

Revival 296

Chapter 296 Information Guidance

In a situation where he felt confident and without fear, Yang Jian seized upon the vulnerability of the human skin parchment, an advantage he had thus far in dealing with this eerie object.

If one were involved with supernatural incidents, this human skin parchment often took advantage of people's will to survive, usually having the upper hand.

This was a dangerous gamble.

Yang Jian knew that if he lost, his fate could be even worse than Zhao Kaiming's.

But with supernatural incidents erupting globally, no one had any future guarantees; keeping the object would merely add a bit more confidence to his self-preservation.

Zhao Lei's notes had stimulated Yang Jian, who couldn't bear the thought of that ghost wandering outside under Zhao Lei's identity for another moment.

Such a strange thing had to be imprisoned.

The conversation continued.

Night fell, and the fifth floor outside gradually grew dim.

Yang Jian was not afraid of the dark; he turned on a lamp and sat at the table seeking answers.

The threats seemed to be effective.

The human skin parchment that had been quiet for a while began to change again.

A line of text emerged: "I wasn't aware of Zhao Lei's situation. By the time I realized, it was already too late. His current condition is very special. Although I really want to help him, I was unable to do so with my abilities at that time. I've lost the ghost's location and can't accurately pinpoint him... but I believe if I'm given a little time, perhaps I could find his whereabouts."

Below that line of text appeared three words: One month.

Yang Jian's expression turned dark as he read.

This human skin parchment was full of deceit; it wanted him to wait a month, and by then, Zhao Lei might have evolved to an unknown level of difficulty, certainly not as easy to deal with as now.

It should be noted that the main character of the S-level supernatural event, the Ghost Infant, had grown for less than two months.

And the most important point, that thing was able to suppress his Ghost Eye; in front of the red paper, he couldn't use the Ghost Domain.

"Are you trying to buy time?" Yang Jian asked coldly, staring at the dark brown human skin parchment.

The writing on the human skin parchment started to fade slowly. Soon, all the information was eerily erased, and quiet was restored once more.

"Your bargaining power is insufficient right now. I have thoroughly mastered the Headless Ghost Shadow, and by controlling the Ghost Eye with it, the time for the ferocious ghost's resurgence will be greatly delayed.

As long as nothing unexpected happens to me, I shouldn't have to worry about the ghost's resurgence for the next few years, or even ten years, unless the Ghost Shadow wakes up again from its dead state."

Yang Jian said, "In other words, you are not indispensable to me right now. If you can't show enough value, I was not joking about burying you a million meters underground."

After getting through the ordeal of a hanging suicide, he felt he had the capital to forego his need for the human skin parchment.

Of course, what he didn't know was that during his suicide by hanging, the human skin parchment had an opportunity, which it missed; Yang Jian hadn't kept it with him at the time.

"No matter what you are, whether you're a carrier for future information or an unknown ghost, I'll give you ten seconds to think. If I don't get the information I want, you'll be worthless to me, and I'll have no hesitation in burying you completely."

Yang Jian stood up and stared at the human skin parchment, showing sufficient dominance.

After solving the problem of survival, many seemingly difficult choices can actually be resolved effortlessly.

So in this eerie negotiation, he had the upper hand.

Yang Jian checked the time on his phone and started to count down.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

After five seconds, the silent human skin parchment revealed writing: "If I can't get the answers, perhaps the second room in that old mansion from the Republic of China can give me everything I want."

An information clue appeared before Yang Jian.

The second room in the old mansion?

...

Yang Jian's gaze suddenly became focused.

He couldn't help but look in the direction behind the residential complex.

There was an ancient house from the Republican era being renovated there, empty except for just three rooms.

In the last room, Yang Jian had discovered the Ghost Mirror.

It was the very thing that had allowed him to survive the Hungry Ghost incident, and also an item of extraordinary value and strangeness.

But aside from the Ghost Mirror in the last room, the first and second rooms held unknown secrets. He had chosen not to explore them back then, because Yang Jian felt there might be great terror hidden there, and he might have been in over his head if he tried to delve further without certainty.

Caution was absolutely necessary.

"Bringing up that second room at this time, are you trying to set me up?" A suspicion like this couldn't help but arise in Yang Jian's mind.

The mysterious skin paper didn't respond, and silence fell for the third time, with no more alerts or new information emerging.

"Or is it that...this information is the limit of what you can reveal for now?"

After a long wait, there was still no response.

Yang Jian felt that this kind of threat was no longer very effective. The mysterious skin paper was unwilling to reveal more, perhaps sensing that prematurely sharing information couldn't control Yang Jian; he might instead use this information to become stronger and gradually slip from its control, not becoming as dependent on the mysterious skin paper as it had anticipated.

"It looks like this is all the information I can get. But to add a precaution, I'll bury you first. If I really end up being killed because you've manipulated me, then be prepared to be buried for the rest of your life."

Having said that, Yang Jian collected the skin paper and put it back in the box.

All the while, the skin paper showed no change, and it was uncertain if this final threat had any effect.

Useful or not, Yang Jian had already decided to proceed this way.

He opened the Ghost Domain and sent the skin paper straight down to a depth of ten thousand meters. Then he marked the spot beneath his feet, to easily retrieve it should the opportunity arise.

"I'll pay a visit to the old house tomorrow," Yang Jian looked at the sky outside.

He didn't want to go over late at night, thinking it was better to wait until morning when at least the visibility would be better, without the unnecessary waste of relying on ghost eyes.

"Yang Jian, who are you talking to? Time for dinner. I've made a few dishes, not sure if you'll like them," said Zhang Liqin, approaching him at that moment.

It seemed she was planning to live there with Yang Jian.

"Okay, coming right now."

