

Revival 331

Chapter 331 Entering Z City

The next day.

A civilian helicopter arrived punctually outside the residential area, and the accompanying personnel were few, only three.

An associated staff member said, "Considering the impact of this matter, the operation needs to be conducted in a rather covert manner, so we can't escort you too ostentatiously. I hope you can understand."

"I understand, let's set off," Yang Jian nodded and then boarded the aircraft.

This was mentioned by Zhao Jianguo yesterday. Given his special status now, if Ghost Eye Yang Jian, who could resolve S-level supernatural events, were to be seen entering Z city, wouldn't it proclaim to the world that Z city's supernatural incidents were extremely serious?

So it was best to keep as low-profile as possible.

As the helicopter headed toward Z city.

Yang Jian sat on the plane, eyes closed, lost in thought.

He hadn't slept the night before because the message Zhao Lei left before dying gave him a sense of inexplicable urgency.

The hint from the Ghost Cabinet, Zhao Lei's appearance, the Dead Man's Head balloon incidents in Z city, and the disappearance of Ghost Face Tong Qian... all these seemed like a tangled mess, impossible to clarify clearly, yet each element hid immense horror, demanding one's vigilance.

The staff member sitting next to him was stealthily sizing up Yang Jian.

It wasn't due to some emotion transcending friendship between men but pure curiosity.

The rumor of Ghost Eye Yang Jian single-handedly solving Dachang City's supernatural incident was an allure any person would want to know more about.

This was the curiosity of humans toward the unknown and mysterious.

"The Caesar Hotel in Z city is a key place. All signs point there," Yang Jian said, listening to the last communication recording between Tong Qian and his own operator through his headphones.

"My name is Tong Qian. I am sorry for the Dead Man's Head balloon incident in Z city. I have been unable to reach a solution for some time, but after examining the city's surveillance and video footage, I discovered that the first few heads were floating above the Southern City area of Z city."

"...Today, I searched for another day, and, driven by some innate sense, I arrived in front of the well-known Caesar Hotel in the Southern City. An instinct told me there seems to be a problem with this hotel, and I need to investigate it personally."

The recording should have paused here.

"There's... a problem here," the last sentence of the recording echoed, and after that, Tong Qian's voice was no longer heard.

The recording material ended there.

Tong Qian had disappeared at the Caesar Hotel, at least that much could be deduced from the recording.

"Can Feng Quan and Guo Fan be contacted?" Yang Jian asked directly into the satellite-located phone after listening to the recording.

From the moment he set out, his phone had been functional around the clock.

Back at the headquarters, his two exclusive operators, Qin Meirou, and Liu Xiaoyu, were also on duty 24 hours a day to handle communications.

Liu Xiaoyu's voice came through, "They can be contacted. Do you need to connect with them?"

"No need, notify Zhao Jianguo that once I enter Z city, I will head straight to the Caesar Hotel. During my mission, those two must stay away from the Caesar Hotel and refrain from appearing before me under any circumstance," Yang Jian firmly stated.

Because starting now, he had to be cautious.

If someone had had their memories altered, then they would somehow attempt to approach him and wait for an opportunity to make a move.

In other words, all the necromancers currently in Z city were untrustworthy, and the safest option was to keep distance from them.

"This means you'll be lacking assistance," Liu Xiaoyu pointed out.

Yang Jian replied, "Didn't you read my report from yesterday? There's a ghost in Z city capable of manipulating memories, so I can't trust them. Keeping my distance until the case is closed is the best approach."

"But according to the communications from Guo Fan and Feng Quan, they haven't been attacked."

Liu Xiaoyu said, "Our side has already analyzed their call logs and voice recordings from last night. The possibility that their memories have been altered doesn't exceed ten percent. We can confirm they are safe."

"Any mistake in the face of supernatural events can be fatal. Maybe the death of a few necromancers doesn't matter, but if the situation worsens, the consequences could be massive. I am already facing plenty of challenges, and I don't want an additional potential threat.

