

Revival 206

Chapter 206 Shelter

At this moment, a police cordon was set up at the entrance of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

A large number of personnel were seriously inspecting inside the complex, while also continuously dealing with corpses scattered in various locations.

The scene was not bloody; instead, it exuded a strange eeriness,

Most of the bodies of the gangsters had no fatal wounds or signs of being beaten, yet their heads had somehow been separated, lying next to the bodies with faces showing sheer terror, clueless about what they could have seen before dying.

However, a few particularly vicious gangsters had been killed by direct gunfire, their blood pooling on the ground.

"Report, Captain, a total of twenty-three gangsters' bodies, a large number of firearms and pills left at the scene. Based on the collection and comparison of the biological information of the gangsters at the scene, most of these gangsters came from abroad, entering the country as tourists or for work.

Many of their visas had already expired, and there were also some extremely dangerous remote-controlled bombs set up at the scene."

"Fortunately, the bombs hadn't been detonated. That area has been sealed off, waiting for bomb disposal experts to handle it,"

a staff member reported.

Upon hearing this news, Captain Liu immediately felt a headache coming on. This was no longer a case he could handle as a captain; it needed to be handed over to higher authorities.

Meanwhile, inside the villa.

Zhang Xiangu expressed his concern, "How could such a thing happen out of the blue? Guns and snipers going off, you'd think it was a film shoot if you didn't know better. Yang Jian, what on earth is going on?"

Yang Jian, seated on the sofa drinking tea and snacking, said, "They were after me, so President Zhang, there's no need to worry. This will only happen this one time today, it won't happen again. However, this incident has caused quite a bit of trouble for you, and for that, all I can say is that I'm sorry."

In truth, the person he owed the deepest apology was Zhang Wei.

Zhang Wei had died in this incident.

But he was resurrected by the Ghost Mirror.

It was just that he did not share this with Zhang Xianggu.

"Troubles are okay; as long as nothing like this happens again, that's fine with me," said Zhang Xianggu.
"Guns, sniper rifles, and even bombs; it seems you've annoyed some formidable people."

Yang Jian glanced outside, "What formidable people? They're just a few rats. The real troublemakers have already run away, but it's only temporary. I'll take care of them in the next few days. Once they are dealt with, I, Yang Jian, will call the shots in Dachang City. All losses will be recovered then."

Zhang Xianggu, seeing Yang Jian's confident and calm demeanor, felt quite relieved.

"If President Zhang doesn't trust me, you can hide for a while, and it won't be too late to come back after I have handled this matter," Yang Jian offered.

Zhang Xianggu thought it over and decided that it was better to lie low for the time being.

He dared not get involved in such matters.

Although the incident was a major commotion, the actual impact was minimal.

The residential complex hadn't started selling officially, few people lived there, and not many were aware of the incident. As for casualties, they were only the gangsters left behind. With Yang Jian unharmed, Zhang Wei resurrected, and no one else really getting dragged in,

it was a stroke of fortune amidst misfortune.

The remaining tasks involved investigation, evidence gathering, cleanup, and some follow-up work.

"Yang Jian, could we have a talk?" At this moment, Captain Liu arrived at the door and spoke.

"Of course," said Yang Jian.

Leading Yang Jian to a quieter spot, Captain Liu spoke in a low voice, "I didn't ask before, but since the scene cleanup is almost finished, I have some questions and hope you can cooperate with my investigation. I understand that you people are extraordinary, but to brazenly use firearms and bombs, I can't help but feel obliged to bring them to justice."

Yang Jian said, "Actually, I know what you want to ask, Captain Liu. This case isn't as complicated as it seems. I'm fully aware of who's behind it all, but their affairs are something ordinary people can't handle. Reckless action would only lead to more casualties, which I don't want to see. So I will handle this matter.

As for the armed murderers, they should be from a certain company, hired for the job."

"I hope you, Captain Liu, will track them down. Such lawlessness cannot be tolerated in Dachang City."

"Is it related to supernatural events again?" Captain Liu asked seriously.

Nodding gravely, Captain Liu said, "I will report this to Zhao Kaiming and see if he can think of a solution."

Upon hearing the name Zhao Kaiming, Yang Jian suddenly turned frosty, "You best not seek that guy out. He's also involved in this matter. He'd love nothing more than to use someone else's hand to kill me."

"How could that be?" Captain Liu exclaimed in surprise.

"Struggles between people never cease. This has nothing to do with you, Captain Liu; it's our own affair," said Yang Jian. "If there's nothing else, I hope to go back and rest soon."

After pondering a moment, Captain Liu said, "Thank you for your cooperation with the investigation. I'll notify you immediately if there's any progress on the case."

"By the way, I hope you can keep the firearms left behind by those people for me after the investigation and evidence collection," Yang Jian suddenly added.

"That's against regulations," said Captain Liu.

Yang Jian said, "I know, I'm just keeping them for a little while."

In a few days, once he had become the second person in charge of Dachang City, he would naturally have the authority to mobilize these weapons.

They were all specially made firearms to counteract ghost controllers, it would truly be a pity if they were destroyed.

"I understand, I'll keep this batch of weapons for at most three days," said Captain Liu.

"That's enough," Yang Jian nodded.

At this very moment.

Wang Xiaoqiang, who had failed and fled from Guanjiang Residential Complex, returned once again to his club.

The club was now deserted.

All the members had left by default, all the shareholders had disappeared, and the only surviving shareholder, Ma Youcai, couldn't wait to divest and hide.

With Ye Feng's trump card, a resurrection was completely possible.

Who could have expected the operation to fail?

A desperate gamble had brought nothing but ignominious defeat.

