

Revival 326

Chapter 326 The Missionary's Recording

"How much confidence must you have to try and persuade me with an insignificant tape."

Yang Jian looked at this Paul, feeling that the foreigner's idea was somewhat naive, perhaps not understanding what it means to eradicate thoroughly and mercilessly.

Once he had chosen to take action, he wouldn't stop halfway, not even the largest benefit placed in front of him could shake his determination.

Unless this Paul had the qualifications for a fight to the death, this was his only chance to resolve the current crisis.

But Yang Jian couldn't feel any uncontrollable supernatural occurrence from the tape.

Paul remained silent, just looking at the broken tape, listening to that rustling sound, seemingly confident that it could move Yang Jian.

"Since you want to play, then I'll entertain you." Yang Jian carried the Ghost Candle with him, giving him the confidence to go along with Paul's game.

With luck, this guy might just play himself to death, eliminating the need for Yang Jian to waste energy following this so-called procedure.

"Shasha~!"

The sound of the tape reader continued for about a minute before suddenly a recorded voice came through— it was a man's voice, hoarse and deep, seemingly not a tone that a human could produce: "I am a missionary, this is my recording, all who have listened to this recording will die after the second 'beep' sounds, no matter who you are you should obey our rules, fulfill our conditions, this is not a joke..."

Beep~!"

The statement was brief, and after the self-proclaimed missionary had finished, it seemed as if the tape had ended, then a beep sounded.

Then all the noise disappeared again, replaced by a rustling electrical sound.

"OK, now our lives are controlled by this tape," Paul had seemingly anticipated this result and showed a satisfied smile on his face.

"This is a curse, more vicious than the devil, you cannot imagine how terrible this thing is. If you still want to live, take your people and leave immediately. This will be your last chance. Oh yes, you should also return my legs, and don't say it's impossible, otherwise I might get angry."

Yang Jian glanced at the damaged tape making rustling sounds, his eyes slightly moved: "An ability similar to the Evil Ghost Curse, not much different from the Ghost Door Knocker I have encountered. However, the person who recorded this, the self-proclaimed missionary, must be a foreign ghost master."

"The ability is indeed somewhat special, but thinking a single sentence can kill me is just too naive."

Although he said so, Yang Jian was certain that this self-proclaimed missionary was definitely a powerful ghost master, otherwise he wouldn't be able to produce such a recorded tape curse.

It's like an ability that only a real ghost could possess.

Indeed, such powerful ghost masters have emerged from the environment abroad.

"Mister Yang, are you listening?" Paul looked at Yang Jian's thoughtful frown and thought he was scared, immediately asking with a smile.

"Indeed, ignorance is bliss. You can use this recording to kill ordinary people, that much I do not doubt. But using this recording to kill a ghost master, don't you think that's a bit too naive, Mister Paul?"

Yang Jian slightly raised his head, calmly looking at him.

It was as if he was watching a clown performing.

Not being a ghost master, one can never understand how big the gap between ghosts really is. He, who has perfectly controlled Ghost Shadow, might not be the top ghost master in the world, but he is at least among the very top.

Thinking a recording could kill him, then these four words 'Ghost Eye Detective' Yang Jian carried would be too light.

"I understand your thoughts; indeed, you are different, having made deals with the devil for unbelievable powers, but at your core, you're still human, aren't you? Simple firearms, with just a bit of Gold, can take your lives, let alone such a curse," Paul continued confidently.

"Our company has hunted down more than ten ghost masters. They were just like you—crazy, powerful, unreasonable. But what was the outcome? They all died. Life is fragile, and I believe you're not an exception."

Yang Jian shook his head with a smile: "It seems you've been blinded by your company's track record. Indeed, with your information, that's all you could know. As you said, the most ordinary ghost master could indeed be killed with weapons; it isn't hard to do so, even driving a car a bit too fast could kill a ghost master."

"However, what you do not know is that there are some ghost masters in this world who have fallen too deep. Their lives have long been gone. What do you think can be used to kill a dead man?"

"You had the chance of going to jail, but by escalating this case to a supernatural event, I'm sorry, I can deal with you right here."

Saying this, the Ghost Eye on his forehead pushed through the skin and revealed itself.

"How about I send you for a swim? It's a suitable place for your grave, eerie and terrifying, no one will be able to save you, not even Jesus."

A conceited and ignorant foreigner, had it not been for Zang Hua needing to work on the case, Yang Jian wouldn't have wasted so many words with this guy.

But now it was good.

The situation had escalated, taking over the case directly was in line with the rules. Even if it caused a big stir, it didn't matter; his headquarters would clean up after him.

"Hey, wait, if you are not concerned about your own safety, you should at least care about the safety of your colleagues. I understand you Asians; you cannot bear the responsibility of massive casualties. It would have a considerable impact on you," Paul immediately warned, noticing something off about Yang Jian.

"Colleagues? Where are my colleagues here? Do you think you're still sitting in an office? From the moment I sat on the sofa, there have only been you and me," Yang Jian gestured around.

Sometime unknown.

The surrounding office had gradually vanished, and beneath their feet was a closed-off highway.

Next to the highway, there was a pond.

The pond was red, as if it were filled with blood, and strange figures lurked within, bobbing up and down.

This was the location where the Ghost Blood Yan Li had revived. Yang Jian had been on guard against this fellow causing trouble, so he brought him straight to this eerie place. And now, they stood suspended above this pond.

If this guy showed any abnormalities, Yang Jian would throw him directly into the blood pool below.

