

Revival 681

Chapter 681 Conditions and Agreements

Yang Jian drove to work the next morning as usual, while the deadline for his trade with the Ghost Cabinet was now only one day away.

Tomorrow at noon, at twelve o'clock, would be the final deadline that he and the Ghost Cabinet had agreed upon.

"Ah, my head is killing me. If only I had known, I wouldn't have drunk so much yesterday." Jiang Yan complained nonstop as she got out of the car, holding her head.

Zhang Liqin smiled and said, "Couldn't you have drunk a little less? You just had to compete with President Zhang in drinking."

"You don't understand. This is about not admitting defeat, about showing my spirit through drinking," Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian didn't speak; his gaze had already shifted towards the lobby on the first floor of Shangtong Tower.

Indeed, just as he had expected, Wang Xin and the others who had left yesterday were back again, and it seemed they had been waiting here for him to come to work since early in the morning. One had to say that this demonstration of sincerity was quite substantial.

"Hey, someone just transferred a lump sum into our company's account, let me see, one, ten, hundred... a total of five hundred million." Jiang Yan suddenly took out her phone, looked at the notification, and was a bit surprised.

She was the company's accountant, in charge of all the finances, and she would be the first to know of any incoming or outgoing funds.

"Someone made a mistake and has come today to offer an apology, so take this money with peace of mind. Also, seeing how hard you worked yesterday, I will reward you with two hundred thousand," said Yang Jian as he walked along.

Jiang Yan immediately narrowed her eyes with a smile: "Thank you, boss. Now I have money to buy clothes."

"Mr. Yang Jian, we have taken the liberty of coming to bother you again today."

As soon as they entered the lobby, Wang Xin immediately approached with his subordinates, all of them bowing deeply.

"I thought about it all night and have come to understand a bit clearer. I've received your compensation. Let's continue this discussion in my office," Yang Jian glanced briefly.

The guy who had pointed a gun at him yesterday was no longer in the group, probably having had an unpleasant day yesterday.

"Thank you, Team Yang," Wang Xin said with a look of immense gratitude.

Yang Jian gave him a glance. This guy was really quite forbearing. Yesterday, he had lost an arm due to Yang Jian, and though it wasn't life-threatening, he still presented such enthusiasm and respect today, which truly sent chills down one's spine.

Such a person was definitely ruthless.

Impassive in expression, forbearing yet strong.

That strange Zang Hua had also had a profound impact on Wang Xin.

Shortly after.

Inside the office on the forty-fifth floor.

Yang Jian sat down on the sofa and then gestured, "Have a seat."

"Thank you," Wang Xin bowed again before sitting down with a flattering smile.

However, even though he was smiling, his body remained tense, displaying a certain inexplicable fear of Yang Jian. Of course, after losing an arm yesterday, the stakes might be even higher if today's negotiations were to break down.

"President Yang, I'll go make some coffee," whispered Zhang Liqin.

Yang Jian waved his hand, indicating Jiang Yan should also leave temporarily with Zhang Liqin, and then said, "What have you thought about my conditions from yesterday? If there's no sincerity, I don't think there's any need for coffee. Although I have been quite at leisure of late, I can't afford to waste it on you guys."

Wang Xin had evidently done some homework after returning yesterday. Clenching his teeth, he said, "First of all, I must express my deepest apologies to Team Yang. I truly was in the wrong yesterday, which is why I went back to report to the club's president after leaving. The president stated that if Team Yang agrees to help us handle the Ghost Door Knocker matter, any conditions will be met as long as it is within our power to do so."

"We will not go back on our word."

He thought that even if he paid a high price to get the intelligence from Yang Jian's hands, it might not be enough to handle the Ghost Door Knocker incident, after all, the terror of that ghost had been confirmed. Rather than that, it made more sense to up the stakes and ask Ghost Eye Yang Jian himself to take action.

In doing so, not only could they obtain the intelligence, but they could also request the help of a top-notch spirit controller, killing two birds with one stone.

The cost, even if it were higher, would still be worth it.

"Caught on, have you?" Yang Jian chuckled lightly.

It seemed that the president of the Exorcism Club did have some courage. Rather than buying intelligence and risking failure by sending another spirit controller to deal with the Ghost Door Knocker incident, it would be better to preserve the strength of the headquarters and spend a fortune on foreign assistance.

If successful, it would only mean the loss of some money.

If they failed, only the foreign spirit controllers would be compromised, without depleting the local ones.

But this approach also revealed a crucial piece of information—that the Exorcism Club in Japan was having a tough time too; otherwise, they wouldn't have fallen to the point where they needed to ask for foreign assistance even for a Ghost Door Knocker incident.

"So, I hope that this time Commander Yang will seriously consider it. Please." Having said that, Wang Xin immediately stood up, and with a thud, he knelt on the ground and began kowtowing to Yang Jian.

"President Yang, coffee."

At this moment, Zhang Liqin came over with coffee and said, "Jiang Yan says she's not feeling well and has gone to rest in her own office."

Yang Jian did not speak, simply lifting the coffee cup to take a sip, seemingly in thought.

Zhang Liqin looked at Wang Xin kneeling on the ground and the several subordinates behind him who had also knelt down, her expression somewhat surprised. She didn't leave but chose to sit beside Yang Jian, holding a recording pen and noting down the content of the negotiation.

"I've been renovating my house recently and am in need of building materials... How does one hundred tons of gold sound?" Yang Jian said.

Upon hearing this, Wang Xin's head shot up, his face filled with shock as he looked at Yang Jian, as if he had seen a ghost.

What a joke, a hundred tons? Did you really think it was a hundred tons of steel and concrete? That was one-tenth of his own country's reserves. If he really gave it away, it would cause a huge chaos, especially since there was a tremendous demand for materials like gold in the current situation.

"President Yang, did I hear that right, one hundred tons?" Zhang Liqin also gasped, surprised.

Yang Jian, somewhat puzzled, said, "Is that a lot? It might not even be enough to build a house, right?"

"So Yang Jian wants to use gold to build a safe house? No wonder the demand is so huge."

Wang Xin understood Yang Jian's ploy; he was clearly opening his mouth wide, intending to take a substantial bite out of their headquarters.

Yang Jian said, "Just now you said, whatever the condition, you'd agree, and wouldn't go back on your word. With your resources, a hundred tons should be manageable. I want to know if what you said earlier stands, or not? If you agree, then the deal is made, and I'll fly to Kobe City with you immediately. If you've just been toying with me, then it's the same as what I said yesterday."

"I'll throw you out of here."

"I... I need to consult the president; please give me five minutes," Wang Xin pleaded desperately, sweat beading on his forehead.

Despite the steep terms, Yang Jian's words still gave him a glimmer of hope.

"You have ten minutes," Yang Jian generously said, then leisurely continued sipping his coffee.

"My apologies."

At this moment, Wang Xin hurriedly took out his satellite phone and left the office, making a secretive call.

"President Yang, what kind of deal are you making with them? Your asking price is so high?" Zhang Liqin whispered at that moment.

Yang Jian laughed, "Handling a paranormal incident, their people fell through, and now they want me to settle it. If it's not handled well, lives could be lost. It's normal for me to quote such a high price. After all, it's my first job; I can't devalue myself. Otherwise, if others come to me for services at this price, it will be difficult for me."

"Well, in that case, maybe you shouldn't go. There's no need to take the risk. Isn't it nice to just go to work and then home every day? Anyway, you already have enough money; more wouldn't make much difference. You should rest," Zhang Liqin advised.

No matter the reason, she did not want anything to happen to Yang Jian.

"You make sense," Yang Jian nodded, not finding anything wrong with Zhang Liqin's words.

If he did nothing and just lived a peaceful life, not recklessly using the ghost's power, he estimated that the current balance could be maintained for over a decade, but the situation was changing rapidly, and no one could be sure what would happen in the future.

Yang Jian had a strong sense of crisis.

If he could not uncover the secrets behind the resurgence of the paranormal and seize control of the future, even wielding three ghosts, he believed he would struggle to cope with the circumstances ahead.

