

Revival 676

Chapter 676 First Day at Work

Yang Jian delegated the security work of Ping'an Neighborhood to Zhang Han, while he returned to his position as the person in charge.

At eight o'clock in the morning, he drove to work on time.

"Yang Jian, you took a wrong turn, this isn't the way to the company," Jiang Yan remarked from the passenger seat as she glanced outside the window.

"There is no rush to get to the company, I want to take a look around first and see what Dachang City looks like now. After all, I don't know the state it's in since the conclusion of the last incident and my return from the business trip. So, it's better to get a grasp of the local situation first," he replied.

Yang Jian drove with his gaze alternating between the left and right.

He was patrolling the city for abnormalities.

This was also one of the responsibilities of being in charge; he would normally drive leisurely through various parts of the city, looking for potential supernatural events.

Yang Jian needed to re-familiarize himself and investigate once again.

He had planned a route beforehand and was secretly using Ghost Vision to assess the nearby buildings.

As long as he didn't layer Ghost Vision to a dangerous degree, Yang Jian didn't have to worry about the risk of fierce ghosts reviving. He was usually cautious and didn't want to expend too much ability.

"Isn't that really boring?" Jiang Yan propped her head up, looking listless.

"The work of President Yang is very important; we better not disturb him," remarked Zhang Liqin from the back seat, with a slight smile. Her complexion was rosy, and she leaned lazily against the car door, looking mature and charming. Her eyes remained fixed on Yang Jian, and it was unclear what she was thinking.

"I'm just venting, Yang Jian. You wouldn't be mad at me, right? After all, I'm so cute," giggled Jiang Yan, with a hint of coquettishness in her tone.

Yang Jian ignored the two women, his attention on the buildings near the road.

Ghost Vision could peer into places with abnormalities, so if there were supernatural events, there was a high probability he would discover them.

Of course, he could also cover the entire city with Ghost Domain.

However, Yang Jian considered this to be an extravagant approach. It didn't make sense to use Ghost Domain every time he patrolled since supernatural events were not a frequent occurrence; they tended to pop up only occasionally.

"Other than the city being quieter than before, there doesn't seem to be any problem," he concluded.

Yang Jian quickly made his round, confirmed the situation, and then drove back to Shangtong Tower in the city center.

"Let's go, off to work," he said.

After getting out of the car, Jiang Yan stretched and raised her hands in excitement, as if surveying her own territory.

Yang Jian remained silent and simply strode into the company.

Perhaps starting from today, he would need to get used to the routine of regular office hours.

Shangtong Tower had a total of forty-five floors, which was significantly shorter than Ping'an Tower that belonged to his friend circle, since there was still a gap between cities. Yang Jian's exclusive office was on the top floor, the forty-fifth.

Yang Jian took the elevator to his office.

Although the office was empty and no one else was there, it was very clean.

"I didn't pay much attention when I came a few days ago, but now I realize that the office seems to have been renovated," Yang Jian remarked as he looked around.

Jiang Yan said, "I didn't like the previous style, so I changed it. Do you like it? If not, we can renovate it again."

"No need, it's fine as is," he replied.

Yang Jian stood in front of the transparent floor-to-ceiling window, his gaze looking towards the horizon, as if surveying the entire city.

Zhang Liqin approached and said, "President Yang, you probably haven't had breakfast this morning. The company cafeteria breakfast is not bad. Would you like something to eat?"

She quickly transitioned into work mode. Being in the secretary position, she believed her work still needed to be done well.

"Just bring something casual, and also get something for Jiang Yan," Yang Jian said without turning around.

"Alright," Zhang Liqin nodded and then left.

However, just as she walked out the door, she saw a familiar middle-aged man hurrying towards the office.

Zang Hua?

Zhang Liqin simply nodded slightly in acknowledgment without asking further questions.

Zang Hua's identity was special; he wasn't a company employee. He was responsible for special cases, and all his actions were confidential. It was not appropriate to inquire recklessly about his affairs.

Clearly, he was informed that Yang Jian had arrived at the company and had something to report.

"Captain Yang... are you adapting well to your first day at work? Zhang Han can finally relax; he has complained quite a bit," Zang Hua entered and saw Jiang Yan playing with her phone on the sofa, then he said with a smile.

"Zang Hua?"

Yang Jian turned around to face him, "What's up, has something happened in Dachang City?"

Zang Hua glanced at Jiang Yan, hesitating as it seemed inappropriate to discuss the matter in the presence of an outsider.

"No matter, go ahead," Yang Jian said casually.

"So far, only Captain Level people are aware of the situation, and I also received the notice at dawn," Zang Hua said in a hushed tone.

"Take a seat," Yang Jian gestured and then sat in his office chair, "Jiang Yan, please close the office door."

"No problem," Jiang Yan immediately ran over to shut the door.

Yang Jian laughed, "Since it's something only Captain Level people are privy to, I guess there's no real need to inform me."

"You are jesting, Captain Yang. You are also Captain Level, and how could we not notify you of such important matters," Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

From Zang Hua's words, it seemed that he was not yet aware of the current state of Yang Jian's relationship with headquarters. At the moment, Yang Jian was on indefinite leave. Being a captain was in name only now, his authority had been frozen, and in reality, he only retained the authority of being the person in charge of Dachang City.

"Let's hear it, what's the important news?" Yang Jian said, aware that headquarters was trying to curry favor.

Zang Hua pondered for a moment and said, "The operation against the 'Ghost Face' was officially declared a failure last night."

"As expected," Yang Jian nodded and replied.

A chill went through Zang Hua's heart, as he had not expected Yang Jian to have anticipated such an outcome in advance.

"How many people died?" Yang Jian asked again.

"It has been confirmed that one of the person in charge, Chen Yi, is dead. The captain, Leuk San, is suspected to be dead. Xiong Wenwen has been trapped inside a photograph and the operation leader Li Jun... is missing. The only survivor is a newcomer named Li Yang," Zang Hua recalled the details and reported them truthfully.

Such confidential matters were not conveyed through documents, only orally.

Yang Jian's expression darkened.

Jiang Yan, sitting on the couch beside him, also put down her phone, her eyes widening with a sense of unease.

She had heard a name with which she was rather familiar, Li Jun.

After the Hungry Ghost incident ended, she had met the man—a very resolute and upright person. She hadn't expected that in just a few months, he would mysteriously disappear, and the probability of death in such disappearances was very high.

"What a terrible loss. Out of a team of five people, four have fallen, leaving only a newcomer alive. I think, had there not been a need to leave someone alive to relay information, Li Yang would probably have died as well," Yang Jian said with a calm gaze and a light sigh.

He knew each of them and had dealt with them before.

Now, hearing the news of their deaths, he couldn't help feeling melancholy.

"However, Leuk San is quite special. Who knows whether the one dead inside is just another paper effigy, and the real him is somewhere no one has seen. The chances of him being alive are quite high."

Yang Jian began analyzing carefully. "Xiong Wenwen has the Premonition Ability, allowing him to know everything that will happen within the next ten minutes, and as his recovery progresses, the duration of his premonitions grows even longer."

"That's why I'm quite suspicious whether Xiong Wenwen really lost control and got trapped in the photo using the Ghost Camera, or if he did it deliberately."

"After all, he could likely have foreseen whether using the Ghost Camera would lead to a loss of control or not."

Zang Hua expressed his astonishment, "Is that possible?"

"You're underestimating the lad. After all, he can predict the movements of ghosts, meaning if Xiong Wenwen deliberately got himself trapped in the photo, then the situation at that time must have been extremely dangerous, with no survival path found even with his foresight. Maybe for Xiong Wenwen, the last way out was to be locked inside the photo," Yang Jian explained, his eyes flickering.

"That is to say, there's still a possibility of rescuing Xiong Wenwen."

"I will report this immediately," Zang Hua said quickly, as he picked up a pen and noted down Yang Jian's words.

"It's good to consider the possibility, but we need to know the method too. Has there been a successful case of releasing someone trapped in a photo before?" Yang Jian asked, shaking his head slightly.

Zang Hua declared, "Regardless, this is an important attempt."

Indeed.

If people trapped in photos could be released, then it would greatly reduce the risks associated with using the Ghost Camera.

"After the first operation failed, when will headquarters conduct the next operation? They should have collected enough intelligence by now. After all, there's bound to be some useful information after confronting ghosts head-on, and it's evident that the selection of people for this team was not just to apprehend 'Ghost Face,' but it looked more like an intelligence-gathering operation," Yang Jian stated.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't received any messages regarding this matter yet," Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian mentioned, "Keeping it confidential? No worries, I'm not particularly interested in this matter. I hope they can successfully handle the 'Ghost Face' incident."