Among the Ghost Blood, even ghosts could be suppressed, let alone a mere human.

"This is..." Paul's color drained from his face in fright.

In the blink of an eye, they had already left Dachang City.

When?

When had this been done?

"As for your tape? I just wanted to see the outcome, do you really think it could be useful?" Yang Jian carelessly tossed aside the pile of fragments.

The previously rustling tape didn't get a chance to emit a second beep before it fell into the red pool below, where a bloody hand immediately grabbed it and dragged it into the depths of the pond.

"God,"

Paul nearly jumped at the sight of a hand emerging from the bloody water.

"Don't be scared. From now on, you and the thing inside are friends. Get along well; you will like its warmth. There's a friend of mine in there. If you meet, give him my regards," Yang Jian said calmly.

"Wait, we can still talk... I can make a deal with you, how about trading a ghost for my life?" Paul said in terror.

"Doesn't sound good," Yang Jian rejected coldly.

Before Paul could further negotiate, he lost his balance and fell from midair, landing with a thud into the blood-red pond.

Several bloody hands reached out from the pond, grabbing his neck, tie, hands, and feet, and then pulled him down.

Paul sunk into the bloody depths with barely a bubble, unable to scramble to shore, even though he could swim.

In the blink of an eye, a living person disappeared without a trace.

"What a waste of my time, and a missionary no less. Coming to Dachang City to die like that," Yang Jian's gaze was icy; he had no fear of any missionary.

His own methods could have killed that fellow a dozen times over.

"You heard the whole conversation? He was the one who made the first move. If I hadn't done this, who knows, another team might have died just now. Enough people have sacrificed in Dachang City. During my watch, I won't allow these kinds of things to happen," Yang Jian said, addressing his satellite-tracked phone.

"We've recorded and filed it. The headquarters definitely won't have any objections to the way you handled this. Such dangerous elements should be eradicated," Liu Xiaoyu said with a hint of anger.

Yang Jian said, "That's right, so handle the subsequent issues well, and don't disappoint me."

He gave one deep look at the Blood Pool below.

He had observed this place for several days.

The location where Ghost Blood Yan Li resurrected was eerie and terrifying, but its threat level was limited. As long as this spot was kept off-limits, the ghosts inside posed little danger to people.

However, to achieve this, several nearby villages seemed to have been evacuated.

But using a piece of land to contain a resurrected ghost seemed like a bearable price to pay.

"Yan Li, if only you hadn't died," Yang Jian sighed inwardly. He didn't linger to avoid any anomalies and immediately used his Ghost Domain to leave.

Chapter 327 Three Boxes

"What happened here? It looks like there was a fierce fight just now, and I only left for a moment."

When Yang Jian returned to the building, he saw Zang Hua lying on the ground with blood streaming down, breathing rapidly and his face pale.

Next to the security door, there was a pool of bloodstains, and the door that had been forced open had been closed again as if deliberately sealed off.

"There were two Pauls inside. As soon as the door opened, they started shooting. I got hit accidentally, but luckily the other colleagues reacted in time and immediately closed the door. An ambulance has been called, and backup has been requested as well," a still shaken member of the staff reported.

He was a civilian employee and couldn't handle criminal cases.

Yang Jian's expression darkened, "How many are injured?"

"Not many, just two shots for the one standing in front," someone replied.

Yang Jian walked over, squatted next to Zang Hua, and examined him; "With this amount of blood loss, you probably won't last until the ambulance arrives."

"Sorry, for causing you trouble," Zang Hua managed a pale smile; "If I die, there will be a third person to take my place and work with you. It won't affect your job, I promise. Please, take care of the people inside. No need to ask for permission, you can eliminate them directly."

"No rush, I'll handle it in a moment, but if you die like this, people will point fingers at me, and it won't look good for my reputation. Let's perform a little surgery on you first and bring you back before we talk."

Yang Jian signaled those pressing on the wound to step back.

"If you don't press on the wound, the blood will flow even faster," the person next to him said worriedly.

Yang Jian didn't reply; after all, his surgical method was quite extreme and not something ordinary people could bear.

He simply stretched out his palm covered with a layer of shadow and plunged it into Zang Hua's wound abruptly.

Immediately.

Zang Hua shivered all over, feeling an icy-cold palm writhing inside his body, an eerie sensation that sent shivers down one's spine.

"Found it," Yang Jian quickly withdrew his hand. There was no blood on it, only a bullet.

The bullet was effortlessly removed, and the bleeding stopped; all that was left was an inconspicuous little cut, hardly noticeable unless one looked closely.

This was one of the abilities of Ghost Shadow, which included stitching up corpses and consequently wounds as well.

He had used this method before, even removing a Ghost Infant from Zhang Liqin's stomach.

Following the same method, he extracted the second bullet from Zang Hua's body and stitched up the wound.

"All set. Go back, get a blood transfusion, and have some iron-rich food to recover. Be careful or you'll end up with kidney deficiency," Yang Jian said casually as he handed the two bullets to a staff member; "This is evidence, keep it safe."

The person was stunned, mechanically reaching out to take the bullets.

Is this something a human can do? It was just like a bizarre tale, reaching into another person's body and retrieving bullets.

If he could extract bullets that easily, he could also pull out intestines, hearts.

The legend that Evil Ghosts could tear out guts and heart didn't seem false at all.

"Open the vault door; I'll handle the rest. You just stay aside and take notes. I've always been good in a fight; Zhang Wei has never won against me, I've never lost," Yang Jian boasted of his track record.

