

Revival 511

Chapter 511 The Death of Zhang Hui

Ping'an Hotel below, Wan Delu had already prepared the car.

As Yang Jian and he were walking down the stairs, they encountered Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, and Huang Ziya, who appeared to be answering questions from some headquarters staff, apparently investigating something.

"Yang Jian, didn't you go to the headquarters for a meeting? Why are you back so soon, and where are you headed now?" Zhang Lei greeted.

"Just going out for a meal, what's up with you guys gathering here? Is there something going on?" Yang Jian walked over and asked at the same time.

Wang Jiang said, "There is something rather unusual; we heard that Zhang Hui died. That's why someone from headquarters just came over to inquire about it, to see if they can pick up any clues."

Zhang Hui?

Yang Jian thought for a moment and asked, "Who is he?"

"You really have a short memory for important people. He's one of the ghost summoners who survived with us from the training base." Zhang Lei replied, "I looked at his file before, so I'm somewhat familiar with him."

"Oh, him. But I didn't check his file." Yang Jian said, "He's dead? What on earth happened?"

"I don't know either, I just received the news a moment ago. They said he died this morning, around six o'clock, but the body was discovered two hours ago. Now, the area has been taken over by Chen Yi. You know Chen Yi, right? One of the three people in charge of J City." Zhang Lei said.

Yang Jian responded, "I met this Chen Yi at the airport when I came to J City before, but this matter does indeed seem a bit unusual. The death of a ghost summoner at this critical time could spell trouble. But wasn't Zhang Hui also staying at Ping'an Hotel? I didn't notice anything when I came down."

"He didn't die at Ping'an Hotel. He died in a small hotel outside." Huang Ziya looked at Yang Jian and said, "A few days ago, Zhang Hui suddenly left Ping'an Hotel in a hurry for some reason, and he hasn't come back since then, until the news of his death came."

"Chen Yi thinks that this matter is connected, possibly a clue, so he had someone come over to ask us about it."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, "Does Chen Yi suspect foul play?"

"Currently, the possibility is not ruled out. After all, only he died in this incident, and there was no paranormal activity at the scene, and Chen Yi also successfully dealt with the ghost in his body." Zhang

Lei mused, "No ghostly resurrection, no paranormal events, yet Zhang Hui died under mysterious circumstances. Under such conditions, the likelihood of murder is very high."

"But who would dare to assassinate a ghost summoner in J City?" Yang Jian frowned slightly.

He was more concerned upon hearing this, considering that the deceased Zhang Hui had spent some time with them.

Better safe than sorry. If it was an unknown paranormal event, they could also be implicated or even face the same danger.

"Who knows? I haven't been in J City for long and am not familiar with the situation here. Maybe he offended someone, or perhaps some evil forces are at play. The ghost summoner's community is large and chaotic, and with all the dealings with the supernatural, anything could happen." Zhang Lei shook his head and said.

Hearing this, Yang Jian felt it made sense, "Well, you guys take your time with the inquiry. I'm heading out."

Without paying further attention to Zhang Hui's death, he had plenty of his own matters to deal with; he couldn't be concerned with the life and death of others.

"President Wan, let's go."

Wan Delu stood at a distance, not daring to get involved in such conversations. Seeing Yang Jian approach, he immediately followed.

A luxury sedan was already parked at the entrance.

Wan Delu hurriedly stepped forward and opened the car door, smiling, "Brother Tui, take the back seat; I'll sit in front."

Yang Jian was somewhat puzzled, but as he was about to get into the car, he saw a sexy long-legged beauty sitting in the back seat. With glamorous makeup and a smile on her face, she greeted him in a sweet voice, "Good day, President Yang."

He glanced at the beautiful woman, especially focusing on her face for a moment.

"Who is she? She seems somewhat familiar... As if I've seen her in some advertisement, or maybe in a movie."

Yang Jian tried to recall, but couldn't come up with anything. After all, there's a difference between watching ads or movies and seeing a real person, he simply felt she looked familiar.

Wan Delu smiled and only said, "Brother Tui, get in the car first. We can talk about anything once we're on the road."

Yang Jian wasn't foolish and of course understood this was arranged by Wan Delu, but for someone of his wealth, hiring one or two second or third-tier celebrities to keep company probably wasn't difficult.

Once they were in the car, and as the vehicle was driving, the long-legged beauty leaned over with a smile, initiating contact.

Yang Jian remained unmoved and simply said, "Actually, I'm not very interested in these matters. President Wan doesn't need to go to such lengths. Of course, my saying this doesn't mean I'm a paragon of virtue or exceptionally upright, but rather that people like us aren't normal. If President Wang has a chance to meet others in the future, he'll understand."

"Brother Tui is right, it was my oversight this time," Wan Lude said with a laugh, his tone very polite.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and then added, "However, after today's events are over, President Wan should leave J City as soon as possible."

"Leave J City?" Wan Delu was taken aback for a moment. "Is there something happening?"

"Nothing in particular, just a piece of advice. If you have reasons to stay, it's not a big deal. Anyway, I feel that J City might not be very peaceful in the near future," Yang Jian said.