If the headquarters insists on them providing so-called support, then I choose to cancel the mission in Z city," Yang Jian said with utter seriousness.

"Alright, I'll do my best to arrange for Guo Fan and Feng Quan to stay away from the Caesar Grand Hotel, but I can't guarantee that the reinforcements you've requested won't come into contact with you,"

"I'll keep an eye out for those people," Yang Jian said.

During the call, suddenly, a helicopter that was flying normally seemed to encounter something, drastically tilting to the right, causing several people sitting in the cabin to almost lose their balance and fall over.

"What happened?" a fellow staff member immediately asked.

The co-pilot immediately said, "We've just entered the airspace above Dachang City, and we nearly hit something during the flight."

After stabilizing himself, Yang Jian immediately looked out the window.

But he saw several objects floating in the sky above Dachang City like balloons. They wandered above the city, swaying with the wind. Even though they were widely scattered, a casual glance revealed at least dozens of them.

The nearest balloon seemed to drift over intentionally.

Yang Jian immediately confirmed that this object was exactly the same as the one recorded in the archive photos.

A human head.

The head bore a face that had lost its color and turned deathly pale, with eyes closed and completely motionless, as if trapped in a deep sleep.

"Is this the Dead Man's Head balloon?" Yang Jian observed for quite a while.

He didn't notice anything unusual about the Dead Man's Head balloon; it seemed to be just an ordinary dead man's head.

But not finding anything unusual didn't mean there wasn't a problem.

Would ordinary dead man's heads float like this above a city?

"Try to avoid these things and find a place to land, then you can leave," Yang Jian said aloud.

"Understood," the pilot replied.

As normal people, everyone knows not to touch such things, for who knows what accidents might occur?

"Although they're scattered, there are at least a couple of hundred heads floating in the sky," Yang Jian noted as the helicopter prepared to descend.

From his assessment, he could only roughly estimate the number of people who died in paranormal events.

Frankly, the number wasn't high.

It didn't even qualify as an A-level paranormal event, but if it wasn't stopped soon, it could still potentially escalate into a disaster.

The helicopter finally landed in a park under construction.

This location was a bit away from the city center and had fewer surrounding buildings, and there were no heads floating above, making it a relatively safe spot in Dachang City.

However, once the helicopter landed, Yang Jian saw several temporary command centers and a few helicopters parked there.

These must be the private helicopters of Guo Fan and Feng Quan.

As soon as he got off the helicopter, a staff member hurried over: "Are you Yang Jian? I'm Zhang Gao, the special event liaison of Dachang City, in charge of contacting you and providing coordination for your mission during your stay."

"I'm Yang Jian from Southern City," Yang Jian stepped down and shook hands with this Zhang Gao: "Has Xiong Wenwen arrived? I don't want to waste time. If possible, I'll start my action right now."

He didn't want to drag things out, giving Zhao Lei too many chances to cause trouble.

"She arrived ten minutes ago," Zhang Gao said sternly. "Ready to cooperate with you at any time."

Ten minutes?

This meant that headquarters had almost timed the delivery of Xiong Wenwen perfectly, which also proved the precious nature of this child.

"Please take me to Xiong Wenwen," Yang Jian said; "I want to have a talk with her."

"No problem," Zhang Gao immediately led the way.

Chapter 332 Unexpected

When Zhang Gao brought Yang Jian to a tent set up temporarily, they saw Xiong Wenwen, the brat, sitting there, engrossed in playing a mobile game.

"You wimp, what's with the hesitation? Charge with me, dive the tower, we can take them out this round."

"Damn it, I'm facing off against three here alone while you trash are busy farming. If you like farming so much, why don't you go play against bots?"

"Eat shit. Don't run into me next game, or I'll wreck your entire family."

Playing games, Xiong Wenwen was incredibly temperamental, and the child, around ten, seemed to regard nobody's opinion, not the sky nor the earth, spewing venom left and right; it was hard to imagine how his teammates tolerated such a professional trash-talker.

"Xiong Wenwen, Yang Jian is here," Zhang Gao spoke up to remind him.

