

Revival 321

Chapter 321 Infinite Loop Trading Rules

"What does this mean?" Yang Jian furrowed his brows as he looked at the note.

He had exchanged a bowl of dog blood for a bowl of egg fried rice. Based on his previous deductions, he had seemingly completed the deal with the ghost, but unexpectedly, in the blink of an eye, the Ghost Cabinet presented him with a new demand.

Move the Ghost Cabinet out?

Move it out... Does that mean out of this secret room, or out of this ancient house?

Staring at the note in his hand, another idea surfaced in Yang Jian's mind, "Why should I do as the Ghost Cabinet asks? What if moving it triggers uncontrollable danger and I end up harming myself? What would happen if I ignore its demand?"

He felt he should make such an attempt.

Perhaps nothing would happen if Yang Jian took the Ghost Cabinet out, but then he would lose an opportunity to unravel its mysteries.

He must reduce his interactions with ghosts; too frequent contact would inevitably bring misfortune upon himself.

With that thought, Yang Jian decided to do nothing and observe how the Ghost Cabinet would react.

So now he was refusing to take the Ghost Cabinet out of the secret room.

While keeping an eye on changes to the Ghost Cabinet, he also inspected the egg fried rice in his hand.

He sniffed it... it smelled delicious~!

But of course, Yang Jian dared not eat it. There was no need to risk his life for a bowl of egg fried rice. It was merely the result of an experiment, to be disposed of later.

Ten minutes had passed since he refused to move the Ghost Cabinet out of the secret room.

All was quiet; nothing had happened. Rejecting the Ghost Cabinet's request didn't seem to bring any danger. Nevertheless, Yang Jian decided to stay a bit longer out of caution. It wouldn't be good for something to go wrong behind his back immediately after he left.

However, another five minutes passed.

In total, that should be a quarter of an hour, fifteen minutes.

At that moment, Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, fixed on the crevice of the cabinet door.

A stream of scarlet fresh blood gradually began seeping out from inside, spilling more and more onto the exterior, a pungent smell of blood wafting through the secret room.

Was the Ghost Cabinet seeping blood?

"Was it the dog blood I put in earlier that got knocked over?" Yang Jian thought of the dog blood from before, but he immediately dismissed the thought.

The color of the blood was different from the dog blood; it was thick, dull, and dark, as if it had been decaying for days, and the volume of the spill far exceeded that of a bowl of dog blood.

As the blood flowed down, it gradually stained the wooden cabinet and spread on the floor, pooling into one place, and expanding outward.

Moreover, more and more blood was seeping from the door's crevices. Initially, it was just the lower gap, but now several gaps along the top were bleeding. No, that wasn't right. It wasn't the cabinet that was bleeding; it was the old wood that was exuding droplets of blood.

In less than three minutes, the once faded and outdated cabinet had turned into a dim, crimson wooden cabinet.

It was as if the blood had painted it with a new coat of varnish.

"This thing is evil. The original owner's wariness was not without reason." Yang Jian's expression darkened slightly as he pondered whether the strange phenomena would cease if he moved the Ghost Cabinet out of the secret room and complied with its demands.

What if he continued to refuse?

He continued to observe.

He could tell that although the fresh blood looked terrifying, it actually posed no harm to him. He felt nothing eerie about it; this wasn't like the Ghost Blood that Yan Li had, which could suppress other ghosts. Thus, he had the nerve to let the Ghost Cabinet continue to change.

Others who control ghosts would never dare to let strange objects revive in this manner,

Yang Jian, however, was both skilled and brave.

Or perhaps it was because he was carrying a Ghost Candle and was confident he could handle any situation.

Time continued to tick by as Yang Jian kept an eye on the Ghost Cabinet.

Another quarter of an hour passed.

The blood had already filled the floor, and the amount of blood pooling was several centimeters high. If it continued unchecked, the blood seeping from the Ghost Cabinet seemed capable of filling the entire secret room.

Is this why the room was sealed, to prevent the overflowing blood from escaping?

But then, a second change occurred.

As the blood gradually submerged the cabinet's four legs, the lower door issued an old creaking sound and slowly began to open.

A swollen and eerie hand emerged from the open space of the lower door, trying to pry it open further, as if the owner of this bloated hand intended to come out from inside.

Under Yang Jian's laissez-faire attitude, the door was now open by a small fraction.

Strands of black hair dangled from within, wet and dripping, as if they had just been pulled up from water.

Peering through that partially open door, Yang Jian could see it wasn't empty inside, but was packed tight, leaving no space. He could vaguely make out what seemed to be a water-soaked, swollen corpse, specifically that of a female. Ghost!

A ghost had inexplicably manifested beneath the cabinet.

Yang Jian's face darkened in an instant.

He knew there had to be more complexity to the situation. If he didn't attend to the Ghost Cabinet's needs, uncontrollable events would start to happen.

Nothing occurred in the first fifteen minutes, but once they passed, blood began to seep out from it.

The blood was harmless, yet eerily peculiar.

It seemed to serve as a warning.

In the second fifteen-minute window, once the warning ended and Yang Jian still hadn't moved the Ghost Cabinet out, a ghost appeared in the cabinet door below, attempting to open it and emerge.

