

Revival 421

Chapter 422

Zhang Lei heaved a sigh of relief, knowing that his previous preparations had been correct. Bringing Yang Jian, the one with the Ghost Eye, had truly been like purchasing a life-saving insurance policy. If it hadn't been for Yang Jian's presence, he would've died just now. It didn't matter whether he would have drowned alive in this pooling water or died due to the resurgence of a vicious ghost.

"Is this the capability of a top ghost controller? Effortlessly dealing with so many corpses, if it were me, I simply couldn't withstand it. He faced so many supernatural occurrences all at once without any risk of a ghost resurgence?"

Fear and awe filled his heart.

For a typical spirit manipulator, they could at most deal with one corpse at a time. If they did it several times, their own body would likely give out under the strain and die, but the real ghosts would still be unscathed.

Yet Yang Jian seemed to have overcome this issue, solving so many corpses in one breath without any problem. It was unbelievable, far surpassing other ghost controllers, possessing a massive advantage.

Zhang Lei then felt a surge of envy. If he could do the same, he wouldn't be in such a wretched state.

But, before he could catch his breath, a sudden change occurred.

The half-closed door to Lin Shan's room slowly opened.

"Damn it."

Zhang Lei's stiff expression turned somewhat horrific as he quickly struggled to his feet, ready to face whatever danger was to come next.

As the door swung fully open, a strange person stood in the dim doorway, unmoving.

This person was soaked through, with water constantly seeping from his body, as if he was a source. The water never seemed to stop flowing. His skin was pale and colorless due to excessive soaking, and his flesh was so swollen that his legs were nearly bursting, even his neck ballooned into a round shape; he had completely transformed, no longer resembling a human figure.

And yet, such a person was still able to stand and move.

"Is it... a ghost?" Yang Jian couldn't quite determine what Lin Shan's condition was at the moment.

"Why did you save this man?" The bloated, deformed Lin Shan managed to open his mouth slightly, issuing a weird sound.

He was still not dead.

The emergence of this sentence surprised Yang Jian, who was on high alert.

Even in such a state, there hadn't been a resurgence of a vicious ghost.

"Is he in some sort of extreme condition?" Yang Jian guessed inwardly.

If Lin Shan still had his consciousness, it wouldn't last long. He had seen this kind of situation before, on the brink of a ghost resurgence, but the ghost inside the body had not yet fully awakened to take over the consciousness.

Under this condition, a spirit manipulator could use the capabilities of a vicious ghost to the fullest. But conversely, after reaching the limit, death was certain.

However, such an extreme state could only be achieved if one controlled at least two ghosts, or if someone else helped suppress them. Otherwise, the limit would be incredibly brief, definitely not more than a minute.

But this Lin Shan seemed to be an exception.

Yang Jian did not delve into this problem, he only knew that the current state of Lin Shan was very dangerous, dangerous to the extent that he must be dealt with immediately, otherwise, once the ghost emerged, it would be an entirely different situation.

"Good, you're not dead. This will save me a lot of trouble." A cold smile crossed his lips.

"You, why did you save him?" Lin Shan's consciousness seemed unclear, and he struggled to speak.

Yang Jian walked toward him, "No reason, I just felt like saving him. It's none of your business. Lin Shan, you can't keep up this appearance for long. Although this is our first meeting, unfortunately, I have to deal with you immediately. Otherwise, you would cause great trouble. Of course, I have no intention of convincing you to surrender peacefully."

"But as a human, in your last moments in this world, I think you could leave some last words instead of confronting me here, because even if you tried to fight me, you wouldn't stand a chance."

The already grotesquely swollen Lin Shan continued to make strange noises as he questioned, "If you saved him, why didn't you save me? Why not me, why not?"

The voice was filled with intense emotional turmoil, akin to the roar of someone driven insane.

"Yang Jian, I know you want to avoid suspicion, which is why you haven't taken immediate action. But the headquarters has decided that he must be dealt with," Shen Liang's voice came through the satellite-tracked phone.

It was clear from the previous conversation that Lin Shan was beyond saving, and after killing so many people, the headquarters wouldn't waste resources on a murderer. Of course, the most important thing was that Lin Shan almost killed Zhang Lei.

This indicated a total mental collapse with no room for mercy left.

If they didn't execute him, what would the surviving Zhang Lei think?

