

Revival 411

Chapter 411 Sudden Attack

At this moment, Wan Delu was being escorted out from among the rescued survivors like a prisoner. Although he didn't know what he had done wrong, he immediately realized that his situation seemed very dire, as he was even handcuffed, and the special operatives beside him were armed with real guns.

It seemed that if he tried to run, they would shoot him without hesitation.

Under such circumstances, it definitely wasn't something as simple as his company evading taxes or one of his hotels failing health inspections and giving someone a stomach ache. It had to be something much more serious.

His heart was racing, and his legs were trembling.

Wan Delu felt as if he was being led to the execution grounds, and the haunting on the plane was not as hopeless as this.

"I understand now, it must be those things that caused the problem." When he was halfway there, he saw a group of people clustered around his suitcase under the sunshade ahead and instantly realized where he had erred.

Those antiques were problematic...

Wan Delu couldn't help but think back to the haunting on the plane.

Maybe the problem lied with those antiques.

Could it be that some antiques were dug out from ancient tombs and had been contaminated with unclean entities, causing the haunting on the plane?

If that was the case, Wan Delu felt he was doomed.

Not shot, then certainly facing a lifetime in prison.

It's all over, everything's finished... At this moment, Wan Delu felt like his entire family had died; even walking became difficult. If it weren't for the special operatives holding onto him, he would have collapsed to the ground right then.

"Is this item something you brought on the plane?" Chen Yi from J City's International Ghost Masters approached menacingly and grabbed Wan Delu's lapel.

His strength was as extraordinary as Yang Jian's, eerily strong.

Wan Delu's bulky body was hoisted up by one hand, his feet dangling in the air, with a chilling sensation around his throat. It was as if the chilling cold was seeping into his entire body, giving him the feeling that his body was no longer his own, beyond his control.

It was like sleep paralysis, with only his consciousness remaining clear.

This person, so terrifying.

Wan Delu's barely stabilized emotions instantly collapsed, and in his eyes, he regarded this stranger with profound fear.

"Chen Yi, that's enough, let him go," Yang Jian said with a squint at that moment, speaking to stop him.

With a numb and insane look, Chen Yi glanced over, "This is my jurisdiction now, I need to uncover the truth of this matter. Are you trying to interfere, Ghost-Eye Yang Jian?"

"It's not about interfering with you, it's that I don't want you to accidentally kill him. He's an acquaintance of mine," Yang Jian said.

"If he's made a mistake, no matter whose acquaintance he is, he must be interrogated," Chen Yi said.
"No one is exempt, including you."

The others shifted their expressions slightly, looking toward Yang Jian and Chen Yi.

Why would Yang Jian argue with this Chen Yi over a trivial person? Even if Chen Yi accidentally killed that person, it shouldn't matter to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian continued, "This case is under my jurisdiction. I established the paranormal archive, and I'm the one who detained the ghost. So, if anyone is to interrogate him, it's going to be me. Do you wish to dispute that, or are you trying to take credit for my work?"

He wasn't trying to save Wan Delu; rather, it was the news about the soul bottle on him that he didn't want others to obtain.

Because it's very likely that following the clue of this soul bottle could lead to locating other soul bottles and determining the whereabouts of other detained malevolent spirits.

If he could secure them, their value would be immeasurable.

After all, the danger level of a malevolent spirit active in the world is uncertain because each detained ghost poses a great risk. But if it's about picking up an easy catch, Yang Jian wouldn't want to miss the chance.

Especially now that he was experiencing issues with his body, if necessary, he would consider piecing together a malevolent spirit's body.

Hence, Wan Delu was now very important.

"And if I refuse?" Chen Yi said coldly.

Yang Jian slowly said, "You shouldn't refuse my request because denying me has no benefits, only trouble. I believe my words carry some weight and shouldn't be disregarded. So, I would appreciate it if you would do me this favor."

As he spoke, the surrounding environment had changed.

In an instant, the whole world turned into a strange place shrouded in red light. The nearby people were gone, silence reigned, leaving only about a dozen people under the sunshade.

"The Ghost Domain?" Zong Shan, Guo Fan, and other Ghost Masters' eyelids twitched.

Shen Liang also realized that something was off. If Yang Jian and Chen Yi really got into a conflict, it would be a total disaster.

If the two of them fought to the death, it would not be a big deal, but as the person in charge, he would undoubtedly be suspended and investigated.

"I heard that your Ghost Domain is even more unique than Li Jun's, that back in Dachang City, your Ghost Domain even invaded that of the Hungry Ghost?" Chen Yi said with a hint of ferocity.

Yang Jian replied, "What you hear may not reflect the truth. If possible, it's always better to see with your own eyes."

