

Revival 426

Chapter 426 - 425 Visit

After dawn, Yang Jian took a taxi and left the Ping'an Grand Hotel.

He had some personal matters to attend to and couldn't afford to waste time at the hotel. As for the matter of containing the resurrection of fierce ghosts that Zhang Lei wanted to consult about, to be honest, he didn't feel like bothering with it.

It wasn't that he intended to toy with others, but rather that he was powerless.

So far, from all the intelligence Yang Jian had gathered, the issue of the ghosts' resurrection seemed to be an unsolvable problem.

People could only try to control other ghosts to restrict the fierce ones, thus extending the time it took for them to resurrect. They couldn't get to the root of the problem at all. Zhang Lei possessed an ability suspected to be related to ghost-eating, somewhat similar to the Hungry Ghost, but the consequences of such an ability were undoubtedly tremendous.

It was certainly beyond Yang Jian's capacity to deal with.

"This is the place, driver, could you please pull over here?" Yang Jian said.

The taxi stopped at a bustling downtown area.

High rises were everywhere, and the place was teeming with people. Individuals from all over the country flocked here, making the already crowded Dachang City seem even more congested.

"It's abnormally crowded."

Yang Jian stood on the curb, watching the never-ending stream of passersby and couldn't help but frown slightly.

Although he had never been to Dachang City before, the population density of a city shouldn't be this extreme.

There was only one plausible explanation.

With supernatural events occurring frequently worldwide, Dachang City, as one of the few global safe cities, was the obvious choice for those in the know. Even though it wasn't explicitly stated, this fact served as an unspoken signal.

While most supernatural events had been suppressed, there were always survivors each time. After surviving, they confirmed the reality of supernatural events within their vicinity. This knowledge gradually spread, undoubtedly influencing many people in secret.

Recently, when he browsed the internet on his phone, some self-media platforms began reporting on supernatural events, and news related to horror movies, horror novels, and even folk ghost stories had increased.

As for questions like whether ghosts truly exist in the world?

The authenticity of supernatural events?

Such topics had even reached trending searches, leading to internet celebrities and live streamers starting to tell ghost stories and disseminate superstitious knowledge on how to catch and deal with ghosts.

"Ping'an Tower."

Yang Jian couldn't help but feel amused when he saw the name of the building.

Is this how the people at headquarters always name things?

He actually didn't have any particular reason for coming here, just a simple wish to check on his mother.

Ever since he became a ghost hunter, the headquarters had arranged for his mother to work at the Ping'an Tower in Dachang City.

A formal establishment with comprehensive insurance benefits, and his mother's salary and compensation were reportedly quite decent. Of course, the most important aspect was the safety.

Yang Jian had tacitly agreed to the headquarters' arrangement because at the time he thought if he were to die, at least his mother would have a sustainable job and a sufficiently safe environment. In retrospect, his thoughts were correct.

After all, Dachang City was truly unsafe at that time, with numerous supernatural events occurring and countless ordinary people disappearing.

"Excuse me, sir, please stop. If you don't have a pass, unauthorized entry into the company premises is prohibited." Before Yang Jian could enter, two very serious security guards stopped him at the door.

Yang Jian glanced up briefly.

Neither of these guards appeared to be ordinary people. Judging by their physiques and demeanor, they had undergone specialized training. Rather than being security guards, they seemed more like covert special forces operatives.

As for whether they were armed, he didn't know.

"I don't have a pass, but this should prove my identity," Yang Jian said, taking out his identification as an international ghost hunter.

This ID was tantamount to a fake in front of ordinary people, without any effect, but in the right context, it was more useful than anything else.

After examining the ID, one of the guards said, "Please wait a moment, I need to verify this."

"Sure," Yang Jian nodded.

The guard returned swiftly in a few minutes, "Hello, Yang Jian, you may go in. Here's your temporary pass, valid for only one day. It will be void after the expiration."

He returned the credential and simultaneously issued a temporary printed pass that contained Yang Jian's information.

"I understand," Yang Jian said, taking the pass and finally being allowed to enter.

Loose on the outside, strict on the inside.

The security level of this building was evidently very high.

But that made sense.

His own mother worked here, and the families of other International Ghost Controllers most certainly worked here too.

No, perhaps it couldn't be called working, but rather, protection.

It was obvious that this place was a protection base for the relatives of International Ghost Controllers. Should anything go wrong here, the ghost controllers across the nation would surely be in an uproar, and the whole of Asia would probably be thrown into chaos.

That's why, as soon as Yang Jian had entered, he had felt several covert glances directed at him, clearly indicating the presence of substantial hidden security forces.

"Hello, Yang Jian, how may I assist you today?" A sweet-looking woman at a nearby service desk asked politely.

Yang Jian strode over and replied, "I'm looking for someone."

"Of course, whom are you looking for?" the customer service employee inquired.

"My mother. Your system should have my information, so I won't say anything unnecessary," Yang Jian stated.

