

Revival 646

Chapter 646 Curse Inheritance

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Wang Xiaoming was not one who liked to employ conspiracies and trickery; he always laid out a rational and reasonable plan before you, giving you a choice.

The catch was that there was no wiggle room in this choice, because you couldn't find a better alternative than his plan, and in the end, you were forced to agree, even if you killed him now, you would still choose his plan.

So, this was an open strategy.

He had now made the consequences of the experiment's failure and success very clear.

Only one of Yang Jian and Guo Fan could survive, and whoever lived would possess the current body of Yang Jian, becoming an exceptional ghost master in control of three ghosts.

"Is this all you've thought of? You had this plan in mind from the outset, which is why you agreed so readily. To you, no matter what, you don't stand to lose. On the contrary, it's me. I, who had the possibility to choose, am now forced to gamble with you, reluctantly accepting this outcome."

Yang Jian's gaze still fixed tightly on Wang Xiaoming.

He had considered Wang Xiaoming's solution to the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box but never imagined the specific plan to be this.

The moment he agreed, it would mean putting his life into Wang Xiaoming's hands.

As for what would happen afterward, Yang Jian no longer had a say.

"At least you still have a chance to gamble. Many don't even have that opportunity. Having mastered three ghosts and suffering from the Eight-Tone Music Box curse, your path as a ghost master is at its end. Conventional methods will no longer keep you alive; only a unique and dangerous plan holds the possibility of extending your life."

Ignoring Yang Jian's piercing gaze, Wang Xiaoming stated calmly, "You've been through a lot. There are many things now that don't need explaining from me."

"Right, the principle is clear, but how do I know if you have any ulterior motives? Once the consciousness and the curse are separated successfully, will you willingly return my consciousness, and not forever trap it in a spirit tablet, occasionally offering it a few sticks of incense? If that plan succeeds, anybody could replace me, not just Guo Fan."

As Yang Jian spoke, the Ghost Domain instantly spread outwards from his eyes, permeating the surroundings.

This fifth floor had yet to be sealed, so his Ghost Domain could seep outward, albeit not very quickly.

"Mastering three ghosts is no easy feat, so no one is more suitable than you. Guo Fan is merely an emergency replacement to prevent the rebirth of a malevolent specter as a hidden threat upon your death."

Wang Xiaoming spoke earnestly, "If you truly have such worries, then this plan can't be carried out."

"Since you put it that way, I have nothing to worry about. But since you want me to bet my life, it would be unfair to just gamble against Guo Fan. Let's have everyone take the risk together. From now on, no one is to leave or enter this building; anyone who does will be attacked by malevolent ghosts,"

Yang Jian coldly stated, his words not directed at Wang Xiaoming but meant for the Ghost Child.

The Ghost Domain enveloped the area as his final command was issued.

Those who leave the building die, and those who enter die.

In that moment, a window upstairs revealed a ghostly child with cyanotic black skin, utterly cold without a hint of warmth. Dressed in a burial robe stripped from a corpse and clutching a decomposed head, it began to sprint swiftly along the corridor.

The Ghost Child was given a murderous directive by Yang Jian.

To kill anyone entering or exiting the building, and with the new command overtaking the previous order to remain stationary, it gained the ability to move autonomously.

In other words.

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From now on, a terrible supernatural event started to take place in this building: a Hungry Ghost from the Second Stage would roam here incessantly.

"Was what you just said a threat?" Wei Jing stared at him and asked.

"No, I was merely taking some precautionary measures. Don't worry, I've checked this building earlier, there are not many people, so if an accident really occurred, it wouldn't cause too much harm. I don't wish for accidents to happen," Yang Jian said.

"Let the experiment begin. The time of my curse's outbreak is tomorrow night at twelve o'clock. It's impossible to confirm whether this information is true or false, but this item won't lie."

As he spoke, he produced an old wooden Eight-Tone Music Box.

The Eight-Tone Music Box was open at the moment, its interior shrouded in darkness, making it unclear what exactly was inside, but it exuded an eerie aura from all around.

"I have researched the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box. After the curse explodes, the music box will close by itself and return to its original state, waiting for the next person to open it, so this item makes the perfect timer," Wang Xiaoming said.

"If you have made your preparations, now enter that room, lie in the Ghost Coffin and hold that spirit tablet. Once the consciousness transfer begins, results should come swiftly. The Ghost Coffin is no longer intact, and I do not have much confidence that it can suppress the uncontrollable ghost within the body, so I will have Wei Jing monitor it."

Yang Jian didn't speak, just walked coldly into that special room.

Thick walls surrounded the space, preventing the Ghost Domain from penetrating; it was specially constructed that way. The only means of communication with the outside was a not-so-large glass window.

After he entered, the door closed with a heavy thud and locked firmly.

In that moment, Yang Jian felt isolated from the outside world, unable to hear any sounds, and everything became eerily silent around him. All that lay before him was a black coffin without a lid and an old, dirty spirit tablet covered in dried, darkened bloodstains.

The black and white photo on the spirit tablet was of Guo Fan.

His face was pallid, and his expression conveyed fright and unease, as if he had been threatened with death, clearly, he hadn't been willing to transfer his consciousness into the spirit tablet, and most likely had been coerced by Wang Xiaoming and eventually had no choice but to compromise.

Although Yang Jian had volunteered, it was also due to circumstances that left him with no alternative.

"With his personality, he would agree so easily? His file doesn't suggest he's the kind of person who compromises easily," said Wei Jing from outside, his voice cold and strange.

He had read through Yang Jian's file and had generally understood the man's character, knowing that it wouldn't be easy to make him accept this plan so readily.

Yang Jian's attitude just now had confirmed this point; they had nearly come to blows.

"This shows that the file is outdated; he has grown, and he has not compromised, on the contrary, his methods have become even more intense. He must have made some arrangements that I don't know about, it's just that they have not yet taken effect," Wang Xiaoming furrowed his brows slightly.

"However, none of that matters now because the result will appear very soon."

At this moment, he saw Yang Jian contacting the Ghost Coffin and executing the plan as described earlier.

Inside the room, Yang Jian didn't hesitate much. He had done what he needed to do, and what was left was to wait for the results. If he couldn't survive despite all the preparations, then it could only mean his luck wasn't good enough.

Approaching the Ghost Coffin, he glanced inside.

There was no Ghost Envoy lying inside the Ghost Coffin this time, nor did any other ghost appear; it simply looked like a very ordinary coffin.

The only thing to note was the pitch-black interior of the coffin, like an abyss leading to hell, which could make one feel dread.

