human skin paper had not yet been revealed.

"Do you feel like I've been holding you for a while and you're holding a grudge against me? If you keep up this passive-aggressive strike, then you'll lose your value to me. Swallowing a ghost should not be enough to satisfy you; otherwise, you would have started to resurrect by now," said Yang Jian, talking to himself as he stared at the piece of human skin paper.

The writing on the human skin paper remained unchanged, still that one line.

It seemed that now it had become impossible to communicate with it again.

"Would sealing you in a box, welding it shut, and throwing it into the deep sea sound good?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes. "Anyway, I'm not very comfortable with you."

The next moment, the writing on the human skin paper began to disappear.

It was as if it was being erased by some force; then new writing emerged.

"I went to the third room and saw that Ghost Mirror, and I took that thing away because I knew that the mirror had an unthinkable power..."

The writing broke off here, and then a line of large characters appeared below: "It can resurrect the dead."

What?

Resurrect the dead?

Yang Jian's eyes suddenly narrowed, and he stood up abruptly, staring at the human skin paper: "That's impossible."

No one had ever come back from the dead in all the paranormal events that had occurred so far, at least not according to the information he had received at this point.

Then the writing changed again: "As I thought, real resurrection is impossible. It's only a form of resurrection in some sense and comes at a certain cost. That cost is releasing one of the ghosts inside the mirror."

"A form of resurrection in some sense?" Yang Jian then began to ponder.

What exactly did that mean?

Was it not a real resurrection?

As for the cost of resurrection, to Yang Jian, that seemed variable.

If a person was truly doomed, even releasing a ghost in exchange for a chance to survive would be worth it.

Thinking of the potential group of ghosts inside the Ghost Mirror, Yang Jian couldn't help but feel an inexplicable palpitation.

Was this about exploiting people's survival instincts, letting them release the horror themselves?

Or was it a trap, a trap set up by the human skin paper?

However, although the human skin paper was strange, some of the information it revealed seemed quite real.

"I can't fully trust it, but I can't dismiss it entirely either," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Then, another line of text appeared on the human skin paper: "As for the other two rooms in that ancient mansion, I think they should be sealed completely. There lie two unknown horrors... Once the doors are opened, it will lead to a disaster, and I feel a fear towards this."

"Not letting me open the doors to the other two rooms? That feels like a deception."

Yang Jian trusted his own judgment more.

The original owner of the house was prepared to one day expose certain things that were left in the rooms.

If the Ghost Mirror truly could resurrect the dead, then it would be of enormous help to a ghost controller.

...

But is that all there is to it?

Yang Jian felt that the human skin paper was still hiding something,

and it was during the time he was questioning it.

Outside the Guanjiang Residential Complex, an entire convoy had arrived.

The convoy didn't enter the complex but stopped outside of it.

As soon as the first vehicle came to a halt, two men stepped out.

One dressed in a suit, quite young, had an unnatural pallor on his face, and his eyes revealed a shadow of gloom: "Is this the place? Yang Jian's residence?"

It was none other than Wang Xiaoqiang from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club.

After Wang Xiaoqiang's last move, the club had almost shut down. Now, not to mention new members, even the remaining few didn't want to come to the club anymore.

Yang Jian's deterrence had taken shape.

With two ghosts under his control and the ghost master still alive, others were afraid to do any work for the club.

"We can confirm one of Yang Jian's abilities, which should be Ghost Domain... This is one of the unsolvable abilities listed in the fierce ghost archives. The other ghost is not clear. Ye Feng, do you have a way to deal with it?" Wang Xiaoqiang looked towards another man.

The man was under thirty, mature and composed, wearing a thick coat with a hint of defiance on his face.

"Ghost Domain is indeed tough to handle. If he wants to save his life, I can't deal with him," Ye Feng lit a cigarette and spoke candidly, "It has to be a surprise attack; otherwise, your action is doomed to fail. If Wang Yue were here, I would have seventy to eighty percent confidence. His Ghost Rope can trap fierce ghosts, including other ghost masters."