The Ghost Envoy incident, the Ghost Painting event—these were two S-level supernatural events that were about to collide on the outskirts of the city. If things got out of control, the consequences could be unimaginably severe.

Wan Delu's heart quivered when he heard this, then he said, "After leaving J City, where should I go? Brother Tui, if you don't mind, please give me some guidance."

"As things stand, Dachang City isn't bad," Yang Jian suggested.

"After the last incident, didn't all the people from Dachang City start moving out? Now there is hardly anyone left in Dachang City," Wan Lude said, somewhat astonished. "Wouldn't it be bad to go there now?"

"It's precisely because something happened there that the likelihood of it happening again is very low, at least it's much better than other places," Yang Jian calmly said. "Moreover, I live in Dachang City. Would I deceive you?"

"Understood, understood, thank you for the advice, Brother Tui," Wan Delu instantly became a bit excited.

He already knew that J City was no longer safe, other cities were unsafe as well, and so were places abroad. Now, Dachang City seemed like a city with a high safety index, especially since this was coming from Yang Jian himself, which was trustworthy.

As a businessman, one should seize any opportunity that comes their way.

And this was an opportunity. Wan Delu planned to start relocating after returning, moving the company headquarters as well as family and relatives to Dachang City.

Given his financial resources, this was not a problem at all.

At this moment, the beautiful woman accompanying them and the driver both silently took note of these words in their minds.

This was a conversation among the top echelons of society, especially with Yang Jian, a mysterious figure whom even the presidents of listed companies treated with utmost respect. The information revealed by such a person was astonishing insider knowledge with foresight.

"President Yang, would you like a drink? Would you like me to join you for one?"

The beauty by his side radiated enthusiasm, picked up a bottle of expensive red wine, and smiled ingratiatingly.

Chapter 512 509 Chen Yi's Incident

The traffic on the road was heavy, and the streets were somewhat congested.

But to this, Yang Jian had grown accustomed, after all, this was J City, where the flow of people was vast.

He chatted casually with Wan Delu in the car.

Wan Delu wasn't particularly interested in matters of the Supernatural Circle, perhaps out of superstition he did not inquire much; he was most concerned about the future situation and prospects, focusing on his own safety and fortune.

However, this was something Yang Jian really couldn't give a clear answer to.

If the period when Yang Jian was still in school marked the beginning of the global supernatural resurgence, then now could be considered the intermediate stage. Supernatural events were steadily increasing in number, and it was possible that in the future the number might decline, or this could just be the beginning with the peak yet to come.

So nobody could make a judgment.

"Honestly, this sort of thing depends on luck. From a global perspective, despite the continuous emergence of supernatural events, when spread across an entire city, a town, a neighborhood, or even an individual, the probability is quite low. It's just that most people who are unlucky tend to be unwittingly caught in supernatural events. Those who are at the center of the events are still in the minority, much like how people die every second across the world, whether from illness or car accidents, but what are the chances of it happening to oneself?"

Yang Jian spoke slowly.

"That makes sense. If unlucky incidents like that were commonplace, things would've been in chaos long ago," Wan Delu nodded in agreement, feeling much more at ease.

"But one can't be certain about the future. If the situation worsens, the truly frightening thing may no longer be the supernatural events but the global panic they trigger," Yang Jian said, "You know, with so many people in the world, once the panic starts, it's almost impossible to control."

Upon hearing this, Wan Delu was shocked, and his complexion changed.

Although Yang Jian was not explicit, he understood the implications and the fear behind the words "global panic."

Natural disasters might not be frightening, but man-made disasters are the most terrifying.

History has proven this time and again.

"It shouldn't reach that point, right?" Wan Delu could only say sullenly.

Yang Jian shrugged, "Who knows? Anyway, I'm only responsible for Dachang City. I can't do anything about other places, so as long as I'm alive, there won't be problems in Dachang City. For this, I've made some preparations, even started a company. If President Wan is interested, you could invest."

"Oh, a company founded by Brother Tui? I'm very interested. Can you tell me more about it? How much would be appropriate for me to invest?" Wan Delu perked up, this was something he felt more confident about.

"I can't go into detail because I am not managing the company. I don't understand the business side of things. It's basically about considering future security, covering various aspects, mainly operating within Dachang City,"

Yang Jian said casually, "As for the investment, President Wan, you can decide for yourself. But I have to make it clear beforehand, this kind of investment won't yield returns; it's basically like losing money. There's a high chance it will just be wasted... If you're interested, you can go to Dachang City and find out for yourself."

"Alright, I'll come to bother you when the time comes," Wan Delu said.

Soon.

As the vehicle continued onwards and passed a street, the driver suddenly said, "Boss, the road up ahead is closed, we have to turn around."

"Road closed?" Wan Delu looked up and indeed saw vehicles ahead constantly turning around.

"No wonder the traffic's been so bad all the way, that's the reason. Then let's turn around quickly and find another route back to the hotel, and be mindful of the time; don't be delayed."

"Alright, boss," the driver replied.

However, as the vehicle reached the intersection preparing to turn around, the workers there guided the vehicle to the side of the road to stop.