"Last time when I stole the Ghost Coffin from the Ghost Envoy, did it result in the Ghost Envoy not being fully nurtured and some of the supernatural element remaining in this coffin? So, this coffin without a lid has become one of the even more shattered jigsaw puzzles of the Ghost Envoy..."

Yang Jian observed the situation of the Ghost Coffin and then boldly stepped directly into it.

As soon as he did, he felt the ghost within his body being suppressed, but this suppression was special—it would not completely crash the ghost, yet it allowed the manipulator to continue using the ghost's abilities.

It was as if an invisible shackle had been placed upon the ghost manipulator.

After feeling out his condition, his gaze went back to the old wooden spirit tablet placed in front of the coffin.

"Will my consciousness be transferred into the spirit tablet if there's continuous contact?" Yang Jian grew anxious at this thought.

Whether the transfer would succeed depended on this moment—if it failed and the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box transferred along with his consciousness, he'd face the worst scenario... His body could be taken over by Guo Fan, and his consciousness could be wiped out by the curse.

All his efforts would vanish.

Despite the risk, Yang Jian still had to go through with it, because he had no other choice.

Quickly,

he reached out and picked up the spirit tablet.

The wooden, worn spirit tablet was covered with dry bloodstains, as if many hands with their terrible stories had touched it. However, when Yang Jian held it, a chill invaded his body instantly and his consciousness seemed to be pulled away at that moment, which was terrifying.

It felt as if he was dying, bit by bit.

At the same time, the expression on Yang Jian's face changed rapidly, from initial calm and composure to panic and unease. In an instant, the aura he emitted seemed to transform entirely.

The black-and-white photograph on the spirit tablet twisted gradually, and the visage within changed.

Yang Jian's face appeared on it, while the picture of Guo Fan that had been on the spirit tablet faded rapidly, vanishing... At last, his image appeared on Yang Jian standing in the Ghost Coffin.

The exchange of identities between the two was completed at that moment.

"Did it work?"

Wang Xiaoming was very curious about the situation and quickly moved closer, peering through the glass window to observe the inside.

"Now, whose body carries the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box? Is it in the Yang Jian within the spirit tablet, or has it successfully been taken over by the current Guo Fan?"

The answer to come would decide who would live and who would die.

At this moment, the 'Yang Jian' inside the Ghost Coffin moved. He slowly turned his head, his eyes showing a trace of confusion and hesitation, as if this consciousness had stayed in the spirit tablet too long and was not used to the difference.

"I, am I still alive?" His voice was Yang Jian's, but the tone was Guo Fan's.

With a surprised look, he saw Wang Xiaoming standing outside the window and then recalled the previous events.

Guo Fan remembered inviting Wang Xiaoming to his place for tea and insisting on borrowing the spirit tablet from him, which led to an argument... and he had given in at the end.

He had thought he was surely going to die after that, but against all odds, he found there was a chance to live.

It felt like a long sleep, he had never been in the spirit tablet for such a long time because the longer one stayed, the greater the invasion by the ghost, and in the end, he might never return.

"Guo Fan, how do you feel now?" Wang Xiaoming asked through the intercom outside the window.

The room was insulated from the supernatural, but not from signals.

"I feel great, I seem to have returned to normal, even better than before, wait, something's wrong..."
Guo Fan frowned, looking down and realizing he was still holding the spirit tablet. Instinctively, he quickly pulled it back.

But soon, he noticed that his body didn't seem to be his own.

"Is this Yang Jian's body?"

He saw his own face on the spirit tablet, and instantly understood everything.

Professor Wang had actually gotten rid of Yang Jian and successfully saved him. This was indeed inconceivable. Does this mean, from now on, he was no longer the former Guo Fan, but rather Guo Fan with the Ghost Eye controlling three ghosts?

At this thought, Guo Fan got excited. Now, he could discard the spirit tablet, no longer needing it to stave off the deterioration of his body, because he knew Yang Jian had achieved the balance with the three ghosts. This was a new beginning.

He immediately threw away the spirit tablet, and couldn't wait to try to step out of the Ghost Coffin.

"You'd better not rush into anything; you can't control Yang Jian's ghosts. If you step out of the Ghost Coffin, you could die from the revival of the fierce ghost," Wang Xiaoming warned with a stern face.

Controlling three ghosts required experience; it wasn't something that could be done by merely switching consciousness. The balance and suppression between ghosts all needed to be mediated by the living manipulator. If this balance were upset, the revival of the fierce ghost could occur.

"Right, right, right, Professor Wang, you're right. I was too hasty. I should take some time to observe and get accustomed to Yang Jian's body," Guo Fan replied, still excited.

He felt like the protagonist in a novel, on the brink of death, but so luckily given such an opportunity.

Not only had he survived, but he had also become a top ghost manipulator; his life seemed to have reached its zenith.

Guo Fan even thought that after getting out of here, he should vie for the team leader's spot and have Zong Shan humbly follow him, making him utterly envious.

However, in the midst of these wild thoughts, Guo Fan suddenly said, "But Professor Wang, could you turn off the music in this room? It keeps playing on loop, and I'm getting a little annoyed by it."

Music? How could there be any music in the room? There was only an intercom.

Wang Xiaoming outside the glass window shifted his expression slightly, then ignored Guo Fan and instead looked at the spirit tablet that had fallen next to the Ghost Coffin. The image of Yang Jian was still on the spirit tablet, with the same cold expression.

"Is luck still on Yang Jian's side?"

At this moment, he realized that the so-called music was the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box, which had now been inherited by Guo Fan, while Yang Jian successfully hid inside the spirit tablet to avoid the risk of being killed by the curse.

But the current Guo Fan seemed unaware of what he was experiencing.

Chapter 647

In the experimental building at this moment.

Doctor Chen, in a white lab coat, was hastily evacuating the underground laboratory with several assistants.

He had previously communicated with Professor Wang and knew what Wang Xiaoming intended to do, so he had already evacuated most of the staff from the building to prevent accidents.

"Pack up and go back to your offices to sort out your documents before leaving. Take a three-day holiday. I have a feeling that this experiment won't end normally. Wang Xiaoming is always like this, although he also likes to conduct some terrifying experiments, but this time the situation is very complicated, involving several unstable factors," Doctor Chen instructed his assistants.

"Doctor Chen, since you're worried about this, why didn't you warn Professor Wang earlier?" an assistant asked curiously.

Doctor Chen shook his head and said, "He thought of everything, no need for my reminders. The reason he insists on doing this is because he has gone further in the research of supernatural events than anyone else. And since the new direction of research hasn't been settled, someone has to step into the dark. Up until now, any dangerous experiment could point to a new direction."