"Considering the hard work you put into Dachang City, I'll give you this face today. However, I expect you to act without bias; I cannot tolerate anyone causing trouble in my jurisdiction," Chen Yi said.

Shen Liang had expected Chen Yi, with his temperament, to start a fight directly. Surprisingly, Chen Yi chose to back down rationally, calmly placing Wan Delu down.

"Thank you," Yang Jian said calmly.

The red light around them immediately disappeared, and everything returned to normal. The sun still shone brightly overhead, and the people who had vanished before reappeared.

Wan Delu was now sitting collapsed on the ground, his face still white with terror, gasping for air, sweating profusely as if he had just walked a tightrope at the very edge of death.

Had Chen Yi backed down?

Seeing the conflict dissipate, Shen Liang let out a slight sigh of relief and was somewhat surprised.

It was rare to see Chen Yi back down in front of someone else. Today, he had given Yang Jian that respect.

Shen Liang knew that Chen Yi was definitely not wary of this Ghost-eye Yang Jian; there must be another reason. However, since Chen Yi wasn't his responsibility, Shen Liang couldn't analyze Chen Yi's motives this time.

"Since this incident is under Yang Jian's charge, let him take full responsibility. No objections, I assume?" Shen Liang quickly looked around at everyone.

No one spoke. They all knew that Wan Delu was a valuable lead, and digging deeper could potentially yield unexpected results.

But they chose to keep silent.

Because they didn't want to offend Chen Yi or Yang Jian.

There was no need to speak of Chen Yi, one of the international ghost exorcists from J City, inconspicuous in fame but extraordinary in ability.

Yang Jian, an unknown high school senior half a year ago, had gained notoriety in the past six months, surviving many paranormal events. He was certainly not a person to be taken lightly.

"Since there are no objections, let's call it a day. Yang Jian, submit a report later. Wan Delu is your responsibility now," Shen Liang said.

"All right," Yang Jian said tersely.

Guo Fan though was not pleased, "After all this effort, we've done nothing but bake in the sun for two hours. Yang Jian, you got the easy end again. Take this and study it well on your own."

He picked up the soul bottle from the ground and threw it casually.

However, at the moment the golden bottle left his hand, as the mouth faced him, suddenly—

Out of the pitch-black bottle, a pale arm reached out, grabbed Guo Fan's face, and violently pulled toward the inside of the bottle.

Guo Fan staggered, almost falling over, as the golden bottle covered his face and the protruding white arm exerted a terrible force, as if trying to pull his entire being into the bottle, hardly the size of a palm.

"Ah~!"

He felt a severe pain and couldn't help but scream.

The sudden turn of events made everyone else's eyelids twitch.

This was bad.

They had been careless.

Was there still a ghost in the bottle?

Yang Jian, Zong Shan, Shen Liang, and even Chen Yi's expressions changed dramatically in an instant.

The gold had blocked their perception, leading them to believe there was no problem with the bottle. Plus, having assumed that the ghost released earlier had been dealt with by Yang Jian, they hadn't thoroughly checked it.

They hadn't expected a paranormal occurrence at the last moment.

It must have been Guo Fan's act of throwing the bottle that unintentionally triggered the ghost inside, leading to the attack.

Chapter 412 The Suspect

This sudden supernatural attack was unexpected by everyone, and by the time people reacted, they had already seen the golden bottle cap covering Guo Fan's face, with a ghastly white hand visible, gripping his face and pulling incessantly towards the mouth of the bottle.

Guo Fan's skin was torn, his facial bones shattered, the sudden intense pain made him unable to help but scream in agony.

If an ordinary person had experienced this attack, by now they could probably be declared dead in advance.

But Guo Fan was a ghost controller, moreover, one who controlled two ghosts, so he had a basic ability to survive in the presence of fierce ghosts.

Therefore, under the slight shock Yang Jian experienced, he then chose to watch coldly from the sidelines. He didn't rush to rescue immediately but focused on the pale, stiff fingers emerging from the bottle, associating them with the hand he had previously confined.

It was evident that the ghost had a pair of hands.

The one he had constrained before was a right hand; this was a left hand.

"No, it's no longer just a hand. Just now I saw an entire arm extend out... The ghost in the bottle is gradually reviving. Before it was only a hand, but now it's an entire arm. If this continues, when the thing inside the bottle completely escapes, it will probably be a complete ghost," he said.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, feeling he might have underestimated this thing.

A complete ghost, at the very least an A-level, and even possessing a certain degree of growth potential, was extremely terrifying.

No, that's not right.