The driver was puzzled, as he felt he hadn't violated any traffic rules.

Soon.

A man in a coat walked over and tapped on the window.

"Excuse me, sir, is there a problem?" the driver asked.

"I'm not looking for you. Yang Jian should be in the car, right? Ask him to come down, I need to talk to him," the man in the coat said impatiently.

Inside the car.

Yang Jian saw the person outside through the glass and immediately recognized him.

Chen Yi, one of the three people in charge of J City.

"Chen Yi, just say what you want. I have things to attend to and don't have time to chat with you here. Isn't it impolite to stop someone's car like this?" Yang Jian didn't get out of the vehicle but lowered the window and spoke with a calm expression.

"Yang Jian, I am working. Cooperate with me, please," Chen Yi said.

Yang Jian replied, "If it's just a matter of cooperating, I don't mind. Let's hear it, how can I assist you?"

Chen Yi leaned on the car door, looking at Yang Jian, and said, "Zhang Hui is dead, right there in that hotel ahead. I've checked, and there are no suspicious traces. I've already taken care of the aftermath, but I think there's more to it. You should know something since you were staying at Ping'an Hotel before and had met him."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, having not expected to so inconveniently pass by Chen Yi's place of work, no wonder he was stopped for questioning.

"I don't know much. I wasn't close to him, and regarding the specifics, didn't you send someone to Ping'an Hotel to inquire? You should get the report soon, so there's no need to stop me specifically to ask," Yang Jian said.

"You know I sent someone to investigate? Good, then you should also know that Zhang Hui's death is quite unusual," Chen Yi stated.

Yang Jian replied, "There's a high likelihood it was a homicide."

"Bullshit."

Unable to contain his fiery temper, Chen Yi burst out with a curse: "It simply can't be homicide. Who would do something as foolish as killing a ghost controller in J City? A newcomer like Zhang Hui had no reason to be taken out. Besides, doing so would only attract headquarters' attention. Anyone with a brain wouldn't attempt it."

"I suspect it's a supernatural event."

"Just suspicion, no proof. After all, so far, only Zhang Hui has died," Yang Jian remarked.

Chen Yi said, "So you need to cooperate and help me investigate."

"You want me to help you look into Zhang Hui's cause of death?"

Yang Jian smiled and shook his head, "You know the rules very well. This is J City, your jurisdiction. At most, I am here as a tourist. If you need my help, go apply at headquarters first, then have Shen Liang notify me, and in the end, it still depends on whether I agree or not. This whole process would probably take at least three days."

"Headquarters is busy with more important matters, and I don't have time to follow procedures. My intuition tells me that thing is nearby, and if you join me, with my Ghost Domain, we can find it quickly," Chen Yi said.

"Setting aside whether your intuition is right or wrong, what if I do help you find that thing? What then?" Yang Jian asked.

"Of course, you'll help me deal with it," Chen Yi said immediately.

Yang Jian shook his head, "I can confirm the situation for you, but to ask for my help with handling it, I cannot agree. It's the responsibility of the person whose turf it is to deal with these things. Do I really need to remind you of that?"

"What did you say?" Chen Yi became furious upon hearing Yang Jian's words.

"My meaning is very clear. If you didn't hear me properly, I can repeat it," Yang Jian said.

"Fine, get lost. I don't need your help," Chen Yi said angrily.

Yang Jian spoke, "No need to get angry. Anyone else you ask would also refuse you. No one wants to willingly get involved in such matters. When I faced danger at the training base, didn't nobody come to rescue me? I relied on myself, and afterward, I didn't blame any of the people in charge, right?"

"So, even if Zhang Hui's incident has something to do with me, don't think that I am necessarily obliged to help. If a supernatural event happens and it's not deliberately caused by someone, no one is to blame. Furthermore, whoever is in charge of the area where the event occurred should handle it, since others have their own jobs too, don't you think?"

"Driver, let's go. Just drive ahead, no need to turn around."

The driver, clearly anxious, nevertheless started the car and drove forward.

Outside the car, Chen Yi's face was marked by anger, yet he did not stop Yang Jian from leaving.

Because he could find no reason to refute his words.

Whether it was the Ghost Envoy incident or the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City, he had not helped Yang Jian.

Likewise, Yang Jian was under no obligation to help him, and support had to be requested from headquarters.

Thus, this refusal had no issues whatsoever.

Chapter 513 511: The Person Who Looks Like a Ghost

"Was Zhang Hui's death caused by a paranormal event?"

At this moment, Yang Jian pondered. Although he had rejected Chen Yi's request, the information obtained from him caught his attention, because if it was confirmed to be a supernatural incident, then he began to suspect that the event might be related to himself in some way.

Zhang Hui initially escaped from the training base with them and then returned to the Ping'an Hotel to rest.

But the very next day, Zhang Hui hurriedly left the Ping'an Hotel, as if he had discovered some sort of danger.

And today... Zhang Hui died mysteriously in this small hotel in Dachang City.

What's most important is that Zhang Hui's death was neither a homicide nor due to personal health issues from the resurrection of a malicious ghost.