This was ironclad law, none of the spirit manipulators could defy it.

It was precisely because of this principle that Yang Jian had been able to kill Wang Xiaoming's brother, Wang Xiaoqiang, in broad daylight without any complaint from the headquarters, regardless of the merits Wang Xiaoming held.

Because if this rule is broken, then the entire headquarters, all the ghost-hunters, will have problems.

"It's... Shen Liang, Captain Shen? Aren't you going to save me? Didn't you say you would save me, didn't you? You clearly promised to save me, you promised me..."

Lin Shan's strange voice carried a hint of sobbing, as if he was crying.

But he was so swollen that, oozing water from all over, his tears couldn't be seen.

"Yang Jian, make your move quickly, we absolutely can't let him die from the ghost's revival." Shen Liang urged anxiously.

"No need to rush, I'll take care of him."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he looked straight at Lin Shan not far away.

"You won't save me, Shen Liang won't save me... Fine then, I'll kill all of you, all of you... starting with you."

Lin Shan's hoarse voice growled as his bloated skin began to crack open.

Like a broken water barrel, a large amount of foul-smelling water gushed out from the cracks, murky beyond measure, hinting at something that was about to be swept out. The air around it became even more humid, as if just inhaling would feel like drinking down a big glass of water. If one stayed a moment longer, this place would likely be completely submerged.

However, the next moment.

Yang Jian vanished abruptly from his spot, mysteriously appearing behind Lin Shan.

Out of nowhere, several coils of an old, worn rope had wound around his body, trapping him completely.

"Kill me? You're not worthy?" Yang Jian's eyes were cold, and then he kicked out fiercely.

The disfigured Lin Shan's bloated body immediately flew backwards, and although one might have expected him to crash into the wall behind, the wall had mysteriously disappeared.

His consciousness intact, he now showed terror and panic.

This was the eighteenth floor, after all.

"Whoo!"

With the howling wind in his ears, Lin Shan plummeted down from this floor.

Yang Jian stood at the edge of the wall, looking down indifferently at Lin Shan falling.

"If he falls to his death, won't that be an early revival of the fierce ghost?" Zhang Lei asked anxiously.

"He was about to die anyway. If he revives here, the situation would favor the ghost. There's water everywhere, corpses floating all around, and since this is a high-rise building, it's hard for others to provide support. So, the best method is to take him away while he's still alive, to ensure that even if he revives, we can handle it."

"Besides, I've taken some emergency measures to prevent losing control."

He wanted to test whether the Ghost Rope could contain this ghost.

In the past, he'd only use the Ghost Rope to hang, and never had the chance to try this application.

He had wanted to try it in Z City, but he didn't dare to mess with the ghost in that hotel, fearing he might be killed. However, this about-to-revive ghost was an ideal test subject, not dangerous and with observable effects.

With this thought, Yang Jian took a step forward and leapt from the eighteenth floor.

"Hm?"

Zhang Lei's eyes widened in shock when he saw Yang Jian also jump down.

This was no joke.

That could be a deadly fall.

He hurried over, wanting to see what was happening.

But the night wind blew fiercely, almost sweeping him out, scaring Zhang Lei into hastily retreating several steps.

He wasn't the kind of ghost-hunter who couldn't die from a fall, and if he were to fall, he'd certainly die with utmost clarity.

"Hurry down and see." He turned quickly, intending to take the elevator to the first floor.

After all, he had taken on this mission and couldn't just ignore it. If the fierce ghost revived and containment failed, he'd have to step in.

Chapter 423 Ghost Limits Ghost

Outside the Ping'an Grand Hotel.

More than a dozen people of all sorts gathered together, their expressions indifferent, their temperaments bizarre. They either stood or squatted there, silent, creating an especially quiet atmosphere.

The few drivers whose cars passed by occasionally looked over curiously, wondering why there was a group of people here around four in the morning. Could it be that the Ping'an Grand Hotel had caught fire, and these were the people who had run out?

The driver slowed down and looked up briefly but didn't spot any signs of trouble.

"How strange," he muttered to himself, returning his gaze to the road and driving on without further attention.

However, just after the driver had passed, he glanced in the rear-view mirror and saw a pale-faced man whose head had eerily turned one hundred and eighty degrees. A pair of numb, lifeless eyes seemed to stare straight back at him.