"Are you here to visit a family member? Is your mother named Zhang Fen? It's her working hours now, and she should be on the twentieth floor. Please take the elevator over there, and someone will receive you once you arrive," the customer service representative said with a sweet voice and a professional smile.

But to Yang Jian, this politeness seemed somewhat rigid and unnatural.

"I understand, thank you," he said, then suddenly added, "By the way, are you afraid of me?"

"I don't understand what you mean," the customer service lady responded.

Yang Jian said, "It's nothing, just a casual question."

After Yang Jian left, the woman at the service desk let out a sigh of relief, her professional smile vanishing instantly.

Indeed, she was afraid.

Because she was aware of the true identity of these individuals, that each of them had a real ghost lurking within their bodies.

The thought of being in such close proximity to Yang Jian and by extension, the ghost inside him, was enough to send shivers down her spine.

"This man named Yang Jian is too perceptive; he actually knew what I was thinking?" she couldn't help saying.

Her colleague beside her didn't dare to look up, her voice trembling as she said, "Did you see that just now?"

"See what?"

"Yang Jian's shadow behind him," her colleague whispered.

"What about the shadow?"

"The shadow behind Yang Jian had no head."

The customer service employee suddenly looked towards the elevator entrance.

At that moment, although Yang Jian had already entered the elevator, a pitch-black shadow eerily reflected on the ground outside the elevator. There was no one else around the shadow, so it couldn't have been someone else's.

More importantly, just as before... the shadow had no head.

And as the elevator moved, the shadow stretched and eventually disappeared onto the ceiling of the first floor.

The two women quickly averted their gaze, then exchanged a look, witnessing an unspoken terror in each other's eyes before hastily lowering their heads, pretending to be busy with work.

But they both knew very clearly... that was a ghost.

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When Yang Jian took the elevator to the twentieth floor of Ping'an Tower, the elevator did not stop at the twentieth floor as expected, but continued upward.

"Hmm?"

Originally thinking about how to make up a legitimate excuse to fool his mother and explain his becoming a ghost whisperer, the elevator's anomaly snapped Yang Jian back to reality.

"A supernatural event is impossible." After only a brief glance, Yang Jian dismissed the worst possibility.

If it wasn't a supernatural event, then it could be an elevator malfunction.

However, here, the likelihood of an elevator malfunction was clearly quite small; there was no reason for the elevator to break down just because he had gotten on.

"Man-made, maybe?" Yang Jian considered a third possibility.

He wasn't panicked because as long as it was not a supernatural event, there was nothing else that warranted too much of his concern.

The elevator finally stopped at the topmost floor, the hundredth.

This was one of the tallest skyscrapers in J City, much taller than the Shangtong Tower in his city of Dachang.

Moreover, the elevator went directly to the top floor without stopping anywhere in between, which further proved Yang Jian's guess might be correct.

"Ding dong~!"

At last, the elevator doors opened at the hundredth floor.

This floor was very spacious, somewhat resembling a fire break within the tower, without any fancy decor or complex architecture, just a few desks, computers, and sofas arranged.

Compared to the area of the first floor, these furnishings were hardly noticeable.

Yang Jian stepped out of the elevator, looked around to find it deserted, and then addressed the empty floor coldly, "Since there's no one on this floor, might as well let it just disappear, after all, it's useless."

He didn't believe the floor was truly deserted.

Ping'an Tower was a corporate residence for family members; every floor must be incredibly valuable and wouldn't be left vacant without reason.

"I'm sorry, I thought you wouldn't directly ride the elevator up. Under normal circumstances when people find the elevator behaving abnormally, most would think of making it emergency stop or using some kind of power to escape the elevator. I didn't expect you wouldn't do anything; very sharp instinct. Have you already guessed the elevator has been tampered with by someone?" A woman's voice sounded.

A professional-looking woman wearing a short skirt and white shirt, with a tall, mature figure, stepped out from behind a pillar in high heels.

With a warm smile touched by confidence, she said, "Hello, Yang Jian, my name is Li Yao, I'm the assistant here. I hope the recent action didn't cause you any displeasure, for under legitimate circumstances, getting the chance to meet with 'Ghost Eye' Yang Jian is quite rare."

"So I have been waiting for this day for a long time."

"Li Yao?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, "I haven't heard of you."

"I'm just an insignificant minor detail, naturally heroes like you wouldn't have heard of me," said Li Yao.

Yang Jian said, "No need to overpraise me. You knew I was visiting my mother, so you deliberately controlled the elevator to bring me here, obviously prepared. Speak up, what do you want with me? I'm not known for a good temper, and I'm quite easy to offend. So whatever it is you want, you better be prepared."

"Because in most cases, I won't agree."

Li Yao smiled, "Rarely do I meet someone so direct and sincere."

"Only the powerless need to be insincere to others, as they are afraid of offending people and indirectly affecting their own interests. People like me don't even have their life in their own hands, why would I care about that?"

Yang Jian added, "So get to the point, because I do not want to waste time and energy on someone I don't know."