The predictable outcome if the swollen, waterlogged corpse were to come out was either to settle accounts with Yang Jian, killing him, or the Ghost Cabinet's balance would be broken, leading to a situation similar to a vengeful ghost's revival.

Either scenario wouldn't bode well.

And it was just half an hour's delay that caused a ghost to manifest—what if it was delayed for a day, ten days, a hundred days?

Could the Ghost Cabinet then brew even greater harm?

The aim of the experiment had been achieved.

Yang Jian felt it was time to call a halt. There was no need for him to face a ghost head-on just for the sake of an experiment as there was no advantage in it.

"What would happen if I move the Ghost Cabinet out now?"

He wanted to see what would result from fulfilling the requirement.

Immediately, Yang Jian ignored the slowly opening cabinet door and the corpse struggling to emerge. Instead, he used Ghost Domain to transport himself with the Ghost Cabinet directly out of the ancient house to the rooftop of a high-rise building in the neighborhood.

The sun blazed outside, its heat intense, a stark contrast to the dark, terrifying atmosphere of the ancient house.

Yang Jian stood on the rooftop next to him was a bowl of egg fried rice, but facing him was a blood-covered wooden cabinet.

Bizarrely, no more than three seconds after he brought the Ghost Cabinet out, the oozing of fresh blood from it ceased.

And the slowly opening cabinet door below creaked as if a gust of wind had closed it on its own.

Even the damp hair of the corpse that had dangled from the crevice had vanished without a trace.

All strangeness was appeased in an instant.

"I did as the Ghost Cabinet requested, and so it has returned to a state of calm," Yang Jian pondered for a moment, certain that nothing peculiar would happen again. He then attempted to open the lower cabinet door.

To see if the swollen, soaked corpse was really there.

He cautiously opened it to look inside.

The interior was empty, as if the previous events had been an illusion and never existed—the cabinet door still enclosed by three wooden sides without a trace of any corpse.

But Yang Jian knew it wasn't an illusion because there were remnants of a few black hairs and some damp traces inside the cabinet.

All signs indicated that indeed a corpse had been there just moments before but had now disappeared for reasons unknown.

Although the bleeding from the cabinet ceased, the remaining blood dried under the scorching sun and formed a layer of dark red paint on the surface of the aged cabinet.

The Ghost Cabinet looked as if it had been renewed.

As if it heralded the reemergence of something that had been sealed for a hundred years back into the world.

Seated on a sun-warmed concrete bollard, Yang Jian stared at the rejuvenated Ghost Cabinet and fell into deep thought, "Previously, I wrote down a request for a bowl of egg fried rice, and the Ghost

Cabinet countered with a demand for a bowl of fresh blood. I complied, the egg fried rice appeared, and the trade was completed.

Then, the Ghost Cabinet required that I move it out of the ancient house, a condition that came with the egg fried rice. However, I refused, and the Ghost Cabinet became unpredictable... a quarter-hour of warning, and in half an hour, a ghost appeared. Yet, when I complied, the Ghost Cabinet returned to normal."

"If I tally it up, that's two conditions met for one request, which is an incredibly bad deal. Wait, thinking it over, can I not counter-propose conditions to the Ghost Cabinet when it makes its demands?"

In his contemplation, Yang Jian abruptly identified a crucial issue.

This point was worth exploring; perhaps it might truly be possible to transfer it.

"No, that's not right. If I fulfill the Ghost Cabinet's demands and then the Ghost Cabinet succeeds, it should in turn pose conditions to me. This would ensure that the trade continues indefinitely, never ceasing, and as the process unfolds, the 'value' of the trade would escalate.

Now I might only want a bowl of egg fried rice, but perhaps after a few dozen trades, the Ghost Cabinet might demand I kill everyone in the world..."

Suddenly,

Yang Jian shuddered, recalling the original owner's ominous message: You will have everything and also lose everything, be very cautious.

This was an unequal trade-off because a ghost can endure everything, but humans cannot.

So by not making a request and doing work for the Ghost Cabinet for free, Yang Jian meant interrupting the infinite cycle of trade. If he were greedy and kept making requests, the trades would continue until one party could no longer bear it.

And clearly, humans would be the disadvantaged party.

The rules may seem fair, but the disparity between humans and ghosts ensures the unfairness of this trade.

"Two conditions in exchange for one request, that's the true function of the Ghost Cabinet. The greater the value of the desired object, the higher the price to be paid," Yang Jian concluded after a lengthy deliberation.

Chapter 322 The Second Transaction

Although the cost of using the Ghost Cabinet was great, Yang Jian realized the immense value contained within its seemingly omnipotent effects.

There was a fundamental difference from the human skin paper.

The human skin paper served as information guidance, while the Ghost Cabinet could make your wishes come true.

After weighing his options, Yang Jian neither sealed the Ghost Cabinet away nor planned to abandon it. Instead, he placed it on the top floor of a European-style clock tower near his house.

No one could access this level, not even via the stairs, which only reached the floor below.

In addition, since he could observe this spot from the fifth floor on a daily basis, he could keep an eye on the status of the Ghost Cabinet at all times.

But before leaving, Yang Jian decided to conduct one more transaction.

He had learned his lesson and chose not to trade Zhao Lei this time. Instead, he wrote on a piece of paper: "Where is my classmate Zhao Lei right now?"

