

## Revival 671

### Chapter 671 Tong Qian's Experience

"We're here," said Feng Quan. "Tong Qian is right in this place."

Being carried, Zhou Jiefeng, who was unable to move, led Yang Jian and the others to an inconspicuous hospital in Xiao'an County. The hospital wasn't large, occupying only a six- or seven-story building that seemed quite old and rundown, probably a relic from an old hospital that was left behind after relocation.

Despite its age, the hospital was still operating normally, but very few people within Xiao'an County sought treatment there, making it extremely quiet.

"You guys hid him in the hospital?" Yang Jian glanced around. Without using his ghost vision, he couldn't be sure.

Zhou Jiefeng replied, "Yes, we invested in and purchased this hospital. It's unremarkable, and its proximity to Big J City makes it a good temporary hideout."

"Heh, you're quite detailed, more cooperative than I expected," said Yang Jian with a slight smile.

Huang Ziya pouted, "Does he dare not cooperate? We've already got him in our grasp, and if he still dares to hide anything, he's certainly not going to end well."

"Where exactly in this hospital is Tong Qian?" Feng Quan pressed on.

Zhou Jiefeng said, "The second basement level."

"Let's go," Yang Jian continued, leading the man and walking briskly into the hospital.

The security guard at the entrance curiously watched the group, but didn't stop them, as this hospital's work environment was too lax; it appeared that everyone here was just going through the motions for their salaries.

This place was meant to be a cover-up, not really to do business and make money.

Following Zhou Jiefeng's directions, Yang Jian quickly arrived at the basement level. This used to be the hospital's morgue, but now, with the hospital so quiet and barely any patients, there wasn't a single body in sight.

"There's only one basement level in this hospital. There is no second level," said Feng Quan as he glanced around; "Don't play games with us."

Zhou Jiefeng replied, "The second basement level was a temporary addition by us, unknown to anyone. There's an inconspicuous hidden door in that wall over there, with the entrance being right there."

Huang Ziya immediately walked over, and quickly found the hidden door. Upon opening it, she indeed saw a staircase leading to the level below.

"I'll go in and check first," said Feng Quan, peering down the dark passage and deciding to scout ahead to be safe.

Yang Jian and Huang Ziya didn't move, choosing to wait.

Soon, Feng Quan came back: "It's safe, there's nobody down there."

"Did you see Tong Qian?" asked Yang Jian.

"I did," Feng Quan's face seemed a bit off: "His condition is pretty bad. You'll see when you go down. It's kind of hard for me to explain."

Yang Jian nodded.

Soon, the three of them followed the dark stairway down to the second basement level.

The second basement level was spacious and brightly lit, with no miscellaneous items. However, in the center, there was a large glass box, with some medical equipment placed around it.

Inside the glass box lay a person without clothes, with various tubes from medical devices inserted all over, like a critically ill patient being carefully treated.

What was strange about this patient was that, while he had the body of a man, he also had a beautiful female face, giving off a discordant feeling, as if the face didn't belong to that body, like it had been transplanted onto him. But the most horrifying aspect was that this person's head had two additional faces on each side.

The other two faces looked very eerie, one face constantly showing a creepy smile, while the other had a depressed expression, as though it was crying.

This is a smiling face and a crying face.

But at this moment, all three faces were closed in their eyes, sinking into a deep slumber, still and silent.

"It's Tong Qian."

Yang Jian approached and immediately recognized the person lying inside the glass container.

However, Tong Qian's condition was terrible compared to before; his complexion was pale, devoid of any color, and his body bore various scars from surgeries, with several holes opened in his abdomen and chest, and his arms were connected to numerous infusion tubes.

Clearly, during the time Tong Qian was controlled, he had suffered inhuman torture.

Pei Dong's people had tried to unearth the secrets within Tong Qian, employing many cruel methods.

"How could this happen?" Huang Ziya was also very shocked upon seeing this.

"They must have used Tong Qian's body for all sorts of experiments. Some of those infusion tubes are for replenishing bodily nutrients, and some are anesthetics. Through this method, they can keep Tong Qian in a comatose state for an extended period, but if it goes on for too long, he definitely won't be able to hold on," Feng Quan said seriously after a glance.

Yang Jian's face darkened as he looked at the person he was holding: "Look at the fine job you dogs have done. Tong Qian had no grudge against you; you're really ruthless."

"Once you become a ghost tamer, good and evil, compassion, is all gone; everything is for the sake of survival."

Zhou Jiefeng spoke calmly, "Aren't you the same? If it were a normal person who saw this situation, they would definitely be angry, or in pain, or sad, but you are very calm."

"We are all the same kind of people; it's just that our methods differ. If you had to kill someone to survive, I think you wouldn't hesitate either."

Yang Jian said, "You're not wrong; we are the same kind of people. It's just that I have a bottom line, I wouldn't kill someone who has done me no wrong. You people have lost your bottom line in order to survive. If the person lying in there were your parents or loved ones, would you willingly offer them up for everyone to study?"

Zhou Jiefeng fell silent.

"There is a difference between surviving and surviving by any means necessary."

Yang Jian said coldly, "People like you have no need to live, as being alive only adds to the chaos. In death, there is relief. That Pendulum Curse is just an excuse after all, it's because you're too afraid to face the ghosts, well aware of the high mortality rate when truly facing them. So, you set your sights on the living."

"Too scared to fight for your life when death is on the line, no wonder you all lost so miserably before, only daring to bully Feng Quan when you outnumbered him."

"..." Feng Quan felt like Brother Tui's criticism was aimed at him.

"You are indeed formidable, daring to handle the Hungry Ghost incident alone, and even daring to wipe out an entire friend group by yourself. However, people are different; not everyone possesses your abilities," Zhou Jiefeng said.

Huang Ziya said, "Captain, don't waste your breath on this guy. Just for his audacity in attacking our manager, Feng Quan, killing him is justified and lawful according to headquarters' regulations."

"Long hair but short on experience, don't add to the chaos. Brother Tui only spared him because he wanted to ask some questions," Feng Quan said.

"There's nothing worth asking now. I'm not very interested in that Pendulum Curse, but it is true that I plan to take down Pei Dong's people next time I see them. He used to be in charge, which is special. Feng Quan, you report this matter later and see how headquarters decides," Yang Jian said.

"All right, I'll report this matter once I get back," Feng Quan nodded.

"Unplug those tubes and bring out Tong Qian," Yang Jian said, and then pressed down with his palm forcefully.

Crack.

A crisp bone-breaking sound echoed as Zhou Jiefeng's neck twisted, and he died instantly, without a chance to struggle.

With the ghost within his body suppressed, he was just an ordinary person, incredibly fragile.