It seemed that headquarters didn't plan to disclose information about their second operation, and probably Zang Hua wasn't informed either.

"There are things I shouldn't ask, but I can't help but wonder. Since Captain Yang had already predicted the failure of this operation, why didn't headquarters take his advice?" Zang Hua curiously asked.

If it had been Yang Jian in charge, perhaps the outcome wouldn't have been so dire.

Yang Jian smiled, "Can I make decisions for the headquarters? And just because I think an operation will fail doesn't mean they'll abandon it. Cao Yanhua wants to resolve the 'Ghost Face' incident within three days. Under these circumstances, they are bound to take certain risks, so casualties in the first operation were inevitable and unavoidable."

In his heart, he still hoped that Li Jun and the others would succeed, especially since he had arranged for Li Yang to go to headquarters before he left.

Meaning that he had also sent some intelligence about 'Ghost Face' their way.

Alas, 'Ghost Face' remained unresolved.

Had the true terror of 'Ghost Face' erupted at the last moment?

Yang Jian could only speculate, just as with the Hungry Ghost incident; he realized that the Hungry Ghost could restart only at the very end.

Likewise, 'Ghost Face' surely had terrifying aspects unknown to people, and these fearsome traits wouldn't reveal themselves without direct confrontation and engagement.

This was also why many ghost manipulators were reluctant to deal with paranormal events.

There were too many uncertainties.

A paranormal event might appear easily manageable on the surface, but in reality, it could be an Unsolvable Level existence where anyone who approaches it dies.

"President Yang, it's time for breakfast."

Just then, the door opened, and Zhang Liqin pushed in a cart loaded with various exquisite foods. Not only did it carry local breakfast specialties, but also dishes from other regions, reflecting the good management of the company.

"Zang Hua, join me for breakfast," Yang Jian invited.

"Let's put work aside for now. Life must go on," he continued.

"Then I won't be polite," Zang Hua replied with a smile.

At that moment, Zhang Liqin added, "Oh yes, President Yang, I received a call from the front desk earlier. Someone downstairs has a gift for you and insists that you personally receive it, claiming it's something you'll definitely be pleased with."

Yang Jian frowned.

He had just arrived in Dachang City and already someone was sending gifts to him?

Was someone trying to ingratiate themselves with him?

This wasn't conceit; Yang Jian now had the capital to be courted, after all, he was quite a figure in the Supernatural Circle.

"Captain Yang, I'll have my colleague check on the situation immediately," Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian nodded in agreement with his precaution, as it was a matter of safety; one couldn't be certain whether the person really came to give a gift or was seizing the opportunity to cause trouble.

Zang Hua immediately picked up the walkie-talkie and informed his colleagues downstairs.

Chapter 677 Bizarre Porcelain

"Captain Zang, the situation here has been confirmed..."

In the lobby of the first floor of Shangtong Tower, a staff member was reporting the situation through a walkie-talkie.

Several special operatives in suits waited nearby, surrounding a safe that seemingly contained something particularly valuable.

After communicating with Zang Hua, the staff member received confirmation.

"You may go up, but this private encounter is your own initiative--we take no responsibility for any consequences," the staff member said with utmost seriousness.

"Thank you for your trouble, much appreciated," the leader replied, bowing deeply.

The top floor of the building.

Zang Hua put down the walkie-talkie; "Yang Jian, the identities of the people downstairs have been confirmed."

"Who are they?" Yang Jian asked while eating his breakfast.

"They are staff from the Ghost Exorcist Headquarters in Japan. The team is led by someone named Wang Xin," Zang Hua explained. "I've met him before on a job; he's quite a unique individual."

Wang Xin?

Yang Jian thought of a man he had dealt with before, someone named Wang Ye.

The names were almost alike. This must be a pseudonym he took for convenience while operating here, of course, with the added benefit of keeping things confidential.

"Have you had interactions with staff from other headquarters before?" Zang Hua inquired.

"Not much interaction, just a brief meeting," replied Yang Jian.

Zang Hua said, "In Japan, their headquarters is also known as the Exorcism Club. Though the name is different, the nature is the same. They haven't implemented a captain plan and still divide responsibilities by person in charge. They've also had an S-class supernatural event that remains unsolved."

"I heard they suffered significant losses, losing more than one team. Their coming here with gifts might not be without an intention of asking for your help, so please consider it carefully. If necessary, you can refuse to meet with them."

"I've read the Ghost Temple incident file; information revealed is scant, and the danger level is high. I have no intention of getting involved in such a supernatural event, especially not to help others."

Yang Jian continued, "I agreed to meet them merely to dispel their hopes, to prevent them from targeting me in the future."

Zang Hua nodded, seeing the reason in his words.

It was a common issue for headquarters from different countries to try and recruit ghost exorcists from each other. It was an open secret that none tried to prevent, an unspoken endorsement.

After all, powerful countries had the advantage in this area, able to offer better terms, naturally they wouldn't forbid it.

"President Yang, do you need me and Jiang Yan to step out for a bit?" Zhang Liqin approached and whispered.

Yang Jian gestured slightly: "Go to the safety room next door for a while. Wait for my call before coming out. The upcoming matter is likely to be tedious and doesn't concern you; it's best not to show your faces."

"Don't worry, we'll make sure to keep out of sight," Jiang Yan said repeatedly, pulling Zhang Liqin into the adjoining safety room.

This safety room was left by the previous CEO of the company, now seemingly a lucky find for Yang Jian.

Not long after.

A team of strangers in black suits appeared on this floor.

The leader was a man in his forties, not tall and somewhat skinny, with a shiny bald head and deep wrinkles on his face that initially conveyed an air of authority and fierceness. However, upon reaching the entrance of Yang Jian's office, this man immediately assumed a warm and excited demeanor, his face breaking into a smile.

"This must be the esteemed Yang Jian, known as Ghost Eye. Hello, it's a great honor to meet you today, Captain Yang."

Upon entering, Wang Xin bowed deeply.

Not just him, but the seven or eight subordinates in suits behind him also bowed in unison.

Their orderly manners conveyed a sense of high regard, overwhelming for someone from the lower ranks of society, easily satisfying a great vanity.

Yang Jian sat on the sofa, sipping soy milk from his coffee cup through a straw, and raised his eyelids slightly, "Recently, I killed a man named Wang Ye. Do you know him?"

A stiff smile froze on Wang Xin's face.

He naturally knew about it. Commander Wang Ye was a wise man in their organization, someone he himself admired. He was incredulous when he received the news of Wang Ye's death days ago. It was only later that he realized Wang Ye had been killed by a ghost exorcist with the code name Ghost Eye.

"Wang Ye was the leader of the second group in our club. He must have offended you in some way, and I hope that Captain Yang will not let his personal mistake give you the wrong impression of us. We came today with great sincerity to pay you a visit, and also to apologize for the incident involving Wang Ye," Wang Xin said.

Yang Jian replied, "You waited in Dachang City, hoping for my return to apologize for a dead man? That sort of thing might fool a three-year-old child. I don't have a good impression of your country—certain endearing females exempted. So it's best if you keep it brief."

"I wouldn't want accidents to happen here, leading to a few more deaths. After all, too many deaths can easily attract ghosts."

He lowered his head and continued sipping his soy milk.

Upon hearing this, Wang Xin tensely stiffened up, a cold sweat forming on his forehead.

To tell the truth, dealing with an exorcist of such caliber was extremely risky, exacerbated by the unfavorable impression left by Wang Ye.

"I would never dare deceive Captain Yang; I really am here to apologize. The item in this box is meant as an apology gift, and I hope Captain Yang would accept it." Wang Xin did not dare to continue with flattering words for fear of provoking the opposite reaction; he gestured to his subordinate.

Immediately.

A safe was placed on the coffee table.

"We've checked it before; there are no explosives, nor does it contain any metal. We confirmed there's no danger," said Zang Hua in a suppressed voice from the side.

The security at Shangtong Tower was staffed entirely by special personnel. What looked like an ordinary building was actually very high-security. Even several nearby office buildings were host to their action teams, ready to deploy at any moment in coordination with Yang Jian to deal with all sorts of bizarre cases.

Yang Jian put down his coffee cup, "Open it up and let's have a look."

"Then I will be so bold." Wang Xin bowed again, then pulled out a mobile phone and made a call.

Yang Jian couldn't make out what was being said on the phone, but it was probably some sort of code. Soon after Wang Xin hung up, he entered the newly received password onto the safe, and then opened the box.

"It really is quite secure," he shook his head slightly.

Keeping the item and password separate means that even if the item is lost, it cannot be opened. But this only prevents ordinary people; for a Ghost Slave-handler, this object amounts to a freebie, devoid of any protective value.