Similar to the previous managers who merely needed to control one ghost to become a city's manager.

But now, those who controlled one ghost were essentially cannon fodder.

This was because the paranormal events that were occurring had become increasingly terrifying, and the situation was spiraling out of control, as could be seen from what had happened in the last couple of months.

"However, you don't need to worry. I know what I'm doing. Just do your job well, and since you're with me, I'll naturally take good care of you," Yang Jian continued.

Zhang Liqin said, "That's not what I meant. I think your safety is the most important, and Jiang Yan also doesn't want you taking risks..."

Yang Jian waved his hand, signaling Zhang Liqin to say no more.

Because Wang Xin had just finished his phone call and come back.

"Mr. Yang Jian,"

Wang Xin approached, "I just consulted with the president, and we can offer up to fifty metric tons of gold. As compensation, we'll also throw in five additional Ghost Porcelains. As long as Mr. Yang ensures the Ghost Door Knocker situation is dealt with, we'll immediately send these items. However, the president also said that if Mr. Yang cannot handle it, we can only pay half the reward. May I ask what Mr. Yang thinks?"

"Your president is indeed smart, a skilled negotiator. The compensatory Ghost Porcelains will likely be consumed in paranormal events, effectively being used on your end. But your sincerity is somewhat appreciated, and it's much better than yesterday. I didn't really plan to take a whole hundred metric tons of gold from you all at once. It's normal to bargain in business. So, I won't make it difficult for you—give me two or three more people to assist, and I'll make the trip."

Yang Jian did not persist in negotiating further. His time was also precious; by tomorrow noon, it would be time to trade for the Ghost Cabinet.

There wasn't much time left for protection, so carrying on with any delay was pointless.

He had to move quickly to retrieve the item from the Door Knocking Ghost.

"Absolutely no problem. As long as Mr. Yang agrees, we will arrange for three people to assist you, and they will follow your commands to the letter,"

Wang Xin widened his eyes, feeling somewhat excited and believing himself to have snagged a great deal. He immediately bowed deeply, fearing that Yang Jian would change his mind.

Yang Jian said, "Stop wasting time with thanks—arrange the travel schedule instead. If you wish to drag this out, it's fine by me; after all, it's not our people who are dying."

"I'm truly sorry. I'll arrange for the plane right away, and I'll wait for Mr. Yang downstairs in thirty minutes," Wang Xin said.

Yang Jian waved his hand, "Alright, I know. You can go now."

Following the departure of Wang Xin and the others, Yang Jian went to his desk and took out a luggage bag from underneath.

What looked like a luggage bag was actually a corpse bag that could fit a fierce ghost.

But what it contained now were some of his travel items.

A golden pistol for scaring people,

with Yang Jian's marksmanship, if the target was a bit far, he would only hear a bang.

One death-dodging doll, although he had two in his possession, he chose to bring just one this time, to save for later.

Two white Ghost Candles.

There were no more red Ghost Candles; he had given the last ones to Miao Xiaoshan and Huang Ziya, and now he had no stock left. One of these days, he needed to press Wang Xiaoming for more.

One Ghost Child.

Yang Jian looked at the Ghost Child curled up in the luggage bag and hesitated, but considering safety, he still took it with him. After all, going into someone else's territory without a capable assistant could spell disaster—who would he reason with if things went south?

As for the other items, he was too lazy to check them.

"President Yang, have you really agreed to their request to deal with the Door Knocking Ghost incident?" At this time, Zang Hua downstairs heard the news and hurriedly ran upstairs to ask.

Yang Jian, without turning his head, zipped up his luggage bag and replied, "Does Cao Yanhua not want me to go?"

"Headquarters wants you to wait a while before going," Zang Hua said.

"In that case, I have even more reason to go. I don't dare touch the Ghost Painting; it's my natural bane, and the probability of dying inside it is high. Besides, I'm not going on vacation. Just dealing with one Ghost Door Knocker incident will be explanation enough for headquarters," Yang Jian said.

He had already died once in the Ghost Painting incident and wouldn't have escaped if not for the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Now that the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box had been lifted, he dared not get involved anymore.

Cao Yanhua's insistence on keeping him back was clearly for a critical moment to call upon him, but the more that was the case, the more he wanted to avoid it.

"Since you have made up your mind, I can't persuade you otherwise. Just be careful, and there's no need to be too tense about their Exorcism Club. They wouldn't dare pull any stunts with this case. They fear your death in Kobe City more than the Ghost Door Knocker incident, so at this point, both sides' goals are aligned," Zang Hua said, unable to intervene in Yang Jian's decision and conveying only the message.

"If I die, it would at least be an S-class supernatural event. Of course, they wouldn't dare mess with me. I still have that much discernment. Maybe they will even try to curry favor and get me to stay with them," Yang Jian said with a light laugh.

"I am still investigating Guo Tao's case. I believe there will be results when you come back. Whether he has disappeared or something else has happened, there will be a conclusion. Zhang Wei's actions have already begun today. I've contacted the person in charge over there, and they are very willing to help. I believe there will be no problems," Zang Hua hurriedly updated him on the previous matters.

"I understand. Let's talk about everything when I get back," Yang Jian replied.

At this time, Wang Xin, who had left Shangtong Tower, began to instruct his subordinates: "Hurry, hurry, hurry, everyone get moving. Arrange a charter plane, get it ready for takeoff within ten minutes. Contact the president, report the progress of this operation, and ask headquarters to send three members over to team up with Yang Jian."

"Yes, team leader."

The members began contacting and bustling about.

"Get a translator from the PR team," Wang Xin added.

"Team leader, do you have any specific requirements for the translator?" a subordinate asked.

Wang Xin thought of the two women who had been with Yang Jian in the office before and immediately said, "Young, pretty, and with big breasts..."

"Got it, team leader," the subordinate immediately began to make the arrangements.

"Now is not the time to be stingy with resources. Wang Ye, the team leader before his death, said that Yang Jian had the potential to become jade. Today, let us see what's so unusual about this man known as 'Ghost Eye.' Therefore, the safety of Kobe City today is entrusted to you all," Wang Xin said.

This operation was a gamble with his own life, fortune, and future at stake.

If Yang Jian's operation failed, Wang Xin figured he would have to commit seppuku as the team leader, so right now, he was truly in the same boat as Yang Jian.

Of course, should Yang Jian's operation succeed, then Wang Xin's promotion and salary increase were inevitable, along with a peak in his career.

Chapter 682

At nine in the morning, Yang Jian boarded a private jet flying directly to Kobe City in Japan.

There weren't many people on the plane, only a few staff members including Wang Xin, so the journey was relatively tedious, but at least this flight didn't experience any unexpected incidents like the last one.

"I really want to know what would happen if I missed the deadline for the deal with the Ghost Cabinet and I didn't show up by its side?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he pondered a very important matter.

At the same time, he was also very curious about the item possessed by the Door Knocking Ghost.

An old man from the Republic of China Period, resurrected as a fierce ghost after death, what important clue had he left behind for future generations?

Following this clue, Yang Jian felt he could unearth an incredible truth.

"Team Leader, everything is ready on the other side, and here are the three lists for this cooperative action," continued the work of Wang Xin's group aboard the plane.

They had arranged manpower and made preparations, just waiting for Yang Jian to go and handle the matter.

Yang Jian saw everything and didn't say much.

Although he had a poor impression of Wang Xin and the others in certain regards, they deserved praise for their work; at the very least, they were much better than those who gave remote commands.

It was just unfortunate that they still had an S-class supernatural event unresolved, which put them in a precarious situation. Luckily, that supernatural event wasn't mobile, otherwise, that small area would probably be gone by now.

The reason they were paying so much attention to the Ghost Door Knocker case now was partly because there was no immediate way to deal with it, and partly because the Ghost Door Knocker was mobile.

The ghost roamed everywhere.

Like an elderly man in the countryside who, when bored, liked to go from house to house; the person targeted by him could only lament their misfortune.

The private jet was faster than expected.