Although Zang Hua was still in severe pain from the wound, it hardly affected him now, and he could even stand up on his own, "Yang Jian, don't underestimate them. I got a glimpse earlier; there are some special items inside. Be careful they don't use these things to cause trouble. Besides, there are several hostages."

"Special items?" Yang Jian looked back.

"A few gold boxes, you can probably guess what's inside," Zang Hua said.

Boxes made of gold were only used to contain ghosts, as nobody would spend millions to have a gold box merely as a decoration.

"Understood, I'll take them down instantly, not giving them a chance to cause trouble," Yang Jian nodded.

If there were really items inside, that would be a huge win.

Restricted ghosts were always a hot commodity in the Underground Market, being sought after internationally, with prices rising day by day.

Realizing this, he began to comprehend the true intentions behind Paul's company.

"The door can be opened now," Yang Jian said, readying himself and signaling to proceed.

"Be careful," someone beside him whispered, then once again unlocked the vault door.

As soon as it opened, the sound of gunfire filled the air.

"Damn, firing at me the moment you open the door? Don't you people have any decency? Couldn't you shout a slogan or say a few words before starting to shoot?" Yang Jian cursed as he walked in.

The bullets passed through his body without causing any harm.

Once he activated the Ghost Domain, not even gold bullets could hit him.

The vault was not small, about fifty square meters, ornately decorated with gold leaf plastered on the walls.

Two men and a woman started firing at anyone who came through the door, unwavering in their resolve that anyone who wasn't Paul deserved no mercy.

"This place is pretty good, like a small bunker. No wonder that guy Paul managed to survive," Yang Jian said as he walked in, illuminated by the flashes of gunfire. He gave the place a quick glance.

The gunfire stopped immediately.

The three mercenaries began to convulse violently, then fell to the ground screaming before dying after a few spasms.

Yang Jian hadn't used a particularly brutal method; he had simply added something into their minds.

"Your boss was right; human life is indeed fragile," Yang Jian sighed, thinking that to ordinary people, he might already be considered an Evil Ghost.

He walked over, ignoring the corpses, and lightly tapped on the boxes that contained ghosts.

Out of the five boxes, two were empty. The remaining three contained something.

"Three ghosts? Now I have the items to trade with the Ghost Cabinet," Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he recalled the Ghost Cabinet's request.

It needed him to procure a ghost in exchange for information on Zhao Lei.

Before, he'd wondered where to get a ghost, but now it had fallen into his lap.

"Please, don't kill us," two bikini-clad women with attractive figures stammered from the side, clearly terrified.

Yang Jian glanced at them and said, "Are you hostages? I think you're more like Paul's mistresses, keeping good company. While others are desperately trying to solve problems, he was indulging in luxury here, surrounded by beauties and wine. It was too easy just killing him outright; a bug like him should be crushed directly. As for you...

relax, I'm in charge of special incident management in Dachang City. You're safe now."

"What a shame, good cabbage gnawed by pigs," he shook his head, picked up the three boxes, and walked out.

"It's handled, the three inside are taken care of. The rest is up to you, Zang Hua. Nine out of ten employees in this company are dirty, it's best to arrest them all for thorough interrogation. I don't want companies like this to rise again from their ashes. I can't manage other places, but I won't allow such entities to exist where I'm in charge.

If any similar companies pop up, inform me, and I'll take care of dismantling them. Also, I'm taking these items with me, no need to record them," Yang Jian said, cutting straight to the point.

"When it comes to special items, of course, you're in charge. Thank you so much for this," Zang Hua said, visibly relieved that the situation was resolved.

Luckily, no casualties or special cases had occurred, otherwise, he would have been held accountable.

Yang Jian pointed inside, "No need to thank me, I just want to know if the evidence in here should suffice, right?"

"Of course, harboring a fugitive, shooting people, and illegal possession of weapons, any of these charges is enough to shut down this company," Zang Hua said.

"Good, keep this building for me; I might need to use it as my office later. Paul went to the trouble of building a vault; it shouldn't go to waste. I need to make good use of it," Yang Jian nodded in agreement.

"Well, that's it for now. I'm heading back to Guanjiang Residential Complex. Call me if there's an emergency, and I'll be right there," he said and then left without concern for the outcome of the case.

It wasn't his responsibility.

However, the gains from this trip were beyond his expectations.

Three ghosts.

This gave him something to bargain with the Ghost Cabinet.

Chapter 328 The Photo in the Cupboard

I had intended to handle a case and sort out Dachang City's potential troubles, but I didn't expect to come across an unexpected windfall this time.

After returning home, Yang Jian started to ponder over the three golden cases in front of him.

"The ghosts collected by that company certainly won't be of a high level. If the level was too high, with their abilities, they wouldn't be able to capture them. Of course, it's also possible that they had purchased them at a high price from the Underground Market... If that's the case, using them to trade with the Ghost Cabinet isn't a loss. Even if something goes wrong, I can respond in time."

Even if he released the ghost from this particular case, Yang Jian believed he could still suppress one or two of them.

He thought about it for a moment.

He picked one of the cases and moved the other two to a room on the fifth floor, then he went to the bell tower where he hid the Ghost Cabinet.

Because the Ghost Cabinet possessed many unpredictable factors, Yang Jian didn't dare keep it too close to him. However, he also didn't want to let it out of his sight, lest he lose it accidentally or be unable to stop any sudden changes right away. So he had carefully considered the location to hide the Ghost Cabinet.

