

Revival 701

Chapter 701 The Thing That Blended into the Crowd

Half an hour later.

President Mishima, accompanied by members of the Exorcism Club, arrived where Yang Jian and Nagase were. At this time, he saw Yang Jian sitting on a nearby rooftop, observing his surroundings while deep in thought, but his condition seemed quite good, unchanged from before other than his gaze, which was cold and sharp. He still looked like a young, ordinary-faced youth.

If one were to judge by his appearance alone, walking down the street inconspicuously, absolutely no one would believe he was a top-notch spirit manipulator.

"Mister Yang." President Mishima bowed slightly to show respect and gratitude.

He also heaved a sigh of relief in his heart. It appeared that Yamazaki and Yang Jian had not had a conflict here.

At that moment, Yang Jian turned his head slightly, his gaze indifferent and somewhat hostile, "Someone named Yamazaki came to me earlier, asking me to hand over this object. Was that Yamazaki sent by you?"

President Mishima's expression grew stern. Just as he feared.

As he worried, Yamazaki's appearance, regardless of the reason, was a debt that Yang Jian would surely attribute to him.

"Mister Yang, please don't misunderstand. Yamazaki's appearance did not have my consent. I found out about it afterwards; it involves some internal conflicts within our club." President Mishima bowed again, "I rushed over here precisely to formally apologize to Mister Yang for this matter."

After he said this, the members behind him also bowed in apology.

Yang Jian appeared as if he didn't see them, his expression still cold, "I already gave you face over that previous matter with Tajima. This time, Yamazaki wanted to take advantage of the situation; to speak frankly, it has angered me. I am not incapable of dealing with Yamazaki; I just don't like to waste my energy on meaningless fights."

"In my eyes, he's not even worth taking action against. Add another twenty to the gold, and ensure this box is safely delivered back to Dachang City. Then I'll consider this incident as having never happened. If you can't do it, I'll personally release this spirit, and then you'll have to deal with it yourselves."

President Mishima immediately broke out in cold sweat.

Just as expected.

Yang Jian had already harbored such extreme ideas; it was only due to the conflict not escalating or some other reason that stopped this action from taking place. Otherwise, today would have become the darkest day for the Exorcism Club.

"Immense gratitude."

Without saying much else and without even a space for negotiation, President Mishima agreed without hesitation.

"With this deal complete, I no longer wish to stay here. Arrange a chartered flight to take me back," Yang Jian said as he jumped down from the rooftop, landing steadily on the ground.

President Mishima immediately said, "Could Mister Yang please wait a moment longer?"

"Is there something else?" Yang Jian asked.

President Mishima said, "The Exorcism Club has prepared a banquet for Mister Yang, and we would be honored if you would attend. Moreover, some preparations will take a bit of time."

After saying this, his gaze shifted toward the box sunken into the ground.

They needed to reinforce the box and transport it out, which couldn't be done in short order.

"How long will it take?" Yang Jian asked, glancing at the time.

He needed to return to Dachang City before midnight today, as the deadline for the deal with the Ghost Cabinet was approaching. If he didn't show up, something unexpected might occur. With all matters now settled, Yang Jian did not wish for accidents, not knowing whether they would be good or bad.

"Two hours," President Mishima said.

"Fine, I'll wait for two hours," Yang Jian said.

"This way, Mister Yang," Wang Xin, the man called, immediately came forward with a smile, ready to lead Yang Jian to the banquet.

Without any pretense, Yang Jian left in the car, and Nagase had the fortune to accompany him. As for the Ghost Infant, it had already appeared in the trunk of the car at some point, seemingly unnoticed by everyone.

After seeing off Yang Jian and Nagase, President Mishima finally let out a sigh of relief.

No matter what, this matter had come to a satisfactory conclusion.

"Thank goodness things didn't worsen with Yang Jian, or all my efforts today would have been in vain." Thinking of that bastard Ichiro, President Mishima's face immediately darkened again, finding Ichiro utterly disrespectful.

He dared to use this opportunity to try and oust him from his position as president.

But now was not the time to think about this.

"Where is Yamazaki? Have you made contact?" Mishima immediately asked.

"President, I am terribly sorry, but we have yet to make contact, though we have located Mister Yamazaki's car. Here are the photos from the scene..." a member promptly handed over some documents.

It was a car abandoned at a crossroads, easy to identify as Yamazaki's by the make and model.

But that was not the main point.

The main point was when Mishima flipped to the next photo, he saw a headless body with a head lying beside it. The body was familiar, as if he had just seen it.

The headless corpse lying on the ground was unmistakably Tajima.

"What's going on?" Mishima was both shocked and furious.

Wasn't the Ghost Door Knocker Incident already solved? Why, then, was Tajima dead? What was Yamazaki doing, knowing full well that Kobe City was still not safe and transporting two people into the city, even losing a member? It was sheer stupidity.

"Could it be..."

Another conjecture appeared in Mishima's mind.

Previously, when Yang Jian first acted, Nagase had said that Yang Jian was disturbed by another supernatural incident, which is why he couldn't confine that terrifyingly ferocious spirit.

Did that mean another horrifying supernatural event was still happening in Kobe City?

Yamazaki and Tajima couldn't cope with the encounter, which is why there were casualties.

Thinking of this, Mishima's face twisted with incredible fury, a fury not stemming from the unknown supernatural event in Kobe City, but from Yamazaki's incompetence.

To be lauded to such a height and now, in such a short period, not only was a member lost, but there was also no contact with him.

Compared to Yang Jian, who single-handedly coped with the pressure of two supernatural incidents and handled the current situation flawlessly, the difference was stark.

President Mishima, not afraid of members making mistakes, not afraid of losses, only feared the presence of the incompetent.

Meanwhile.

A panting voice arose within an inconspicuous house in Kobe City.

It was a bald, muscular man, now with a look of tension, a face drenched with cold sweat, completely lacking the confident, complacent attitude he'd had before. The reason was simple... he was being chased by a ghost.

Yes.

Unimaginable.

He was actually being chased by a fierce ghost.

It had chased him down three streets already, and the ghost showed no signs of giving up.

Without a Ghost Domain, Yamazaki couldn't retreat instantly; he could only run, but no matter how he ran, the ghost seemed to always find his location and could appear close to him at any time. It was unclear if the ghost was using something of his own to pinpoint his location.

"Can I shake it off?"

He was filled with doubts, not at all sure of himself.

However, just then, while hiding inside the house, his heart suddenly clenched tightly.

A sound emerged within the house.

It was the sound of footsteps, likely coming in through the house's back door and swiftly approaching. The sound of the leather shoes on the floor was exceptionally clear and distinct.

Yamazaki couldn't help but look back.

His pupils shrank immediately.

The house, though out of reach of the Ghost Domain, wasn't especially dim. Light from outside filtered in, and he saw a person suddenly appear behind him.

A person with a different stature than before.

But this person had a ghastly and frightful head, half-rotted, yet the other half was intact, revealing part of a human face, which seemed to have grown larger than before, as if this ghost's face was slowly regenerating.

It was believable that in a short while, a fierce ghost with a living person's face would appear in this world.

And such a ghost would be hard to distinguish because the difference from a living person would be negligible. Even if there were some strangeness, it would be attributed to a ghost controller, without the slightest association to a real fierce ghost.

The only unchanging feature was those numb, deathly grey eyes.

"Run."

Yamazaki gritted his teeth. He had to keep running.

Because the ghost was watching him from behind, he had to get out of the ghost's sight. Tajima had been seen by the ghost and immediately fell dead on the ground, his head rolling toward the ghost.

Along the way, he hadn't considered not fighting.

But he was powerless.

Because the moment he was targeted, the ghost within his body would be suppressed.

The suppression was swift, so quick that a few seconds of hesitation would lead to immediate death on the spot.

"Why is it fixated on me?" Yamazaki burst out of the front door, and quickly resumed his run, attempting to gain some distance before trying to find somewhere to hide again.

However, he knew that the ghost that had appeared in the house, and the next one to appear before him, wasn't really the same one.

The heads were the same, but the bodies differed; sometimes it was a man, other times a woman, or an old person.

As if, the fierce ghost's head would invade the body of a living person at any moment.

The most terrifying part was that Yamazaki had no idea how many people in this city had become bodies for this ghost.

As he continued to flee.

In a concealed dark corner nearby, a pair of grey and dead eyes kept watching him. From the shadows, a man with slightly yellow skin and a rigid complexion who exuded a strange aura appeared. Dressed in a suit, neat and clean, showing no sign of decay.

He was like a living person. No, he was without warmth, his body ice-cold, more like a fresh corpse.

After a good while.

This ice-cold corpse wearing a suit, bearing a living person's face, and a pair of grey, dead eyes, slowly turned and left.

He headed for the city and quickly blended in among its people.

Like those who had somehow survived, unnoticeable at first glance.

But those people would never imagine that a terrifying ghost wearing human skin would infiltrate their midst.

Chapter 702 The Invisible Existence

The Exorcism Club's headquarters was set up in Osaka City, not far from Kobe City. After all, the region was limited in size, and the distance between cities was quite short. Therefore, it was only after understanding this that Yang Jian realized why President Mishima was so eager to resolve the Ghost Door Knocker incident.

Because the next area of activity for that malevolent spirit could well be Osaka City.

Once it arrived, the situation in Japan would completely spiral out of control.

After all, relocating the headquarters was not something that could be done easily in a few days or months, just as Yang Jian had experienced with the Ghost Painting incident before. Cao Yanhua had been focused on resolving the Ghost Painting issue, not moving the headquarters.

The location of the banquet had been arranged in an old mansion with a historical vibe.

This place still retained the architectural style of pavilions and towers. The courtyard had babbling streams and an antique charm. In the modern city, such a place was extremely rare. And the person who owned such a residence must have been very high in status.

Yang Jian got out of the car and followed Wang Xin into the old mansion.

Yet as soon as he entered, he frowned slightly and looked in a certain direction of the mansion that made him feel somewhat uneasy.

It was as if his Ghost Eye was giving him some kind of warning.

"Mister Yang, please come this way," Wang Xin said politely. His face was all smiles, seeming genuinely happy without any trace of insincerity.

"What is this place?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xin replied, "This is an area specially designated for VIPs. Only someone of your stature, Mister Yang, is qualified to enter. It is also open to visitors from outside on specific holidays."

"I feel disquieted," Yang Jian said bluntly.

Wang Xin's face showed a subtle change as he immediately replied, "It might just be other members of the Exorcism Club. Please do not take offense, Mister Yang; this place is absolutely safe. I can guarantee it with my life."

He was secretly shocked.

Yang Jian had perceived the anomaly just upon entering. It was no surprise he had resolved the Door Knocking Ghost incident so quickly with such a sharp intuition.

"Let's hope so. When does the banquet start?" Yang Jian asked.

"In half an hour. Before that, someone will guide Mister Yang to bathe," said Wang Xin.

"No need. I took a hot spring bath earlier; I'm not dirty," Yang Jian replied.

He certainly didn't want to bathe on someone else's turf, especially as it could be a ploy to inspect his physical condition. Moreover, he now had a slowly decaying wound on his arm, a side effect of using the Firewood Knife, so he needed to be even more cautious.

"In that case, I'll have Keiko continue to take care of you," said Wang Xin.

At that moment, a petite and cute young woman with an eye-catching figure, dressed in a traditional kimono, walked over with a smile.

She was Keiko, the girl Yang Jian had previously left at the Hot Spring Hotel outside Kobe City.

The Exorcism Club operated very cautiously, clearly having brought her back ahead of time.

"Mister Yang, we meet again," Keiko approached, her eyes squinted in a smile, radiating warmth and happiness.

She had thought she would not see Yang Jian again so soon and was surprised that the occasion arose so quickly.

Yang Jian glanced at her and frowned slightly, "It seems some things are out of your control, too. Was this also an order from the Exorcism Club?"

"No, this was Keiko's own idea. I just wanted to thank Mister Yang in person. If it weren't for you, I would have been in trouble this time. Mister Yang may seem indifferent on the outside, but you're actually a very gentle person. I'm really very, very lucky to have met you," Keiko said with a smile, seriously.

"A person who knows gratitude is indeed hard to dislike," Yang Jian said with a steady gaze, "You're much better than some of the others I've met before."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mister Yang. Keiko is very happy," she added with another smile.