"Captain Yang, please take a look."

Wang Xin turned the box around, revealing its contents to Yang Jian.

In it was a piece of porcelain.

The porcelain bore an odd color—black and red intermingled, creating a dark and strange appearance. Moreover, the shape of the porcelain was peculiar: it depicted a person with an open mouth, reaching towards the sky, a sinister and agonizing expression on its face, as if it was begging for help or under immense torture and unable to escape.

"A piece of porcelain?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered as the ghost eye on his forehead slowly opened.

A vision covered in red appeared in his mind.

The ghost eye spied on the porcelain.

The view through the ghost eye differed from that of ordinary people. Yang Jian could filter out certain see-through objects, like walls, coffee tables, floors, but there were things that couldn't be filtered out, like gold and fierce ghosts.

Through the ghost eye, Yang Jian saw a cold, dark aura lingering around the porcelain, which formed a figure identical to that of the porcelain figure.

The peculiar little figure's eyes in the porcelain were moving, its eerie gaze locked onto Yang Jian, eyes locked with each other.

"It's not a ghost, but it's very odd... as if it captures a portion of a ghost's supernatural power and uses a special method to contain it, similar to a Ghost Slave but leaning more towards an artificial supernatural object," Yang Jian thought to himself, making his analyses and guesses.

"It's in the same category as Ghost Candles and substitute dolls, a product of the lab, presumably mass-producible but can only be used once."

"What is this thing?" Speculation aside, Yang Jian still needed to inquire.

"Captain Yang, you may call it 'Ghost Porcelain.'" Wang Xin said with a smile, "It is the greatest research achievement of our club to date. As of now, only a few Ghost Slave-handlers in our club possess it. It's an extremely precious item, worth at least a billion on the market."

Yang Jian's expression remained calm, "I don't doubt that this thing is really worth a billion. I want to know what specific use it has, given it's an artificially made supernatural object, it must have some particularity."

"Yes, Captain Yang, you've likely encountered similar items before. I won't beat around the bush here—it can help Ghost Slave-handlers resist ghost attacks and protect their lives," said Wang Xin.

"A protective artifact? Like Ghost Candles?" Yang Jian asked.

"It's quite different from Ghost Candles," Wang Xin responded.

Yang Jian said, "To be honest, I'm not very confident in this item, so the best method is to put it to the test. You have thirty seconds to prepare. Once the thirty seconds are up, I will immediately order a ghost to attack you, to see if this piece of porcelain in your hands can protect your life."

"If it can't, then I would ask you to die. If it succeeds, then I'll consider the gift accepted."

"What?" Wang Xin's eyes suddenly widened in surprise.

Yang Jian remained silent, but glanced at the time, "You have twenty seconds left."

"Such a precious item shouldn't be wasted on an ordinary person like me. Only someone of Captain Yang's caliber is worthy of using it," Wang Xin immediately said, his tone filled with panic.

"Ten seconds left," Yang Jian didn't respond, but behind him, a black headless figure had already stood up slowly.

As soon as the Headless Ghost Shadow appeared, even in broad daylight, the surrounding light dimmed at once, and at the same time, a chilling aura had begun to spread.

"He isn't joking; this man is serious."

Wang Xin was breaking out in a cold sweat. He felt that the person in front of him might be insane. They had been talking nicely before, but now he wanted to use Wang Xin's life to test the authenticity of the porcelain.

"My credentials, quickly, give me my credentials."

At that moment, without hesitation, but with a touch of terror, he shouted.

His subordinate hurriedly rummaged through the briefcase in hand, quickly finding a piece of Wang Xin's credentials. His name on that document was not Wang Xin but Hasegawa Nobu.

"Hurry up."

Wang Xin was immensely anxious and snatched the credentials from his subordinate as soon as he saw them.

"Time's up," Yang Jian's voice was cold. He had meant half a minute, and he wouldn't grant a second of leniency.

The Ghost Shadow moved.

It was as if a vicious ghost was in action, rapidly approaching Wang Xin.

The light around dimmed, and the dark shadow in front of him obscured his vision, the chilling breath seeped beneath his skin, making one shiver uncontrollably.

Wang Xin ignored the swiftly encroaching Ghost Shadow, grabbed the credentials, and immediately took the porcelain from the safe, then placed it on top of the credentials.

He seemed to breathe a sigh of relief as the process was completed.

"A medium?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

To function, supernatural items required a medium; they couldn't just work out of thin air. For example, the 'life-exchange doll' needed a drop of your blood on it before it could take your place in death. The Ghost Scissors required your photograph and name as a medium. Similarly, the Ghost Cleaver required the footprints or handprints of a living person to be triggered.

Wang Xin's behavior just now seemed to be fulfilling a condition, actively triggering the medium.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye saw it.

The credentials underneath the Ghost Porcelain were being infected by a strange energy at that moment, and they began to move slowly.

It was as if something was controlling the credentials.

In the end, Wang Xin's credentials unbelievably vanished from beneath the porcelain piece. Though the porcelain showed no openings, the credentials ended up inside in an inexplicable way, thoroughly permeated by the supernatural power sealed within.

Yang Jian observed, but the attack did not cease.

The Headless Ghost Shadow grasped Wang Xin's arm with a gentle tug.

Ghost Shadows could disassemble living humans' bodies and construct new ones, a terrifying type of malignant spirit. Even a light pull could effortlessly dislocate a living person's limb.

However, this assault by the Ghost Shadow proved ineffective.

Wang Xin's face turned pale, his arm seemed numb, yet it remained attached to his body, not violently torn off.

"Captain Yang, mind the extent of force; after all, he's from the overseas headquarters. Unjustly killing him here would be somewhat indefensible," Zang Hua, who was watching the scene, hurriedly cautioned.

It was acceptable to take action, but a reason was needed; otherwise, it would be hard to explain to the headquarters.

Yang Jian did not respond. At this moment, he was somewhat intrigued. Wang Xin, as an ordinary person, had managed to resist the attack of the Headless Ghost Shadow with the help of this supernatural item.

Although it was just a probing attack, it was still quite an achievement.

"Let's see where your limit is."

Without speaking, Yang Jian watched as the Headless Ghost Shadow began to invade Wang Xin's body.

Wang Xin's eyes widened in horror as he realized the parts of his body losing sensation were rapidly increasing, as if control of his body was being plundered by the malevolent spirit.

As the invasion intensified, Wang Xin's previously unresponsive arm started to show movement.

The dark, Ghost Shadow-covered arm began to twist and deform.

At the same time, the grotesque porcelain figurine on the table also began to change, with fine cracks starting to spread along one of its arms.

"Crack, crack."

Wang Xin's arm was twisted and broken, making the sound of snapping bone, while the arm of the porcelain figurine on the table also continued to crumble, the cracks widening.

Even though his arm was visibly contorted, Wang Xin felt no pain, just watching his limb deform and his body lose control.

"It can defend against a malevolent spirit's attack to a certain extent, that's indeed impressive." Yang Jian found this supernatural item somewhat surprising.

It was much more useful than a Ghost Candle.

Ghost Candles had to be kept in use ceaselessly, and would be consumed when ghosts were nearby. Although they held immense value, their rate of consumption was severe. There was a risk the Ghost Candle could be depleted prematurely during a critical moment. However, this item would only be consumed when attacked by a ghost and wouldn't change otherwise.

"Damn it, enough! Release the team leader immediately, or I'll not be polite to you," one of the subordinates, fiercely loyal, summoned great courage to stand up for Wang Xin who was being tormented, drawing his pistol on Yang Jian.

Without even glancing at him, Yang Jian's focus remained on observing the sinister porcelain figurine.

"Stand down. It's not your place to speak here. All of this is Captain Yang's test for me," Wang Xin could still speak, and he immediately rebuked his subordinate.

Though he feared dying there, he couldn't jeopardize the mission before his death.

His subordinate had acted impulsively, but this reprimand sobered him up, his face turning instantly pale. He quickly tucked the pistol away, no longer daring to draw it.

Yang Jian spoke at this moment, "Indeed, this is a fine item. It can completely withstand the attacks from my Ghost Shadow, no problem. An ordinary person holding this thing could easily survive an ordinary supernatural event, but what I want to know is, if this porcelain were to be damaged, would you also be harmed?"

Having said that, he picked up a fruit knife from the food cart and chopped at the arm of the porcelain figurine.

The porcelain figurine, already riddled with cracks at this point, immediately lost an arm when Yang Jian hacked off a piece.

And at the same time, Wang Xin's arm also shattered like the porcelain, breaking into pieces, but this shattering maintained a relative integrity under the influence of the Headless Ghost Shadow. If not for the Ghost Shadow, his arm would have completely vanished.