Yang Jian checked the various rooms, ensuring that the bizarre items were all normal before he felt at ease to go downstairs.

A daily check to avoid any accidents.

"I've taken your car for repair; it'll take about three days, but the paint won't be the original factory one," said Zhang Liqin.

Yang Jian replied, "That's alright, as long as it's close enough."

As he went to have his meal.

In the depths underground, within the golden box buried ten thousand meters deep, the quiet mysterious skin paper began to show a line of text: He is too cautious... after losing a good opportunity, he has begun to gradually escape my control. This is not good. Perhaps I should consider breaking away from him.

The next day.

Yang Jian left the house, and after some thought, he decided to follow the guidance of the information on the skin paper and check out the second room of the ancient Republican-era house.

With his current situation, he had gained some confidence; even if he encountered unknown terror, he wouldn't be entirely defenseless.

"Zhang Han, what are you doing here?"

Not long after he left the house, he saw Zhang Han taking a stroll with his wife inside the residential complex, where they encountered a group that seemed like journalists conducting interviews.

Zhang Han seemed impatient, but he was entangled by this team of journalists.

"I've already said I don't accept interviews. There are so many people in Dachang City, go ask someone else if you have questions. I don't know anything," he refused to disclose any information.

The reporter holding the microphone and responsible for the interview was a woman dressed in a white shirt, with delicate makeup, a graceful figure, and stunning beauty.

"Mr. Zhang, I'm just asking you a few very ordinary questions, I hope you won't avoid them, okay?" the female reporter persisted, refusing to give up.

Behind her, a camera followed her every move.

Zhang Han didn't want to answer any questions because this journalist had started by asking some sensitive topics. With the big event having just ended, he didn't want to cause any trouble in front of the camera, which was why he had been evading them.

Hearing Yang Jian's words, Zhang Han immediately said, "Yang Jian, your timing is perfect. Several groups of reporters have been coming to the community these past few days. This is the most annoying

batch, can you think of a way to deal with them? After all, there are some questions it's not good for me to handle."

"Just chase these reporters away, why do you need my help? I actually have some errands to run." Yang Jian said.

Zhang Han came over and whispered, "These people start by asking some special topics as if they know something. They're targeting the Hungry Ghost incident, and the person in charge of the photography is a foreigner. I think there's something wrong with them."

"Then they should be chased away even more," Yang Jian said.

"I know, but the camera is rolling. If I make a move, won't I expose the fact that I'm a ghost charmer? If this video goes viral, wouldn't that be terrible?" Zhang Han said.

"So you're concerned about that?" Yang Jian said.

Indeed, while paranormal events were becoming more frequent, even the Hungry Ghost incident was causing an uproar on the internet, the overall situation was still stable.

"Excuse me, sir, are you a resident here? I'm a reporter from a radio station, may I ask you first: do you believe that the haze incident in Dachang City was really caused by chemical pollution, or, as the rumors on the internet say, was it a paranormal event?" The glamorous female journalist rushed up to Yang Jian and asked.

Yang Jian looked at the camera and gestured for the foreign man carrying it to come closer.

"Zoom in on the camera," a staff member said nearby.

Yang Jian said, "This is a private area, and the Guanjiang Residential Complex has not opened for sale yet, so I hope you can leave this place. Otherwise, I have the right to drive you out."

"Sir, freedom of the press is the right of every country. I believe the general public has the right to know the real face of this mysterious event. You refuse our interview, what makes you keep the silence? Could there really be an unbelievable paranormal incident happening here?

Some online mystery forums are discussing the incident in Dachang City being handled by a special individual known as 'Ghost Eye Yang Jian'. Do you have any knowledge about that?" she asked, pressing him aggressively, not caring at all if she was rejected.

Zhang Han was right; these reporters were a problem. They came asking sensitive questions right off the bat, nothing like typical street interviews, with the clear purpose of coming to the Guanjiang Residential Complex to probe for something.

Yang Jian didn't say a word, walked over, snatched the camera away, and then hurled it dozens of meters away. The camera smashed to the ground and shattered with a loud bang.

This extraordinary strength, which seemed unbelievable, was not difficult for him to summon.

"Oh NO," the tall foreign man who had been holding the camera exclaimed in surprise.

"Why did you have to smash our camera?" a staff member who accompanied them said in shock and anger.

Yang Jian said calmly, "I'll cover the loss. Give me a figure, and I'll have my accountant reimburse you, but before that, I hope you'll leave. I won't repeat this again."

"Reacting to the reporter's questioning, this gentleman furiously destroyed our camera. Is this a distortion of human nature, or a decline in morality? What dreadful content is hiding behind the Dachang City haze incident that everyone refuses to speak of? I'm reporter Su San, continuing to report for you," the reporter said while holding a recorder, continuing her audio report.

"Annoying, isn't it?" Zhang Han smiled helplessly from the side.

"Indeed, quite annoying. Are journalists these days all so dedicated? Still, I can use the charge of obstructing official duties to forcibly expel you all if you insist on pursuing the interview," Yang Jian said as he drew a pistol and fired a warning shot into the sky.

"Bang~!"

The glamorous reporter named Su San was startled, while the foreigners behind her cursed "Shit," and hurriedly reached for the weapons at their waists.

"Oh, since when do reporters have the right to carry guns?" Yang Jian laughed when he saw this.

If he were truly a reporter, all he could do was scare them away; it wouldn't be right to take any real action after all—they were just ordinary people, and he didn't need to waste his energy on them.

But it was a different story when these people directly drew their guns.

This was definitely not a regular news team.

"Judging by how fast each of you drew your guns, you're much more professional than I am, must be trained, right? You look somewhat similar to the mercenaries I've encountered before... A well-trained team, accompanied by one or two amateur journalists, with such a combination, I have every reason to suspect that you are spies," Yang Jian glanced at them.

