

Revival 316

Chapter 316 - Special Survival Method

The time showed 5:30 in the morning.

Nearly twelve hours had passed since Yang Jian boarded this public bus.

During this period, there had been three stops, one engine failure, and one time passing through a bizarre graveyard... Although the duration of the journey wasn't long, the danger within it was unprecedented.

Those who got on this public bus were essentially plunged into a nightmare-level paranormal event. You might survive once, but it would be much harder to survive a second or third time; eventually, you would be killed.

"When did streetlights start appearing around us? Does this mean things are back to normal? Has this bus finally ended that horrific route?"

Yang Jian kept his eyes on the scenery outside the window.

At this moment, he noticed that, without knowing when, rows of streetlights had suddenly appeared alongside the dimly lit highway.

The streetlights extended ahead and behind, illuminating the entire road, making everything clear and visible; the gloom and ominous atmosphere were gone. There were even several trucks passing by in the early morning.

"If this bus stops and opens its doors in the city, you'd better get off immediately. This is one of the few chances you have, otherwise, the longer you stay on this bus, the less likely you are to ever get off," suddenly, at this time, Lin Bei, who had fallen asleep, woke up.

He abruptly reminded Yang Jian.

"Judging from your tone, you don't plan to get off, do you?" Yang Jian voiced the doubt in his heart.

He had been suspicious before.

Xu Feng and Lin Bei had had chances to get off. They could have left when he boarded during the day, but they didn't.

So Yang Jian guessed that the two men had chosen to stay on the bus of their own free will.

Lin Bei said, "It's not that I don't want to get off; I can't. Actually, this isn't a secret. I'll tell you anyway. When I boarded earlier, a senior who had been trapped on the bus told me, this bus has a strong suppressive effect on malevolent spirits. You saw it before."

"Four ghosts were on the bus, yet they didn't kill a single ordinary person."

"The more dangerous a place, the safer it is—there's some truth to that saying. So, you two are staying on this bus to save your lives?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly, and he immediately made a connection, "I've observed your conditions before, especially Xu Feng.

The malevolent spirit has completely influenced his body; he only retains his own consciousness, which would be absolutely impossible outside."

"A normal spirit controller, under such influence, would have died from the spirit's rebirth, but here he hasn't."

"The bus can limit ghosts, so it can also restrict the ones inside you. By staying here, can you avoid death from the spirits' revival?"

Lin Bei smiled, "You observe closely and your speculation is accurate. Yes, staying on this bus indeed avoids death from the spirits' revival. In fact, both Xu Feng and I are already in a state of spirit rebirth, but due to the bus's suppression, we have not died."

"This situation is quite exceptional because, for now, the problem of spirit rebirth is almost unsolvable, only manageable through the mutual restraint of controlling a second spirit to achieve a balance.

But that's just a temporary solution, and soon the balance will break as the spirit controllers continue to use the power of the spirits, leading to both spirits resurrecting together, resulting in an even faster death."

"Whereas on the bus, there's no need to control a second spirit to maintain the so-called balance. When a reborn spirit can't kill, you never have to worry about dying. No matter how the spirit inside you awakens, it only adds to your strength."

"But avoiding death comes at quite a cost," Yang Jian said.

Xu Feng, with a cold expression, said, "To be alive is the best outcome. Any price is worth paying. You haven't experienced the horror of a spirit's rebirth when you feel your life being gradually stripped away by the ghost in your body, the despair, fear, powerlessness... like a drowning person desperately grasping for the last straw for life."

"Really? But staying like this, you might have to stay on the bus for life. What's so good about being alive? Wait, no, something's wrong. When you got off the bus earlier, why didn't you die from the spirit rebirth?"

Yang Jian suddenly caught a loophole in their words.

Lin Bei touched his bald head, "Actually, it's nothing much, it's just that we've been here a long time. The spirits, being suppressed for such periods, seem to gradually enter a dormant state. In that state, we can control a fully resurrected spirit, but not for long. After a limit, the spirit will still be stimulated to awaken and will still kill us."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian immediately thought of his own situation.

Their circumstances were very similar to his own past attempt at suicide by hanging. They too were using the forced capabilities between spirits to suppress each other.

But Yang Jian's method was more violent, and its effects were substantial; it was akin to going all-in.

Win and you have it all, lose and you're left with nothing.

Their method, however, was more gentle, akin to buying insurance and living off the interest. It might not yield much, but it triumphed in being safer.

"Even if we don't have to stay here forever, according to what you're saying, it's still a considerably long period of time. And there are dangers along the way, it's not always safe just staying on the bus," Yang Jian said,

Lin Bei said, "As long as we can keep staying, we'll leave eventually. The longer you stay on the bus, the longer the ghost inside your body remains asleep. I've been here for six days, got off the bus twice. The day I boarded, I should have died when the fierce ghost awoke, but I was lucky and survived on the bus.

The third day I got off, the fierce ghost awoke after three minutes, but now, the time it takes for my fierce ghost to awaken is about ten minutes, and in the meantime, I can control a revived ghost without any concerns."

"Incredible, isn't it? The longer you stay, the longer you can control the awakened fierce ghost. Perhaps if someone stays for a few months, that ghost might just fall into a complete sleep."