In just over two hours, the plane had already reached its destination, and it didn't feel like traveling abroad at all but more like catching a bus to the county town in the past.

"The organization of this private jet is quite good, very efficient," said Yang Jian as he disembarked the plane and glanced outside.

This was an airport, but according to his location information, it was very close to Kobe City.

If Mister Yang likes, we can send a new jet for your personal use after this," Wang Xin said with a flattering smile.

A lot of money had been spent; how could they skimp on such a small matter?

Yang Jian said, "No need, you make it sound as if I'm here to extort stuff from you. I will naturally fulfill my promise since we have agreed on a price. It's still important to have the spirit of a contract. However, Team Leader Wang Xin, since you have chosen the name 'Xin' which implies trustworthiness, where is the item I asked for?"

He was referring to half of the deposit.

Whether this affair succeeded or not, this was non-refundable.

"The items are ready. At this time, twenty-five tons of supplies are en route to your company, and the other three pieces of Ghost Porcelain have also been properly prepared. This way please, Mister Yang Jian," Wang Xin gestured with his hand.

Yang Jian nodded.

The welcoming party members were numerous, all men dressed in black suits. Seeing Yang Jian approach, they all bent over in unison to bow deeply, offering a high level of courtesy as if the person descending from the plane wasn't a twenty-year-old young man but rather a head of state.

Whether this was a show or flattery, at least the right attitude was displayed.

Yang Jian thought that if Cao Yanhua had taken such care with those ghost-controlling Exorcism Club members, there wouldn't have been the issues with social media like WeChat Moments or paranormal

forums. He had clearly felt a conflicting attitude from headquarters during his time as the leader. On one hand, they valued talent, but on the other hand, they were wary and tried to maintain a so-called balance for fear of chaos from the ghost-controlling practitioners.

Of course, good intentions aside, most practitioners were not foolish, which naturally led some to be unwilling to take on the responsibility of leadership.

Later, Cao Yanhua realizing this, initiated a Team Leader plan, no longer engaging in a balance of power games, and instead gave full authority to team leaders to manage their own areas.

This could be considered a case of mending the fold after the sheep have escaped, but Yang Jian didn't know if it was too late.

Wang Xin led Yang Jian into the airport terminal.

The place had been emptied well in advance, with no passengers or flights, leaving just a vast space that served as a temporary conference room.

"Mister Yang, welcome. Hehe, I am the president of the Exorcism Club, Mishima. I'll be depending on you for today's matters," a middle-aged man wearing a suit with a balding head, with a smiling face, walked up. He was slightly bent over and outstretched his hands, eagerly shaking Yang Jian's hand.

Yang Jian was somewhat surprised; he hadn't expected to be received personally by the president.

"Mister Yang, this way please. We held a small welcome party for your arrival. The affair is urgent, so it may seem somewhat modest. I hope you don't mind," Mishima invited Yang Jian to the welcome party with great enthusiasm.

"In that case, I won't hold back," Yang Jian responded without refusal, nodding his head.

Although it was referred to as a welcome party, Yang Jian guessed that there might still be some details to be arranged on their side, otherwise they wouldn't be dragging it out.

Mishima led everyone to a fast-food restaurant in the airport.

The place had been cleared out, leaving a spacious room with a large table in the center, cobbled together from smaller wooden tables, lined with all kinds of Japanese delicacies such as lobster sashimi, Kobe beef, sushi, tempura... And, of course, there were several accompanying ladies, wearing traditional Japanese attire, kneeling beside the table, each with a sweet appearance and a smile.

"Please," Mishima said with a smile.

Yang Jian walked in unceremoniously, placed his carry-on bag beside him, and then sat down. Instantly, a mature beauty on his left leaned in with a sweet smile to pour him a drink.

"The hefty fee for summoning me here couldn't have been for something as simple as dining and drinking, could it? How much longer will your preparations take? I'm not fond of delays," he said, face calm.

"I'm ashamed to have caused Mister Yang amusement. The truth is, having not anticipated the honor of receiving Mister Yang's personal assistance, I admit to being quite flattered and, in my hasty preparations, there were unavoidably some oversights. I hope Mister Yang can forgive this. Please accept this drink as a modest expression of my apology," said Mishima, lifting his sake cup and draining it in one go.

Though Yang Jian did keep an eye on the time, his face betrayed no emotion. He spoke, "No need for formalities. We're all here with our own interests in mind. You need me to resolve this Door Knocking Ghost incident and mitigate the present situation, while I require certain resources. Strictly speaking, this is merely a business transaction."

"You're being too modest, Mister Yang. It is our privilege to obtain assistance from someone like you. After all, to this day, Mister Yang is the only man with a record of resolving an S-grade supernatural event, the world's top ghost manipulator. If it weren't for the urgency of the matter, I'd genuinely like to arrange for you to enjoy a good tour around here. Such an account would surely make for a fine tale in the future," Mishima said with a smile.

His words were respectful and flattering.

Feigned or not, they were at least pleasant to hear.

"Please, this is our very famous sake, which I trust won't disappoint Mister Yang," he said enthusiastically afterward.

The mature yet sweet woman beside him smiled, lifting a sake cup from the table.

Yang Jian waved his hand, "I don't drink. Mister Mishima wouldn't want me to get drunk and embarrass myself here, would he?"

"My apologies, that was inconsiderate of me," said Mishima quickly, followed by, "Then, Mister Yang must try our sashimi and Kobe beef."

Yang Jian simply glanced at the lobster, still wriggling its antennae, and immediately, the woman accompanying him quickly picked up a piece and passed it to him.

He didn't decline but ate it instead, finding it indeed fresh and delicious.

Mishima laughed and continued to recommend other dishes to Yang Jian.

A moment later, Wang Xin, who had appeared at the door earlier, came into view. Mishima glanced over and then said with a smile, "For this operation, to facilitate communication, we've specially appointed an interpreter for Mister Yang. I hope she will be to Mister Yang's liking."

With that, he gestured.

Soon enough, a young and beautiful girl with short hair came in cautiously. She wore a sailor outfit, resembling a high school student, but the skirt was short, revealing a pair of fair legs. Despite her petite and slender figure, she possessed an illogically ample bust.

In her innocence and sweetness, there was a hint of maturity.

Fortunately for Zhang Wei, he wasn't present, because had he seen such a beauty, he certainly wouldn't have hesitated to kneel and snap photos with his phone.

"Her name is Keiko; she's a student from the foreign language department of a university and is currently interning with our Exorcism Club's translation team. She's a very capable employee," explained Mishima.

"President," said Keiko.

"Mister Yang," she added.

Keiko bowed with some restraint.

Mishima said with a smile, "Keiko, from today on, you will stay by Mister Yang's side, assist with his work and look after his daily life."

"Yes, President," Keiko responded.

Yang Jian saw this and understood the subtext behind President Mishima's actions. While translation assistance was one aspect, the introduction of this beautiful woman also served as public relations and, more so, may have had the intent of keeping an eye on him. Otherwise, why would such an attractive woman be assigned to him, especially since Mishima had said her duties included caring for his daily life—revealing quite a bit of information.

Yet, he was not surprised by this.

With his status and position, money, power, and women were all too easy to come by. Even without asking, they would still be offered to him.

Hadn't Li Yao from his circle of friends tried to influence him as well?

Unfortunately for her, Li Yao harbored malicious intentions, plotting with others to kill him. Otherwise, Yang Jian wouldn't have dealt with her in the end, as he tended to show a certain level of tolerance towards non-threatening individuals.

"Mister Yang, I look forward to your guidance in the future," said Keiko, kneeling beside him with a slight smile.

She knew that from today onward, her fate was tied to this stranger of a man. If she couldn't earn his approval, she would probably end up dying tragically...

"Keiko, do your best, you can do it," Keiko encouraged herself internally.

Stealing glances at Yang Jian, Keiko thought he was tall, aloof, and handsome—not at all like the bizarre and terrifying figures she had imagined—at least he was someone she could feel relatively comfortable with.