"Although Chen Yi is hot-tempered and not easy to get along with, he is one of the three leaders in Dachang City, and his ability to get things done is definitely commendable. Since he has defined it as a paranormal event, it's very likely that it's true."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he fell into deep thought.

"From the training base, to the Ping'an Hotel, to now the baffling death... Zhang Hui must have sensed that there was something amiss around him, and he tried to evade some kind of danger by changing environments, but it failed, and he died."

"This danger definitely doesn't come from the Ping'an Hotel, nor from Dachang City. It's very likely from the training base."

Because the only opportunity they had to encounter a supernatural event was at the training base.

At that time, they experienced the Ghost Envoy event, and with the Ghost Envoy starting to kill indiscriminately, many ghost hunters perished.

Nobody can be sure whether any other ghosts were present during that time.

Most importantly, there was one ghost Yang Jian had always not been able to confirm.

Looking at his own pale, stiff palm, the uncertain ghost was the one he had released from the bottle, the one that had come with this Ghost Hand.

Back then, in order to increase the number of his own side's ghosts, he forced open the bottle containing a ghost, and later, to confront the Ghost Envoy, that ghost was temporarily overlooked. After the incident, Yang Jian had used the third layer of the Ghost Domain but couldn't find that ghost; however, he believed the matter was already over.

It's very likely that the ghost was left behind in the Ghost Envoy's domain, or perhaps it was already dealt with by the Ghost Envoy.

Nevertheless, it now seems that might not be the case.

"So, when I, along with Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, Huang Ziya, and this Zhang Hui left the training base back then, was there a ghost following us the whole time? That ghost chose Zhang Hui as its target and followed him to the Ping'an Hotel."

"Then, Zhang Hui sensed something was off, or perhaps he was attacked by the ghost that very night... No, he definitely wasn't attacked by the ghost that night. If he had been, it's impossible that he wouldn't have called for support from the few of us."

"Therefore, I believe that at that time, Zhang Hui was simply in a state of paranoia. He suspected that something was wrong around him but had no solid evidence. Coupled with the distress caused by the Ghost Envoy incident, it led to his hasty desire to leave the Ping'an Hotel."

At this moment, Yang Jian's mind was rapidly theorizing, linking all the pieces of information together for a reasonable conjecture.

Such speculation was essential.

Because the information that ghost hunters really get in paranormal incidents is very limited, so they must make bold and reasonable conjectures; otherwise, by the time you learn the truth, death will have found you. If you want to survive, the speed at which you gather information must be one step ahead of the ghosts to avoid being killed.

"If there was a ghost when Zhang Hui left the Ping'an Hotel, then the ghost must have also left with him. This ghost is unique, invisible, intangible, and even inaudible. Although Zhang Hui had some awareness, it was already too late."

"The ghost ultimately still killed him, and an important point not to be overlooked is that this ghost has a high Terror Level. Zhang Hui, as a ghost hunter, was killed without putting up a fight or calling for help."

At this moment, Yang Jian had roughly sorted out the cause of Zhang Hui's death.

But now that this ghost had killed Zhang Hui, who would be its next target?

Indiscriminately kill ordinary people who meet a set of conditions?

Or is it targeting a specific type of person?

The information stops here; it can't be speculated further, because this ghost had only just killed Zhang Hui, and the next victim has not yet appeared. Only with the emergence of a second and a third victim can some patterns gradually be determined.

"I need to pay attention to this matter, but for now, let Chen Yi worry about it."

Yang Jian shook his head slightly: "What's more serious right now is the collision between the Ghost Envoy and the Ghost Hand."

"The collision of two S-tier paranormal events, if not handled well, could pose a major problem. Even headquarters isn't absolutely sure, compared to that, a supernatural event that kills only one person in several days can be temporarily ignored."

In the car, Wan Delu, upon seeing Yang Jian in deep thought, didn't dare to disturb him but felt a chill in his heart.

Because he had just heard some terrifying information from that leader named Chen Yi: someone had been killed by a ghost?

My God, this is Dachang City; is it unsafe here too?

Yang Jian's earlier warning was right; he indeed had to leave this place as soon as possible.

Just now, Wan Delu was considering whether to move the headquarters completely or to just set up a branch in Dachang City. After all, it's good to be prudent and have multiple retreats, but now, he had no other ideas.

Move!

Not only did they have to move the headquarters, but also some of the company's assets had to be dealt with as quickly as possible. Now it wasn't about making money, but about how to save their lives.

After all, Wan Delu felt that he had more than enough money; life was what mattered most.

At this moment, Wan Delu felt incredibly fortunate to have met someone like Yang Jian, a highly influential figure. As long as he could hold tightly to those coattails, he would have some security in the future.

No wonder his nickname was Brother Tui.

It was truly apt.

"By the way, has that Luo Yong you mentioned already arrived at the restaurant?" Yang Jian suddenly looked up and asked.

Wan Delu replied hastily, "He has been there for a while now, just waiting for us."

"Don't worry about what just happened, let's go have dinner," Yang Jian said.

"There won't be any problems?" Wan Delu carefully asked, "Just now, someone died..."