Climbing to the very top of the bell tower,

Yang Jian saw the old-style wooden cabinet again.

The bright red lacquer on the wooden cabinet seemed like blood that had yet to congeal, ready to drip at any moment. Even an ordinary person would find this object sinister and extraordinary with just one glance.

As if knowing Yang Jian had come to trade, the Ghost Cabinet's door creaked slowly open no more than five seconds after he had steadied himself.

Even though it was dusk and the outside light was still bright, the inside of the Ghost Cabinet remained pitch black, like an abyss.

It was unimaginable what fate would befall anyone who entered there.

Yang Jian had once curiously peered inside and all he saw was a pair of eyes, lifeless as those of a corpse, sending a shiver down his spine.

"I'll trade one ghost for Zhao Lei's location. Then the Ghost Cabinet will make a demand of me. If I can't meet it, the Ghost Cabinet will likely stir up trouble again," he thought.

What concerned him now was not the trade, but the problems that could arise after it.

Based on the previous attempt with the bowl of fried rice, it was clear that the Ghost Cabinet's demands would be roughly equal in value to what was asked for.

Meaning, the upcoming demand from the Ghost Cabinet would equate to the value of a single ghost.

Difficult to say, but not easy either.

"If I can't find Zhao Lei, I'll also face big trouble later on. The ghost that altered Zhao Lei's memories is growing somewhere unknown to me. Once it feels it can kill me, it will come looking for me, and then I'll be facing a major crisis. I must strike first, resolve the issue with that ghost before anything else," Yang Jian had already thought it through before coming.

Trading with the Ghost Cabinet was unwise, but allowing Zhao Lei to wander out there was an even greater potential horror.

The ghost had attacked him, seemed to have gained his memories, and even tampered with his memories. This ability chilled him to the core.

If he were attacked by that ghost again, and his memories altered once more, Yang Jian feared he might forever become the ghost's slave.

A being similar to a Ghost Slave.

The same fate as Zhao Lei.

This was something Yang Jian would never allow to happen.

Taking a deep breath to calm his emotions, Yang Jian forcefully pried open the golden box.

The gold wasn't thick; he had the strength to open it by force.

As soon as he opened it, the foul stench of rotting corpses assaulted him.

Yang Jian saw a half-destroyed corpse he could no longer recognize. However, the body was bound with many gold wires, wrapped around it countless times like a zongzi. Beyond this, there were several bullet holes in the body.

"Gold wires? Bullet holes? So it seems this was a ghost controller?" His expression darkened instantly.

Without a doubt, this half-destroyed body was not a ghost but a living ghost controller who seemed to have been targeted by the mercenaries from Paul's company, assassinated and then the body, along with the ghost inside that had not yet revived, was sealed in this case.

"These beasts are absolutely despicable. Do they think the world is too peaceful and needs more terror?"

Although this was unrelated to Yang Jian, as a ghost controller, his face sank upon witnessing this.

This brazen act of hunting ghost controllers and stealing dormant ghosts was nothing short of anti-human.

Or was it that the capitalists and ambitious figures behind Paul had, in their pursuit to collect ghosts for a certain purpose, become utterly ruthless?

"In the future, whenever I encounter companies like Paul's, I shouldn't bother with investigations; they should be wiped out on the spot. Such people are the cancer of the world. Tackling supernatural events is useless; hunting ghost controllers is their true forte—a typical bully within the nest," Yang Jian thought of his own assassination experience.

Although it was Wang Xiaoqiang's plan, for any company to be in this line of work was a mistake in itself.

However, just as he was seething with anger, the decaying body inside the box suddenly twitched restlessly.

The gold wires wrapped around it prevented the body from moving too violently, but Yang Jian, holding the case, still felt it.

Though the ghost controller was dead, the ghost would not die.

Even if it was an unawakened ghost, that didn't mean it was harmless.

Only less dangerous by comparison.

"You won't be able to rest in peace like this, burying you will only lead to problems sooner or later," Yang Jian dared not hold this thing in his hand all the time.

Instead of using his hands, he used Ghost Shadow to grab the torn, half corpse and stuff it directly into the Ghost Cabinet.

No sooner had the corpse made contact with the darkness inside the Ghost Cabinet than it was seized by something.

"Bang~!"

The decayed and mangled body was instantly pulled into the cabinet, vanishing into the pitch dark as if dropping into some abyss, and as the body disappeared, the open wooden door immediately shut.

A ghost's condition was met.

Barely ten seconds had passed.

"Clang~!"

It sounded like metal dropping inside the cabinet, and it seemed there was now something inside the once empty cabinet door below.

Quickly, the cabinet door below creaked open on its own.

Yang Jian saw a metal tag.

On the tag was a number: 13

"This is a room number plate for some door," Yang Jian glimpsed a situation.

"But with just this information, it is impossible to find Zhao Lei, this Ghost Cabinet better not renege on its deal."

He then picked up the tag, only to see that the back of the room number plate was scrawled with a line of words: Dachang City, Caesar Hotel.

"I knew it, I gave you a ghost, you should at least give me a satisfactory answer," Yang Jian immediately had an exact location upon seeing the address behind.

Dachang City Caesar Hotel, Room 13.

This should be Zhao Lei's current location.

"So under the circumstances of the trade starting again, what requirement is the Ghost Cabinet going to ask of me?" He furrowed his brows, beginning to worry.