"A normal person getting involved in something like this is quite likely to die easily. If such an adorable girl turns into a corpse in a few hours, President Mishima would suffer a great loss," Yang Jian said, glancing at Mishima and then taking a bite of the fried fish, which they called Tempura.

"No, no, no, Mister Yang is mistaken. From now on, Keiko is your person. If Keiko dies, then it's your loss, Mister Yang. But I believe with Mister Yang's capabilities, you should be able to take good care of Keiko. After all, she is a very obedient girl," said Mishima.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly. This president sure had his own methods; Keiko's presence was both an overture and a probe, as well as a test for him.

A beautiful and adorable girl could indeed reveal much.

"Had I known, I would have been more cautious when speaking to Wang Xin yesterday. I shouldn't have said that I have a fondness for cute girls from their country. Now they've targeted my weakness and pushed this person onto me," Yang Jian thought to himself.

"This mission depends on your luck," said Yang Jian, glancing at Keiko with a cool expression.

He wouldn't go out of his way to kill this Keiko, nor would he risk himself to save her. What the supernatural event might bring was uncertain and whether an ordinary person without the protection of a ghost manipulator could survive was unknown to anyone.

Chapter 683 Action Begins

As the president of the Exorcism Club in Japan, President Mishima must be extremely busy, but today he went out of his way to welcome Yang Jian's arrival. He also personally kept him company and invited Yang Jian for drinks, a treatment that was indeed very high.

However, the more this was so, the more worried Yang Jian was that this operation would not go smoothly.

After all, risk and reward are directly proportional.

At the dinner table, Mishima remained enthusiastic and spoke with respectful language, flattering Yang Jian from time to time. Also, subtly between the lines, he displayed his hope for Yang Jian to establish more friendships and interactions with their Exorcism Club.

Yang Jian neither responded nor declined. Facing such an old fox, the more you say, the more mistakes you're liable to make. Better to just eat quietly, rejuvenate his spirit, and prepare for the events to come.

Keiko, who sat kneeling beside him quietly, took the initiative to serve food for Yang Jian and even described the delicacies for him.

Meanwhile, as they ate and drank, preparations continued outside.

Soon, a portable safety deposit box containing three pieces of Ghost Porcelain was delivered in front of Yang Jian.

"Mister Yang, the items you requested have been prepared. The three team members are on their way and should arrive within half an hour. When would you like to proceed with your plan, Mister Yang? Of course, we will follow your lead," President Mishima asked.

Yang Jian checked the time, "Since everything will be ready within half an hour, let's start the operation at noon. We should try to resolve this early; I don't want to drag this matter on. The Ghost Door Knocker case is very uncertain."

"As expected, Mister Yang is straightforward. We indeed made the right choice by working with you," President Mishima laughed.

He was also somewhat worried that Yang Jian would intentionally delay, maybe for a few days or even half a month. By then, the impact and loss caused by the supernatural event would be incalculable.

Yang Jian opened the safety deposit box and inspected the three eerie porcelain pieces. He noticed that the shape of the porcelain was completely different from the first piece they had; although all four pieces were humanoid, their expressions varied drastically: some were struggling, some howling, some lying there straight.

Morover, there were both male and female figures, with no similarities between them.

"Does this thing's medium require an ID?" Yang Jian asked.

Mishima replied, "No, it just requires a commonly used personal item, and the more it represents the person's identity, the better. For example, a lock of hair or a frequently worn piece of clothing would suffice. Didn't Wang Xin tell you about this, Mister Yang? This really is negligence on his part."

"But Mister Yang, do be careful, porcelain is very fragile. If someone accidentally breaks the porcelain, that would be quite a troublesome issue, so make sure to place it in a safe location when using it."

"I have a clear understanding of that," Yang Jian said. He had already conducted experiments using Wang Xin.

Thus, if he were to use Ghost Porcelain, he would definitely transfer the porcelain directly to the depths underground using Ghost Domain, to prevent any man-made damage.

Just as Yang Jian was about to put away the items and continue eating,

"Tsss, tsss!"

The chandelier in the small store suddenly flickered, the surrounding light dimming for a moment. Not just the store, even the airport lobby darkened as if it had suddenly gone from noon to evening.

"What's going on? Is there a problem outside? Has the incident already spread over here?" President Mishima immediately set down his cup and asked.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he opened his ghost eye to take a look.

It wasn't the Ghost Door Knocker causing the incident; it was an unknown supernatural phenomenon. However, the impact of this level was minor. If it were a ghost, it should have been more significant. It was highly probable... it was a ghost manipulator.

Shortly after, Wang Ye breathlessly ran up to the entrance of the store, saying, "President, it's Tianye. He heard that he wasn't chosen to lead the operation this time and rushed over here regardless. He's demanding a change in plan."

"That bastard Tianye."

President Mishima was immediately furious, "His abilities are entirely insufficient for this incident. Tell him to go back and not to cause any trouble."

"President, it's too late. Tianye has already arrived at the airport," Wang Ye said with an unpleasant expression.

Yang Jian spoke calmly, "President Mishima, although it's not my place to inquire about your Exorcism Club's affairs, what's with this Tianye? Is he so eager to join the operation?"

"He's an arrogant and conceited individual. He failed in the last operation, causing the death of many. He thinks he can handle this matter, but he'll only make things worse. His ineptitude and self-esteem have distorted his judgment. I hope he can calm down; otherwise, I will definitely punish him," President Mishima said angrily while speaking of Tianye.

A hint of a smile appeared on Yang Jian's otherwise calm face, "As we would say back home, 'a pig-headed teammate.' It seems your Exorcism Club is quite lacking in talent."

"Mister Yang, my apologies for making you laugh."

What Yang Jian didn't know was that it wasn't because the Exorcism Club lacked talent, but rather an S-rank paranormal incident had taken a toll on a group of top-tier ghost masters to the extent that they were now powerless against such terrifying specters. They had no choice but to seek help from outside. If they didn't, and suffered another loss, then the Exorcism Club would go bankrupt.

This was the same reason why, during the Hungry Ghost incident, headquarters also sought international assistance.

It was because of the precedent set by the Exorcism Club that Cao Yanhua and the others did not want to lose their best people. Hence, even if it cost a huge sum to ask for help, it was worth it.

"President, I can't contact Tianye, that guy has cut off communication," Wang Xin reported from outside the store at this moment.

"Dammit, what is he trying to do?" Mishima exclaimed, both startled and enraged.

Yang Jian calmly observed the sake cup before him. In the dim shadow, the sake reflected a blurred human figure standing beside him, peering at everyone. Yet, the others did not take notice, still perceiving no abnormalities, only sensing a change in the lighting.

"Regardless of his intentions, the Tianye you speak of is already here. I didn't expect him to possess a Ghost Domain. Though it's nothing special, it's still somewhat useful. After all, ghost masters who have a Ghost Domain are quite rare."

Upon hearing this, President Mishima immediately shouted, "Tianye, come out this instant! Don't ruin this operation. Do you want to be the sinner?"

But before he could finish, a woman by his side let out a sharp shriek and was then flung out of the small store, landing on the ground with her neck twisted at an unbelievable angle, accompanied by the sound of snapping bones.

Dead.

Without a doubt, a mature and lovely woman had just been killed, her neck broken alive.

Yang Jian's face remained calm. He did not intervene, considering it a matter for the Exorcism Club, and as an outsider, he felt no need to get involved.

Keiko turned pale with fear at the sight and trembled all over. She clutched the hem of Yang Jian's clothes and whispered, "Mister Yang, please, protect me. I'm scared and don't want to die..."

She was afraid of becoming the next target to be thrown out of the small store.

Here, Keiko could only rely on Yang Jian.

Yang Jian calmly glanced at her, saying nothing.

Just then, a bizarre voice was heard nearby: "Hey, President, is this the outside help you've summoned? As I see it, he's nothing but a cowardly incompetent. He didn't even have the courage to save someone. How could he possibly handle that incident?"

"Shut up, Tianye, you've gone too far. Leave immediately, or you'll definitely pay a price," President Mishima shouted in anger.