"That's reasonable; a person like you indeed has no need to mince words and be obsequiously polite to others. A straightforward approach is more fitting for your style," suggested Li Yao as she indicated a seat, "Still, there are some courtesies to extend to a guest. Please have a seat, and I'll pour you a cup of tea so we can discuss things at leisure, as some matters closely involve you, and I think you would want to know the details."

"Considering your position at Ping'an Tower, I'll give you five minutes," Yang Jian frowned, taking into account the backdrop of the headquarters. He did not immediately turn to leave; instead, he checked the time and walked over to say.

"Would you like some tea, coffee, or juice?" Li Yao asked as she moved to a small bar nearby.

Yang Jian replied, "Just give me a Happy Fat House Water."

Li Yao, taken aback for a moment, handed over a bottled beverage to the coffee table, "You have quite a unique taste."

"It's quite common, not unique," Yang Jian objected.

"Let's get down to business, what do you want with me? Surely you aren't thinking of public relations? To be honest, I am not very interested in an older woman like you; if you're looking to appeal to me, I hope you find someone more to my taste."

Li Yao's smile slightly stiffened, "Your thoughts are indeed unusual."

"Strange? After all, you in that outfit look a lot like some old auntie by my side. Too bad your information seems outdated. Just because she likes to dress this way doesn't mean I do," Yang Jian said slowly.

Jiang Yan was so caught up in her professional seduction that she thought she could enchant Yang Jian beyond recovery, unaware that his tastes were completely different.

"Before we talk business, I'd like to ask you, what do you think of the team leader's plan?" Li Yao said.

Yang Jian replied, "I resolutely support any decision made by headquarters. Any plan that considers the people's welfare has my full support, and I'm willing to fight for it for the rest of my life, even if it means sacrificing my own life."

"..." If Li Yao hadn't known Yang Jian's record, she almost would have been moved by his words.

"According to the information I've received, the slots for the team leader's plan have been gradually confirmed. There aren't many left, maybe two more spots." Li Yao continued slowly, "And you're not included, which means under normal circumstances, there's a high chance you won't be selected for the team leader's plan."

"Even though you've been nominated and are a popular choice."

Yang Jian frowned, "I don't even know about the team leader's plan, and the selection is over? That's too far-fetched. Feels like there's something shady going on."

Li Yao smiled, "Some things were set in stone at the very beginning of the plan, not something anyone can change easily. Behind this plan are the interests of various parties. It's not just headquarters involved. Although your record is impressive, your existence does not meet the needs of all parties' interests, so you understand, right?"

"I get it. In other words, I'm just an average Joe with no competitiveness and beyond control. Investing resources in me is a waste, huh. This sounds familiar; someone mentioned this to me before, pretty much the same as what you're saying," Yang Jian recalled what Zong Shan had said at the airport yesterday.

His intention was to gather a group of top-notch ghost controllers to gain a say and secure a spot as a team leader. He had refused, but Zong Shan wasn't angry and was still waiting for his response.

"Naturally, more than one group has been in touch with you because of your uniqueness, but I believe no one can offer you a higher price than us," Li Yao said with a very serious smile.

"Who does 'us' refer to?" Yang Jian asked.

"Most people."

“Most what people?”

Li Yao replied, “Most people like you.”

“What can I get?” Yang Jian asked.

“You have to do something first before you can get something,” Li Yao said with a smile.

Yang Jian queried, “Does this have anything to do with not joining you?”

“It’s very relevant. Once the team leader’s plan is implemented, the whole situation will change completely. Even if you’re in charge of Dachang City, if you offend certain people, you risk being taken down,” Li Yao explained. “It’s a new rule. You should be within this new framework, not outside of it. It’s better that way, for you and for us.”

At that moment, Yang Jian laughed, like a heavy child.

“You find this funny?” Li Yao inquired.

Yang Jian’s smile was cold, chilling to the bone, “Are you threatening me?”

“There’s no threat involved, merely the outline of a situation that’s about to happen, which is the reality you’re faced with,” Li Yao replied.

“I wonder, when a regular person faces me, they get nervous, even fearful, but you seem fearless. Who’s given you such courage and confidence?” Yang Jian leaned slightly forward, staring at this strange woman named Li Yao.

Li Yao said, “To us, you’re just someone valuable, not indispensable. If it weren’t for the concern over the revival of malevolent spirits, we could settle with you right here, right now. Don’t forget, you’re just a rookie. Do you know what the initial batch of ghost controllers reached?”

“Supernatural threats are probably no longer a concern.”

Yang Jian laughed again, this time with mockery, “You’ve been brainwashed, huh? Believing such lies?”

“I don’t get angry over things said out of ignorance,” Li Yao said, shaking her head slightly.

“Ignorance? And what makes you think my conclusions are born from ignorance? How many supernatural incidents have you experienced?” Yang Jian challenged. “The original ghost controllers weren’t afraid of the supernatural? That’s because they hadn’t been through enough.”