A piece of paper unremarkable in its appearance fell inside the cabinet, with a line of black, crooked letters left on it.

"Find within one year."

The paper had only six words, and on the other side was unexpectedly a color photograph, as though it had just been printed out from a printer.

The photograph depicted a person, more precisely a woman; her features were indescribable, partly stunning and partly eerie, because her open eyes were hollow without eyeballs, but even so, the woman still smiled at the camera gently.

However, upon a closer look, it was apparent that this smile was very stiff, puppet-like, emitting a deathly aura, while her hands placed in front were pale, stiff and started to show patches of corpse spots.

Undoubtedly, this woman was already dead, and quite possibly, she was a ghost.

Additionally, the woman's attire and the background of the photo made Yang Jian's face darken. The woman was dressed in a red cheongsam, seated on a wooden stool, while the backdrop was an ancient wooden door with a corner of two red lanterns hanging from it. The surroundings were dim, as if a layer of black fog had swept through.

"This photo can't be that of the Dried Corpse Bride," Yang Jian's heart sank.

Very familiar.

Indeed, it was exactly like the place where the Ghost Car had stopped to wait for the Dried Corpse Bride to board.

It was also an old house with red lanterns hung up.

Although he couldn't see clearly on the Ghost Car that day, he could still recognize the silhouette of that wooden house and the two red lanterns at the door.

He could never mistake such distinctively identifiable objects.

However, the woman in the photo, even though her clothing was similar to that of the Dried Corpse Bride, was a body that hadn't been dead for long, whereas the Dried Corpse Bride was already a mummified body.

A significant difference.

But that didn't rule out the possibility that the woman in the photo had turned into a dried corpse over time.

"No, that's not right, the Dried Corpse Bride's head was covered with a red cloth, her face was not visible, the dried corpse under that cover might not necessarily be this woman," Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly, and though he couldn't be certain, he could assert that the background in the photo was definitely the old house where the Ghost Car had stopped.

"The Ghost Cabinet is asking me to find her within a year; this requirement is quite peculiar. It's just about finding her, not bringing her here, nor meeting her... And could it be that the Ghost Cabinet is unable to find the Dried Corpse Bride? It can even find Zhao Lei."

"Unless, the woman the Ghost Cabinet is looking for is not in this world, or she is in a special place, for instance, the Ghost Coffin, or the tomb where the Crying Tomb Ghost wails, or inside some other supernatural entity," Yang Jian's mind raced to many possibilities in an instant.

It seemed there were things even the Ghost Cabinet could not do.

Yet, he soon grew suspicious again about what the Ghost Cabinet wanted with this woman.

What terror lay behind it all.

Looking at the photo in his hand, a sense of unease in his heart was faintly being magnified.

"The more you deal with these ghostly things, the more fearful it becomes, as if you're prey being lured step by step into some terrible trap. It was so with the human skin paper, and it's the same with this Ghost Cabinet." Yang Jian felt no joy after the success of the trade.

Only an inexplicable chill.

Dealing with ghosts was truly terrifying.

Chapter 329 The Incident in Z City

Yang Jian was not worried about the Ghost Cabinet's requirement within a year.

For someone with a short life span like him, if he could live beyond a year, such a problem would definitely be solvable; moreover, he wasn't really afraid of being cursed by the Ghost Cabinet.

Having faced numerous terrifying events, the Ghost Cabinet didn't even make the list.

"Z city, Caesar Hotel, room number 13, the location is so clear I feel like I can find Zhao Lei tomorrow, but out of caution, I should make a phone call to inquire."

When Yang Jian returned to his residence, he used a satellite positioning mobile phone to call his operator.

This time, the operator was not Liu Xiaoyu, it was Qin Meirou.

That alluring, sexy older sister with the particularly seductive voice.

"Yang Jian, do you need any assistance?" Qin Meirou's professional tone responded, polite without being awkward.

"I want to know who's in charge of Z city," Yang Jian asked directly.

It didn't take long for Qin Meirou to check, and she replied in a moment, "Currently, the person in charge of Z city is Tong Qian."

A shadow crossed Yang Jian's face when he heard the name.

Indeed, his previous guess was right. Zhao Lei had indeed gone to find Tong Qian. It was very likely that the ghost wanted to take the Ghost Face from Tong Qian; otherwise, Zhao Lei wouldn't possibly go to Z city, which was relatively close to Dachang City, given the size of Asia.

"Got it. Send me Tong Qian's information later." Yang Jian prepared to hang up the phone.

"Wait a second, Yang Jian," Qin Meirou suddenly interjected with urgency: "Although I don't know why you're looking for information on Z city, I must warn you that Z city is currently in the midst of a paranormal event. Several international ghost controllers have already gone to help... As for Tong Qian, she has lost contact."

"What?" Yang Jian exclaimed, somewhat surprised, "Lost contact? Is she dead or missing?"

"From her last call, she seems to be trapped somewhere and can't get out, but it's already been three days, so the probability of sacrifice is high," Qin Meirou said. "A few days ago, Zhao should have reached out to you about this, but it seems you declined."

Yang Jian remembered.

When he came back from Xiaochun City, Zhao Jianguo did mention some matters, wanting him to take a business trip, but having just survived the Ghost Car incident, he naturally refused outright.

Zhao Jianguo knew that Yang Jian had gone through another paranormal event, so he didn't persuade him further.

After all, with the frequent paranormal events, it was not feasible to let Yang Jian face them alone, so Zhao arranged for others to go instead.