At this time, Yang Jian glanced at the group leader named Wang Xin beside him, then spoke, "I won't take anyone from your club, after all, I can't be at ease with your people infiltrating my company. But if you need to contact me in the future, let her do it. Compared to others, Keiko seems a bit more trustworthy."

"Yes, Mister Yang, I understand," Wang Xin said with a smile, nodding his head immediately in agreement.

He knew that Yang Jian was taking care of Keiko and at the same time, sending a signal of goodwill, hinting at the possibility of future cooperation.

"I am truly grateful for Mister Yang's care," Keiko bowed deeply, visibly moved.

Yang Jian's words were enough to ensure her safety in the future, that she wouldn't be sacrificed arbitrarily, and at the same time, her status and treatment would immediately soar several levels. For an ordinary person, this was akin to skyrocketing to success, especially since the social hierarchy in Japan is quite severe.

Without the care of an important personage, it's hard for the junior to make a name for themselves.

"It's nothing," Yang Jian waved his hand, indicating he didn't mind in the least, and then strode forward.

At that moment, Wang Xin came over and said softly, "Keiko, seize this opportunity and don't let the club down. Mister Yang's presence is the only place where you can prove your worth. Don't become arrogant or complacent, remember that in the PR department, you're not the most outstanding member. The sole reason you were chosen is because you align with Mister Yang's preferences."

This was both a warning and a reminder.

"I understand," Keiko nodded somewhat nervously.

"Glad you understand, now go and take good care of Mister Yang," Wang Xin said quickly before glancing meaningfully.

Keiko bowed and then ran after Yang Jian who was ahead.

Wang Xin did not follow. He walked off in another direction because he had his own work to attend to.

"This is the place."

Yang Jian was not familiar with the area, but quickly arrived at a rather secluded backyard where few people ventured, and where he didn't encounter a single soul on the way.

Yet, an unsettling feeling seemed to emanate from this very spot.

It was a traditional-style house, square in shape, with sliding doors instead of more secure lockable ones. Hidden surveillance cameras were installed nearby, giving the impression that it was not a particularly important location.

But Yang Jian didn't believe that there were no problems here.

"Mister Yang, please wait for Keiko," called Keiko from behind, apparently having caught up.

Yang Jian ignored her and continued walking directly toward the detached house.

He paid no attention to the surrounding cameras.

He had no intention of hiding; he was just curious to see for himself what had caught his attention. He knew that this was where he was supposed to attend a banquet, and if he didn't clear things up, he probably wouldn't be able to participate peacefully in the banquet and would definitely have to find an excuse to leave.

"Are you lost, sir?"

Before he could get closer, a voice suddenly rang out from nearby, and a middle-aged man wearing a kimono appeared under the eaves of the house, smiling.

Yang Jian furrowed his brows, unable to understand the words spoken as there was no translator beside him and Nagase hadn't followed.

"This area is currently closed to the public and off-limits to visitors; I hope you can understand," the kimono-clad middle-aged man said in a friendly tone.

Still unable to understand, Yang Jian's gaze lingered on the room behind the man.

"Mister Yang," Keiko ran up hurriedly and found him.

"Perfect timing, see that person in front? Tell him to repeat what he just said and then translate it for me," Yang Jian said directly.

To his surprise, Keiko looked aghast, "Person? Mister Yang, there's only Keiko here, no one else."

Hmm?

No one?

Yang Jian first glanced at Keiko with a slightly astonished look, half-convinced she was joking.

But soon he realized that something was amiss.

Keiko had no reason to pretend as if she saw nothing.

The only possibility was that she truly did not see it.

"Is it only visible to me, or am I unaffected and that's why I can see it?" Yang Jian immediately focused on the middle-aged man under the eaves.

This person was likely a ghost master whose supernatural power had affected this house, possibly creating an effect similar to the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian could do this as well.

Having no choice, Yang Jian repeated what the man had just said as best he could. Although his pronunciation wasn't quite accurate, Keiko should be able to understand.

"Tell me, what does this mean?"

Keiko covered her mouth and chuckled, obviously amused by Yang Jian's strange pronunciation, and then said, "It means the guests are being asked to leave."

"What's in that room?" Yang Jian asked directly while having Keiko translate.

The man under the eaves said, "An ominous artifact. If the guest is interested, it might be displayed at the banquet later, but rash investigation is not permitted."

An ominous artifact?

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly; he hadn't expected such an object here, and it seemed quite special, or else it wouldn't be mentioned for the banquet.

"That object makes me feel uneasy."

The man under the eaves said, "That is normal. Every ghost master who comes here says so. You're just the quickest to detect it. But now you should leave. Please don't make this difficult for me, okay?"

Yang Jian understood the gist of what the man said through Keiko's translation.

He did not dwell on exploring what was in the house because he did not want any trouble. If his curiosity could not be satisfied, then so be it; he was not one to make unreasonable trouble.

With that, he took a deep look and then turned away.

Keiko was somewhat puzzled; she hadn't seen anyone under the eaves of that house from beginning to end. It was completely empty.

This was an unexplainable supernatural phenomenon.

After Yang Jian left, the person under the eaves also disappeared without a trace, as if he had never existed, and the prior events seemed like an illusion.

But it was not an illusion.

Indeed, there had been someone there, but that person was not under the eaves; he was inside the room... because a faint scent of a decomposing corpse wafted from the dim room, as if someone had died there long ago. The body had not been tended to for some time, and no eerie noises could be heard.

He did not seem like a living ghost master.

"Mister Yang, the banquet is this way." Keiko followed closely, not wanting to lose him again, and hastily showed Yang Jian the way.

At the same time.

The courtyard also saw the arrival of many people, some members of the Exorcism Club, others seemingly invited to the banquet, and some accompanying them, appearing to be influential figures.

Yang Jian's arrival seemed to attract these people's attention.

Despite it being his first time in Osaka, it seemed his dossier had been secretly circulated.

"I am exceedingly happy to meet the renowned Mister Yang today."

An older gentleman in a suit immediately came forward, bowing with a smile and offering his name card, "This is my name card. Please feel free to ask for my assistance if needed; no need to stand on ceremony, as it is my honor to interact with a figure like yourself."

Yang Jian took the name card casually and checked it; it was written in Chinese.

He was also a club president, though not of the Exorcism Club; he was a very famous business tycoon. Even back home, Yang Jian had heard of this man's enterprise.

"Quite a friendly attitude," Yang Jian said, somewhat surprised.

In theory, this man was a leading business tycoon; unexpectedly, he was so humble before Yang Jian.

It seemed that in Japan, the status of a ghost master was higher than he had imagined.

Back home, wealthy businessmen with any standing probably wouldn't bother with the likes of Yang Jian.

Of course, it was also possible that these top-tier businessmen knew too much and therefore felt awe.

Other people noticed Yang Jian taking the name card, and they hurried over, neglecting their dignity to greet him respectfully and offer their name cards, hoping to make a familiar face.

He took them all without pretense, glancing briefly at each one.

Incredible—these people almost spanned all of Japan's industries, all were leaders, the very top of their conglomerates.

"If Mister Yang dislikes this scene, he can go to the banquet hall. There's no need to pay attention to them," Keiko whispered softly.

Yang Jian nodded and extracted himself from the networking.

However, as soon as he arrived at the banquet hall, he saw a familiar figure.

It was Yamazaki, whom he had seen not long ago in Kobe City.

Yamazaki stormed in from outside with big strides, looking pale and upset, as if shocked or angry.

Yang Jian noticed him, and he noticed Yang Jian.

At that moment, Yamazaki's eyes were exceptionally dark, lacking the composure from their previous greeting and instead reflecting a feeling of hostility.

"It must not have been easy to get out of Kobe City alive, Mister Yamazaki," Yang Jian said with a light smile, as if guessing the other had suffered a setback.

Yamazaki wanted to step forward and say something, but he was stopped by the person next to him. He snorted heavily and turned away.

At this moment, Yang Jian felt it strange.

Why would they invite someone like Yamazaki to this banquet?

And it wasn't just him; it seemed there were other ghost masters invited too; he just didn't recognize them.

"Could this be a trap?" Yang Jian's paranoid imagination began to act up.

Obviously.

This couldn't be the Exorcism Club's trap; it looked more like an important, grand gathering. Although he was part of it, it was clearly not held just for him.

President Mishima had something else planned for him.

Yang Jian checked the time.

He still had time to return to Dachang City to start the trade with the Ghost Cabinet. He might as well eat first before leaving since the transportation of the Ghost Door Knocker needed to be arranged by the Exorcism Club.

Chapter 703 The Machine that Predicts Death

The banquet was styled in the traditional fashion of Japan.

In the spacious banquet hall, a group of people kneeled at their respective dining tables, each arrayed with a variety of fresh, exquisite food. Beside them, sweet-faced women in kimonos served as companions, responsible for pouring drinks and serving dishes, providing meticulous service that signaled a high level of formality.

Yang Jian didn't like kneeling either; he sat cross-legged in his place, one hand propping up his knee, the other supporting his head as he boldly surveyed all the attendees at the banquet.

Keiko kneeled beside him, her head slightly bowed, not daring to look directly at anyone there, as if an invisible, strict hierarchy had been formed.

Not many had the privilege of attending this banquet.

Yang Jian glanced at the tables; there were fifteen in total, which meant that besides him, there were only fourteen other guests.

Among them was President Mishima, who had rushed over, and Sakai, whom he had met before. The remaining twelve people were strangers he was seeing for the first time, but undoubtedly, all of them were extraordinary individuals, most of whom were spirit users.

Some might not be spirit users, but they were nonetheless of high status.

"The man I saw earlier under the eaves in the backyard has not appeared." Yang Jian slowly withdrew his gaze, not finding that person among the guests.

Meaning, that person was not included in the invitations.

"Today's banquet is held in honor of Yang Jian, Mister Yang. I am very pleased that Mister Yang could give me this honor by attending today's banquet. I am truly grateful for his presence here," President Mishima said with a slight bow.

"Also, I thank Mister Yang for resolving a very troubling issue for us."

Yang Jian took a brief look at President Mishima and replied calmly, "It's just a transaction, President Mishima is being too courteous."

"No, no, no," President Mishima insisted, "Mister Yang's excellence has exceeded my expectations, which is why I wanted the important members of the Exorcism Club to express our gratitude and to show our respect for Mister Yang."

With that said.

Everyone turned their gazes toward Yang Jian, and although their thoughts varied, they all bowed to him, showing considerable respect.

"Is this all the members of the Exorcism Club?" Yang Jian asked bluntly, not concerned about offending anyone.

"Mister Yang jests. Indeed, the number of people qualified to attend this banquet is not large, no match for the abundance of capable individuals under Vice Minister Cao Yanhua," President Mishima replied with a modest smile.

Of course, this was a fact.

The population base was undeniable. Spirit users emerged from ordinary people and didn't just appear out of thin air. The larger the population, the more likely it was for spirit users to arise.

After the banquet started, the atmosphere was actually quite tense.

Many people were sizing up Yang Jian. Despite the formalities, their varied gazes betrayed a multitude of emotions.

Some were wary, others curious, and still others indifferent. Of course, there were also quite a few who looked on with enmity and hostility. As for the reasons, Yang Jian didn't know. Perhaps his presence had caused many to lose face, as the core members of the Exorcism Club placed great value on reputation.

Keiko sat quietly by Yang Jian's side, picking out dishes for him. Considering that Yang Jian didn't drink alcohol, she simply replaced it with juice.

Therefore, Yang Jian didn't have any aversion to this quiet and obedient woman, and that was the reason why he didn't resist.

The banquet was now halfway through.

Suddenly, after Sakai took a sip of sake, he said with a strange expression, "I am very curious to know how a unique individual like Mister Yang will depart from this world one day. Although my question is somewhat presumptuous, everyone has to face death one day, especially people like us."

"Mister Yang, what do you think?"

"Death as an ending? Indeed, that's quite an interesting matter," someone chuckled at the side.

Yang Jian frowned slightly, "Oh? You think I am going to die?"

"Isn't that inevitable?" Sakai responded.

"That is indeed a rather somber topic. So what way do you think I will die?" asked Yang Jian, not shying away and narrowing his eyes slightly, "Surely I won't be killed by someone?"

Sakai lowered his head to drink sake and said with a smile, "That's not necessarily the case, you know. A person can die in any number of ways. I wonder if Mister Yang is interested in knowing the circumstances of his own death."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Yang Jian.