Yang Jian said, "Didn't you see that someone is already taking care of it? There won't be any trouble for now, but such incidents are unpredictable. Every city has them to some extent, and if you're really unlucky and encounter one, you can only hope for the best."

"People die occasionally in Dachang City now?" Wan Delu asked.

"Not at the moment, but I would be bragging if I said it would never happen in the future. These incidents are too random, almost uncontrollable. It's only necessary to have someone in charge to deal with it quickly," Yang Jian said.

"That's true, it's much safer when someone takes care of it," Wan Delu agreed.

The car passed through the blocked section of the road, and as there were no traffic jams or detours, they quickly arrived in front of a high-end private club and stopped.

Wan Delu certainly wouldn't take Yang Jian to a hotel or restaurant. Of course, he had to prepare a classy place, and he had put a lot of effort into this meal. He had not only hired the best chef but also spent a lot of money to fly in some premium ingredients. Since he wasn't sure about Yang Jian's taste, he prepared various cuisines.

He thought it necessary to leave a good impression, even if it wasn't just to curry favor but also to express his gratitude for the incident at the airport last time.

Wan Delu was well aware that if Yang Jian hadn't protected him at the airport last time, he would probably be in custody by now. After all, the haunting affair was related to him, and there had been a death on the plane.

But being taken into custody was the least of his worries. The company might have had to shut down, what with stock prices plummeting, forced delisting, bankruptcy liquidation... He could even imagine just how dire it would be.

So compared to that, a meal was nothing.

Shortly.

Wan Delu led Yang Jian and the accompanying beauty into the private club.

But as they entered, they saw a man in his fifties, dressed simply and looking lean, like a construction worker, growing impatient and intending to leave.

"I was told I could leave after half a day, but I've been waiting almost a day. I can't stay, I'm going. Don't stop me, I think you're definitely scammers. I won't stay here," he complained.

Two bodyguards blocked him, "Luo Yong, our boss is on his way but got delayed by traffic. Just wait a little longer, and besides, you agreed to it earlier. We've already paid you fifty thousand yuan for the trip. If you walk away now, it'll be difficult for us to explain to our boss."

"You're definitely scammers, there's no such easy money in this world. You're just giving me some sweeteners now but will swindle everything back later. No, I'm leaving," Luo Yong insisted loudly.

"Is he the Luo Yong you invited?" Yang Jian asked upon seeing this.

Wan Delu smiled wryly, "Yeah, it was not easy to invite him from there. He only agreed to come after I offered him money, saying that it couldn't interfere with his work. Looks like I've made you witness an embarrassment, Brother Tui. I'll handle this matter; please wait a moment."

After speaking, he hurriedly went over to pacify Luo Yong.

Yang Jian didn't say a word; he just observed. However, when he saw Luo Yong's appearance, his pupils suddenly contracted and his face showed several signs of shock.

How could it be?

Instantly, his heart was churning with tumultuous waves.

Yang Jian didn't recognize Luo Yong before; today was the first time he saw him. Luo Yong himself didn't have any particular issues. Walking down the street, he looked like a legitimate construction worker, with a face full of wrinkles and a lean, dark appearance. He was neither handsome enough to shake the heavens nor ugly enough to hide in shame, an utterly common appearance.

Yet it was this ordinary appearance that made Yang Jian feel an inexplicable chill and shock.

He bore a striking resemblance to that ghost.

The one codenamed Ghost Door Knocker.

If Yang Jian compared a photo of the Door Knocking Ghost with Luo Yong, he would find that the two men weren't exactly alike, but they shared at least sixty to seventy percent similarity.

Of course, the world was full of people who looked alike, even celebrities had lookalikes.

But of all people, Luo Yong closely resembled a ghost.

Yang Jian felt that a terrifying truth was being confirmed.

Chapter 514 511 Drinking Party

The appearance of Luo Yong truly startled Yang Jian.

Such fear was incomprehensible to others, for it involved a truth, a terrifying truth. If Yang Jian continued to pursue this clue, he might uncover the secret of a malevolent spirit's revival and even find a way to resolve the paranormal event.

In an era where everyone was fumbling around exploring the supernatural, acquiring such information could change everything.

However, Luo Yong seemed unaware of these matters. He kept clamoring to leave the club and return to his hometown by car, fearing that Wan Delu and his people were frauds, intent on harming him.

Of course, this line of thought was very normal.

After all, anyone who has an unexpected windfall would doubt their luck, especially when it's as unprecedented as earning tens of thousands of dollars just for a trip to J City.

After walking over, Wan Delu hastily explained the situation again, but words alone were useless. He calmed Luo Yong's nerves by adding another fifty thousand yuan, and he made the payment in front of everyone.

"Just stay for another two hours, and after that, if you want to leave, you can leave. We absolutely won't stop you. Rest assured, we definitely don't have any ulterior motives. Someone just wants to consult you about your family's old house; it will be over quickly, and it won't affect you at all."

After a series of persuasions, Wan Delu had his bodyguards take Luo Yong to the resting room for a break, and he said he would go over later.