Directly trading a person, or even a ghost, certainly came at a high cost, but merely asking for Zhao Lei's location should be bearable, even if it meant paying double the price.

He slid the paper with the request into the Ghost Cabinet.

Next moment, a piece of paper with conditions written on it slipped out from the bottom of the cabinet door and fell to the floor.

"Give me a ghost."

The paper was scrawled with those words, which were the Ghost Cabinet's demand.

Yang Jian wasn't too surprised to see this condition.

Moreover, this requirement was within his range of tolerance since the Ghost Cabinet did not specify which ghost it wanted—what it looked like, or its level. This provided a lot of room to maneuver. Perhaps he could hand over the least valuable and most easily containment-bound ghost to fulfill the transaction.

Not to mention, he had several ghosts at his disposal.

However, it seemed the only ones he could trade were Ghost Rope and Ghost Skeleton.

Ghost Rope was out of the question; it was too wasteful. The item had come in handy and saved him several times. In most situations, the indiscriminately attacking Ghost Rope could be of aid.

The Ghost Skeleton had been stripped from Wang Xiaoqiang and was currently restrained and locked up in his room.

"That won't do either, the Ghost Skeleton is a rather special ghost that can directly create a ghost master. It would be a loss to trade it directly." Yang Jian reflected for a while and decided not to trade the ghosts he held for the moment.

He needed to find a way to acquire an insignificant ghost from somewhere else.

Unfortunately, his connections weren't extensive, otherwise, simply buying one with money could be an option. After all, in the Underground Market, restrained ghosts were always a hot commodity; if you could meet the price, acquiring a ghost wasn't difficult.

At the moment, Yang Jian also had the funds to make such a purchase.

"I'll have to think of another solution," he mused.

Yang Jian held the paper, contemplating for a while before noticing the Ghost Cabinet made no other moves. It seemed that when it was his turn, it didn't matter if the transaction wasn't completed. However, when the Ghost Cabinet made a demand, there was a hint of coercion—it would cause trouble if not complied with.

He had struggled for most of the day.

He hadn't resolved his own problem and instead had acquired another unknown variable.

Leaving the clock tower where he placed the Ghost Cabinet, Yang Jian returned to his residence.

At that moment, he saw a taxi parked at the door. Zhang Liqin, who had disappeared before, was moving suitcases into the house one by one.

"When did you get here?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Liqin, seeing Yang Jian, lit up with delight and promptly said, "I just got back. I brought some things from home. I couldn't think of anywhere else to stay, so I came here. I was hoping to stay for a while; you wouldn't mind, would you?"

As she spoke, she touched the hair by her ear, her cheeks reddening slightly with embarrassment.

She said it was just for a while, but her intention was to maintain a vague relationship with Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "The room would be empty anyway, so I don't mind you staying. But you'll be in charge of cleaning. Auntie Jiang is so lazy; all she does is watch TV or play with her phone. You're not like that, right?"

"No, not at all. I'll make sure everything is clean," Zhang Liqin replied with relief, smiling back.

"Good to hear. Need help moving your things?" Yang Jian offered.

Zhang Liqin said, "Then help me carry this suitcase inside, please. It's too heavy for me to move."

Without saying much else, Yang Jian went over and effortlessly picked up the suitcase.

At this point, Zhang Liqin leaned in and whispered, "From now on, I'm your person. You'd better treat me well."

"I've saved you two or three times now, haven't I been good enough to you?"

Yang Jian retorted, "Can any other man do what I've done? I guess even your biological father couldn't manage it, and yet you expect more from me? That's enough, you know. Sticking around doesn't mean you've signed a life contract with me. If you think you're being treated badly, just move out."

In this day and age, even husbands and wives get divorced all the time, let alone boyfriends and girlfriends."

"No wonder you don't have a girlfriend."

The little bit of sincere emotion that Zhang Liqin had managed to muster up disappeared immediately after hearing those words.

"In our line of work, the pressure is enormous. Anyone could die at any time; who has time to think about a girlfriend? Even if you get one, she'd end up with someone else. Worse, you might even end up wearing a green hat posthumously," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin was at a loss for words. Now she was beginning to understand how Jiang Yan felt. This little man was not just low in emotional intelligence; he was utterly clueless. If it weren't for the fact that, in a moment of confusion last time, he had carried her into his room, she would suspect his sexual orientation.

"Anyway, you're not allowed to kick me out in the future. Besides you, I really have nowhere else to go." She glared at him and dragged her suitcase inside.

Yang Jian saw her like that and felt as though she looked like someone who had fought with her family and run away from home.

But he never pried into other people's private affairs.

They were all adults, and it wasn't anyone's place to interfere with the lifestyle one chose.

"Humph~!"

As soon as she entered, Jiang Yan gave Zhang Liqin a dissatisfied cold snort.

She wasn't foolish; she had long noticed that Zhang Liqin seemed to cling to Yang Jian. Why else would she come running here whenever there was trouble? This place wasn't her home, yet today, it looked like she was planning to move in.

This was going to give her a headache in the future.

Yang Jian wasn't quite sorted out yet, and now she had another rival.

As for whether Zhang Liqin had any relationship with Yang Jian, Jiang Yan had never really been suspicious.