Then, Yang Jian suddenly realized, Guo Fan was still screaming; he hadn't used the powers of the ghosts within his body to resist the attack, and the ghastly white hand covering his face hadn't retreated.

The others also immediately grasped the reason.

It certainly wasn't that Guo Fan didn't want to use his fierce ghost powers, but that he couldn't.

The ghosts in his body were being suppressed.

Only under such circumstances was Guo Fan unable to fight back.

"This thing is no simple matter; if this goes on, Guo Fan is going to die. We need to save him," Zong Shan urgently whispered from the side.

Before he could finish speaking, Chen Yi, with a cold expression, rushed forward. His hand, already showing signs of livor mortis, grasped at the bottle, trying to pry off the stiff fingers clasped on Guo Fan's face to separate him from the bottle.

"Not at all hesitant to come into direct contact with the ghost?" Yang Jian observed this with a slight change in expression.

This Chen Yi, if not confident in his own abilities, was simply reckless.

The risk of direct physical contact with a ghost was greater than being targeted by one. At least if targeted there was a decent chance of survival, but with direct contact, if one misjudged, it resulted in death.

"Damn it, this bottle is made of Gold, blocking my powers," Chen Yi said fiercely at this moment: "Which one of you can directly invade Guo Fan's body with your abilities? If so, hurry up and help. If this guy dies, at least two ghosts will escape, and then the situation will become even more complicated."

He couldn't force the ghost's attack back through the Gold bottle, and now Guo Fan's face was plugging the mouth of the bottle, with the edges of the mouth deeply embedded in the flesh.

Unless one didn't care about the life of Guo Fan, which would mean the loss of the ability to save him.

Zong Shan, who was about to step forward to help, stopped in his tracks when he heard this, his expression stiffening.

He did not possess this kind of targeted ability either; his powers also directly affected ghosts. If he were to use them on a human... that person would certainly die, and while Guo Fan might not necessarily die, he didn't dare to take the risk, in case he lost the gamble, then it would be the end.

At this point, Shen Liang suddenly looked towards Yang Jian.

There weren't many ghost controllers who came to the airport this time, and several had already left after confirming there was no issue. The remaining ghost controllers were all here. If Zong Shan and Chen Yi couldn't help, then the only one they could rely on was Yang Jian.

But would Yang Jian save him?

Shen Liang knew there was a bit of conflict between him and Guo Fan, and it was likely Yang Jian would choose not to save him at this moment.

He was right.

Indeed, Yang Jian did not want to save Guo Fan. What did this guy's life or death have to do with him? The last incident in Z city almost doomed him due to this pig-headed teammate.

However, due to the urgent situation, he still chose to take action.

Because he needed the Soul Bottle and couldn't let the ghost escape from it, naturally, he also didn't want the fierce ghost to break free upon Guo Fan's death, which would mean he couldn't spare himself from cleaning up the mess.

"I'll do it," Yang Jian said, his expression showing no emotion as he approached.

Beneath his feet, a strange black shadow gathered undissipated, clearly out of place with his own shadow as if it were logically surplus, and this shadow seemed to lack a head, only a flat neck remained.

The Headless Ghost Shadow quickly invaded Guo Fan's body.

He had intended to pass through Guo Fan's body to directly repel that ghost, but when his Ghost Shadow sensed what was inside Guo Fan's body, he paused in surprise.

Hidden in Guo Fan's stomach was an old wooden ancestral tablet, with what seemed to be a portrait embedded in it. The portrait was blurry, looking a bit like Guo Fan, and a bit like an unfamiliar stranger.

"Is this the ghost that Guo Fan controls? A spiritual tablet?"

Despite his curiosity, Yang Jian didn't pay too much attention at this moment. Instead, his Ghost Shadow invaded the pale, stiff hand at the mouth of the bottle using his own body.

Headless Ghost Shadow was actually under Yang Jian's control following its resuscitation, and in most cases, it could suppress those incomplete ghosts.

Upon contact with Headless Ghost Shadow,

the hand that had deeply penetrated into Guo Fan's flesh recoiled as if it had met its nemesis, quickly withdrawing and disappearing into the dark depths of the bottle.

With the resistance gone, Chen Yi easily removed the bottle. He covered the opening with his palm, seemingly confident enough to block the ghost inside from getting out.

However, although Guo Fan had been rescued, he seemed to have lost consciousness.

His facial bones were shattered, blood was streaming down, and even one of his eyeballs had been gouged out by the hand, making him look ferocious and frightening.

"Is he dead?" Zong Shan's complexion changed slightly as he asked anxiously.