Yang Jian didn't rush to ask questions immediately. Luo Yong was just an ordinary person. He could inquire about the situation at any time, and if Luo Yong was unwilling to cooperate, Yang Jian could also have people from headquarters investigate, although it would take a bit of time and effort.

If the matter could be settled privately with some money, that would be ideal.

"He looks so similar to the Door Knocking Ghost, and his old home has an ancient house... That ancient house is undoubtedly from the same period as the one in Dachang City, likely left behind by a spirit controller from a hundred years ago. This Luo Yong is very likely to be a descendant of that spirit controller," Yang Jian said thoughtfully. "So, was Wang Xiaoming's speculation correct?"

"The Door Knocking Ghost's true identity is an entity that emerged from the revival of a spirit controller from a hundred years ago, but if that's the case, the timeline doesn't match up."

If this assumption was true, another question arose.

The timeline didn't match up.

The Door Knocking Ghost incident happened six months ago, first appearing in a ghost story on a forum. From there, the curse spread like wildfire from the forum as the origin, and the Door Knocking Ghost truly began to move, turning into an A-grade paranormal event known as Ghost Door Knocker, and becoming Yang Jian's nightmare.

But six months ago, the Door Knocking Ghost hadn't appeared yet, which was enough to prove that it hadn't awakened at that time.

Before its revival, where was this entity? Could it have been a living spirit controller?

There were too many mysteries to unravel.

Yang Jian didn't have enough information to analyze at the moment. He shook his head slightly and gathered his scattered thoughts back together.

"Brother Tui, this matter with Luo Yong has been settled. There are some things we can discuss after we eat, it's not too late. The dishes have been served, just waiting for us to start. There are a few dishes today that you really must try; I guarantee you'll be satisfied," Wan Delu said with a smile as he returned.

The group made their way to a tastefully decorated private room.

The table was filled with a variety of dishes. Some were presented in a unique style, with smoke wafting around them, not much in quantity, but prepared in a way that seemed expensive and exclusive.

"President Wan, you've arrived," said two or three men dressed in suits as they hastily stood up in the private room, wearing ingratiating smiles.

Wan Delu said with a laugh, "Brother Tui, this is the manager of my branch office. He took care of the antique affair this time. If you have any questions, you can ask him directly."

"Good to meet you, President Yang. I hope for your support in the future," the manager said with a smile.

Yang Jian nodded and said, "Let's have a good talk later. Let's have dinner first. I guess you're all hungry waiting for me. I'm not very particular, so let's keep it casual."

He wasn't very good at socializing, after all, he had been in an academic city before and hadn't had much exposure to it.

However, following the principle of not hitting a smiling face, whether these people were flattering, brown-nosing, or being hypocrites, as long as they didn't intentionally provoke him, Yang Jian was usually quite polite.

"Come, come, sit down and have some food. By the way, did you bring that bottle of treasured wine I have? Hurry up and open it," Wan Delu said enthusiastically.

"President Wan, including the time for the wine to breathe, it's just perfect." The manager said with a smile as he took out a bottle of red wine that had seen some years.

Wan Delu boasted with some self-satisfaction, "Brother Tui, you'll definitely be interested in this wine, the famous '82 Lafite. All those on the market are fakes, but this one is real; I wheedled it from someone else."

Although to those who understand wine, this wasn't the best, its reputation was undeniable.

The host of the dinner had a few who knew their wine, and they drank for the fame more than the flavor, probably not even able to tell if you swapped the contents with a hundred yuan bottle of red wine.

"I don't drink alcohol, juice will be fine," Yang Jian said with a slight smile, refusing Wan Delu's kindness.

His not drinking wasn't because he couldn't or didn't dare; he was afraid of getting drunk.

For a ghost controller, being drunk was risky—who knows whether he might misuse the ghosts' abilities? Although Yang Jian had never tried, people like him absolutely couldn't lose control over their own body.

"No problem, we have juice too, all freshly squeezed. But if Brother Tui is interested in the wine, try a little, it's okay to just leave it there if you don't drink it. Come on, pour some for Brother Tui," Wan Delu signaled to the accompanying beauty.

The beauty hastily assumed the role of a server, pouring wine for Yang Jian and serving juice with a smile on her face.

Such service was probably unmatched by anyone else.

Yang Jian didn't enjoy the atmosphere of flattery and appeasement at the dinner table; on the contrary, he felt an inexplicable unease that left him weighed down with heavy thoughts.

The source of his unease was still Luo Yong.

Was it the trepidation before knowing the truth, or the fear of continuing to delve into that period... After all, the truth might not bring hope but rather despair, like an abyss without a glimmer of light.

If he knew the truth of despair in advance, Yang Jian didn't know how he would face everything that was to come.

The hand holding the glass of juice trembled slightly.

This wasn't fear-induced but an inexplicable shudder.

"He's afraid..." The beauty sitting next to him felt Yang Jian's subtle movement and a nameless terror arose in her.

Because she had been seated next to Yang Jian since the car ride, she had been observing this man all the time, whether he was chatting confidently with President Wan or confronting the mysterious man named Chen Yi, even when discussing spiritual events related to human life, he had been full of confidence, even assertive.