The guy had been sleeping in the same room as her for nearly a month, squeezing her off the bed but never doing anything a man should do. She wondered how much the ghosts had affected him, to the point where he wasn't interested even in a beauty like herself.

"If you have a problem with your nose, you should go to the hospital and have it checked."

Yang Jian said, "By the way, let me introduce Zhang Liqin. You know her. After the incident in Dachang City, she had nowhere to go and is now staying here temporarily. Once my company starts, she'll be my secretary. I'm telling you this in advance so we can avoid future arguments."

"I don't argue with you," Jiang Yan glanced and added in her mind, if there's going to be any arguing, it'll be with Zhang Liqin.

"Oh, there's something you two might be able to help with." Yang Jian sat on the sofa, took out a plate, and placed it on the coffee table: "Can you figure out anything about this plate, like when and where it was made?"

This was the plate from the egg-fried rice in the Ghost Cabinet.

If they could trace the origin, perhaps they could learn more about the secrets of the Ghost Cabinet.

"We could spend some money to get it appraised. They can directly determine the material and age," Jiang Yan looked at it and said: "I'll take it to the appraisal agency later and have a look for you."

Zhang Liqin then leaned over, sitting close to Yang Jian, and after scrutinizing it, she said, "The pattern on the plate doesn't look like modern-style porcelain. When I used to sell cars, I knew an antique dealer. I'll take some pictures and send them to him to have a look."

"Just get it done as soon as you can; I only want the results," Yang Jian lay back and washed his hands of the matter without caring about the process.

"Then I'll make contact tonight."

Seeing the urgency, Zhang Liqin decided not to delay and immediately took photos with her phone, preparing to reach out to the antique dealer.

Yang Jian watched and couldn't help but feel how good it was to have people handling things for him.

No wonder everyone wants to be a boss.

This firmed his resolve to start his company.

He remembered Zhang Han from his community, who was always idle, strolling around all day, holding his child, and walking with his wife. That man had managed to tame two ghosts; such a talent would be a waste if not utilized.

Hmm.

Invite him to join in, give him a share.

Wang Shanshan's father, Wang Bin, used to be a manager, very experienced in his work. Now unemployed and idle at home, it was time to get him on board too.

The more he thought about it, the more solid the idea became.

With the right people, this might just work out.

Chapter 323 Building

"Aren't you going to sleep anymore? Why are you up so early?"

Zhang Liqin opened her eyes lazily, only to see Yang Jian getting dressed, seemingly preparing to leave.

"Early? I'm going to be late for work," Yang Jian glanced back at her.

"You're still going to work? Who can afford to hire you? A big boss worth tens of billions, building houses with Gold, even the richest man isn't as lavish as you," Zhang Liqin said with a roll of her eyes and a laugh.

Yang Jian said, "Worth tens of billions? That's all on paper, just enough to resolve the problems of food and clothing, without worrying about eating, drinking, peeing or pooping. What I truly want to earn isn't money but life. It might seem like I'm quite rich now, but who knows when currency will devalue, and I'll become penniless."

He had a premonition that if supernatural events continued to occur, the socio-economic structure of the world would surely face major problems, and that day would come.

"Are you busy with ghost-hunting stuff?" Zhang Liqin didn't answer but instead asked another question.

"Don't talk about ghost hunting as if it's easy. If I'm not careful, I might fail in some supernatural event next time. The mortality rate from contact with such things is too high. I need to reduce the frequency of my encounters with such events," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin turned over in bed, propped her head up, and looked at him with a smile, "Have you noticed anything different about yourself lately?"

"In what way?"

"Physically."

Zhang Liqin looked at Yang Jian's back. The dull patches of lividity that she didn't know when had vanished, revealing his fit back muscles that had captivated her the previous night.

Yang Jian asked, "Is it getting better or worse?"

"Of course, it's getting better," Zhang Liqin said with a smile.

"Professor Wang gave me a physical training plan before he left. I tried changing my body using his methods—to speed up metabolism, activate bodily potential, and the like. It seems to be somewhat effective."

Yang Jian put on his clothes, turned to look at her and said, "This method is extreme. Ordinary people would suffer bodily collapse, like muscle lysis, fractures, or even poisoning. But it doesn't affect me, my body has long become different from normal."

"The so-called improvement is just a surface phenomenon. It only makes me appear to be a normal person, nothing more. Once the balance is lost, my body will deteriorate rapidly, and livor mortis, the stench of decay, even rot will reappear on my body."

He spoke very calmly, as if he were discussing something trivial.

"Stop it,"

Zhang Liqin quickly interrupted him, somewhat annoyed, "Is it really appropriate to say this in front of a woman? Can't you let me keep some beautiful illusions?"

"After experiencing supernatural events, you should know that these so-called beautiful illusions are false, reality is cruel and frightening," Yang Jian looked at her and said.

"I know that, but I still feel that there's at least you in this world. You let me keep this illusion and believe that when facing ghosts, there will be someone to save me." Zhang Liqin's eyes revealed a mix of complex emotions.

These emotions were a mix of admiration and respect.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "I can save you once, but not for a lifetime. You have to face reality. Anyway, let's end this topic here. I'm off to work now."

He didn't make up an excuse to leave, but Zang Hua had already sent him a message. The arrangements were set; he had to be at Shangtong Tower by nine o'clock for the search.