Although he could no longer feel Guo Fan's heartbeat and breathing, ghost controllers could not be deduced by common logic; the disappearance of life signs did not necessarily equate to death, as most ghost controllers could still retain their human consciousness in a dead state.

"I don't know, maybe he's dead, maybe not."

Yang Jian frowned and said, "I'm currently suppressing the ghost inside his body, so I can't tell for sure, but looking at this, he's probably done for."

Chen Yi said somewhat furiously, "What a waste, I thought he was capable. Just one attack and he couldn't hold up, always causing trouble. Shen Liang, I suggest we treat him as a corpse now. Even if he isn't dead, he's probably not far from a ghost's awakening. We can't let this guy cause trouble within my jurisdiction."

Shen Liang hurriedly said, "Wait a minute, I understand Guo Fan's situation. His will to survive is still trustworthy. Just release the restriction, Yang Jian, that's all."

"Releasing the restriction is easy, but I won't be responsible if anything happens,"

Yang Jian said coldly, "If two ghosts revive, don't expect me to take the fall. Otherwise, I'd rather resign. I've dealt with enough trouble today; if I have to clean up more messes, I'll start to suspect your motives toward me."

"Fine, I'll take full responsibility if anything goes wrong," Shen Liang bit his teeth and said.

If Guo Fan perished here inexplicably, he would have suffered a great loss.

"I've recorded this conversation as evidence," Yang Jian pointed at his GPS-enabled phone.

Shen Liang's face darkened. Despite Yang Jian's youthful appearance, he handled affairs meticulously, leaving no stone unturned.

Yang Jian retracted the Headless Ghost Shadow from Guo Fan's body but maintained a measure of caution, leaving behind a residual shadow with a crimson ghost eye in it to watch over the situation inside Guo Fan's body.

He was a bit curious about this guy's capabilities.

It was also a measure of self-protection against potential attacks.

However, as he lifted the restriction, something eerie happened.

Guo Fan's disfigured face began to recover rapidly. This recovery was not through healing and growing back but by a face that belonged to him appearing on the reconstructed parts of his face, directly replacing the damaged one.

"There's a change with the tablet in his stomach."

Yang Jian suddenly saw through the residual ghost eye left inside him.

The face of the man in the portrait had become disfigured and blurred, and the previously vague features became increasingly clearer.

And it seemed to notice Yang Jian's presence; the person in the portrait looked at Yang Jian's ghost eye, slightly turned its head, and revealed a sinister smile.

Yang Jian's expression changed drastically.

He pulled back the Ghost Shadow, no longer observing.

At the same time, the look he gave Guo Fan was not quite right.

There was some bizarre connection between the man in the spiritual tablet's portrait and Guo Fan. The question was, was the man in the portrait Guo Fan, or was the person before him Guo Fan?

But he believed that one of them, either the portrait or the person, might actually be a ghost.

Chapter 413 412

There is something wrong with this Guo Fan!

Although Yang Jian remained composed, he harbored a deep wariness towards Guo Fan due to a previous discovery, as this man's identity was under suspicion.

Guo Fan is suspected to be a ghost.

"Are you alright now, nothing's wrong?"

The others were unaware of Yang Jian's thoughts, even Shen Liang had no clue as he immediately came over with a concerned look and asked.

Guo Fan's previously shattered face had returned to normal, his entire being still intact, yet despite still wearing a dead man's face, he was clearly not feeling well, his eyes especially somber: "I'm fine, this thing is really weird, it almost killed me. Just a moment ago I felt the ghost inside me being suppressed."

"The hand didn't want to grab me, but the ghost inside my body. I could feel the ghost in my body being transferred, as if it wanted to run into that bottle."

"But luckily, at the critical moment, the hand was repelled. Otherwise, if I lost a ghost, the internal balance of the substances in my body would be lost, and I would definitely die from the resurgence of the malicious ghost."

A person who had controlled two ghosts was actually on the verge of a ghostly resurgence, and if something went wrong with the other ghost, they would be doomed.

Just like Feng Quan in Z city, who was only brought back from the brink of ghostly resurgence after Yang Jian forcefully restored his balance.

"This incident was unexpected, but there was no harm done, thankfully."

Shen Liang heaved a big sigh of relief: "Just now, it was also thanks to Yang Jian. It was he who just made a move to help you repel that ghost."

Yang Jian?

Guo Fan looked at him with a somewhat strange gaze, seemingly not expecting Yang Jian to actually lend a hand.

Without speaking, Yang Jian walked over, picked up the lid of the bottle from Wan Delu's luggage by the side, then approached Chen Yi, saying, "If you don't mind, let me handle this item?"