But now, this man was afraid?

On the other hand, what might be the thing that even a person of his caliber was afraid of?

The beauty dared not imagine, for it was beyond the limits of what she could guess, and all she could do was to try her best to play her role at the dinner table.

"Miss, what are you thinking about? You spilled the juice," Yang Jian suddenly glanced at her and said.

"Sorry, very sorry," the beauty came to her senses and hurriedly cleaned up the table, not daring to raise her head.

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Yang Jian and Wan Delu, among others, maintained a reasonably harmonious atmosphere at the dinner table.

Even though most of the time Wan Delu's managers and the star-level beauties invited from nearby were finding ways to flatter Yang Jian and suck up to him, they would still occasionally inquire about some key information.

Of course, to Yang Jian, these inquiries seemed no different from making small talk.

It's just how things are done at a dinner table, and Yang Jian didn't mind sharing some information with them; after all, to those within the circle, such news was insignificant, only that those outside the circle were still in the dark, oblivious to everything.

Wan Delu showed great interest in buying shares of Yang Jian's company. Perhaps in the eyes of this businessman, only when there is a financial cooperation can one be considered a partner or a familiar face; superficial interactions could not give him peace of mind.

And the star-level beauty next to him started to fawn over him even more frequently, not even needing Wan Delu's cues to know what to do.

After truly understanding the horror and fear behind the truth of this world, who could remain calm?

However, while Yang Jian was dining, elsewhere,

At the top floor of Ping'an Tower.

Some influential people from the circle gathered again, listening to the intelligence and negotiation details Li Yao brought back from the hotel, kicking off a new round of discussion.

"The general content of the conversation was as follows: Yang Jian's attitude was very firm, and my public relations efforts failed; he refused to join our circle," Li Yao began, holding a report, "but he didn't outright reject the idea. He said he might reconsider joining after he becomes the team leader."

"He also issued us a serious warning, saying if anyone from our circle attempts to exploit Gao Zhiqiang's death, he's willing to see it through to the end."

"Arrogant, but that's very much in line with Yang Jian's personality. The guy is just a stubborn youth. Threats are useless against him, since he became a Ghost Envoy at such a young age. It's quite normal for him to be so full of himself, having not yet been brought down a peg by the harshness of society," Jang Shangbai said, showing no surprise upon hearing the report.

He nodded slightly, even thinking that the report matched pretty closely what he had anticipated.

"Did you talk to him about the twenty billion?" pondered the middle-aged man in the suit known as President Fei.

Li Yao replied, "I did. Yang Jian's answer was: 'For people like us, money is no longer of use.'"

"So, he's another one uninterested in money?" someone scoffed.

"I Have a Plan that will surely make Yang Jian willingly join our circle. Just listen to what I have to say..." the speaker was He Tianxiong, who, as usual, wasn't the brightest bulb, always eager to offer a plan.

President Fei waved his hand, cutting him off; "Stop thinking about winning over this Yang Jian. He's not a simpleton; he's clever and decisive and won't be easy to deal with. I promised him twenty billion not because I truly wished to ally with him, but to buy us time this month. Right now, with the Ghost Envoy incident and the team leader project at critical junctures, if we can just maintain stability for this period, we can ignore Yang Jian once everything settles down."

"If he had agreed, it would mean that we secured the greatest benefit at the lowest cost. Unfortunately, Yang Jian replied that he would consider joining the circle after becoming the team leader. This means he saw through my intention and didn't fall for it. Such a young age, and he's not tempted by twenty billion laid out before him; it's clear he has a sober mind, with a good sense of what's important."

Upon hearing this, Jang Shangbai's face darkened, "So, him bringing up Gao Zhiqiang means he's threatening us?"

"Not a threat; it's better viewed as a determination for a fight to the death. By using Gao Zhiqiang as an example, he's telling us that if we really come to blows, Gao Zhiqiang's fate will be ours. There's no such thing as a friendly contest with an easy out. Once lines are crossed, it's an all-out war," President Fei explained, smiling slightly. "A smart move, not yielding or negotiating. Either our circle and Yang Jian live and let live, or we take each other down."

"You call that smart? I think it's brainless."

"Isn't it smart, though? Death by a thousand cuts might seem trivial, but by the time you realize it, you're already slowly consumed. Rather than resisting after the awakening, it's better to make your limits clear from the start," President Fei said.

"But I've finished probing; now we have two choices regarding Yang Jian. Either we leave him be to become the team leader, adding a new force to the mix, or we take him down before the team leader project begins to deter others, expand our circle's influence, and prevent Yang Jian from becoming a stumbling block in the future. However, it's a big deal; after all, he's a top-tier Ghost Envoy who has dealt with an S-class supernatural event. Moving against him isn't just talk; it requires a meticulous plan."

"I've said my piece, let's vote with a show of hands. Those in favor of taking down Yang Jian, raise your hands."

With that, President Fei immediately raised his hand.

He saw Yang Jian as a threat, a madman. Rather than waiting for him to grow stronger and flip the table later, it was better to eliminate him now.