"That's enough, Lin Bei. You've said enough. You should keep such important information a secret."

Xu Feng stared at Lin Bei, clearly dissatisfied with his attitude in revealing secrets.

Lin Bei said with a smile, "He has a chance to get off alive, he should take this message out. We, who can't leave the bus, might die on it any day. Do you plan to take this secret to the grave? Besides, the intelligence we've obtained was kindly left behind by the earlier ghost riders, who were among the first to figure it out at the cost of their lives."

"If the clues break off here, the next ghost riders to board will have to start from scratch, how many people will die unnecessarily?"

"So it took you studying Buddhism until now to remember you're a chanter? Where was your good heart earlier, why didn't you save those passengers?" Xu Feng scoffed, "What fake compassion."

"My ability is limited, I can't save others, so I simply close my eyes and sleep, knowing nothing, seeing neither death nor despair."

Lin Bei spoke up, "So I only do what I can. There's a saying, 'To save others, one must first save oneself.' Even though I don't rescue people, I also do not harm them."

"What's the difference?" Xu Feng said skeptically, "You're still just a bystander."

Yang Jian ignored their accusatory banter and cut straight to the point, "According to what you're saying, this bus is the last hope for ghost riders close to awakening? Despite the risks, getting on is worth it."

"You can't understand it that way, this bus can't be controlled, who knows what supernatural places it will drive to? I haven't been on the bus for long, but I've experienced two engine failures, one with a full load, and another with ghosts blocking the road, both big crises. Even though I can control an awakened fierce ghost, surviving is still not easy."

"The previous ghost riders all died, he and I are the same in being able to control a perfectly awakened ghost, but his ability to protect himself was not adequate, so he died. I remember hearing from a surviving ghost rider that the longest someone survived on this bus was a full two and a half months, though I don't know if it's true."

"Survived two and a half months? Did that person die?" Yang Jian asked, somewhat surprised.

This bizarre bus constantly faced emergencies, yet someone managed to endure for so long.

"No, he got off. As for whether he died later, no one knows. In any case, he never came back to the bus," Lin Bei said.

Two and a half months?

That would be over seventy days.

Surviving even one day on this bus is tough, let alone more than seventy. That survivor must have been exceptionally skilled.

"Seventy days of suppression, the ghost inside his body might have gone from a sleeping to a crashed state. Maybe he, like me, perfectly controlled an awakened ghost. Riding the bus is different from hanging yourself, but the result is the same." Yang Jian felt that the person who survived over seventy days didn't die.

But was hiding in some city.

However, even if someone truly survived by this method, Yang Jian didn't envy them.

Others had to endure over seventy days to succeed, who knows how many close brushes with death they faced. If they managed to perfect the fierce ghost, they earned it.

Nevertheless, Lin Bei's words affirmed Yang Jian's thoughts.

There are indeed some people in the world who, by various means, start down a path to completely control fierce ghosts.

Those fortunate and successful weren't just Yang Jian, he wasn't the only lucky one.

Chapter 317 - 316: The Disappearing Car

"We're entering the city."

As they were speaking, the bus once again entered a city.

Unsure which city it was—after all, every Asian city looked pretty much the same—but from his observations, Yang Jian could confirm this was a normal world, with nothing bizarre about the surroundings.

If they could stop here, indeed they might be able to escape the predicament.

However, the bus stops were unpredictable, seemingly random as if determined by whim.

"Why are you looking at me? Still thinking about how to deal with me?" Xu Feng noticed that Yang Jian had been sizing him up, as though harboring ulterior motives.

Yang Jian replied calmly, "No, I'm not interested in killing someone who's close to death. Relying on playing dead won't get you through more than two months—I'm confident in that. So, I'm planning to let you off this time. If one day you manage to get off the bus alive, we can settle our accounts then.

Besides, I've made a move on you before; you were lucky to have survived the hands of that female mummified corpse. Therefore, I tend to keep my promises. I won't bother with you again."

"Heh, talk is prettier than singing, acting like you've got me all figured out," Xu Feng said with a hint of mockery, "I told you, you can't handle me."

"Save some energy for the bus ride. Just surviving a week and you're already so cocky. Ask your conscience—would you have survived this time if it weren't for me?"

Yang Jian's face chilled slightly, "And I've got you figured out, what can you do about it? Even if you got on the bus a few days before Lin Bei, suppose you can control your own ghost for ten minutes, why not get off and have a showdown? See whose ghost revives first after ten minutes?"

Xu Feng immediately wanted to retort, but the words choked in his throat and he forcefully swallowed them down.

He truly dared not agree to this life-threatening contest.

The situation had already revealed that this person wasn't simply a newbie; he had something special about him and extensive experience in dealing with supernatural events.

In a seemingly hopeless situation, he found a breakthrough and stubbornly held on until the bus started up again.

Although it was by using his own corpse to suppress the female mummified corpse, it was undeniable that this quick thinking was very clever.

Xu Feng himself had never thought of using his own corpse to limit other ghosts instead of just playing dead.

"Childish. That's the kind of contest kids would play," said Xu Feng dismissively.