Chen Yi did not dispute with Yang Jian. He said, "You being able to suppress what's inside indeed makes it better for you to deal with it. I said I wouldn't manage this case, so naturally, I'll keep my promise. Just be careful with it yourself. This time the trouble was Guo Fan's responsibility, if next time I hear about something escaping from inside, I will hold you accountable."

So saying, he handed over the bottle to Yang Jian.

"Of course, I'm not some half-baked handler like Guo Fan. If something goes wrong with the item in my hands, it's naturally my responsibility."

Yang Jian spoke calmly, immediately capped the bottle after taking it, and then wrapped it in gold foil from his own carry bag, ensuring it was completely secure.

He had already imprisoned a hand, and this hand was even more special. If possible, he didn't want to mess with this item just yet and thought it was good to keep it imprisoned as is.

"Since the matter is over, I should be leaving, too. Shen Liang, you handle the rest. I haven't got the time to keep dragging this on with you," Chen Yi harrumphed heavily, clearly not pleased with the incident caused by Guo Fan.

Although it was an accident.

Yet, since it happened to Guo Fan, it was his fault; there was no such thing as innocence by chance.

Guo Fan, who already had a hard-to-look-at deathlike face, felt even more embarrassed at this time. Wasn't he a top ghost handler respected in any city? And now, in front of these people, it was as if he had become subordinate, completely losing face and dignity.

"I should also leave. I will investigate the source of this issue thoroughly and will provide a report to Team Shen later," said Yang Jian.

Shen Liang gave a sheepish smile: "Well, I'll be troubling you. But, regarding that item... If possible, it's best to let headquarters handle it. After all, this is J city, and if something goes amiss, it's no good for anyone."

"After I finish investigating, I will turn it over. What use do I have for holding onto a ghost? I can't eat it, so don't worry," Yang Jian said casually.

As for when the investigation would be finished, that would depend on when he resolved his own deteriorating situation.

"Well, okay then," Shen Liang, seeing Yang Jian's perfunctory reply, couldn't press further and reluctantly agreed.

Yang Jian then glanced at Wan Delu, who was splayed on the ground, already gone limp: "President Wan, do you want to continue staying here, or would you like to cooperate with my investigation and leave with me?"

"I, I..."

Wan Delu was so agitated upon hearing this that he stammered, hardly able to speak.

"Since you've already decided, then come with me," Yang Jian said.

He still needed the clue on Wan Delu, otherwise, he wouldn't have protected him from Chen Yi's grasp.

When it came to his own survival, he wouldn't give up even the slimmest hope, not to mention offending an international ghost-controller, even if it meant offending a hundred of them, he wasn't afraid.

About to die, and still afraid of offending someone?

At that moment, Wan Delu found encouragement, his previously limp body somehow found the strength to quickly stand up from the ground and then he looked at the people around him.

It seemed they all tacitly allowed him to leave, showing no intention of stopping him.

Immediately, he followed Yang Jian like he was fleeing.

"I've caused such a big mess, is it really okay to leave like this?"

Wan Delu still couldn't believe that he could leave so easily.

The terrifying incident that had just occurred, and the near-death of a person because of it, would, if blamed on him, probably lead to being taken out and shot.

Yang Jian said, "You're fine because I said you're fine. If I said you're not, then I'm sorry, but the authorities in J City will interrogate you. If you're lucky, you'd spend your life in prison—money won't help you; if you're unlucky, you might start thinking about your next life, since this incident originated from you."

"Even if you didn't intend it, causing such a significant impact and trouble, you can't escape responsibility."

"Understood, understood," Wan Delu touched his forehead, wanting to wipe the sweat off, but he found his hands were still cuffed.

He was beginning to realize the assertiveness of people like Yang Jian.

They might not look very high-ranking, but their authority was extraordinarily large; just now, with a slight glance, he saw the fire department, rescue teams, and other units all cooperating fully.

Not one dared question it.

Such a grave mistake he made, captured, interrogated, or released—all at their discretion, without the need for any process.

Their judgment was the process.

"All of them are big shots," Wan Delu thought and shuddered, his fat trembling.

He was fortunate to have met Brother Tui on the plane.

Otherwise, he felt that he would have been finished.

"About those antiques..." Wan Delu followed behind, speaking tentatively.

Before he could finish, Yang Jian interrupted him, "Now is not the time to discuss this. Wait until I find a quieter place, then you can slowly tell me, I need this information from you, so you understand."

Finishing his sentence, Yang Jian stopped and gave him a deep look.

"Understood, understood, I'll cooperate fully," Wan Delu was startled, sweating even more now.

He knew that being in the hands of Yang Jian, he was relatively safe, but falling into the hands of someone like Chen Yi, the future would likely be tough, so he was determined to stick close to Yang Jian.