Out of the five people in the line, three had drawn their guns, while the other two seemed inexperienced and frightened, crouching on the ground with their heads in their hands.

"The crisis in Dachang City just lifted and some forces couldn't wait to reach out, could they?" Yang Jian said, but soon he chuckled, "No, that's not right. If you were really gathering intelligence, you wouldn't need to arm yourselves with weapons. You wouldn't make such an amateur mistake. Let me guess."

"You're armed, surely to protect yourselves from danger, and the only danger in Guanjiang Residential Complex seems to be one person... 'Ghost Eye' Yang Jian who lives here?"

"So, the real reason is you're using the interview as a cover, with the goal being to make contact with me, gather my information."

He made a bold guess, meanwhile observing the expressions of these people.

His guess did not disappoint him.

The faces of the three with guns changed in an instant.

"Mister, this, it's all a misunderstanding. Someone wants to invite you to a ball, and we were sent to deliver the invitation to you. Without the guise of a reporter, we couldn't move around in Dachang City," said the foreigner who was carrying the camera, his face grim and speaking in awkward Chinese.

"What's your name? You speak fairly good Chinese," Yang Jian said.

"Terry," the foreigner replied.

"Bang~!"

Yang Jian fired a shot, a bullet whizzing past the crotch of his pants.

"Sorry, my marksmanship is not very good; I meant to aim at your foot but I missed. I'm not interested in balls because I can't dance, so I must decline your invitation. But, I'd like to extend another invitation to you. Are you interested in learning about the Dachang City prison?"

Terry was so frightened that his heart skipped a beat, and his hand moved instinctively towards his gun, but he forcefully suppressed the urge to retaliate.

This man didn't seem to mind being at gunpoint.

Indeed, he had been possessed by demons.

"Mister, you should consider it; it's for your own good," Terry insisted.

"If you lay down your weapons and surrender, I might treat you a bit more kindly. Otherwise, the next bullet might find its way to you," Yang Jian said.

Although he understood why some forces wanted to make contact with him, why couldn't they make a formal invitation? Skulking around like this was quite unbecoming, didn't they know?

"I thought you were really reporters; it turns out this was all for you. Well, I'm out of this; you handle it yourself. I'm off to eat breakfast," said Zhang Han, ready to leave with his scared wife.

"You're not going to help me out?" Yang Jian looked back at him.

Zhang Han replied, "Help you collect your body? Please, my wife is right here watching. It's a minor matter; you can handle it yourself."

With that, he left without looking back.

Dealing with a few ordinary people was nothing for Yang Jian; any manipulator of spirits wouldn't bother with them. These people were obviously prepared to take a fall here by sending these few insignificant individuals.

"Really no choice, I have called the police," Yang Jian decided to report it nonetheless.

When in trouble, call for Yaoyao Ling.

He believed these people carried certain intelligence value and decided to let Captain Liu interrogate them.

Chapter 297 The Second Secret Room

"Don't move, everyone squat down, hands on your heads."

Less than five minutes had passed when a squad of armed personnel sprinted into the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Terry and his team were apprehended without any suspense.

Dachang City was currently under martial law, and these people dared to cause trouble; even without Yang Jian's intervention, they were swiftly subdued. If they had resisted, being shot dead on the spot was not out of the question.

"Remember to interrogate these individuals; their contact with me was purposeful. This matter should be reported, and any developments should be communicated to me," Yang Jian said.

A commanding officer replied, "Please rest assured, we guarantee to complete the task."

Killing a few insignificant characters did not interest Yang Jian, nor did it address the root of the problem. He was determined to clarify which forces were attempting to contact him. When he had the chance, he would pay them a visit, to teach them a lesson and prevent them from constantly causing trouble—disrupting his business by day and disturbing his sleep at night.

"Alright, back to business."

Yang Jian soon arrived at the front of the old mansion from the Republican era.

The construction crew had done a nice job renovating the place. The walls had been clad externally, the roof had been rebuilt, and collapsed sections of the wall had been reinforced. They had cleaned inside and out; it looked much better than before.

Zhang Xiang's efficiency at handling tasks was sufficiently fast, although according to previous plans, a temple was to be built to conceal the old mansion,

the recent events, however, meant that the construction of the temple would have to wait.

"Not bad, it's lost that eerie feel after renovation."

Yang Jian surveyed the area and ascended the staircase to the dimly lit second floor.

Despite a fresh coat of paint, ridding it of the damp, decaying smell, the building's odd architectural structure still made the hallway quite gloomy. The outside was bathed in bright sunlight, yet it felt chillingly cool and unsettling inside.

"What the human skin parchment spoke of is inside this house," Yang Jian paused in front of the second floor's main door.

This was a brass door, less prone to rust and remarkably heavy, with no keyhole left. The entire door had been sealed shut as if the original builders did not wish for it to be easily opened.

"The room that held the Ghost Mirror was simply secured with a wooden door and a lock, indicating that the original owner wanted the Ghost Mirror to be discovered. But this second door has been sealed shut, meaning the original owner didn't want what's inside to see the light of day again... No, that's not quite right either. The door was made of brass, not gold.

The original owner didn't want to hide it forever, but rather wished for future people to treat it with caution and not to open it carelessly."

"Which means, whatever is inside must be even more special than the Ghost Mirror."

Yang Jian thought for a moment and concluded that there probably were no ghosts inside.

If there were ghosts, a chamber like this wouldn't be able to contain one. On the contrary, it was very possible that the first room contained a ghost, especially since gold had been used for its door. In those times, the value of Gold was self-evident.

After some thought.

Red light emanated from Yang Jian's body as he activated Ghost Domain and passed directly through the heavy door in front of him, entering into the second chamber.