"Yang Jian..." In the empty club bar, Wang Xiaoqiang gulped down strong spirits, uttering a growl from his throat.

He knew everything he owned had been destroyed.

And he couldn't stay here for much longer either.

After the operation was exposed, this place would be sealed off, and inevitably, trouble would come looking for him.

But he was not willing to let go.

What he had worked so hard to build was not just simply a business club; it was the stepping stone to realize his ambitions and dreams.

"Ding-ding, ding-ding~!"

While he was drowning his sorrows in alcohol, his cell phone suddenly rang.

"Xiaoqiang, come to me right now," the voice of his older brother, Wang Xiaoming, came through the phone.

"No, I won't go to that damned laboratory. I haven't forgotten everything you've done to me. I turned into this ghostly figure all thanks to you. I treated you as my brother, but you used me as experimental material," Wang Xiaoqiang growled through clenched teeth.

"What do you want to do now? Continue with your damned experiments?"

"Yang Jian is going to kill you, you're doomed if you stay at the club."

Wang Xiaoming's voice was calm and authoritative, "If you don't want to die, then roll over here. The trouble you've caused this time is too big; the higher-ups have already tacitly approved Yang Jian's actions and will cooperate fully. If necessary, they might even send other ghost controllers to support."

"If you stay in Dachang City, it's a dead end for you. Only in my laboratory can Yang Jian not kill you."

"I don't need you to meddle in my affairs. Yang Jian wants to kill me? Can he even manage it? I'm also a ghost controller," Wang Xiaoqiang roared.

Wang Xiaoming said, "The ghost in your body won't last much longer. Now is not the time to be stubborn."

"I said, I don't need you to meddle in my business!" Wang Xiaoqiang roared back.

"You fool, do you want to infuriate me? Get back to the laboratory immediately..." Wang Xiaoming couldn't help but express his anger.

"Bang~!"

Before he could finish, Wang Xiaoqiang violently slammed the phone onto the floor, smashing it to pieces.

"I am not useless." He grabbed a bottle of strong liquor and guzzled it violently, emitting a fierce roar.

"I'm not useless, I'm not..."

As he drank in drunkenness, he sat helplessly crying on the ground.

Wang Xiaoqiang felt a sense of helplessness and fear of death.

He knew Yang Jian would come to kill him.

Although he thought about running away, his pride wouldn't allow it.

He didn't want to be a homeless dog, hiding here and there, nor did he want to kneel and beg his older brother, Wang Xiaoming, for protection.

Chapter 207 The Method of Perfect Control

"It's not difficult to get rid of Wang Xiaoqiang, as he is no threat to me, but to eliminate that Ye Feng, with my current abilities, it might still be a bit of a stretch."

Nighttime.

Yang Jian was alone on the fifth floor of the villa, standing before the floor-to-ceiling windows, looking out at the brightly lit Dachang City, deep in thought.

"Battling it out with Ye Feng might kill him, but the toll on myself would be heavy, and that's not a wise move. Even if I use the Ghost Mirror to resurrect once... it comes with significant risks."

Resurrection through the Ghost Mirror should only be a last resort, never something to rely on.

He harbored great reservations in his heart.

For example, whether the ghosts in his body would remain after resurrection, or whether he'd end up like Zhang Wei, grabbed by the hands inside the Ghost Mirror, unable to escape, leading to a failed resurrection.

One should not gamble with one's life carelessly, for if something goes wrong, there may not be a second chance for a do-over.

The only correct choice is... to enhance my own power.

"Having become a ghost controller, the ghosts have merged with me; I cannot strip them from my body. If that's the case, then I can only go down this path and walk it to the end. I don't care about the future, but now, I absolutely will not allow my personal safety to be threatened."

Gazing at the brightly lit Dachang City in the distance, Yang Jian made up his mind.

He wanted to protect the Guanjiang Residential Complex, to make this place his home, and even planned to move all his relatives and friends here to live. In a world where supernatural incidents would become frequent, having a safe place to live is important.

The appearance of Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng was not just an attempt to assassinate him; it was an attack on his ideal.

"The only way to increase my power is to find answers on that piece of human skin parchment. It knows more than I imagined."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian thought again of that eerie piece of human skin parchment.

He had welded it inside a gold box and did not plan to use it again.

But since he hadn't thrown it away, it meant that the parchment had already taken root in his heart.

Yang Jian speculated that the parchment might actually be a ghost, but when cornered with no way out, he would have to exploit it, even if it were a ghost.

"With the items I currently have in hand, whether it's the Ghost Rope, Ghost Mirror, or the Ghost Door Knocker phone, none are enough to kill Ye Feng. The shroud he wears is too wicked, able to withstand other ghostly attacks. Moreover, the abilities of the Ghost Tooth haven't been fully revealed yet. Once the two powers fully erupt, I reckon I may only be able to rely on the Ghost Domain to escape."

Yang Jian secretly thought.

He acknowledged his powers' deficiencies: eerie as they were, they tended toward self-preservation.

He turned away from the window.

Yang Jian went back to the room to retrieve the gold box once more.

Without hesitation, he opened it.

There it was, a dark brown parchment with a faint smell of decay.

This piece of human skin parchment seemed ordinary, yet in Huanggang Village, Yang Jian had not forgotten how it had devoured a ghost.

The ghost stood no chance of resisting.

If even an undying ghost fared so, what more a human.

Therefore, every time he used the parchment, Yang Jian felt a tremor of fear.

"You know what I want now, so I'll skip the small talk. Tell me a method to enhance my power. This time you're not allowed to give me the runaround; I'm not patient anymore. If you say you don't know, by tomorrow you'll be at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, never to emerge in this world again."

Yang Jian said gravely.

If the human skin parchment couldn't provide help when he needed it, he would destroy it without hesitation.