Someone laughed at the side, "Mister Yang, please don't misunderstand, Sakai didn't mean anything by it. He just wanted to ask if Mister Yang would like to see the vision of his own future death. Our Exorcism Club possesses a mysterious object that lets people see the circumstances of their own death, and everyone who has used it has predicted their death accurately without deviation."

"Not just ordinary people but the deaths of spirit users are equally accurate."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he looked at Sakai.

Did the Exorcism Club really have such a mysterious object? One that could show a person the circumstances of their own death.

If that's really the case, it indeed stirs up one's curiosity, as it relates to their own life safety and future death news.

But this Yamazaki is up to no good.

He wants others to know, even Ghost Eye Yang Jian would have his day of death accurately predicted, not as frightening as imagined. He is undermining Yang Jian's reputation, lowering his perceived danger, even attempting to make Yang Jian reveal his flaws.

"I'm not particularly interested in my own death, as the future is full of countless changes. However, if there does exist such a mystical object, I would like to know, Yamazaki, what your death scene looks like?" Yang Jian said with a smile, a cold smile devoid of any sentiment.

"Like Mister Yang, I have not used that mystical object and do not know my death scene," Yamazaki said with a smile: "If Mister Yang is interested, I am willing to join Mister Yang in this game during today's banquet."

"However, in my opinion, the so-called premonition footage is mostly from a curse on the mystical objects, as you just said, all who have seen their death have died. Haven't you considered that the deaths are actually brought by the mystical object in your hands?"

Yang Jian spoke calmly, "Ghosts are not as simple as you think."

"So, the famous Ghost Eye Yang Jian, who never shrinks from fierce ghosts, is having second thoughts about a trivial game?" Yamazaki spoke, "Since Mister Yang is not interested, I'll play the game by myself then. President Mishima, please bring out that item."

President Mishima pondered with a serious face and did not refuse this time, signaling to someone on the side instead.

Immediately, a subordinate left the room.

"Mister Yang, your reasoning makes a lot of sense. Nevertheless, this mystical object is truly out of the ordinary, and if Mister Yang is interested, consider it a small entertainment for the banquet," President Mishima said with a laugh, his attitude still respectful.

But in reality, he was also a bit eager to see Yang Jian's death scene.

Because it concerned how he would treat Yang Jian in the future.

Whether to increase investment or maintain a normal transactional attitude was especially important.

Yang Jian did not speak, merely supported his head while eating and drinking, which could be seen as tacit consent to their actions.

If they wished to play, then he would indulge them.

Soon.

The subordinate from the Exorcism Club returned carrying a metal case.

President Mishima gestured.

Upon opening the case, an item was taken out.

It was a very old-fashioned hand-cranked projector, its paint peeling and flaking, aged and dirty, appearing as if it had been neglected in an abandoned warehouse for a long time without anyone's care. Judging by its age, it must be at least eight or nine decades old, or even nearly a hundred years.

But the moment this item was brought out, Yang Jian furrowed his brow, sensing something was very wrong.

This seemingly normal projector gave off an indescribably odd feeling.

That peculiar sensation came from the projector's... a roll of black film.

"Mister Yang, this eerie projector is at least eighty years old. It's very special; anyone who cranks its handle and turns the machine will cause it to project a film. These films are terrifying, each depicting the moments leading up to the death of its user," President Mishima mentioned with some trepidation.

"Previously, a club member was shown dying in a car accident after using it. To verify its authenticity, we placed that member in a safe house and prevented any vehicle from getting close. However, the results were horrifying, the member died on the way to the safe house."

"So, it's more like a curse than any kind of future information," Yang Jian said calmly.

President Mishima shook his head, "No, Mister Yang, we have conducted many similar experiments, and some people's films showed them dying of old age in their beds. Accidental deaths were not common, and the results were consistent with most people's fates."

"Later we prohibited ordinary people from using it and limited it to spirit handlers because every spirit handler faces the danger of death. Perhaps these strange images could help avoid that inevitable day."

"Trying to cure a dead horse as if it's alive?" Yang Jian looked at him, understanding President Mishima's thoughts.

Spirit handlers have a short lifespan anyway, bound to die sooner or later.

"So, regarding Sakai's death, did this object predict it?"

President Mishima shook his head, "The late Sakai did not touch this object, so there is no way to verify."

"Indeed, it is an interesting object," Yang Jian said calmly. By saying this, he indeed wanted to see his own death scene, but he was more concerned that this was a projector releasing curses.

Each person's death scene was actually a curse from a fierce ghost.

The more it's used, the quicker one dies; if not used, nothing happens.

"Yamazaki, you just mentioned wanting to play, so I don't mind if you let me see how exactly you're going to die," Yang Jian said.

"Why would I mind? Since Mister Yang wants to see, I am naturally willing to perform a bit," Yamazaki said with a hearty laugh, standing up composedly and walking towards the antique projector.

Chapter 704 Affected Images

This old projector was a supernatural item that predicted people's deaths.

As incredible as it sounds, whether the death scenes that it portrayed were the result of a curse from the projector or genuinely premonitory was unknown.

Yang Jian observed the man named Yamazaki with a hint of interest. He wanted to see what kind of death this fellow would meet and whether the mysterious projector was really as effective as rumored.

"Haha, a death scene for Yamazaki? Interesting, now you've piqued my curiosity too."

"Don't embarrass yourself in front of Mister Yang."

"Hopefully, Yamazaki, you won't die too horribly."

The other core members of the Exorcism Club laughed, some out of curiosity and others sarcastically.

President Mishima wore a smile, tacitly allowing all this to happen. To him, it was a great show. The supernatural item had been tested and posed no risk, or else he wouldn't dare to use it so casually.

But Yang Jian's guard remained unaltered.

Because he had encountered many supernatural items in the past, each one potentially fatal.

At that moment, Yamazaki approached the old hand-cranked projector. His smile gradually faded into a more serious expression. Although it was a game, he was also looking forward to his own death scene. Of course, that alone was not enough for him to step forward.

The real reason he decided to do so was that he had been chased by a fierce ghost previously in Kobe City.

Even though he had come to Osaka, Yamazaki was uncertain whether the ghost had let him off or if it would still pursue him.

Therefore, Yamazaki needed an answer.

Soon.

Yamazaki grasped the handle next to the projector and began to crank it.

The projector started to clatter, seemingly with gears rusted and something stuck in them, making its operation less than smooth. There were odd noises, but those were not the focus. Instead, as Yamazaki turned the crank of the old projector, Yang Jian felt his unease intensifying.

It was as if a fierce ghost was about to come back to life.

No.

This was not an illusion.

At that moment, the bright lights in the room dimmed slightly, releasing some unknown supernatural power.

The black film reel spun with the operation of the machine; it was completely blank, and under normal circumstances, it would be impossible to display anything. It was a discarded reel of film.

However, the projector was now emitting a faint light. The yellowed light flickered erratically, and suddenly a black-and-white image was projected onto the wall beside it.

In an instant.

Everyone's gaze was drawn to that image.

"Indeed, it is a very peculiar cursed item."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes; he had not detected a curse on Yamazaki. Although he felt uneasy, the people around him were unaffected.

The black-and-white image began unclear and flickering but gradually steadied, and an image started to appear.

The projection showed a city street.

"That's the streetscape of Osaka," President Mishima announced immediately, even pinpointing the exact location.

"Is Yamazaki going to die in this city?" someone asked in surprise.

This was supposed to be one of the safest cities in Japan. If Yamazaki died here, did it mean that ghosts would invade this place too?

The smallest of clues can reveal the most terrifying details.

Quickly, the scene kept playing, but the surroundings did not change; instead, the camera moved from up to down, capturing the ground, to the viewers' astonishment. A pale, dead man's head lay quietly beside a drain.

The head's eyes were wide open, filled with fear and disbelief, as if refusing to close in death.

Near the head, a headless corpse lay on the street, motionless, with blood spilling all around.

"That's Yamazaki's body; his head fell off and he died. What in the world is this about? How could he die so strangely in this city? Could it be that a supernatural event will happen here too?"

At this moment, Yamazaki, still operating the projector, had a particularly ugly look on his face.

He roughly understood what was going on.

Yamazaki had seen this way of dying before, right after he encountered that fierce ghost in Kobe City, except that time the victim was not him but Tianye.

Could it be that his future was doomed to not escape the ghost's attack?

"Yamazaki died so simply, does it mean that a supernatural event is likely to happen here soon?"

"No, that's not right. There are vehicles and pedestrians in the corner of that image, which suggests that the city was still quite normal when Yamazaki died; no significant supernatural events occurred, or else it would be impossible to see cars and pedestrians on the streets."

"There's something happening. Look, it seems like someone is coming over."

Suddenly, someone exclaimed, pointing at the image projected on the wall.

At that moment, clearly, a figure in the image was approaching Yamazaki's body. It was just a moment, but everyone realized something was wrong. Normally, no one would dare approach a body on the street; anyone who would had to be abnormal.

The angle of the footage was somewhat low.

All they could see was someone in leather shoes and dress pants coming closer, but the shot only went as high as the knees; anything above that was not captured in the frame.

This was a downside of the eerie projection machine; the scene could not be manually adjusted. Whatever was broadcasted was all that could be seen, so no matter how curious or anxious one was, it was useless. The amount of information a future death scene could reveal was unpredictable.

The man in leather shoes drew nearer, seemingly ignoring the Dead Man's Head and the corpse on the ground, walking as if he were just like any normal person.

"That's a ghost,"

Yang Jian, resting his head in his hands while watching the footage, suddenly spoke up with calmness.

"Although I had my suspicions, why are you so certain, Mister Yang?" a man sitting in front of a table nearby asked.

"The footage has been recorded, and with minimal analysis it's easy to conclude. If I lacked even this level of perception and judgment, I would have long been dead in a supernatural event," Yang Jian said with great certainty.

He had been almost certain within three seconds after those approaching feet appeared.

At this moment, President Mishima asked, "May I inquire, Mister Yang, what is the basis for your judgment?"

"It's the gait. The steps in the footage are too steady and heavy, and the distance between each step is exactly the same, like that of a stiff corpse. This kind of walking style is impossible for a living person; only ghosts walk like this. It's easy to distinguish if you've had more encounters,"

"If I were on the scene, just by hearing the footsteps I could tell if it's a human or a ghost," Yang Jian said, not minding sharing a bit of his experience.

When faced with a real ghost, what counts is not so much this bit of experience but rather adaptability and quick decision-making, because one wrong step in a supernatural event can mean death, and even for a spirit manipulator, the margin for error is very high.

"Mister Yang really does have extraordinary experiences," President Mishima exclaimed in admiration.

Being able to distinguish a malevolent ghost at a glance implies numerous encounters with spirits. Usually, such people are long dead, but if one manages to survive, it is undoubtedly a terrifying existence.

Upon hearing Yang Jian say this, everyone else became even more certain of their previous conjecture.

The one who took down Yamazaki, the man in the leather shoes appearing on the screen, was a ghost.

But the footage was still playing; it hadn't cut off yet.

Very soon.

The ghost in the leather shoes and dress pants had already reached the side of Yamazaki's head and seemed to have stopped there, standing still and no longer moving forward.

"Hiss hiss!"

The lights flickered, and the projection on the wall warped and blurred as if some mysterious force was meddling with the emergence of the image.

Finally, when the owner of the leather shoes turned around facing this way,

The image on the wall flashed for an instant and then disappeared completely.

Albeit the hand-cranked projection machine was still spinning, the eerie scene from before no longer appeared; all had settled down.

"It's over. Was that the death scene of Yamazaki just now? I concur with Mister Yang's deduction; the one in leather shoes and dress pants, who walked all the way here, is indeed a ghost."

"So, Yamazaki was killed by a ghost,"

"What kind of ghost could appear in Osaka and take down Yamazaki?"

Everyone was discussing animatedly, feeling astonished, incredulous, and at the same time deeply concerned because if a ghost could take down Yamazaki, it meant it could do the same to them.

This place was no longer safe.

Nobody wants to encounter a ghost while walking down the street and die a mysterious death one day.

At this moment, Yamazaki's expression turned grim.

He knew what the footage just now implied; he knew that ghost.

If the prediction was accurate, he would soon die here, killed by that ghost.