Also, Yang Jian's death would be a guarantee for himself; if Yang Jian truly became uncontrollable later on, the actions he took today would surely not be left out of the reckoning.

"Why didn't you just say so from the beginning? We still end up following my plan," He Tianxiong raised his hand without hesitation.

"I agree with taking down Yang Jian; he's too much of a nuisance. This guy has already taken care of Gao Zhiqiang, which has greatly affected our future plans. We need to make a statement," another person raised their hand.

Soon, at the conference table, more than half of the ten or so attendees gradually raised their hands.

A few others were still hesitating and thinking.

"Jang Shangbai, what, you don't agree?" At this moment, He Tianxiong glanced to the side, noticing that Jang Shangbai hadn't raised his hand.

Jiang Shangbai spoke calmly, "I'll tell you the truth," he began, "Yang Jian's existence is just one among the many ghost handlers. Even if we take him down, there will be a second and a third Yang Jian to follow. It's impossible for us to control the entire situation. Even headquarters can't control everything. I'm not against taking down Yang Jian, but it's meaningless."

"It's like starting a fight for no reason. It only results in loss and doesn't bring any real change."

"The purpose of Yang Jian becoming team leader is for Cao Yanhua to use him as a stumbling block against our circle of friends. Right now, the threat from Yang Jian isn't significant, but he already has his own influence. You saw it at the meeting—Zong Shan, Feng Quan, Li Jun, and even Cao Yang support him. Once he becomes team leader, just by taking that position, others will flock to him, forming a powerful force. We indeed can't control the grand scheme of things, but we must ensure that our circle remains the top ghost handler force in Asia before the team leader plan concludes."

"The advantage will eventually translate to survival rate, allowing us to live better in this dreadful world." President Fei said, "Jiang Shangbai, do you think this reason is sufficient?"

"Since that's the case, I have no objections," Jiang Shangbai said.

This was a decision made by the circle of friends. Although he had some doubts, he could not interfere with such a major decision.

Yet he was still worried about whether they could successfully take down Yang Jian.

That guy was currently the only one at headquarters who had survived two S-ranked supernatural events. Could someone like that really be as simple as he appeared on the surface?

Soon, the majority ruled, and they reached a conclusion regarding the handling of Yang Jian.

In the conference room, Li Yao was shocked by such a decision, but she remained composed on the outside.

"Have these people already decided to take down Yang Jian before the team leader plan starts?"

She felt at that moment that Yang Jian's worries were justified. He had prepared her in advance to take preemptive action at the slightest sign of trouble.

"Since a decision has been made, then who will make the move?" Jiang Shangbai asked at this point.

"This matter requires secrecy and swift resolution. You can't do it. The first to die in a face-to-face meeting will likely not be Yang Jian, but you. With Ghost Eye Yang Jian's reputation at stake, we must take it seriously. I think President Fang himself should take action to ensure absolute certainty," President Fei spoke up.

At this moment, everyone looked towards the head of the conference table.

A man dressed in casual clothes and with a somewhat lazy demeanor was resting a foot on the chair, reclining with ease.

He was Fang Shiming, a top-ranking practitioner within the circle of friends and one of the earliest ghost handlers. Although he seemed to be in his thirties, his experience was even greater than Feng Quan's, and in addition, he was personally in charge of a city.

"Oh, have we reached a conclusion already?" Everyone looked at him in silence for a moment before Fang Shiming finally slowly put his leg down and glanced at the group with a lackluster interest.

"President Fang, if you find this plan troublesome and disagree, we can consider changing the plan," President Fei said.

Fang Shiming glanced at him and replied, "No need to provoke me. Taking down a ghost handler doesn't make a difference to me. The world isn't ready to accept our kind yet. Yang Jian is indeed a bit too conspicuous. Since you've all agreed, let's just take him down."

In his words, taking down Yang Jian seemed as trivial as getting rid of an ordinary person.

"We need an opportunity that doesn't let Yang Jian die an obscure death; otherwise, headquarters will be suspicious of us," President Fei said.

He Tianxiong said, "I Have a Plan that could lure him back to Dachang City and assassinate him halfway."

Fang Shiming paid no attention to him and simply stated, "Let him die in the next supernatural event. Dead men tell no tales, and no one will know it was I who took out Yang Jian."

"It requires an opportunity."

"It won't be too long. The talisman and Ghost Envoy incidents are a chance. Wang Xiaoming isn't sure he can resolve both S-ranked supernatural events, and one is bound to get out of control. We just need a bit of guidance to drag Yang Jian into it," Fang Shiming spoke slowly.

"I'll prepare the plan," President Fei said.

Fang Shiming warned, "If any errors occur this time, you'd better disappear."

"Understood," President Fei's forehead beaded with cold sweat.

The person he feared most in this place was Fang Shiming. Despite his appearance of always being half-asleep, he could nearly control the entire circle of friends.

"I must hurry and inform Yang Jian of this news," Li Yao thought, anxious beyond measure.

She hadn't expected that they would take Yang Jian so seriously. To take him down, they were engaging the top ghost handler in the circle of friends and even creating a plan for him to die in the next supernatural incident.