"Shut up, can't you see I'm gaming here?" Xiong Wenwen retorted without looking up.

Zhang Gao was an adult and naturally wouldn't stoop to a child's level. He turned and said, "Yang Jian, Xiong Wenwen is now your responsibility. The higher-ups have made it clear that if the incident in Dachang City can't be resolved, you must ensure that Xiong Wenwen stays alive during the evacuation. He is very important."

"He's not important enough, otherwise, they'd be willing to keep him out of this, wouldn't they?" Yang Jian calmly said, "If we're going by Wang Xiaoming's logic, as long as the supernatural event in Dachang City can be resolved, it's probably worth sacrificing this little brat."

Zhang Gao caught the implication behind Yang Jian's words.

As long as Yang Jian could resolve the Dachang City incident, whether Xiong Wenwen survived was no longer important.

In other words, in Yang Jian's eyes, Xiong Wenwen was not indispensable.

"But a win-win outcome is the best. After all, you're personally involved; you wouldn't want to tarnish the reputation of 'Ghost-Eye Yang Jian', right?" Zhang Gao said with a bitter smile, flattering Yang Jian while he was at it.

"I'll try, but as an adult, it's necessary to protect a child, though I can't guarantee you that I'll bring Xiong Wenwen back intact," Yang Jian kept his composure, merely glancing at him, "In the face of supernatural events, anything can happen. Even I might slip up if I'm not careful."

"If the superiors are worried, they can recall Xiong Wenwen."

"Yang Jian, you must be joking. They've already set up this support plan. How could we change it on a whim?" Zhang Gao shook his head, not daring to make such a significant decision.

If they suffered a severe setback due to Xiong Wenwen's evacuation, he wouldn't be able to atone for it even if executed a hundred times.

"In that case, let's cut the chit-chat. Prepare a vehicle for me, a pickup would be best, convenient for loading bodies. Also, seal off the Caesar Hotel and the surrounding area, prohibiting anyone from entering or leaving. Keep a close eye on those floating heads above the city, and try to compile a facial recognition report in due time to identify all the victims.

If there's a victim with an unknown identity, notify me immediately."

Yang Jian dispensed with any other emotions, immediately giving stern and serious orders.

"I'll go handle it right now," Zhang Gao replied promptly. "Is there anything else you require?"

"Not at the moment. If there is, I'll have my operator inform you," Yang Jian responded.

"Then I'll get right on it." Zhang Gao turned and left swiftly.

Yang Jian then approached Xiong Wenwen, who was still engrossed in his mobile game, snatched the phone from his hand, and said, "Stop playing; it's time to start working."

"Who the hell are you—" Xiong Wenwen started cursing as soon as his phone was taken away, but he shrank back when he saw Yang Jian, "How did you get here so fast?"

The last time in Dachang City, the kid seemed quite intimidated by Yang Jian, though it was unclear why.

"It's urgent, so of course, I had to hurry over," Yang Jian said, "You don't want to see a repeat of the Dachang City incident, do you? Plus, who knows how many innocent people in Dachang City could have died while you've been playing your game."

"When did you start acting so high and mighty?" Xiong Wenwen muttered.

Although just a child, he didn't believe that Yang Jian was such a responsible and noble person, recalling how Yang Jian had simply captured and sold that Ghost Domain handler named Lin Long during the meeting in Dachang City.

Yang Jian said, "Since I've accepted this task, it's only embarrassing to dawdle. Otherwise, I shouldn't have accepted at all. I'm someone who keeps his promises; I've been honest and fair since I started."

It was just a formal talk, but he wasn't wrong.

Of course, his real goal was to resolve Zhao Lei's situation swiftly, to not give that Ghost Domain's Wanderer time to grow stronger.

"Enough with the pointless rambling," Xiong Wenwen cut him off. "All that crap about responsibility and saving lives, I've heard so much of it. It's just about forming a team to go ghost hunting; I'm not the slightest bit scared, come on, let's get going." He stood up from his seat, gestured grandly with his hand, full of zest as he spoke.