No matter the cost or the price, he didn't care.

Chapter 414 You Are a Good Person

Indeed.

In reality, Yang Jian was even more of a headache than the Yang Jian on the phone.

In just a short moment of contact, Liu Xiaoyu's gaze towards Yang Jian had turned quite strange; if someone with his personality were not a ghost handler, they would definitely starve in society, and absolutely wouldn't have a girlfriend.

"Enough talking, driver brother, let's go and take Mister Yang to the hotel," Liu Xiaoyu said.

The driver in front had just started the car, and Yang Jian said, "I haven't boarded yet, what's the rush?"

"Hmm?" Liu Xiaoyu tilted her head slightly, looking at him with a puzzled face.

But she soon realized that the scenery around her had shifted, and she was somehow sitting on a bench next to her, not in the car at all.

"No wonder the driver hasn't made a sound from the start," Liu Xiaoyu bit her lip and said after realizing, "You actually used the Ghost Domain to take me out of the car? When did you make your move?"

"When I kicked, did you really think I was just showing you? I was kicking open the sunroof on top of the car," Yang Jian calmly stood up.

He saw that the sunroof on the car not far away was shattered.

Liu Xiaoyu also got up and said, "You're too cautious, aren't you? This is J city, and you're using the Ghost Domain over such a trivial matter. Aren't you afraid of hastening the revival time of your fierce ghost?"

Her eyes widened, thinking that Yang Jian's actions were immaculately cautious, even to the point of being paranoid.

"If you make a mistake, at most you lose your job and get punished; if I make a mistake, I could die," Yang Jian looked at her and said, "You should get used to the way I do things, it's better for you."

He had experienced many mistakes, and had nearly died in several supernatural events. The reason he was still alive today was because he was always reducing his mistakes.

"J city doesn't have any supernatural events for you to handle, don't be so tense. It's making me jumpy," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Let's get in the car."

Yang Jian didn't respond to her, gestured towards Wan Delu, and then walked toward the car.

Liu Xiaoyu puffed out her cheeks a little, looked at him somewhat helplessly, and finally followed him quickly.

The vehicle was cruising on the road.

The hustle of J city was several times that of other cities, so unsurprisingly... they were stuck in traffic.

On the road.

Liu Xiaoyu made a simple itinerary, "Your schedule in J city is roughly as follows: rest for two days, and the day after tomorrow, specialized personnel will take you to visit the International Ghost Handler Training Base. Since Sun Yi already assessed your mental condition last time, you don't need to undergo that assessment again. However, the related training is still necessary."

"It won't take too long, about seven days or so."

"After training, you'll make a trip to the headquarters for an award ceremony. The Minister, Deputy Minister, and several team captains from the headquarters will be present."

"Afterwards, someone will take you to tour the research institute. You can raise some of your own questions there, and the staff at the institute will help you solve them."

"Once you leave the research institute, your trip to J city will be over, and you can return to Dachang City. You've been stationed there for a long time. If you have any questions now, just ask. I can answer them for you. If there are any special requests, I can apply for them as well and try to accommodate you."

She held a charter report, glancing at it while speaking.

"Training for seven days? That's too long. I refuse," Yang Jian frowned and said, "I don't want to waste time at any training base."

"It's necessary. Up until now, there hasn't been a single international ghost handler who hasn't undergone training when tasked with overseeing a city," Liu Xiaoyu said, "And during the training, many documents you don't know about will be made available to you, which will be very helpful."

"Trust me, training is really meaningful. The headquarters is very aware of the importance of time for each ghost handler. However, many ghost handlers come into existence accidentally and do not know much about supernatural events. The headquarters has long been responsible for organizing some relevant materials and has even invited a few experienced ghost handlers as instructors."

"Experience and knowledge are helpful for anyone."

Yang Jian then said, "Can't the time be shortened?"

"No, seven days is already the minimum. Training can only be extended, not reduced. The seven-day schedule is also very tight, with only half a day allowed for the ghost handler to rest," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

"What if I refuse?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu's eyes flickered, and she leaned in to whisper, "Don't be so stubborn at a time like this, trust me once. Follow the arrangements during your time in J city. The captain's plan has already started to roll out, and I hope you will be selected. If you make a mistake now, it would be a huge loss for you."

"Why?" Yang Jian suddenly looked at her.

"What?"

"Why would you want me to be the team leader? I remember you weren't so friendly to me at the beginning,"

Liu Xiaoyu's gaze shifted as she said, "You want to survive, right?"

"Naturally."