Xu Feng would not admit being inferior to him and scoffed, "Rest assured, even if I leave here, I won't bother to trouble you. After all, you are an International Ghost Tamer, and we might bump into each other again someday."

"Besides, by the time I get off the bus, grass might have started to grow on your grave. Just looking at you, I can tell you have the face of a short-lived person. Although you have some skills, you don't know how to restrain yourself. You're definitely not going to live long."

Unlike others, Xu Feng could let go of his pride. Even though Yang Jian had used him as a punching bag, he could swallow that humiliation.

Meaningless fighting would only waste his life—that was something only fools would do. He wouldn't make that mistake.

"In the end, you're still afraid, making excuses," Yang Jian stared at him and said.

"Say whatever you like, but on this bus, even if you try to cause trouble, it's useless," Xu Feng retorted with an air of indifference.

He knew that as soon as Yang Jian got off the bus, the chances of them seeing each other again were slim.

Given the mortality rate of ghost tamers, it was uncertain if either would survive that long.

"At least after I leave, I could have the headquarters expel you and get you a warrant," claimed Yang Jian.

Yang Jian looked away and spoke calmly, "Maybe I can't hurt you directly, but at least I can ensure you won't be able to hold your head high ever again."

"You want to issue a warrant for me? I'd forgotten, you're also from the International Ghost Tamers Organization and can issue warrants. But as for expelling me, you might not have the authority. Breaking contact at most counts as missing. The headquarters might even console my family and give them a settlement fee," said Xu Feng, smiling.

"No, my word is proof. They will believe me. Besides, I'm not framing you—you did try to kill me. That's the worst thing you could do. Dealing with people like you is even a higher priority than supernatural events. Plus, I know a few people at the headquarters," Yang Jian retorted.

Xu Feng's face turned dark instantly.

If Yang Jian got his way, he might indeed become a fugitive.

"Becoming a fugitive isn't the worst part. The worst is that one day, after you get off the bus, I'll have seventy to eighty International Ghost Tamers waiting for you. The moment you show up, they'll capture you, letting you experience a fall from the peak of your life to the lowest of lows," Yang Jian suddenly laughed.

"You're going too far," Xu Feng could not remain calm any longer.

Because he knew the words of Yang Jian could very likely come true.

"Sorry, young people just like to do what they want. If you can't stand it, find a way to get off the bus yourself. Go to the headquarters and clear this up. Maybe if you plead your case, it won't work out for me," said Yang Jian with a shrug.

"You think you can use this to make me get off the bus? Naive. And you're getting happy too soon. You're still on the bus now; there's no guarantee it will stop today. Let's see how you handle a few more nights, see if you dare talk like this again," Xu Feng cursed Yang Jian in his heart, wishing him a sudden death that very day.

He had never seen such shameless people before.

Yet no sooner had he finished speaking,

than the bus suddenly braked and stopped in front of a station platform.

"Bang~!"

At that moment, the door of the bus flung open.

The time displayed was half past seven.

Even though it was somewhat late, at least the bus had stopped and opened its doors.

"Disappointed? The bus has stopped, and I can leave now," Yang Jian stood up, revealing a slight smile.

Xu Feng's expression grew even uglier.

This guy didn't have the risk of a ghost resurgence, as long as he waited for a safe moment like this to leave, he had no constraints.

But Xu Feng was not the same.

Although he could leave the bus, after leaving, there was no guarantee he would be able to find this same bus and get on it again successfully, so they would not get off before their own situations were resolved.

"Lin Bei, considering you passed on the message, if you need a small favor, I don't mind helping you out," said Yang Jian as he walked to the door and turned back.

Lin Bei thought for a moment and said, "There's nothing I need your help with, but if you could, send some money to my family, consider it a loan from me. Also, tell them I'm fine. Never mind about the loan, by the looks of you, it doesn't seem like you have money. Just let my family know I'm safe, find any excuse.

You're with the International Ghost Tamers Organization, it shouldn't be hard for you to access my file, Lin Bei from the Buddhist Academy, this information should be enough for you."

"I will take care of it for you, rest assured. If you get the chance, try to figure out a way to kill this Xu Feng on the bus for me, If you can do it, I'll send fifty million to your family," Yang Jian said.

"Yang Jian, enough is enough," Xu Feng growled lowly.

This was really more than he could handle.

Yang Jian was out to tarnish his reputation, make him a wanted criminal, and here he was trying to incite troubles among them, after which Yang Jian would bring a group of the International Ghost Tamers to capture him.

Such a vengeful heart for someone so young.

"Good luck to you," Yang Jian waved his hand, not bothering to say more to Xu Feng, and stepped off the bus.

But as soon as he got off, he suddenly saw a crowd of passengers queuing up to board at the front door of the bus.

"Aren't these people afraid of dying?" Yang Jian frowned and shouted, "This bus is haunted, once you get on it's very hard to get off, get away from here quickly!"

Haunted?

There must be something wrong with your brain.

The passengers boarding the bus looked at Yang Jian, thinking he was a lunatic and decided to keep their distance from him.

Seeing his warning was useless, Yang Jian prepared to forcibly disperse them by firing a warning shot.

But when he turned around, he was shocked to discover that the bus he had just stepped off was no longer the one he had disembarked from.