"The Ghost Coffin experiment is a topic he has spent a great deal of time and energy on. He believes it is a breakthrough, so he won't care about the multitude of uncertainties. My research philosophy is the opposite of his. I believe we should proceed step by step with these unknown and terrifying things, from discovery, to understanding, and finally to control..."

"Professor Wang is more radical. He wants to turn living people into ghosts, perfectly control vengeful spirits, and steal the abilities of ghosts."

"Isn't that an excellent direction for an experiment?"

The assistant felt puzzled; if it were up to him, he would definitely pursue this line of research as well.

Doctor Chen scolded, "Do you think this is child's play? If we're not careful, it could cost lives. Professor Wang's radicalism is not unfounded. He is afraid that the supernatural events will become uncontrollable and completely erupt, so he is racing against time. I have worked with him for a while and have come to understand him quite well."

"Don't think that the ghosts you see in the lab are just that. They are imprisoned and restricted, so they seem harmless. But once they are released, even the most insignificant little thing in the lab can potentially cause the deaths of hundreds, even thousands of people, and the death would be continual."

"Alright, go pack your things and prepare to leave. Maintain secrecy about our earlier conversation, as usual. Although you all know the rules here, I still have to remind you," he said.

After chastising his assistants and giving them a reminder, he then allowed them to leave.

Groups of three to five assistants began to return to their offices to prepare their things for departure.

Although they were assistants under Doctor Chen, where rebukes were common, each one involved in such experiments was invariably top talent, highly sought after elsewhere.

"Doctor Chen is too cautious, lacking even a bit of adventurous spirit; that's why the projects we're responsible for are slow to break through," an assistant named Liu said with a slight shake of his head.

A colleague next to him whispered, "Being cautious is always right though, at least it avoids accidents. I heard Doctor Chen mention in passing that something had gone wrong in the lab Professor Wang used to be responsible for. It seems quite a few people died... A ghost broke loose and instantly wiped out everyone in an area."

"Right, I heard that Yang Jian sorted out that incident last time. But I also heard that Yang Jian once killed Wang Xiaoming's own brother during a conflict in Dachang City when he was new."

Assistant Liu was startled; "Where did you hear this from?"

"Everyone in the supernatural community knows about it, it's no secret," his colleague replied.

"Gossip aside, don't get too involved with those people. Their level of danger is unimaginable, and Doctor Chen's previous research topic has proven that after a living person becomes a ghost controller, their emotions gradually disappear, even become distorted. To a certain extent, their thoughts and cognition can no longer be considered human."

"For example, when a beautiful woman appears on the street, a normal person would think about striking up a conversation, fantasizing, or just enjoying the view. But ghost controllers wouldn't think that way. Their first thought might be how fresh the woman's body is, contemplating turning her into a corpse to add to their collection," he said.

"To them, killing isn't even considered murder anymore, just like if a mosquito appeared beside us and we slapped it dead without thinking, a completely natural reaction."

Assistant Liu said this as if he was still frightened, "That's why it's extremely dangerous to interact with any ghost handler. You never know when they'll just kill you. I've seen people so deeply infiltrated by ghosts that their eyes are indistinguishable from a real ghost's."

"What's the matter, why have you suddenly stopped walking?"

Suddenly, he noticed that his colleague had stopped moving and was standing still.

The colleague's face began to look unsettled as he pointed down the hallway ahead, "Did you see something move past there just now?"

The hallway ahead was slightly dim, the light on the ceiling for some reason had not turned on.

"You must be mistaken, right? Even though this is a laboratory and there are some dangerous things here, there hasn't been an accident to date. Our security level is very high, as are our preventative measures."

Assistant Liu looked ahead but didn't see anything.

"We should hurry back to the office to pack up and leave."

But his colleague shook their head resolutely, "No, I'm sure I saw something moving past just a moment ago. I was too engaged in our conversation to pay much attention, but I can be certain I didn't see it wrong."

For a young employee, experiencing optical illusions was unlikely.

Assistant Liu, however, furrowed his brow, "There are no security patrols in this building, and most people have already left work and gone home, leaving only Doctor Chen and a few of us. Logically, there shouldn't be anyone else in the building."

"Maybe..." his colleague guessed uneasily.

"Don't scare yourself," Assistant Liu said.

But having said that, he couldn't help but feel worried, considering that the building did indeed house some dangerous things. Although they had been properly dealt with, nothing is absolute, and it was possible there was a lapse somewhere.

"We should still report it, have the security department send someone to take a look," his colleague said.

Assistant Liu hesitated before saying, "If it turns out to be nothing, we'll get scolded. It's off-duty hours now; better to leave it alone than to create unnecessary trouble."

"That's true, disturbing the security department over this would complicate matters."

The two of them talked as they continued walking forward.

But they hadn't gone much further when, at the intersection ahead, a sound echoed through the quiet corridor. It didn't sound like someone passing by, but rather like something had fallen to the ground, a very dull sound which made it hard to guess what it could be from the noise alone.

The sound was close, just around the bend in front, past an intersection.

At that moment, both of them stopped in their tracks, exchanging a glance full of mutual understanding. Their previous unease had amplified.

There really might be something nearby...

"Who, who's there?" Assistant Liu called out.

Perhaps it was a colleague who had taken a detour and appeared in front, or it was possible someone else was lingering in the building, so it was better to call out to confirm the situation.

Suddenly, a sense of inexplicable horror filled their hearts.

Because no one in the corridor ahead responded to him, it remained very quiet.

"Call security," Assistant Liu immediately said.

His colleague hurriedly took out their phone, ready to inform security.

Just as the phone was being taken out, the sound from the corridor ahead became increasingly clear; the object that had fallen to the ground earlier seemed to be approaching, a bit like a ball rolling over.

But

it was not a ball at all, but a rotten Dead Man's Head.

Around the corner of the corridor, a highly decomposed Dead Man's Head with black hair and a ghastly white face rolled along, and a foul smell of decay gradually wafted over.

The most eerie thing was that the head on the ground changed direction as it rolled past and started to roll towards where they were.

The speed was not fast.

But as the Dead Man's Head turned over, its pupils dilated, and those empty, lifeless eyes seemed to be staring at them.

"Hiss, hiss!"

The nearby wiring was affected, the lights flickered, and the corridor seemed to grow darker.

"Run, run fast," Assistant Liu's throat moved as he shouted in terror.