"I'd like to know how many people have gone to support Tong Qian?" Yang Jian then asked.

"Two went, and Zhao also asked for the help of three additional external supports," Qin Meirou said.

Clearly, having learnt his lesson, Zhao Jianguo did not intend to send just one person to support Tong Qian after she lost contact, to avoid a 'to save Grandpa one by one' scenario, so he dispatched five ghost controllers to attempt to resolve the event in Z city once and for all.

Yang Jian spoke solemnly, "Pull them all out of Z city, don't stay there. The paranormal event there is a trap, there's a ghost able to alter memories. It's in Z city, and if the others encounter it and have their memories tampered with, the situation in Z city will become worse than we can imagine."

Five ghost controllers had gone to Z city for support, and if that ghost succeeded with even one, all five would be done for.

Because you never know which comrade's memory has been altered, turning into a Ghost Slave.

"What?" Qin Meirou seemed shocked at this moment.

A memory-altering ghost?

Although she hadn't been on the job long, she was not ignorant about paranormal events; just the phrase altering memories alone was enough to send chills down her spine.

"I, I will immediately notify the team leader," Qin Meirou said, her voice tinged with panic.

Because she realized the complexity of this paranormal event, yet with incomplete information, higher-ups had already been handling it as a regular incident.

"Damn it," Yang Jian couldn't help but curse.

The ghost had controlled Zhao Lei and headed to Tong Qian's location in Z city, followed by the occurrence of a collective paranormal event and Tong Qian's subsequent loss of contact, prompting headquarters to send support... This series of events was nothing short of a horrifying scheme.

If that ghost succeeded, Yang Jian himself didn't know what he would face in the future.

Moreover, if that ghost was able to infiltrate the ghost controllers' headquarters along the line of international ghost controllers, altering the memories of everyone at the headquarters, then this would no longer be simply a paranormal event.

"I must resolve that ghost before it causes greater terror," Yang Jian said, his expression exceedingly grim.

Soon after, Zhao Jianguo's communication came through.

His voice was particularly solemn, "Yang Jian, it's me. I've heard about the previous matter. Are you sure about the information you've got?"

"After the event in Dachang City ended, did you think I was just idling at home? I've been tracking that ghost for several days, and it was only today that I received accurate news. Otherwise, I wouldn't have asked about the situation in Z City. Withdraw all the ghost controllers from Z City; I'll handle that thing. I'm the only one who can do it.

Without being prepared, someone else might have already had their memory manipulated."

Yang Jian spoke, his request to withdraw the ghost controllers was not for their protection, but because he feared being stabbed in the back by these very people.

"If you had made this request the day before yesterday, I would have withdrawn the others without hesitation, but now it's impossible. Just this morning, they lost contact, and it's been over eight hours since we've heard anything," said Zhao Lei.

"Moreover, the paranormal incident in Z City remains unresolved. The higher-ups have made it clear that even if they've lost contact, we must send reinforcements until the matter is concluded."

"This is not just about the memory-altering ghost as you mentioned. It's related to another A-grade paranormal incident. We've already created a file here. I'll send it to you later. If you're willing to provide support, headquarters is willing to assign Xiong Wenwen to you. If you need other assistance, headquarters will accommodate you as well.

The Ghost Candle is also at your disposal."

Xiong Wenwen, codenamed Spirit Child, had the eerie ability to foresee upcoming events.

Teaming up with a top-tier ghost controller like Yang Jian would certainly cause a qualitative change.

However, headquarters would only dare to send Xiong Wenwen out if Yang Jian was personally involved.

Yang Jian fell silent. "Zhao Lei, you should understand the horror of this situation. The A-grade paranormal event is likely just a front."

"I understand, but what can we do? Abandon Z City? That's impossible. You saw how many people we sent to support Dachang City when a paranormal event occurred there. The situation in Z City hasn't gotten that bad yet. At least a Ghost Domain hasn't formed, and the death toll is still within controllable limits.

The situation is only deteriorating, but the intent of headquarters is to resolve it before it gets out of control," said Zhao Lei.

Zhao Lei continued, "I know you've just experienced a paranormal event not long ago, and I won't force you to assist. If you're willing to go, I'll coordinate with your actions from here. If you decide otherwise, I'll dispatch others to provide support."

Yang Jian considered for a moment. "This matter is heavily connected to me. I'll move out tomorrow morning. Arrange a helicopter to take me to Z City, and as for teammates, just have Xiong Wenwen assist me."

"What about others? If more support is needed, I can still arrange it," Zhao Lei said.

He was worried that a lack of manpower would prevent the resolution of the situation, so even with Yang Jian personally involved, he was eager to strengthen the team.

"No need, having a pig for a teammate is trouble enough. More people just complicate things." After thinking it over, Yang Jian declined.

"Alright, then at eight o'clock tomorrow morning I'll have a private plane ready to pick you up from your front door," Zhao Lei said, knowing better than to rush Yang Jian into immediate action.

Yang Jian would surely need the rest of the night for arrangements and preparations.

"That's settled, then. Send the file over as soon as possible." Without another word, Yang Jian hung up the call.

Sitting on the sofa, he looked at his phone, and soon a piece of information was sent to him. However, he wasn't in a hurry to look at it and instead rubbed his temple with a slight headache.

The ghost might not rank high on the Terror Level, probably just B-grade if rated at all.

Yet, the potential harm it could cause was terrifying.