Despite the pitch darkness, his ghostly eyes could see everything within.

Though he entered with utmost caution, upon seeing everything clearly, he realized his worries had been superfluous and his deduction was spot on.

The second chamber held no dangers.

It was merely a small room with an old cabinet that had lost its paint, revealing the dull, aged wood beneath.

Besides that, there was a small table.

Someone had used a carving knife to etch a line of characters into the table,

"You will possess everything, yet you will lose everything. Proceed with the utmost caution."

The handwriting was neat and deeply incised into the wood, appearing like a warning. It was also the only clue left behind by the original owner of the premises.

"Saying it is the same as not saying it, feels like taking off your pants to fart—superfluous. What were the people before me thinking, couldn't they leave behind a bit more information? What's the difference between leaving such a message and not leaving any? If there was time to carve words, wouldn't it kill to leave behind a few letters? Am I supposed to guess what this riddle-like thing means?"

Yang Jian had still been hoping to unlock some past secrets, but the previous owner must have had an artistic temperament, not leaving messages, only a vague warning.

"Forget it, I'll just have to figure it out by myself."

He slapped the table to see if there was anything weird about it, but accidentally used too much strength and smashed the table to pieces.

Just an ordinary wood table, nothing special about it.

"No issues with the wood table, so that just leaves this thing..." Yang Jian eyed the wooden cabinet in front of him.

Plain and ordinary, like a usual old piece of furniture.

The cabinet was split into upper and lower sections. The first layer had wooden grilles for doors, with horizontal and vertical bars creating multiple square holes, behind which was pitch black, making it impossible to see if there was anything behind the doors.

The lower layer seemed like a cupboard, with its doors tightly closed.

"Could it really be this thing?"

Yang Jian frowned, "How could this thing possibly track down Zhao Lei? What kind of joke is that?"

He didn't bother to go closer to try to see clearly what was inside the first layer of the cabinet; with his ghost eyes, he should be able to see despite the darkness.

But his ghost eyes couldn't penetrate the darkness inside the cabinet.

Peering through one of the square wooden grilles, he still saw nothing but darkness, as if some eerie force was blocking everything. Even though the cabinet doors were latticed, it revealed nothing within.

"There's a bit of a mystery here," Yang Jian thought as he turned on his phone's flashlight and shone it inside.

But the light only managed to penetrate a few centimeters deep, still unable to reveal the real situation behind the cabinet doors.

However, the next moment, as he was looking at the cabinet door, suddenly from the depths of the darkness within, a set of eyes appeared in his field of view. These eyes were pressed against the back of the door, peering through the hollowed wooden lattice at Yang Jian, who was looking inside.

They were locked in a gaze, and the moment froze for a second.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian was startled and stumbled several steps backward, nearly retreating from the secret room.

There were eyes in the cabinet door?

But when he looked again from a distance, the pair of eyes behind the cabinet door had disappeared.

"Is there a ghost inside?" Yang Jian's expression fluctuated. Seeing that nothing had emerged, he calmed himself down.

Even though everything happened so quickly, he was certain it was not an illusion—there was something inside.

"Judging by the size of those eyes, the creature inside shouldn't be very big. If it's a ghost, it's probably just a child ghost. Only a child could fit into a cabinet door of that size."

"But why didn't it come out to attack me? The cabinet door shouldn't be able to hold it back."

Yang Jian's gaze was uncertain, "And what does the original owner's cryptic message mean? 'I will have everything, and I will lose everything?'"

"There's definitely more to this than meets the eye."

He felt that if it were just a plain ghost, the original owner had no need to go through such trouble to leave it behind. This thing must be something special, like the Ghost Mirror, it's just that it was his first encounter and he couldn't fully understand it yet.

Chapter 298 The Remaining Inscriptions

A ghost locked in an old cabinet.

Yang Jian thought it could be named the Ghost Cabinet.

Its characteristics are unknown, the method it uses to kill is unclear, and even the level of danger is not certain because, after some probing and research, he discovered that the ghost in the cabinet didn't seem to come out from inside.

Indeed.

This was a self-isolating ghost, staying on the first layer of the cabinet, and it wouldn't attack him even if he approached.

It felt as if it were harmless to humans and animals.

"However, regardless of what kind of being the ghost inside the cabinet is, the cabinet must have been placed here for a reason, just like the Ghost Mirror. The Ghost Mirror can resurrect people, though the price is releasing a ghost from the mirror, but it's still an incredibly powerful tool for saving one's life.

The former owner of this mansion probably intended for it to be used wisely by future generations."

Yang Jian pondered, "Since the value of this Ghost Cabinet is even greater than that of the Ghost Mirror, what exactly is its value? If I can figure it out, there might be unexpected gains."

He guessed that it was definitely a very dangerous ability with great potential value.

The reason the original owner didn't leave behind usage instructions was probably to prevent the descendants from mastering the Ghost Cabinet too easily, to avoid them becoming arrogant and unable to control it, potentially leading to a disaster. Therefore, the intention was to make people explore on their own.

The process of exploration was a test.

If you passed, you would understand the artifact and would handle it cautiously. If you couldn't pass, you might be killed by it.

That was the principle when Zhang Wei was trapped by the curse of the Ghost Mirror.

But at that time, Yang Jian had the help of Zhang Wei's luck, so he was able to master the Ghost Mirror's characteristics quite well. However, now, guided by the parchment, he had come to this second room and was encountering this thing for the first time, so the information he could glean was very limited.

"If Wang Xiaoming were here, what method would he use to explore such an unknown and eerie cabinet, huh?" Yang Jian couldn't help but think of Professor Wang.

Compared to him, there was a natural difference in intellect, something he had to admit.

After all, he was a world-renowned top talent and outpaced ordinary people by a lot in certain areas.