The value of this human skin paper lay exactly in this.

There was no movement on the human skin paper, but after a full three minutes, black characters gradually emerged.

"My name is Yang Jian, and today I am not dead yet, the assassination aimed at me seems to have failed, but the enemy is stronger than I imagined. I am not quite willing to let them go, but hatred lingers in my heart, and I have never wanted to kill someone so strongly before."

"My power is still not enough, which I have anticipated before. Now is the time to strengthen my own power, but this method is very dangerous, and I am hesitating whether to use it."

"Actually, I didn't plan to master this ability at this time, if you can see this sentence it means the situation must already be extremely critical. I leave behind the method to grasp this power, but I hope the me at that time can be especially cautious."

Yang Jian raised his eyebrows when he saw this.

Has this human skin paper finally compromised?

"What exactly is the method?"

All the characters on the human skin paper disappeared, then two characters appeared: suicide.

Hmm?

Upon seeing these two characters, Yang Jian nearly tore the human skin paper to shreds, was this thing still trying to trick him into dying in the end?

But what emerged on the paper afterward deeply furrowed his brow.

"The so-called suicide is not the simple notion of killing oneself, but a method to perfectly control a ghost without allowing oneself to die from the ghost's resurrection. This method is extremely demanding, and it requires the help of another ghost... and now I have mastered the perfect conditions to control a ghost, it's just that the me at the time was not yet aware."

"A method to perfectly control a ghost? How is that possible?"

He was somewhat shocked in his heart.

After becoming a ghost master, Yang Jian was very clear that the reason ghosts could be controlled was that they were still in a state of gradual awakening.

It is precisely because of this that humans and ghosts can coexist.

But once a ghost fully awakens, the human will definitely die.

This is what's known as the ghost's resurrection.

Up to now, there have already been many people who have died due to this outcome, Zhou Zheng, Yan Li, and recently Wang Yue.

These are just the ones Yang Jian knows about, and there are others he does not.

"First, I cannot dismiss it as impossible, what if this is real? What then?" After calming down, Yang Jian began to think.

Although it seemed incredible at first glance, but ghosts have appeared in this world, even such things as ghost mirrors allowing people to resurrect have occurred, what could be impossible?

If one truly could perfectly control a ghost, then it would be equivalent to being able to control a fully resurrected ghost; the sheer power of this ability is simply unimaginable.

He continued to read on.

New writing emerged on the human skin paper: "Considering the conditions I had at that time, I could only perfectly control the Ghost Shadow behind me."

"The existence of Ghost Shadow has always been suppressed by my Ghost Eye, prolonging the time before the ghost's resurrection. In fact, its abilities are far more than just this; if I can fully utilize it, it may have unexpected effects."

"Perfectly control Ghost Shadow?" Yang Jian hesitated.

The Ghost Shadow was indeed very dangerous.

It could seize other ghosts' bodies and make them its own.

Once it obtained a body pieced together by vicious ghosts, it would become a new ghost.

A truly incomprehensible and terrifying ghost.

Therefore, most of the time, Yang Jian was vigilant of the Ghost Shadow to prevent it from going out of control and recklessly killing people around him.

Chapter 208 Appointment

"To perfectly control the Ghost Shadow, I need to make use of the Ghost Rope, and also the power of the Ghost Mirror."

"After all this nonsense, you have piqued my curiosity. So what is the method?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes.

The writing on the skin paper completely vanished, leaving behind only a line of bold black characters: Integrate the Ghost Shadow into your body and then hang yourself in front of the Ghost Mirror with the Ghost Rope.

Seeing this method emerge on the skin paper, Yang Jian couldn't help but stagger back several steps in shock.

A nameless fear surged into his heart, chilling him to the bone, a coldness rushing in.

Integrate the Ghost Shadow into your body, and then hang yourself in front of the Ghost Mirror with the Ghost Rope?

A single sentence revealed three certain death outcomes.

Firstly, if the Ghost Shadow is fully integrated into the body, death is certain.

Once the Ghost Shadow is out of control, the body will immediately fall to pieces. It's possible that one might even decapitate oneself while sleeping, which is why the Ghost Shadow has always been restricted to the outside of the body.

Hanging oneself with the Ghost Rope is the second certain death outcome.

The Ghost Rope has been resurrected. Once it ensnares anyone, death is certain—escaping is very difficult even for a ghost tamer. Not every ghost tamer has the same kind of shroud as Ye Feng, which can block the attacks of other vengeful spirits.

Standing in front of the Ghost Mirror.

That is even more impossible.

He remembered clearly the situation of his cousin, Shangguan Yun. Once the Ghost Mirror reflects you, it will leave behind your shadow, which is not actually you, but a ghost from inside the mirror transformed. This could be seen from Zhang Wei's experience.

If one stands in front of the Ghost Mirror for an extended period.

Yang Jian would be trapped inside the mirror, replaced by a ghost that would emerge.

This is the third certain death outcome.

And yet, the skin paper was suggesting he do all of these at once.

This was essentially elaborate suicide.

If there was ever an award for the best way to die in this world, Yang Jian felt that with this strategy, no one could beat him; the trophy could comfortably rest on his grave.

However, more writing continued to appear on the skin paper.

"To perfectly control a ghost, the ghost must be resurrected. Committing suicide with the Ghost Rope will perfectly stimulate the complete resurrection of the Ghost Shadow. Even the Ghost Eyes inside my body cannot suppress it. Once the Ghost Shadow succeeds in resurrecting, it will completely seize my body.

This is a certain death outcome, but it's also the prerequisite for perfectly controlling a ghost."