There were already a good number of passengers sitting on the bus, and the two people at the back were not Xu Feng and Lin Bei.

While the shape of the bus was almost the same, the model was not.

The eerie Ghost Car had disappeared.

"When did it leave?" Yang Jian's heart chilled.

The Ghost Car had vanished in the blink of an eye, and he hadn't even noticed from such close proximity.

After watching the bus behind him for a long time and confirming that it really wasn't the Ghost Car, he finally relaxed.

"No wonder they wouldn't easily get off the bus. If they ended up like me, unable to get back, they would soon die from the resurgence of the fierce ghost. It seems that boarding that Ghost Car isn't just a matter of wanting to, it's a matter of luck," Yang Jian mused, his gaze flickering, unsure if knowing about the existence of the Ghost Car was either a stroke of luck or misfortune.

Chapter 318 - 317: The X-Files

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Although he had only stayed on the bus for twelve hours.

But the half day's experiences were dangerous and terrifying, yet they added many puzzles and mysteries.

Ghost Car, what exactly is it?

A vehicle that can transport ghosts.

And those stops, what were those places? The Ghost Domain... It didn't seem quite right; what about that endless graveyard?

After the engine cut out and he got off the bus before, where did the Crying Tomb Ghost, the Dried Corpse Bride, and that Nightmare go?

"The more I come into contact with, the more I realize how mysterious and frightening the world is. If I had left the bus back then, maybe I could have explored more, but there's no doubt I would have died in that damned place," Yang Jian thought contemplatively as he walked down the street.

He looked up slightly at the people who hurried past on the thoroughfare.

They continued to live as before, working if it was time to work and going to school if it was time for school.

Everything was extraordinarily normal as if the paranormal incidents were completely unrelated to them.

Yang Jian had wondered more than once that ignorance is bliss, at least until they encounter paranormal events, they can live the life of an ordinary person.

Soon his thoughts returned.

Now he had to consider the information and value revealed by the Ghost Car incident.

A bus capable of suppressing the revival of fierce ghosts.

To those who tame ghosts, this was nothing short of a godsend.

The only difficulty was how to locate the bus so he could get on it in time when needed.

"Xu Feng's phone is still lost on the bus, and its signal can be used to determine the Ghost Car's location. However, the global positioning system is only available at the headquarters, it's confidential. In other words, finding the Ghost Car relies on headquarters," Yang Jian began to scheme internally.

"But the intelligence I got from Lin Bei is the most important," he thought.

After a moment of contemplation,

he felt that he couldn't directly reap the most immediate benefits from this paranormal event and could only exchange it for an intangible credit.

Forget it.

Consider it voluntary work.

Yang Jian thought it over and decided to contact his communication officer anyway.

"It's me, Yang Jian."

The person on the line wasn't Liu Xiaoyu, but the new communication officer with a seductive voice, Qin Meirou.

"Hello, I'm the communication officer. What can I do for you?" Qin Meirou's voice was somewhat low, seemingly still upset from the last time Yang Jian chastised her; she no longer dared to speak in a gentle tone as before.

As he walked, Yang Jian said, "Is anyone else with you? I have something very important to tell you."

"No, there are no colleagues around me."

Qin Meirou said, "But I hope you can respect my job. I'm just your communication officer, not someone for you to vent on. If you need someone to vent your frustrations on, I can find you an agent who specializes in certain areas, and they can introduce you to some girls who might suit your tastes."

Yang Jian ignored her words and simply stated, "Prepare to establish a new file, codename: Ghost Car, paranormal event level X."

"Level X? All the files range from C to S level, there has never been an X level," Qin Meirou said. "If you're unclear about the procedure, I can explain it again."

"Hearing this from you, I'm starting to doubt your identity as well as your professionalism," Yang Jian said icily. "I don't have time to dawdle with you right now. Just create the file honestly. If you're not at the level to do so, don't embarrass yourself on the phone. I command, you do it. If it can't be done, find someone else."

X level files, he learned of their existence after his authority was upgraded, belong to mysterious and undefined paranormal archives; the degree of harm cannot be determined, but the incidents are very important.

At that moment, Qin Meirou in the communications room was briefly taken aback.

She had three impressions of Yang Jian: first, from his resume, she knew he was just an ordinary high school senior who seemed like a young person easy to deal with.

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The second influence was from the resolution of Dachang City's S-level supernatural event, he felt that this person was extremely righteous and admirable.

The third influence came from that previous phone call, where she thought Yang Jian was nothing but a genuine loser.

But now, hearing this almost blunt and indifferent tone, Qin Meirou couldn't help but tremble inside, feeling an absolute dominance and an inexplicable terror.

More fearsome than imagined spirit tamers.

"Okay, I'm already prepared to establish a new file, please proceed," Qin Meirou pushed aside her emotions, hurriedly began to take shorthand, and started the phone recording.

"The Ghost Car incident of Xiaochun City, I boarded the bus around six o'clock last evening. There were over twenty passengers in total..." Yang Jian began to recount his experience.

"The first stop was a temporary one, beside the road there was only abandoned farmland with a grave mound in the middle, a ghost knelt in front of the mound crying. I've assigned it the code name: Crying Tomb Ghost, Terror Level A. All the passengers except for Lin Bei, Xu Feng, and myself got off the bus, at least twenty people."