"What's the matter? What's got you so troubled?" At that moment, Zhang Liqin came downstairs. She was wearing a bath towel, her hair wet from just having taken a shower, her mature figure flatteringly outlined.

Yang Jian didn't even glance up and merely said, "Nothing major. I have to go on a trip tomorrow. If Zang Hua needs anything while I'm gone, you and Jiang Yan take care of it."

"Alright, then be careful on your trip," Zhang Liqin said, not asking why, just offering a concerned reminder.

"Don't worry, I won't die," Yang Jian said.

"There's more. I had someone look into that plate you gave me last time," Zhang Liqin said, sitting next to him and leaning against him with a smile.

That plate was taken by Yang Jian from the Ghost Cabinet.

Yang Jian said, "Let's hear it."

"It's porcelain from Jing Town, but this particular design has not been produced anymore. The last batch was made seventy years ago; it's not very valuable, and there's a fair number of the same design still in existence," Zhang Liqin explained.

Seventy years ago?

Going back a bit further would take him to the Republic of China Period.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

It was yet another connection to that era.

The ancient house where the Ghost Cabinet was stored was also built during the Republic of China Period.

All from the same era.

Chapter 330 Two Pieces of Information

Night.

Yang Jian was alone in his room, looking over the incident report from Z City and the files of the related personnel.

Having already read through the information on Gui Lian Tong Qian, there was no need to review it, but he had limited contact with the other two International Ghost Controllers who had gone to Z City—they only looked somewhat familiar to him.

"It's actually him... Feng Quan," Yang Jian recognized a familiar file.

The person dispatched to support Z City this time was Feng Quan, the one Yang Jian had rescued from Huanggang Village in the past.

Feng Quan was the first International Ghost Controller from Dachang City, trapped by the Ghost Coffin incident in Huanggang Village until Yang Jian arrived and broke the deadlock, solving the supernatural event and rescuing him.

Unexpectedly, Zhao Jianguo had sent him to Z City this time.

The other file also featured someone Yang Jian had met before, Guo Fan, an International Ghost Controller who had entered the city with Zhao Jianguo during the Hungry Ghost incident and was responsible for transporting the Hungry Ghost away.

Feng Quan and Guo Fan should be considered top-tier Ghost Controllers.

Clearly, Zhao Jianguo had put a lot of thought into resolving the Z City incident, summoning two very significant players.

Not only that, but Yang Jian also saw a list of external support: Luo Su Yi, Huang Fei, Lin Luomei.

"It's the 'rookie trio' who came looking for me last time, I remember they should be members of the supernatural forum. How did Zhao Jianguo manage to get people from the supernatural forum? Could it be some back-door deal with Ye Zhen, the forum administrator?" Yang Jian pondered.

It was a pity that he didn't have the files of this 'rookie trio.'

Since they weren't International Ghost Controllers, naturally there wouldn't be any file backups.

"Including the missing Tong Qian, there are at least six Ghost Controllers in Z City right now, and if Xiong Wenwen and I go over tomorrow, that'll make eight... What on earth requires such a large-scale operation?"

"The Z City People Head Balloons incident."

Yang Jian turned to the last file.

This was the file recording the supernatural events in Z City, not much information inside, just some brief descriptions and a few on-site photos.

The photos showed a cityscape with black objects floating in the sky above.

Turning to the next photo, which was taken closer, the black objects floating in the sky turned out to be pale, head-like balloons, unnaturally still as if released by someone to float there, and thus it was no wonder they were called the People Head Balloons incident.

"Every night, people in Z City would die mysteriously, their heads floating up like balloons, suspended in the sky above the city, with the number of heads increasing daily."

"Supernatural cause unknown, method of killing unknown."

The two 'unknowns' indicated that this was a ghost never before recorded in any file, all information was absent, requiring the International Ghost Controllers to explore at their own risk.

It was precisely because of this reason that Tong Qian had fallen, her life and death uncertain.

"Based on the current casualties, this supernatural event has been defined as Level B, but since the incident hasn't been quickly resolved, considering the casualties are continuously increasing, and with Tong Qian's disappearance, headquarters has defined the incident as Level A."

"A Level B horror degree, yet possessing Level A harm, no wonder that Guo Fan went to Z City."

Yang Jian had encountered this Guo Fan before; the guy had been quite dissatisfied that Yang Jian had earned recognition for resolving a Level S supernatural event and had become famous in the circle, so this time going to Z City was probably his attempt to claim some glory.

After all, once headquarters defines the level of an event, solving the corresponding level's event would be credited to you as an achievement.

"If this were just an ordinary supernatural incident, that would be one thing, but Zhao Lei's appearance complicated matters when a ghost capable of altering memories sneaked into Z City. If not properly resolved, and if the ghost controlling Zhao Lei grows in strength, then without a doubt, this would turn into another Level S supernatural event."

After finishing reading the materials, Yang Jian thought for a while and then began preparing for his trip tomorrow.

Some standard equipment, a handgun, bullets, a baton, documents, satellite positioning cell phone... these were definitely indispensable.

Then there were the special items: the Ghost Rope and Ghost Candle were unquestionably necessary to bring.

"Should I bring this face-covering cloth?"

Yang Jian looked at a small box in the room, which contained the face-covering cloth he had obtained from the Ghost Car incident.

It had the outline of a crying face and might be connected to Tong Qian, who had a smiling face.

Moreover, the memory-altering ghost also used the copying of human faces to steal others' memories, so this face-related cloth might have some connection.