"Yamazaki, how do you feel after seeing your own death scene? Must be tough, huh?" someone said with a laugh.

Yamazaki didn't speak, his brow deeply furrowed, showing great unease within.

"Are there more terrifying ghosts lurking in the cities nearby? As expected, the Door Knocking Ghost event was just a bit more influential, but in reality, the hidden terror is no less dangerous than the Door Knocking Ghost incident. Now, President Mishima has quite the headache," Yang Jian thought to himself.

The Terror Level of that ghost was extremely high.

Even the eerie projection machine couldn't display the ghost's appearance, and even after it came close, the image was affected and disappeared right away.

Everyone knew what this meant.

"The ending of Yamazaki has indeed piqued my interest, I also want to see what my death scene is like? President Mishima probably won't suggest that I give it a try,"

At that moment, a person stood up. He was a young man in a suit, his complexion not healthy, ashen and dark, his head shape somewhat odd, as if it had been forcibly twisted by something.

"This is Mister Jin Chuan, a key member of the Exorcism Club," Keiko whispered from the side.

She was introducing this unfamiliar man to Yang Jian, but that was as far as she went; she didn't know much about these core members.

Yang Jian checked the time; he would leave after the party ended in an hour.

But the show was still going on, and he didn't mind continuing to watch.

Chapter 705 An Inescapable Shadow

Originally, this hand-cranked projector was just intended as a party game to alleviate the dull atmosphere of the banquet, but no one expected that Yamazaki's death scene would make the game far from ordinary.

He had been killed by a ghost in this city.

Although the exact day was unknown, it could be inferred from the timeline that it was soon.

However, what truly terrified everyone was not Yamazaki's death.

When the second man, Jin Chuan, used the hand-cranked projector, the screen also revealed his death. He was dead, with the exact same symptoms as Yamazaki; his body had collapsed to the side, and his head had detached from his neck, rolling off to the side.

The only difference was that his death scene was not on the street but in a pub, where in the scene, one could see panicked bystanders continuously leaving.

But as the scene was about to end, everyone once again saw a person in leather shoes and slacks eerily standing in a corner of the pub, motionless for a long time.

"Jin Chuan is also dead, and that ghost in the leather shoes was found near his body."

At this moment, everyone was shocked.

The same pair of leather shoes, the same trousers, it meant that it was the same ghost, the one that had killed Yamazaki and now Jin Chuan. Moreover, the scene was eerie; other than Jin Chuan's deceased body, none of the other people had died.

This ghost clearly had a specific target and was not killing indiscriminately.

If that was the case, it was terrifying.

This ghost seemed to have ignored the usual rules of ghostly killings, beginning to actively select its victims.

"Impossible, could that thing also kill me?" Jin Chuan clenched his teeth, appearing very vexed, but within this irritation was more fear and unease.

President Mishima's expression had grown serious at this moment because he felt that this death game had somewhat gone out of control. A single ghost had joined the different death scenes, altering everyone's fate.

Immediately, he said gravely, "It seems something dreadful has been foreseen. Jin Chuan, please take a seat and calm down. Fujiwara, try your luck."

Another man hesitated for a moment, then nodded, stood up, and walked toward the hand-cranked projector.

Jin Chuan returned to his seat with a troubled face.

Soon after.

The third person's death scene appeared. Terrifyingly, this man named Fujiwara met the same fate, dying inside a house, with his body sprawled on the ground and his head rolling to the side. But the house's front door was open, revealing half a leg at the entrance.

It belonged to someone in slacks and leather shoes.

The ghost had once again appeared on screen.

"Something's not right," someone muttered under their breath, clenching their fists.

The third key member of the Exorcism Club had been killed by a ghost, though only in a future scene so far. But it would soon turn into reality.

"Ishida, it's your turn..." continued President Mishima.

He wanted the game to go on, to see the fourth person's scene.

The fourth individual rose from his seat, taking Fujiwara's place, and began to use the hand-cranked projector.

His death scene appeared as well.

As expected, this man named Ishida was also dead, with a similar end as those before him, although the location had changed—he was on an airplane, his body motionless in the seat, his head rolling back and forth in the cabin, before ultimately resting at the feet of a passenger wearing leather shoes and slacks.

The footage ceased.

The ghost had been found in the death scene once again.

"Let me have a go. I don't believe the ghost can take me down too," defied someone angrily, getting up to see their own fate.

Reality was harsh.

This person was also dead.

He died in a hot spring hotel, surrounded by several female companions.

His head floated eerily on the water's surface, refusing to sink, while his body was submerged, exposing only a vague silhouette.

Behind a rock within the hot spring,

a pair of feet in leather shoes was exposed.

"How could this happen?" The person who was full of confidence until moments ago sat down in shock, eyes wide and unable to accept what had happened.

Five people.

In total, half of the people here had used the hand-cranked projector, and the results were startlingly consistent, making the implications clear.

"Interesting, President Mishima seems rather unlucky, your members being targeted by a ghost, destined to be killed one after another. But I do not believe this future is accurate. If your members dare to fight, I expect the ghost will not succeed so smoothly. Or perhaps, Yamazaki was just the beginning, the ghost completed the puzzle, which led to a gradually escalating loss of control, creating a snowball effect," said Yang Jian, raising an empty glass.

Keiko, standing beside him with her head slightly bowed, immediately poured him a full glass of juice.

"Yang Jian, what are you talking about? Are you saying all this happened because I was the first to die?" Yamazaki, upset, snapped with some anger at the moment.

President Mishima frowned.

Although what Yang Jian said was a bit unpleasant to hear, it made sense. Yamazaki might have indeed started a bad precedent, and if they could prevent Yamazaki's future from occurring, perhaps the others could be saved.

Yang Jian said with a smile, "If you want to change the future, it's quite simple. For example, if I kill you right here, the ghost's purpose can't be fulfilled through you, and do you think the subsequent events would still happen?"

As soon as he said this,

the others, who were not fools, immediately stared at Yamazaki with ill intent.

Yamazaki wanted to say something, but his mouth suddenly shut, and he couldn't help but break out in cold sweat on his forehead.

Instigation, it was definitely Yang Jian's instigation.

President Mishima also fell silent because this was indeed a method.

Sacrificing Yamazaki alone might save most of the core members, and that would be worth it.

Of course, this was just an idea, and they couldn't truly go through with it just because of a speculative remark.

"Yang Jian, don't go too far. You might also get killed by that ghost, and end up just like us," Yamazaki said, gritting his teeth. "Dare you watch your own death scene?"

"I'm certain I won't die at the hands of this ghost," Yang Jian replied very calmly, sipping his juice.

If he were to die, it would be in a transaction with the Ghost Cabinet or in some other terrifying supernatural event. There was absolutely no reason to get killed by a ghost here in such a confused manner.

"How can you be so sure without looking?" Yamazaki asked.

The others looked towards Yang Jian, their eyes filled with expectation. If there was anyone most likely to break free from the same death scene, it was undoubtedly Yang Jian.

If even Yang Jian couldn't do it, then the situation was seriously beyond imagination.

"Mister Yang, may I ask you for this favor? I am willing to privately gift Mister Yang a piece of porcelain," President Mishima pleaded.

"I wasn't interested in this to begin with, but since you all have such expectations, I will reluctantly join your death game and take the chance to shut some people up," Yang Jian said, glancing at Yamazaki.

"Thank you very much."

President Mishima bowed deeply.

He pleaded with Yang Jian not because of curiosity, but because he wanted to know if this future could be changed, not the kind that was unalterable.

Yang Jian casually passed the glass in his hand to the side, where Keiko hurriedly caught it, and then, with a calm expression, stood up and walked toward the hand-cranked projector.

While walking, he took off the glove in his hand.

The darkened palm was exposed unobscured to everyone's view.

"Is that the Ghost Hand?" everyone wondered silently as they stared.

Yang Jian's information was now quite clear; he possessed the palm of a fierce ghost. As for the specifics, they couldn't be determined clearly.

Fearing curses, Yang Jian always used the Ghost Hand to handle supernatural items. Even if there was danger, it could fend it off. He just wasn't sure whether, after using the Ghost Hand to crank that thing, any scene would appear.

Perhaps there wouldn't be the slightest disturbance.

So, he simply went to try it with an attitude of giving it a shot.

Right then,

his darkened palm grasped the crank and turned the old machine.

"Go for it, Yang-kun," Keiko couldn't help calling out with concern.

"Woman, shut up, this is not your place to speak," Yamazaki snapped, his interest lay more in what death scene Yang Jian would show.

Keiko, frightened, shrank her neck and continued to keep her head down, not daring to speak.

However, no one else scolded Keiko; they did not want to offend Yang Jian over a woman. Who knew whether he was fond of her or not.

"Yamazaki, keep calm," President Mishima said.

"Yamazaki is quite skilled at bullying women in reality, it's just that his performance in the face of fierce ghosts is too disappointing," Yang Jian glanced at him, his gaze was cold and devoid of emotion.

Contact with the machine using the Ghost Hand didn't cause the eerie projector to fail as imagined; the scene was still presented.

It showed the death scene of Yang Jian.

Chapter 706 Death and Conflict

Most people in this world are curious about the scene of their own death, and Yang Jian was no exception.

But he was sensible.

Yang Jian worried that the so-called premonition was actually a curse emanating from this eerie hand-cranked projector, and the death scene might be caused by the machine itself; it was the origin of death. The future scenes were all fabricated and false.

However, after a few people had used it and through Yang Jian's observations, this doubt in his heart slightly diminished.

While the possibility of a curse existed, it seemed slim.

Moreover, even with a curse, Yang Jian was still within the transaction period with the Ghost Cabinet.

As Yang Jian used it,

the eerie hand-cranked projector began to play the scene again, and after the image was projected onto the wall, something incomprehensible happened. The image was no longer black and white, but a deep red, as if stained with fresh blood. This red hue actually started to seep out from the image.

Blood, dripped onto the ground.

"What?"

Everyone was shocked by this scene, and some even couldn't help but stand up.

President Mishima was also stunned; he was familiar with this machine, and it had never shown such an anomaly before, it was always very normal black and white death scenes.

"This is an unprecedented anomaly, it's just blood in the image, but it has appeared in reality... what is going on?"

"An unusual scene, isn't it?"

"The blood is getting more and more."

In the quiet banquet hall, the scene had started to become a bit chaotic, as more and more blood seeped out from the wall, staining the screen and the ground a dark red, and the blood continued to spread to the surrounding area.

"Again... blood,"

Yang Jian frowned. This blood was familiar to him.

It was like the Ghost Blood left behind after his friend Yan Li died, and like the cursed blood that overflowed from the spirit tablet last time.

Something was indeed wrong with him; something had been following him, perhaps an unknown supernatural entity or a curse from the Ghost Cabinet transaction, but in any case, he was not clean.

However, after experiencing several brushes with death, he had become accustomed to such oddities.

The image continued to play.

Although the blood was spreading, the scene inside did not stop.

The flickering scene finally appeared, revealing a landscape in front of everyone. Despite the crimson hue, it did not impede viewing.

The image showed a wilderness, it looked like the outskirts of a city. In the distance, some houses were visible, but the center of the image was a wasteland overgrown with weeds and trees. In the foreground, a winding highway stretched toward the distance, disappearing at the edge of the frame.

"There it is, but... this isn't Osaka nor is it our country," someone immediately commented.

The terrain and some landmarks in the image were enough to deduce many things.

"It's not here, which means Mister Yang's cause of death has nothing to do with the previous ghosts, he successfully fended off that ghost's attack," the man named Jin Chuan previously said rationally.

Yamazaki immediately said, "Don't celebrate too soon, perhaps the ghost is nearby, and it's very possible it followed us when leaving this place."

He still did not believe that Yang Jian could be an exception.

After all, everyone was a ghost controller, and there was no reason why five or six members of their club should die from unknown ghost attacks while Yang Jian remained unharmed.

If ghosts were that terrifying, no one should be able to avoid a deadly fate.

"I'm somewhat familiar with that place, it seems to be... the outskirts of Dachang City." Yang Jian deeply furrowed his brows, ignoring the others' discussions and focusing on observing everything in the image.

He had some recollections of that place; he had been there at certain times in the past.

The next moment.

The images began to zoom in, as if the camera lens of a movie was switching scenes, and quickly, as the lens changed, everyone's viewpoint shifted from the highway to a desolate spot off the highway, where there was a pond that wasn't very large.