Yang Jian certainly had to be involved in such matters.

A car was parked at the door, with Zang Hua coming in person to pick up Yang Jian.

Yang Jian definitely had the right to such treatment now, as he was effectively in charge of Dachang City. In terms of authority, he was among the top locally, but he wasn't the type to enjoy wielding power.

"Director Yang," Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian responded, "Captain Zang, just call me by my name. I'm not professionally trained like the others, and my abilities are limited. Rest assured though, other than supernatural events and my personal matters, I won't interfere with anything else."

He wasn't being modest; he was trying to avoid drawing trouble. As someone not destined to live long, he had no desire to spend his energy on managing the district.

"Alright then, I'll be straightforward," Zang Hua nodded. Since Yang Jian didn't like formalities, it saved some polite talk. "This time we've arranged a team to search Shangtong Tower. The higher-ups' directive is that if the company is found to be involved in illegal or non-compliant activities, we won't show any leniency and will directly shut it down."

However, if this search turns up no evidence, I hope, Yang Jian, you can prioritize the bigger picture."

Yang Jian looked at him and asked, "What exactly does prioritizing the bigger picture entail?"

"Although the evidence we have indicates that this company indeed employed foreign mercenaries to carry out some unsavory activities, and it's very likely that they orchestrated the assassination incident at the Guanjiang Residential Complex last time, we must still proceed according to the law, after all, they are a legitimate corporation, and an international one at that.

It would look bad if we took them down without just cause," Zang Hua said.

"Supernatural events have already occurred, and we're still worried about this?" Yang Jian asked, somewhat surprised.

Zang Hua spoke in a hushed tone, "These are two different matters. As for the supernatural events, we are still keeping the news as contained as possible. At least all countries are tacitly aware and will keep it under wraps as long as possible. If it really can no longer be hidden, only then will we reveal it.

You should understand that once such matters are fully exposed, it will definitely cause social unrest."

"Such unrest wouldn't help in resolving the supernatural events at all; it would only add chaos. By then, there would be a spike in crime rates, workers going on strike, shops closing down... Perhaps, in the end, the greatest casualties wouldn't come from supernatural events, but from man-made turmoil," Zang Hua added.

"Sounds like you might have a point," Yang Jian mused.

From the perspective of those in power, covering up the truth about supernatural events is not about deceiving the masses, but about protecting them.

The horrors of man-made chaos are evident in the pages of history books.

"But this seems to have nothing to do with me," Yang Jian changed the subject.

Zang Hua gave a wry smile, "There's no way to take down an international corporation without reason and evidence. Everyone would be upset if we just aggressively acted unreasonably, especially in these special times, it would still have some impact."

Yang Jian listened for a while and started to understand.

He could operate in the shadows but had to be discreet to save face for the country.

"If I had known it would be this troublesome, I should have just made Shangtong Tower disappear last night," Yang Jian rubbed his chin and looked at the building that was getting closer outside the car window.

Using the power of the Ghost Domain, he could bury the tower ten thousand meters underground in a second.

"By the way, if we seize the company, can I get my hands on this building?"

Yang Jian suddenly remembered his plan to start a business. Although he hadn't figured out what to do yet, he at least needed an office space.

Zang Hua was taken aback and then said, "You want this building?"

"It's a pity for such a building to be occupied by a foreign power with ulterior motives," Yang Jian said. "Besides, as I'm responsible for Dachang City, I should have an office space, right? I like this location; can you find a way for me, by the book?"

"If we can seize this company, then following normal procedures, this building will also be seized as part of the assets, and then the court will auction it off again. Now, with half of Dachang City's downtown area vacant, real estate isn't that valuable anymore. I guess not many would be willing to take over this building. Yang Jian, if you need it, I will ask the higher-ups.

It shouldn't be a problem to allocate it directly to you," Zang Hua said.

If an international ghost controller in charge of a city needs office space, the superiors would definitely approve it without hesitation.

"Now that you mention it, it seems this company must be seized," Yang Jian said with a laugh.

If it were seized, it would be his, making this trip worthwhile.

Zang Hua's mouth twitched slightly, praying internally that Yang Jian wouldn't do anything rash, as this time they were here with a search warrant, not for personal vendetta.

Soon.

The car stopped at the entrance of the building.

Public officials were already gathered here waiting.

"Team Leader Zang, everyone is here. Xiao Wang has already gone inside a moment ago to inform the receptionist and is preparing to meet with the company's person in charge," a public official came over and said.

Zang Hua said, "No need for a meeting. Just give them a notice. We have a search warrant this time and will act in accordance with the law. A meeting would just waste time. Just tell everyone to start looking for evidence to take down this company."

"You don't need to go to so much trouble. Just follow me," Yang Jian said. "Who keeps evidence out in the open for you to find? Could it even be called evidence if you could easily find it?"

"This type of company surely hides its secrets very deeply. I think using some extraordinary measures would be more effective. You just get ready to take over," Yang Jian suggested.

Extraordinary measures~!

The abilities of ghosts?

Zang Hua thought to himself.

Chapter 324 Records

"Sorry, our company is temporarily closed and not open to the public..." as soon as Yang Jian walked into the building, security personnel immediately stepped forward to stop them.