"Should I call you young and brash, or is ignorance truly bliss?" Yang Jian found the boy's enthusiasm, akin to someone off to play a game and level up, amusing.

"I don't know what young and brash is; I only know that winners take all," Xiong Wenwen snorted. "With Brother Xiong here, all demons and ghosts are as good as dead."

...

"Don't say I don't look out for you. No matter what happens, just stick with me, and I can keep you alive," Yang Jian spoke.

Should the situation change, he could use the Ghost Domain to send this bear child straight out of Z City.

But even with an exit strategy in place, Yang Jian couldn't be sure that he would remain completely unharmed.

"I understand." Xiong Wenwen glanced at him, unusually without a word of rebuttal.

At this moment, Zhang Gao returned, "The car is ready, and the area around Caesar Hotel is already under alert. The verification of the deceased's identity has already been underway since before, and we should have results in a few days."

"Good. Let's set off then," Yang Jian nodded.

"Do you need a driver? You're not familiar with Z City," Zhang Gao suddenly asked.

"No need, Xiong Wenwen and I will go," Yang Jian replied without turning around.

He now began to try to minimize contact with strangers as much as possible.

Quickly.

Driving a pickup truck, Yang Jian, with Xiong Wenwen following directions on the navigation, headed straight for Z City's Caesar Hotel.

"What do you think, is that ghost really hiding in that hotel?" On the road, Xiong Wenwen wound down the window and stuck his head out to gaze at the sky.

One could still see floating heads meandering in the air, everywhere the Wanderers.

"The floating head balloon incident and Tong Qian's disappearance from the hotel may not be the same supernatural event. After all, Tong Qian's head hasn't appeared in the skies above this city, but I need to sort out this hotel first," Yang Jian muttered.

"I know it. You must like that Tong Qian, wanting to save her. I thought so; during the last meeting, Tong Qian kept looking at you. It was obvious there was something between you two,"

Xiong Wenwen said, "No wonder you didn't want to go on a blind date with my mom. It turns out you're into women in uniforms."

"What does a little brat like you know," Yang Jian playfully tapped his forehead.

"I know everything; those dirty thoughts of you adults are easy to guess," Xiong Wenwen retorted stubbornly.

Yang Jian didn't want to continue conversing with this bear child, lest it disrupt his own train of thought.

Since traffic control had already been implemented on the road, they encountered no obstacles on their way.

Quite soon, he saw a European-style luxury building come into view, surrounded by several police lines, forbidding any vehicles or pedestrians from entering or exiting.

Tong Qian fell into trouble at this hotel; the hotel couldn't possibly be without issues, making quarantine the most prudent measure.

Moreover, the suspected floating head balloon incident had started from this hotel.

The sound of brakes squealed.

Yang Jian's pickup pulled right up to the hotel's entrance.

Carrying a body bag and having just stepped out of the car with Xiong Wenwen, he saw two people sitting on the hotel stairs, looking over with a vaguely amused expression.

"I thought you wouldn't come today, but you're unexpectedly punctual. Did you tell the higher-ups you wanted to remove us from the case? What, you want all the credit? You even brought Xiong Wenwen;

headquarters really is biased," said a young man in his early twenties, his pale face showing a hint of displeasure.

"Guo Fan?" Yang Jian's face darkened.

Then he turned to look at the middle-aged man standing on the steps smoking.

It was none other than Feng Quan, whom he had rescued from Huanggang Village.

The two people who were supposed to have been transferred out of the hotel had actually been waiting here already.

What did this mean?

For a moment, Yang Jian's expression was one of fluctuating uncertainty.

Chapter 334 333

Yang Jian looked at Guo Fan and Feng Quan, who had been waiting here, and noticed that their expressions were not good.

He didn't care whether they had other motives; what he really cared about was whether these two people seemed to have agreed to meet here to wait for him, did it mean they had been attacked by the ghost, and their memories had been tampered with?