That pond in the image was like a blood pool, filled with crimson blood, with bodies soaking in it, and the limbs of the corpses vaguely visible as they floated and sank in the blood-red pond.

A blood pool filled with corpses.

Everyone was stunned; they had never imagined that such a terrifying place existed in the world.

"That is the eerie place formed by the resurgence of the vengeful ghost after Yan Li's death... Could my death be related to that place?" Yang Jian's face darkened with a mix of anticipation and curiosity.

However, his corpse and the scene of his death were not appearing in the current footage.

But the footage had just begun, so there was no need to be anxious.

Yang Jian continued to operate the projector, while the blood-soaked wall maintained the ongoing scene. At this moment, it seemed the camera zoomed in again, but as it did the image started to blur, as if the signal was being interfered with, causing bits of the image to become fragmented and increasingly incomplete.

This blurring, like signal interference, began with a few imperfections and gradually became more fragmented.

It seemed that the blood-red pool concealed an unknown horror and spectral presence that prevented the eerie projector from peeking into its surroundings. Just like earlier footage that captured an actual ghost, whenever a ghost approached, the image would flicker and, if severe enough, even disappear.

Clearly, this eerie projector had its limits.

The image began to deteriorate further, and the footage was continuously fading away.

However, just at that moment, a corpse suddenly emerged from within the crimson pool. The corpse floated up face-first, back-down, and a ghastly pale face of the dead appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

The face looked identical to Yang Jian's, and the body type and clothing style of the corpse were also very similar to Yang Jian's.

Without a doubt.

The corpse that emerged was Yang Jian himself.

He was dead.

At some point in the future, he had died in a pond soaked with Ghost Blood, becoming one of the floating corpses within.

At this moment,

The image suddenly flickered and vanished.

The information about future death was cut off, the eerie projector could only reveal so much.

"Is this Mister Yang's death scene? It's simply incomprehensible," mused the man called Jin Chuan. "We didn't see a ghost, nor how the killing happened; we didn't even see how Mister Yang fell into that haunted place. It's as if he had appeared in that blood pool previously."

"Right, it's indeed incomprehensible. But no matter what, Mister Yang didn't share the same fate as us; those legs wearing leather shoes and dress pants didn't appear in the image," another person nodded in agreement.

This outcome had exceeded everyone's expectations.

They had considered that Yang Jian might die for the same reasons as them; they had also thought about the possibility of his death due to the resurgence of a fierce ghost or some supernatural event, but they could never have imagined that Yang Jian's body would end up soaking in the blood pool.

Yang Jian's face remained very calm at the moment; the last scene of his corpse emerging from the water did not disturb him. Instead, he wondered why he would die in the Ghost Blood after Yan Li's resurgence.

"Ghost Blood is capable of suppressing fierce ghosts. Perhaps I wasn't killed by a ghost in the blood pool but instead entered it voluntarily at some point out of desperation."

An astonishing speculation appeared in his mind.

Because this was Yang Jian's style; even in death, he would fight to the last. If a fierce ghost revived at some point and all other suppressive measures failed, then he might indeed jump into that blood pool to take a chance.

After pondering for a little while, he quickly refocused his thoughts.

No matter the cause of death or what kind of future the image portrayed, at least Yang Jian was safe for now, and he had not been targeted by that ghost.

"It seems that some people have died, but my death scenario seems a bit special; it's not the same as everyone else's,"

Yang Jian put aside his thoughts and gave a faint smile, cold and devoid of emotion, with no sign of nervousness or unease on his face.

Yamazaki's expression darkened.

Clearly, the previous scene had not satisfied him, and the unique portrayal of Yang Jian's death was proof enough that he was far ahead of everyone present, further emphasizing their incompetence.

"Mister Yang, are you alright?"

Just as Yang Jian sat down, Keiko next to him nervously tugged at the hem of his clothes and whispered, "Keiko believes Mister Yang can definitely break free from that fate; you will be safe and sound."

"Let's hope so, but I'm definitely not someone who dies easily," Yang Jian said without looking at her, speaking offhandedly.

Keiko nodded her head.

At this moment,

President Mishima, however, was overcome with worry. Since the core members of his club were shrouded in the shadow of death, it was possible that starting with Yamazaki, the members sitting here might die one after another within a month, just like in the scene of death played before them, killed by the same ghost's attack.

But at this time, Yamazaki suddenly spoke up, "The scene of Mister Yang's death just now had nothing to do with that ghost, which means Mister Yang has a way to deal with that ghost, or a way to avoid being killed by it. Although it's a bit rude, I still hope Mister Yang can teach us this method."

"The entire Exorcism Club will be eternally grateful."

Having said this, he rubbed his bald head, his sinister gaze fixed on Yang Jian.

The look in his eyes was not one of pleading, but a dangerous warning.

For Yamazaki, he had already been added to the death list, and he was first on it. Therefore, he wanted to change that result, and the means to change it lay with Yang Jian.

At his words, everyone else once again focused their attention on Yang Jian.

Indeed.

He hadn't been targeted by the ghost, he must have some method to resist the ghost's attack.

"You really are not a compliant fellow. Even if I have a way to resist the ghosts, what can you do to me if I don't tell you?" Yang Jian said, slightly tilting his head to drink the juice Keiko handed him, not even lifting his eyelids.

Yamazaki's face turned particularly unsightly; "Then the next second, that Keiko by your side will die."

"What?" Keiko trembled all over when she heard this.

"Your approach is exactly the same as that Tianye before, not daring to confront me directly, only trying to be surreptitious, using an insignificant translator by my side to intimidate me," Yang Jian put down his cup; "If that's the case, go ahead and make your move. Don't just talk without acting, Mister Yamazaki, or I'll look down on you."

"A conflict has arisen, this is bad," President Mishima suddenly panicked.

He never expected this game to evolve into this. Had Yamazaki felt the threat of death and started to lose his composure?

Yamazaki stared fixedly at Yang Jian, anger faintly surfacing on his face, then glanced at Keiko who was lowering her head and shrinking back beside Yang Jian.

It would be quite easy for him to kill an ordinary person.

But if he did so, would Yang Jian immediately retaliate?

No one could predict what would occur if there was a counterattack.

"He's bluffing. With so many core members of the Exorcism Club here, even if he is Ghost Eye Yang Jian, he wouldn't dare to mess around. This is a great opportunity to force him to reveal the method of

avoiding the fierce ghost's attack, to keep that Door Knocking Ghost he has captured here, and even to dig out more unexpected gains from him," Yamazaki's eyes flickered as he entertained the idea of hunting down Yang Jian.

If it truly came down to a fight, Yamazaki believed that more people would side with him; an outsider like Yang Jian, who couldn't even communicate properly, surely wouldn't have anyone's support.

He weighed it in his mind.

Meanwhile, his hostility grew more apparent.

Even those nearby felt something was wrong and experienced a sense of trepidation.

"Is Yamazaki really going to make a move? He wants to provoke Mister Yang."

"It feels somewhat reckless, yet understandable as the first person to receive the death news; Yamazaki is desperate to change his death fate and sees the opportunity in Yang Jian," said Jin Chuan and Ishida, as well as others who remained silent, each with their own guesses.

This conflict wasn't just Yamazaki's issue; it implicated their lives and deaths as well. If Yang Jian truly wasn't as strong as imagined, perhaps... this was an opportunity.

"The situation is about to spiral out of control," said President Mishima, clutching the wine cup in his hand, yet he did not speak up to intervene.

Conflicts involving these types of individuals are terrifying, no less than the emergence of a supernatural event. As a mere mortal, he couldn't mediate or stop it at this moment, he could only let Yang Jian deal with the situation himself.

He did not want Yang Jian to encounter any trouble.

There were many things at stake, too complex to explain in just a few words.

However, Yang Jian, at the center of this maelstrom of conflict, remained calm. He did not move, merely slightly squinting his eyes as he looked at Yamazaki.

This guy was not reckless; he wanted to take this opportunity to cause trouble, using the presence of other Exorcism Club members to pressure him, to make him submit, achieving the goal of a local bully trying to overpower a more formidable opponent.

If he was foolish, Yamazaki would have already taken action by now.

"If you fear me, then get out of here now. I might let you live. Being targeted by a ghost, you may not die today, but if I have marked you for death, you will die extraordinarily quickly," Yang Jian said bluntly and insultingly.

"Bastard."

At this moment, Yamazaki felt humiliated. He instantly flipped the table in front of him, all the delicious food spilling onto the floor, with a chilling energy spreading from his body. The people around even felt an inexplicable coldness, as if a menacing ghost was lingering beside them.

"Yamazaki, calm down," President Mishima finally couldn't help shouting.

But in the next moment.

A red light instantly enveloped the entire banquet hall, and everything around was dyed completely red, just like the blood in the snapshots before.

A sinister eye spied on Yamazaki.

The fifth layer of the Ghost Domain opened in an instant.

When Yang Jian acted, he was ferociously ruthless, leaving no room for mercy, nor did he give Yamazaki any chance to struggle or turn the tables.

The Ghost Domain shrouded Yamazaki's body.

The ghost within Yamazaki also emerged.

Underneath the clothes was a foreign corpse, with a head and a face, curled up inside his body, like a thin woman, the long hair covering the face.

It's hard to imagine that a big man's body was hollowed out, parasitized by a terrifying fierce ghost, leaving only an empty shell.

But the strange thing was that Yamazaki could still move normally.

Ghost Domain enveloped.

The ghost entwined in Yamazaki's body seemed to awaken, finally stirring, and even the head mechanically turned, shifting bit by bit from the body, as if trying to walk out.

The ghost must not be allowed to come out.

Otherwise, without the support of the fierce ghost, Yamazaki would die immediately.

"You think you can kill me so easily? It won't be that easy," Yamazaki growled, his complexion ferocious. He felt that the ghost inside him was losing control.

Just resisting Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was almost too much for him; the fierce ghost was on the brink of awakening.

"Stop babbling."

Yang Jian said coldly, and the next moment, his black Ghost Hand grabbed Yamazaki's neck in a swift motion.

Yamazaki's face underwent a drastic change; he felt the ghost inside him being suppressed, experiencing an irresistible power.

Crack!

The next instant, Yamazaki's neck was crushed, and his body was casually tossed away, flung out like rubbish. Then, with a flash of red light, the body disappeared, as if erased from the world without leaving a trace.

"Thump!"

Afterward, a curled-up dead body appeared in the place where Yamazaki formerly stood.

The ghost in his body couldn't be transported away by the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain, so it was left behind.

Chapter 707 Withdrawing and Leaving

The atmosphere in the banquet hall, which had been tense just a moment ago, had now fallen into a bizarre tranquility.

Everyone had thought that the conflict between Yamazaki and Yang Jian would surely spark a very cruel battle, one that might even accidentally drag many others into the fray, leading to chaos that cannot be controlled. However, no one could have expected that the so-called struggle would be resolved so quickly.

How many seconds had it been?

Probably less than ten seconds.

And the Yamazaki who was just here, had now vanished into thin air, as if he had never existed in this world, not leaving behind a single trace. The only thing left was a curled up, bizarre corpse on the ground, its sex unknown, not even its face could be clearly discerned.

But there was no doubt, it was the ghost that inhabited Yamazaki.

The person had disappeared, yet the ghost remained.

"Did Yamazaki... die?" someone couldn't help muttering to themselves, still in disbelief at the scene before their eyes.

It had ended too quickly.

They were all too aware of Yamazaki's abilities and strength, his potential was enormous, surpassing many people, even qualified to be a candidate for "Jade". Even internationally, he was supposed to be among the very best ghost controllers, definitely not weaker than any captain.

Yet such a person was obliterated by Yang Jian within ten seconds, simply erased from this world.

No matter what methods Yang Jian had used, no matter how dangerous those few seconds of confrontation were, the reality was brutal.

Yamazaki was crushed.

Ruthlessly crushed, without even a chance to struggle for life, as fragile as an ordinary person.

"Indeed, the gap is too large," many thought to themselves, their restless hearts now like being doused with cold water, instantly bereft of any thought.

Before, they had thought Yang Jian was boasting. Now it seemed he had been quite modest.

With the strength to easily kill Yamazaki in seconds, yet not acting rashly to teach Yamazaki a lesson, Yang Jian waited for Yamazaki to lose his restraint and then burst forth with a kill in one blow, not giving the opponent any chance to breathe, his methods brutally efficient.