"...During the first wave of the Crying Tomb Ghost's attack, only three who got off survived, the rest all died. It proved that staying inside the Ghost Car was temporarily safe, as the three ordinary people successfully made it back to the bus."

Listening to Yang Jian's report, Qin Meirou, who was establishing the second Crying Tomb Ghost file, felt an inexplicable chill in her heart.

Over twenty people disembarked, and within less than five minutes, only three made it back to the bus alive.

The rest were all killed by the ghost.

Yang Jian continued, "The second stop was also a desolate mountain. The bus parked under a small hillock near the forest. Following the desolate path, one could see an old wooden house in the middle of the woods, with two red lanterns hanging in front of it...

That ghost got on the bus, it was a female ghost wearing a red qipao and a red headscarf, but I couldn't be sure it was a female ghost, because its exposed hands looked like the dark brown of a dried corpse. I've assigned it the code name: Dried Corpse Bride.

Merely in terms of the degree of danger, it could tentatively be classified as Level C, but it's extremely dangerous for spirit tamers, suspected of being able to summon ghosts."

"No one died at this stop. The bus arrived at the third stop, a nearby crossroad engulfed in darkness. The bus stopped and opened its doors, a ghost got on, but I didn't see it and therefore couldn't establish a file: Unknown."

"There was an electronic display on the bus showing the number of passengers as 4, indicating there were four ghosts inside."

"At dawn, the bus stalled, and everyone had to get off. Three of the four ghosts disembarked one after another: the Crying Tomb Ghost, the Dried Corpse Bride, and the unseen ghost."

"...At seven-thirty in the morning, I got off. The moment I stepped off the bus, the Ghost Car vanished. I had left the Ghost Car."

"That's the situation. File creator: Ghost Eye Yang Jian."

After Yang Jian finished his last sentence, he asked, "Is that all?"

"Yes, it's done." Qin Meirou's voice came through the phone, carrying shock and an inexplicable fear within it.

A bus, four ghosts boarded, one stalling, everyone and the ghosts all got off.

Ten minutes later the Ghost Car restarted.

Although not detailed, one could imagine how dangerous what happened during that time must have been.

Just listening to the story firsthand is enough to send shivers down one's spine, not to mention Yang Jian, who had been in the midst of the events.

"Now that the file has been established, look into that Buddhist Academy student named Lin Bei for me," said Yang Jian.

Soon.

Through the computer, Qin Meirou located Lin Bei's information: "Found it. Lin Bei, male, born on March 2, 1990, place of origin..."

"Don't read those details, I'm not interested in that information. Locate his family, let them know Lin Bei is safe, make up a reason yourself. Also, find a legitimate excuse to send them ten million; deduct this amount from my salary," said Yang Jian.

"But your salary is only one million, and it's an annual salary. Moreover, it's paid by the local office," Qin Meirou hesitantly asked.

"You're just an operator, do your job, and don't worry about the rest. Zhao Jianguo will take care of it. Besides, this file in my hands is worth at least a hundred billion. If we really do the math, it's the headquarters that's earning more," Yang Jian stated calmly. "Also, have someone track Xu Feng's satellite-positioned phone; it's on the Ghost Car."

"Issue an arrest warrant for that Xu Feng as well," commanded Yang Jian.

Qin Meirou said, "Issue a warrant for Xu Feng? Why?"

"He tried to doom me on the Ghost Car. Is that reason good enough?" replied Yang Jian.

"Involving an in-service staff member requires the minister's signature, and that's usually hard to obtain," stated Qin Meirou.

"The approval has nothing to do with you; just report it. That's it, if there's nothing else, don't bother me; I'm a bit busy lately," said Yang Jian.

"I will handle these matters," replied Qin Meirou.

Yang Jian didn't respond but simply hung up the phone.

Chapter 319 A Different Kind of Answer

"How come you were gone so long just for a trip out? It's been five or six days, and you don't even respond to the messages I sent you."

As soon as Yang Jian returned home, he heard the complaining voice of Jiang Yan.

He saw Jiang Yan wearing a short-sleeved shirt, hugging a pair of fair and beautiful legs as she sat on the sofa watching TV, where the aftermath of various incidents in Dachang City was still being replayed.

"Something happened on the way back, almost didn't make it?" Yang Jian casually sat down and relaxedly said.

Jiang Yan squeezed next to him, asking nervously, "What happened?"

"What else could happen, of course, I ran into another supernatural encounter, got on a ghost car without realizing, there were several ghosts sitting in it, and I stayed with them for half the night." Yang Jian glanced at her.

Several ghosts?

Jiang Yan jumped, scared, "Was it that terrifying?"

"More frightening than you can imagine. Lucky you didn't insist on following me. All the passengers, over twenty of them who got on with me, they all died. I couldn't have saved them," Yang Jian said. "Let's not talk about that. What's going on at home?"

How come you're always here, I haven't seen you go to work?"

At his words, Jiang Yan instantly felt a chill of fear, then said, "The sales department has closed. I'm unemployed now. Didn't you tell President Zhang that we're not selling this property anymore?"