The appearance of Tianye not only caused him to lose face but also posed a potential threat to the upcoming operation.

"Ah! No, please don't."

Another scream followed as a second accompanying woman was flung out by an invisible force. Instead of breaking her neck, her body plunged into the concrete floor, leaving only a pair of powerless, flailing arms visible.

Soon.

The hands that had served food to Yang Jian ceased moving, rigidly hanging in mid-air, motionless evermore.

"The next one will be that cute girl by his side. Try to stop me if you can, the famed Ghost Eye Yang Jian."

The sinister voice of Tianye echoed in their ears. He remained unseen while a chilling air lingered, refusing to disperse.

Keiko, hearing this, was on the verge of collapse, desperate, with a tearful voice: "No, I don't want to die yet..."

Yang Jian stayed firmly in place, seemingly indifferent: "Truly an incapable weakling. President Mishima, will you let your people continue this madness? What about the dignity and face of a club president?"

"I'm terribly sorry."

President Mishima was mortified: "I really can't control Tianye. I hope Mister Yang can teach him a lesson and stop his arrogance."

He had arrived in haste and, due to a lack of staff and without any fellow ghost masters, he seemed quite helpless.

"So you say I'm an incapable weakling?"

Tianye's voice continued. The entire table in front of Yang Jian was flung out, crashing outside into a chaotic heap, wasting a table full of good food.

Yang Jian, accustomed to treacherous situations, didn't even blink. "Isn't attacking innocent women the act of an impotent coward? I've been sitting right here; why haven't you made a move against me? Are you afraid of me, or have you sensed danger and subconsciously tried to avoid dragging me into this?"

"Damn it, I've decided that I'm going to finish you next."

A dark, annoyed tone emanated from Tianye.

"What are you waiting for then, just do it. Don't prattle on like a child; it's embarrassing."

Putting down his chopsticks, Yang Jian slowly removed the gloves from his hands.

He didn't know if Tianye had come here by accident to cause trouble or if it was a deliberate arrangement meant to test and see his level, but he felt that if he didn't take down this guy today, after having been praised by Mishima for so long, it would be somewhat of a blow to his face.

Suddenly.

A red ghostly eye of Yang Jian moved slightly, like a fierce ghost watching, and the lingering cold atmosphere nearby began to stir strangely.

Tianye, standing in the corner of the small shop, felt the gaze of that eye and shuddered, as if he were back to his first terrifying supernatural encounter. Even in the Ghost Domain, he couldn't completely isolate himself from the prying of that eye.

"Is it an illusion? He can't possibly pinpoint my location," Tianye thought to himself.

But as he moved and changed positions, the eye followed, its gaze constantly fixed on him.

At that moment, Tianye was certain that this guy's eye was indeed staring at him and that no matter how he changed his position, he couldn't escape its gaze.

"Damn it."

Yet, even so, this did not dissuade Tianye from his intentions to strike against Yang Jian. He couldn't swallow the humiliation from the mockery he had endured, no matter what.

However, before Tianye had the chance to make his move,

a blackened dead hand seemed to emerge from nowhere beneath him and grasped his ankle.

"What?" Feeling the icy and rigid touch from below, Tianye couldn't help but look down.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, the blackened hand yanked hard at him, causing Tianye's footing to falter and he crashed heavily to the ground. At that moment, he felt pain as if all his bones were about to break.

"Hiss, hiss!"

The lights in the small shop flickered, and the next moment, everything returned to normal, brightening up the surroundings.

The blackened hand kept pulling at Tianye, bringing him closer.

"Bastard, let go of me." He struggled, a growing unease inside him.

"Tianye's Ghost Domain is gone?"

President Mishima, observing the calmness restored around them, showed a look of surprise and then turned his attention to Yang Jian, who was sitting motionless there.

It seemed that just now, he hadn't made any move and had remained seated the whole time.

"How did someone as incompetent and brainless as you survive this long is a miracle. If I had wanted to finish you off, it wouldn't take me even a second."

Yang Jian picked up a chopstick and fiercely stabbed it through Tianye's hand, pinning one of his hands to the ground.

"Ah!"

Tianye howled in agony as he tried to struggle, but he couldn't move at all. What was worse, he couldn't even use the power of the ghost inside him.

Yang Jian picked up another chopstick. "I don't care what your purpose is, I just want you to know that offending me will have dire consequences. This is just a small warning for you."

As he spoke, the second chopstick pierced through Tianye's other hand.

All Tianye could do was scream in pain. He couldn't struggle because it felt as if countless hands were writhing within him, constantly eroding every inch of his flesh.

"President Mishima, today I'm giving you some face by not killing this guy, but only this once. If such a situation happens again and I encounter it, I'll make him vanish directly, and then President Mishima, you can't blame me for not giving you a heads-up." Yang Jian picked up another chopstick and knocked on the head of Tianye, who was wailing on the ground next to him.

It seemed as if the chopstick could pierce through his head at any moment.

"Also, remember to discipline this guy next time. Because of his mistake, it could very well be attributed to your Exorcism Club, and I can't predict what might happen then."

"Do you have the capability to easily kill Tianye?"

President Mishima saw that the previously arrogant Tianye now had no power to resist and was at the mercy of Yang Jian's hurt.

He knew that there was a huge gap between the two men that he couldn't see.

"I'm very grateful for your generosity, Mister. Such an accident will absolutely not happen again, I stake my life on it."

President Mishima bowed to Yang Jian and his respect for him grew, even more convinced that hiring him was the right decision, even if the cost was significant.

"Time's about up, I've had my meal and I'm fully rested, so it's time to start work. Your people should also be here by now, and President Mishima, you must be busy too."

At this time, Yang Jian stood up and picked up the luggage bag beside him.

"Then I'll leave everything in your capable hands," President Mishima said, bowing again.

As Yang Jian left the small shop, Wang Xin immediately presented him with a satellite-positioned cell phone and a file.

"Team Leader Yang, please take this phone so we can contact you at any time. Also, this file contains the information on three individuals who are currently waiting on the outskirts of Kobe City for Team Leader Yang to join them."

"Give the phone to Keiko," Yang Jian said as he took the file.

Keiko, who had followed behind, was still shaken. She hadn't expected that the dangerous situation from before would be resolved so easily, and that she would walk out of the small shop safely.

"Keiko, please make sure to take good care of Mister Yang," Wang Xin said seriously, handing the phone to Keiko as if he were issuing a warning.

"Yes," Keiko nodded nervously.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian glanced through the file a few times, shook his head secretly, then casually tossed it away.

The three people sent over were of little use, likely just cannon fodder.

It made sense; after all, they had asked for him, so why would they be willing to send other significant spirit manipulators to cooperate? It was clearly to cut their losses.

But to solve a paranormal event, sometimes the presence of cannon fodder cannot be avoided, since no one can be absolutely sure of surviving the first attack of an evil ghost without understanding its killing pattern.

Yang Jian hadn't walked far when, in the next moment, a red light flashed around them.

He and Keiko disappeared from the airport, vanishing into thin air.

"Yang Jian has already arrived at the designated rendezvous point," a staff member reported the next moment.

This was information obtained through the cell phone positioning signal.

"What are you kidding? There's at least ten kilometers between here and the agreed spot," exclaimed another team leader.

"Don't make a fuss," said President Mishima, stepping forward, his previously smiling face becoming extremely serious. "The late Team Leader Wang Ye was right in his assessment, Yang Jian truly has the potential to become a great asset. His Ghost Domain can easily cover an entire city, which has now been confirmed, and that's not even his full extent."

"He truly is a frightening man," many thought with awe.

Seeing this, Wang Xin's lips curled into a slight smile. He knew his mission was a success, and perhaps all that was left was to wait for the good news to come.

As for Tianye... today was a total disgrace.

Chapter 684 The Fallen Head

The streets of Kobe City were deserted, void of any people, and compared to its former prosperity and bustle, it was as if it were two different cities.