After thinking for a while, however, Yang Jian soon chuckled and shook his head, "Relying too much on others is never a good thing. Facing supernatural incidents, one can only rely on their own judgment. Asking others for help blindly would be disastrous if one ever found themselves in a dire situation.

Moreover, I killed Wang Xiaoming's younger brother, and that thorn will always be a hidden danger."

Because of that grudge, he and Wang Xiaoming were fated not to get along.

Seeing that the Ghost Cabinet remained quiet without any abnormalities, Yang Jian gradually put his mind at ease.

It had been here for a hundred years. If nothing had happened with the Ghost Cabinet before, then surely nothing would happen now. As long as he didn't act rashly, everything should remain as it was before.

Taking advantage of the time he had, he decided to check the secret room again; perhaps he could discover a useful clue.

The overly simplistic secret room contained only two items: the Ghost Cabinet and the small wooden table he had shattered earlier.

There was nothing unusual about the table—it was a regular item. So, no matter how one looked at it, Yang Jian's gaze ultimately had to focus on the old cabinet before him.

His ghostly eyes couldn't penetrate and see what was inside. Behind the wooden lattice door on the upper layer was a ghost hiding in the darkness, and he hadn't opened the two doors on the lower layer, fearing he might release something terrible or trigger some horrifying existence.

"Wait a minute, what's that?"

Yang Jian suddenly noticed something inconspicuous.

At the very top of the cabinet, there seemed to be some items.

Out of caution, he didn't directly retrieve them, instead using Ghost Shadow to take them down from above.

Three equally ordinary and old items: a bottle of ink that had long since dried up, a delicate pen from the Republic of China Period, and a small notebook.

These items signified that the original owner had used them in the past, but not often.

Because Yang Jian could tell from the number of pages torn from the notebook, the count was only five times.

Of course, this judgment wasn't precise. Maybe this was not the first notebook either.

"There are traces of writing on the notebook left by the original owner. Maybe I can find some useful clues through that," Yang Jian carefully found that the first page of the old notebook had indentations from a pen writing on it.

Although a long time had passed, they were well preserved in the enclosed environment and could still be discerned.

"Such traces need to be analyzed by a professional, and usually, such talent can be found at the Casework Bureau," Yang Jian cautiously packed up the blank notebook, planning a trip to the Casework Bureau.

As for the Ghost Cabinet, for now, he could only leave it be.

When it comes to mysterious artifacts that are uncontrollable, not acting is the best course of action, because if there were any danger, it would have manifested long before today.

With that thought in mind, Yang Jian quickly left the secret room.

However, as he was returning to the villa, he suddenly noticed several special forces personnel standing guard outside, and several special vehicles parked nearby, as if there were guests at home.

He thought for a moment, and guessed it was probably a response to the reporters who had shown up downtown earlier.

As soon as he stepped through the door, Yang Jian saw several staff members sitting upright on the sofa in the hallway, disciplined and patient, seemingly waiting for his arrival.

"You are?" Yang Jian asked.

"Hello, Yang Jian. I am the captain of the city's investigation team, Zang Hua. I have some matters to report to you regarding this morning's case," the man claiming to be Captain Zang Hua saluted and then said.

"Do you have identification?"

Yang Jian added, "No offense meant, it's just that things have been a bit chaotic lately. Many unrelated people have infiltrated Dachang City, and I have some aversion to unfamiliar faces. If it were Captain Liu, I wouldn't be asking so many questions."

"Here's my identification." Zang Hua was not offended and immediately handed over his ID.

Yang Jian checked it and found no issues.

"As for Captain Liu... I'm sorry to say, it was confirmed three days ago that Captain Liu has disappeared; he can no longer follow up on the case with Yang, the Ghost Controller. Unless something unexpected happens, any cases concerning you will be handled by me from now on," Zang Hua added.

"Disappeared, huh?" Yang Jian sighed, "That's a real pity; he was a good and responsible person."

There were far too many disappearances in Dachang City; many could not be confirmed, but one could guess what the end might be for those disappeared in supernatural events.

"Please, have a seat. Captain Zang, let's hear it, what's the situation with that case from today? My residence was even infiltrated. It seems some people are not content and want to cause trouble in Dachang City," Yang Jian said.

Zang Hua reported honestly, "Recently, there has been more than just that team of journalists who had infiltrated Dachang City. It's just that their information was quite accurate, and they had located the residence of Yang, the Ghost Controller. In the city, we have already arrested at least six similar incidents, and expelled over twenty groups of people who lacked proper documentation."

"As for that foreigner named Terry, it has been confirmed he is a foreign mercenary who has participated in several overseas conflicts. After retiring, he worked for multiple foreign security companies. Of course, these details are not important. What is important is that in Dachang City, there indeed is a company that has employed a large number of foreigners as security personnel."

After finishing, Zang Hua gestured to a colleague, who brought over a document bag.

Upon opening it, he took out a photo: "This is Shangtong Tower in Dachang City, which is currently the office location of Shangtong Technology Co., Ltd. The background of this Shangtong Technology comes from a well-known enterprise overseas, and it entered Dachang City a year ago as part of an investment promotion, mainly focusing on developing network software."

"However, according to our investigation, this Shangtong Technology has always been in a state of trial operation, and the company's funds have been in a loss according to the bank's accounts. I have reason to believe that Shangtong Tower is a shell company."

"Coincidentally, according to some surveillance footage from the earliest days of Shangtong Technology, a few suspects were identified. Through the facial recognition system, it's certain they were the same people involved in the armed attack in Guanjiang Residential Complex last time."

Zang Hua then took out several photos, which surprisingly captured the same people who attacked Yang Jian last time coming and going from this company.