The slender figure stood rigidly still, and the other people around seemed not to react at all, not even a bit curious.

The silence around was profound. In the dim hours of the early morning, this scene was eerie and terrifying.

The driver suddenly realized something, his face went pale, a cold sweat breaking out on his back. He then stepped hard on the gas pedal, fleeing from this stretch of road as if making an escape.

"According to headquarters, that ghost master named Lin Shan has already sent Zhang Lei and Yang Jian to handle the situation."

In this silent hotel entrance, a man slowly turned his head and spoke with a slightly cold voice.

"So, they've really sent Yang Jian on this trip? It seems the situation is worse than imagined. Lin Shan must have relapsed into a malevolent spirit; otherwise, headquarters wouldn't be taking it so seriously." A young man sneered for some unknown reason, "Has that Lin Shan finally died? Good. If he didn't die, even being a ghost would be meaningless to me."

His name was Wang Jiang, and he and Lin Shan were alumni from the same school who seemed to have some deep-seated grudge between them.

"Lin Shan probably has relapsed indeed. Look around; the security perimeter has been lifted, and all the hotel staff have left as well. There's not a single person nearby, which clearly shows that headquarters is ready to isolate this area."

Someone swept a glance around and immediately judged the situation.

At this time, it wasn't that the headquarters wouldn't provide support, but ordinary support was useless. Only after the situation was resolved would personnel be allowed nearby.

"Wang Jiang, since you're so familiar with that Lin Shan, what do you think? Will this cause a big commotion?"

Wang Jiang glanced at the person who had asked the question, "That's a very stupid question. Making trouble in J City is suicidal. I'm sure if Lin Shan can't handle it, headquarters will send even more top ghost masters, and more than one at that, all to resolve the issue as quickly as possible."

As they were discussing among themselves.

Suddenly, something seemed to fall from the sky above the hotel, and before anyone could react, it crashed onto the ground in front of them with a loud bang.

"What is that?" someone exclaimed, immediately going on alert.

"It seems... to be a body," someone whispered warningly, "Don't get close. There must be trouble inside the hotel."

At that moment, the body that had fallen from the sky lay motionless on the ground. Although it was badly mangled, one could still make out that it was a bloated, pale corpse soaked in water, not one that had died from the fall.

And near the body, an offensive smell of water began to spread.

At first, it was thought to be just blood, but soon people realized something was wrong, as the water spread quickly in the vicinity.

"It's Lin Shan," Wang Jiang changed his expression drastically as he recognized the clothes on the body, and shouted, "Stay away from that guy, and don't touch the water seeping out from his body."

What?

That's Lin Shan?

Damn.

Someone cursed under their breath and hastily backed away.

If Lin Shan had fallen from such a height, he was definitely dead, and with his death, it was certain that a malevolent spirit would revive. This had now been confirmed as a paranormal incident. Before, they had held onto some hope that Lin Shan might not necessarily relapse into a malevolent spirit.

"Where's Zhang Lei? Oh right, where did Yang Jian go? Wasn't he dealing with this Lin Shan? Now that his body has fallen in front of this hotel, is he not going to take care of it?" someone shouted.

But before they could finish speaking.

A strange red light descended from the sky and illuminated the nearby ground. A young man with an indifferent face and eyes carrying a hint of menace suddenly appeared before them.

"Who's making all that noise?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he scanned the crowd.

The person who had just spoken instantly fell silent, not daring to respond, a look of panic and unease flashing through their eyes.

Is this person Ghost Eye Yang Jian?

"I see none of you helping, yet your mouths keep moving. If you don't want to get involved, then just stay quiet and watch. Stop wasting words."

Yang Jian coldly withdrew his gaze and strode toward the body of Lin Shan lying ahead.

Upon getting closer, he observed the scene.

Without a doubt.

From the fall, Lin Shan was thoroughly dead, his skull crushed flat, and his swollen body had split open in various places. However, his broken remains were soaking in the foul-smelling water, pooling together to form a small puddle that was accumulating faster than before, threatening to create a new creepy site.

And as Yang Jian drew closer, the previously still corpse of Lin Shan started to move in a bizarre manner.

It seemed that under the bloated, torn skin, something terrifying was growing, persistently tearing through some barrier, preparing to reveal itself to everyone.