"After Tong Qian is released, put this guy's corpse inside. I've checked this glass box; it's specially made to block the invasion of supernatural powers," Yang Jian said after a glance.

Feng Quan and Huang Ziya nodded then immediately sprang into action.

Yang Jian still carried Zhou Jiefeng's corpse, watching from the side.

"Feng Quan, go and lift Tong Qian out. He should be considered a man now, and I don't want to have too much contact with him," Huang Ziya turned her head away, not wanting to look any longer.

Feng Quan smiled, his face cracked with grave soil falling off.

He quickly carried Tong Qian out and found a patient's gown nearby to dress him in.

"Help him recover his body."

Yang Jian threw the corpse in his hands into the glass box and sealed it.

"Alright."

Huang Ziya, holding the crystal necklace around her neck, agreed somewhat reluctantly.

With a finger touching Tong Qian's body, Huang Ziya utilized the power of the ghost in her crystal necklace to heal his riddled body at a visible rate. In just a few seconds, he had fully recovered.

But at the moment of healing,

Tong Qian's head tilted, presenting a gender-neutral, sinister smile to everyone. His tightly shut eyes suddenly snapped open.

His gaze was fierce and sharp, yet it exposed a sense of indifference and numbness.

"Awake so soon?" Huang Ziya exclaimed in shock, instinctively stepping back in fear.

The next moment, Tong Qian opened his mouth, issuing an eerie sequence of laughter.

The laughter echoed in this second sublevel, beginning to invade everyone's body.

This was the laughter of Ghost Face, potentially fatal.

"Not good," Feng Quan's complexion changed drastically.

Huang Ziya was the first to be struck. Although her expression was one of surprise, her mouth started to involuntarily curl into a smile. Once the smiling expression was complete, she would be killed by the dreadful laughter.

"Tong Qian, it's me, calm down," Yang Jian walked over and covered the ghostly mouth with his hand.

The terrible, chilling laughter came to an abrupt halt.

He knew this was an overreaction from Tong Qian, thinking they were Pei Dong and his people, so he didn't hesitate to take action.

Tong Qian's gaze shifted, seemingly recognizing Yang Jian and Feng Quan beside him.

They were colleagues from the last incident at the Caesar Hotel.

Turning her head, Tong Qian presented a beautiful female face to the group and said, "Yang Jian, where are those people? I want to kill them."

Her words were laced with intense hatred.

"I've taken care of two, the rest fled. I didn't waste time chasing them; I came straight for you. Your situation is worse than I thought," Yang Jian said, then released his palm.

Tong Qian slowly stood up, looked around, and indeed saw that freshly dead body lying in the glass box.

That was just one of them.

"Yang Jian, you're right," Tong Qian paused, a crying face turned towards him.

"Right about what?" Yang Jian was puzzled.

Turning around, Tong Qian's beautiful female face addressed him, "I was too naïve before... Some people are animals, not deserving to live in this world, and should be killed. If I had been as ruthless as you, it wouldn't have come to this; I would have had the chance to take them all out a long time ago."

"I have no doubt about your ability, only about whether you have the determination," Yang Jian said.

Tong Qian's powers were terrifying, an anomaly who had caused two ghosts to crash, in other words, he had the ability to resist any ghost master without fear of a wrathful ghost revival. His only weakness was the lack of Ghost Domain.

If he had possessed Ghost Domain, Tong Qian, controlling three ghosts, would become flawless, instantly among the top tier of ghost masters.

"You don't need to doubt that now."

Tong Qian turned his head, confronting Yang Jian with a strange smiling face.

Yang Jian nodded, "Having such thoughts is good, it wasn't in vain that I saved you three times."

"That's why I trust you. I knew you would definitely come looking for me, but you must be here for a reason," Tong Qian said.

"Nothing special, just saw you disappear for a while, so I wanted to check on you, as well as your attitude towards the captain's plan," Yang Jian said. "But this isn't the place to talk. Let's find somewhere to sit. It's rare for us to be alive and together again."

"Okay," Tong Qian nodded. He had barely taken a few steps when his unsteady feet due to a long slumber caused him to stumble and fall.

Feng Quan immediately steadied him, "Brother, be careful."

Brother?

Hearing the word, Tong Qian's beautiful face stared hard at him: "Feng Quan, do you want to cry, or do you want to laugh?"

"A slip of the tongue, a slip of the tongue," Feng Quan said resentfully. "You're a beauty, okay?"

Yang Jian looked at Huang Ziya, then said, "If you're not used to it, I can help you switch back."

"No need; this is fine. At least from now on, I can avoid the disgrace of some disgusting people," Tong Qian rejected Yang Jian's offer. He was used to his current appearance and had no intention of changing back.

"I can walk on my own; you don't have to hold me."

Tong Qian pushed Feng Quan away, insisting on walking by himself. Although unsteady at first, he quickly adapted. After all, his weakened body had improved. If it had been before, he probably would have needed emergency care for a while.

"Take the glass box with us; it's valuable since the guy controlled a ghost yet had a strong Ghost Domain. Selling it to the headquarters will surely bring in a nice reward," Yang Jian said.

"Makes sense," Feng Quan nodded.

Quickly, the group of four left the old hospital with a glass box covered by a white cloth.

They didn't choose to leave Xiao'an County immediately, but first bought a complete set of clothes and shoes for Tong Qian, then found a restaurant to fill him up before anything else.

Although Huang Ziya had used the powers of the Deceiving Ghost to restore his body, it hadn't filled Tong Qian's stomach.

Chapter 672 Business Trip Concludes

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"Although what happened to you is indeed infuriating, life must go on. Tong Qian, what are your plans lately?"

In a private room of a restaurant.

Yang Jian looked at Tong Qian, who was burying her head in food and drink, and asked.

Although binge eating and drinking is bad for one's health, everyone present was a ghost manipulator, so they did not care about such things.

"I'm going back home to continue being the person in charge, and if I get the chance, I will eliminate those people," Tong Qian said with one mouthful of food and another ghostly face smiling.

"That's indeed a good choice, but the situation has changed now," Yang Jian said. "You did not attend the last meeting, and you may not be aware of some developments. Headquarters has started to formally implement the Captain Plan. From now on, all persons in charge must obey the commands of the captain in their region."

"After this incident, it can be said that each captain is akin to a mini headquarters, and being in charge will not be an easy task."

"No problem, no matter the changes, it's still about dealing with supernatural events. I'm used to it." Tong Qian continued to eat and drink without lifting her head, but one smiling face was always turned towards everyone.

Yang Jian fell into thought for a moment and then said, "Have you ever thought that no matter how we handle supernatural events and how hard we fight, the number of ghosts in the world is ultimately going to increase? As the person in charge, if you look at some of the major data from headquarters, it shouldn't be difficult to discover that the frequency of supernatural events is increasing at a very terrifying rate."