"My guess was very correct. If the porcelain is destroyed, the connected person also suffers corresponding damage. Rather than calling it a protective artifact for the ghost controller, it's more like an unusual curse," Yang Jian said. "But it can be used in certain dangerous situations, at least adding an extra layer of protection."

"The only thing I want to know is whether this kind of unusual protection is temporary or permanent?"

If it's permanent, that would be dangerous. From then on, one's life would be tied to this porcelain. Moreover, this porcelain isn't the real source. The real source should be a ghost, and that ghost should be under the control of the headquarters in Japan.

If it's temporary, then it's highly useful.

"All you need to do is remove the medium to break this state," Wang Xin said, enduring his fear and anxiety.

"Is that so?"

Yang Jian's eyes flickered. He took off his gloves and reached out with his hand.

The blackened Ghost Hand forcefully extracted Wang Xin's identification from inside the porcelain.

As the medium disappeared, the protective effect of the Ghost Porcelain also ceased.

The next moment, Wang Xin's arm was easily removed by the Ghost Shadow, as if disassembling a plastic figure.

"That's enough."

Yang Jian put on his gloves as the Ghost Shadow swiftly retracted.

Wang Xin's arm fell to the ground, shattered into several chunks of flesh, with no blood flowing out, just like broken porcelain.

"Without the Ghost Shadow to join them together, his arm can't be restored. Such an injury is permanent," Yang Jian confirmed yet another piece of information,

although the method was somewhat cruel.

He believed that using Wang Xin's arm to clarify all this information was well worth it.

Zang Hua saw this but offered no opinion; he merely wanted Yang Jian not to kill Wang Xin and the others here. As for such probes and harm, he wouldn't care, and nobody would make a fuss over the loss of an arm.

Because such a minor matter simply wasn't worth mentioning.

"Alright, I'll accept the item. I accept your apology. You can go now," Yang Jian stood up, stowing the damaged Ghost Porcelain away.

Though incomplete, it could still be used next time.

Only now did Wang Xin recover from the shadow of death. Hearing Yang Jian starting to send people away, he naturally did not want to leave just like that. Ignoring the distress of what just transpired, he

gritted his teeth and said, "There's a supernatural file I still hope Team Leader Yang would take a look at."

With that, he signaled with his hand.

Immediately, one of his subordinates took out a folder, hurriedly opened it, and placed it on the table.

"I only accept your apologies, and as for supernatural incidents, I'm not interested right now..." Yang Jian said with an indifferent expression.

But he hadn't finished speaking when his gaze sharpened upon seeing the photograph on the file's documents.

The file was written in Chinese, with the first page bearing an event code: Ghost Door Knocker.

The accompanying picture showed a terrifying old man in a long robe, his face marred with livor mortis, his eyes dim as if dead.

He recognized the photo; it was taken through a glass window, likely from a forum post he had seen before. He had thought that post had been deleted but didn't expect these materials to have been dug out.

This was the Ghost Door Knocker incident.

"Team Leader Yang has encountered this supernatural event before and successfully survived. I believe Team Leader Yang is not unfamiliar with it," Wang Xin said.

"Where is this ghost now?" Yang Jian asked directly.

He had previously thought about looking for the Door Knocking Ghost, but the timing was wrong, and he had his own issues, so he didn't dare to actively touch the subject, even knowing that the old man had some secrets in his pocket. After all, staying alive was most important.

"Kobe City," Wang Xin immediately replied.

Yang Jian smiled faintly, his smile cold, lacking any emotion, "So that ghost went to your place. No wonder you're so anxious. Last time, Wang Ye also said he wanted my help to take care of a supernatural incident of grade A. Now it seems it must be the Ghost Door Knocker incident."

"Couldn't the ghost controllers at your headquarters handle it? You actually had to go to great lengths to seek my help."

He didn't believe the Ghost Door Knocker incident could threaten them.

The only possibility was that the supernatural event had escalated... and the old man had become more terrifying than when he had first encountered him.

Chapter 678

If it had been any other supernatural event, Yang Jian wouldn't have been interested. Having finally returned to Dachang City, he planned to rest for a while and live a more peaceful life.

But the Ghost Door Knocker incident was different.

This supernatural event had always nagged at his mind.

It wasn't just because he had nearly died during the Ghost Door Knocker incident back at No. 7 Middle School, but through his investigations, he discovered that the old ghost in the incident was likely a vengeful spirit formed from the resurrection of a Republic of China Period ghost handler, carrying something that could uncover past secrets.

Yang Jian was curious and wanted to obtain this secret, so he paid more attention to it.

However, the Ghost Door Knocker incident had occurred quite some time ago, around half a year past; the fact that this supernatural event hadn't been resolved in all that time was very telling.

"I'm afraid the current Ghost Door Knocker incident is very close to an S-grade supernatural event now. The danger level might not be as high as the Hungry Ghost or Ghost Painting incidents, but it won't be far off," Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he analytically assessed the situation in his mind.

Wang Xin, who had lost an arm, didn't blame Yang Jian for his ruthless actions, as he didn't have the right to. After all, one needed to be prepared for the possibility of death when meeting such a person.

How could one dare to make the journey without the courage and determination to face death?

At this moment, Wang Xin suddenly stood up and then knelt before Yang Jian, his head knocking against the ground: "On behalf of our headquarters, I sincerely hope that Mr. Yang Jian will help with the Ghost Door Knocker incident. Even just a little bit of information support would suffice, please."

As he knelt, the seven or eight men in black suits behind him also knelt down, their heads pressed firmly to the ground, not daring to lift them.

Yang Jian sat on the sofa, his face calm as he watched these men kneel before him. He seemed unmoved, but his mind was contemplating and calculating.

Whether or not to get involved with the Ghost Door Knocker incident.

Of course, it wasn't about helping them, but rather, he would have to deal with the Ghost Door Knocker incident sooner or later. This time was just a suitable opportunity because he could fleece these people in the process, and most crucially, he was still within the protection period of the Ghost Cabinet.

Even though there were only two days left, a direct flight to Kobe City, Japan would only take a few hours.

In this era of global integration, distance was no longer an issue.

"You want to get important information about the Ghost Door Knocker incident from me?"

Yang Jian suddenly sneered; "You've done your preparation well, investigating me thoroughly, knowing that I was involved in the Ghost Door Knocker incident before. But I obtained that information at the risk of my life, why should I just hand it over to you for nothing?"

"Mr. Yang can name his price. As long as it's within our power, we will not refuse," said Wang Xin, still kneeling, as he tentatively raised his head and asked tightly.

Yang Jian touched the fruit knife in his hand he had yet to put down and pondered for a moment; "I'm not the type to make outrageous demands. After all, solving a supernatural event is good for the whole world. Who knows when that ghost thing might show up in our country again. How about this, add one more Ghost Porcelain, and I'll sell you the information regarding the Ghost Door Knocker incident."

"This, this condition is simply impossible for us to meet. We are willing to invest one and a half billion in your company, Mr. Yang. What do you think?" Wang Xin said.

He converted the supernatural asset into money and upped the ante as well.

Yang Jian's gaze turned icy: "Investing in my company, so does that mean I need to give you shares? Moreover, money is of little use to me now. You really like to push your luck, begging on your knees yet so assertive in negotiation, showing no sincerity at all, only thinking about your own advantage."

"I truly apologize, that wasn't my intention. I presumptuously assumed Mr. Yang's company, being newly established, might be in need of funds. As for the Ghost Porcelain, I simply don't have the authority, as the group leader, to make decisions concerning it. I truly can't meet your request regarding that. And I've never thought about the matter of shares," said Wang Xin in a panic, knocking his head against the ground once more.

"Captain Yang, he's testing you; don't be fooled by their act," Zang Hua whispered softly, his voice suppressed.

Yang Jian remained calm, "I know, they're observing my reaction, probably thinking I'm young and easy to trick. Every word is a ruse, but these little schemes can't stand the light of day. Just like Wang Ye, who played a little trick and ended up losing his life."

"Ordinary people are like this; they never understand to maintain enough awe towards someone like me. After all, they're not only dealing with people but ghosts too. Perhaps some have already disregarded their own lives, coming here with a determination to die but never considering that their death could affect many things and that it won't all just end with their demise."

He didn't keep his voice down, intentionally letting Wang Xin hear.

The kneeling Wang Xin stiffened, feeling immense unease.

"Let's end today's conversation here; I've seen your sincerity. I hope you can deal with the Ghost Door Knocker incident quickly. Now, you may go," Yang Jian said, not wasting any more words, and began to usher them out directly.

He also needed time to consider whether or not to get involved in this Ghost Door Knocker incident.