It is known that a person won't realize if their memory has been altered; a ghost can change your memory to make you a good person, and the next moment turn you into a bad one.

Personality can be changed at any time.

Yang Jian had already roughly understood some patterns from Zhao Lei's notes.

So, if the memories of those who had been altered were well hidden, it would be impossible for anyone to find a flaw, at least Yang Jian believed he couldn't find any.

Therefore, the best approach was to distance himself from them and wait until the paranormal event was over to be at ease.

"You shouldn't have come here," Yang Jian said in a deep voice, highly guarded.

"It seems we don't need your agreement to come here. You can't handle this matter alone. Even if you resolved the Dachang City incident, the headquarters wouldn't have transferred us here to support you if it were otherwise."

Guo Fan spoke with displeasure on his face.

"This has to do with some personal grievances of mine, and I hope you won't interfere," Yang Jian said.

"Yang Jian, I know what you're worried about. Captain Zhao has already warned me. There's another ghost in this hotel, one of your high school classmates. He's had his memory altered by the ghost and has now become a Ghost Slave, currently lying low in this hotel."

Feng Quan approached and flicked away his cigarette butt.

"And I know what you're worried about. I can tell you clearly right now that my memory hasn't been tampered with, nor have I been attacked. Teaming up will be beneficial for us and have no downsides."

Yang Jian glanced at him: "How do you know your memory hasn't been tampered with? Even if you now know your memory is fine, what if the ghost hasn't altered it yet and decides to do it later? Who can be certain about that?"

"In the end, you still suspect us," Feng Quan said.

"Although such a thought is quite normal, you're offending people. If it weren't for my blunder in the incident at Huanggang Village, which wasted a lot of manpower and resources for my rescue, I wouldn't voluntarily request to come here this time."

He had made a mistake, and it was natural for him to want to make amends; resolving a paranormal event was the best way to do so.

"But have you considered what might happen if someone screws up? I might get killed, and Xiong Wenwen could die here too. The paranormal incident in City Z would spiral out of control, and at least three or four spirit manipulators will have their memories altered... Can you imagine how serious the consequences would be?"

Yang Jian voiced the worst-case scenario.

Feng Quan's brow furrowed at once.

According to Yang Jian, if this paranormal event couldn't be resolved, it might lead to very serious consequences.

"Yang Jian, no matter what you say, I will be involved in this case. If you don't feel comfortable, you can go back to Dachang City and wait for a few days. If we can't resolve it smoothly, then you can step in. That should be acceptable, right?"

Although Guo Fan was not too friendly towards Yang Jian, he was still his colleague, so he came up with a compromise,

Yang Jian coldly said, "If you fail in a few days, I won't come to City Z. The ghost is targeting me; I won't give it too much time to grow stronger. If it grows to a point where we can't resolve the situation, who will be held accountable?"

What happened to Zhao Kaiming once was enough; a second occurrence was absolutely not allowed.

"This won't do, that won't do; what exactly do you want? I've given you a lot of face. You are capable, sure, but this place doesn't operate on whatever you want. We must prioritize the bigger picture." Guo Fan said with some annoyance.

"It's simple; leave this matter to me, I'll handle it well," Yang Jian made his demand clear.

"So there's no room for discussion?"

Guo Fan hummed lightly, not wanting to argue too much with him, instead turning to say, "Feng Quan, it looks like we can't expect much from this teammate. Let's team up, just the two of us."

He was waiting here with Feng Quan because they wanted to join forces with Yang Jian, as having more people would be more reassuring. Also, Yang Jian's abilities were indeed strong.

He didn't expect Yang Jian to be so averse to the two of them.

After thinking for a while, Feng Quan said, "Yang Jian, paranormal events are no joke, anyone can fail here. There's no point in vying for control. Since you don't trust us, how about this: once we get to the hotel, we'll each investigate on our own, avoid direct contact, and maintain a certain distance. Of course, if you need support, you can call on us anytime."

Considering our past association, I'll be there to support you."

"Alright, I've said my piece, do as you please. Guo Fan, let's go."