"The ghost inside the Ghost Mirror can switch me into the mirror, yet the power of the Ghost Mirror is useless against other ghosts. After I die, the fully resurrected Ghost Shadow will face a unique situation while I hang myself in front of the Ghost Mirror. The Ghost Shadow that controls my body will contest with the Ghost Mirror for my body."

"So who will win?"

"No one will win; in the end, the only winner will be me. When my head stretches out from the Ghost Mirror again, I will have resurrected. At the same time, the contest between the Ghost Mirror and the Ghost Shadow for my body will vanish, and I will have perfectly tamed the Ghost Shadow inside my body."

Seeing this terrifying and insane method, Yang Jian found it unbelievable yet damnably plausible.

It was like using the unique traits of ghosts to artificially create a logical loop.

The end result being both ghosts crashing, and Yang Jian, as the third party, becoming the ultimate winner.

"You're a fucking genius. I can't believe you actually came up with this method."

Yang Jian stared at the skin paper, feeling a mix of fear and an impulsive desire to try it.

If it really succeeded, his body would be thoroughly transformed into that of a ghost's.

How could he not become incredibly formidable?

Yet, the next line on the skin paper darkened his expression: "Of course, there is a possibility of failure with this method. If I fail, I'll simply hang dead from the ceiling, having executed an impeccable suicide. And no one would dare come to collect my corpse."

It's not 100% successful.

If, during the clash of two ghosts, one doesn't "crash" but instead overpowers the other,

then Yang Jian would die a horrible, horrible death.

It's like a high-stakes gamble with one's life.

This is no game where you can just restart if you fail; if this isn't played right, a horde of vicious ghosts will be resurrected.

"This method is too horrifying. If it's just to deal with Ye Feng, taking such a risk doesn't seem worth it. I'd rather spend time wearing down that Ye Feng. There's a chance of failure with hanging oneself, it's too risky a move."

In the end, caution triumphed over impulsiveness.

Yang Jian tucked away the human skin parchment and resealed it in the golden box, then put it away properly.

He left the fifth floor with a pensive expression.

Before leaving, he glanced at the room where the Ghost Mirror was kept.

Although he didn't immediately decide, the mad method revealed by the human skin parchment tonight had already been deeply imprinted in Yang Jian's mind.

He wouldn't make that decision now, but should he ever reach a certain dead end, Yang Jian would surely use this method to fight a desperate battle.

It's just that, at the moment, the timing isn't right.

"I can't risk following the method on the human skin parchment. I've risked my life too many times; I can't expect to be lucky enough to survive every time. It seems I still need to find a way to increase my own abilities."

With that thought, Yang Jian went back to his room to sleep.

But despite resting, he couldn't fall asleep.

His physical condition didn't permit him deep sleep, and now he didn't really need it, as his normal bodily functions had long been disrupted.

The next day, however, Yang Jian received a call on his satellite-located phone.

It was from Zhao Jianguo.

The appointment for the person in charge of Dachang City had come through.

The man handling the matter was named Sun Yi, and he had asked Yang Jian to meet at a designated location. At the same time, Zhao Jianguo had revealed to him that, once the appointment was settled, all forces in Dachang City would support Yang Jian in the manhunt for Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng.

"Perfect timing. It looks like Zhao Jianguo has made his choice," Yang Jian mused as he hung up the phone.

If Zhao Jianguo had chosen to stall for time, then without a doubt, he would be preparing to protect that Wang Xiaoqiang.

But he didn't.

Because, from an official standpoint, Yang Jian's contributions were evidently much greater than Wang Xiaoqiang's.

Wang Xiaoqiang could only add to the chaos, whereas Yang Jian could solve the paranormal events for Dachang City.

If such a simple choice was made incorrectly, Yang Jian would definitely not have chosen to become an international ghost master.

"I'm going out for a bit."

After hanging up the phone, he grabbed his car keys and prepared to leave immediately.

"Where are you going? Take me with you, I'm really scared to be here alone."

Jiang Yan, dressed in a neat professional outfit that made her look efficient, rushed out and took Yang Jian's hand with a coquettish tone.

"I'm dealing with a paranormal event, are you coming?" Yang Jian asked.

"I'm off to work, come back early, cutie pie, love you yo." Jiang Yan immediately let go of Yang Jian's hand, waved goodbye, and left.

Chapter 209 Meaningless Assessment

International Ghost Master's appointment ceremony.

Yang Jian was driving, heading towards the designated location in Dachang City.

From what he had learned from Liu Xiaoyu, the assessment for the position of the person in charge in Dachang City was quite strict. Besides being a Ghost Master, mental state evaluation and personality assessment were both extremely important.

After all, while dealing with a city's supernatural incidents, one also possesses immense power, and any problems in the appointment could bring unimaginable disasters to a city.

However, Yang Jian belonged to the special affairs office.

Even with Zhao Kaiming as a Ghost Master in Dachang City, he had become the second Ghost Master.

The reason for the higher-ups' agreement was actually due to Yang Jian's several merits.

Whether it was the Ghost Door Knocker incident, the Ghost Shadow incident, or the Huanggang Village incident, all fully demonstrated his personal ability, and the rescue of Ghost Masters Feng Quan, as well as the earlier Tong Qian, had also garnered high praise for Yang Jian's way of handling matters.

A Ghost Master who could rescue other Ghost Masters and solve various troublesome supernatural incidents was naturally someone the higher-ups would not ignore.

If it weren't for Yang Jian's reluctance to become the head of Dachang City too soon, due to the excessive use of the power of fierce ghosts, his appointment would not have been delayed until now.

"We've arrived, this is the place."

Yang Jian's car stopped in front of a municipal government building.

The place of appointment was right here.

As soon as he got out of the car, someone was already waiting there.