At the same time, it added some pressure on them.

If he seemed too eager, who knows what tricks these people might play.

"Captain Yang..." Wang Xin became anxious; he had come on a mission, and now that it had gone wrong, it would be difficult for him to explain himself upon returning.

Yang Jian interrupted him, "No more words; I don't want to continue talking to you today. If you don't leave, I don't mind throwing all of you out of the building. If you still wish to talk, remember to bring sincerity next time, not a mind full of schemes."

Having said that, his ghostly eye stared at them intently.

If Wang Xin and his group didn't leave, Yang Jian would indeed throw them all out.

You can't be too nice to these kinds of people.

"Yes, I'm very sorry for the disturbance today. I'll come to visit another day," Wang Xin said, his face looking a little embarrassed, as he slowly stood up and bowed deeply to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian waved his hand in impatience and said at the same time, "It seems that your subordinate doesn't listen very well. He seemed to draw a gun on me just now. I don't want to see this person next time."

"As you wish, Captain Yang," Wang Xin said through clenched teeth, turning back to glare fiercely at his subordinate.

Challenging authority is a grave disrespect.

Such rude behavior in an important situation is unforgivable, especially if it could jeopardize the whole operation.

"I take my leave, Captain Yang."

Wang Xin retreated to the door, bowed deeply once more, then closed the door and turned to leave.

Not long after exiting the building, Wang Xin came to a halt, his expression turning vicious as he spun around and slapped his subordinate hard.

"Smack."

The subordinate reeled, nearly toppling to the ground from the slap, but quickly steadied himself, head bowed, silent.

"You damned fool, drawing your gun in front of Yang Jian; do you want to get us all killed? His kind of being considers firearms mere toys. Have you forgotten what I've taught you before?" Wang Xin slapped him hard again.

The subordinate's mouth bled, his face swelling up, yet he still stood straight, head lowered, "I'm truly very sorry for causing trouble for the team leader."

Wang Xin turned around with a face full of anger and continued walking.

His subordinates hurriedly followed behind him.

But after not walking far, Wang Xin stopped once again, and the subordinates closely behind him immediately came to a halt as well.

"Yang Jian said he didn't want to see you again. When you get back, you should know what to do. Don't let me down again. I'll take care of your family," said Wang Xin with a grim expression.

"Yes... Yes," the subordinate trembled, replying with a pale face.

The others remained silent, not feeling anything amiss, simply taking it as due course. After all, this colleague had brought trouble to everyone, even indirectly leading to the failure of this negotiation, and made it necessary to increase the stakes for future interactions with Yang Jian.

"Bastard, bastard..."

Wang Xin could not help but curse as he left, his ferocious demeanor sharply contrasting with the humble, smiling face he had shown earlier in the building.

Meanwhile,

Yang Jian was thoughtfully looking at the Ghost Door Knocker case file left on the table.

Zang Hua noticed and reminded him, "Although I know, Captain Yang, that you nearly lost your life in this paranormal event, please don't get angry. Some matters require a cool head to consider. The actions of Wang Xin and his men had no other intention, but to simply find a solution to this paranormal event."

"And as the most authoritative person, you naturally would be visited. So, I suggest that you, Captain Yang, should reconsider and perhaps it wouldn't hurt to give them that intelligence file."

"As you mentioned before, if that paranormal event escapes their control and spreads to our country, especially during this sensitive period, that would be bad news," continued Zang Hua.

Zang Hua knew that headquarters was busy dealing with the Ghost Painting case, and the captain's plans were not going as smoothly as hoped. If another large-scale paranormal event were to arise domestically, it would certainly add insult to injury.

Therefore, he was suggesting to Yang Jian that he should assist Wang Xin while simultaneously alleviating the pressure here.

Zang Hua was confident that headquarters would agree with his approach, since some issues have to be considered from the bigger picture.

"You make sense, but these people may seem like they're asking for help, yet they're scheming inside. I have a very poor impression of them," said Yang Jian, "Of course, personal emotions can influence one's judgement, but I've always been clear-headed."

"Are you saying that you were intentionally difficult, Captain Yang?" asked Zang Hua seriously. "Why is that? The negotiation could have continued."

Yang Jian called out, "You can come out now. Zhang Liqin, help me clean up the dining cart."

"Is the meeting over?" Jiang Yan cautiously poked her head out, looking around.

Being in a safe house, she had no clue about the situation outside.

"We're still talking, but those people have left. There's nothing special going on now," Yang Jian said as he gestured to the table: "Take this safety box into the safe house."

"Alright," Jiang Yan replied with a giggle, and then she came over to take away the safety box containing Ghost Porcelain.

Zhang Liqin was busy cleaning the dishes and tidying up.

"By the way, Jiang Yan, how is your Japanese?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

Jiang Yan said with feigned confidence, "Not bad, I've been studying. What's up?"

"Say a few phrases for me to hear."

"Sugoi, idainiye, aimetsu...." Jiang Yan frowned in concentration and spoke seriously.

Yang Jian waved his hand dismissively, "Okay, that's enough. I can speak that much too, and you're a university student. Your level is not even as good as Zhang Wei's; he even knows how many floors to carry a bag of rice up to."

"Also, did you mess with Zhang Wei's computer again?"

"No, absolutely not, I swear," pledged Jiang Yan with a blush on her face, raising her hand to swear.

Zhang Liqin smiled on the side but did not reveal anything.

Zang Hua watched the two of them and stayed silent. He had already seen the full files on these two; both Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan had no issues in their backgrounds. Working here was just a personal stance of Yang Jian's - these were private matters he didn't want to interfere with, and he treated them politely on a regular basis.

"Captain Yang, let's continue the topic we were discussing," he suggested.

Yang Jian replied, "You don't need to worry so much. They will come looking for me again. Right now, they're probably more anxious than I am. Plus, can't I make a little extra on the side? I have a whole family to support."

"I didn't realize you already had a plan, Captain Yang. It seems I've said too much," said Zang Hua with a self-deprecating laugh.

It appeared that Yang Jian was more composed than expected and not so impulsive.

"However, we still need to pay attention to the Ghost Painting case. Keep an eye on it, Zang Hua. If the Ghost Painting issue isn't resolved, it's likely to move, and I definitely don't want that thing suddenly showing up in Dachang City," Yang Jian warned.

"I've always had colleagues on the lookout for any news, and they'll definitely notify you right away, Captain Yang," assured Zang Hua.

Yang Jian nodded, "That's good. Since there's nothing else, you can go ahead with your other tasks."

"Okay, I'll be in the office downstairs. If there's anything, Captain Yang can find me there. I'm always around, and if I'm not, a colleague will surely be on duty," said Zang Hua as he stood up and left.

After he left, Yang Jian picked up the Ghost Door Knocker file from the coffee table and carefully began to read.

He was looking to see if anything else had been updated in the file.

Quite soon,

he saw a photograph.

It was of a dark, lifeless town with an especially oppressive and eerie atmosphere.

This must be within the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost. However, the photo did not successfully capture the Door Knocking Ghost, only vaguely showing many small black dots in the sky.

Flipping to the other side,

those black dots, enlarged through computer technology, turned out to be heads of the dead with eyes shut and pale faces. Some were men, some women, some freshly deceased, and some blackened and decomposed—apparently not all killed at the same time.

"The Dead Man's Head balloon incident is indeed still part of the Ghost Door Knocker case," Yang Jian mused with a slight change in his expression: "Things are getting complicated, and from the looks of these photos, the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost... is quite large."

He continued to review the file, becoming more certain that his previous speculations were correct.

Chapter 679 The Corpse by the Pillow

At the top floor of Shangtong Tower.

Yang Jian habitually stood before the enormous floor-to-ceiling window of his office, overlooking the modern metropolis below. His eyes flickered as if he were pondering over something.

"If I calculate the time, I have two days left on my deal with the Ghost Cabinet. If I really plan to accept Wang Xin's request and handle the Ghost Door Knocker incident, I can act for no more than one day. That's my protective timeframe."

"There's enough time. If I engage with the supernatural event, results can be seen within an hour or two."

He was still hesitating, after all, such a decision carried great risks. There was a very real possibility that a trip abroad could end in death, never to return.

"President Yang, I've made you a cup of coffee." Zhang Liqin walked in with a coffee cup in hand; she didn't have much to do and was always looking for ways to show her worth, unwilling to seem useless.

Yang Jian slightly snapped back to reality: "What time is it now?"

"It's three in the afternoon," replied Zhang Liqin.

Yang Jian nodded, then turned and walked over to his desk to sit down. After taking a sip of coffee, he said, "Oh, that's right. I almost forgot. When I came to the office today, it seemed like I didn't see Zhang Wei. Where did he go?"