Yang Jian looked at the materials and frowned, "With all this investigation done, I wonder what Captain Zang is waiting for. Why not just shut down the company? Arrest those who should be arrested."

Zang Hua replied with a wry smile, "If it were that simple, that would be great. The company has handled things flawlessly. Although the suspects in the photos have records of entering and exiting the company, that alone isn't enough to shut it down. After all, we abide by the law."

"That female journalist named Su San, who was arrested this morning, revealed she was sponsored by Shangtong Technology to participate in the interview. The others were not informed. The issue is with the three mercenaries that infiltrated, but they apparently have no connection with the company, at least on the surface," he explained.

Yang Jian said, "What Captain Zang means is, the company is clearly up to something, but they're just acting like you don't have any evidence to deal with them, right?"

"It seems that way," Zang Hua admitted.

Yang Jian thought for a moment, "If there's no evidence, we can go find some. I refuse to believe a company that big has no issues at all."

"That's true in principle, but this requires a search warrant, which isn't easy to obtain, especially without any solid evidence. It's very unlikely those above would casually scrutinize a problem-free big company," said Zang Hua. "After all, they fear bad influences, and they can't bear the consequences if something goes wrong."

"The situation in Dachang City is already like this, and you're worried about the impact? We can't just let a foreign force extend its reach here. If we don't resolve it now, it'll become a problem sooner or later. I

don't have the time to waste playing games with these people. Captain Zang, go back and apply for a search warrant immediately. Use my name to submit the request.

My clout should still be worth something," Yang Jian instructed.

"With you stepping in, there will certainly be no problem," Captain Zang smiled.

"Alright, let's leave this matter at that for now. Captain Zang, when you're ready, come and notify me. I'll accompany you on a visit. Besides, I'd like to ask for another favor," Yang Jian said as he pulled out the old notebook.

"Captain Zang, you're a seasoned veteran. Could you help me sort out the handwriting on this?"

Zang Hua carefully took it, and indeed through the reflection, he could see the indistinct handwriting underneath. However, the strokes were both faint and deep and overlapped in places, making it unclear what was written. Professional methods would be needed for restoration.

"There used to be a senior expert in the city who was good at this sort of thing. But as you know, with the situation in Dachang City, it's no longer feasible. If it's not urgent for you, the Ghost Controller, I can have a colleague from a nearby city come over, though it would take some time."

After a moment's thought, Yang Jian said, "Running back and forth, who knows how long it will drag on. Captain Zang, please make the contact for me, and I'll make the trip myself."

He didn't want to delay for too long because this was connected to the secret of the Ghost Cabinet, and the existence of the Ghost Cabinet was linked to the whereabouts of Zhao Lei.

Chapter 299 I'm Fine

"There's a colleague of Chong Xiong in the New District Casework Bureau in Xiaochun City who's particularly skilled at restoring handwriting like this. If Yang the Ghost Manipulator really can't wait, he could go to Dachun City to find him. Round trip would probably take about a day. But if you wait for him to come here, it might take around five to six days."

Zang Hua gave Yang Jian a phone number, left behind a file related to Shangtong Technology, and then stood up to leave.

"If there's anything else, you can get in touch with me at any time, Yang the Ghost Manipulator."

Yang Jian said, "Thank you, Captain Zang."

"It's just a small thing I could do. If there's a major issue, we'd need the help of Yang the Ghost Manipulator," Zang Hua commented.

After seeing off Captain Zang and his people, Yang Jian immediately ordered, "Big Sister Jiang, help me purchase a plane ticket to Xiaochun City, I need to head out."

"Buy what plane ticket? Planes and high-speed trains are both grounded. Don't you know about the transportation control measures? My mom wanted to come and see me, but now she can't even buy a ticket," Jiang Yan said, walking out with dark circles under her eyes. She had been helping Yang Jian piece together those torn papers all night and still hadn't finished.

"It seems there is such a thing. I almost forgot," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan said, "Xiaochun City isn't far, just about five or six hours by car. You should drive there, oh, right, your car broke down. Elder Sister Zhang took it for repairs, and you can't get it back until tomorrow."

"..." Yang Jian.

"Aren't you the big shot of the Casework Bureau? Why don't you take a helicopter?" Jiang Yan walked over with interest and asked, "Can't you get a helicopter, or why not use one to go?"

"I've never tried, but it should be possible. Still, who knows when the approval would come through. I'll figure something out myself. I won't be back tonight. Stay here by yourself, and if anything happens, contact Captain Zang," Yang Jian said.

He didn't want to waste any time. It was just a round trip, and he should be able to settle everything by tomorrow if all went well.

Otherwise, who knows how much more time would be wasted.

Then, he turned and left.

Since transportation control measures were in place, and it was inconvenient to travel, Yang Jian had no choice but to indulge himself and use the Ghost Domain to speed up his journey.

Even though he knew that wasting his powers like this was a terrible thing to do, people are like that. Once they have incredible powers, they can't help but use them, especially now that Yang Jian no longer felt the revival of fierce ghosts. His inner worries were not as acute, and his restraint was lowered.

"Just use one layer of the Ghost Domain."

Red light gradually emerged from Yang Jian's body, enveloping him and then forming a long rainbow stretching from his body into the sky above.

In a moment.

He disappeared from the spot.

With just one layer of the Ghost Domain, his speed could reach the speed of sound. If he exerted his full power, he probably could achieve speeds several times the speed of sound, so much so that he felt crossing the Pacific Ocean to reach the other side of the Earth wouldn't be difficult.

The powers of a malevolent spirit are originally terrifying and strange, but once harnessed by a human, they become a magical force.

However, this kind of power comes with a heavy price.

Ten minutes later.

Yang Jian appeared at the entrance of the New District Casework Bureau in Xiaochun City.