"If you want to survive, then I also think you should, although you're cold-blooded, ruthless, selfish, and a bit perverted—but I know you're a good person," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"..." Yang Jian: "I still count as a good person in your eyes after all that?"

"You saved Dachang City," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"That was because I was also caught up in that incident," Yang Jian said.

"You saved Z city," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian said, "I did it for revenge, that ghost killed my classmate."

Liu Xiaoyu said with unusual seriousness, "I believe in you, no one is more suited to be a team leader than you, you have the potential."

"That doesn't sound like something you would say," Yang Jian said.

"It wasn't me, it was Zhao Jianguo, Captain Zhao said it. He always had a high opinion of you, and I trust his judgment. He's never wrong about people. When he was in service, he managed many ghost controllers, and he always paid special attention to you," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian said offhandedly, "Maybe he's blind."

As the two talked, the car had already pulled up in front of a hotel building and stopped. Wan Delu hadn't said a word during the ride, just holding his own antique vase and shivering, fearful that the contents might accidentally escape.

But his fear was unnecessary.

The ghost, sealed by Gold, was almost no chance of escaping from within.

At least, Yang Jian had yet to see a ghost, once confined, break out on its own.

Because Gold blocked the ghost's perception, even if someone met the ghost's requirements, it wouldn't act since it couldn't sense them.

That's why most of the contained ghosts were quite calm.

"Is this the place?" Yang Jian looked up at the hotel that was several dozen stories high.

Quite lavish.

"I won't accompany you upstairs. I need to report back to headquarters. Remember to call me if there's an issue, this is my private number." Liu Xiaoyu handed Yang Jian a business card, flashing a smile, "Remember, don't cause trouble, and try your best to survive. Believe in yourself."

"I feel like you nag more than my mom," Yang Jian took the business card and said with a cold face.

"Bye." Liu Xiaoyu waved her hand and the car left their sight.

Standing at the hotel entrance, Wan Lude tentatively spoke up, "That girl seems quite nice to you, is she your girlfriend?"

"No," Yang Jian replied.

"Isn't she pretty cute? You could consider her, definitely better than those flashy, vulgar women out there. Taking her home wouldn't be a loss," Wan Delu said with a sheepish smile.

"Who dares marry someone from headquarters? Do you? I certainly don't. I don't want all my secrets to be known inside out," Yang Jian had just finished saying when he noticed a female attendant approaching from behind.

"Hello, may I ask if you are Mister Yang, Yang Jian?" the female attendant asked politely and respectfully.

Yang Jian nodded his head.

"Your room has already been prepared. Do you need help with your luggage?"

"No need, I can do it myself. Just take me to my room," said Yang Jian as he picked up the luggage bag at his feet.

"Alright, please follow me."

As Yang Jian walked towards the hotel, he had to admit that he was somewhat apprehensive about staying in hotels. The last incident in Z city, he almost died in one. It was a stroke of luck that the ghost didn't target him first, giving him time to turn the situation around.

Ping'an Grand Hotel!

"Wonder if it's really as 'peaceful' as it claims," Yang Jian thought to himself as he looked at the hotel's sign.

Chapter 415 Zhang Lei the Ghost Eater

"This hotel is really nice, with a great view. From here you can overlook J City, and the rooms are huge—top-grade presidential suites. Brother Tui, you've got it good. Usually, it would cost over eighty thousand a day to stay here. Even I wouldn't want to shell out that much."

After putting down the bottle, Wan Delu let out a sigh of relief and looked around Yang Jian's large guest room with an air of familiarity.

With his financial resources, he could definitely afford a place like this. His behavior was merely an attempt to cozy up, with a hint of brown-nosing.

To rise from nothing and become the boss of a listed company, one may not have many other skills, but the ability to socialize and entertain is surely second to none.

"You better keep your voice down, or it wouldn't be too good if someone from downstairs comes up with a kitchen knife because you disturbed them," Yang Jian said as he opened his luggage bag, arranged the weapons inside, and also carried the gold box with the human skin paper on him.

Starting now, he would not let it out of his sight.

It was both a lack of trust in the human skin paper and in the environment here.

"It can't be that exaggerated, can it?" Wan Delu said, slightly startled.

Yang Jian replied, "The Ping'an Grand Hotel is located in a bustling district of J City. Didn't you notice anything odd the moment you entered the hotel?"

"Notice what?"

"Very few people stay here; it's eerily quiet, which is not normal. And the security guards, as well as the staff, they don't seem like ordinary people... they're like well-trained agents. Moreover, if headquarters arranged for me to stay here, that means everyone who stays at this hotel is not human."

"Maybe they're Ghost Controllers like me."