Having said that, he no longer interacted with Yang Jian and immediately turned with Guo Fan to head towards the Caesar Hotel.

Yang Jian watched as the two of them made their way deep into the hotel. He knew things here would become quite complicated again, but he couldn't directly use force to stop Feng Quan and Guo Fan.

...

Otherwise, without resolving the supernatural event, finding himself in a fight with other ghost tamers wouldn't pay off at all.

Moreover, these two guys probably each controlled two ghosts and were not the weak trio.

If it really came to a fight, Yang Jian might win, but the cost would be substantial.

"No choice then, I have to let them be. These two are too stubborn, I can't just watch them fall in the hotel, or things will spiral completely out of control," Yang Jian suddenly felt exhausted.

Fortunately, Feng Quan thought of a more moderate strategy.

Everyone sticks to their own tasks, avoiding contact with each other, which can temporarily ensure safety.

And once someone does something out of the ordinary, their identity becomes highly suspicious.

"These two troublemakers are definitely going to cause problems."

Xiong Wenwen also disliked their attitude but didn't dare to speak out since both men were fierce. She only huffed after they had left.

"Did you foresee the future?" Yang Jian glanced at her.

Xiong Wenwen said, "Do I need to foresee it? These two troublemakers came unprepared, barging into the hotel barehanded. Are they underestimating us, or do they look down on the ghosts here?"

"That's why I suspect there's something off about them. Their timing is too uncanny, and they're far too casual," Yang Jian shook his head and sighed, "But I can't just test them recklessly. After all, it's only a suspicion. If I get it wrong and create a scene, it wouldn't be good. I'm not afraid of them, but it could disrupt my next moves."

"Enough of that, let's head into the hotel. Remember, unless I specifically ask you to use your abilities, don't act rashly. Some ghosts are troublesome, beware they may set up fake dangers to waste your strength, forcing the fierce ghosts to revive."

"I understand," Xiong Wenwen replied obediently.

Yang Jian nodded and led her into the hotel.

The hotel lobby was vast.

Glitzy and glamorous with dazzling lights, it exuded luxury and showed no signs of anything eerie, looking just like any other normally operating upscale hotel.

But as far as Yang Jian knew, the hotel had been sealed off for renovation after Tong Qian went missing.

In other words, it should've been impossible for the hotel to be doing business as usual, even the electricity supply shouldn't have been on.

But now...

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened as he looked towards the front desk ahead.

A front desk clerk dressed in uniform, with her hair up and an attractive figure, stood there, flashing a professional smile their way.

"May I help you with anything?" Her voice was soft and pleasant, making one feel at ease.

If it were a normal hotel with such a front desk clerk, business would definitely be booming.

But the problem was, this place had long been sealed, and there shouldn't have been any staff at all.

Before he could ponder further,

Guo Fan, who had entered ahead of him, was already gearing up to make a move, "Who cares what kind of ghost she is, I'll probe her first."

The female front desk clerk still wore her professional smile, her face showing no emotion.

Feng Quan stopped him, "Don't act rashly. If the enemy doesn't move, neither do we."

Having been through the Huanggang Village incident, he, like Yang Jian, realized that even if you know something is amiss while in the midst of a seemingly safe supernatural situation, you can't just do whatever you want.

Who knows if it might disrupt some delicate balance and worsen the situation instantly.

Guo Fan was held back from making a reckless move and instead furrowed his brow at the front desk clerk in front of him.

"Gentlemen, may I help you with anything?" the front desk clerk continued to smile professionally, her voice sounding mechanical.

Her voice echoed in the empty lobby, giving off an inexplicable chill.

Chapter 335 - 334: The Second Floor of the Hotel

Feng Quan stopped Guo Fan's actions, feeling that it would not be a wise decision to act rashly before finding the source of the anomaly in the hotel.

But Guo Fan thought differently, being more aggressive. Since the receptionist was problematic, he believed they should deal with her first to prevent any future threats.