In this city, there began to circulate a very terrifying urban legend without anyone knowing when it started. It was said that when darkness fell, an elderly person, long deceased, would come to your doorstep and knock on your door, and those who heard the knocking would die in eerie ways.

At first, many people thought it was just a laughable rumor with no credibility at all.

But as time went by, more and more people died mysteriously, and some even witnessed the terrifying old man standing at someone else's doorway, knocking on their doors, and some even managed to take pictures of him successfully.

Despite that, the majority still did not believe it.

Until one morning, when heads of the dead, who had died long ago, began to float in the sky, the city plunged into panic.

Some people were fortunate enough to escape from here and survived.

But there were also some unfortunate ones; although they still lived in Kobe City, they had disappeared because they had been drawn into a strange world that belonged to the Door Knocking Ghost, the Ghost Domain, where they awaited the door knocking that could come at any moment.

Disappearance and escape led to the complete death of this thriving city.

Just like the initial situation in Dachang City.

But compared to what happened in Dachang City at that time, these people were luckier, because the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost, though vast, had not yet reached the point of covering the entire city, and its killing efficiency was not very high.

But in any case, this city was sealed off.

No one was allowed to come near.

But today, a special vehicle drove in without any hindrance and finally stopped outside the police cordon.

The car door opened.

Three people got out.

A middle-aged man, a young man who looked like a high school student, and a woman in her thirties.

"Damn it, the boss must be joking, asking us to handle the situation in Kobe City, it's like sending us to our deaths. Nagase, you should have refused; that old man is not someone we can deal with," the middle-aged man said, grinding his teeth and venting his frustration.

The young man named Nagase was not afraid; instead, he laughed, a somewhat naive laugh, "There's no need to worry too much. The boss didn't just send us to deal with this. We're just here to assist," he said.

"Assist? Assist who?"

Nagase replied, "Your information is too outdated. Don't you keep up with what's happening abroad? This time the boss had team leader Wang Xin go abroad to invite a ghost master named Yang Jian. That guy is really impressive. I've read some information about him. He solved an S-level supernatural case when he was still an unknown little guy."

"And then, whoosh, he shot up, catching the eye of all the big players. Although some doubted the authenticity of that incident, he truly is extraordinary. Now, he's rumored to have become a team leader."

"If we have such an impressive person with us, we'll definitely be fine," said the woman next to him, her expression uneasy and betraying a hint of fear.

"Who knows. We all might end up dead here for all we know."

Nagase said with a smile, "After all, we're still too weak to survive well in front of real ghosts."

The middle-aged man asked, "Nagase, do you have any good suggestions?"

"Not at the moment."

Nagase shrugged and said, "If I did, I wouldn't be standing here. But the boss has given orders to follow Yang Jian's arrangements. Now, he's our team leader, so for everyone's safety, it's better to follow this order."

"Crossing the boss would definitely not end well."

The three of them talked, exchanged ideas, and discussed the mission to pass the time and relieve the tension.

It wasn't long.

Suddenly, two faint footsteps came from the previously empty street behind them; two people seemed to materialize out of nowhere and appeared there.

The one at the front was a young man carrying a luggage bag, his skin pale, his eyes sharp, giving off a very dangerous vibe.

Behind him, however, was a very cute girl in a sailor outfit, holding a cellphone with a very tense expression on her face, but she always followed the man in front, not daring to fall behind by a single step.

"Here we are."

Nagase, who was sitting at the front of the car, jumped down; he clapped his hands and greeted with a smile, "Kowichiwa."

"He's greeting you, Mister Yang, saying 'hello' in his language," Keiko immediately translated.

"No need to translate that one, I understood," said Yang Jian.

"Since everyone has arrived, let's start heading into Kobe City. I want to remind you in advance, if anyone doesn't follow my instructions and encounters danger, I won't help them. If you're attacked by a ghost due to your own actions, then you're on your own."

Keiko immediately translated Yang Jian's words.

"That's quite a cruel approach," remarked Nagase with a smile. "But it's only the cruel who are qualified to survive in this world, wouldn't you agree?"

Yang Jian remained silent and used the Ghost Domain to take them to the city center of Kobe City.

When he retracted the Ghost Domain, everyone realized they had arrived in the center of a city plunged into black night, silent and chill. The air was thick with the stench of corpses, suggesting that many had died in this event, even though previous information indicated that many had survived in the city.

The efficiency of the Door Knocking Ghost was very low, knocking from door to door; it would take considerable time to kill all these people.

This was also why this supernatural event could only be classified, at most, as an A-city ranking.

"Ah, the Ghost Domain, such a convenient ability. Mister Yang, aren't you worried about the consequences of using the power of fierce ghosts so casually?" asked Nagase with a smile, genuinely curious.

Keiko moved closer to Yang Jian and whispered the translation.

"If you have so much time to talk to me, you might as well start locating that ghost," Yang Jian said with an icy glance at him.

"Wouldn't your ability make it easier to find that thing?" Nagase asked.

Yang Jian said, "I'm invading the Ghost Domain of a ghost. If I use my Ghost Domain to suppress such a large area, it will only increase my burden. Additionally, I won't repeat explanations like this. If you can't obey my commands, then just stay here and wait for death."

"Understood," said Nagase.

Yang Jian no longer paid any attention to him, and instead, he opened his luggage bag.

A child with bluish skin dressed in burial clothes emerged from the bag, looking like a long-deceased child with strange eyes, surveying his surroundings.

Ghost Child seemed curious about the environment around it.

"Ah!"

A woman in her thirties screamed in fright.

"A ghost?" Both Nagase and the middle-aged man's pupils contracted, and they couldn't help but retreat several steps, fearing getting too close might attract an attack.

Keiko was slow to react and instead watched curiously.

But the next moment, the Ghost Child's head twisted around, its pupil-less eyes locking onto Keiko, and they stared at each other.

Keiko was so frightened that she covered her mouth and collapsed to the ground.

"A bunch of dead weight; you're not very useful," Yang Jian remarked, glancing over the group. Eventually, his gaze fell on the woman in her thirties.

He read her information. This woman named Mishima didn't exactly qualify as a spirit medium, but she had experienced a supernatural event and, since then, had the mysterious ability to sense the general location of ghosts.

However, this sense was vague and not very accurate, hence not very helpful. It was only somewhat effective in large city environments.

Exorcism Club sent Mishima just to make up the numbers. While she might be of some help, President Mishima probably wouldn't mourn her if she died here.

"In which direction is the ghost's approximate location?" Yang Jian asked directly.

The woman called Mishima looked bewildered and fearful.

Yang Jian immediately pulled Keiko up from the ground where she was sitting: "Don't sit on the ground, start working. Translate what I just said. This creature is mine, it won't harm you, there's no need to feel scared."

"Okay, okay, Mister Yang."

Keiko finally snapped back to reality, somewhat calming her emotions before she stiffly translated what had just been said.

Only then did Mishima understand; she shivered and pointed towards a direction ahead, where she sensed something terrifying lingering, unwilling to face it, feeling an overwhelming urge to flee, and this feeling was even stronger than ever before.

Approaching recklessly would surely mean death.

"Very good, then follow me, I will lock down the location of the Door Knocking Ghost in the shortest time possible," Yang Jian said calmly.

He then instructed the Ghost Child to scout ahead.

Although Yang Jian seemed calm, he was extremely vigilant inside, knowing that what lay hidden here weren't just Door Knocking Ghosts, but also other unknown supernatural events. A situation where several supernatural events mixed together was exceptionally likely to lead to the death of a ghost investigator.

Because the more ghosts there were, the more the patterns of killing, and a plethora of disjointed information could interfere with a person's normal judgement, making it much more difficult than dealing with a single ghost's supernatural event.

But Yang Jian's goal was straightforward: to deal with the Door Knocking Ghost if possible, and if not, to swipe whatever was on it and make a clean getaway.

He didn't care if it looked cowardly.

Yang Jian acted swiftly, the series of changes since their initial encounter happening so fast—from entering Kobe City to the appearance of the Ghost Child—all occurring within minutes, leaving Keiko, Nagase, and Mishima still struggling to adapt, their emotions yet unadjusted.