"Moreover, these kinds of events are gradually coming to light. I believe it won't be long before everyone knows about the existence of ghosts."

Tong Qian paused slightly: "What does that have to do with us?"

Huang Ziya interjected, "How can it not matter? We need to find a way to survive. Survival is the most important thing, so Yang Jian came to find you this time to have you join us. Let's form a team, so we can watch out for each other in the future, and most importantly, avoid being bullied."

"Brother Tui has secured a position as captain and has several slots in his hands. The headquarters has allowed him to form a team in Dachang City," Feng Quan also said.

"When dangerous people gather, it only becomes more dangerous, doesn't it? You don't seem like the kind to form a team," Tong Qian said, looking at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "There's no choice. I have a premonition that the situation will become more serious in the future. It's ultimately a good thing to band together for warmth ahead of time. Take handling a supernatural event, for example. When one person faces a ghost and must repeatedly use the power of their own fierce ghost under attack, it greatly increases the risk of dying due to the ghost's revival."

"If we form a team and someone shares the burden, it's different. Even if one person uses their power once, all of us together are enough to handle a common supernatural event, which is an advantage."

"Besides, I'm only in charge of Dachang City for now. You can all move to Dachang City, where a team of ghost handlers will be stationed, ensuring a level of safety. At the very least, we are confident in protecting a city."

Tong Qian asked, "What about other places? Don't we care about them?"

Yang Jian said, "We're not gods; we can't manage so many places. With our limited abilities, we can only take good care of the city we're responsible for. Other places are other captains' concerns. If they can't manage it well, it's their failure. Do you want to protect the entire world by yourself?"

His idea was simple: to take care of his own plot of land and look after relatives, friends, and family.

"You're right. We can't manage so many things. We should take care of our own affairs first," Tong Qian thought for a moment and then nodded her head, "Okay, I'll join your team, but I have one condition."

"What condition?"

Tong Qian said, "I will continue to take care of the city I'm responsible for, until the day I die or the headquarters sends another person in charge. Of course, this is my personal matter, and you don't have to worry about it."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

Honestly, the city that Tong Qian was in charge of was very unsafe, as there was a Caesar Hotel there, with the hotel connected to a strange and terrifying place suspected of harboring many fierce ghosts.

Although it was temporarily safe, it was uncertain when a ghost might slip out of those rooms.

Therefore, that city was doomed to be fraught with disasters.

Of course, Dachang City was not safe either.

It just improved after the Hungry Ghost incident; otherwise, Yang Jian would not stubbornly cling to the position of the person in charge of Dachang City.

Because in his heart, this city was one of the safest in the world.

"It doesn't matter. The fact that you are willing to take responsibility for another city is your business," Yang Jian did not refuse but nodded in agreement.

This was Tong Qian's personal wish, and he did not want to intervene.

"Counting Tong Qian, we only have four people here. Isn't that too few? We don't even know if Zhang Lei will survive," Feng Quan said. "The team that Pei Dong put together had a full six people."

He believed that since it was going to be teamwork, naturally, the more people, the better.

Yang Jian said, "There's no rush for this matter. Let's start with this for now. Next, you'd better quickly take care of your personal affairs and then come to Dachang City. I'll be waiting there for you all to meet up."

"I do have some personal affairs to take care of," Feng Quan replied.

Huang Ziya said, "Captain, give me three days, and I assure you I will join you then."

She decided to move, relocating her entire family to Dachang City.

"Good, then that's settled."

Yang Jian nodded, "Also, I will return to Dachang City today unless something unexpected happens. I don't want to stay here any longer, especially in Big J City, which has left a very bad impression on me. I was only here on a business trip, who knew one trouble after another would arise."

"Troublesome matters are plentiful these days; it can't be helped," Feng Quan said with a smile, but as soon as he noticed Tong Qian smiling at him, he quickly restrained his smile.

After dining and discussing at the restaurant, the group decided to disperse.

Tong Qian planned to go home first, while Feng Quan and Huang Ziya also needed to attend to some personal matters before heading to Dachang City to meet up.

"But Brother Tui, what about this corpse?" Feng Quan slapped the glass case covered with a white cloth next to him as they were about to leave.

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This was the corpse of Zhou Jiefeng. Although he was dead now, the ghost inside his body was still present and it was still able to form a Ghost Domain, which was highly dangerous.

Yang Jian said, "I'm giving this to you. Just be careful when you handle it. Find a way to send the body back to his family and say he died in a car accident. Compensate them a bit to settle the matter. Although this guy attacked the person in charge and should have been treated as a criminal, he did cooperate in the end. Let's give him some dignity. Conceal what should be concealed but be careful not to lose control of the ghost. As for whether you want to hand the ghost over to headquarters or sell it yourself, that's up to you."

"So generous?" Feng Quan was rather surprised.

"Consider it hazard pay for this time, since you almost got in trouble because of Tong Qian. It wouldn't feel right not to compensate you," Yang Jian said.

Feng Quan replied, "Since Brother Tui you've said so, I won't stand on ceremony."

"Tong Qian, you have no objections to me handling it this way, right?" Then, Yang Jian asked.

Tong Qian nodded and said, "That's fine, and I'm not that petty. I won't extend Zhou Jiefeng's wrongdoing to his family."

"As long as you have no objections," Yang Jian said. "It's getting late now, time to go."

Soon, they parted ways in Xiao'an County.

With this lesson learned, Tong Qian would probably not slip up so easily in the future.

After leaving Xiao'an County, Yang Jian took a taxi back to Big J City.

He did not go to the city center but arrived at a suburban villa. He was just planning to take the Ghost Child and then leave by plane.

"Driver, please wait here for me for a bit. I'm picking someone up, and then we'll go to the airport," Yang Jian told the taxi driver before getting out.

"I'm afraid I can't do that. It's late, and I'm already off duty. My wife has made dinner and is waiting for me at home," the driver hesitated to say.

"I understand, an extra ten thousand." Yang Jian still had the air of a wealthy, easy mark.

The driver immediately warmed up, "Handsome guy, do you need help with luggage?"

"No need."

Yang Jian quickly made a round through the villa. He immediately let the Ghost Child out of the room. Not only that, but he also disguised the Ghost Child, finding some clothes and hats left by He Tianxiong in the wardrobe. He capped it off with a duckbill cap, a woolen scarf, and a pair of sunglasses for the Ghost Child.

Finally feeling that the shroud Dead Man's Head was too conspicuous, he dressed the Ghost Child in a men's jacket.

Looking at the Ghost Child, with most of its face covered by sunglasses and wrapped tightly in a scarf, and paired with a thick, chunky gold necklace around its neck, it looked every bit like a spirited young lad.