Their previous uneasy speculation was correct; there was something wrong with the building, an unknown supernatural entity had invaded, or perhaps something dangerous had escaped from the lab.

The rolling Dead Man's Head on the ground had already proved it all.

His colleague had already gotten through to the security department, but now he couldn't say a word, clutching the phone and running without looking back.

"Hello, hello?" A voice came from the phone.

But who could respond in such a situation? There was no time to do anything but flee for their lives.

The rotten Dead Man's Head, although rolling on the ground, didn't seem to follow them continuously; after rolling a few meters away, it ultimately hit the wall on the side and stopped.

At that moment, a child with a pale, cyanotic complexion, resembling a dead infant, about six years old and dressed in a dirty shroud, appeared next to the Dead Man's Head. The child picked up the head and then, with those reddened eyes, watched the two men running away.

"My God."

While running, Assistant Liu couldn't help but look back to check the situation, and when he saw this scene, his legs went weak with fear, and he stumbled and fell to the ground, hitting his nose and instantly his face was covered in blood.

A ghost, actually standing in the corridor watching him.

He could no longer stay in this building.

The ghost was active in this building.

However, as he tried to get up and escape once more, he looked back again, only to find that the ghost and the Dead Man's Head had both disappeared.

The Ghost Child had been detected by them, so it chose to hide from their view and took to hiding.

In the silent building.

The Ghost Child, holding the Dead Man's Head, roamed unrestrained; due to its size of only a six-year-old child, it couldn't hold the adult-sized head steadily, so after running a distance, the head would always fall to the floor and roll far away.

But the Ghost Child would pick up the Dead Man's Head every time.

Repeating this action, it seemed as if the Ghost Child was playing with the Dead Man's Head like a ball.

However, the rotten Dead Man's Head was a highly dangerous ghost that would immediately kill someone it fixed its gaze upon.

Assistant Liu was just too lucky before, as the Dead Man's Head had stopped rolling with its face not turned his way; otherwise, he would not have had a chance to escape.

Breathing heavily, his forehead covered in cold sweat.

Assistant Liu and his colleague didn't know where they had run to, only that they couldn't run any longer and had to stop out of necessity.

After checking their surroundings, they felt a bit relieved.

The ghost hadn't followed.

They must not fit the ghost's pattern for killing, otherwise an ordinary person wouldn't be able to escape a ghost's pursuit.

"Quick, notify Doctor Chen, and Professor Wang..."

Assistant Liu's mental strength was still okay; amid his fear, he hadn't forgotten what needed to be done right now. Since there was a ghost in the building, they should alert others to be careful and ensure their safety.

And Professor Wang had a bodyguard by his side, that Wei Jing.

Perhaps he could deal with the situation in this building.

Chapter 648

Inside the fifth level underground laboratory.

With the successful resurrection of Guo Fan and Yang Jian now locked within the spiritual position, this experimental scheme could be considered half a success.

The reason it was only half-successful was that Guo Fan, who had taken Yang Jian's place to bear the curse, was still alive. Only after he died and Yang Jian's consciousness was returned would the experiment be deemed completely successful.

To prevent any accidents.

Guo Fan, who now controlled Yang Jian's body, stayed inside the Ghost Coffin, using its properties to suppress the ghost within the body to prevent it from losing control, losing control.

"Professor Wang, how long do I need to stay here like this?"

After almost an hour in the room, Guo Fan was getting a bit impatient and couldn't help but ask.

"At least two days. During this period, do not attempt to leave the Ghost Coffin, or I cannot guarantee that accidents won't happen. Transferring a living person's consciousness isn't as simple as you imagine, and some unforeseen events may occur, so a two-day observation is the minimum," explained Wang Xiaoming calmly, with a hint of gravity unintentionally pervading his words.

"Okay, no problem. Since Professor Wang wants me to stay here for two days, then I'll stay for two days. But can't we really turn off the music in the room?"

Guo Fan nodded, agreeing to cooperate with the observation but still concerned about the music.

Because this endlessly repeating music exuded an eerie aura everywhere.

Being a ghost manipulator himself, he vaguely sensed something was off about this music.

"Just bear with it. There are some things you don't need to know too much about. You just need to maintain your current state," Wang Xiaoming answered dismissively, not delving into details.

He wouldn't disclose anything about the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, as there was no need, and it wasn't good for Guo Fan to know.

However, at that moment, Wang Xiaoming received a phone call.

It was from Doctor Chen.

"Professor Wang, the situation outside is getting bad. One of my assistants said they've just seen a ghost in the corridors of this building. It's very likely that we are dealing with a paranormal event. The specific cause is still unknown. I've already informed security. You should be careful on your end, and if possible, have Wei Jing come over to handle it," said the voice on the phone, sounding anxious.

Wang Xiaoming's brow furrowed: "Alright, I got it. For now, don't move around, find a safe place to stay, and try not to attempt to leave the building if possible."

"Not evacuating? What does that mean?" Doctor Chen was somewhat amazed.

"It's just speculation for now, not yet confirmed. You could send someone to try and see if it's possible to leave the building safely. Remember to report back to me with the results," Wang Xiaoming said before hanging up the call.

Wei Jing, whose eyes were numb, moved slightly: "Should I go handle it?"

"We don't need to deal with it for the time being. The matter at hand is more important. Moreover, it's too coincidental that this haunting happened just as Yang Jian's plan was being implemented."

Wang Xiaoming said calmly, "It's highly probable that it's Yang Jian's contingency plan. He might be using some ghost's power to seal off the building, or the ghost here may have been released by him."

Wei Jing's darkened face twitched: "That's going too far. He's trying to kill everyone in the building."

"But there aren't many good people in this building. If they all died, it wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing," Wang Xiaoming said bluntly. In their line of research, especially among their circle of researchers, who hasn't caused a few deaths?

"Now we just wait patiently without concerning ourselves with the paranormal activity in the building until the plan succeeds. Besides, I'm more worried about the Ghost Painting incident. That paranormal event has been ongoing for several days without erupting or being resolved, and it's bound to cause problems if it continues like this."

Wei Jing glanced at Guo Fan in the room: "If he doesn't encounter any issues, then the plan will be successful."

The strategy of luring ghosts to fight the Ghost Envoy was successful and effective; Wang Xiaoming even managed to rescue Wei Jing during that operation – a perfect execution hardly found anywhere in the world. Who could have expected a mishap in the final phase?

"That's in the past, there's no need to blame anyone now. The most important thing is to deal with the current issue," Wang Xiaoming said.

Wei Jing nodded.

Soon, the laboratory regained its quietness.

But the atmosphere seemed to become heavier as they all waited for a result.