"You shouldn't have stopped me. Perhaps this unremarkable receptionist is the ghost hiding in this hotel."

Guo Fan didn't heed Feng Quan's persuasion, "Let me take care of her first, no matter if she's just an ordinary Ghost Slave, one less is better than one more when trouble comes."

Feng Quan said gravely, "This approach is meaningless; acting blindly, knowing there's an issue with the hotel, could lead to irreparable consequences. Currently, we are lacking information, and Tong Qian has

gone missing in this hotel. Plus, there was someone controlled and brought into this hotel—mentioned by Yang Jian before—named Zhao Lei."

"Strictly speaking, there are at least three ghosts in this hotel, and even in the most common paranormal event, when three ghosts gather, things can get very complicated." Continue your adventure at NovelBin.Côm

Dealing with a single ghost was virtually no issue when the four ghost hunters acted together.

However, blind action was tremendously foolish once the number of ghosts increased.

Yet, Feng Quan had his ideas, and Guo Fan's methods couldn't be completely dismissed as wrong.

A bold move might indeed get them closer to the source of the paranormal activity.

Watching the two argue due to the divergence in their opinions, Yang Jian understood that their greatly differing approaches were due to their varied experiences, each having developed their own habits.

"Is it really okay for them to keep arguing like this?" Xiong Wenwen asked from the side.

Yang Jian said, "Don't mind them; they can argue all they want. We'll do our own thing. As long as we don't cross paths, it's fine. I've not fully trusted them yet, so let's stick to our original plan."

Saying this, he glanced over, paying no attention to the female receptionist.

Since Feng Quan and Guo Fan had been standing in front of this receptionist for so long without issue, it was safe to assume, for the time being, that she posed no threat.

His gaze moved toward the staircase leading to the second floor of the hotel.

"Let's go check out the second floor," Yang Jian immediately decided to take action.

The staircase to the second floor of the hotel consisted of two curved sets of stairs. The marble construction was exquisitely stylish, and a red carpet lay on the steps, preventing those who walked on it from slipping.

However, Yang Jian noticed a black footprint on the red carpet that seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

It looked like it had been scorched, or as though it had been stained with ink.

But when Yang Jian crouched down for a closer look, he immediately smelled a familiar odor.

It was the stench of decay.

This was a black stain formed by decomposing fluid left behind after a corpse had passed over the carpet.

"The footprint is going from the first floor to the second floor," Yang Jian observed that the direction of the footprints extended to a door on the second floor and then disappeared,

He looked back.

Yet, looking in the direction from which they had come, there were no black footprints to be seen. It was uncertain whether this was due to the lobby being tiled or someone having already cleaned them up, making the origin of the black footprints unrecognizable.

"Did a ghost pass through here a few days ago?" A chilling scene formed in his mind.

A ghost entered the hotel from the outside, treated like an ordinary person, then checked into the hotel and never left.

In other words, there was a ghost hidden on the second floor of the hotel.

Following the footprints, Yang Jian walked up the stairs towards the door on the second floor.

The Italian-style double glass doors easily revealed the inside.

It was a pitch-dark corridor.

The lights were off, dimming everything and revealing nothing of substance. Yang Jian felt nothing amiss; it all seemed very normal.

"Have you found anything?" Xiong Wenwen asked curiously, seeing him observing the area.

Yang Jian pushed the door, but the unlocked doors wouldn't budge. He tugged at them too, but they wouldn't move, as if the doors were completely sealed off, denying entry to anyone.

"A ghost entered this hotel's second floor a few days ago; its identity and information are unknown. It could be Zhao Lei, or the source of the head balloon incident in Z city, or possibly Tong Qian who'd died at the hands of a revived ghost... But one thing is certain: there's definitely a ghost in here."

"Let's go in and take a look, and deal with one ghost first if possible."

He now felt prepared enough to speak with such certainty. Immediately, he pulled out his pistol and fired a shot at the glass doors in front of him.

"Bang~!"