The fierce ghost was reviving.

However.

It was an old straw rope that was entwined around it, and although the shattered body writhed, the rope bound it so that whatever was inside couldn't break free.

The Ghost Rope had taken effect, successfully trapping the ghost that was about to be resurrected inside Lin Shan's body.

Moreover, judging from the current situation, the Ghost Rope also prevented the ghost from reviving further, but as a consequence, the Ghost Rope did not regenerate either. Otherwise, the skies over the city where Yang Jian was would again be laden with countless strands of rope ready to hang people to death.

"Using a ghost to restrict another ghost is safer than a necromancer making direct contact with the ghost. Even if it fails, there is no risk, and the ghost's limits far exceed those of the necromancer. There's no need to worry about death—after all, this is indeed the correct approach to solving supernatural incidents," Yang Jian mused, standing aside and observing seriously instead of getting any closer.

"But, the greatest difficulty with this method is how to control a ghost without putting oneself in danger?"

"If you treat a ghost as a tool, the key is how to acquire and utilize this tool."

Yang Jian suddenly recalled the Coffin Nails and Ghost Mirrors he had encountered in the past; such peculiar artifacts were like special tools for necromancers. Only the way they had been obtained was different, just as with the Ghost Rope he now held in his hands.

"The ghost inside Lin Shan's body didn't break out. Yang Jian, he managed to contain it," Wang Jiang exclaimed in surprise from a distance as he noticed that Yang Jian had approached so closely and stood there for a full three or four minutes without being attacked.

This was a resurrected ghost being dealt with just like that?

Incredible, truly incredible.

If this ghost had completed its revival, and it was up to them to handle it, the dozen or so people present would probably all be lost.

Because, if the accumulating water drowned a person and turned them into a Ghost Slave, but if it drowned a necromancer instead, the number of ghosts in the water would increase, and the Terror

Level would shoot up by one. If this situation were to continue... it's likely that nobody would be able to handle it.

Wang Jiang was very clear about this, which is why he would never directly engage with the ghost in Lin Shan's body, nor would he recommend other necromancers who lacked the capability to do so, lest they harm themselves and others.

"I need a box."

After observing for a moment and ascertaining that the Ghost Rope was effective, Yang Jian spoke into the satellite navigational phone.

"Arrangements will be made immediately."

The one responsible for the communication was Shen Liang, who breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing these words.

This meant that Lin Shan had been dealt with.

Soon, the sound of an armed helicopter echoed through the sky.

Clearly, headquarters had prepared in advance; the container was already nearby, just waiting for the situation to be resolved.

Chapter 424: Wang Jiang

Zhang Lei was gasping for breath, exhausted to the point of collapse.

He had originally planned to take the elevator to the first floor, but when the elevator malfunctioned halfway down, it got stuck and wouldn't move. Left with no other choice, he was forced to pry the elevator doors open and then sprint down from the stairwell exit.

However, as a ghost management practitioner who usually lacked exercise, his legs were nearly too weak to stand when he reached the outside door.

He had thought that Lin Shan's situation might lead to even more serious consequences. But outside the door, there was nothing abnormal, just a pure gold containment box being welded shut by several workers.

"Is the problem resolved?" Zhang Lei's stiff face paused slightly in surprise.

As for Yang Jian, he stood beside the containment box, vigilant against any potential accidents that might occur.

But as he retracted the Ghost Rope, the ghost inside Lin Shan's body, no longer suppressed, was still audible through the dull thumping from inside the box, even though it was now contained.

It was as if someone was trapped inside, banging against the sides, trying to escape.

Fortunately, the box was sturdy enough that such attempts were far from sufficient to break free.

Meanwhile, during this time, a helicopter swiftly approached from a distance.

Yang Jian glanced up and saw Shen Liang sitting inside, evidently having hurried over overnight, ready to take custody of the ghost.

When Shen Liang stepped off the helicopter and saw the box, he immediately relaxed, greeting Yang Jian with a smile, “Yang Jian, you have truly not disappointed me. On your first day in J City, you’ve resolved two paranormal incidents—an efficiency unmatched by anyone else.”

“There won’t be a next time for events like this. I don’t want to be cleaning up after you every day. Technically, the issue with Lin Shan was your mistake. How could you be so careless with someone on the verge of becoming a malevolent ghost? Are you waiting for enough people to die?” Yang Jian looked at him calmly, displaying no joy.