Waiting for the current Guo Fan to die, waiting for Yang Jian to be resurrected again.

This matter was of life-and-death importance because what happened to Yang Jian next, whether he lived or died, would affect the subsequent situation. If Yang Jian died at this critical juncture, then it would mean that headquarters had lost two captains within two or three days. If Jang Shangbai's death could be pinned on Yang Jian, then on whom would Yang Jian's death be blamed?

Many would suspect that the headquarters had killed Yang Jian. If that signal was released, it would trigger a series of chain reactions.

Therefore, even if Yang Jian were to die, he had to wait until after the Ghost Painting incident was over.

But as time slowly passed...

Guo Fan, who stayed in the Ghost Coffin, gradually began to notice something amiss. Influenced by the eerie music in his mind, he couldn't help but look around, trying to find the source of the sound.

However, there was no sound equipment in the sealed room at all, so it was impossible for the sound to come from within the room.

Moreover, the sound didn't seem to be coming from next to his ear.

Guo Fan tried to cover his ears, but there was no change in the volume of the music.

"This sound isn't coming from the room. It's appearing inside my mind..." he concluded with great astonishment.

Though he hadn't thought much about it at first, Guo Fan wasn't stupid. Upon calming down and observing carefully, he realized what the problem was.

"Why is this happening? What exactly is this music that lingers in my mind, this music that I've never experienced before?" Guo Fan scrutinized his current body.

He felt healthy, at least for a ghost manipulator, and powerful too.

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His body was full of strength, and there was no hint of discomfort; his condition was surprisingly good.

"It wasn't that there was something wrong with Yang Jian's body."

Guo Fan ruled out that possibility, "Could it be that one of the ghosts within Yang Jian's body is causing this phenomenon? It's quite likely since he has taken control of three ghosts, there must be certain side effects. The eerie music haunting my mind is probably from one of the ghosts inside him."

His analysis had some merit, but he was looking in the wrong direction, after all, he had no knowledge about the Eight-Tone Music Box.

The various strange items stored at headquarters were not something he could know about with his level of clearance; only those at the captain level were qualified to access those things.

"This music keeps repeating in my mind, I'll go crazy one of these days. How did Yang Jian endure it?"

Guo Fan was somewhat irritated, feeling his head buzzing incessantly, wishing he could tear it off for a moment of peace.

But thinking back to his prior state, it seemed that this music wasn't entirely unbearable.

Indeed, nothing in this world was perfect.

During the time they waited in the lab, Doctor Chen and several assistants within the building had become extremely anxious.

After all, they had just confirmed that a ghost was active within the building and could potentially kill someone at any moment—how could they relax? Furthermore, hiding wasn't safe either; if found by the ghost, they would certainly be killed.

"Doctor Chen, what's the situation? What does Professor Wang say?" Assistant Liu, whose face was slightly pale, seemingly still shaken from the previous scare, was the first to have noticed the Ghost Child.

Doctor Chen said, "Professor Wang told us to stay in this building for now, not to run away or attempt to leave here."

"What? Knowing full well there's a ghost in this building and still asking us to stay here, isn't that asking us to wait for death? No, absolutely not. We can't sit here and wait to die; we must find a way to leave. In paranormal events, waiting for rescue is the dumbest action. Leaving the danger zone swiftly before things worsen is the smart thing to do."

Another assistant spoke urgently, insisting on his point of view.

Choosing between staying in a haunted building and fleeing was an easy distinction even for a fool.

"Doctor Chen, I think Xiao Zhang makes a good point. Besides, I've calculated that, given the size of this building, if we dash out at full speed, it'll take only a minute. So long as we don't have the worst luck, we won't even encounter the ghost, and even if we do, we might not be targeted."

Another assistant also felt it was better to retreat decisively.

Their line of thinking was correct because, once a paranormal event worsened, or if a Ghost Domain formed, leaving would no longer be an option.

"Do you all think so?" Doctor Chen looked at the others.

The remaining two were silent, but in their hearts, they were also inclined towards leaving.

As researchers, they knew all too well how dangerous it was to stay in the same place as a ghost for an extended period. Moreover, analyzing numerous paranormal event cases led to the conclusion that the sooner one distanced oneself from the site of the event, the higher the chance of survival, and vice versa.

Big data doesn't lie; therefore, they trusted this data.

Doctor Chen said, "If that's the case, then go ahead and act. But you can't all go together; you need to move in batches. Only after confirming that the first person has left safely may the others follow. Who wants to take the lead?"

"I'll go first," said the assistant named Xiao Zhang, gritting his teeth.

He had never seen the Ghost Child, nor had he encountered it. He believed he had a very good chance of survival and was willing to try.

Moreover, being the first to leave came with its advantages; at least he could leave this haunted building ahead of others.

"Then take action, and send a text after you safely get out," Doctor Chen said.

"Okay."

Xiao Zhang, who had been sitting on the ground, immediately stood up, pushed open the doors of the office, first peered outside to make sure it was clear, then took a deep breath and dashed out.

Everyone watched him, listening to the sound of his rapidly distancing footsteps, waiting for the message that he had left the building.

But what they didn't know was that this action would trigger the Ghost Child's killing rule.

Anyone who stepped out of the building would die.

"Good, very safe, nothing unexpected happened." The assistant surnamed Zhang quickly descended the stairs and soon reached the first floor.

Overjoyed, he saw the wide-open door. Though it was a gray and rainy day outside, he didn't care.

He continued to run forward while scanning his surroundings.

All was safe; the ghost from inside the building had not appeared in the lobby.

However, the moment he stepped out of the building, another set of footsteps came from behind him—hurried, like a child running rapidly across the ground.

But before he could turn around for a better look, a cold chill suddenly washed over him.

Suddenly, Xiao Zhang thought he saw a Dead Man's Head staring at him from the shadows.

This was bad.

This thought flashed through his mind just as his life seemed instantly stripped away, triggering a fatal rule, and he collapsed on the ground with a thud, his face still wearing the joy of having left the building.

"As expected, this building is sealed by the ghost. Anyone attempting to leave will be killed, and anyone trying to enter will also be targeted by the ghost. I've already tried it before and nearly got finished," said a man not far from the building, dressed in a security uniform, frowning slightly as he looked over here.

His name was Gao Ming, the security captain of the Ping'an Technology Experimental Base.

Of course, that was just one of his identities. He had another identity... a Master of Ghosts.

Chapter 649

"What a troublesome situation, I thought being the security team leader here would be an easy job, but now it seems I'd be better off as a supervisor."