"With his cooperation, even ten Ghost Domains would be doomed."

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "You're a straightforward man, and I believe what you say. But don't forget, my brother is a professor, the first person in the country to engage in paranormal research. This time I brought something from the research institute that will be very helpful for this operation."

It was then that Ye Feng noticed a golden briefcase in Wang Xiaoqiang's hand.

Belonging to Special Traits.

"What new product has Professor Wang developed now?" Ye Feng asked with a smile, "That Ghost Candle was quite good, able to avoid ghost attacks. You didn't bring one of those, did you?"

"That's a controlled item. Without the necessary permission, I can't get it. But it's somewhat similar; a derivative of the Ghost Candle."

Wang Xiaoqiang opened the briefcase.

Inside was a finger.

This long and thin withered finger, with its jet-black, ferocious nails, the joints disproportionate, clearly did not belong to a living person.

"A derivative? It looks more like a failed product to me."

Ye Feng's gaze sharpened as he sensed the eeriness of the finger.

"Failed products and successful ones are alike; the only difference is one is controllable and the other isn't," Wang Xiaoqiang said, "But does uncontrollable affect us?"

"You really hold a grudge," Ye Feng teased with a smile, "By coming here to settle a personal score, you're jeopardizing the bigger picture. If those above learn of this, you'll be the first to be dealt with, with a higher priority than paranormal cases. After all, Yang Jian is quite close with headquarters and is likely to become the next head of Dachang City."

Wang Xiaoqiang spoke coldly, "Don't worry, he won't become the head. Because of me, he's as good as dead."

"I don't care; it's your responsibility if anything goes wrong," Ye Feng shrugged, unfazed.

"Let's go. It's time to move."

A group of people immediately walked into the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Striding boldly without any intention of sneaking around.

Chapter 195 Hunting Plan

"Find Yang Jian. Do not startle the snake by hitting the grass before his presence is detected. Anyone who might leak information or draw Yang Jian's attention should be killed immediately. The operation must succeed on the first try; there will be no second chance. Remember, he is an extremely dangerous person. We can only take him by surprise and must kill him with a single blow."

Wang Xiaoqiang wore a serious expression as he walked along the residential complex's pathways with more than twenty professionals in tow.

The only ghost controllers were him and Ye Feng.

The others were ordinary people, but even as ordinary people, they had undergone professional training. They might not handle paranormal incidents, but they had successfully dealt with a number of ghost controllers.

Compared to ghosts, humans were still much more fragile.

Moreover, each person was equipped with specially made weapons, all of them were elites from the underworld, and just mobilizing these people had cost Wang Xiaoqiang a total of two hundred million.

Of course, compared to the cost of asking Ye Feng to make a move, these two hundred million were considered less.

After arriving at the residential complex, the group quickly dispersed.

Some disguised themselves as tourists, others as prospective buyers, and some as workers of the complex.

Twenty-odd people spread out in such a large complex were hardly noticeable.

"Let them find Yang Jian, and I'll stay out of sight for now. It would be best if they can handle it," Ye Feng said with a smile, standing to the side and smoking without a hint of anxiety.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, "I'd also be very pleased to see things go smoothly."

Not having a direct confrontation was also to his own benefit.

Wang Xiaoqiang had experienced Yang Jian's Ghost Domain and knew he was a tough opponent.

However, most people who possessed a Ghost Domain had one fatal flaw: their own bodies were extremely fragile.

Such abilities were special and the cost of using them was great. Accordingly, the time it took for a vengeful ghost to revive would be shorter, and the individual might even be just an ordinary person. As long as one used the right method, killing them might not be as difficult as imagined.

Soon after.

A few special personnel found the new sales office through inquiries.

"If Yang Jian lives here, the sales office staff will definitely know," said a woman with a somewhat foreign appearance.

Her name was Daisy, a mixed-race mercenary. Because the environment overseas was not conducive to her career, she chose to come to Asia and joined a company to become someone specialized in hunting ghost controllers.