However, Zang Hua's face set into a frown and she said without delay, "Your company is currently implicated in smuggling, murder, weapons, and many other crimes. We are now going to investigate your company thoroughly. Here is the search warrant, and you should cooperate with us immediately. If you continue to obstruct us, we have the right to detain you until this search is concluded."

The security staff were instantly stunned.

Yang Jian glanced at them without paying attention; he walked on, uninterested in following procedures. He was after results.

Without hesitation, he activated the Ghost Domain.

As the red glow emanated from him, he covered the entire building with the Ghost Domain, and the red light from the Ghost Domain was concealed, utterly undetectable to ordinary people.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression changed instantly as he saw that the Ghost Domain couldn't penetrate a certain room on the top floor of the building. It seemed that the room was coated with a layer of gold, barring the Ghost Domain's entry.

"On the top floor, Captain Zang, follow me."

"Did you find something?"

Zang Hua instructed several government officials to stay and handle communication, then followed with the rest of her team.

Yang Jian said, "It's not very clear right now, but we will know shortly. There's no issue with the rest of the building, so there's no need to waste energy searching floor by floor. The only issue is with one room—if we can't find evidence there, then today's efforts will have been in vain."

"How can you be sure?" asked Zang Hua, somewhat unable to understand.

Yang Jian calmly replied, "It's nothing special, just a very common trick. If you were a ghost master at my level, you could do it too. It's like magic—mystifying to see, but once uncovered, it's just a matter of how."

He didn't go into detail, and although Zang Hua was curious, she didn't ask further.

These matters involved another level of things, beyond her authority to delve into.

"It seems the elevator is shut down."

The group arrived at the elevator only to find all of them out of service, the lights off, unresponsive to any button press.

"It was that security guard who turned it off, knowing we would come so he promptly informed others to shut down the elevator's power system," a government official whispered. "They're definitely stalling for time, maybe even destroying evidence right now."

"This Shangtong Tower was newly built the year before last, with a total of forty-five floors, over two hundred meters tall. If we have to take the stairs, it would significantly delay us."

Zang Hua's expression darkened: "Guilty conscience, there must be something afoot."

Yang Jian said nothing, just looked at the elevator.

"Ding-dong~!"

The elevator, which had its power cut, suddenly lit up and the doors opened.

"Go to the forty-fifth floor," Yang Jian said as he entered the elevator.

The others were filled with amazement and disbelief.

While the elevator had been out of service, it had inexplicably come back to life in the blink of an eye; to the uninitiated, it might seem haunted.

"An incredible ghost master," Zang Hua couldn't help but think to herself.

"Boss, it's not good. The elevator suddenly started working again, and that Yang Jian person is taking people up personally," the mixed-race female receptionist at the lobby immediately called to notify someone upon seeing the group disappear into the elevator.

"What are you doing?"

The nearby government official saw this and immediately reprimanded, "We are currently searching; no one is allowed to use communication devices."

"Xie Te, the little guy is quicker than expected... Stop him, make the elevator stop before the twentieth floor. My dear, I believe you can do it," a strange voice said in broken Chinese over the phone.

The mixed-race female receptionist glanced at the rising numbers on the elevator, then swiftly used her computer to stop it on the twentieth floor.

But just as she completed her operation, she found the numbers defying all logic, jumping from the tenth floor to the twenty-fifth, then to the fortieth... In the blink of an eye, it reached the forty-fifth floor.

"Boss, maybe you should come up with your own solution. The elevator is out of control, it must be Yang Jian's doing," the mixed-race woman replied in English.

Before she could finish, the arriving government official hung up her phone and sternly warned, "I've already told you, no phone calls."

"Sorry, sir, I didn't learn Chinese very well. Could you say that again?" the mixed-race receptionist said with a charming smile, feigning difficulty with the language.

Quickly.

Mister Yang reached the top floor.

As he and Zang Hua exited the elevator, they saw the lights in the hallway ahead flickering unnaturally, casting a previously bright walkway into a somewhat oppressive atmosphere. This was a situation that fell outside of his control within the Ghost Domain.

It was as if something influenced it.

He stopped in his tracks, eyes fixed on the end of the walkway.

A door stood there, resplendent and lavishly decorated.

"Is there a problem?" Zang Hua asked in a hushed voice.

"There's nothing to worry about," Mister Yang assured calmly, "Even if there's an issue, I can resolve it. But if today's matter involves a supernatural event, how should your end be arranged?"

"There's a situation here?" Zang Hua's expression shifted slightly.

"Not at the moment, I'm just asking in advance to be prepared," Mister Yang explained.

Zang Hua replied earnestly, "According to the protocol from above, as long as it involves a special incident, you have the full authority to deal with it, without needing consent from any department or considering the broader implications, as long as you can resolve the issue."

"That's good to know," Mister Yang said, "Let's go meet the boss of this company."

He continued forward, and at that moment, the flickering lights returned to their tranquil state, the entire walkway brightening up again as if all the abnormalities had eerily vanished.

Pushing open the grand door,

Inside the opulent, spacious office, a foreign middle-aged man in a suit, with golden hair, was nonchalantly picking a bottle of wine from the cabinet and opening it as he said, "I spent thirty million on this company's smart security system, yet it failed to stop Mister Yang for three minutes. Welcome to my office."