The passersby nearby paid no attention to the inconspicuous corner where one more person had suddenly appeared.

"Get me Chong Xiong from the New District Casework Bureau in Xiaochun City, tell him I want to see him. I'm outside the Casework Bureau, and he should not have left work yet," Yang Jian directly contacted Liu Xiaoyu through satellite-positioned mobile communication.

A command transmitted through Liu Xiaoyu held more authority. If Yang Jian made the call himself, the other party would hardly bother.

So although the privileges of international Ghost Manipulators are significant, this depends on whether the headquarters are willing to cooperate with you. Without their support, your special rights are nothing but paper, utterly useless.

Yang Jian had joined the international Ghost Manipulators for a while and gradually understood how things worked.

After the end of the 'big C' event, his treatment had noticeably improved. Although it was not visible, Yang Jian could feel it.

"All right, connecting to Xiaochun City department now," not Liu Xiaoyu's voice answered from the other side of the phone but that of another operator, who sounded very sexy and a bit tempting, not like a professional communicator at all.

Yang Jian asked, "Who are you? You're not Liu Xiaoyu?"

"Hello, Yang Jian. I am your second operator, Qin Meirou. From now on, I will be alternating with Liu Xiaoyu to provide you services," the new operator named Qin Meirou said.

"Your voice carries a strong sense of indecorousness. Is it natural? Or are you deliberately using such a tone with me?" Yang Jian asked. "Is the headquarters investigating my preferences for women and purposely arranging for you to take this position?"

"No, it's not like that. Your work right now is extremely important, and Liu Xiaoyu alone cannot guarantee 24-hour phone availability. But rest assured, my professional dedication and service will definitely be better and more meticulous than Liu Xiaoyu, ensuring no delays in your work," Qin Meirou replied.

"You say you do a better job than Liu Xiaoyu? I don't believe it. I must test you to see if you're really as competent as you claim," Yang Jian said.

"How would you like to test me?" Qin Meirou's alluring voice inquired.

Yang Jian said, "Your voice is so pleasant; call out for me a couple of times... you know what I mean."

Immediately, silence fell on the other end of the phone, sans any response.

Yang Jian continued, "A woman's sense of shame is her biggest enemy. It seems your mental toughness isn't that strong. Are you too shy to call out even twice? You should resign, and get Liu Xiaoyu on the line. I'm highly skeptical of your ability to do the job. If there's an incident, it won't just be me who suffers; it could be an entire cityful of people.

Like now, you've gone silent when I asked you to call out twice. What if there's an urgent supernatural event, and I need you to call out twice to attract a ghost's attention through satellite-positioned mobile communication, but you hesitate—that would be a disaster, wouldn't it?"

"You office workers don't have to take risks. Us field workers are playing with our lives every day. If you treat your work like a joke, you're treating my life like a joke. Asking you to resign is only fair to me."

"And do you believe that if I ask Liu Xiaoyu to call out twice, she'll do it without hesitation?"

After a series of earnest statements, it was as if Qin Meirou's failure to obey his command to call out twice would be a disservice to the nation and the people.

"So how do you want me to call out?" Qin Meirou, who had been silent for a while, spoke up again, "Ah, like this?"

"Is that a cry for help? Make it sexier, more seductive," Yang Jian instructed.

"Hmm~!" Qin Meirou's voice became a lot more seductive, though it still felt very forced.

Yang Jian said, "Are you giving birth? Or is someone punching your stomach? Do I need to teach you this? Isn't this a natural skill for a woman? Where did all your talent go?"

...

"That's enough," Yang Jian said.

"..." The phone on the other end instantly went quiet.

Chapter 300 Tracking Signal

"This guy is definitely the strongest loser at the headquarters of Ghost Manipulators, without a doubt," Qin Meirou's voice, both embarrassed and annoyed, came from a single room in the communication office.

She couldn't understand how Liu Xiaoyu had been this guy's communicator for so long.

If Yang Jian were like this every day, who could bear it?

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the authorities, Yang Jian's face was expressionless as he set down the satellite positioning phone in his hand, his heart completely undisturbed.

Seeing several staff members who had just received an urgent notice rushing out of the Casework Bureau, Yang Jian walked straight over to them.

"I am Yang Jian, are you the ones here to pick me up?"

"Hello, Yang the Ghost Manipulator,"

Upon seeing Yang Jian and confirming his identity, a captain immediately saluted him.

Yang Jian said, "I'm looking for Chong Xiong, you should have already received orders regarding this, where is he now? I have something important to discuss with him."

"Chong Xiong has just received the notification and is currently waiting inside, ready to take on a task at any time," the captain replied with seriousness and gravity.

Yang Jian said, "No need to be nervous, I am not here to dispatch him on a task, I just need to ask for his help. There's trouble in Dachang City, we're short on people in every aspect, and many tasks can't be carried out smoothly, thus we had to seek assistance from nearby Xiaochun City. Since he's inside, that's good. Can you take me to him?"

"No problem."

Soon, Yang Jian met Chong Xiong.

He was an ordinary-looking man with a somewhat aged appearance, in his early forties, with over twenty years of service, clearly an experienced officer accustomed to casework.

Yang Jian got straight to the point, "Hello, I am Yang Jian from Dachang City, referred here by Zang Hua, Captain Zhang. He mentioned that you are skilled in document analysis, something we're lacking back home, hence I have a task for you."

Chong Xiong replied hurriedly, "You're too kind, I'm happy to be of help to Yang the Ghost Manipulator."

"Can we start now? I don't wish to delay for too long, as the matter needs to be resolved as soon as possible. After all, this is why I've come to Xiaochun City in such a rush," urged Yang Jian.

He needed to uncover the secrets of the Ghost Cabinet swiftly and then translate the sentence left on the human skin parchment.