At best, the original ghost controllers lasted two or three years, maybe controlling three ghosts or even becoming an anomaly among ghost controllers, not having to worry about the resurrection of vengeful spirits.

But compared to the ghost controllers from the Republic of China Period, these people count for nothing.

A hundred years ago, the top figures all died out, leaving only dilapidated old mansions and some soul bottles as evidence of their ghost hunting.

What does that signify?

It signifies that this horrific revival is just beginning.

The real terror is yet to come.

Yang Jian had witnessed many potential horrors, just not yet manifest in this world, like the huge dark shadow nailed with Coffin Nails under the temple, the ghost behind Zhao Kaiming, the secrets of the human skin paper, what the Ghost Coffin was nurturing, the graveyard the Ghost Car passed through, the existence of the Dried Corpse Bride, the walking corpse at Caesar Hotel in Z City...

Countless hidden threats were gradually surfacing. The supernatural encounters of the initial ghost controllers were far from the level of what came afterward.

Chapter 428 Arrangement

"Perhaps we should all calm down a bit."

After nearly five minutes of conversation, the atmosphere had gradually soured, the previous calm and peacefulness between them lost, suggesting the possibility of conflict. Considering Yang Jian's emotional state, Li Yao immediately chose to cease the argument.

"I've always been calm, it's you who are too full of yourselves," Yang Jian said.

"It's normal for you to think that way, given that you're considered one of the top ghost masters in the country—you certainly carry that weight. However, that's not capital to dismiss others," Li Yao said.

Yang Jian scoffed, "Relying on an illusory power to lure me into working for you? Not even mentioning compensation, only ensuring that you won't take me down after the event's success?"

"Your terms are basically like something out of a martial arts novel, 'Kill yourself, and I assure you a full corpse.'"

"This condescending attitude is like giving alms to a beggar; it's simply nauseating and disgusting. There's no need to go on, I won't listen, and besides, the five-minute talk is almost up. I think it's time for me to leave."

With that, he stood up, looming over Li Yao who was sitting on the opposite sofa.

Li Yao's gaze remained calm, not the least bit intimidated, maintaining her confident demeanor and unruffled composure.

Such cultivation was indeed extraordinary.

"Actually, sometimes I agree with some people's views—ordinary people should have the self-awareness of being ordinary. They shouldn't meddle in everything, especially not blundering into domains that aren't theirs. The outcome is often disastrous." Yang Jian fixed his gaze on her for a moment before withdrawing it.

"That's too bad; you've missed a good opportunity,"

Li Yao said with a hint of regret, seemingly pitying Yang Jian.

"I feel sorry for you too. Seemingly clever and confident, yet failing to understand reality. Unaware that this often leads to self-destruction. One must learn to weigh themselves."

Having said that, Yang Jian glanced unintentionally toward a vacant area nearby.

"But I think you will change your mind when we meet next time."

After speaking, he left via the elevator without looking back.

Li Yao watched him leave, not even rising to see him out. Only after Yang Jian's elevator reached the twentieth floor did her expression change slightly, a trace of coldness emerging as she let out a dissatisfied huff.

"Ungrateful."

"As expected, this Yang Jian is not easy to recruit. He's a difficult person to deal with. In his world, there's only room for himself; he won't tolerate others. This kind of character, put mildly, is selfish, but more broadly, is overbearing and unwilling to submit to anyone. It's a pity indeed."

Out of nowhere, a mysteriously appearing conference room now occupied the previously empty space on the ground.

Inside the conference room sat four or five individuals on chairs, silent, their gaze directed this way.

The speaker was a man in a well-tailored suit, his handsome features tinged with an unnatural pallor, lacking the vibrancy of life.

"We didn't expect success from the start; we just wanted to gauge Yang Jian's attitude. However, his personality rather reassures me. Since he doesn't agree to join us, he naturally won't join others. This is good; in the end, he will only become a lone wolf, and lone wolves don't survive crisis."

"It's a pity that the power of the Ghost Domain rests in his hands. People like him, able to use Ghost Domain from the first ghost they master, are extremely rare. Li Jun that anomaly doesn't count."

Li Yao, unsurprised by the sudden appearance of these individuals, stood up and said, "Since we have given up on the target Yang Jian, I suggest we make contact with Feng Quan. He seems to have had some friction with Yang Jian, and as Dachang City's first international ghost master, his credentials are certainly old enough to be worth pursuing."

"Feng Quan, huh? That's not a bad idea, but there's no rush. What I want to know is whether Yang Jian will become an obstacle for us in the future. Our conversation just now was not only unfruitful but seems to have had some adverse effects," said the young man in the suit, waving his hand.

Li Yao thought for a moment and replied, "If he doesn't become a captain candidate, I don't think he will pose much of a problem. However, if he does become a candidate, he will be a major obstacle. I heard that Zhao Jianguo is vigorously arguing for Yang Jian's position as captain, and Professor Wang has also made recommendations."