Walking outside, no one would have guessed this was a little ghost—certainly more likely to be seen as a trendy kid.

"This'll have to do," Yang Jian said, satisfied, then had the Ghost Child carry a backpack and follow behind him.

The backpack contained a decaying Dead Man's Head. For safety's sake, he wrapped it in gold foil, but the contour of a human head was still visible.

"Follow me."

Yang Jian walked ahead, the Ghost Child agilely following behind with its backpack and sunglasses.

"Bang! Bang!"

However, just as Yang Jian was about to leave the villa with two luggage bags in tow, he suddenly heard loud thudding sounds from somewhere upstairs.

It was as if something was banging against a door.

The sound echoed through the empty villa, creating an indescribable sense of dread.

The Ghost Child stopped in its tracks, tilted its head, and, with sunglasses on, looked towards a room on the second floor.

"It's the room with the ghost painting," Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, and his complexion changed.

"Has the ghost from that painting finally come out?"

Without paying attention to the banging noise, Yang Jian left the place without hesitation, carrying the luggage bags.

The room was a safe-house, so the probability of the ghost painting coming to life wasn't high.

Yang Jian quickly locked the villa's main gate, and all the doors and windows had been sealed by him earlier, so even if the ghost from the painting really did come out, it would most likely be trapped inside the villa.

"To the airport."

Yang Jian and the Ghost Child got into the taxi.

The taxi driver glanced at the child Yang Jian brought into the car and felt a chill, but he didn't think too much about it and quickly started the car to leave the neighborhood.

And at that moment.

In a dim window on the second floor of the villa behind them, a blurry figure stood still, eerily observing the taxi as it gradually moved away, until after a while, the figure slowly disappeared from the window. After it vanished, the unoccupied, dim villa began to resonate with a series of clear footsteps.

All these changes went unnoticed. Occasionally, residents from the same neighborhood passing by caught a glimpse of a blurry figure moving behind the window of the uninhabited villa. But as outsiders, they naturally wouldn't meddle, assuming that the owner was away and the movements were just cleaners at work.

Yang Jian himself didn't realize how his quick decision to leave spared him from a potentially great danger.

But most importantly, he was alive as he left the city, and with the last evening flight, he silently flew back to Dachang City.

Although many things had happened on this trip to headquarters, his main goal was achieved. He had resolved the issue of his own ghost's revival and had even secured the position of team captain. Even though he was now on indefinite leave, Yang Jian didn't care about that. What he cared about was his own survival.

#### Chapter 673 Picking Someone Up

In Dachang City's new district, nestled within a commercial and residential complex called Guanjiang Residential Complex, stood a luxurious five-story villa.

It was only dusk, the sky had not yet completely darkened, but the villa had already turned on all its lights, illuminating the vicinity like daylight, and could be seen from a distance, strikingly conspicuous.

Inside the villa.

A woman slowly descended the stairs. She appeared to be in her late twenties, wearing a long sweater dress and black high heels, with a curvaceous figure and an impressive curve outlined at her front, exuding a full-fledged femininity, her beautiful face sporting a smile.

"Jiang Yan, did you get a message from President Yang just now?" Zhang Liqin asked while walking.

Seated on the sofa, watching TV and snacking, Jiang Yan immediately checked her phone, "No, I didn't get a message from Yang Jian."

Zhang Liqin smoothed her hair near her ear and said, "I just received a message from President Yang, he asked us to pick him up from Northern City Airport before eight; he's returning from a business trip."

"What? Is that true?" Jiang Yan suddenly raised her head, visibly surprised.

"It should be true, do you need me to call and confirm?" Zhang Liqin said.

Jiang Yan quickly shook her head, "No need, it's best not to randomly call his phone. Since Yang Jian sent a text, it must be true. What time is it now? No way, I need to hurry and change my clothes. Elder Sister Qin, you go ahead and drive the car out to the front door, I'll be ready in no time."

As she spoke, she hurried back to her room.

Jiang Yan's room had been moved to the first floor, saying that in case of any special situation, she could run out faster.

"Then hurry up." Zhang Liqin called out and took the car keys to drive the luxurious SUV out of the garage.

Speaking of the car, she still felt somewhat embarrassed in her heart; back when she was a saleswoman, she had slightly deceived the car-ignorant Jiang Yan to earn a commission.

As a result, later on, the boss died, she did not receive her commission, and she lost her job.

Reflecting on that period, Zhang Liqin still felt a shiver to this day, the only luck being having met Yang Jian.

"I feel like I'm somewhat treated as a freebie that came with the car purchase," thought Zhang Liqin as she sat in the car.

Before long.

Jiang Yan came out, wearing a wool sweater, a scarf around her neck, and a short skirt, revealing a pair of straight, even beautiful legs, full of youthful vitality.

"It's winter, aren't you cold?" asked Zhang Liqin.

"Isn't there a heater in the car? Besides, I'm wearing warm tights," replied Jiang Yan confidently, as she had to dress up beautifully to pick someone up.

"Let's hurry and set off, if we're late, I'm definitely going to get scolded."

Zhang Liqin nodded and immediately departed.

Meanwhile.

The plane carrying Yang Jian had reached the skies over Dachang City and begun its descent.

Ghost Child was stuffed into a luggage bag and checked in; he was not carried at his side, as he needed to remain inconspicuous. Managing to sneakily check it in was already a good feat, and he didn't want to recklessly utilize a ghost's ability, choosing to solve problems in other ways if possible.

After getting off the plane and claiming his luggage.

Yang Jian still didn't release Ghost Child, instead carrying the luggage bag and walking out of the airport hall.

"As expected, no one came to pick me up, was the message sent too late?"

He scanned around, there were many people waiting to pick up arrivals, but none that he recognized.

"Young man, need a ride? I offer a good price." Quickly, a solicitor approached, all the while trying to forcibly take his luggage.

"What are you doing? Why are you grabbing my stuff?" Yang Jian asked.

"The car's parked right across the street. I'm just helping you with your luggage," the middle-aged man said with a grin.

"No need, I'm waiting for someone," Yang Jian declined.

"It's such a hassle waiting for people this late, in the cold, it's hard for everyone. Look, I'm already helping you with your luggage, just get in the car quickly, I'll even give you a discount," the middle-aged man insisted, not letting go of Yang Jian's luggage bag and walking forward.

He was clearly intent on making a forceful sale.

Yang Jian felt that if he got in this car, he'd surely be taken for a sucker and severely overcharged.

"This is no way to do business. I've said I'm waiting for someone, why are you walking away with my luggage?"

"Why are young people so fussy? It's just a ride. Making a bit of money off you is really not easy, I already told you I'd give you a discount. Come on, young man, just get in the car. Who you ride with doesn't matter. We're so fated, and your luggage is so heavy, it's really hard for me to carry," the middle-aged man unabashedly said, showing no intention of giving up the business proposition.