"Are you Yang Jian, Mister Yang?" A middle-aged man in a suit, who looked like a civil servant, walked over smiling.

"That's me." Yang Jian said.

"The higher-ups have explained everything; please follow me this way, Mister Yang," said the civil servant.

Yang Jian nodded.

The man did not enter the government building but instead turned and walked towards a small, independent reception room nearby.

"Isn't the appointment at the municipal government building?" he asked.

"I'm not very clear on that, I am just responsible for bringing Mister Yang to the reception room. Everything else is out of my hands," replied the civil servant.

Yang Jian didn't ask further.

Soon, he arrived at the reception room, where guards stood both inside and outside, with live ammunition, creating a somewhat tense atmosphere.

This reception room was lax on the outside but strict on the inside.

Without permission, it was simply impossible for ordinary people to enter.

After entering an office, Yang Jian saw a somewhat dispirited man who looked to be in his thirties, yawning and leaning on the desk, earnestly playing with a frog made of paper, pressing on the frog's backside, making it hop around.

"Knock knock~!"

The civil servant said, "Mister Sun Yi, I've brought Yang Jian."

"The person is here? Very well, you can leave now."

Sun Yi quickly lifted his head to glance, then swiftly stowed away the paper frog on the desk.

"Oh, and if there's nothing important, don't disturb me. Without my permission, no one is allowed near this office, including the leaders of Dachang City."

"Understood, Mister Sun Yi."

Yang Jian observed the man, an instinct telling him that this Sun Yi was also a Ghost Master.

However, the danger level was low, and the Ghost Eye did not react strongly.

He was even less notable than the previous Ye Feng.

"Sit," Sun Yi straightened up and pointed around, "Don't be nervous. The review this time is fairly relaxed, but there are still some formalities to follow. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions? Also, as a reminder, this conversation will be recorded."

"It doesn't matter. Ask whatever you want, just don't take up too much of my time," Yang Jian said.

Sun Yi asked, "Name?"

"Yang Jian."

"Gender?"

"Male."

"Place of origin?"

"..." Yang Jian said, "You should be able to look up that information."

"Just routine, no need to be nervous," Sun Yi said. "Why do you choose to become the person in charge of Dachang City?"

"For world peace."

"How long have you been a Ghost Master?"

"Just over a month."

"You look very young, do you have a girlfriend? Have you thought about settling down?"

Yang Jian said, "Is this question important?"

"Very important. Whether you have a girlfriend and whether you're willing to settle down relates to the mental state of a Ghost Master, so please answer honestly," Sun Yi said.

"Haven't considered it yet," Yang Jian said.

"So, you have thought about it." Sun Yi continued, "Of the following pictures, which type of woman do you prefer?"

He then took out a stack of pictures and laid them out on the table one by one.

There were ten pictures altogether, and the women in the pictures didn't seem real, they were likely computer-generated.

Moreover, each picture showed women with different clothing, appearances, body shapes, and demeanors.

To put it bluntly, there were types like mature and dignified, gracious, student-like, cute and so on.

"Children make choices, a man naturally wants them all," Yang Jian said.

Sun Yi looked at Yang Jian with some surprise but eventually felt a bit annoyed.

Damn, there was such an answer, and why hadn't he thought of it himself, making him agonize for over two hours back then.

"Next are some ability test questions, mainly to assess your emergency response abilities. Tell me: when five people are running towards you and one of them is a ghost, with only two bullets in your gun and assuming bullets can kill ghosts, how would you deal with the situation at hand?"

Then he took out another picture.

The backdrop of the photo was a dim and dark city, depicting a desolate post-apocalyptic scene.

At that moment, a person is standing in the middle of the road, pointing a gun at five survivors running towards this side from across the road.

One survivor is an office worker in a suit, one is a woman returning from grocery shopping, one is a child with a backpack coming home from school, one is a stunningly gorgeous woman, and one is an old lady with a wrinkled face.

"This is an open-ended question with no fixed answer," Sun Yi said.

"Turn and run, all five of them are ghosts," Yang Jian looked at the photo and said indifferently.

Sun Yi expressed surprise, "Explain your reasoning?"

"Is there a need to explain? It's not hard to see for anyone who isn't an idiot. The first one, dressed in a suit with a briefcase, looks like he's going to work, but the city in the background should have already been overrun. It's impossible for anyone to be going to work, to be buying groceries, for a kid to be going to school, and that woman, is way too excessive.

She's pretty but suspiciously clean, not even her makeup is smeared."

"That old lady shouldn't be a suspect, right?" Sun Yi said.

"The old lady in the painting is running at the front, is that the speed an elderly person should have?" Yang Jian said, "If you keep asking questions like this, I'll have to doubt your professional level."

"Or perhaps, the person who set the question isn't very smart."

Sun Yi said, "Don't be hasty, that was only the first question. Here comes the second one."

"Conditions remaining the same, assume that among these five people, only one is human. What method would you use to save this person?"

Yang Jian said, "I wouldn't save them. Five people, four are ghosts, one is human, and I'm a Ghost Door Knocker, my life is more precious than that of an ordinary person. Why would I sacrifice myself to save

an ordinary person? Moreover, if that person is still alive among four ghosts, it indicates some kind of balance hasn't been disrupted.

If I take the initiative to attack, I'll likely die even faster."

"Uh..." Sun Yi was momentarily stunned.

You're not answering the question in a conventional way.

"Okay then, the third question, which is an extension of the previous one. Assume that among these five people, only one is a ghost, the other four are humans. You have two bullets. What method would you use to shoot dead the ghost hiding among these five people?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brows: "This question is a bit more difficult than the previous two low-IQ ones, and it's reached the level of an average person's intellect, but it's still very simple. Warn them to lie down on the ground and not move; whoever rushes forward, I'll shoot dead."