"To our first meeting."

The foreign man's face shone with an enthusiastic smile as he came over with a glass of wine, seemingly offering Mister Yang a hug.

"Are you sure you'll still be safe and sound after such a wholehearted hug?" Mister Yang tilted his head slightly, remarking.

"Only a devil would refuse a sincere hug from a man of faith. Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Paul, the boss of this company. Although my Mandarin isn't very good, I don't believe you would mind, Mister Yang," the man, calling himself Paul, stopped and said with a smile.

Mister Yang scrutinized him and could confirm that this foreigner named Paul was not a ghost controller.

Nevertheless, there was indeed something extraordinary about this room.

Following his senses, Mister Yang looked over at the man's desk, "What's in there?"

"Your remarkable intuition truly surprises me."

Paul seemed taken aback, but then he chuckled, "I was hoping we could finish a glass of wine, light a cigarette, and then discuss today's matters. Your straightforwardness is making me doubt if you're genuinely Asian."

"There's no need to waste time. You knew who I was the moment we met, so you must have my information. Before the Dachang City incident, Wang Xiaoqiang hired some people through your company to cause me trouble, didn't he?" Mister Yang walked straight to the desk, not giving the other man any time for riddles.

"My purpose here is simple, to find evidence and jail you. If conditions allow, I wouldn't mind resolving this legally and properly right here, while also shutting down your company."

Paul replied with a smile, "Such a company isn't worth Mister Yang's personal attention to close down. My company can shut down at any time, as long as it pleases Mister Yang, you know? I've always looked forward to meeting Mister Yang. It's just the conditions didn't permit it. Today might be God's will, granting me the chance to meet Dachang City's hero, the legendary Ghost Eye, Mister Yang."

"Sorry, I don't quite grasp these Asian codenames; I prefer terms like knight, captain, or wizard."

Mister Yang didn't respond and instead walked straight to the desk and yanked open a drawer.

The locked drawer burst open and he tore it right out.

"Oh, my God, please be gentle. That desk came from America, made of oak, handcrafted and sixty years old. It has always been perfect in my eyes; well, it seems not so perfect now," Paul said with irritation.

The drawer was empty except for a CD.

A typical American-style CD that required a special player to produce sound.

"What's this?" Mister Yang asked, holding up the CD.

"It's a greeting, you might want to listen to it. It could be to your benefit, believe me," Paul said.

However, before he finished speaking, Mister Yang snapped the CD in his hand in two with a crisp sound.

"Sorry, I might have used a bit too much force," Mister Yang suggested his 'apology' with an expression that said he did it on purpose.

The smile on Paul's face stiffened instantly.

This guy just couldn't play by conventional rules.

Chapter 325 Voice

Yang Jian looked at the crushed record in his hand with some astonishment, feeling an unusual aura emanating from it, but cautious, he decided to first suppress it with the power of Ghost Shadow.

To his surprise, the thing was so fragile that it snapped instantly, showing no characteristics typical of paranormal items.

Moreover, as the item was damaged, that sensation had also disappeared.

"This is definitely not a paranormal object; otherwise, that Paul would never dare to place it so openly in a paper bag for records. It should've been sealed in gold long ago," he observed, seeing nothing out of the ordinary.

Although Paul's face appeared somewhat unnatural, he didn't seem surprised.

"Perhaps it's time we sat down for a serious talk, Mister Yang," he said, his smile gone, replaced by a touch of seriousness.

But Yang Jian replied, "No rush, let's finish searching first, then we'll talk. Zang Hua, there's a partition behind that wine cabinet, find a way to open it. I want to know what precious things are inside that made Mister Paul willing to cover it with a layer of gold, blocking my investigation."

His Ghost Domain couldn't penetrate inside, blocked by the gold, but what the Ghost Domain couldn't do, manpower could.

"Mister Paul, if what Yang Jian says is true, we hope you'll cooperate with our investigation. You're aware we have a search warrant and the right to inspect any part of your company. If you're unwilling to cooperate, we'll have to take compulsory measures," Zang Hua said sternly.

Paul truly felt uneasy now; beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. He hadn't expected Yang Jian to find his secret room so directly.

"There's only my wine cabinet there, no other room. Mister Yang, you must have misunderstood something. I think we should sit down now to talk. Perhaps this is just a misunderstanding that we should resolve peacefully, rather than like this, don't you think?"

He forced a smile, attempting to resolve the situation through negotiation, believing his bargaining chips would tempt Yang Jian.

Yang Jian, however, didn't pay him any heed and instead glanced at the wine cabinet.

The perfectly fine wine cabinet suddenly slid to the side eerily, revealing a heavy, vault-like door planted in the wall behind it.

"I've never liked to beat around the bush. In fact, the moment I walked into your company, I had everything here at my fingertips, except for that room. If you want to negotiate with me, you'll have to wait until I'm done with what I need to do.

But perhaps after I've finished the search, you, Mister Paul, won't need to negotiate with me at all, what do you think?" Yang Jian pointed at the door and spoke.

Zang Hua immediately ordered his subordinates, "Open that door."

Watching a group of civil servants trying to crack his secret room's door, Paul rushed over to stop them; "Hey, folks, please, this is private property. You ought to respect my privacy. If you really insist on prying into my privacy, I expect you to talk to my lawyer first."