"What about Zhang Liqin, did she leave?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

"Of course, she left when you weren't here. It's not like she was going to wait here forever for you."

Jiang Yan asked suspiciously, "Why do you care so much about that Zhang Liqin? I've been with you for so long, and I've never seen you show any concern for me. Did you fall for that woman?"

Yang Jian calmly said, "I was planning to start a company in Dachang City and needed some people. She had experienced a supernatural event, which made her a rather good candidate. I decided to hire her as my secretary, so she'll be one of my employees from now on."

"I don't agree," Jiang Yan flatly refused. "If she's your secretary, what will I do?"

"Aren't you an accountant? Naturally, you'll manage the finances," Yang Jian glanced at her.

Jiang Yan grabbed his arm, acting coquettishly, "No way, fire her. I'll be your secretary. I'm so beautiful; it's such a waste if I don't become your secretary. Besides, secretaries can dress really sexy. I'd look great, and when we go out, others will definitely envy you. Plus, I can sneak under your desk anytime there's nothing to do."

"Have you been looking at Zhang Wei's computer again?" Yang Jian asked, tilting his head towards her.

Jiang Yan looked around, then leaned in and whispered in his ear, "It's a new series that Zhang Wei found. It's very exciting. I copied it, we can watch it together later."

"I've seen it before. You can watch it on your own; I've got something to do. I need to make a trip to the old mansion," Yang Jian stood up.

Instantly, Jiang Yan pouted, her eyes filled with a wistful look as she watched Yang Jian. She felt she was the most hardworking girlfriend in the world, constantly neglected by Yang Jian.

"Either he's really aloof, or he's gay," she thought spitefully as she watched his receding back. "Even if you're gay, I'm going to straighten you out. Today you ignore me, tomorrow I'll make you can't live without me. I'm fixed on you for this lifetime."

Compared to Zhang Liqin, Yang Jian had a deeper impact on Jiang Yan.

Before long,

Yang Jian once again arrived at the old mansion, bringing with him a pen and a small notebook.

He planned to imitate the methods of the mansion's original owner to unravel the mystery of the Ghost Cabinet.

He arrived with ease at the old mansion from the Republic of China Period.

However, during the days he was away, construction had resumed on the site; the foundation was being dug nearby in preparation for building a temple to conceal the old mansion.

The man in charge of supervising the work was Zhang Xiang.

"Uncle Zhang," Yang Jian called out politely.

Turning around, Zhang Xiang saw Yang Jian and immediately smiled, "Brother Tui, your timing is perfect. Just yesterday, the safety shelter was finished. Want to take a look later?"

"It's done already? That was fast," Yang Jian asked.

"This is actually considered slow. I ran three shifts non-stop, working 24 hours a day. If it wasn't for the difficulty in hiring workers after the last incident, it would have been finished much sooner. Right now, we're laying the lawn, planting greenery, fitting out the interiors, but the overall construction is completed.

I've calculated that under normal conditions with all equipment functioning, it can sustain up to fifty people," Zhang Xianggu earnestly stated, holding up five fingers.

Yang Jian commented, "Won't that be a bit cramped?"

A small room accommodating fifty people, what kind of crowding would that be?

"If it were meant for comfort, then definitely it wouldn't suffice, but if it's for taking shelter, then we can't afford to be picky," Zhang Xianggu said; "Although the safety house is small, there is also an underground bunker connected to it outside, which has a large space of three hundred square meters, spanning four floors. Fifty people could not only live there but also play basketball.

Additionally, I've dug three safety passages, an emergency exit and a supply storage room."

"However, the safety of the bunker outside the safety house isn't as high. I only applied a layer of gold leaf to the walls and a coating of gold paint, which can't compare to the solidity and reliability of the safety house."

After listening, Yang Jian couldn't help but admire Zhang Xianggu's construction and arrangements. The safety house had been made perfect by his efforts; Yang Jian was sure he couldn't have done it as well himself.

In order to ensure the survival of his entire family, Zhang Xiangui was indeed going all out.

"I trust Uncle Zhang's work, and I really should take a look at the safety house sometime. By the way, where is Zhang Wei? It seems that I haven't seen him for a while," Yang Jian inquired.

Mentioning Zhang Wei, Zhang Xiangui sneered, "That kid talked back to me last time and I sent him to another construction site to play with sand. If I don't toughen him up, how will he ever stand on his own in society?"

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian knew that Zhang Wei must have offended Zhang Xiangui again.

"Let's have the workers take a half-day off today. I need to go into the ancestral house and it wouldn't be good if people saw," he added shortly thereafter.

"I've cordoned off that house with warning tape, and no workers should be going in, so it shouldn't cause any issues..." Zhang Xiangui hadn't yet finished speaking when he saw the serious look on Yang Jian's face and immediately understood, "You're right, let the workers rest. They can go back to work tomorrow."

Yang Jian wasn't worried about being seen by people, but rather that moving the Ghost Cabinet might trigger a paranormal event.

He himself wasn't afraid, but it wouldn't be right to unnecessarily involve the workers.

Soon after, Zhang Xianggu alerted the foreman to halt the work and the workers quickly cleared the site.