"That could result in harming innocent people," Sun Yi said.

"But it's also possible to shoot the ghost, isn't it? One bullet gives me a one in five chance of shooting the ghost. If one person lies down after my warning, my odds increase to one in four. If three people lie down, then my two bullets can guarantee a hundred percent chance of shooting a ghost dead. Besides, any normal person would stop after the warning."

"If the gun fires and one person dies, anyone who continues charging forward is definitely a ghost."

Sun Yi said, "Why not choose to fire a warning shot in the air?"

Yang Jian laughed, "That's the stupidest thing to do. I'd be wasting a bullet. What if the warning doesn't work? Then my chances of shooting the ghost drop to one in five, which is far lower than the chance of shooting one person dead and using the gunshot as a warning to those who survive. If I fail, four survivors and a Ghost Door Knocker will die.

And my method also includes the possibility of shooting the ghost with the first bullet."

"You're gambling with the lives of the public; it's a very selfish act," Sun Yi said.

Yang Jian said, "No, this is the fairest act. Don't forget, the Ghost Door Knocker is also present. If he can't shoot the ghost, he will die too. The reason the Ghost Door Knocker is chosen to fire is that he's already certain that among the six people present, he himself is not the ghost. With the statuses of the other five people unknown, he must make a choice.

Even though this choice might result in the sacrifice of one or two people, it's better than a total annihilation."

"If you fire a blank, you are left with only one bullet, betting the lives of five people on a single bullet is the biggest irresponsibility. A person who cannot be responsible for themselves cannot possibly be responsible for others."

"Everyone wanting to save lives will inevitably end up saving no one. I haven't read many books but I know the principle 'one cannot achieve great good without tolerating minor evil.' Sometimes, necessary sacrifices are worthwhile."

Sun Yi was suddenly at a loss for words, as he admitted that such an answer was quite reasonable.

However, the perfect answer previously was to fire a warning shot. Whoever didn't heed the warning was definitely the ghost, then you shoot to kill.

It was in line with the style of a Ghost Door Knocker and followed proper procedures, a textbook answer.

But Yang Jian was right, what if the warning was ineffective?

How to choose who among the five people to shoot dead the one ghost with a single bullet.

"Alright, your answer has been recorded. Here's the fourth question, also an extension of the previous one. Conditions being the same, you only have one bullet, and among the five people in front of you, one is hiding as a ghost. At this moment, if you have to fire, which one of these five people would you choose?"

Or has your intuition told you, which one of the five might be the real ghost?" Sun Yi asked again.

Yang Jian raised his eyebrows, "This is an unsolvable mode, isn't it?"

"Pretty much," Sun Yi nodded.

The fourth question was like the Ghost Door Knocker encountering an unsolvable supernatural event: a choice must be made, but a failed choice leads to death.

Because the Ghost Door Knocker is left with only one bullet.

Is it the office worker in a suit and leather shoes?

Or the lady returning from buying groceries?

Perhaps the elaborately dressed beauty?

Even the kid with a schoolbag on their back.

And the wrinkled-faced, old-looking grandmother.

You have only one shot.

And you must take that shot.

A one-in-five chance of killing the ghost, with no other options available.

"If I really have to kill one, I'd choose the kid with the backpack," Yang Jian said.

"Why?" Sun Yi asked.

"The office worker could just be someone who wandered into this city by mistake while on a business trip, and the woman shopping for groceries might be a survivor in the city; her vegetables may not have been bought but taken from some deserted supermarket. The glamorous woman dressed up nicely—I don't think a ghost would go to such lengths.

The old lady might just be homesick and unwilling to leave her hometown."

"The only one I can't rationalize is the kid with a backpack. I can't think of any reason for such a young child to be wandering around the city without parental supervision, unless his entire family, including the child, is already dead."

"Why can't the kid be a survivor who sneaked out to play?" Sun Yi asked.

"Even if he sneaked out to play, he wouldn't be carrying a backpack, right? When a city falls, the first to be evacuated are usually women and children, aren't they?"

"If you have any more questions, ask them now," Yang Jian said.

"The next question isn't about this; for example, after you become an international ghost handler, what methods do you plan to use to deal with a city's supernatural incidents?" Sun Yi said.

What followed was essentially the future work plan.

Yang Jian just gave a casual response. An answer that was conventional and seemingly alright was enough.

The questioning lasted for a full two hours.

All kinds of tricky questions were asked, even clear and direct ones about privacy and personal preferences, like whether you enjoy watching movies, what kind of movies you like, whether you play video games, and if you have ever harbored thoughts of killing someone?

Please, watching movies and playing games are what normal people do every day.

As for murderous thoughts, Yang Jian had them daily; today, he was still considering how to kill Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng.

"Congratulations, today you have officially become the person in charge of Dachang City. I hope you will continue to work hard in your future duties." After the last question, Sun Yi stood up and shook hands with Yang Jian enthusiastically.

"Is that it?" Yang Jian asked.

"Yes," Sun Yi replied.

"Then what was the point of all those previous questions?" Yang Jian asked.

After thinking for a moment, Sun Yi said, "Strictly speaking, there is no point. After all, you were the predetermined person in charge. It's just standard procedure. However, not only was this assessment recorded, but it was also filmed, and this information will become part of your personal file for life."

"..." Yang Jian.

Indeed, he was just wasting time.

"Additionally, here is your new satellite-located phone and your identification."

Having said that, Sun Yi took out a briefcase containing a phone, identification, and a uniform.

"We need to retrieve Zhou Zheng's satellite-located phone. I hope you don't mind," Sun Yi said.

"Of course not," Yang Jian replied.