“Indeed, indeed, that was certainly a lapse in my work. You have to understand; with so many things to arrange and deal with, some slip-ups are inevitable. Still, I was also deceived by Lin Shan. Even though his condition was dire, he acted as if nothing was wrong,” Shen Liang said somewhat embarrassedly. “You know ghost management practitioners are always upfront about the resurgence of malevolent ghosts, as they can’t wait to get help from headquarters. Lin Shan’s case is quite rare, but it’s precisely because of his uniqueness that we were misled.”

“But now, what a pity.”

Gazing at the box, he sighed, "If Lin Shan could have been groomed, he would have become a quite exceptional ghost management practitioner. It's unfortunate that he ended up like this."

"Anyway, let's not talk about that now. You guys get the box back first." Shen Liang then instructed the workers.

Yang Jian didn't speak but simply tapped the box lightly with his hand, signaling the workers to put it down, and then said, "I took care of Lin Shan for you. What about my overtime pay? Don't say you're unprepared. Excuses that stall for time would be useless on me."

"Of course, overtime should be compensated," Shen Liang said, his expression subtly changing before he gestured to his accompanying staff.

Soon, a briefcase was brought down.

After receiving it, Shen Liang walked over and opened it to show Yang Jian.

Inside were three white Ghost Candles and one red Ghost Candle.

"Don't say that I'm not considerate. These three white Ghost Candles are your overtime pay, and the red one is what Professor Wang owed you from before. I took some time during the day to visit the lab and got it from Professor Wang. Rest assured, I treat everyone the same—there will be no unfair treatment," Shen Liang said earnestly.

Yang Jian responded directly, "Those items are rightfully mine. The way you say it, it's as if I should be treating you to a meal."

"Just joking. It should be me treating you to a meal. You solved a big problem for me, and I'm just afraid you would decline," Shen Liang said with a laugh.

If Yang Jian had not dealt with Lin Shan, Shen Liang would certainly be facing dismissal and investigation, as it was a clear mistake on the job, not merely an accident.

"I'm busy lately, and for the foreseeable future, unless something happens in Dachang City, I won't be handling any more paranormal cases. I'm giving you an early heads-up so you won't say I'm not following orders later on. So, you'd better find someone else and not expect me to step in," Yang Jian said, staring at him very seriously. "If you try to assign me tasks by force, I won't hesitate to resign. Whatever trouble that may cause will be your responsibility."

Shen Liang's face changed upon hearing these words, but then he smiled and said, "Yang Jian, you're being too serious. But indeed, having handled two paranormal events in one day is quite tough—you deserve a good rest. Rest assured, during your time in J City, I guarantee I won't assign any tasks to you, nor will I send you on any more trips. After all, in a couple of days, you have training to attend and awards to receive. I wouldn't want to bother you then."

As he spoke, he shifted gears slightly, looking somewhat embarrassed, "Minor issues I can decide not to trouble you with, but if something big happens, headquarters doesn't have many capable replacements. After all, no one wants to see a repeat of the Dachang City situation, right?"

The implication was clear: when a major event occurs, you, Yang Jian with the “Ghost Eye,” must step in. No one else is suitable.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, observing Shen Liang, “If something big does happen, I don’t mind stepping in, but I’d like to know who at headquarters could handle me if I become a malevolent ghost? Looking at my current situation, my Ghost Domain could easily cover most of Dachang City, and if I were to resurrect, the Ghost Domain could expand by tenfold, or even dozens of times.”

“And that’s just the power of a single ghost.”

Hearing this, Shen Liang’s face instantly stiffened.

He indeed had not considered this problem because he was counting on Yang Jian to solve the Hungry Ghost incident, and so far, he had not failed even once, so the issue of the fierce ghosts’ resurgence was selectively ignored.

Now that the topic came up, he suddenly realized that if Yang Jian were to die because of the fierce ghosts’ resurgence, it seemed that no one at headquarters could withstand it.

“Shen Liang, you should think over it a bit more. Maybe while I’m alive, I’m not the top ghost controller at headquarters, but if I die, I think an S-class probably won’t be enough to define me, it would have to be SS-class,” Yang Jian said while patting his shoulder in a very sincere manner.