"I think it's better for you to sit down and wait quietly for a while. You know any struggle is useless with me here," Yang Jian casually sat on a sofa, speaking calmly, "You have my information in your hands, and I believe you're smart enough to know what should be done."

"If you continue to interfere, I don't mind sending you to a place where even Jesus can't find you, and then you won't have to bother your lawyer."

After he finished, he signaled, and Paul, who had just tried to intervene, suddenly found the door to the safety vault moving rapidly away from him.

All the surrounding scenery seemed to fly away from around him, leaving only two armchairs and a coffee table.

"Are all you Asians this barbaric?"

Paul was shocked and angry, realizing he had been ensnared by the devil.

Hearing this, Yang Jian couldn't help but chuckle: "You call this barbaric? Sorry, I've been restrained enough today in front of Zang Hua. Usually, by now, you'd probably have met Jesus. As for evidence, I don't need any—if I think there's a problem, that's enough for me.

There's an old saying in our country, 'Better to kill the wrong person than to let one go.' Otherwise, do you think I could have survived from those paranormal incidents?"

"So from now on, just sit here on this couch. I can ensure your safety for the time being. But the moment you leave this couch, I'll make you disappear from this world instantly, and no one will suspect anything. Don't think I'm joking."

He wasn't in a hurry to deal with Paul.

Because he needed to take down the company legally and legitimately, relying on Zang Hua, and that would only require a little bit of waiting time.

"I don't believe you'd dare to act recklessly in front of these case officers. I've already got a handle on you Asians' rules," Paul tried to distance himself from the crazed man.

But as soon as he took a step forward, he stumbled and fell to the ground.

His legs had detached from his body and stood there as if they were not his own, while the rest of him lay on the ground without legs.

"Damn it, what have you done to me?" Paul yelled in terror.

"Just a little warning, you can keep moving forward if you like, I don't mind, if Jesus is willing to protect you, you might be able to leave my territory," Yang Jian said indifferently.

After realizing the extent of the threat, Paul had completely given up. He struggled back onto the couch and sat down, his face pale: "Dealing with people like you is indeed very dangerous. Alright, I surrender. What do you want from me? Information? Money, or revenge?"

I admit, the people who caused trouble at your house last time were indeed employees of my company, but you should understand we only handle the tasks at hand, who dies isn't our concern."

"As long as you are willing to pay, I can take care of Wang Xiaoqiang for you, no, if you return my legs to me, I can do you a favor for free. How about that?"

Yang Jian slightly shook his head, "You really won't cry until you see the coffin. Also, it seems your intelligence is seriously flawed. After the incident with Wang Xiaoqiang, he was rightfully killed by me at the highway entrance outside of Dachang City. It's such a big deal and you didn't know about it?"

"No need for theatrics, today I'm here both for revenge and for compensation."

Paul said, "Compensation? Yes, Mister Yang, you have every right to demand compensation from me. Name your price."

"Everything," Yang Jian glanced around and said offhandedly.

Paul was taken aback and then said, "You want the company, OK, no problem. I can have my manager immediately prepare a transfer contract. From today on, this company is yours. Additionally, we can promise that our business will never extend to the cities under Mister Yang's jurisdiction. This is my company's sincerity. What do you think?"

Giving everything away didn't pain him at all. In the presence of someone capable of dealing with S-class paranormal incidents, such surrender was the wise move.

"You're mistaken; what I want is everything, not just your company, including your life," Yang Jian stared at him. "Our ancestors had a saying: 'When weeding, remove the roots.' You are a cancer to Dachang City, and I can't sleep peacefully unless I get rid of you."

"Mister Yang, if you insist on resolving this issue through war, it will only bring greater harm to both parties. My company is willing to make the greatest compromise and concession, but it cannot be annihilated in such a brutal manner. You must understand, our company's background is not simple.

If Mister Yang truly insists on proceeding in this manner, perhaps you should listen to this tape before doing so," Paul said.

Paul realized the Asian man's determination; he could not be swayed by any reasoning. He had no choice but to bring out his treasured cassette tape.

He inserted the cassette into the portable player he was carrying.

Immediately, a rustling sound began to come through the earphones.

Yang Jian looked at the tape, the sensation resembled the one from the record earlier, a mysterious force attached to it, but not enough to reach the level of a paranormal event.

However, wary of the previous Ghost Door Knocker case, he took precautions and, before the tape could play, used the powers of the Ghost Domain to snatch it and crushed it directly.

"Not necessary."

Yang Jian's attitude remained firm, giving Paul no opportunity. What he needed to do now was wait for Zang Hua to find evidence and legally take down this man.

But even though the player and the tape were destroyed, the rustling sound still emanated from the pile of fragments.

"Hm?"

Yang Jian's expression changed as he looked towards the pile of fragments where the battery had even fallen out.

"Before you try to cause trouble, be clear that if the situation does not involve something special, I have no authority to intervene in regular cases. But once it escalates to the level of a paranormal event, I can completely disregard whether Zang Hua has any evidence against you, and take care of things right here, including the company," he said.

He looked up at Paul.

"Mister Yang might as well listen to the rest of the tape before making a decision; at this time, my life isn't that important, is it?" Paul spoke.