"I'll bring it; it might turn out to be useful," Yang Jian decided to take it anyway. Having it couldn't hurt, as it wouldn't do any harm if not used.

After checking several times to ensure nothing was missed, his gaze shifted back to the floor.

Of course, Yang Jian wasn't looking at the floor but at the spot where, deep below, ten thousand meters down, there was a box containing person-skin paper.

Before the Ghost Car incident, he had sent the person-skin paper deep underground.

Now, with various information missing in Z City and given the presence of the memory-altering ghost, this key message-revealing person-skin paper seemed particularly important... yet dealing with such eerie items was truly unsettling.

"The information on this incident is critical; I must rely on the person-skin paper. Whether I use it or not, I'll decide when the time comes. And if this incident isn't handled well, the danger involved would not just be as simple as this sheet of person-skin paper."

After much consideration, Yang Jian decided to bring this item with him this time.

Keep in mind, he didn't carry the person-skin paper with him even during the Hungry Ghost incident.

That was because information on the Hungry Ghost incident was already thoroughly detailed, and it was only a matter of lacking the capability to resolve it, but this time was different. He was facing a terrifying existence that could alter memories at will.

If you're not careful and get caught in their tricks, you might not die, but you'll be at the mercy of ghosts playing with your memory, completely under their control.

So this time, Yang Jian might not have to risk his life, but he absolutely had to be extremely careful.

As he was preparing, Jiang Yan's voice came from the corridor, "Yang Jian, are you upstairs?"

She was even more timid than Zhang Liqin, rarely daring to come to the fifth floor alone, knowing that there were unclean things there and that it was taboo.

"What's up?" Yang Jian replied.

"I pieced together those scraps of paper from last time, do you want to come take a look?" Jiang Yan sighed with relief. It would be scary if Yang Jian weren't there, especially since odd noises were sometimes heard coming from upstairs.

Yang Jian said, "Alright, I'll be right over."

With his preparations nearly done, he picked up a body bag and headed downstairs.

He stopped for a moment as he passed the room with the Ghost Mirror, looked at it, and then remembered that his body was different now, unable to leave a shadow on the Ghost Mirror. Otherwise, for the sake of caution, he might even leave a shadow on the Ghost Mirror before going on a trip.

The Ghost Car incident had nearly been Yang Jian's downfall, making him exceptionally cautious.

In no time at all, Jiang Yan, grinning from ear to ear, took Yang Jian by the hand to her bedroom.

"How are you going to thank me for this big favor I've done for you? I haven't slept well for five or six days because I was piecing together these scraps for you."

"I'll give you a raise later," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan responded, "No, I don't want a raise, I want you to sleep with me tonight. Look, I've even made the bed."

"Aren't you scared I'll turn into a zombie and kill you at night?" Yang Jian teased her.

"Ah, you can turn into a zombie now?" Jiang Yan shivered with fright.

She had witnessed Yang Jian losing control before, which had happened while they were living in the apartment.

"No," Yang Jian changed his statement.

"Fine, you're just trying to scare me. I feel like I might be scared to death by you someday," Jiang Yan said with a mix of tears and laughter, finding her boyfriend far from normal.

Ignoring Jiang Yan's clinginess, Yang Jian flipped through a notebook that had been pieced together.

It contained various notes that Zhao Lei had written when his memory was being manipulated.

Yang Jian had already checked everything but asked Jiang Yan to put it together again to make sure no clue was missed.

Being careful is always the right move.

"There's nothing of value, wait..." After going through the notebook several times and thinking it was useless, Yang Jian noticed that on the upper-right corner of several pages, there was a small character written in each corner.

The handwriting was tiny, inconspicuous when viewed individually, but as he quickly flipped through the pages, these characters formed an incomplete sentence.

The pages were nailed together out of order, so they couldn't make a complete sentence. Yang Jian copied down each character from the upper-right corners and tried to put them together coherently.

The words were few, easy to put together.

A sentence appeared before him: Room 31, Caesar Hotel in Z City.

"How's that possible? How could Zhao Lei know the ghost would go to that place?" Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

This sentence was exactly like the message from the Ghost Cabinet, the only difference being the door number.

The Ghost Cabinet had the number 13, whereas the message Zhao Lei left before his death was for room 31.

Checking the crucial numbers on the notebook again, it was indeed 31, written as a whole, so there was no chance of having arranged it backwards.

"Was this sentence written by Zhao Lei, or by the ghost? If it was Zhao Lei, then this sentence is highly credible, but if it was the ghost, could this be a trap set deliberately by the ghost?"

Rooms 13 and 31 are two different rooms.

If Zhao Lei was in one of them, then the other must hold some kind of immense horror.

Because if the trap was set by the ghost to kill Yang Jian, it would have to be extremely dangerous.

"So, should I trust Zhao Lei's notebook, or should I trust the Ghost Cabinet?" Yang Jian's heart sank.

He was already sensing an eerie foreboding before even setting out for Z City.

All these doubts seemed like a trap set long in advance, targeting him.

But when it came to making a judgment, Yang Jian inclined towards the message from the Ghost Cabinet because it demanded he find the Ghost Bride within a year, so it wouldn't likely use false information to send him to his death—then who would continue to trade with it?

However, Zhao Lei's message had been left before his death.

If the ghost was plotting, it wouldn't likely be possible, because at that time, Yang Jian had no idea any of this was going to happen.

Both pieces of information seemed trustworthy and also suspect.

But the messages were different, meaning one of them must be fake.

It was even possible that both were false.