"Next, you will need to get acquainted with the key personnel of various departments in Dachang City to facilitate future cooperation in your work. By the way, the previous ghost handler, Zhao Kaiming, is also here," Sun Yi said.

Zhao Kaiming?

At the mention of this name, Yang Jian's expression immediately darkened.

On his death list, Zhao Kaiming was ranked first—not Ye Feng, nor Wang Xiaoqiang, but Zhao Kaiming.

In truth, he was the real murderer lurking behind the scenes.

Chapter 210, the second place

"This is the person in charge of each district in Dachang City." Sun Yi brought Yang Jian to another office.

The room was filled with important personnel from various departments of Dachang City.

A middle-aged man in a shirt nodded at Yang Jian with a smile.

"This is the person in charge of Eastern City District ... and those over there are captains from other districts."

"Besides, there are several people who were preoccupied today and didn't have time to attend, so they couldn't preside over this meeting. However, it's not a big impact. By the way, you should have met Zhao Kaiming, the person responsible for Dachang City, before," he added.

Sun Yi introduced each person sitting in the room, ending with Zhao Kaiming.

From today onward, their positions would be the same.

"Zhao Kaiming?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and focused his attention on him.

Zhao Kaiming sat there with a frosty expression, looking at Yang Jian. He would have never thought that Yang Jian, after surviving an assassination attempt by Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, would miraculously become the second person in charge of Dachang City—a precedent not yet set domestically.

As it was known, the number of ghost manipulators at headquarters was not large, and some cities didn't even have a person in charge.

The emergence of Yang Jian undeniably sent an ominous signal to Zhao Kaiming.

"Yang Jian, congratulations. I hope to learn much from you in our work as a fellow ghost manipulator," Zhao Kaiming said with a smile, but it was a particularly cold one.

"I should be the one saying that to you," Yang Jian replied.

If it weren't for the occasion, he might have even started fighting with Zhao Kaiming on the spot.

Zhao Kaiming said, "You're too modest, Yang Jian. With the recent surge in supernatural incidents in Dachang City, I think having someone as young and capable as you to assist will make the upcoming work much easier."

"Let's hope so," Yang Jian said, choosing not to continue the conversation.

By showing up in such a situation, Zhao Kaiming had made it clear that he trusted Yang Jian would not do anything to him in this setting.

Sun Yi then said, "According to previous regulations, the appointment of a person in charge in Dachang City requires corresponding personnel support."

"That sort of thing, I think we can put on hold for now. With Zhao Kaiming here, I just need to be in name only," Yang Jian immediately said.

Sun Yi was taken aback.

He didn't quite understand Yang Jian's intention.

Why be in charge just in name and undertake such responsibilities? Isn't that superfluous, and just like that, it's equal to giving up many rights.

"Furthermore, before that, there is an especially important matter that needs handling. You all must be aware of the incident that happened yesterday at Guanjiang Residential Complex," Yang Jian continued.

"Indeed, a serious event did occur yesterday, and it was targeted at a person in charge, which has had a significant impact. Most of the culprits have been killed, but two key people are still at large. One is Wang Xiaoqiang from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club; the other is one of the club's members named Ye Feng."

A staffer took out a file and used a projector to show it to everyone.

The others in the room were all aware of the gravity of the situation, having received orders from above the previous night to deal seriously with the matter.

Yang Jian said, "I'm not clear about the current situation and won't interfere with your work, but I have only one goal now: find a way to locate these two individuals, secure their position, and then personally lead a team to deal with them, ensuring they have no chance to escape."

After speaking, he glanced at Zhao Kaiming beside him.

Zhao Kaiming narrowed his eyes, understanding that Yang Jian was killing the chicken to scare the monkey, expressing his surface attitude toward him.

"Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club is in Eastern City District of Dachang City—this operation will be under my jurisdiction," a middle-aged man with a heavy voice declared. "Such dangerous individuals absolutely cannot be left unattended. I will take charge of the operation and hope for everyone's cooperation, aiming to resolve this within three days."

"Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng are ghost manipulators, so everyone should be prepared," Yang Jian stated.

The rest of the group took a deep breath, their expressions growing solemn.

It seemed the words "ghost manipulators" carried a certain taboo.

"I will take responsibility for the consequences of this matter, and there will be no chaos, but I just need to know when we can start the operation," Yang Jian inquired.

"The operation can commence as early as this afternoon," answered the middle-aged man in uniform.

Yang Jian said, "Good, then we'll take action this afternoon."

"This guy is ruthless enough. I used to think this kid was just an ignorant student, but it looks like I've underestimated him. The more he is like this, the more it proves my earlier suspicions were correct. Dachang City will either have him without me or me without him.

It was right to make the first move, only a pity that there was a problem with Wang Yue's part, otherwise he would have been eliminated yesterday," Zhao Kaiming thought with a particularly gloomy expression on his face.

If it weren't for the unfortunate coincidence of the Ghost Door Knocker incident happening just then, with Wang Yue dying in the Ghost Domain, how could things have evolved this way?

Yang Jian had really just been too lucky; man's plans are inferior to those made by heaven—he had dodged the deadly trap set for him.

Setting up another plan specifically for him now would be extremely difficult.

If Yang Jian knew what Zhao Kaiming was thinking, he would find it laughable.

Luck?

He had never relied on luck to survive. From the first supernatural incident, he had relied on his own abilities, and the Ghost Door Knocker incident had erupted precisely because Yang Jian had made arrangements well in advance.

Zhao Kaiming thought to himself, "I wonder if Wang Xiaoqiang has heard the news and fled. If not, today Wang Xiaoqiang is probably going to meet his end here."

He still hoped in his heart that Wang Xiaoqiang could escape.