Yang Jian had no choice but to resign himself to taking the man's car, not wanting to stoop to his level.

"Yang Jian, over here, we're over here," Jiang Yan appeared at that moment, saw Yang Jian, and waved at him from a distance.

Zhang Liqin smiled at Yang Jian from the sidelines.

"You're just now arriving?" Yang Jian checked the time, feeling that they were somewhat dragging their feet.

"Big brother, my friend has come to pick me up, I won't be needing your ride. Put my luggage down, please."

He then added.

"Should've said so earlier, you're holding up my business." The middle-aged man grumbled as he dropped the dead-heavy luggage bag onto the ground.

Clang!

The luggage bag hit the ground, and it seemed something fell out, striking his foot.

The middle-aged man looked down and his eyes immediately bulged.

A gold bar.

He looked up to see the young guy wasn't looking this way and quickly scooped the item up.

"It must be real," the middle-aged man felt the hefty weight in his hand and his heart raced.

With the recent surge in gold prices, such a gold bar would be worth at least a million.

He had struck it rich.

He moved quickly, intending to hide the fallen gold bar, knowing if it went unnoticed, it would be his. However, just as he was about to pocket it, a bluish-black arm suddenly reached out from the luggage bag and grabbed him.

A chilling sensation pierced through the fabric of his sleeve, as if it were sapping all the warmth from his body, sending shivers down his spine.

Somehow the zipper on the ground luggage bag had come undone.

An eerie child poked his head out, staring at the man with blood-red eyes.

A ghost?

The middle-aged man turned pale instantly upon seeing this, his body went rigid, his mind seized up, and he found himself unable to move as he stood frozen in place.

The Ghost Child reached out another bluish-black arm, its chilly palm prying the man's fingers apart before retrieving the gold bar and placing it back into the luggage bag, and then it let go of him.

Finally, the Ghost Child retreated back into the luggage bag and zipped it up.

But it left a small gap.

A sinister red eyeball peered through the opening in the zipper, surveying everything outside.

It was only at this moment that the middle-aged man realized what exactly he had been carrying in his luggage bag.

A ghost child?

Mommy!

He cried out of fear, and wetting himself, he scrambled away, crying and urinating as he fled.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

Jiang Yan ran up to Yang Jian and hugged him enthusiastically, tilting up her delicate and beautiful face with a radiant smile, "You've been away on business for so long, didn't you miss me at all?"

Watching their actions, they seemed like a couple in the throes of a passionate romance.

"I didn't miss you, not at all," Yang Jian said bluntly.

This recent trip had almost cost him his life, and he had encountered danger more than once. How could his mind have spared a thought for Jiang Yan?

"You must be lying. Speak with conscience. How could you not think of me, such a beauty waiting for you at home?" Jiang Yan said confidently.

Yang Jian said, "Why are you holding onto me so tightly? Aren't you going to let go?"

"I'm not letting go. I'm going to hug you all the way home," flirted Jiang Yan.

"..."

Yang Jian turned to Zhang Liqin, "Has she suddenly become like this, or has she always been this way? Did something happen to her usually?"

Zhang Liqin laughed and answered, "President Yang, Jiang Yan isn't usually like this. She must be missing you to act this way."

After speaking, her gaze also lingered on Yang Jian, filled with an unusual emotion.

She knew that there wasn't really anything special between Jiang Yan and Yang Jian.

#### Chapter 674

A luxury SUV pulled away from the airport, heading for the Guanjiang Residential Complex in the new district.

Jiang Yan volunteered to show off her driving skills and was serving as the driver, but she stared unblinkingly ahead, motionless, like a wooden figure. She completely ignored the side and rearview mirrors and was practically lying on the steering wheel, as if she wanted to stick her head out the window.

This driving posture was very dangerous.

"Damn, does that person know how to drive? They just rushed out from behind. If I hadn't been driving steadily, I almost crashed when switching lanes." Jiang Yan was startled to find a car suddenly beside her, and it was really close.

A car had been following them for a while and seemed to be gathering courage. Finally, it made up its mind to overtake from the right side.

Yang Jian saw the relief on the other driver's face after he had finished overtaking.

"Expensive cars do have their benefits." He saw many vehicles dared not follow too closely, unconsciously maintaining a distance.

After all, it was a luxury car worth several million, which somewhat entitled one to a bit of the road. This made things much easier for Jiang Yan.

Sitting next to him, Zhang Liqin smiled and said, "President Yang, although Jiang Yan got her license a long time ago, she has no driving experience. She's a novice."

"It's okay, let her practice more. There's no rush," Yang Jian said before turning to look out at the city.

Compared to after the Hungry Ghost incident, the city seemed to have regained some vitality. It was no longer deserted and silent. There were more cars on the road, and more lights in the city. It looked like things were picking up.

This was a good thing.

Yang Jian certainly didn't want the city he was responsible for to be a cold Dead City.

"Is my mom asleep at this hour?" Suddenly, he asked.

"Auntie hasn't been staying at home lately. She said she went back to her hometown to have a look. She's been gone for a few days now. She had just left the last time you were here," Zhang Liqin replied.

Yang Jian remembered his hometown.

Dachang City, Yang Town, Meishan Village.

His hometown wasn't far away, a mere thirty-minute drive. However, a few years after his father died during his childhood, his mother had a falling out with her brothers back home. Then, they only returned during the New Year for a few days, and didn't visit otherwise. So, he was estranged from those relatives, almost to the point of being strangers.

The reason for the fallout had to do with some property disputes, which Yang Jian vaguely remembered.

Before his father died, he had acquired a fair amount of assets in the countryside: a large fish pond, a forest, a big vegetable garden, and so on.

Nowadays, these things might not be considered valuable because they had no developmental potential, but back then, in the impoverished countryside, they marked one as wealthier than most. However, within a few years of his father's death, some uncles had taken over these properties. His mother, Zhang Fen, had argued over this several times, but as a widow and orphan, they ultimately had no recourse.

In ancient times, this would be akin to cutting off someone's means of survival.

Back then, Yang Jian was still in school and too young to have any say in the matter.

"Right, with the New Year coming up, it's normal for my mom to go back to the countryside," Yang Jian remembered.

Though there were quarrels, the roots could not be cut. When it was time to return, they had to go back.

Thinking back, he and his mother had experienced numerous hardships living in the city, which contributed to his character flaws.

"One of these days I need to take the time to go back and settle those old matters," he said to himself.

Yang Jian felt that the past needed a resolution. Although they seemed like trifling matters to him, they might have been thorns pressing into his mother Zhang Fen's heart for decades.

Additionally, he became curious about his father's identity.