"Zhao Jianguo is still so invested even after quitting? That's rare," the young man in the suit chuckled.

Li Yao said, "He may have quit, but the resources and connections he left behind are still there. However, I don't understand why Zhao Jianguo would strongly endorse Yang Jian."

"That's not difficult to understand. Once Yang Jian becomes captain, Zhao Jianguo can benefit from it too. He's putting all his eggs in one basket, promoting a ghost master who he believes will be advantageous to him. Under his name, only Yang Jian has the credentials to contest; the rest are just making up the numbers."

"Given the possibility that Yang Jian could become the team captain, and considering he's one of Zhao Jianguo's people, there's no question about it. Once the spot is confirmed, we immediately take down this Yang Jian. We can't allow such a dangerous individual to emerge from headquarters," said someone with a harsh tone.

"Agreed."

"I agree too." The other few nodded in agreement.

The young man in a suit shifted his gaze, "Since you all say so, let's settle on that for now."

In just a few words, it seemed that Yang Jian's fate was decided.

"By the way, Li Yao, you can now make contact with that Feng Quan. We need to hurry and recruit some top ghost tamers. The more strength we have, the more security and stability for our future. Supernatural incidents are on the rise; we need to plan ahead."

"Feng Quan is already in J City. I'll find a suitable opportunity to make contact in the next few days," Li Yao said.

"Let's call it a day. To come all this way just for this 'Ghastly Eye' Yang Jian doesn't seem worth it. I thought he was some sort of dangerous individual, but it turns out he's quite ordinary."

With a hint of a smile, the entire conference room disappeared eerily as the young man in the suit stood up.

The surroundings once again became spacious.

Clearly... this was a kind of Ghost Domain.

After leaving the hundredth floor, Yang Jian found his mother on the twentieth floor.

She was a woman a little over forty, with ordinary looks, the type you wouldn't notice in a crowd.

At that moment, Yang Jian's mother, Zhang Fen, was sitting at a desk, clicking away at a computer mouse, seemingly engrossed in earnest work, though at her age, she was obviously not accustomed to using a computer, so her actions were somewhat slow.

Yet, beside her, there were even more wooden individuals.

Yang Jian even spotted a few people in their seventies, sitting there drinking tea and working on computers, their hands trembling as they held the mouse.

Clearly, the people working here were only under the guise of a legitimate reason for protection. Work efficiency and performance didn't matter at all.

His arrival was already known to a manager.

The middle-aged man with glasses approached very politely, "Is it Zhang Fen? You can take a break now."

"Manager, it's not time for a break yet," Zhang Fen said, looking up in surprise.

The manager pointed to the side, "The one called Yang Jian, that's your son, right? He's come to the company to see you. So as not to disrupt the normal work of others, I'll allow you to take the day off."

Zhang Fen followed his gesture and indeed saw Yang Jian standing outside the work area with a smile looking her way.

She was a bit startled.

Her son, Yang Jian, had come to J City. How did he get here?

"Go on then, don't disturb the others," said the manager with a gentle voice and a smile.

"Thank you, Manager," Zhang Fen said gratefully, and then she put down her work.

Seeing this, Yang Jian felt relieved. His mother indeed received good care working here. He had inquired briefly and heard that the salary wasn't low, and the company even had a penchant for handing out bonuses at the drop of a hat—subsidies when the temperature was high, bonuses for good performance, and even compensation when one got sick...

At first glance, it seemed like the best company in the world.

Moreover, the working hours were short—two and a half hours in the morning, two and a half in the afternoon, totaling just five hours, with food and lodging free of charge.

The only downside was that you couldn't just leave the company whenever you wanted.

Yang Jian could understand this policy. Such comprehensive protection was already challenging to manage. If relatives of ghost tamers could leave the company at will, how many security forces would be needed?

Chapter 429 The Silent Road

Yang Jian had a long talk with Zhang Fen, filled with ordinary family small talk.

"Son, I heard there was some chemical leak in Dachang City last time, causing serious pollution and a big commotion. Is that true?" Zhang Fen asked with a hint of mystery, "I heard it seemed like there was going to be a war, with planes and armored vehicles being sent over."

"..." Yang Jian didn't know where his mother got such a mixed-up piece of gossip.

Even talk of war had popped up, could there be someone online deliberately spreading these false messages?

"It's not a war, I don't know exactly what happened, but the school suspended classes, and I moved out of Dachang City with my classmates to take refuge outside the city," Yang Jian lied.

Zhang Fen seemed to understand, "No wonder I couldn't reach you by phone, only getting updates through the authorities. Now I heard Dachang City is back to normal, how come? Aren't you going to school and instead came to J City?"

"Mom, I can't go to school anymore; the school is closed. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't study," Yang Jian said helplessly.

"How can that be, why doesn't the government take care of it?" Zhang Fen said in surprise.