“I... understand,” Shen Liang gazed at him deeply, with emotions that seemed complicated.

Yang Jian's words sounded casual, but they actually conveyed a suffocating horror.

"Well, let's stop here for today. I still need to go back to rest. I won't disturb you any longer, Shen Liang," Yang Jian said while holding his suitcase.

The reason he took on this mission was actually to gather some resources for when he would tame his third ghost.

Because Yang Jian also did not know what his third ghost would be, so it was better to be safe than sorry.

Soon.

Shen Liang left in a helicopter, taking with him the chest that contained Lin Shan's corpse.

At the same time, many vehicles suddenly appeared on the nearby quiet streets, not ambulances, then fire trucks; they began organizing people and preparing to rescue those at Ping'an Grand Hotel and to carry out some aftermath work.

To prevent accidents, Zhang Lei was in charge of patrolling.

As a result, Yang Jian could not return to the hotel to rest and had to sit outside the hotel, waiting for the ordeal to end.

“Yang Jian.”

Suddenly, a young man with a solemn face came over from the crowd, “My name is Wang Jiang.”

Yang Jian, who had been playing with his phone while sitting on a resting chair, now slightly raised his head, “Do I know you?”

“The Lin Shan who died earlier was my schoolmate, and we became ghost controllers around the same time,” Wang Jiang hesitated before saying.

“Schoolmates? So you’re acquainted. Are you seeking revenge because I dealt with Lin Shan? But, to be honest, I don’t mind. If you want to fight, let’s do it right now. Shen Liang’s helicopter hasn’t flown far yet, and preparing another chest won’t be difficult.”

Yang Jian put down his phone, his gaze narrowing slightly.

Wang Jiang quickly said, “No, don’t get me wrong, I also had some personal grudges with that Lin Shan, so I want to thank you. You successfully dealt with Lin Shan, which also meant you did me a favor. Besides, him not being able to control a second ghost is a good thing.”

“Really? That Lin Shan really was not good at being a person, even his schoolmates couldn’t wait for him to die,” Yang Jian smiled faintly: “Did he do something that outraged both humans and gods?”

Wang Jiang’s face turned sour; “A school belle from my department, whom I had a secret crush on, disappeared.”

“Do you think it was Lin Shan who killed her?” asked Yang Jian.

“Not just her; several girls that Lin Shan had pursued disappeared. Because no bodies or evidence were found, no one considered him the murderer. But I know it must have been him.”

Wang Jiang took a deep breath: “Other than him, who else would have the ability? I confronted him once, he didn’t admit it, and he almost killed me.”

“Having one’s secret crush murdered is indeed a saddening and infuriating matter. Facing confrontation and almost getting killed, anyone would find that unbearable.”

Yang Jian said, “When I was on the eighteenth floor earlier, I saw many bodies floating on the stagnant water. Some female corpses, despite being severely decomposed, appeared to be young girls based on their clothes. Maybe you could try identifying them.”

“Even if you might not recognize them, at least confirming it will help you understand the truth behind this incident. However, be careful, don’t throw up. After all, that scene might be hard to handle for a rookie like you.”

“Thank you.”

Wang Jiang expressed his thanks and then hurriedly ran towards the hotel.

Seeing his urgency, Yang Jian couldn't help but feel somewhat inferior.

Others would dare to venture desperately for someone they secretly loved, such pure motivation for action.

This must be love, perhaps.

Unlike himself, with no emotions or desires, incapable of love.

Chapter 425 - Searching for Results

The night seemed interminably long.

A pall had fallen over everyone in the Ping'an Hotel because of Lin Shan's affair.

Even though the incident had been dealt with as quickly as possible, it still resulted in the deaths of over a dozen people. Floors seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen of the hotel were affected by the Ghost Shadow, leaving behind puddles everywhere, along with dozens of floating corpses.

Thankfully, the ghost in question had already been captured and taken away.

If it had remained in the hotel, no one would dare come near, and it's possible the nearby residents would have had to be evacuated.

It must be said that once Lin Shan's ghost had revived, the threat it posed was extremely terrifying, far surpassing that of other resurrected specters. Moreover, from Wang Jiang's account, it was revealed that Lin Shan's ghost had a certain degree of growth potential.

Dealing with this hidden danger ahead of time was indeed a great achievement.