"With such capabilities, yet always acting so arrogant, it seems like the ghost invaded his brain, drove him mad, and he had become abnormal," Yang Jian said indifferently. "Or could it be that the standard of your Exorcism Club is so poor, that such trash is considered top tier?"

"As harsh as it sounds, I still want to say, at our place, this guy would be at best second-rate. Barely squeezing into the captain ranks is already a stretch, not to mention being considered for 'Jade'."

I knew as soon as I made a move that this guy was not even comparable to Wei Jing, let alone Tong Qian, and far from matching people like Fang Shiming.

The only peculiar thing was.

The ghost that Yamazaki controlled.

Below the fifth level of the Ghost Domain, that ghost somehow could not be sent away, which was extremely dangerous. Moreover, from its appearance, the ghost was not incomplete, its hands, feet, body, even the hair covering its face, were all very intact, indicating it was not one of those scattered ghosts, a high degree of completeness.

Or could it be, our earlier speculation was correct, Yamazaki's ghost is a very important piece of the puzzle, crucial to the ghost in the premonition from just before.

If obtained.

No one would escape the ghost's attack.

However, no matter what, the result of that eerie projector could be changed; if the person foreseen to die passed away ahead of time, then the prophecy would be invalidated.

Thus, the probability of the projector being a curse is very small.

Unlike the Eight-Tone Music Box in Yang Jian's hand, once its curse is released, only the music box can kill you, other ghosts cannot, and it can even resist the danger of fierce ghosts resurging, making it exceedingly dreadful.

President Mishima was also stunned at the moment, and it took him a while to snap back to reality and grasp what had just taken place.

"Is this already over? You must be joking; Yamazaki has been taken out."

Although he had considered many possible outcomes, Mishima had never anticipated this one. It was understandable that Yamazaki couldn't resist Yang Jian, but to be taken out so easily was beyond comprehension.

"If anyone wants to take revenge for Yamazaki, feel free to make your move. I don't care. After all, killing one is the same as killing two. Just don't expect me to collect their bodies for you, President Mishima. You'll have to clean up your own mess."

Yang Jian glanced indifferently and said.

"I'm very, very sorry, Mister Yang," President Mishima trembled, only then realizing the seriousness of the situation.

The loss of one Yamazaki was already a devastating blow; another conflict could not be allowed to break out.

Even if it cost him his life, he had to quell this feud and prevent even the slightest sign of trouble.

He immediately bowed deeply in apology, cold sweat breaking out on his face.

"No need to apologize. To me, this is just an ordinary fight. If I were the one to lose, I wouldn't have any complaints either. One deserves to die if they're not as skilled as another. The world has always been this cruel, don't you think so, President Mishima?" said Yang Jian.

Despite these words,

when they came from Yang Jian, they were brimming with warning.

It was as if he was saying, everyone here is trash, and I could take out all of you.

How could President Mishima not be afraid? If Mishima were to sweep through the core members, the Exorcism Club would rapidly go bankrupt and close down, and the situation he had maintained would collapse.

"I'm very sorry, Mister Yang," he raised his voice, apologizing again.

Yang Jian didn't speak, simply looking over the others.

Jin Chuan and Ishida, the demon tamers, all wore expressions of horror and unease. Being stared at by Yang Jian was like being targeted by a fierce ghost. Consequently, they subconsciously averted their gazes and bowed their heads slightly, not daring to look any longer, afraid that even the slightest thought had been perceived.

Yang Jian sneered inwardly.

In this world, respect doesn't exist; it's only because you are too powerful.

If he had been defeated or his battle with Yamazaki had ended in a standoff, at least three or four of the remaining people would have turned against him, and would have tried to keep him in this banquet hall.

Of course, there were those who remained neutral, those who were there just to watch, and not everyone was willing to get involved in this mess.

Therefore, seeing this, his actions were decisive. He had to take out Yamazaki quickly or he wouldn't be able to deter those with other intentions.

If Yamazaki had been able to withstand the attack from the fifth level of Ghost Domain and Ghost Hand, then Yang Jian would have immediately used the eerie Firewood Knife without giving any chance.

"Let's call it a day for the banquet. Someone has died, and I believe no one here is in the mood to continue eating and drinking. President Mishima, I need to board the plane back to Dachang City in half an hour," Yang Jian retracted his gaze and slowly stood up.

"I'm terribly sorry for today's disrespect. It was all due to my poor planning. I hope Mister Yang isn't upset," said President Mishima. "The plane is already being prepared. It will be ready to Mister Yang's satisfaction in twenty minutes."

"That's good. I'll wait at the airport," Yang Jian slowly walked towards the exit of the banquet hall.

As he walked past, the others kept their heads down and silent, not daring to say a word or even dare to take an extra glance, for no one knew if Yang Jian might suddenly take action against a second person.

At this moment, President Mishima gave a look to Keiko, who was still kneeling and lost in thought, signaling her to follow along.

Now that a conflict had arisen, what he thought about was how to resolve it. Although the death of Yamazaki was painful, offending Yang Jian was even more foolish. It seemed that the only person here who Yang Jian didn't dislike was probably only Keiko, and it was clear that Keiko was very willing to stay by Yang Jian's side, which was good news.

"Yang-kun, wait for Keiko." Keiko immediately snapped back to reality, hurriedly got up, and prepared to follow.

However, at this moment, Yang Jian suddenly stopped in his steps, his gaze sharp as he looked towards the ghost that had been left behind after Yamazaki's death.

It was such an obvious sign that no one could fail to notice.

...

However, Yamazaki had just died, and even if a ghost were to revive, it should still require some time, so in this interval, the ghost wouldn't attack anyone. But now, an anomaly occurred.

The odd corpse lying on the ground suddenly seemed to come alive, it quickly got up, and moved toward Yang Jian with an astonishing speed. Before the corpse even reached him, he felt an inexplicable, eerie power assailing his body, as if the ghost was trying to cling to him.

"Not good, the ghost left by Yamazaki has started moving," someone exclaimed, beginning to prepare to defend themselves.

The ghost approached quickly.

But Yang Jian's movements were also quick. Before the ghost could get close to him, his surroundings were already enveloped in a layer of red light, that familiar and unique Ghost Domain overtaking the area once again. However, this time, without a specific target to contend with, only three layers of the Ghost Domain were maintained.

The three layers of the Ghost Domain were enough to block most ghost attacks. Only a few special ghosts could invade it.

Yet.

Yang Jian was surprised to find the corpse, scrambling rapidly toward him, disregard the influence of the three layers of the Ghost Domain, as if it had set its sights on him. A withered, stiff hand reached out trying to grab his ankle.

"Mister Yang, be careful, you absolutely must not let Yamazaki's ghost grab your ankle, otherwise, you could die," President Mishima exclaimed at this moment, alerting Yang Jian while also revealing the ghost's information.

This was a malicious ghost that grabbed at people's ankles.

But before President Mishima could finish his warning, the malevolent ghost that was trying to attack Yang Jian suddenly stopped, its body frozen as if petrified.

Without knowing when, blackened palms had covered the entirety of the corpse's body, stopping the ghost's movements in an incomprehensible manner.

Had it stopped?

Seeing this scene, everyone else was once again stunned.

The ghost's attack had been forcibly halted.

"No, it hasn't stopped," Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly.

The immobilized malevolent ghost was struggling, shifting, and the Ghost Hands covering its body were making crackling noises. These were the sounds of bones splintering, palms breaking. After briefly halting the ghost, the Ghost Hands started to retreat.

It seemed that in a conflict between supernatural forces, the outcome was immediately decided.

"As expected, once separated from Yamazaki, the danger level of the ghost rose another notch. It could invade the three layers of the Ghost Domain and momentarily ignore the suppression of the Ghost Hand... If it continues to revive, it might well become an A-class supernatural event,"

"However, I don't need to carry on with this ghost. I'll leave it to the Exorcism Club to deal with."

After briefly halting the ghost, Yang Jian immediately disappeared from the spot, stepping out of the Ghost Domain he had just activated.

He decisively made his escape.

He had no desire to deal with Yamazaki's corpse and did not want to get further entangled in this troublesome matter.

"Yang Jian has left."

The thought occurred to everyone present.

"The ghost has resumed its actions. Stop it, quickly," President Mishima shouted anxiously, no longer concerned about Yang Jian's departure.

Without Yang Jian's Ghost Hands to restrain it, the malevolent ghost's movements grew more violent.

The corpse, lying on the ground, had its long black hair hanging down, covering the entire face.

At that moment, the head hidden beneath the hair turned mechanically, then faced a spirit medium named Ishida.

Following the turning of the head, the black hair parted, revealing bits of a face that had already begun to rot. A stench of decay wafted into the air, but beneath that rotting face were a pair of eerie eyes. Those eyes, rolling yet numb and hollow, carried a look that was both animated and chilling.

...

This gaze was incomprehensible, yet those who saw it felt a tingling of their scalp.

Even faintly, some had glimpsed a ghastly smile emerging beneath that thoroughly decayed visage.

It seemed the smile was directed at everyone.

"Hiss hiss."

The lights within the entire banquet hall dimmed in an instant, and supernatural forces began to affect the surrounding environment, if this continued, the likelihood of ghosts appearing from the Ghost Domain was very high.

And by then, the difficulty of dealing with such ghosts would increase dramatically.

The next moment.

This gaunt and bizarre long-haired corpse tilted its head and began to crawl toward the exorcist named Ishida with a terrifying speed.

He had been targeted; the attack of the ghost had begun.

What had been a calm, somewhat lively banquet hall immediately descended into chaos, the sound of tables being overturned could be clearly heard amidst the dimming environment.

The backbone of the Exorcism Club, those exorcists chose to take action.

But all this had nothing to do with Yang Jian.

He had returned to the suburban airport of Kobe City.

Without the presence of the Door Knocking Ghost, it wasn't dangerous here—at least it seemed much safer to him than Osaka City just moments ago, especially since according to the projector's information, the ghosts would go there and begin hunting members of the Exorcism Club.

"Go back, don't follow me anymore, I'm leaving."

Walking through the empty airport, Yang Jian's steps echoed as he spoke without looking back.

Keiko, the girl named Keiko, seemed uncertain, not yet accustomed to the changes in her surroundings, but when she heard Yang Jian's words, she quickly followed, earnestly saying, "Let Keiko leave with Mister Yang, I will work very hard and study hard too, I won't bring any trouble to you."

"I didn't save you to take you with me, I don't lack companions by my side, you should stay, this is where you belong," Yang Jian's voice was still indifferent, as if devoid of emotion toward everyone.

"But Keiko only wants to go where Mister Yang is," Keiko said loudly, as if mustering all her courage.

Yang Jian continued walking toward the plane without turning his head: "Then you should stay even more, because I'll soon disappear from this world, although that Yamazaki is dead, what he said was right, no exorcist could live forever, they will die someday, and I am no exception."

He waved his hand, a gesture of farewell.

Although he had once fantasized about a charming girl from Japan during his school days, the current Yang Jian was no longer the same as the student he used to be. Ensuring Keiko's survival, giving her some care—it was his way of fulfilling a small wish from the past.

"Mister Yang, will you come back?" Keiko called out.

"Maybe," the voice of Yang Jian faded, and so did he.

Keiko did not chase after him. Hope shone in her eyes, wishing that Mister Yang would return, not for business, but for leisure next time. She vowed to perform better than this time, definitely not as terribly as today.

Although the time spent with him was merely less than a day, the events that had transpired were more profound than any she had experienced before.

The impression Yang Jian had left in her mind was indelible.

This was not love.

It was a regard for Yang Jian as her hope, her reliance, and a kind of admiration.

And Keiko wasn't the only one to have undergone such experiences and changes—Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin had felt the same.

Chapter 708 Return Arrival

...

A special flight took off from an airport outside Kobe City.

Besides the pilot, Yang Jian was the only passenger on the plane, but if you count some special things, the plane could be considered quite lively.

The Ghost Child wandered inside the cabin, having lost its Dead Man's Head, its movements became more frequent, as if lacking a beloved toy, it began to shift its attention to other places.

In addition to that, a box in the cargo hold containing the Door Knocking Ghost was the most important thing on this return trip.

Losing a rotten Dead Man's Head in exchange for a contained Door Knocking Ghost, the deal wasn't bad at all.