Yet, in such an environment, people must grow. If they cannot quickly adapt and grow, they will be directly eliminated.

"Mister Yang, please wait for Keiko."

With a hint of panic, Keiko hurried over; she didn't dare to stray too far from Yang Jian's side, as danger was all around her.

"Let's go. If we delay like this, we will surely be the ones to die. Mister Yang is very confident; we should trust him this once," Nagase said.

The middle-aged man nodded, and Mishima, who could sense the ghosts' positions, immediately followed. She didn't want to separate from the group.

If they wanted to survive this time, the only way was to show their value.

Otherwise, they would be callously abandoned.

Yang Jian's Ghost Child wandered the streets ahead, occasionally slipping into nearby buildings and then leaping out from a window.

The street was free of tall buildings, with just a few floors high, but buildings were densely packed, leading to complex terrain in some areas.

"Bang!"

Suddenly,

something fell to the ground and shattered, some fragments splashing at Yang Jian's feet.

He looked down.

A foul stench of decay wafted up, lying at his feet was a fragmented, rotting human face.

"A completely rotten Dead Man's Head fell from the sky." Yang Jian glanced upwards toward space. Normal vision could not make out everything in the sky in this environment, but he could see.

Heads floating above the city.

At varying stages of decay, all with eyes shut and faces so pale they lacked any trace of color, a sight to send shivers down the spine.

"I've encountered this Dead Man's Head balloon event before, but I didn't take part in it, so I don't know much about it, only that certain people will be selected to become one of the heads in the sky... As for what triggers this, I don't know yet,"

"But the best course is to avoid it; it's not my target. Let President Mishima worry about that."

Yang Jian continued forward, expressionless.

Probably Mishima would never guess that the Ghost Door Knocker event and the Dead Man's Head balloon event were two separate supernatural events.

Yang Jian observed that, as time passed, the Dead Man's Heads in the sky would rot to a certain point and then fall to the ground, losing support from their Supernatural Power.

This phenomenon made him feel like it was a sort of selection

process, sifting through the countless Dead Man's Heads for one that met specific criteria.

The selected head would surely not belong to a living person; it had to be a ghost's, because a living person's head would deteriorate completely, eventually turning into a pile of mush.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian looked at the small backpack carried by the Ghost Child in front of him,

inside which was a highly decayed but indestructible ghastly head—the head of a certain formidable ghost. Initially, even the five-layered Ghost Domain couldn't send it away, and by focusing on it, he could suppress other fearsome ghosts.

Suppose the Source Ghost behind the head balloon was looking for this dead man's head, then what would happen if the two ghosts complemented each other?

Would the decayed head become even more terrifying?

Or would the fearsome ghost completely lose control?

"Now doesn't seem to be the time to think about that. This is the Door Knocking Ghost's Ghost Domain. Although the current me doesn't fit the killing pattern of the Door Knocking Ghost, there's no guarantee that the Door Knocking Ghost won't undergo some unknown change," Yang Jian put away the thoughts in his mind and continued to advance in the direction that Mishima had indicated.

With each segment of road they traversed, they were a little closer to the Door Knocking Ghost.

And the danger was that much greater.

In such a situation, it was like condemned prisoners being led to the execution ground. The moment of actual beheading was not so frightening, but rather, this constant psychological torment of drawing nearer to death was the most unbearable.

Those with poor endurance would collapse.

Fortunately, although these pig teammates following Yang Jian were of little help, they were at least members of the Exorcism Club and their mental fortitude was not as bad as one might imagine.

Of course, it wasn't as good as imagined either...

"Your steps are getting slower and slower. Do you want to stay here and rest for a few days before moving on?" Yang Jian looked back and said indifferently.

Keiko continued to translate.

"I, I feel that if we keep moving forward, all of us might die. It's too dangerous there; I don't want to get closer," Mishima said, trembling all over, her expression terror-stricken, lacking the courage to proceed.

Nagase chuckled and said, "Those who can sense fear will be devoured by fear. People like us who know nothing are actually less afraid, after all, there are people walking ahead of us."

Yang Jian glanced at Keiko.

Keiko hastily translated what Mishima and Nagase said.

"If you can't continue, just stay here then. I won't hold back because of your slower pace," Yang Jian said calmly.

As Keiko went to translate and comfort this woman called Mishima, she said, "We should trust Mister Yang. He is a mysterious and powerful man who can surely protect us. I was fortunate enough to be under his care before and avoided a crisis. I believe he would be happy to look after you if true danger arises."

Mishima didn't speak. At that moment, she pointed fearfully at a house ahead.

It was a two-story wooden building.

"There, in that house, there are ghosts. I can feel it. No, we have to stay away from that house. I feel like I could die at any moment," she said.

Upon hearing this, Keiko's face turned stiff. She quickly looked up at Yang Jian, "Mister Yang, she just said that there might be ghosts in that house ahead."

"Are we going to encounter them so soon?" Nagase laughed, seemingly unafraid.

Yang Jian's gaze fell upon that house.

The house was shrouded in dim shadows, appearing rather sinister. However, this wasn't unique to that house; nearby buildings all looked the same.

"Should I go take a look?" he pondered internally.

Because he believed the Door Knocking Ghost probably wasn't inside the house; if that old man appeared, nearby structures would rapidly decay, just like what he experienced back at No. 7 Middle School. And the exterior of that house looked normal.

"Or maybe not, anything can happen within the Ghost Domain. It's better to check it out."

Yang Jian slowly removed his gloves while issuing a command.

The next moment, a bizarre, green-skinned child was standing in front of that house's door, the mischievous child pressed the doorbell of the house without warning.

"Ding-dong!"

The sound of the doorbell echoed in the quiet street, carrying far and wide.

Chapter 685 The Abnormal House

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

A strange child donned in funeral garb stood in front of a wooden two-story house, lifting its dark-blue arm to press the doorbell beside the front door.

In the unnaturally quiet Kobe City, the not-so-loud doorbell had an empty ring to it, quietly echoing down the street, carrying into the far distance.

The bell chimed repeatedly, without interruption.

It seemed like a prank, but in the city as it was now, no one would bother to play such a prank, and if someone did, the homeowner whose doorbell was being rung would surely stop it.

However, as the bell continued to ring, the homeowner of that house had yet to appear.

It was as if the house were empty, with no one living in it, or perhaps there had been people living there, but they were now dead.

The Ghost Child had plenty of patience, treating the doorbell as if it were a toy, pressing it repeatedly.

Yang Jian, standing not far off, witnessed this scene but did not interrupt the behavior. His expression remained calm as his ghostly eye spied into the depths of that house.

The ghostly eye couldn't penetrate the gloom that shrouded the house.

A supernatural power obscured his ghostly vision, and after all, this was the domain of the Door Knocking Ghost. Yang Jian did not know if it was the domain's power blocking him or if there was something inherently wrong with the wooden two-story house itself.

Yang Jian refrained from forcefully peering in and did not use the Ghost Domain because doing so might cause him to leave, just as when he was at No. 7 Middle School. There, he had used the Ghost Domain to counter the Door Knocking Ghost's domain, and the result was that he and the surviving students left the school.

"Stop ringing the doorbell. There's definitely no one inside. Go take a look around, and if you spot a ghost, run out immediately,"

Yang Jian commanded, sending the Ghost Child ahead to scout, while he himself watched from a distance, not venturing into danger.

The Ghost Child ceased its actions and came to life again, wandering around near the house before finding an open window and swiftly climbing in, soon disappearing from sight into the pitch-black interior of the house.

"Being cautious is indeed correct. The Ghost Child is clad in funeral attire; it would be very difficult for an ordinary ghost to kill it,"

Yang Jian continued to wait, observing the Ghost Child's subsequent reactions.

"I hope your perception really does work and you're not just making up these words out of fear. Otherwise, I'll be very angry," he then turned his head to glance over at the woman named Mishima.

Keiko translated quickly to ensure the accuracy of the message.