Yang Jian replied, "They can't handle it, too many schools and students to arrange for. Unless I transfer to a different place, but I missed the college entrance exam date. If I were to transfer now, I'd have to repeat a year, so I might as well temporarily drop out and wait for notification next year."

"That makes sense, you can't fall behind in your studies, so if you need to repeat a year, do it," Zhang Fen nodded.

Yang Jian added, "By the way, I recently started a company with some classmates, and we've been lucky, made some money. Mom, how about you quit your job here in a few years and come back to Dachang City?"

He felt that Dachang City was now safer than J City and that he had the capability to bring his mother back.

The appearance of the captain's plan had given him a scent of crisis.

So, he had to prepare in advance.

"Quit my job? How can I do that when my job is so good? I won it in a lottery, only one in ten thousand people get it, and it has high salary and good benefits. Why quit such a good job?" Zhang Fen immediately shook her head, "Even though it's great you and your classmates started a business, surely you can't have earned much. I'd rather keep working here diligently."

She thought her son Yang Jian was just messing around with classmates, managing to support himself was already good, so she absolutely could not give up her current job.

"Let's talk about this matter later then," Yang Jian smiled and did not insist.

"You still haven't explained why you've suddenly come to J City?" Zhang Fen asked again.

Yang Jian replied, "What else, didn't I start a company with my classmates? I'm here on business this time."

"What kind of business?"

After thinking for a moment, Yang Jian said, "Securing investment."

"Do you think you can just easily find someone to invest at your young age?" Zhang Fen said, skeptical.

Yang Jian spoke softly, "My classmate has connections, it shouldn't be hard. If we land this investment, the company will be able to develop, and then our family is going to make a fortune."

Hearing the words "make a fortune," Zhang Fen immediately smiled, "Then you must work hard, make the most of this opportunity."

After chatting some more, Yang Jian wracked his brains and concocted several excuses to gloss over his situation, barely avoiding revealing any inconsistencies.

Since it was work hours, Zhang Fen didn't stay long. Seeing that her son was fine, she was reassured. As for the business matters Yang Jian was dealing with, she did not inquire further, only admonishing him to be cautious not to be deceived, to take care and not overwork.

After sending his mother back to work, Yang Jian called over the manager of this place.

"Yang Jian, what do you think, is everything here satisfactory?" The bespectacled manager asked with a somewhat ingratiating smile, "Our company's environment is first-rate, we absolutely won't let any employee's family member feel aggrieved."

Yang Jian said, "Do me a favor."

"You're too polite, just say it," the affable manager responded with a smile.

Yang Jian said, "In a few days, find an excuse to fire my mom. Give me your business card, and I will notify you when."

"This, why? Is there something you're unsatisfied with at the company? We can make it right," the manager was somewhat surprised.

Yang Jian answered, "Everything here is good, but I want to take my mom back to Dachang City. Is that not okay?"

"That's naturally fine, but I don't have the authority to decide that; I'll need to apply to the higher-ups," the manager whispered.

"Then apply. If there's a problem, call me," Yang Jian said.

"All right."

After taking care of this matter, Yang Jian left.

According to his plans, once his business trip to J City was over, he would return to Dachang City and take his mother with him.

Of course, this all hinged on one condition.

That was whether he could figure out a solution to his current personal situation. If not, he wouldn't make the call about quitting. After all, he needed to plan for both contingencies.

After leaving Ping'an Tower, Yang Jian didn't leave immediately; instead, he went to a nearby restaurant to grab something to eat.

Even though his body was experiencing issues, reducing his appetite and need for sleep, as his body was still functioning normally, eating and sleeping remained essential to maintain his bodily functions. It's just that his needs in these areas could be much less than an ordinary person's.

But his visit wasn't just about eating; he had another purpose as well.

For now, he just needed a little patience and wait.

Time slowly passed.

It had been six hours since Yang Jian had finished his lunch.

Dusk was falling, and the sky was gradually growing darker.

But for Dachang City, this had no impact whatsoever; the streets were still bustling with people, and the surrounding dazzling lights gradually lit up, with the night scene about to replace the splendid sunshine that came before.

At this moment.

Inside Ping'an Tower.

Li Yao had just finished her work, and although it was already past the time to leave the office, her job's special nature meant she had to work overtime on her own, until all the tasks at hand were complete before she could leave.

Feeling somewhat tired, she took the elevator down to the underground parking lot, ready to drive home.

There were security patrols in the parking lot, and monitors were everywhere, leaving no blind spots.

Ping'an Tower was very secure, secure enough that she, a sexy beauty, could walk around in a tantalizingly short skirt, revealing her long, fair legs, without any worry of encountering a thug or being targeted for her valuables in the silent and dimly lit parking lot.

Shortly afterward.

With the roar of the car engine,

a red sports car raced out of the parking lot and quickly left Ping'an Tower, speeding off to the south along the road.

Inside the car, Li Yao listened to soft music, pressing on the gas pedal while wearing sunglasses, and like usual, she was prepared to return home to rest.