Zhang Wei?

"I'm not too sure about that; I haven't paid much attention to Zhang Wei." Zhang Liqin gently shook her head.

They were not acquainted, so it was normal for her not to pay attention.

Yang Jian thought for a moment, then took out his phone to dial Zhang Wei's number. However, the call didn't go through as the phone was turned off. He checked his live broadcast room and saw that the last broadcast was five days ago, meaning he hadn't been streaming recently.

"Go downstairs and ask Jiang Yan, and Wang Bin, where Zhang Wei has gone. I'll invite him out for dinner tonight."

Zhang Liqin nodded and said, "Okay, I will go ask them."

After a while, she came back, accompanied by a man in his forties. He was Zhang Wei's father, Zhang Xiang, a famous wealthy businessman in Dachang City.

"Uncle Zhang, what brings you here?" Yang Jian stood up, somewhat surprised.

Zhang Xiang appeared to be in poor spirits as he said, "I didn't know you had returned. Zhang Liqin went to Wang Bin earlier, and it was Wang Bin who informed me. I need your help with something about Zhang Wei. And you're the only one who can help with this matter. I didn't reach out to you before because I didn't know you were back."

"Is something wrong with Zhang Wei?" Yang Jian frowned.

"No serious problem. He's fine, just under someone's control," Zhang Xiang said with a grave face.

"Under someone's control?" Yang Jian felt bewildered.

Who would be interested in Zhang Wei nowadays?

"Did you file a police report?"

Zhang Xianggu shook his head slightly, "It's not very effective. There are too many missing persons these days. The police can't find much, and moreover, this matter is related to you."

"Related to me?" Yang Jian was puzzled.

"Do you remember a classmate named Sun Ren?" Zhang Xianggu asked.

"Sun Ren?"

Yang Jian recalled, "I have a vague memory of him. He was a high school classmate of Zhang Wei and me, in the same class. After the incident at school six months ago, only seven of us survived, and Sun Ren was one of them. However, we weren't very close, and we didn't interact much."

Back in school, classmates had their own cliques.

Wang Shanshan, Miao Xiaoshan, and the late Su Lei were part of the circle of goddesses with good study habits and beauty. He, Zhang Wei, and Zhao Lei were bona fide losers, while Sun Ren belonged to a different clique and didn't mingle with them.

"Zhang Wei went to meet with him a few days ago, and then he disappeared. All I can get are videos that show Zhang Wei is still alive," Zhang Xiang said as he took out a mobile phone. "Sun Ren said if you returned, I should use this phone to contact him. He has something to say to you. I think he wants to reach you through the connection with Zhang Wei. As for the reason, I'm not sure."

"But no matter what, I hope Zhang Wei can return safely. Yang Jian, I hope you can help out. I will agree to any conditions you set."

"There's no need for conditions. This matter is tied to some past issues, and it concerns me. I will take responsibility and see it resolved. Uncle Zhang, you can rest assured, Zhang Wei will definitely return safely in a few days," Yang Jian said.

He hadn't expected that not seeing Zhang Wei for a few days meant he had gone to meet up, and now, problems had arisen.

"I'll see if I can get in touch with that guy, Sun Ren," Yang Jian took the mobile phone from Zhang Xiang's hand. After turning it on, there was only one number stored in it.

He dialed the number.

Soon, the call was answered.

"President Zhang, I have made myself clear, unless Yang Jian comes to the phone, I won't say anything," a deep voice came through the phone, sounding nothing like Sun Ren of before.

Yang Jian spoke directly, "Sun Ren, it's me, Yang Jian. Where is Zhang Wei?"

"Yang Jian? Heh, it's really you. Getting in touch with you wasn't easy at all. Without pulling some strings, I wouldn't even have been able to enter your residential complex. Seems like you have been doing quite well. Zhang Wei is indeed with me, eating well, living well, just that his freedom is somewhat restricted," Sun Ren chuckled, but his emotions seemed a bit abnormal.

"Zhang Wei specifically went to find you to hang out, and this is how you treat your classmate? Do you even know what you're doing?" Yang Jian's voice turned cold.

Sun Ren replied, "Honestly, if I weren't driven to desperation, I wouldn't want to deal with you either. After all, you've been a ghost manipulator for half a year now. I have no idea how dangerous that is, so I had no choice but to bother Zhang Wei. Don't blame me, I need to take some risks to survive better."

"It looks like you've been through some things and know quite a bit, had I known you would turn out like this, you should have died back at school," Yang Jian said.

It seemed that not all of the classmates he had saved back then turned out normal, occasionally there would be one or two scumbags among them.

"It's too late for anything now, Yang Jian. I don't want to waste words with you. I can let Zhang Wei go, since he's not actually my target anyway, but I have a condition," Sun Ren stated.

"Speak," Yang Jian said, his expression calm.

Sun Ren said, "Heh, I need a ghost, a confined ghost."

Yang Jian frowned, as expected, this guy was starting to get involved in the supernatural circle, not targeting Zhang Wei for money, but using Zhang Wei to get to him. It seemed that the Ghost Door Knocker incident had a big impact on him, otherwise, he wouldn't have become interested in supernatural events.

That thing can be terrifying and deadly.

"Does this guy want to become a ghost manipulator on his own initiative? Or has he already become one..."

"You're playing with fire, Sun Ren. You should stop now while you still can, in consideration of our classmateship. That thing is not something you can touch," Yang Jian said gravely.

Sun Ren's voice continued to resound through the phone; "What I want to do is none of your business. Just give me a straight answer. Either agree to my terms, or get ready to collect Zhang Wei's corpse. I'm already down on my luck, so it doesn't matter to me anymore."

"You have indeed changed a lot," Yang Jian discerned madness in Sun Ren's voice.

The guy had gone to an extreme, becoming indifferent to his own life or death, which showed he must have been through a great deal of shock.

"People change, don't they? You're no exception," said Sun Ren.

Yang Jian said in a deep voice, "Fine, I agree to your term, a ghost, right? I'll give you one, but I want to video chat with Zhang Wei."

"You're as straightforward as ever, no problem. Give me a few minutes," Sun Ren said and then hung up the phone.

Yang Jian looked at the disconnected phone and then turned to say, "Uncle Zhang, go to the safe house. There are two golden chests inside, bring one over, and be careful not to break it. It contains an unknown ghost, and also, don't mess with anything inside, it's very dangerous."

"Okay, I'll take care of it right away," Zhang Xiang took a deep breath and immediately turned to leave.

"Go and tell Zhang Hua to come over, tell him there's work to be done," Yang Jian continued.

Zhang Liqin nodded her head and immediately left the office as well.

An old, rented room in a small city.

Zhang Wei was locked in a small room with its iron door welded shut and windows sealed. The only thing above his head was a dim, yellowing light bulb, casting a hazy glow.

"Zhang Wei, you'll almost be free. I just got in touch with Yang Jian, he has agreed to my demands. Heh, Yang Jian is really a good friend; it was right to catch you after all."

At that moment, a haggard-looking young man with an unpleasant face came over with a mobile phone in hand.

Sun Ren patted the iron door and said, "I told you your Gun Trembling Technique was fake, fake, and you're still practicing it? Come over quickly, Yang Jian wants to video chat with you."

In the room, Zhang Wei stood there, calm and collected, twisting into strange poses.

Upon hearing this, Zhang Wei immediately stopped his movements, kept his mouth shut, and wordlessly walked over.

Sun Ren said, "Just wait a moment, I'll get in touch with him..."

But before he could finish, Zhang Wei suddenly leaned forward and spat at Sun Ren's face, a thick gob of phlegm hitting him squarely, then immediately flipped him the middle finger: "Damn you, Sun Ren, daring to deceive me; I'll spit you to death with my phlegm."

Sun Ren wiped his face, feeling as if a bucket of water had been poured on him, "Where'd you get all that saliva from?"

"Saved it up for half an hour, just for this moment," Zhang Wei said with a cold laugh.

"You really are very patient."

Sun Ren stared at him intently, then connected the video call and pointed the camera at his face, "You have a maximum of two minutes to talk."

As the video connected, Yang Jian's image came through.

"Yo, Brother Tui, had your meal?" Zhang Wei immediately greeted him.

Yang Jian said, "How did you fall into Sun Ren's hands? Where's your tool? Why didn't you just shoot this guy?"

"Don't even mention it, I fell for this bastard's trick."

Zhang Wei cursed, "He invited me to dinner, drugged my drink, and by the time I woke up it was like this. I still don't know what's going on, and my ass still hurts."

"That's probably the outcome of meeting up in person, I guess."