That way, Yang Jian's attention wouldn't be on him for the time being.

But that was quite unlikely.

Because this was not a one-man operation, but the collective effort of the entire Dachang City, Wang Xiaoqiang had become like a rat in the sewer, ever on the run.

Even if Yang Jian spared him today, headquarters would not let him off the hook.

Soon.

The meeting ended.

The appointment of Yang Jian had thus been concluded.

A lot of procedures had been simplified, making Yang Jian's position as the person in charge of Dachang City nothing more than a name, without much real impact.

However, this was in line with Yang Jian's own thoughts.

He only needed a convenient identity to operate, for now. He would let Zhao Kaiming worry about the supernatural events in Dachang City. After dealing with Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng, he would confront Zhao Kaiming and finally consider taking full control of the security in Dachang City.

One step at a time. No need to rush.

"Yang Jian, you have activities planned for this afternoon. Where are you going now?"

Just as Yang Jian was preparing to leave, Sun Yi, the person in charge of the assessment, came over.

"Going out for a meal, then getting ready to see how to deal with that Wang Xiaoqiang," said Yang Jian.
"What comes next shouldn't be your concern, right?"

"Of course it's not my concern. My task is already complete. I'm just hungry and want to have a meal together. No problem, right?" Sun Yi said.

Yang Jian said, "No problem."

"You're paying," Sun Yi said.

"Alright, what do you want to eat?" asked Yang Jian.

"How about lobster and steak, and it would be amazing to have a bottle of red wine," Sun Yi suggested.

Not long after.

Inside a hotel.

Sun Yi, as if he hadn't eaten in days, was holding a steak in one hand and a lobster in the other, voraciously tearing and biting into them, his face showing a fierce expression.

"Have you been hungry for a long time?" Yang Jian was taken aback.

"No, I had breakfast this morning."

Mumbling through the food, Sun Yi said, "This is too delicious. I've never had it in my life. I was just saying something casual earlier. I didn't expect you'd really treat me to such expensive food. You're a good person. How about you invite me to eat more often in the future if you don't mind?"

"Waiter, bring three more servings. I'm going to take them to go later."

"..." Yang Jian.

As Sun Yi ate, he started to cry again.

"Why are you crying?" Yang Jian asked again.

Crying, Sun Yi said, "I spoke too soon earlier. I shouldn't have asked for three servings to take away. I want to take ten. I feel really regretful now."

"Then later on, I'll get you twenty servings to go," Yang Jian felt as if he had encountered a foodie.

"Do you mind chatting? You're a ghost controller too."

"Yeah, aren't you one as well? How could you take this job if you weren't a ghost controller?" Sun Yi responded.

Yang Jian said, "A simple assessment could also be done by a regular person, right?"

"A regular person couldn't handle it. What if they get controlled by a ghost controller? There have been such cases before," Sun Yi replied.

"You have a point," Yang Jian pondered for a moment.

Indeed, having a regular person assess a ghost controller would be a great disadvantage. With some tricky ghost controllers, it might even cost them their lives.

"You must not have been in this job for long," Yang Jian commented.

"How did you figure? Indeed, I've been doing this for less than three months," Sun Yi said. "Aren't you the same? You became a ghost controller just over a month ago."

Yang Jian said, "Will you be taking part in the operation against Wang Xiaoqiang and Ye Feng?"

"It depends. I have to wait for the notification," Sun Yi replied.

"They sent you at this time, there must be an implication that you'll provide support. Don't wait for the notification. Join me in the operation this afternoon," Yang Jian said.

He had considered inviting Sun Yi as a helper when he invited him for the meal.

"I'm not in charge of that, and I can't violate the rules."

Sun Yi said, "Don't you know? What if you die early from misusing the power of a fierce ghost? I haven't finished paying off my mortgage. I can't just die like this; I have to struggle on for at least another year."

"You still have a mortgage to pay?" Yang Jian looked at him oddly.

Sun Yi said, "Of course. Is there a problem?"

"No, no problem," Yang Jian replied.

Ghost controllers usually earn money quickly. How come this Sun Yi is still so poor?

Actually, the reason Sun Yi was poor was that after he became a ghost controller, he joined the Asian division of ghost controllers. After training, they found he was not suitable, so he switched to being a liaison and assessor.

That meant he took on a more clerical role.

Because he joined early and lacked achievement, he could only rely on his salary and subsidies to live.

For an average person, the salary and subsidies were already quite high. At first, Sun Yi also thought he struck it rich, but after giving his salary to his mother and buying a house, he realized he was still just an average Joe and remained poor.

So it wasn't that Sun Yi couldn't earn money, it was just that he was an honest man who didn't know how to capitalize on his abilities to make money.

"By the way, I forgot to remind you that the earlier assessment wasn't meaningless. The higher-ups will decide on how to deal with you in the future based on your assessment answers," Sun Yi mentioned while eating.

"The system of city heads might change soon," he suddenly blurted out.

"How will it change?" Yang Jian inquired.

"I'm not sure. The current system for city heads has flaws. Initially, when there were fewer supernatural events, having one person in charge of a city was manageable. But now, with the increase in such events, one person per city is no longer sufficient. So things have to change, with full utilization of civilian powers. But the details are unclear to me."

"But the principle remains the same, one person per city. You'll know more about it later. Also, I've seen your file; you've solved several supernatural cases. You'll definitely have a bright future. Zhao Jianguo especially has his eye on you."

Yang Jian said, "Of course, he has to pay attention to me now. His current position was saved by me."

If it wasn't for Yang Jian rescuing Tong Qian last time, Zhao Jianguo would probably have had to resign.

"That's not what I mean. My point is, if there's a chance in the future, take care of me, will you?" Sun Yi said.

"..."