But as the main character of this incident,

Yang Jian, having obtained what he needed from the event, seemed to lose interest in everything else, playing with his phone while waiting for everything in the hotel to be dealt with.

"This is..."

At that moment, on the eighteenth floor of the hotel,

Wang Jiang arrived at Lin Shan's former residence. He was shocked the moment he saw the puddled area in the hallway outside the door to the room.

The stench, the smell of decay, hit him as he faced the murky water barely half a meter deep, with pale, bloated corpses floating on it. Some of the bodies were highly decomposed; their skin and flesh had become loose and torn from soaking. The bodies were so swollen they no longer resembled humans. One could only discern the gender from the length of hair on each corpse and their clothing—if barely so.

"Ugh—!"

Even though Wang Jiang was a ghost handler, he had seen relatively few such horrific scenes and suddenly felt nauseous, bending over to vomit on the side.

"Apart from the hotel staff who were previously killed by Lin Shan, there are at least thirty additional bodies with unconfirmed identities. These people are likely the ones Lin Shan killed before," said Zhang Lei, whose face had gone rigid as he approached. He casually added, "You, as a newcomer, shouldn't be here. I am in charge of cleaning up for now. You can go downstairs and rest."

"Yang Jian asked me to come over. I'm looking for someone," Wang Jiang managed to say as he straightened up after a while, covering his nose.

Although he found the scene unbearable, he didn't feel much fear.

Perhaps it was because he knew the ghost was no longer there.

After all, for people like them, ghosts were the real threat, not bodies.

"If you want to find someone, you'll have to wait until these bodies are removed and DNA tests carried out to confirm their identities. They're in such a state that not even your own mother would recognize them," said Zhang Lei.

Wang Jiang hesitated and then said, "I'll just take a look. I want to confirm it myself. I've already followed the trail to J city, and I don't want to wait any longer."

"Alright, I'll give you five minutes to check. After all, we can't delay the work of others," Zhang Lei replied before turning away.

The other workers were dealing with the seepage on the seventeenth floor.

All the water formed by paranormal activity had to be thoroughly cleaned up because who knew what potential dangers it might bring.

"Thank you," Wang Jiang said gratefully before continuing forward, nose covered.

He carefully waded into the waterlogged area.

The water wasn't deep, but it was very murky, seemingly an abyss with no bottom in sight. The nearby walls were stained with water, with paint peeling off continuously and mottled, as if they had been exposed to this damp environment for a long time.

In such a short time, the environment had been afflicted this way.

Wang Jiang took a deep breath with his nose covered, then gently pushed aside the bodies floating on the water's surface as he slowly moved forward.

In his hand, he held a cell phone with the flashlight on, specifically searching for bodies that wore familiar clothing.

The entire area of water, just about ten meters, was covered with bodies, almost obscuring the water's surface.

Each body was face down, back up, stiff in posture, motionless, looking particularly eerie—as if any of them might suddenly turn around and look at him from under the water.

Wang Jiang knew that these bodies were actually very dangerous.

But now that the source—the ghost—had been contained, the bodies had lost their strangeness.

Otherwise, he wouldn't dare approach this perilous place, even if he had ten times the courage.

"Not this one either, or this one..." Wang Jiang pushed aside one body after another, both nervous and scared.

He didn't want to find the girl he had a secret crush on dead here, becoming one of the many floating corpses. Yet he also didn't want her fate to remain a mystery, to become a missing person without any resolution. Even in death, there was at least a conclusion. As for the DNA test results expected in a few days, he didn't want to look at them.

It could just be a cold list of the deceased. If that was the case, he wouldn't be content.

Wang Jiang was emotionally conflicted, but the time Zhang Lei gave him was limited. Soon all these bodies would be taken away.

With that in mind, he quickened his pace in examining the nearby corpses.

"Is it this one?" Wang Jiang saw a body dressed in a dress. Although the corpse was pale and bloated beyond recognition, he could still make out that it was likely a very young female body.

However, when he turned the body over, the woman's features had completely deteriorated.

After looking it over, Wang Jiang confirmed that this was not the person he was seeking.

All the bodies with distinctive features had been examined, but he didn't get the results he wanted; this left him somewhat disappointed and unwilling to accept it.

Where could she have gone?

Could it be possible that she wasn't killed by Lin Shan?