Yang Jian said, "I just had a talk with Sun Ren, and he will let you go. Your dad is waiting at home for you. Don't run around for no reason in the future. If you want to meet with someone, have them come to Dachang City. This is my turf, what I say goes. I can't control what happens elsewhere."

"Makes sense. Poor my female fans, haven't been live streaming for several days now. They must have thrown themselves into someone else's arms by now. There was even an actress who tipped me last time. I'll arrange to meet her in Dachang City next time," Zhang Wei lamented, with no realization that he was in captivity.

"Oh right, I left a gift for you in the computer room, inside your computer. Be careful not to let Jiang Yan find it. She often goes through your computer," Zhang Wei added with a wicked chuckle.

"..." Yang Jian didn't know what to say.

"There aren't many people as remarkable as you these days."

"Enough, are you two chatting here?" Sun Ren immediately took the phone away, then looked at Yang Jian, "That's it. I'll send the address, and after you deliver the item, I'll come to pick it up. Don't pull any stunts, or else I'll kill Zhang Wei."

"Don't worry, I won't play games. I'm too busy on my end to waste time on you. Consider the captive ghost a gift from me. But next time we meet, you better be careful," Yang Jian said calmly.

Sun Ren smiled, "We'll talk about that when we meet next."

After saying that, he hung up the video call.

"That's pretty much the situation, Zang Hua. Arrange for someone on your end to help me take a trip," Yang Jian said, expressionless as he put down the phone.

Zang Hua, who hadn't been there long, pondered, "No problem, I'll head back right away to pull up Sun Ren's files, then track his location. I can get it done within a day."

"No need. Complete the transaction with him first, and once you've confirmed Zhang Wei's safe return, then issue a wanted order. Once you find Sun Ren's people, kill them immediately. Don't try to capture them. He's involved in supernatural events and is a dangerous person, not a simple offender anymore," Yang Jian looked at him and said.

"You understand what I mean, right?"

"Okay, I know what to do," Zang Hua said, having no objections to Yang Jian's arrangements.

Involvement in such matters indeed required serious attention.

"Good, go check out this Sun Ren. I'm leaving the matter in your hands. As for the item, President Zhang will deliver it shortly. I hope to hear news of Sun Ren's death in a few days," Yang Jian said.

Zang Hua nodded gravely.

This was his first assignment. If he didn't handle it well, it would be tough for him to stay in the company.

In a certain small city.

After much deliberation, Sun Ren quickly sent an address over. Although he knew that it might lead to retaliation from Yang Jian, he couldn't worry about that now.

Having done all this, he turned off his phone and threw it away, then tiredly threw himself onto the bed.

He was undergoing a terrifying torment. Sun Ren had tried to enter the supernatural circle to find a solution, but since he wasn't a ghost master, no one cared, and he never managed to contact those truly inside the circle.

He had thought about asking Yang Jian for help.

But he nearly lost his life there... After that, he had a change of heart.

People still have to rely on themselves.

Sun Ren slightly raised his hand. Several fingers were missing from his hand, as if something had bit them off alive.

As he was lost in his wild thoughts, he began to drift off to sleep, drowsy and half-conscious.

However, just as he was about to fall asleep, the door to his room eerily opened on its own without any wind, with a creaking sound.

A ghastly pale figure seemed to walk in from outside the door.

It was a cold, pale corpse, and judging from its physique, it appeared to be the body of a woman. The corpse seemed to appear out of thin air, with no warning at all.

The female corpse came to the side of Sun Ren's bed, then collapsed heavily next to him, her frigid, stiff arm landing on Sun Ren's body.

Sun Ren felt like he was suffocating, overwhelmed by a chilling cold. He could even feel the dead person's hair tangled between his fingers, the sensation was crystal clear.

Suddenly,

he opened his eyes, sitting up in a fright from his bed.

There was only him in the brightly lit room, nothing pressing down on him, no hazy pale corpse, no hair entwined around his hand—everything seemed like it had been a nightmare.

But then, Sun Ren glanced at the previously locked door, and his heart turned cold.

All five or six door locks were broken, and the door was ajar, as if something had just walked into his room.

The female corpse was not a nightmare.

"Damn it, it's happening again, it's getting closer to me... Just now, I clearly felt that hand pressing on my body, before it was just standing at the head of my bed," Sun Ren's palms trembled as he recalled the terrifying incident from before.

It was during one of his sleeps when he vaguely opened his eyes and saw a ghastly pale female corpse standing at the head of his bed, staring at him eerily, a sight that had left him completely horrified.

But in the next blink, the female corpse vanished.

He suspected it was a hallucination, but the nightmare persisted. In order to prove that his experiences weren't dreams, he even installed cameras.

The result was despairing. His camera hadn't captured any ghosts, but it did record his room door being opened on its own at certain times, as if at that moment the ghost had already walked into his room, just invisible.

After watching the video, Sun Ren understood that he was being watched by a ghost.

It was like the incident he had experienced back in No. 7 Middle School, except this time it was a different ghost, no longer an old man but a female corpse.

Since then, he dared not sleep anymore, because every time he woke up, the female corpse would come.

Getting closer each time.

This time it had already appeared next to his pillow... If this continued, Sun Ren felt certain he would be doomed.

Becoming a ghost controller and driving that ghost away was the only way for Sun Ren to survive.

He dared not sleep any longer.

Sun Ren hastily got up and went to the bathroom to wash his face, to calm himself down,

"Sun Ren, did you have another nightmare? Tell me, was the female corpse pretty? Did she have a good figure? If you don't want her, let me have her. I can handle it," Zhang Wei immediately asked as Sun Ren passed by another room.

In the few days he had been locked up, Sun Ren had somewhat relaxed around Zhang Wei and roughly explained his situation,

"Shut up, Zhang Wei."

Sun Ren, just awakened in fright, was in a terrible mood and ignored Zhang Wei as he left on his own.

"I can handle it, I really can..." Zhang Wei continued to shout.

Sun Ren felt this mockery from Zhang Wei was deadly, stirring in him an urge to kill.

"I almost forgot just now, I should talk to Brother Tui about this. Maybe he's interested," Zhang Wei began to ponder.

"Wait, Sun Ren, don't go. I just thought of something. According to Brother Tui's rules, we've got to give code names to paranormal incidents. I've just come up with one for you, let's call it 'Sleep Paralysis.' How about that? I'm really envious of you, always encountering female ghosts instead of some monsters like what Brother Tui and I get."

Chapter 680 Contact

"Yang Jian, is this the thing?"

It was probably past four in the afternoon when Zhang Xianggu came into Yang Jian's office, panting and carrying a heavy golden case.

Yang Jian walked over, glanced at it, and nodded, "That's it, Uncle Zhang. Later, you can go downstairs and look for Zang Hua. I've arranged everything, and he'll take care of it all the way through. As for Sun Ren, who abducted Zhang Wei, I've already ordered Zang Hua to issue a warrant for his arrest as soon as Zhang Wei is safe."

"If there's a chance, take out that Sun Ren. Also, don't let Zhang Wei wander off alone next time. Things are different now; there are too many lunatics out there these days."

"A normal person would go crazy after encountering such an incident."

"I understand, I owe you a lot this time. If not for your help, I really wouldn't know what to do," Zhang Xiang expressed his genuine gratitude.

Who would have thought that Ah Wei's classmate from back then had become a big shot in Dachang City, whose every move could impact the life and death of many people.

Ah Wei meeting this classmate was the luckiest thing in his life.

Yang Jian said, "It's just a small matter, and besides, this does indeed concern me. I couldn't just stand by. Besides, Uncle Zhang, you don't need to be too nervous. Sun Ren still has some sense, and Zhang Wei knows him too. His safety can be assured, as you also saw in the video call just before."

"Zhang Wei looked fine, not at all like he has been mistreated."

Zhang Xiang nodded, feeling much relieved after hearing this.

"It's ultimately because he's too trusting of others. Otherwise, with a weapon on him, most people wouldn't dare to mess with Ah Wei," he sighed.

During the time Yang Jian was away from Dachang City, Zhang Wei often practiced with firearms and showed a real talent for them. He had taken a weapon with him when he went out this time, and could have escaped unscathed even if he had encountered a dozen bandits, instead of getting inexplicably captured.

Yang Jian said, "Zhang Wei does have the ability to protect himself, it's just that society is complex and people are unpredictable. This experience will be good for him; he will learn from it and gain more experience in the future."

"Yes, next time I definitely won't let him leave Dachang City," agreed Zhang Xiang, finding this reasonable.

"By the way, you haven't had dinner yet, have you? How about I treat you to a meal later? I know a hotel with really good food."

Yang Jian didn't refuse but nodded his agreement, "That's fine, Uncle Zhang can give me the address later, and I will definitely be there."

"That's settled then."