"First, get the location, then implement the plan. Follow the steps, and the chances of the target surviving won't exceed 30 percent. I've looked at Yang Jian's information, he's just a student with little practical experience, making it easy to succeed," a man named Kong Feng said.

A person next to him laughed, "What? Big Boss Kong, are you going to implement your so-called Three-Phase Hunt? The name sounds intimidating, but I wonder how effective it is."

"Just cooperate with the plan and stop blabbering," the man named Kong Feng said sharply: "Still cracking jokes now, but if the plan fails, we all die. Do you really think this money is easy to earn? You should realize what kind of person our opponent is."

"You're the commander of this operation, so it's your call," the person shrugged, appearing indifferent.

A few of them arrived at the sales office.

The sales staff immediately greeted them warmly: "Are you here to view properties?"

"I'll just look around for now," Kong Feng said.

It was at this moment that the other two members began to probe the sales office staff for Yang Jian's whereabouts.

Ordinarily, Yang Jian's location should have been confirmed before they even arrived, but since the entire residential complex didn't have surveillance cameras yet, they couldn't use technological means to find him.

"Those people are strange, they don't seem like they're here to buy houses."

Inside a nearby office, Jiang Yan, working behind a glass door, glanced at them and then spoke up.

"Jiang, the big beauty, how can you tell they're not here to buy property? That woman looks foreign, and they're all dressed formally, looking like they've got money," a female colleague said with a laugh, her tone mixed with flattery and sycophancy.

It was no secret in the sales office that the newly arrived Jiang Yan was Yang Jian's person.

And Yang Jian was one of the big bosses of Guanjiang Residential Complex.

To the ordinary staff, Jiang Yan naturally held an extraordinary status and identity.

"Formal, yes, but they give off the vibe of bodyguards, a bit too stern and stiff," Jiang Yan said: "I bet those people are definitely not here to buy houses. They're probably troublemakers."

"Who would come make trouble here in broad daylight?" her colleague shook her head in disbelief: "And even if they're here to make trouble, who would do such a boring thing?"

"Maybe they were sent by Boss Qin and Boss Qian," Jiang Yan speculated.

Through managing Yang Jian's shares and assets, she had found out about Yang Jian and Zhang Xianggu conspiring to buy the other two bosses' properties at the lowest price.

If there were no underhand dealings involved, she wouldn't believe it.

Given what she knew about Yang Jian, those two bosses must have been coerced, and they certainly wouldn't take things lying down afterward.

"You're just making wild guesses. Don't overthink it," she was told.

Jiang Yan felt the comment made sense and continued with her work, not thinking further. Perhaps after spending so much time with Yang Jian, she had become a bit sensitive.

"By the way, I heard there's someone named Yang Jian who bought property here at a really cheap price. Is that true?" Daisy asked in passable Chinese with a smile to one of the sales staff.

"You mean President Yang? He doesn't need to buy a house here; nearly half of this complex belongs to him," the salesperson said enviously.

Daisy said, "Oh, then where does Yang Jian live?"

"What do you need this information for?" the salesperson asked.

"Just asking, I was referred by President Yang," Daisy lied.

The salesperson looked at the mixed-blood beauty and had no other suspicions, "President Yang lives in the original sales office, which has now been transformed into a manor villa, but I'm not sure if President Yang is there."

"Is that so? Thank you for your help."

"All set, Yang Jian is very likely in the original sales office."

Soon, a message was sent out.

Immediately, operatives scattered throughout the community began to converge towards the location where Yang Jian was.

Kong Feng saw that the message had been asked, and then found an excuse to leave with the other two.

But just as they were leaving.

A young man came over with a phone in his hand, filming and talking, "Bros, no kidding, this is our sales office, big enough, eh? Any bros from Dachang City? Welcome to buy a house at Guanjiang Residential Complex, mentioning Zhang Wei's name will get you a discount."