Old Qin at the headquarters had mentioned it, but whether it was true or not, he didn't know. However, if it was true and his father's death was related to a supernatural incident, then some clues must have been left behind. And those clues were most likely to be found back home, making the trip necessary.

"Yang Jian, what are you thinking about?"

Zhang Liqin asked softly, leaning closer and surreptitiously hooking her arm through Yang Jian's, while casting a glance at Jiang Yan, who was driving ahead.

Jiang Yan didn't even check the rearview mirror, so how could she notice them?

However, Zhang Liqin didn't see anything wrong with the situation. She thought Jiang Yan had the right to like Yang Jian, and so did she. After all, Yang Jian wasn't married, nor did he have an official girlfriend. Even if their relationship was discovered one day, they could just compete fairly.

She wasn't an eighteen-year-old girl anymore; there was no need for pretense. As a mature woman, when it was time to act, she acted.

"Is something the matter?" Yang Jian snapped back to reality.

"Nothing important, I was just wondering if you're going to the office tomorrow. I'm your secretary, after all. I need to arrange things beforehand," Zhang Liqin said, blinking her eyes playfully.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow," Yang Jian said. "I've just returned, and there's nothing urgent."

Zhang Liqin nodded and didn't ask further.

Soon, the car arrived back at the Guanjian Residential Complex.

Although there was nobody in the villa, the lights were still dazzling.

After the supernatural event, Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin had both been left with a fear of the dark, the fear of being alone, always feeling insecure in the darkness, as if ghosts could appear anywhere. That's why they liked to turn on all the lights wherever they were.

But this little trouble wasn't much. Real trouble would've been a mental breakdown.

"You both go ahead and return, I'm going to make a trip to Wang Shanshan's place," Yang Jian suddenly said.

"That's suspicious." Watching Yang Jian drive deeper into the complex, Jiang Yan frowned, sensing that things were not simple.

"What's suspicious?" Zhang Liqin puzzled.

Pouting, Jiang Yan said, "It's so late and he's still going to Wang Shanshan's, there must be something fishy going on, and it's even possible he won't come back."

"Isn't that an exaggeration? Yang Jian doesn't like Wang Shanshan, they're just ordinary classmates," Zhang Liqin said. Although she didn't know what had happened to Wang Shanshan, her woman's intuition was pretty accurate.

"It's because they're classmates that it's dangerous. It means they've known each other for at least three years, unlike me, who's only known him for half a year," Jiang Yan said, feeling a sense of crisis.

Zhang Liqin laughed, "Don't overthink it. It's so cold outside, I'm going back to take a bath."

At this moment.

Yang Jian had returned to the Republic Era ancient house that had since been renovated.

Wang Shanshan was not here, and the door was tightly closed.

However, his visit was not entirely to see Wang Shanshan, but to place the Ghost Child, after all, keeping such a paranormal entity at home was unsafe. It was only slightly more prudent to place it in this ancient house from the Republic of China Period, far away from the residential complex, far from crowds.

"Do not leave this room," Yang Jian commanded.

But he immediately felt that this was not appropriate.

If the Ghost Child was confined here, it wouldn't realize its full potential. It should be secretly protecting the residential complex. After all, Yang Jian could not be vigilant 24 hours a day, but the Ghost Child could stay awake indefinitely, making it a very competent security guard.

"Protect this residential complex. If a strange ghost master enters, drive them away directly."

He issued a new command, and this order would override the previous one.

The Ghost Child tilted its head as it looked at Yang Jian, carrying a backpack with a rotten Dead Man's Head inside.

After a brief pause, the Ghost Child quickly became active, wandering around nearby, running back and forth, and soon disappearing into the greenery close by.

"Let's leave it at that for now. Although the appearance of the Ghost Child might frighten some people, it's better than them suffering from unclear paranormal attacks. After all, only a ghost can confront another ghost; absolute safety depends on the power of the Ghost Child," Yang Jian felt there was nothing improper about this arrangement.

At least there were no signs of the Ghost Child losing control yet, and it was still trustworthy for the time being.

As Yang Jian was leaving the ancient house, he took another look at the third door.

He frowned and felt uneasy.

There were three doors in this ancient house, each made of different materials. The room with the Ghost Mirror had a wooden door, the Ghost Cabinet was in a room with a copper door, and this room had a door made of gold.

A door cast from Gold.

Not just the door, but the walls too were made of Gold.

"It's like a safe-house from the Republic of China Period, yet also like a container for imprisoning ghosts. I have no idea what's inside if opened," Yang Jian, though curious, did not have a death wish to open the door.

Because the worst-case scenario was that it contained a ferocious ghost that even the former owner of the house had not been able to handle.

As long as it's not tampered with, the house's structural integrity and the stability of the gold material would prevent it from being opened for hundreds more years.

Yang Jian quickly returned to his place.

He went to the bedroom on the fifth floor, took a bath, and then sat on the bed to document the events of his business trip.

"I took a flight to Big J City, and on the plane, I encountered a paranormal event. It was a terrifying Dead Man's Hand, a ghost's hand..." He wrote speedily, giving a detailed description, even clearly documenting the people he met on the plane.

This notebook was both a record of Yang Jian's experiences and a special archive of fierce ghost files.

He felt that these records would one day be of use.

While he was documenting his information, the bedroom door was opened by someone.

Yang Jian stopped writing abruptly and looked up sharply.

This was an almost instinctual alertness, especially while he was recalling the paranormal events he had encountered before.

"Yang Jian, it's me. I saw the light in your room was on, so I came to check," said Zhang Liqin, standing at the door in a bathrobe, apparently having just bathed. Her face was still flushed, looking quite seductive.

Yang Jian slowly withdrew his gaze and continued writing.

Seeing this, Zhang Liqin gently closed the door and walked into the room. Silent, she snuggled into the bed.

"You don't need to keep me company. I'm not very interested in you," Yang Jian said without looking up.

"It's okay, just consider me as someone warming up the bed," Zhang Liqin said, "After all, I belong to you, and I'll be sticking to you in the future."

Yang Jian stayed silent, still focusing on his notes.

Zhang Liqin didn't disturb him anymore and just propped her head, watching him. For some reason, she felt very at ease, even though she knew that a terrifying ghost dwelled within Yang Jian's body. She didn't feel scared at all.

"Yang Jian, have you lost interest in me, or have you lost interest in everyone?"

Almost an hour later, as Zhang Liqin noticed Yang Jian was nearly done writing, she suddenly asked.

"Does it make a difference?" Yang Jian replied, glancing at her after realizing she wasn't asleep yet.

Zhang Liqin stretched lazily, "Of course, it makes a difference. The former means you don't like my type of woman, while the latter..."

She said with a wry smile, not daring to continue.