"There won't be any trouble, right?" he asked cautiously once everyone had left.

Yang Jian said, "There won't be any trouble. If something does come up, I can handle it. Uncle Zhang can rest easy. It's just better to be safe, especially since we're so close. I'm afraid some things might be affected."

"That's true, safety first. Then I won't disturb Brother Tui any further." Zhang Xianggu was well aware that there were certain things in the old house that were taboo. Otherwise, a person like Yang Jian wouldn't enter it so frequently.

Yang Jian nodded. Once Zhang Xianggu and the others had left, he re-entered the old house.

He passed straight through the second-floor wall of the Republic of China-era house using the Ghost Domain.

He arrived without trouble at the second secret room.

The secret room was empty except for an old wooden cabinet standing in the center.

The cabinet doors were tightly shut, and through the wooden lattice, a thick darkness could be seen enveloping the interior, dense as ink, obscuring whatever lay within.

Yang Jian turned on his phone's light and placed it beside him, then took out paper and pen to write a single question: Who are you?

He tore off the piece of paper and carefully slid it into the cabinet door.

According to his reasoning, the process should be correct.

Slipping it into the door of the wooden cabinet above.

But before the paper could be fully inserted into the door's seam, Yang Jian immediately felt as if something on the other end grabbed onto the paper and started pulling it forcefully inward. The pulling was immense, yet eerily, the thin slip of paper didn't tear.

Yang Jian quickly let go.

The paper vanished into the darkness within the cabinet door.

But in less than ten seconds, the paper fell out again from beneath the cabinet door, eerily.

Other than the question Yang Jian had written, a black, twisted character appeared below it: Ghost.

Put together, it read: Who are you?

The answer was: Ghost.

"Another anomaly?" As Yang Jian looked at the crooked word for ghost, an inexplicable chill ran through him.

The entity inside the Ghost Cabinet could actually respond to his question—it was like an unusual kind of parchment made from human skin.

Chapter 320 Communication with the Ghost Cabinet

The clues left by the previous owner of the Ghost Cabinet provided Yang Jian with some reminders. Although these reminders were insignificant, they enabled him to break the deadlock and begin to understand the Ghost Cabinet.

Ghost~!

On the paper, a black, scrawled character revealed an ominous aura, and it was unclear what it was written with.

It was hard to imagine that something inside the Ghost Cabinet actually responded to Yang Jian.

"Can this thing really communicate?" Yang Jian picked up the paper from the ground, looked it over again, and didn't find anything special.

But his expression was unusually solemn.

Even if it was human skin paper, he couldn't guarantee it had the ability to communicate. Human skin paper was more like guidance for the holder, and whether it could communicate remained a question. But the thing before him had completely broken through some kind of boundary, actively responding.

He stared inside the pitch-black cabinet doors.

An inexplicable curiosity made him feel the urge to open the cabinet doors and take a look.

But his observation from last time, the pair of eyes within the cabinet doors, made Yang Jian wary.

There was no doubt a ghost inside this cabinet.

He wasn't sure if opening the cabinet doors would let the ghost out.

"Just because of my curiosity to open the cabinet doors and disrupt some kind of balance is not sensible. Since this thing has been placed here and preserved intact for over a hundred years, let's just leave it as it is. However, since the thing has responded, it means I can continue some kind of communication."

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, then wrote another sentence on a different piece of paper: Can you communicate with me?

"This question is a bit silly." He thought for a moment, tore up the paper, crumpled it into a ball, and tossed it aside. Then he thought again and wrote down a new question: Can you help me find Zhao Lei?

He didn't ask too many irrelevant questions, but directly stated his purpose.

If this was really a ghost, it would be a good way to conduct a direct experiment.

After writing the question, Yang Jian stuffed the paper back into the cabinet doors.

Just like before, as soon as the paper was halfway in, a force from inside snatched it up, and it disappeared immediately.

Less than ten seconds later, the paper fell from the crack in the lower part of the cabinet.

Yang Jian picked it up and his expression became even more solemn. Beneath his question, scrawled in black ink, was a sentence: Give me eyes, I give you Zhao Lei.

What it meant by 'eyes' was definitely not his own. It was referring to the 'Ghost Eyes.'

The Ghost Cabinet meant it wanted to trade his 'Ghost Eyes' for Zhao Lei.

"This ghostly thing, as expected, is not easy to deal with. The first requirement is for my Ghost Eyes; it's practically demanding my life. How did the original owner ever think to leave this behind? Such a weird and terrifying thing should be buried ten thousand meters underground, never to resurface," Yang Jian cursed inwardly.

But then, as he looked at the sentence in his hand, he noticed some nuances.

The message said, Give me eyes, I give you Zhao Lei.

It didn't say it would tell you where Zhao Lei was, but that it would give you Zhao Lei, whose memories might have been altered by a ghost or who might even be possessed by one.

If such a trade were to be successful, how would Zhao Lei be given?

This was a question worth pondering.

And, if Zhao Lei was now a ghost, how could the Ghost Cabinet deliver a ghost roaming outside directly to him?

That was the second question.

Because in Yang Jian's view, the Ghost Cabinet lacked any factors necessary to fulfill the condition.