Zhang Xiang seemed a bit cheerful, "I'll go find Captain Zang now. See you later, don't stand me up."

Yang Jian smiled and then saw him out of the office.

Some social obligations he could refuse, others he could not. If he had declined Zhang Xiang's invitation this time, it might have seemed disrespectful, especially since Zhang Xiang was an elder, and proper respect was due.

At five o'clock, when it was time to leave work, Yang Jian received a message from Zhang Xiang.

Yang Jian went to the dinner appointment with Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin.

After the banquet, they returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex around ten in the evening.

The car stopped at the front gate.

"If you can't drink, don't. Competing with Zhang Wei's dad in drinking? That's just asking for trouble. His family's red wine and spirits are measured by the cellar."

Yang Jian got out of the car, walked around to the passenger side, opened the door, and hefted the thoroughly inebriated Jiang Yan onto his shoulder before heading inside.

"Jiang Yan did this for you, after all. President Zhang was so enthusiastic, and seeing as you can't drink, it was natural for us to step in," Zhang Liqin said as she stepped out of the car, her face red and her steps unsteady from intoxication.

"But I'm also a bit curious. A man like you, attending such social functions, you shouldn't be interested in these kinds of banquets, right?" she said, approaching Yang Jian with a laugh, linking arms with him while her eyes roamed over him.

Yang Jian didn't reply but paused to look toward the house, "Someone's in the house."

"Could it be your mother has returned?" asked Zhang Liqin, surprised.

"No," Yang Jian pushed the door open and stepped into the hall.

The lights were on in the hall, shining brightly.

Zhang Han was sitting on the sofa, seemingly waiting for Yang Jian's arrival.

"Your front door was unlocked, and the daytime investigation brought back results, so I thought I'd just wait for you here. I hope you don't mind," he said somewhat apologetically.

"It's no trouble, but you should have called me in advance, otherwise you've waited for nothing," Yang Jian said, and then he set the drunken Jiang Yan down.

"I'll take her to the room to rest first," Zhang Liqin said, as she helped Jiang Yan away.

Yang Jian sat down and asked, "What exactly is the situation?"

Zhang Han handed over a file, "The person who broke into the complex yesterday is called Guo Tao. We found him through the facial recognition system. He's not a local from Dachang City, but from another province. This is his home address and family information. There are no issues with the other family members, but there is something wrong with Guo Tao."

"Half a year ago, Guo Tao mysteriously disappeared for a while. His parents filed a police report. Strangely, ten days after the report, Guo Tao reappeared on his own, and even went to close the case himself. They kept the records there, and I asked Captain Zang to get that record this afternoon. What you're holding is a copy."

"His testimony is very odd. Guo Tao refuses to mention anything that happened during the time he disappeared, only saying that he was out delivering letters. Whether that's true or not... Moreover, Captain Zang also found Guo Tao's whereabouts for the past six months."

"You see, it's bizarre, isn't it? Half a year ago, without any warning, Guo Tao quit his job and then began to appear sporadically in various places across the country, even traveling abroad a few times."

"It wasn't for tourism or shopping, and nobody knows what he was doing. This is just his travel information. Since he wasn't a key person of interest, there was no detailed investigation."

As Yang Jian flipped through the file, he said, "Not bad, the investigation is thorough. Indeed, in this world of information, just knowing a person's name can unearth anything. But where is this person now?"

"He's disappeared,"

Zhang Han said with a slight nod, "The last time he showed up was in Dahan City, and from his travel pattern, we can deduce that Guo Tao always returns to Dahan City after each trip, although his family doesn't live there. And all these changes started half a year ago."

"Also, there's something, Yang Jian, that you might be very familiar with."

"What's the matter?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Han lowered his voice and said, "You must be well aware of the Ghost Door Knocker incident."

Yang Jian's expression changed, not expecting Zhang Han to bring up the matter as well.

"The Ghost Door Knocker incident first occurred in Dahan City, take a look at the last page of the document in your hand."

Zhang Han said, "Getting this document wasn't easy, if I hadn't used your name to have Zang Hua contact headquarters, I probably wouldn't have been able to get it since I'm still just an external associate of the headquarters, and not of high enough rank."

After the Hungry Ghost incident concluded, Zhang Han had also joined the headquarters, but he had not yet officially become a person in charge.

Yang Jian immediately flipped the file to the last page, which held a death certificate from a hospital in Dahan City.

There was a photo on the death certificate.

In the photo was the corpse of an elderly man in a long robe, with livor mortis all over the body.

"Door Knocking Ghost?" Yang Jian's face paled slightly.

"Exactly, I was also shocked when I first saw this document."

Zhang Han continued, "I think this matter is of great importance, so I came to discuss it with you specially."

"Do you think that Guo Tao's bizarre experience and the source of this Ghost Door Knocker incident are related?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Han replied, "My gut tells me I'm not wrong. There's definitely something wrong with Dahan City because the person in charge there hasn't reported any supernatural incidents for half a year now, isn't

that strange? In addition, the number of missing persons cases in Dahan City has been increasing; some came back like Guo Tao, while others have not returned."

"Furthermore, I have some speculation and analysis of my own."

"Every place Guo Tao has visited in the past half year has experienced supernatural events, though this could also be a coincidence. That's just my guess."

Yang Jian fell into deep thought. If Zhang Han's conjecture was correct, it would be terrifying. Was someone secretly orchestrating these emerging supernatural events?

This matter was also connected to the Ghost Door Knocker.

The Door Knocking Ghost wasn't actually a real ghost, as his investigation had made clear. He was an old man who had lived from the Republic of China Period to the present, who had accidentally fallen to his death half a year ago. After that, the fierce ghost revived, giving rise to the terrifying supernatural event of the Ghost Door Knocker.

"The key to all the mysteries lies with that old man," Yang Jian thought to himself.

"Guo Tao's appearance in Dachang City was definitely no coincidence. If every place he goes to experiences supernatural events, then I can't take that lightly."

"Yang Jian, what are you planning to do next?"

Zhang Han asked seriously, "I haven't reported this to headquarters yet because it's just some wild guesses of mine, without sufficient evidence."

Yang Jian said, "Let's put this matter on hold for now, we'll talk about it after I return from my business trip. Just keep an eye on Guo Tao. If he appears in Dachang City, immediately try to capture alive. I believe with your ability you can accomplish that."

Zhang Han was a ghost controller, and although not very powerful, he had at least managed to subdue two ghosts.

Which was still quite significant now.

"No problem."

Zhang Han nodded, "But you've just returned, and you're going on a business trip again?"

"I hadn't decided before, but after what you've just said, I've made up my mind. I'm going to Japan for a while, the Ghost Door Knocker incident is occurring in Kobe City," Yang Jian said in a low voice.

Zhang Han's eyes widened, "So you're going to deal with this supernatural event?"

"We'll see how it goes. If I can solve it, great, if not, I'll just treat it as tourism. After all, the headquarters over there can't control me. If the situation turns bad, I'll just slip away," Yang Jian said casually.

His primary purpose was for the clues in the pocket of the Door Knocking Ghost.

In other words, he didn't need to resolve the supernatural event, just to bring back the item, keeping the risks within a controllable range.

"How long will you be gone?"

Yang Jian answered, "This time it will be quite quick, I'll be back within three days."

"Then take care," said Zhang Han.

"I know, and also, in a few days, some of my team members will return to Dachang City. If I haven't arrived by then, you and Zang Hua take care of the reception," Yang Jian said.

"Don't worry, I can handle that," Zhang Han said. Anything except supernatural events was no big deal to him.

Yang Jian put away the file, "I'll keep this document, there should be a copy on your side, right?"

"Naturally, there is a copy," replied Zhang Han.

"Okay, that's it for today's matters. You should head back and rest early," Yang Jian said.

After sending Zhang Han off, he went upstairs to start preparing for the business trip. Now that he had decided to go, whether the talk with Wang Xin the next day went well or not, he would have to make the trip. Of course, it would be best if he could fleece them tomorrow.

After a busy day, it was already deep into the night by the time he returned to his room to rest.

"What are you doing here?" he saw Zhang Liqin sitting on the bed, playing with her phone out of boredom.

Zhang Liqin put down the phone, stroked her hair beside her ear and said with a beaming smile, "If I'm not here with you, where else could I be?"

Yang Jian said, "You're really persistent. How's Jiang Yan?"

"What else could she be doing? She's sleeping like a dead pig," Zhang Liqin said with a laugh. "She drank too much, she'll probably have a headache tomorrow morning."

Yang Jian didn't speak, just headed toward the bathroom.

Noticing this, Zhang Liqin's eyes flickered, she pursed her lips into a smile, and followed him in.