Gao Ming scratched his head, feeling things getting complicated. That Yang Jian really knew how to stir up trouble. Everything was fine before, but after he entered the experiment building, the ghosts appeared. That was definitely not right.

The ghost most likely came with Yang Jian.

"Does he intend to use the power of a ghost to seal off this building? Or did he let the ghost go out of control on purpose... I hope the higher-ups don't make me deal with that thing by force, otherwise, I'll have to take a few days off. If I had to confront that thing, it could really kill someone."

He had seen the Ghost Child wandering around the building before.

It looked harmless, but as soon as someone set foot in the building, they would understand just how vicious this ghost was.

The continuous attacks, any exorcist who failed to defend against them in an instant would be killed. If you tried to fight back, you'd die even faster, because you would soon be killed by the resurrected fierce ghost.

The ghosts in this building seemed to be able to ignore the influence of other ghosts.

"That shroud..." Gao Ming thought back carefully and finally figured out what the garment the ghost was wearing was.

Ghost Shroud?

The one that used to be on the Hungry Ghost.

After understanding this, Gao Ming determined the relationship between this ghost and Yang Jian, so he turned and left, planning to stay away from the building.

Since the supernatural incidents were connected to Yang Jian, there was no need for him to handle it. Once Yang Jian came out alive, he would take responsibility. It was better to not meddle; if he were to die here in confusion, that would be really bad luck.

Time to slip away...

Gao Ming decided to retreat for now, not wanting to get involved in a confrontation with the Ghost Child.

As for Doctor Chen's group inside the building, they could figure it out themselves. If all else fails, they could go beg Yang Jian for mercy, just don't call him.

In the records, Gao Ming was an exorcist who was lazy and reluctant to take responsibility, but fortunately, his mental state was stable, and he was easy to talk to, so the headquarters tolerated him abandoning his duties several times.

"The call didn't come back; Xiao Zhang probably didn't leave this building alive... He was likely killed by a ghost."

Inside the office of the building, Doctor Chen looked at the time. It had been a full ten minutes. He hadn't received a text or call, nor had he seen the assistant leave the building.

The outcome was clear.

The remaining few instantly turned pale and couldn't help but shiver.

Assistant Liu, who had been eager to act before, suddenly felt somewhat relieved. It was a good thing he wasn't the one who went earlier, otherwise, it wouldn't be Xiao Zhang who died.

"But it's good that we didn't act together just now, or the trouble would have been much greater. During this remaining time, just stay put here. I'll try to communicate with Professor Wang and see how he'll handle it. Don't be too nervous; as long as Professor Wang is still alive, we won't be abandoned."

Doctor Chen was still relatively calm. He believed that Wang Xiaoming was already aware of the situation here.

The lack of response must have had its reasons; it was just that he was kept in the dark and didn't know.

Time passed bit by bit.

As Yang Jian was figuring out how to deal with the Eight-Tone Curse on his side, another operation had begun in the city.

This was an operation targeting the World of Ghost Drawing.

Fortunately, the Ghost Drawing incident was somewhat under control and hadn't exploded into a full-blown crisis, but the potential dangers were still significant. The Ghost Drawing was still occasionally appearing in some corner of the city, and the background puzzle of the Ghost Drawing was also gradually being completed.

This was a signal, as well as a countdown.

If it hadn't been for the conflict between Yang Jian and his social circle delaying things, the operation against the Ghost Drawing would have started earlier.

At this moment.

Inside a coffee shop in the city district that hung a sign with "Temporarily Closed for Business."

A few key figures from headquarters had temporarily chosen this place as a makeshift landing spot.

"Dingling!"

As the doorbell rang, Chen Yi rushed in through the door. He looked around the store and finally set his eyes on Li Jun, "Another painting has been found, it's definitely a Ghost Drawing. According to Professor Wang's deductions and the description from the survivor Li Yang, it's possible to enter the world of the Ghost Drawing through the Ghost Drawing that has created a Ghost Domain."

"The entrance has been found, we can now take action."

"Good, then let's take action now, and bring Li Yang with us," Li Jun immediately stood up.

Just then, Leuk San, who was drinking coffee, slowly said, "Li Jun, what's the rush? I've been thinking, can we actually imprison a Ghost Drawing inside its world? Isn't there a paradox in that? Of course, supernatural events always challenge human comprehension. Assuming successful imprisonment, how would we leave the Ghost Drawing?"

"Professor Wang has considered this. We can leave through another Ghost Drawing. Just find another exit," Li Jun paused, and left the table.

"How can we ensure that the other Ghost Drawings would still exist after the Source Ghost Drawing is gone? Have you forgotten the Hungry Ghost incident? Once the Source Ghost is imprisoned, the derivative supernatural incidents would also disappear," Leuk San said calmly.

"This, this..." Li Jun hesitated.

Indeed, this problem had not been considered.

Chen Yi asked, "Leuk San, do you have any ideas?"

Leuk San said, "I personally think the reason the foreign ghost handlers were annihilated was that their approach was flawed. The earlier Ghost Envoy incident served as a reminder; it's nearly impossible to deal with ghosts within their own Ghost Domain. Even the Ghost Envoy could be sucked into the Ghost Painting, which proves that its Ghost Domain is even more terrifying. Moreover, Li Yang has mentioned that there's more than one ghost inside."

"Yang Jian knows best, but unfortunately, he's not here right now. Of course, even if he were, it's not certain he'd share any critical information with us, especially since he's been suspended and the Ghost Painting incident is no concern of his."

Li Jun furrowed his brow and said, "What are you getting at?"

"I'm just saying that the probability of failure for this operation is quite high."

Leuk San spoke in a lowered voice, "There isn't a possibility of success. Many of Professor Wang's deductions are correct, whether it's the background puzzle of the Ghost Painting, the exit of the Ghost Painting, or even the arrangement this time—it's all very logical."

Saying that, he glanced at an old camera placed next to his desk.

The Ghost Camera.

It can take pictures of ghosts from a certain distance. Once it successfully captures a ghost's entire form, the ghost will be trapped inside a photograph. However, there's a chance of failure; if it fails, the ghost will be unharmed, but the person who pressed the shutter will be the one trapped inside the photo. It's an extremely dangerous supernatural object.

Li Yang has mentioned the Ghost Painting contains a terrifying sound of footsteps; getting close to it will lead to death.

Therefore, the Ghost Camera is the best containment tool, even if it means taking some risks. It's better than for a ghost handler to risk getting too close.

"But based on my personal experience, to imprison the Ghost Painting we must wait until the Ghost Painting event actually erupts," Leuk San said earnestly.