No, that's absolutely impossible. She disappeared from the school, and besides Lin Shan, who else could make a living person mysteriously vanish without leaving a single piece of evidence or trace?

Wang Jiang's complexion changed unpredictably as he walked several laps around the area, but he found nothing about the disappearance.

Since he couldn't find her, there was no choice but to leave.

However, just as he was about to leave by pushing aside the body next to him and retreat due to the accumulation of water, a highly decomposed corpse floated to the surface.

This body was so decomposed that it was impossible to tell if it was male or female; nor was there any clothing left. There were no distinguishing features on the corpse—only a DNA test could possibly reveal the identity, as the naked eye could not.

But at that moment, Wang Jiang froze.

His gaze fixed intently on the toenails of the corpse.

Some remnants of nail polish clung to the toenails, a pink color, and on the big toenail, there was a little Peppa Pig design, playfully cute. Only a young, cute teenage girl would have the interest to paint such a design on her toes.

"Lin Shan, you inhuman beast."

Wang Jiang clenched his fists tightly, grinding his teeth, and after being silent for quite a while, he suddenly yelled out loud.

The discovery of evidence completely confirmed that his previous suspicions were correct.

All the missing people from the school, including her, were murdered by Lin Shan.

"Wang Jiang, stop yelling, people are working downstairs. Do you want to scare them away?" Zhang Lei quickly came over when he heard the noise, thinking there had been some accident, but it turned out to be Wang Jiang losing control of his emotions.

A spirit tamer can't just lose control of his emotions like that—it's a potential danger to others.

At that moment, Wang Jiang didn't say a word, his body drenched as he walked out of the waterlogged area and then down the stairs.

Zhang Lei's stiff complexion carried a touch of strangeness as he watched him.

What kind of shock had this man received?

But it seemed like he was alright, so he thought better of it and decided not to concern himself with this guy for now and to clean up this floor first.

Half an hour later.

Sitting in the lobby of the Ping'an Hotel, Yang Jian saw Wang Jiang emerge from the stairwell, his body soaking wet, emitting a repulsive stench that made the nearby people frown and keep their distance.

"Did you find the result you wanted?" Yang Jian asked out of curiosity.

He wanted to know if this innocent guy had found his secret crush. After all, he couldn't understand the subtleties of an infatuation with a dead person.

"I found it."

Wang Jiang hesitated for a moment before speaking in a particularly grim tone, "She's dead. Her body's decayed in the water, without a single piece of clothing... I can't even imagine what she went through before dying. Lin Shan is a beast; he doesn't even deserve to be called human."

"And such a person is still allowed to live?"

Yang Jian spoke calmly, "Because he's valuable. His worth exceeds the life of one person, or even ten people. I've killed, too. I personally took care of Wang Xiaoqiang. What he did was no better than Lin Shan, but he was Professor Wang's younger brother. If I didn't have enough value, Wang Xiaoming would have killed me long ago to avenge his brother. I would never have made it this far."

"You feel angry? Want to get justice for your secret crush? It's not necessary."

"Why do you say that? Is it wrong to want to do the right thing?" asked Wang Jiang, unable to agree with Yang Jian's viewpoint.

Yang Jian responded, "It's not wrong to want to do the right thing, provided you have the power to do it. Without that power, it's a mistake. Do you think Lin Shan would have spared you if he hadn't met with an accident this time and had controlled two ghosts?"

Wang Jiang's expression flickered slightly.

Obviously, that wasn't possible—because if the roles were reversed, he wouldn't spare the other party, either.

"I once knew a spirit tamer; you could say he was a friend. We collaborated on a few things, but then he died, and his family suffered misfortune because of it." After saying this, Yang Jian added, "He died horribly."

"So after that, I changed. Risking the awakening of fierce spirits, I decided to take out some people, because some people need to die for those you care about to live better."

"You killed that guy named Wang Xiaoqiang for that reason?" asked Wang Jiang after a moment of silence.

Yang Jian said, "No, it had nothing to do with him that time. I was mistaken."

"..."

Wang Jiang.

"But it doesn't matter, the outcome would have been the same the second time I acted," Yang Jian casually mentioned.

"You... are right," Wang Jiang said, looking intently at him.

Yang Jian smiled and fell silent.

Of course he was right, because those who survive are always right.