Yang Jian took a handgun that he carried with him and only after placing his luggage properly did he come over and say, "Besides, other Ghost Controllers aren't as easy to deal with as I am. Their minds are somewhat abnormal, and if provoked, they could do anything, especially when they see that you're an ordinary person."

Cold-blooded killers among the Ghost Controllers, influenced by fierce ghosts and driven mad by fear, were indeed not normal.

Yang Jian considered his consciousness still very clear up to this point, which was a slight advantage over the other Ghost Controllers.

However, that was only for now... he couldn't avoid being influenced by fierce ghosts. With his body deteriorating, the instincts of the fierce ghosts had started to affect him somewhat.

Therefore, he had to resolve this issue during his trip to J City.

"No, no way it's that scary," said Wan Delu, his recently calmed heart suddenly racing again.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Before he could finish speaking, a knocking sound immediately came from the door.

Startled, Wan Delu hid behind the sofa, crouching on the floor and shivering like a salted fish.

"You're too scared. Even if someone were really out to kill you, hiding would be useless," Yang Jian remarked indifferently, not paying much attention as he walked over to open the door.

He looked through the peephole before opening it.

There was no one outside.

Yet, the knocking continued.

Yang Jian frowned, wondering if this knocking frequency wasn't off, he might have thought he'd encountered another Ghost Door Knocker incident.

"No one there, but the door is being knocked? What's this about? They say there are no supernatural incidents in J City, right? Am I just unlucky to have encountered one? Or is this someone playing a prank?" he wondered.

Considering for a moment.

The knocking persisted, as if someone was standing just outside the door.

With a wary expression, Yang Jian still opened the door.

He couldn't believe that a supernatural event would occur in the Ping'an Grand Hotel in J City, having some faith in the headquarters' capability to handle such matters.

Though he had seen no one through the peephole earlier, upon opening the door, a man with a regular appearance revealed a stiff smile, standing there eerily, like a corpse.

"A ghost? No, a Ghost Controller," Yang Jian recognized the man's identity at first glance.

"Is there something you need?"

"Hello, my name is Zhang Lei. I've come to J City specifically for training. I heard that Ghost Eye Yang Jian just checked in, so out of curiosity, I came to visit. I hope I haven't inconvenienced you," the man who introduced himself as Zhang Lei said.

Zhang Lei?

Yang Jian recalled the Ghost Controller files from headquarters.

"The Ghost Eater Zhang Lei."

Suddenly, a file came to mind, and he narrowed his eyes, saying, "The files mentioned you're quite special, controlling just one ghost and able to consume others."

"I never expected you to have seen my files," Zhang Lei said, his pale, rigid face showing a trace of surprise.

"I've encountered the ability to consume ghosts myself, but it wasn't in a human," Yang Jian commented.

Zhang Lei nodded, "The Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City? It's indeed similar to mine, which is why I have some matters I'd like to consult with you about."

"I don't have time today, let's do it tomorrow," Yang Jian replied, neither rejecting nor accepting, instead choosing to postpone.

"Alright, I'll visit you tomorrow. Sorry for the disturbance just now," Zhang Lei said as his stiff smile twitched before he managed to suppress it and then turned to leave.

Yang Jian's expression shifted, "Can't even control your facial expressions anymore? You're practically a completely rigid corpse, and your condition is very bad."

The Ghost Eater?

Only a Hungry Ghost could consume ghosts, and only human skin paper could swallow ghosts.

How could this Zhang Lei, as a Ghost Controller, have the ability to consume ghosts? Did he really think ghosts were a dish to be eaten at will? Even if a Ghost Controller randomly stuffed ghosts into his body, it would not simply result in controlling two or three ghosts, but certain death.

Although the files didn't mention Zhang Lei's ability to consume ghosts, it didn't affect Yang Jian's judgment,

There were only two possibilities: either the fierce ghost was intentionally keeping him alive, like Zhao Kaiming, deliberately gathering fierce ghosts to brew a more terrifying existence.

Or... the ability was truly powerful, but it would only be used a few times before the fierce ghost revived.

In any case, Yang Jian shouldn't have too much contact with this Zhang Lei, because there was no benefit, only trouble.

"He was quite polite to me, was it because I have imprisoned a Hungry Ghost with the same ghost-consuming ability?" Yang Jian pondered, "He fears me, yet seeks a way to prevent the ghost's revival from me."

"It seems there's more than one person who sympathizes with my plight."

He then thought about his own situation.

Facing the same underlying problems and constantly nearing the brink of death.

How many Ghost Controllers would survive in the end, only heaven knew.

After closing the door, Yang Jian decided to deal with Wan Delu's matter first.

The man still had information that Yang Jian wanted.