"What, are you insane? Do you have any idea how many casualties could result if things erupt?"

Taken aback, Su Fan looked at him, "Headquarters has issued a strict order this time."

Li Jun also stared at him.

But Leuk San just smiled faintly; his waxen, thin, and unhealthy face looked bizarre and unsightly, "Because I believe that once the Ghost Painting erupts, the ghosts from inside will invade reality, thus giving us the opportunity to contain them. Otherwise, confronting the ghosts inside the Ghost Painting would be just like before—similar to fighting against a ghost within the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain, wouldn't it?"

"Didn't we suffer enough from the last fiasco?"

"It does make sense," Su Fan pondered, feeling like Leuk San's deduction had no faults.

Li Jun said in a deep voice, "About this, Professor Wang hasn't mentioned anything."

"Is it that he hasn't mentioned it, or did he intentionally omit telling us?"

Leuk San took a sip of his coffee, "With his intellect, there's no way he wouldn't think of this. It's very likely he wants to run some experiment or trial or perhaps, he fears that the casualties would be too great this time, so entering the Ghost Painting would be safer. Even if someone died, they would only perish inside the Ghost Painting and not affect the outside world."

"As for whether we can get out... that wooden door from earlier might be useful."

"Li Jun, you still have that doorknob, right?" he said, looking again at Li Jun.

Li Jun fell silent.

Indeed, the object was still in his possession, seemingly forgotten on purpose. He had kept it with him ever since the previous operation without returning it.

"I knew it."

Leuk San shook his head slightly, "Since that moment, Professor Wang had already planned our current operation."

"It's good, Professor Wang didn't make a mistake. If a team member dies due to the resurgence of a ferocious ghost, keeping the ghost within the Ghost Painting is a good decision."

Li Jun said very decisively, believing that this plan was still the right one, absolutely correct.

"So we're going to face the same dangers as last time... That door won't open so easily."

Leuk San sighed, "The plan itself isn't wrong, but all the risks fall on us. It seems Professor Wang has made a high assessment of this Ghost Painting event."

"Otherwise, he wouldn't have come up with such a plan."

After all, they had even considered their arrangements in case of death, which indicates that Professor Wang also believes the operation could result in significant casualties.

Otherwise, the safety of ordinary people wouldn't be of any concern to Professor Wang.

"With the Ghost Camera in tow, what's there to fear? Any ghost can be given the chance to be imprisoned; we have a great chance of winning," Li Jun said.

"You're wrong; this device isn't omnipotent. Otherwise, why didn't we use it during the Ghost Envoy incident and had to wait until now? Moreover, I suspect that even if it captures a ghost from the Ghost Painting, it will only restart the Ghost Painting once," Leuk San said with a grave tone.

"Everyone has seen Wang Quan's report; the information is from Yang Jian and is highly credible."

"Success even once is enough. Let the Ghost Painting restart once, and leave the rest to us," Li Jun said.

"Don't waste any more time. Let's move."

After speaking, he cast a glance over the others, seemingly issuing a command.

"Fine, you're the boss, you call the shots," Leuk San shrugged, showing a nonchalant attitude.

Although he was the team leader, his position was nominal until the end of the Ghost Painting event. Only back in his designated area could he actually exercise his leadership duties. In other words, the authority of the team leader was still restricted.

Naturally, this was a one-time situation only.

This was a compromise between headquarters and the team leaders.

Chapter 650 The Participation of the Naughty Child

As time trickled by, Yang Jian had less than twelve hours left before his curse would erupt.

Meanwhile, the operation against the ghost paintings had officially begun.

Not many people were involved because manpower was needed to handle the ghost paintings that kept emerging in the city. Only one team was necessary for the source painting—this wasn't a Ghost Envoy operation that required playing a numbers game with ghosts. It was only essential to locate the paintings and then secure them.

Leading the team were Li Jun and Leuk San, among the members was the newly initiated ghostbuster Li Yang, and one of the team leaders, Chen Yi.

There were only four of them, which seemed like too few, but it was to be on the safer side. If they encountered unimaginable danger, the team wouldn't suffer substantial losses, and headquarters would still have a chance to reorganize. Therefore, part of the reason for this initial operation was also to probe the situation.

"Wait here for a second, I'll go up and look for one more person," Li Jun said as he and his team arrived at the bottom of a residential building.

"Who is it? Someone important?" Leuk San asked.

Chen Yi glanced over; as one of the city's leaders, he was familiar with the residences of most ghostbusters and immediately replied, "I remember this community is where some of the more critical figures' relatives live. It's usually a key area of focus. This building should be where Xiong Wenwen lives."

"Ah, that kid Xiong,"

Leuk San's sickly, sallow face revealed a strange smile, "If that child Xiong is willing to join us, it will indeed save a lot of time. But wouldn't Su Fan be a better fit?"

"Although the Premonition Ability isn't as strong, it's a bit more stable than that of the child,"

Chen Yi remarked, "Someone has to look after the city. We can't pull everyone into the team; after all, we need to consider the arrangements in case our mission fails."

"So Su Fan is a contingency, and Xiong Wenwen is leading?" Leuk San said, "That's rather cruel for a child."

"The world is cruel. We don't have a choice. When it's time to step up, everyone has to do it, no exceptions. Xiong Wenwen's Premonition Ability is too important. According to what Li Yang said before, Yang Jian had previously explored the area suspected of harboring ghost paintings alone but had encountered attacks from two ghosts in succession, nearly losing his life there."

Chen Yi was usually quite hot-tempered, but this time he was much calmer.

"I think, in that situation, if it had been anyone else but Yang Jian, they would probably be dead now. Therefore, we can't follow his old path; we must avoid all dangers and locate that one ghost painting. As long as we find it, we can consider our mission 70% successful," he said.

"It's not as simple as all that,"

Leuk San shook his head slightly, "The pattern of the ghost paintings isn't clear, and the reason for the complete annihilation of the foreign ghostbuster team hasn't been found. The real danger of the ghost painting is still hidden, as no one has truly come into contact with that painting so far."

"Defined by the international community as an S-class supernatural event, it must be extremely terrifying and hopeless. Think about the Hungry Ghost event: almost all of Dachang City's ghostbusters were wiped out. The Hungry Ghost was almost unsolvable, if not for that Coffin Nail... So the ghost paintings must also have some kind of taboo."

"Didn't Yang Jian manage to come out alive before?" Chen Yi countered.