"It's supposed to be 'retarded discount', Brother Wai get lost, I want to see Brother Tui."

"Is Brother Tui there, Brother Tui? I have a big deal I want to discuss with you."

"Brother Wai's butt is so perky and white, the kid next door is crying with envy."

"Boss, this guy is live streaming..." One of them saw Zhang Wei filming with his phone and his face changed; he looked at Kong Feng.

The operation could be exposed, and the company would bear the consequences, but their faces could not be revealed, or it would lead to serious trouble for themselves.

"Don't mind him," Kong Feng glanced swiftly and walked right past Zhang Wei.

But at this moment, Zhang Wei turned around and followed with his phone, "Don't rush, bros, I'm heading to Brother Tui's place now and will show you the big treasure at Brother Tui's home. Remember to double-tap and follow, eh."

"Boss, he's following us," Daisy said, "It looks like he's also going to Yang Jian's place. He might be a friend of Yang Jian."

"Kong Feng, I've confirmed it over here, Yang Jian is inside the villa," a message came through the wireless earpiece.

Kong Feng immediately gave the order: "Ah Hai, deal with him, don't let him disrupt our plan."

"No problem."

The operative called Ah Hai smiled and promptly turned to approach Zhang Wei who was following behind.

"Fellas, I'm not lying to you, Brother Tui really has a big treasure; it's freaking amazing and will bring you an unexpected joy," Zhang Wei told the livestream.

He decided to let these country bumpkins on the internet get a glimpse of the Ghost Mirror.

He believed it was going to be very interesting.

"Friend, are you live streaming?" Ah Hai said with a smile as he patted Zhang Wei's shoulder.

"What do you want?" Zhang Wei said.

At that moment, Ah Hai quickly snatched the phone out of Zhang Wei's hands and immediately smashed it on the ground, shattering it to pieces.

"F*ck, you dare to mess with me, Brother Wai? Think I'm a pushover? Believe it or not, I..."

Before he could finish speaking, Ah Hai covered Zhang Wei's mouth and a sharp dagger stabbed into his neck.

"Shh, keep it down, it's okay, relax, you'll be fine after a little sleep," Ah Hai said with a smile, comforting Zhang Wei while dragging his body into the nearby bushes.

Before long.

Ah Hai shook off the blood from his dagger and walked out looking relaxed.

Dealing with a regular person was hardly a challenge for him.

"Is it done?"

Kong Feng checked his watch, "If so, then quickly start preparing the Phase Three Hunt Plan."

"Damn, someone dares to mess with Brother Wai, think I don't have a weapon?"

But in the next moment, Zhang Wei crawled out of the bushes, his neck spraying blood, while he fired a handgun at Ah Hai repeatedly.

"Be careful, he has a gun!" Daisy exclaimed in shock.

Ah Hai turned just in time to take several hits.

Such a short distance would make it easy for even the lousiest novice to hit their target.

"I'll kill you! Think Brother Wai can't handle a gun? I've wiped out teams with a pistol..." Before Zhang Wei could finish, he collapsed to the ground again, his body convulsed, and he slowly ceased to breathe.

In that moment, Ah Hai also thudded to the ground, panting heavily, his face void of pain, only sweating profusely, trembling.

"Damn it, wasn't he dead already? And why did he still have a gun?" Daisy was both angry and annoyed, not understanding why Zhang Wei had suddenly come back to life with a gun.

After examining Ah Hai's wounds, things looked very bad...

"A flicker of life before death, not strange, after all he was killed with a cold weapon, it is normal not to die immediately. Moreover, the gun in this man's hands was specially made, designed to counter ghost controllers, it must have been given to him by Yang Jian. I've warned him not to be careless, now he's capsized in the ditch."

Kong Feng's face darkened.

To have a member killed by an ordinary person was a terrible way to start. Furthermore, the gunshot could potentially disrupt their plan.

"Just hide the body a bit, forget about Ah Hai, he's been shot three times straight to the chest, beyond saving."