Yang Jian was silent for a moment and then suddenly pulled her close, capturing her hand to his chest, "Do you feel anything?"

Zhang Liqin didn't resist the embrace. She was slightly startled; "What is it?"

"It's heartbeats."

Yang Jian spoke calmly, "Holding a woman like you, a normal man would definitely have an accelerated heartbeat, thinking some thoughts, but my heartbeat is very steady, with no change at all. With no change in heartbeat, there is no change in emotions, no emotional fluctuations, and without emotional fluctuations, there are no feelings."

"If this continues for a long time, my emotions will gradually fade until they disappear completely. In the end, women and men in my eyes will just be living persons, and nothing different."

"What affects me most now is not emotions but memories. If my memories begin to blur, I myself won't know what kind of person I will become in the end."

"Why don't you try to regain your feelings?" asked Zhang Liqin.

Yang Jian replied, "The speed of regaining feelings can't keep up with the speed of losing them. To put it bluntly, I don't even know if I can cry anymore."

"Even if you're without feelings, you still have sensations," Zhang Liqin said with a teasing smile, reaching out to turn off the light in the room.

#### Chapter 675 An Individual's Action

Although Yang Jian had escaped danger and returned to Dachang City to rest, this did not mean the emergency with the ghost paintings had come to an end.

On the contrary, the situation started to deteriorate, just as anticipated, after he left.

At this very moment.

Within a desolate city devoid of people, the sky was a murky gray, as if layers of ash were endlessly drifting down. The air was filled with a gloomy haze, making this eerie city unlike any other in the world because it did not belong to reality but to the world within a painting.

The mission had failed.

The first operation to contain the ghost paintings ended in an utterly predictable and woeful defeat. Although they were not wiped out, the losses were extremely heavy.

One of the survivors was sitting by the empty roadway at this moment. He had an erect posture, but he was covered in blood, with a face charred black, looking like a burnt corpse. It was difficult to imagine that such a person could still be breathing, still be alive.

Li Jun was indeed still living, but his life was arduous and painful.

"Failed,"

he said in a hoarse voice, his throat seemingly burnt away. His whisper was chilling to the bone.

Under Li Yang's leadership, Li Jun had successfully found the building suspected to be the source of the ghost paintings. They had ascended the bizarre wooden staircase and even entered the room filled with countless portraits smoothly.

They found the place that Yang Jian had visited before once again.

But the outcome was harsh.

The room was not as simple as they had thought. They experienced the most horrific supernatural event; the ghost's attacks led them to despair. Forget about containing the ghost paintings; just surviving was a matter of luck. And the result after this mission was that Chen Yi was dead, Leuk San was dead, and as for Xiong Wenwen...

Clutching a photograph in the middle of his speech, Li Jun continued.

The photo was black and white, showing a child around ten years old, his face filled with terror and despair.

Xiong Wenwen hadn't died, but he had been trapped inside the photograph, with very little chance of surviving.

The Ghost Camera had been used three times in this mission: one failure, one success, and one loss of control.

The odds were still manageable, not particularly unlucky, as it malfunctioned only once out of the three. The one time it did, it was Xiong Wenwen using it. His premonition ability was highly accurate; he found the fierce ghost in the ghost painting, but when he used it, luck was not on his side. After he pressed the shutter, it wasn't the ghost, but he, who disappeared.

The only successful time wasn't used against the ghost paintings but against other ghosts, an act of self-preservation, a gamble taken as a last resort.

But that success was not crucial.

"Captain, all the routes have changed; I can't find the exit we used to leave this place before," said Li Yang, approaching with a pallid face. He was in terrible shape; livor mortis had begun to appear on his skin, and the smell of a corpse emanated from his body.

This was a sign of overusing the ghost powers.

Keep in mind, he had only just become a ghost manipulator a few days ago.

If he hadn't been a non-primary force in this operation, he definitely would have fallen here.

But traumatic experiences can often lead to the quickest growth. Having endured this operation and survived, Li Yang had become somewhat more stable mentally.

"Can you contact the outside?" asked Li Jun in his hoarse voice, sounding much like a fierce ghost.

"The signal is blocked; still can't get through," Li Yang fell silent, feeling desperate.

Only after going through all of this did he realize just how difficult it was for people like them to stay alive.

...

Li Jun's Ghost Flame could still burn in this Ghost Domain, it could utilize the Ghost Domain, but it came at a great cost. It was for this reason that he had kept Li Yang alive.

"Take this." Suddenly, he pulled something out of his pocket.

A wooden doorknob, smeared with mottled red paint, appearing like a relic of great age exuding a strange and ominous aura.

"At the right time, use the doorknob to open a door, and if you're lucky, you can leave this place. Remember, you only have one chance, and the time is... twelve noon. If successful, deliver the intelligence about this place back to headquarters, and Professor Wang will arrange the second mission."

Li Jun handed the Ghost Gate's doorknob to Li Yang.

This was a backup plan in case of failure.

"Captain, what about you?" Li Yang asked, somewhat surprised, as he took the doorknob.

"There's still a chance, I have to fight on, even if the vengeful ghosts revive, I have to restrain the ghost drawings. I saw earlier, my Ghost Flame can suppress the ghost domain of the ghost drawings," Li Jun's fingers lightly grazed the ground.

His charred and smelly fingers held a green flame flickering within.

The ground immediately disappeared, turning into black paper ash, and with a gust of wind, it was gone, leaving only a damaged gap.

But this gap slowly reverted back to its original state over time.

Li Jun might have an advantage against the ghost drawings, however, he was still a bit too weak to gain the upper hand.

"Considering the situation, there's no chance left, let's withdraw together," Li Yang said, his eyes wide with disbelief. He couldn't fathom that after their near-extinction, Li Jun still intended to act.

Li Jun slightly lifted his head to look at him, his eyes equally charred black, uncertain if he could see clearly in this state. He continued, "This is my decision, you just have to follow orders. Now stay away from me. Whether I succeed or not, you don't need to concern yourself. Just do what you have to do."

"Take Xiong Wenwen's photo as well, even though she's trapped in it, she might not be dead yet. There might still be a chance to save her. As for the Ghost Camera, I need to keep it for now, it's my only leverage against that ghost."

At this moment, Li Yang understood Li Jun's intention.

He was determined to fight to the death.

With the Ghost Camera, he indeed had the assets for a final gamble, but that was all it was—a gamble.

Because Li Jun wouldn't last much longer, he was going to die, either at the hands of a ghost or the revival of a powerful specter.

"I understand," Li Yang said, no longer trying to persuade him.

Li Jun struggled to his feet, covered in blood, his body charred black, his own blood continuously flowing from the cracked skin. However, he couldn't concern himself with his physical state now; gripping the Ghost Camera, he limped forward.