The day's events had brought her some trouble, but she was adept at managing her life. She would forget all the annoyances from work during the drive home and would forget them completely.

Otherwise, dealing with all kinds of people and issues every day, even she, with her great capabilities, wouldn't be able to cope.

As the red sports car sped away unimpeded, Li Yao's mood gradually improved. She hummed a tune and a faint smile appeared on her lips.

However, as time went by bit by bit.

Li Yao, who was driving, suddenly felt something strange.

She had noticed since a while ago that the traffic around her seemed much less than usual.

Normally, it wouldn't be unusual to be stuck in a traffic jam for dozens of minutes when she left work, but today there was no traffic congestion at all, even when passing through traffic lights; they always seemed to turn green.

At first, these small details made Li Yao very comfortable, feeling lucky not to need to breathe in car exhaust stuck on the road.

But now, Li Yao's brow was furrowed.

Not being stuck in traffic could be considered good luck, but the decreasing number of vehicles on the road was very abnormal.

Furthermore, the road ahead seemed much longer than when she usually traveled.

"Something's wrong."

Li Yao took off her sunglasses, her complexion changing slightly. She then slammed on the brakes and turned the steering wheel sharply, executing a handsome drift to stop in the middle of the road.

Doing this would definitely break the rules on a normal day, and could even possibly result in a collision with another car.

But now...the wide road was completely devoid of cars.

It was empty ahead, and looking through the rearview mirror, it was just as desolate behind her.

Aside from the neon lights on the distant tall buildings, there was only her car on the entire road.

Li Yao opened the car door, stepped out, and looked around. The calmness and confidence in her eyes had gradually turned into uneasiness and fear.

Without a doubt.

This was a supernatural event.

Hurriedly returning to the car, she picked up a special phone and immediately sent out a distress signal.

"Don't be scared, don't worry, it's going to be alright. This is Dachang City, and even if I've encountered a supernatural event, as long as I hold on for three minutes, someone will definitely come to rescue me within three minutes. I'll be fine," Li Yao reassured herself, overcoming the fear in her heart.

All the while staying quiet and calm,

she knew that if an ordinary person inadvertently got caught up in a supernatural event, as long as they stayed calm, didn't scream or shout, and didn't run around, the chances of being targeted by a ghost were very low.

Even if they were targeted, it was unlikely anything would happen in a short period of time.

And what she needed to do was to make sure she wouldn't get killed within the next three minutes.

Utilizing the time she had while waiting, Li Yao observed any and all surroundings, always on guard for the potential appearance of a "person" or some sort of eerie entity.

Unfortunately.

She saw nothing, and nothing abnormal happened around her.

It was as if she had been thrown into an uninhabited area, with not a single person other than herself.

"There has never been a supernatural event quite like this... What could it be? The only one that fits the criteria would be the A-grade supernatural event from the newly established archives not long ago, codenamed: Ferocious Ghost Road," Li Yao trembled slightly at the thought.

If it really was the supernatural event known as Ferocious Ghost Road, then her situation was extremely dire.

Chapter 430

On the silent, deserted highway.

Li Yao stood alone in the middle of the road, her eyes filled with panic and unease, constantly attentive to any movement around her. However, instead of any activity, the surroundings were eerily quiet. She could not hear the sound of any vehicles nearby, nor see a single pedestrian. It was as if she had unintentionally entered a forgotten world.

Although her mental fortitude was much stronger than the average person, as time passed, her inner turmoil was rapidly amplified.

Fear gradually crept into her mind, bit by bit consuming her rationality.

Because it had been over three minutes since she had sent out a distress signal.

The imagined rescue had not appeared; there was not even a hint of response.

In such circumstances, she was left with only two choices: either continue waiting for help here.

Or, drive on, in the hope that something positive would change nearby, but also with the risk of coming closer to some terrifying presence and dying on that endless highway ahead.

"I can't keep driving forward; try walking back," Li Yao bit her lip and mustered the courage to turn around and head back to her car to leave.

However, as she turned around, her face instantly stiffened.

The car that had been by her side was now gone.

She wasn't mistaken.

The road was empty; her car had vanished.

"How could this be?" Li Yao's voice trembled slightly.

Before any rescue had arrived, such a change often signaled something very awful... the supernatural was right beside her.

Overcome with fear, Li Yao felt she couldn't stay here any longer; she even suspected that ghosts were lurking around her.

Without any warning, she suddenly turned and ran back the way she came, as if possessed.

Even if not by car, she had to get away from the spot where she had been standing; she definitely couldn't continue to wait for death there. This time it was her car that had disappeared; next time, it might be herself.

Wearing high heels, Li Yao could hardly run fast, and in her panic, she nearly fell to the ground.

But she could not care about that now; she kicked off her high heels and ran barefoot.

The running, driven by fear, quickly drained her strength. In just a short while, Li Yao was gasping for breath, sweating profusely, and felt as if all her energy had been sucked out. Her legs soon gave out, and she fell to the ground.

Yet the desire to survive urged her on.