"Unless... I attempt a trade," Yang Jian reflected calmly and came up with an answer.

Of course, this attempt wouldn't involve trading his own Ghost Eyes. Instead, he would change the question to see if the content of the trade would change accordingly. If it did, he needed to determine whether the new conditions fell within his tolerance.

As long as it was within his tolerance, Yang Jian could then begin an exchange with the Ghost Cabinet.

After some thought...

Yang Jian wrote down a very simple request: "I need a bowl of fried rice, can you help me?"

"Give me a bowl of blood, I give you fried rice."

After stuffing the paper in, it took less than ten seconds to get a reply. A line of twisted black letters appeared beneath his question.

A bowl of blood?

"Indeed, the condition changed, and the request changed too. I proposed the simplest request, and the thing still responded... but should I do what it says?" Yang Jian pondered again.

If he wanted to understand the mysteries of the Ghost Cabinet, he would have to complete such a trade, unless he chose to give up exploring this peculiar phenomenon.

But giving up was not something he was willing to do.

Because Yang Jian had a hunch that this thing must contain an astonishing value, even more significant than that of the Ghost Mirror.

"I should give it a try, walking the path of a ghost tamer is a one-way journey, with no turning back. Either continue braving it or die halfway, I must grasp as many secrets as possible, and anything that could help me should be explored and understood, just like the human skin paper," Yang Jian murmured.

Without the human skin paper, Yang Jian would have already died in the school, not to mention the Huanggang Village incident.

"However, there's a huge trap in the terms of this trade—it just asks for a bowl of blood, not specifying it has to be my blood, or even human blood," he pointed out.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, pondering the answer repeatedly, and discovered some so-called consumer traps.

If an ordinary person saw this answer, they would probably grimace and slash their wrists to bleed. If they did, they might fall right into the trap.

"Get a bowl of pig's blood or chicken blood to try; that should be safe," Yang Jian thought and immediately left the second secret room to carry out this bold experiment.

He believed that even Wang Xiaoming would do the same.

Use the most conservative means to obtain the greatest amount of intelligence, thereby devising the perfect plan for any future event.

"Let's head to the market, by the way, where is the nearest market?" Yang Jian wondered aloud as he walked along the neighborhood road, preparing to drive to purchase a bowl of blood.

"Woof woof!"

Just as he passed a junction in the neighborhood, a large dog burst out from the nearby greenery, barking at him incessantly.

"Whose dog is this, don't they know large breeds are banned in the neighborhood? I don't care if it bites me, but what if it bites a child?" Yang Jian shouted, but no one responded.

It must be an irresponsible owner who chose to let their dog roam free, seeing the lack of management in the neighborhood.

"Woof woof!"

The large wolfhound became even more aggressive, as if ready to charge at Yang Jian any moment.

Yang Jian, deep in thought, suddenly stopped in his tracks as if he had realized something.

A bowl of blood... dog?

Yeah, why bother going to the market?

Yang Jian turned sharply, his eyes shining as he stared at the dog.

The wolfhound, previously baring its teeth and looking ferocious, seemed to sense danger at that moment, whimpered twice, and turned to run.

Shortly after, Yang Jian walked into the second secret room smiling, holding a bowl of dog blood.

He had just entered when the Ghost Cabinet began to make a noise.

The cabinet doors on the Ghost Cabinet started to open on their own, as if moved by an invisible force.

"Hm?" Yang Jian's eyelids twitched, and his expression turned concerned.

He had always thought that the Ghost Cabinet couldn't be opened, so he had never dared to tamper with it. Unexpectedly, it could open by itself.

"Is the Ghost Cabinet signaling me to place this bowl of blood inside?" he wondered, observing cautiously for a while. After noticing no sudden incidents or danger once the doors opened, he surmised the crux of the matter.

Just as he had done with the paper before, he carefully extended the bowl of dog blood toward the open cabinet door.

The other end of the bowl slowly disappeared into the cabinet's darkness. He proceeded slowly, ready to pull back at any moment.

Just as less than a third of the bowl had vanished into the darkness, Yang Jian distinctly felt something grasp the other end of the bowl.

His face changed slightly, and he immediately withdrew his hand.

Most of the bowl floated midair before the cabinet door, then slowly got pulled into the cabinet, vanishing from sight within moments.

"Creak~!"

The sound of the old cabinet doors echo through the room.

The doors on top of the Ghost Cabinet closed.

Simultaneously, the lower doors of the Ghost Cabinet opened.

Yang Jian noticed the lower part appeared quite normal; it was just an ordinary cabinet section with wooden sides, painted sparsely, without any darkness or eerie presence inside, creating a stark contrast to the upper section.

But what made him uneasy was,

inside the lower half, there was a bowl of egg fried rice, which was still steaming and emitting a savory aroma.

"How did this bowl of egg fried rice get here?" Yang Jian fell into deep thought.

A hundred-year-old wooden cupboard had exchanged a bowl of blood for a bowl of egg fried rice, and it was still hot.

It was utterly inconceivable.

Yang Jian took out the bowl of egg fried rice, intending to verify the authenticity of the item, but then he found a piece of paper underneath the plate holding the fried rice.

Scribbled on the paper was a line of words: Help me move the cupboard outside.