The only thing Yang Jian sitting inside the plane worried about now was whether the plane might suddenly lose control and fall from the sky.

He wouldn't die, but the Door Knocking Ghost would definitely be lost.

One would think President Mishima of the Exorcism Club wouldn't do such a boring thing.

As the plane headed for Dachang City.

The place that held the previous banquet, a brief disturbance had also subsided.

"Has Yang Jian already departed?"

President Mishima, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, asked at this moment.

The ghosts left behind after Yamazaki's death had been dealt with.

Although there was a cost, thankfully the damages were not more severe and everything remained within tolerable limits.

"Yes, the plane has already departed," Wang Xin appeared nearby, saying in a low voice.

President Mishima looked at the nearly dispersed banquet and sighed, "That bastard Yamazaki, even in death he only causes me trouble, I made a mistake in judging the situation, I was wrong, I thought that someone like Yang Jian, no matter how strong, would have a limit, not much stronger than Yamazaki or Ishida."

"Now it seems I have been negligent; the intelligence on Yang Jian was too outdated, despite my having overestimated, it was still too forced."

Wang Xin's expression was grave, his complexion also not looking good.

Indeed.

Yang Jian's capabilities were incredibly astonishing, single-handedly overpowering a dozen members of the Exorcism Club and making them unable to raise their heads, had the matter not been stopped immediately, had a real fight broken out, perhaps Yang Jian might have died, but the Exorcism Club would have been completely finished, even if they had survived, it would only be as a few crippled soldiers.

In truth, they had underestimated him.

Had a real fight broken out, the Exorcism Club would definitely have been annihilated because Yang Jian had another trump card: the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

He could use the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to save his life once, if he encountered real danger, he wouldn't mind opening it a second time, as for whether he could survive the next few days, that would be out of his control.

"Yang Jian is not only qualified to be a jade, he is the jade,"

President Mishima collected his wistful expression and suddenly became serious, "Do you think Yang Jian can be recruited over here? Although he is a foreigner, with such abilities, he would be enough to convince everyone."

What they referred to as jade, in fact, meant a general, a commander...

At headquarters, that would be a commander of the entire force.

Someone needed to press down on everyone, command everyone, mobilize everyone.

Ordinary people could no longer control ghost tamers, at this time, a top ghost tamer even more elite than ghost tamers was needed to control them, so that the situation wouldn't spiral out of control.

But in the current situation, finding such a person was extremely difficult, almost unrealistic.

...

I had thought that Yamazaki was qualified, but now it seems I had indeed overestimated him. He's just second-rate, flexing his muscles only on home turf. Once he steps outside his country, he'd surely be taken down easily, which would be a massive embarrassment.

"When Yang Jian left just now, he took Keiko with him, but he didn't take her on the plane," Wang Xin shared the recent news.

"A girl as adorable as that, and Yang Jian was unmoved?" President Mishima's gaze flickered.

Wang Xin said, "Such people are devoid of feelings. However, Yang Jian seemed in good spirits. I saw two very beautiful women in his office, likely his secretaries, which suggests his mental state is fairly normal, at least not twisted. Therefore, I deduce that even if we try to woo him, at best we could only establish cooperation. The probability of Yang Jian becoming one of our pieces is very small."

"Moreover, we can't get past Cao Yanhua. Even though there is some friction between Yang Jian and their headquarters now, when push comes to shove, I'm afraid Yang Jian would still step forward."

"After all, his home is over there. Yang Jian is a very family-oriented person."

"Your analysis makes sense," President Mishima nodded.

But then he thought about Yamazaki's death and started to feel the pain of loss again. This time they were supposed to exchange money for the preservation of the Exorcism Club's strength, but they hadn't expected Yamazaki to throw his life away so uselessly.

No, it shouldn't be said that it was completely without value.

At the very least, it highlighted the importance of Yang Jian even more.

Around eight o'clock in the evening, the private jet returned to Dachang City.

A round trip in less than a day. The efficiency was indeed high. Anyone unaware would think Yang Jian had just gone on a brief business trip and come back, without actually doing anything.

Who would have thought that this trip would bring an end to the Door Knocking Ghost incident that had troubled the Exorcism Club for days?

Once off the plane, Yang Jian immediately started to look for a place to keep the captive Door Knocking Ghost. This thing was too dangerous. Although the security level of the box was high, he didn't feel at ease. After all, the ghost inside was only contained, not restrained, and if an accident occurred, it could very likely escape again.

"I need a safe house, no, something to detain a ghost," Yang Jian reflected aloud.

He had just called Zang Hua, asking him to send someone to transport the box.

The most commonly used device for containing ghosts so far is a gold box, but it's quite inconvenient. It can't be accessed whenever desired and requires a strong backing, like the headquarters here or the Exorcism Club over there. But he didn't want that, as it was too limiting.

"How did the ghost handlers during the Republic of China Period deal with this problem?"

Yang Jian suddenly thought of this.

"They didn't use gold boxes like I do to contain ghosts. They used strange objects... The Ghost Mirror, for instance, is a container for a ghost. The headquarters also has a paranormal object, I think it's called the Human Skin Lantern, which also contains a ghost."

"But those things are not suitable for me."

After some thought, he finally shook his head and gave up.

It seemed he hadn't reached that level yet; it was a bit too early to think about this.

Speaking of time,

the trade with the Ghost Cabinet was coming tonight at midnight.

The seven days of protection had passed. Now Yang Jian was obliged to accept a task from the Ghost Cabinet unconditionally, and he had to complete it. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

However, in extreme situations, Yang Jian was prepared to default on the deal.

After all, making deals with a ghost, only fools take it seriously.

How did the previous owner of the Ghost Cabinet die?

Yang Jian surmised it was directly related to the Ghost Cabinet.

The previous generation of spirit tamers couldn't hold out, and Yang Jian didn't think he would be able to in the end either. Although the Ghost Cabinet had indeed been a great help to him, there comes a time when one must dismantle the bridge after crossing the river.

Soon.

Zang Hua brought people to the airport and began to transport the case containing the Door Knocking Ghost.

"Team leader Yang, it looks like your business trip went smoothly; you're returning so soon," he approached with a smile and greeted.

"It wasn't smooth; I almost died there," Yang Jian shook his head slightly, "The Door Knocking Ghost is not that simple. I resolved it using some rather cunning methods. If it came to a real confrontation, I might have been killed by the ghost. Anyway, it's all over now, so let's not talk about these depressing matters."

"You've come at the right time, help me investigate a place."

Zang Hua asked, "What place do you want to investigate?"

"I don't know either; I only have coordinates. I roughly located it, and it's near Dahan City, but I've never been to the exact spot, so I hope you can investigate it in advance. There might be a situation there, so be extra cautious during the investigation; people could die."

As Yang Jian reminded him, he sent the recorded coordinates to Zang Hua.

Zang Hua glanced at it and nodded solemnly.

"This is a private matter of mine; don't report it to headquarters for the time being."

Yang Jian said, "Of course, if you really want to report it, I can't stop you, but then I won't come to you for help next time."

"Understood, I'll investigate clearly first. As for whether to report it, I'll decide based on the situation," Zang Hua said, obviously not so inflexible when it came to handling matters.

Yang Jian didn't insist: "Good, transport this case to a safe place, and once my safe house is built, bring it back. It contains the Door Knocking Ghost, so weigh its importance yourself."

"If it's a ghost, shouldn't the headquarters be responsible?" Zang Hua said in a hushed tone.

Yang Jian wasn't angry, after all, their stances differed somewhat. He said, "Cao Yanhua is already overwhelmed with the ghost painting event. It's a long journey; what if something happens on the way? Who is responsible? Don't tell me I have to deal with the Door Knocking Ghost again, and besides, I may still have a use for this thing. If headquarters really wants it, fine, but they'll have to exchange something for it. I'm not short on money lately."

"Since you've said so, I know what to do. I'll find a place with tight security in Dachang City to keep it safe; there won't be any accidents," Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian patted his shoulder: "Then I'll have to trouble you to work overtime; I'm going to rest. Contact me if anything comes up."

"Alright," Zang Hua responded.

Yang Jian then carried the briefcase and returned to the Guanjiang Residential Complex with the Ghost Child.

After arriving home, he first ordered the Ghost Child to ensure the security of the complex, then he went upstairs to organize his things, preparing to record the experiences from this trip.

Just as he entered the room.

The lights were on, as usual; Zhang Liqin was sitting by the bed reading a book, passing the time.

"I heard noises just now, and I knew you had come back. How was the business trip? You didn't encounter any danger, did you?"

Zhang Liqin put down her book and smiled as she saw Yang Jian return.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly: "Do you plan to sleep in my room every night? There are five floors here, so many rooms; you don't have to stay in mine."

"I've already gotten used to it," Zhang Liqin said, her cheeks tinting red as she tidied the hair by her ears.

"I have some things to do later, get my laptop out, I'll dictate and you write," Yang Jian frowned, feeling the pain in his arm worsening, which would likely affect his writing.

The side effect of using the eerie Firewood Knife was larger than expected.

The Ghost Shadow couldn't heal those wounds quickly, but they hadn't worsened excessively either.

...

Increased pain is a good thing, feeling nothing and watching your arm rot away is the real horror.

"Alright."

Zhang Liqin hurriedly took out the notebook that Yang Jian often used from the bedside table and got ready to record.

Yang Jian dictated, recording every little detail of his business trip to Japan.

The record was meticulous.

Even that deceased Sakai, the crazed Mishima, and the late Yamazaki, as well as Nagase, were all recorded, of course, including that Keiko.

However, when it came to recording about Keiko, Zhang Liqin looked up at Yang Jian with a noticeable surprise.

"Why have you stopped?" Yang Jian asked with a frown.

Zhang Liqin hastily said, "No, it's nothing, I just wanted to ask how that Keiko is? Is she very beautiful?"

"Indeed she is beautiful, and her figure is good, no worse than you, after all, she's a PR arranged by President Mishima, she wouldn't be presentable if she wasn't up to standard," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin cautiously asked, "Then why didn't you bring that Keiko back with you? After all, she probably couldn't refuse you given your current status, right?"

"What? Are you, a woman, jealous?" Yang Jian asked directly, his expression still calm.

His emotional detachment did not mean he couldn't see what Zhang Liqin was thinking.

"No."

Zhang Liqin said with an embarrassed smile, somewhat sheepishly, "I'm just asking casually."

She did feel a bit uncomfortable indeed, having been with Yang Jian for so long, the sudden presence of a young and beautiful woman by his side would definitely be unacceptable to her; given her age, she sometimes did feel a strong sense of crisis.

"If there's nothing else, then keep writing," Yang Jian continued dictating.

Zhang Liqin quickly adjusted her mindset, meticulously and responsibly recording the events, sharing in Yang Jian's secrets.

As she wrote, her heart filled with joy.

Her current status was at least not much worse than Jiang Yan's.

Despite Yang Jian's apparent indifference and even dislike toward Jiang Yan, Zhang Liqin knew that Jiang Yan was very trusted; otherwise, she, a recent accounting graduate, would not have been entrusted with the company's accounts as well as Yang Jian's personal funds, no questions asked.

Of course, Jiang Yan did not betray Yang Jian's trust, and had become a qualified miser; money came in easily, but went out with difficulty.

It wasn't until eleven o'clock that Yang Jian finished narrating the experiences of his trip.

Zhang Liqin was not frightened; she listened to the story and recorded it in its entirety with her delicate handwriting.

"It's done, I've finished writing it all."

"Keep it away, put it back in its place." Yang Jian stood up and left the room.

Zhang Liqin moved her slightly sore wrist, feeling she had never written as much even when she was studying; when she saw Yang Jian leave in such a hurry, she couldn't help but purse her lips.

It seemed unlikely he would come back tonight.

He really was a man hard to grasp.

Zhang Liqin sighed inwardly with a hint of melancholy.

Chapter 709 A Key

As midnight approached, Yang Jian had already arrived next to the Ghost Cabinet in advance.

He didn't want any accidents to happen, so it was better to be cautious.

He checked the time, half an hour to go.

Yang Jian didn't go anywhere and just sat on the bell tower watching the unchanged red cabinet in front of him, waiting for the moment to arrive. This time, he came with a knife, prepared for any eventuality. If the task given by the Ghost Cabinet wasn't too demanding, then he could try to complete it, to give himself a chance to survive in the future.