Li Yao struggled to her feet, preparing to run again.

However, as she stood up, her pupils suddenly contracted, and a look of horror appeared on her face.

The road ahead had disappeared.

A darkness stood in the middle of the highway, engulfing all the distant scenery.

And at the end of this road, a streetlight emitted a dim light, illuminating the surroundings.

Under that dim streetlight was a bench, quite ordinary, like those seen in parks or residential areas.

But on that bench sat a person, holding an old newspaper, spreading it out and holding it up, staring motionless under the dim light from above. The open newspaper concealed the person's upper body and face, making it impossible to see the features. One could only see the stiff legs and the hands that held the newspaper without moving.

This sight completely overwhelmed the last bit of rationality in Li Yao's mind.

Ghost~!

A word that instilled fear occupied all her thoughts, destroying all her composure and confidence, leaving only a face of beautiful despair and eyes filled with terror.

It was over.

Li Yao couldn't run anymore, nor did she have the strength to. She collapsed to the ground, her body no longer felt like her own. All hope of survival extinguished, only a terrifying conclusion remained: to wait for death right there.

Soon.

In Li Yao's spine-chilling gaze, the ghost sitting under the streetlight reading a newspaper moved.

The stiff hands slowly lowered the newspaper.

She vaguely saw that the other side of the old newspaper was soaked with fresh blood, so thick it seemed about to drip down.

It felt as if death itself had arrived.

Li Yao's breath quickened, her heartbeat accelerated, her entire body trembled, and her mind ceased to think.

However, when her fear peaked, the person in front of her put down the eerie newspaper and finally revealed his face.

A familiar young face, which seemed to carry a vague concern, said, "It's so late, have you eaten yet?"

Yang Jian?

Li Yao almost cried out, but when she opened her mouth, she couldn't make a sound, causing her face to turn red with frustration.

"Don't rush, take your time to talk, we have all the time in the world," Yang Jian said very calmly.

"Why, why is it you?"

At that moment, Li Yao's emotions surged, the lingering fear preventing her from calming down as she had before.

Yang Jian laid down the newspaper and said, "Why can't it be me? I thought Miss Li Yao would have the same confidence and composure as she did during the day when facing supernatural incidents. Seeing your reaction now is quite disappointing. It seems you are afraid of ghosts too. Since you're afraid of ghosts, but not me..."

He laughed, "Is it because the ghost master has reason and can be dealt with, and wouldn't dare to touch you, whereas ghosts don't care about your identity?"

"Yang Jian, what do you want? Let me leave this place," Li Yao said as she stood up, agitated; "Don't think I don't know where this is. This must be inside your Ghost Domain, and everything before was your doing."

"No rush, I had to restrain myself during the day on your turf, with so many people watching. But now we are on my turf, so I want to do things I didn't dare to do in the daylight," Yang Jian said slowly.

Li Yao responded with a mix of shock and anger; "You wouldn't dare to kill me. If I died, you would not be able to bear the consequences. You would regret it."

"I never said I'd kill you," Yang Jian replied.

"Then what do you want to do?" Li Yao asked urgently.

She didn't believe that Yang Jian had employed the Ghost Domain to keep her here just to have a simple chat. This man must have had a purpose.

"So you're saying you might force yourself on me... If that's the case, we can negotiate. Actually, spending a wonderful night with you wouldn't be too terrible, considering you're also a top figure in the country. Setting aside some prejudices, I sometimes admire you quite a bit," she said.

She realized her beautiful body might have aroused Yang Jian's desires.

To steady Yang Jian while fearing his ruthless hand, Li Yao immediately corrected her attitude, not provoking him in that aspect.

She had studied cases of crimes against women and knew that sometimes the more violently a woman resists, the more likely she is to be killed by the criminal, as that resistance can stimulate the criminal's inferiority complex, leading to anger and a fatal attack.

So she pretended to be compliant to get through the immediate crisis.

"I indeed need you, but not in that way," Yang Jian said with a neutral expression.

Li Yao's expression changed; "So you don't want to kill me or force yourself on me, what is your goal then? Just to chat with me?"

Yang Jian said, "I tend to be cautious. The incident during the day made me sense a threat, but I lacked information channels and was kept in the dark. You, however, seem to be an informant, especially knowledgeable about J City's situation. So, I want you to work for me."

"First, let me say, I despise you. But for now, I have no choice but to use you."

"Work for you?" Li Yao was stunned, then her gaze shifted slightly, "Give me time to think about it."

She didn't flat-out refuse, which would have been foolish, given that her life was currently in Yang Jian's hands.

Yang Jian said, "No need to stall for time. I am not seeking your agreement. I was just letting you know in advance to understand the situation. After all, you will forget everything that happens here shortly, and you will completely change, becoming an employee utterly loyal to me."

"What do you mean by that?" Li Yao became anxious, sensing that Yang Jian intended to do something to her.

"Simple, I'll alter your memory," Yang Jian said as he stood up, his tone very cold.