A gunshot rang out, and immediately the glass in the firmly locked door shattered, but it was of good quality and the broken pieces did not fall. Yang Jian kicked the door a few times, knocking out a section of glass to create an opening, then he strode in.

"You're not going to die just by walking in like that, are you?" Xiong Wenwen's eyes widened, feeling that Yang Jian was even more reckless than the other two.

"What else can we do? Can we solve anything standing outside? Just follow and keep quiet. If anything really happens, I can whisk you away immediately," Yang Jian said as he moved forward.

Ghost eyes opened on both his forehead and the back of his head.

The eerie crimson eyes surveyed the area ahead and behind, preventing any unforeseen incidents.

The dim surroundings did not affect his field of vision at all.

Should anything happen, Yang Jian would immediately use the Ghost Domain, take out a Ghost Candle to forcefully suppress the malevolent spirit's actions, then use the Ghost Rope and a corpse bag to forcibly take it away without needing to figure out any pattern to the ghost's behavior.

He estimated that with his current conditions and resources, instantly confining a terror less than Terror Level A would not be a problem.

The dark corridor was deathly quiet.

Yang Jian's steps on the soft carpet were so silent that not even a footstep was heard, the surrounding quietness was terrifying.

Yet in this extreme silence, a sound gradually travelled towards him from the front.

"Ding, ding ding~!"

The sound was crisp, lacking rhythm or pattern, but upon careful discernment, one could conjecture that it was probably the noise of someone eating, the clinking of knives and forks against porcelain plates, a common occurrence in Western restaurants, so it didn't feel too unfamiliar.

"It sounds like someone is eating over there."

Xiong Wenwen said, "Should we make a prediction? I'm feeling a bit uneasy now. You're not leading me into trouble, are you?"

Clearly not as mentally sturdy, he wanted to use the power of the ghosts at the slightest eerie noise.

Yang Jian remained unmoved, "It's not time yet. Let's go over and take a look. You shouldn't waste your abilities like that, after all, you've only commandeered one ghost, and it could easily revive."

With that, he followed the sound and continued onward.

The sound of cutlery clinking against crockery resounded in the dimly lit hotel, a place that had long been sealed off and closed down, without any possibility of guests or chefs being present, not even the hotel owner was allowed within three hundred meters of the hotel.

So, whoever was eating in the hotel at this time was clearly not normal.

In the end, Yang Jian cautiously approached a large door on the second floor, through which one could vaguely see a dining room with tables covered with white cloths, neatly arranged with fresh flowers plugged on top. However, due to being neglected for several days, the flowers had wilted significantly.

If it were a normal day, this place would certainly be bustling with guests.

"The sound is coming from this hall," Yang Jian stated as he stood in front of the door, carefully listening before he took any action.

No mistake.

The sound of cutlery clinking against plates came from a table inside, yet from his angle and position, Yang Jian couldn't see what was at the source of the sound.

But to him, knowing wasn't necessary.

"Deal with this thing in a flash." Yang Jian's gaze hardened. He took a step back, then placed the corpse bag he was holding at his feet, raising both palms to his forehead.

All three ghost eyes opened simultaneously, layering upon each other.

As the red light converged, his Ghost Domain immediately activated, the domains of each ghost eye amplifying one another, creating three layers.

Previously, it was with these three layers of Ghost Domain that he had located the Hungry Ghost and used a Coffin Nail to confine and imprison it.

Now, Yang Jian planned to repeat that feat. Although he was without Coffin Nails, the ghost he faced was not the Hungry Ghost, and he didn't intend to hold back; any ghost, whether it was Zhao Lei or not, would be confined first and dealt with afterwards.

The Ghost Domain swiftly infiltrated the dining hall, heading straight for the table from where the sound emanated. If he encountered the ghost, Yang Jian was confident that he could forcibly confine it within his Ghost Domain, making the resolution much simpler.

Next moment.

The red light engulfed the entire dining room, but the sound of cutlery against plates inside abruptly ceased.

As Yang Jian viewed the situation inside through the Ghost Domain, his expression immediately darkened.

He had failed.