Otherwise, the ghost living as Zhao Lei would only grow more detrimental to him as time passed.

After all, some ghosts' growth rates defy logic; ten days ago, it might have been a C-class, easily restricted by any Ghost Manipulator, but ten days later, it could grow to A-class, at which point most Ghost Manipulators would be defeated upon encounter. Given a few months, heaven knows what it might become.

"I am already prepared to start working at any time," Chong Xiong stated earnestly.

Yang Jian said, "No need to be so formal, just translate this for me."

He took out the notebook.

The notebook was a very ordinary item, and the paper had nothing unusual about it except for being quite old.

"There are some traces of writing on the first page of this notebook, but it's been placed for a while now, I'm not sure about the extent of the wear," said Yang Jian.

Chong Xiong carefully took the notebook and examined it closely, "It's written in traditional characters, the strokes are rather complex, but the writer pressed heavily, so the traces are deep, and the wear is not so bad."

"Can it be translated?" Yang Jian asked.

"Although it's a bit challenging, it is possible. Our Chinese characters are very magical, even from a few strokes, a character can be determined. I can scan it with a computer, then analyze it with software, followed by manual rearrangement. If all goes well, most of the text can be translated," Chong Xiong confidently stated.

This was his specialty, after all.

Moreover, an explicit order had been given; if he couldn't handle such a matter, it would be embarrassing for Xiaochun City, and his status as a senior might be looked down upon.

Chong Xiong might have been up in years, but he was full of vigor.

"Give me three hours. I'll work overtime tonight if necessary to get it done for you," he declared resolutely.

Yang Jian said, "Then I'm grateful for your hard work. However, this matter involves special circumstances, so the entire case, including the content on this, must be kept confidential. Once translated, send the information to my phone. This is my phone number. Of course, if there is any special situation, you can also contact me immediately. I will rush over as soon as possible."

"I won't disturb you any further, I'll take my leave now."

He chose not to stay there and wait for three hours.

Because Yang Jian currently attracted a lot of attention, and if people found out that he came to Xiaochun City, there could be new suspicions.

So, leaving and waiting for news was the safest thing to do.

Even if there truly was some accident, he had left his number and could provide support at any time.

"Let's head back."

Yang Jian stepped out and prepared to take a ride back to Dachang City.

Although he could use the powers of the Ghost Domain to travel when he arrived, there was no need to waste such abilities on the return trip.

However, as he was considering how to get back, a voice came through his satellite positioning phone.

"Yang Jian, are you there?" The voice had changed this time; it was Liu Xiaoyu speaking.

It seemed his actions just now had directly scared off the new operator.

"It's me, what's up?" Yang Jian said.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "Just now the Ghost Candle you requested has already been sent to Dachang City through covert channels. It should arrive at your place tomorrow; prepare to receive it. Additionally, your five hundred kilogram quota of gold will arrive with it."

"Efficient as always, I got it, and I will receive it tomorrow," Yang Jian nodded and responded.

It seems that achievements really make a difference, there wasn't any need for negotiation or wasted breath – the rewards meant for him would not fall short.

Once he had the first Ghost Candle in hand, he would not have to worry about encountering supernatural events for a while.

The second Ghost Candle was still on credit, waiting for Wang Xiaoming to get it done.

"By the way, are you still in Xiaochun City?" Liu Xiaoyu suddenly asked.

Yang Jian said, "I'm about to leave and return to Dachang City. You people are quite diligent with your tracking, knowing wherever I appear, leaving me with little privacy."

"This is to be ready to understand your movements at any time. If you are in Xiaochun City, could you investigate a case about the disappearance of an international ghost controller in Xiaochun City?" Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yet, without a second thought, Yang Jian refused, "No, I have a ton of unresolved issues in my own jurisdiction, and when I return, I have to tangle with a foreign company. I don't want to meddle in other cities' issues for now. I'll consider taking trips to other places once I've sorted things out in Dachang City."

An international ghost controller gone missing?

Without a doubt, that had to be the doing of some supernatural event. He did have some abilities, but the Hungry Ghost incident had just ended, and he didn't want to get wrapped up in another event so soon.

Walk by the river often, and eventually your shoes will get wet.

"Alright then, that's asking too much of you, but could you perhaps retrieve that missing ghost controller's satellite positioning phone? I've already located his signal, but it's on the move, probably picked up by someone. That satellite positioning phone contains some important clues that would greatly aid the case," Liu Xiaoyu added.

After considering for a moment, Yang Jian replied, "That task sounds like something the ordinary staff could handle, doesn't it?"

"The signal is intermittent and may appear and disappear sporadically. Tracking such a signal source requires specialized equipment, which the local area lacks; only satellite positioning phones of fellow international ghost controllers can pinpoint the signal's location."

Liu Xiaoyu said, "I suspect the missing ghost controller's phone was damaged from being dropped."

"In that case, I'll make a trip to pick up that thing," said Yang Jian.

If it wasn't too much trouble, he would treat it as a simple favor.

If he refused such a minor request, the higher-ups would certainly have words to say about him.

Additionally, having just been rewarded with a Ghost Candle and an increase in his gold quota, Yang Jian felt it would be impolite to refuse.

"Let me check where exactly that thing is."

Handling his phone, which was as bulky as an old-style cellular phone, Yang Jian activated the location function.

Ghost controllers could locate each other's phones at the headquarters, a feature designed to facilitate mutual assistance when dealing with supernatural events.

"Got a signal, it's just three streets away, and it's indeed moving, but not very fast," Yang Jian instantly pinpointed a source of the signal on the phone's screen.

Intermittent, flickering, as if there was a poor signal connection.

"Let's go check it out."

Yang Jian hailed a taxi and followed the signal.