The woman named Mishima hurriedly said, "I'm not lying, what I said is true, please believe me. I'm trying hard to sense the ghost's location, but it's too dangerous here. I feel I could die at any moment because there's more than one dangerous spot. The entity in this house is the closest to us."

As she spoke, her expression gradually became one of terror.

It was clear to her that there was a ghost in the house; she had felt it while walking on the road, which was why she was so frightened, slowing down her pace.

"Does your sense only detect a single ghost?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, his expression becoming serious, then he continued, "All you need to do is your job. I'll handle the rest. This is your sole purpose for being here. Whether you are afraid or not, you have to honestly do as I say."

Keiko translated again, "Miss Mishima, Mister Yang makes a lot of sense. We can only receive help if we show our worth and earn his recognition. Otherwise, we will definitely be abandoned."

"Do your best, Miss Mishima, we will surely be able to leave here alive."

She was very considerate, being just an ordinary person and much younger than the woman called Mishima, yet she was comforting someone else at this time.

"I, I understand. I will try my best to do my job," Mishima nodded in response.

"He sent that little ghost into the house to investigate. It's a cautious move, but I wonder how he controls that little ghost... Such an ability is truly enviable," Nagase muttered softly.

The middle-aged man beside him, however, expressed his concern, "The president must have had a purpose for sending us here. If Mishima is just responsible for guiding us to the ghost's location, then our task will surely not be an easy one. Shouldn't we be more worried about ourselves now? If we really encounter a ghost, we won't be able to escape."

"Indeed, everyone has a moment to prove their worth; it's just not our turn yet. Let's adjust our mindset and try to overcome our fears. It'd be a pity to die here due to a small mistake, wouldn't it, senpai?" Nagase said with a smile.

But even such casual conversation was translated by Keiko for Yang Jian to hear.

Yang Jian did not pay attention, instead, he frowned and looked toward the house ahead.

The house was not large, and the Ghost Child had been inside for a while, but it had not yet come out.

His previous command was to run out immediately if a ghost was found, so if the Ghost Child hadn't come out, did that mean there were no ghosts in the house?

Or could it mean the Ghost Child had not encountered a ghost?

"Wait another three minutes," Yang Jian checked the time and counted silently in his mind.

The house wasn't big, and the Ghost Child should be able to search it in just a few minutes with its ability to move around.

The three minutes passed quickly.

The house, cloaked in darkness, was extraordinarily tranquil, with no signs of anything unusual happening and no sounds coming from it.

"Haven't encountered a ghost yet? In that case, let's not wait any longer. Call the Ghost Child out; let's bypass this place. Regardless of what might be inside this house, at the very least, I can be sure that the Door Knocking Ghost isn't here,"

Yang Jian decided not to waste more time. He shouted from outside, giving the order for the Ghost Child to come out immediately.

The new order was meant to override the old one.

However, after Yang Jian had called out from outside, the house remained silent. The Ghost Child seemed to have evaporated from the world, completely disappearing without a trace and showing no sign of emerging from the house.

"There's a problem..."

Yang Jian's expression instantly darkened.

Mishima had not been wrong in her sensation; this house indeed had a significant issue. Whether there was a ghost or not, the fact that the Ghost Child hadn't come back out since entering was proof enough of its peculiarity.

"I'm going to go inside the house and have a look. You all wait here, Nagase, you come with me," Yang Jian glanced over and then strode forward.

After Keiko translated, the young man named Nagase's complexion changed, and in the end, he shrugged his shoulders helplessly and followed.

Yang Jian arrived at the front door of the house, his dark, cold palm that resembled that of a corpse gripping the doorknob. With a gentle pull, the door opened.

Inside, it was pitch-black, nothing could be seen, and a rich stench of decay hit them, as if a body had been rotting inside the house for a long time, almost making one vomit.

"Guard this door, don't let it close, whatever method you use is fine,"

Yang Jian glanced over, "If you can't do it, I'll take you out once we come out. That's an order."

Keiko was slightly startled when she heard this, and then carefully translated it to the man called Nagase.

"That really is a rather inconsiderate command, but compared to Mister Yang risking his safety alone to investigate the house, this order could be considered somewhat merciful," Nagase said with a smile, "Well then, Mister Yang, please go ahead without worry, your way out is entrusted to me, I assure you won't be let down."

Yang Jian didn't say a word, he carried his luggage bag, his expression calm as he walked into the dark house before him.

He wanted to search for the Ghost Child and see what kind of accident the Ghost Child had been involved in.

He also wanted to ascertain once again the exact situation of this house and whether the Door Knocking Ghost was also inside? If not, then why would this place be like this?

"This business trip is even more unlucky than the previous ones. To encounter such an incident right off the bat,"

Yang Jian felt that his surroundings were being enveloped by darkness; he could only see the blurry corridors on both sides, his vision was greatly compromised, even with his Ghost Eye open. If he closed his Ghost Eye, he figured he'd probably be blind and would only be able to feel his way along the walls.

He hadn't walked many steps when he felt an increasing chill around him, a sensation that tensed him up instantly, but then he suddenly stopped and looked back, realizing something.

How long can a house's hallway be?

Based on Yang Jian's previous assessment of the house, at most it was only about six or seven meters, but now, as he looked back, he could see the faint light spreading from the door behind him at a distance... it was far, as if spanning twenty or thirty meters.

Distances were being distorted.

Yang Jian's expression shifted subtly; he had encountered this kind of situation before in The World of Ghost Drawing.

However, he did not turn back as a result, but continued to move forward.

Soon enough.

Yang Jian passed through the hallway and arrived at the entrance to a sliding door, which should be the living room of the house.

Dried bloodstains remained on the sliding door, shaping a handprint. It must have been left by someone, and the direction of the handprint was outward, meaning that at some point, someone with blood on their hand had opened the sliding door, attempting to escape from within.

However, that person attempting to escape must have failed.

Because as Yang Jian had walked all the way there, he had not seen any bodies, only smelt the stench of a corpse. This odor was sealed within the house, making it especially pungent.

"The living room is very tidy, not at all disordered, and the Ghost Child isn't here either,"

Yang Jian arrived at the living room, took a quick look around, but did not find anything strange, nor did he see the source of the corpse smell, nor did he find the body of the deceased.

"It's quite strange. If someone was killed in the living room, then that means the ghost had previously appeared here. So after it killed someone, it should have left some traces, at least. Although there are doubts, it's now completely certain that this house has nothing to do with the Door Knocking Ghost."

He knew the killing method of the Door Knocking Ghost: just knock on your front door and you, the one targeted by the ghost, would immediately die without a chance to struggle.

An attack that ensured certain death.

Yang Jian himself did not know whether he could now withstand three knocks from that old ghost.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Suddenly.

From the ceiling above, a muffled sound echoed, as if someone had stepped on the floor and passed by. The sound insulation in this wooden house wasn't good, so Yang Jian heard it very clearly.

Moreover, judging by the sound of the commotion, it should be the weight of an adult, definitely not the Ghost Child. The Ghost Child would walk barefoot, and the sound would be very light.

"Thud, thud!"

The sound continued, and Yang Jian looked up; he was certain that something had passed right above him and then went next door before it stopped.

Peace returned to the dark house once again.

"Is the ghost at that spot?" Yang Jian's Ghost Eye stared intently at that spot as if he had locked onto the source.

"Go upstairs."

Yang Jian felt the Ghost Child might also be upstairs, its disappearance must be related to the ghost in this house. However, he only wanted to take the Ghost Child away, not to expend too much energy on an unknown ghost.

Immediately, he quickened his pace, moving deeper into the house.

After walking some distance forward, Yang Jian saw the stairs leading to the second floor.

The staircase was somewhat narrow, but it did not seem dangerous. At least there wasn't a ghost waiting for him on the stairs like last time, so Yang Jian smoothly made his way to the second floor of the house.

Using the position he had determined earlier, Yang Jian approached the location on the second floor from where the noise had originated.

Soon enough.

He stood before a sliding door. The sliding door was not tightly closed; there was a narrow gap in between, seeming as if the door had been opened recently.