Leuk San replied, "That's because he hadn't found the actual ghost painting yet. Maybe he was close, but being close also meant that he was very near to grave danger. One doesn't pay attention to the abyss beneath their feet when walking in darkness until the moment they step into the void. But we are different; this time, there will be contact, and we will have to bear all the risks."

"One misstep could lead to total annihilation."

Li Yang, the newcomer standing by, couldn't help but shiver upon hearing the discussion among these higher-ups.

He was only a novice and never imagined that he would be swept up into this terrifying operation so soon after the ghost painting incident, and there was no refusing it.

"This time, I'm doomed..." Li Yang turned pale, realizing that although the mission's reward was high, it would likely only serve as his Settlement Fee.

Chen Yi said, "Keep your worries to yourself; we still have to continue with the mission."

"I'm not worried about myself; I'm worried about all of you." Leuk San squeezed out a smile on his gaunt, jaundiced face.

"Then there's even less to worry about," Chen Yi responded.

While the two were conversing downstairs,

Upstairs, in one of the apartments,

Xiong Wenwen and his mother, Chen Shumei, met with Li Jun.

"Basically, that's the situation. We need Xiong Wenwen's help for this operation. His participation is crucial for the success of the mission, and I hope the lady will agree," Li Jun said, sitting straight on the sofa, his face unnaturally tinged with green and marked by a severe expression.

He had just given Chen Shumei a brief explanation of the operation and the specifics.

But the crucial details had been omitted and kept secret.

"Another mission?"

A look of worry immediately came over Chen Shumei's mature and beautiful face, "Captain Li, Xiong Wenwen is just a child. Can't someone else be assigned to the mission? There was someone named Yang Jian who came here before; can't he do it? And Director Jang seemed quite capable."

Her circle was small, and she had really only met Yang Jian and Jang Shangbai; she couldn't name many others.

Li Jun answered gravely, "Their situations are a bit complicated. They had a fight over something a couple of days ago. Jang Shangbai is dead... And Yang Jian is about to die."

"How could this happen?" Chen Shumei gasped in astonishment, covering her mouth.

It hadn't been that long since the young man, who had dined at her home, was now on the verge of death.

Not just her, Xiong Wenwen beside her also widened his eyes in disbelief. This was the first time he had heard about what happened to Yang Jian. He was unaware of the previous conflict in Yang Jian's circle of friends—after all, no one had discussed it with him, as he spent most of his time at home gaming.

"The fact is, the conflict between them has become quite intense and has greatly affected the current situation so we really need Xiong Wenwen's help now because time is pressing."

Li Jun said, "Therefore, I hope you will agree to let me take Xiong Wenwen with me."

"This is no longer a personal matter but a matter concerning the safety of the city. I guarantee that this operation will take good care of Xiong Wenwen. He will be well protected, we just need to use his ability at a critical time."

"That's all."

Chen Shumei hesitated.

She really wanted to refuse, but she also knew that Captain Li Jun's personal visit must be for an extremely important task and that Xiong Wenwen, now part of headquarters, naturally had to comply with orders and arrangements.

It has indeed been quite a while since the last business trip.

"I, I need to think it over," Chen Shumei said, her gaze darting away slightly; she didn't know how to respond to Li Jun.

"All right, I'll give you ten minutes to decide; I'll wait outside," Li Jun said after downing the steaming cup of tea on the coffee table, then stood up and left the room.

Ten minutes?

Chen Shumei was taken aback. That was hardly enough time to consider, she had been hoping to ask for three to five days.

"It seems this situation is even more urgent than before." She sighed helplessly and glanced at Xiong Wenwen next to her.

Xiong Wenwen might be a child but he wasn't utterly naive. In the fifth grade, he had already developed some personal thoughts, and under the influence of the ghost inside him, he was precociously attuned to supernatural events.

"Mom, if Li Jun has come to our door, this task is definitely inescapable," he said.

Chen Shumei was somewhat flustered and indecisive: "What should we do? It's definitely dangerous for you to go, I don't want anything to happen to you."

Xiong Wenwen scratched his head, "Since there's no helping it, I just have to go. Judging by Li Jun's demeanor just now, he's not going to be persuaded."

"But what if they can't protect you when you're in danger?" Chen Shumei asked.

Xiong Wenwen didn't know what to say; he was under pressure no child his age should have to bear.

After thinking for a moment, Xiong Wenwen said, "Well, in case something really happens to me, you can call Yang Jian to rescue me. I don't know if he'll agree; this is his private number, unknown to others, and it's the only way to contact him."

As he spoke, he wrote down a phone number.

"Isn't that Yang Jian nearly dead?" Chen Shumei hadn't forgotten what Li Jun had just said.

"He's only nearly dead, not dead yet. If he really dies then forget it, leaving someone else's number won't make a difference as no one else would come to help me anyway," said Xiong Wenwen.

The ghost's severe influence on his body left him with a hunch that Yang Jian was not dead, and this premonition was very accurate, not the type of nonsense someone would spout without thinking.

But that was the extent of it.

As for where Yang Jian was or what danger he was in, he had no clue. For now, he could only instinctively make these very simple and undemanding predictions.

Chen Shumei stared at the phone number on the piece of paper, stunned.

At that moment, she remembered the conversation she had with Yang Jian the first time they met and felt a twinge of shame.

Last time, she hadn't even waited for him to finish his meal before rushing him out the door. Now that Xiong Wenwen was in trouble, the only person she could turn to for help was Yang Jian, as no one else would care about Xiong Wenwen's life or death.

"I've really made a mess of things," she chided herself.

About ten minutes later.

Li Jun, waiting outside, saw Chen Shumei bring Xiong Wenwen out.

"Thank you for your understanding, ma'am."

Li Jun immediately said, "Xiong Wenwen, we need to leave now; we can't keep the others waiting too long."

"I always feel like you're setting me up," Xiong Wenwen muttered, pursing his lips.

Li Jun pretended not to hear and continued, "I promise to take good care of Xiong Wenwen, ma'am. He will be returned to you safely."

Chen Shumei still wore a worried expression and said nothing, merely nodding slightly.

Soon, the two of them went downstairs.

"That kid is Xiong Wenwen? Codenamed Spirit Child?" Li Yang asked, looking over with mild curiosity.

Xiong Wenwen immediately spotted the stranger among the team and pointing at Li Yang, said, "Li Jun, who's this dumbass?"

"..."

Li Yang's hand twitched involuntarily, the urge to throw a punch overwhelming him.

Now he understood why Leuk San called him a brat; he initially thought it was because of the surname Xiong, but now it was clear that it had nothing to do with the surname; the kid was simply a purebred brat.