Surrounded by a layer of green Ghost Flame, he soon vanished from sight.

With the wooden doorknob in hand and Xiong Wenwen's black and white portrait, Li Yang clenched his teeth and rapidly distanced himself from the most dangerous area.

As a survivor who had lived there for several months, he possessed a wealth of experience. As long as he wasn't targeted by a ghost, his chances of survival were significant, especially now that he held an exit out of this place in his hand.

However, he didn't place all his hope on this doorknob, but instead, he searched for an exit. He had previously left with Yang Jian, knowing the location of the exit.

Only at the very last moment would Li Yang use the doorknob as instructed, to pass through that incomprehensibly eerie wooden door and leave this place.

Dachang City.

Like many others, Yang Jian was unaware of the specifics of this operation. He had not participated in it and thus did not show much concern, spending the night in a relaxed and carefree manner.

...

The next morning, he got up very early.

"The office isn't even open yet, so why not rest a bit more?" Zhang Liqin was startled awake and said languidly.

"Going for a walk," Yang Jian replied still with his usual indifference, and then he left the room.

There wasn't anything dangerous stored on the fifth floor now, just some weapons and tools; hence, he didn't need to stay distracted to keep watch.

After leaving his residence, Yang Jian took a stroll around the neighborhood to get some exercise and also to patrol the area. He had been away on a business trip for a while, so he needed to familiarize himself with the place again. After all, there had been considerable changes within the community during his absence; there were many new residents and quite a few strangers.

However, when he was about to return from his round, he noticed several security guards gathered at the entrance of the complex.

He saw these security guards using their cell phones to take pictures of something on the ground, suggesting that there was some kind of situation.

The security work at the Guanjiang Residential Complex was very well done since it concerned the safety and lives of many people. They couldn't afford to be negligent.

"What's happened here?" Yang Jian approached and asked casually.

"Nothing's wrong, everything is normal," a security guard responded immediately.

Yang Jian said, "If everything were normal, there wouldn't be so many people gathered here."

With that, he walked forward.

"Resident, there really isn't a problem, everything is normal. We'll handle any issues," the security guard blocked Yang Jian, insisting earnestly.

Yang Jian said, "You can handle normal situations, but abnormal ones may not be so easy for you."

He glanced briefly.

A large patch of bloodstains had appeared on the ground at the entrance of the complex, as if they had extended from inside the community to the outside; however, the trail ended here.

"Yang Jian, you're here too?" Suddenly, a person emerged from the crowd and signaled for the guards not to obstruct.

Yang Jian... President Yang?

The previous guard didn't recognize him, but now hearing the name, he seemed somewhat startled.

They all knew that there were two owners of the complex, one of them named Yang Jian, who lived in the villa on the right side of the entrance.

"Good day, President Yang," the other security guards greeted him one after another.

Yang Jian nodded as a greeting and then asked, "Zhang Han, what's going on here, has the complex been burglarized?"

"Not sure, I've just arrived not long ago. The situation is a bit strange. Come take a look," Zhang Han said.

Yang Jian walked over and saw the large pool of blood on the ground.

"The blood hasn't completely dried, it must have been left between three and four o'clock last night, and..." Zhang Han squatted down and sniffed.

"It smells like corpse decay," Yang Jian frowned, recognizing the familiar scent.

"So the blood on the ground is foul?"

Blood from a living person should not smell; blood that smells foul indicates that the person is dead.

"No. The blood isn't foul, it's this object that is foul." Zhang Han pointed to a footprint left on the bloodstain, a child's, barefoot at that.

"A child's footprint, barefoot. On such a cold day, running around at three or four in the morning, don't you find that odd?"

"Not at all odd," Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

This was clearly the footprint of a Ghost Child. The ghostly kid seems to have been quite active at night lately; looking at this trail, it's unclear who it had attacked this time, but the blood surely must belong to the victim.

"Has anyone in the community been harmed?"

Zhang Han shook his head and said, "Haven't heard of anyone getting hurt, everything is normal, but I am having people check the surveillance footage to hopefully get some results."

"If no one inside has been hurt, then the injured person must be from outside the community," Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

Once again, someone had sneaked into the complex covertly.

He remembered Wang Shanshan speaking about an occasion where, after the Ghost Child returned from going out, it had several human fingers in its mouth, without knowing who it had bitten. He speculated that the person was a ghost controller, and last night, there was another victim of an attack, leaving a trail of blood, probably bitten by the Ghost Child.

The incidents before and now might involve the same group, or even the same person.

"Attacked once and still daring to come here indeed doesn't fit common sense," Yang Jian contemplated.

He crouched to examine the bloodstains.

"However, this injured person is likely not to live long."

A normal person bitten by the Ghost Child before would be fine, but being bitten by the Ghost Child now was a serious matter, since it now carried corpse fluids.

These were left by a former ghost controller named Ye Jun after his death.

Foulness from corpse fluids on an ordinary person would lead to decay and death within three days, though ghost controllers could resist, albeit at a cost. However, Yang Jian surmised that the person who infiltrated the complex this time wasn't a ghost controller, otherwise they wouldn't have been so silent; they would have caused some noise.

But another oddity was that the Ghost Child had been ordered only to attack unfamiliar ghost controllers yesterday.

Ordinary people wouldn't be attacked by the Ghost Child, otherwise Yang Jian wouldn't allow such an entity to wander the community.

"Incomprehensible."

Yang Jian shook his head somewhat and then said, "Zhang Han, if there's any news from the surveillance, let me know. I want to see who's sneaking into the complex. This is not the first time we've encountered this. We had a similar situation last time, and I don't think it's that simple."

"Sure, I will keep a close watch. But as for that matter you asked me to investigate last time, there's still no result. I can assure you, though, that the person who infiltrated the complex last time definitely wasn't a local from Dachang City, they must have fled. If this case is connected to the last one, I can find out," Zhang Han nodded.

Now that his whole family lives in Guanjiang Residential Complex, and being in the same boat as Yang Jian, they both prioritize survival, so safety here is of great importance.

"I'll be responsible for the company for the time being. You can take a break and focus on this," Yang Jian said.

"That's great, I can relax a bit," Zhang Han said with a smile.

Compared to keeping an eye on the entire Dachang City, this was indeed a bit easier.

"Hope it doesn't involve anything serious," Yang Jian gazed at the pool of blood on the ground, thinking to himself.

Now he was somewhat troubled.

In the past, being barefoot meant not fearing those wearing shoes. After ensuring his mother was settled, he could fight anyone to the death, but now, after so many experiences, he was no longer alone; a whole community of people depended on his survival.

Yang Jian knew he absolutely couldn't afford any missteps.

This was also one of the reasons he had fled from the incident with the Ghost Painting.