If it was too demanding, he planned to use the eerie Firewood Knife to split the cabinet tonight.

He wasn't sure if the Firewood Knife could actually split the cabinet that easily.

But under normal circumstances, a knife should be harder than wood and ought to work.

Time ticked away.

Yang Jian watched the time, and soon, midnight struck.

The deadline for his transaction with the Ghost Cabinet had finally arrived. So much had happened within those seven days that surviving was almost a miracle. Anyone else probably wouldn't have known how many times they had died.

At that moment, the previously calm cabinet began to show abnormalities. The doors trembled as if something inside was shaking the wooden doors, struggling to break free.

This had never happened before.

Click!

The shaking and trembling of the cabinet ceased after a moment, and suddenly it fell silent. All its doors, both upper and lower, opened on their own in that instant.

Blood-red, viscous blood started to ooze from the opened crevices.

"What's going on? I've followed the agreement and come to the Ghost Cabinet, so why are there abnormalities?" Yang Jian immediately frowned and couldn't help but take a few steps back, very cautious.

However, the blood flowing on the ground stopped after a while as quickly as it began.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian realized that his own feet, which he had been retreating on, were covered in blood, leaving behind bloody footprints on the floor.

This blood wasn't smeared; he hadn't stepped in it at all. It was as if the blood had always been on him, only he hadn't noticed, hidden in an extremely secretive way.

Yang Jian's pupils constricted slightly upon seeing this.

He had previously speculated that the transaction rules of the Ghost Cabinet were actually a curse, similar to the Eight-Tone Music Box. He was familiar with the thick blood that was now coming from his body, having seen it before in Wang Xiaoming's laboratory, although he hadn't paid it much attention at the time.

"So it is, this blood is both a ghost's curse and a form of protection from the Ghost Cabinet... the seven-day transaction rules were referring to this."

"Earlier at the Exorcism Club, that strange projector showed images of my death. At the time the walls were also bleeding. The blood didn't come from the projector, but from the curse of the Ghost Cabinet. The presence of the projector caused the curse to surface again... If that's the case."

"Then what was the Ghost Cabinet protecting me from at that time?"

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly.

He began to realize.

The strange thing about that eerie projector, which he couldn't see clearly at the time, but he was certain that something bad would happen.

It was either that the Ghost Cabinet's curse had shielded him, or there was an unseen confrontation between them.

From the looks of it, the Ghost Cabinet had won.

His feet were still bleeding, and he was unaware of where this sticky blood was flowing from his body, feeling no discomfort at all.

After bleeding, the blood started to merge with that of the Ghost Cabinet and then gradually retreated back into it.

It was as if the Curse of the Ghost Cabinet had been withdrawn, or perhaps the period of protection was over, with an indescribably eerie dissipation occurring.

Once all the blood disappeared, the previously opened cabinet doors closed again with a bang.

Yang Jian tried to seize the opportunity to see clearly inside, but it was pitch black, like an abyss, or the entrance to hell – nothing was visible. A supernatural power interference prevented even him from seeing anything with his ghostly eyes.

After attempting and failing, he had no choice but to give up.

Now was not the time to dwell on this.

After the abnormality ended and the Ghost Cabinet returned to a brief silence, this calm didn't last long before Yang Jian heard something drop inside the wooden cabinet.

The lower door of the cabinet opened eerily.

The transaction with the Ghost Cabinet had started again.

After taking it out, his eyebrows furrowed instantly.

It was another photo, of a dim, eerie place, but the focus of the photo was an old wooden house. No, calling it a 'wooden house' wasn't quite right, rather it was an old residence that felt very historic, made entirely of wood. Yang Jian had seen this style of residence when touring scenic spots before; such houses were at least from the Republic of China Period, if not older.

The main door of the old house was a weathered wooden door, worn by rain. The door was tightly closed, revealing nothing of what lay inside.

"A photo of an old residence; I feel like I've seen this house before... and more than once. Right, the background of that Ghost Bride photo."

All of a sudden, Yang Jian remembered something.

A fierce ghost had once sat in front of the door of this residence for a photo shoot. Back then, the residence hadn't been as worn down, and there were two lanterns hanging on either side of the door.

And he seemed to have glimpsed this old mansion in some eerie place while on that supernatural bus.

He couldn't be certain because, at the time, he hadn't paid much attention to his surroundings, focusing instead on staying alive on the bus.

There was a line of text on the back of the photo.

"Open that locked door, the deadline is three months."

The handwriting was black and so twisted that it was almost illegible, as though something had scrawled it haphazardly, yet the characters could still be recognized, and the message discerned.

After looking at the photo, Yang Jian also saw a key.

An old brass key.

"What a joke, asking me to go to that old mansion and then open a locked door inside?" Yang Jian felt a chill just thinking about the task.

Obviously, that old mansion must be haunted.

And the locked door meant that something even more terrifying was trapped inside; unlocking it could mean his immediate death.

As for the three-month deadline, it wasn't particularly short but wasn't long either.

"A task that looks simple is in fact the most dangerous. I guessed the difficulty of the tasks would escalate, but I hadn't expected the change to come so swiftly. Before, I was just supposed to find a ghost, but now I'm being sent to a horrifying place to open a door," Yang Jian mused, sensing the complexity of this mission.

However, the relatively generous timeline somewhat lessened his urgency.

If those three months had been three days, Yang Jian would right now be chopping open the Ghost Cabinet.

"There's no more activity in the Ghost Cabinet; it seems the details of the trade are quite clear now."

Once Yang Jian confirmed the situation and saw that the Ghost Cabinet had returned to its tranquil state, he closed the cabinet door, which now looked innocuous. If discovered by others, they could never imagine how connected to the Ghost Domain and terrifying it was.

"I'll hang onto this key for now and just take things one step at a time. It's not time to have second thoughts yet,"

He examined the brass key in his hand.

It appeared unremarkable, not like some eerie object, but rather like a common old item. However, his intuition told him that this key was definitely unusual because it had fallen out of the Ghost Cabinet. If it were just an ordinary brass key, it wouldn't warrant such an elaborate setup to have him open a door.

Because an ordinary door could be easily forced open, only a special door would require a special key.

"Ghost Cabinet, Ghost Bride, ghost paintings, wooden old mansion... locked door, key—all of these are connected, not lacking any common thread. Although they are just simple tasks, they have linked all these elements together, forming a precise arrangement, one leading to the next, as though in the end, whatever terrifying purpose is meant to be achieved through the trader's hands."

"The purpose of a ghost."

As Yang Jian held the key, an inexplicable sense of unease and coldness welled up inside him.

If the trades continued, he felt certain he would end up like his predecessor. He had to find a way to end the trades before the ghost's goal was reached, otherwise, he had no idea what might happen.

But whatever that was, he couldn't allow it to occur.

With that thought, he left the bell tower, his mind heavy as he returned to where he stayed.

Perhaps he had pondered a bit too long.

When Yang Jian came back, Zhang Liqin, lying in the bed, had already fallen asleep, clearly unable to stay awake due to work the next day. He didn't wake her, but after a glance, he switched to another room to take a bath and rest.

After all, a lot had happened today, and Yang Jian was also tired.

"The wound has disappeared."

During the bath, Yang Jian noticed the wound on his arm left by the Firewood Knife had now surprisingly healed, leaving a scar similar to a knife mark, but the rot had vanished, and the decay hadn't progressed further.

It seemed the wound had healed.

"Was it because the trade was completed just now?"

Yang Jian thought of the eerie bleeding from before, and perhaps the curse brought by the Firewood Knife had been lifted as well.

That could be considered an unexpected gain.

Otherwise, it was uncertain whether this arm could have been saved.

Humans are simply too fragile.

Unable to withstand the slightest encroachment of supernatural powers.

"This one-time effectiveness should only apply to this occasion. If I use the Firewood Knife again, the negative effects probably won't be eradicated so easily... unless there's another change in me after completing the next trade,"

Yang Jian thought quietly.

One trade, one curse on his body lifted.

No, it was more likely a replacement.

Perhaps the Ghost Cabinet had already imposed another curse on him, which is why the impact of the Firewood Knife had been erased.

He had yet to experience what would happen if the curses of the Firewood Knife and the Eight-Tone Music Box erupted at the same time.

Yang Jian didn't dare to test it; such matters were only to be thought about, not acted upon, unless he found himself with no other choice.

Chapter 710 Emotions and Rescue

Because of a new deal with the Ghost Cabinet, Yang Jian didn't sleep soundly tonight.

The key, the photo of the old house, and that peculiar request all made him uneasy. He felt that if he really did what the Ghost Cabinet asked, the likelihood of dying this time was very high; yet, if he didn't do it, turning his back on a deal would also carry a great cost.

The danger was invisible, but the consequences could be anticipated.

Under such circumstances, it's easy for people to harbor a false sense of hope, and Yang Jian was no exception.

Unable to figure things out overnight, he didn't overthink it. Instead, he followed his usual routine: get up, wash up, and then go to work at the company.

He got up relatively late.

Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan had already left earlier, without calling him - perhaps they were afraid of disturbing him.

When Yang Jian arrived at the company's entrance, he found quite a number of people gathered there. It seemed as if the company was hosting some event, but it turned out to be a temporary recruitment fair, and these people had been drawn to it.

He glanced at the posters, which advertised things like monthly salaries of over ten thousand, with room and board included.

"Was it Wang Bin's doing?" Yang Jian pondered to himself.

Wang Bin was Wang Shanshan's father, a professional manager by trade who currently handled the company's affairs, big and small. The others merely held titles and didn't actually do any work.

The person in charge of recruitment was very young, a spirited fellow around twenty years old, somewhat slim, with average looks, dressed in a suit, wearing glasses, and had the part of a professional. However, in front of his seat was a bronze nameplate bearing two bold characters: Zhang Wei.

Yes.

Zhang Wei was in charge of this recruitment.

At this moment, he frowned in thought, examining the resume in front of him and then surveying the person seated across from him.

It was a reasonably handsome young man in his mid to late twenties.

The resume was perfect, a graduate of a prestigious university with work experience, applying for a department manager position.

"I'm sorry, although your resume is outstanding, you do not meet our company's requirements." After a moment, Zhang Wei tapped on the table, "Next, please."

"Wait, may I ask which part of my qualifications doesn't meet your company's standards? Is it my age? Or is there something wrong with my resume?" The handsome young man didn't leave immediately but asked eagerly.

Zhang Wei seriously replied, "Brother, our department managers are recruited from those under thirty with forty years of work experience. That way, they are young but also mature, able to create profits for our company. Of course, you've seen the compensation package already—it exceeds the level of top companies by several times."

The young man's face darkened instantly.

Under thirty? Forty years of work experience?

Is this a joke?

"Any more questions?" Zhang Wei asked, tilting his head with some confusion.

"No, none." The young man suppressed the urge to punch him, took his resume, and left.

Soon, the next applicant sat down and handed over his resume.

Zhang Wei continued, "Your resume is a bit of a mess, far worse than the previous candidate. But do you have any special skills?"

The applicant paused before replying cautiously, "Does being really good at playing video games count?"

"Congratulations, you're hired. That's indeed an exceptional skill," Zhang Wei said with a satisfied smile, immediately shaking the applicant's hand.

"..."

The previously dismissed young man, who hadn't gone far, clenched his fist around the resume, fighting the urge to curse.

"If the company continues like this under Zhang Wei, won't it go bankrupt?" Yang Jian watched from a distance, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

What was more exaggerated was that Zhang Wei would hire any woman without a second word, disregarding resumes entirely—just as long as they were pretty and dignified. Occasionally, a few who weren't that good-looking were directly shooed away by Zhang Wei calling the security.

"Has he been stimulated by something?" Yang Jian guessed.

"Yet Zang Hua's efficiency is quite high; Zhang Wei was rescued so quickly. I just don't know how Sun Ren is doing, whether he's been killed or not. When I saw Zang Hua yesterday, he didn't seem to mention this matter."

Seeing Zhang Wei lively and kicking, hosting the recruitment fair, Yang Jian knew that the guy was fine now.

Surviving coming out of No. 7 Middle School meant either a good mentality or adaptive capacity, not as fragile as imagined.

Yang Jian originally wanted to greet Zhang Wei, but seeing him so engrossed in the recruitment, he thought better of it; he wouldn't disturb him and would find Zhang Wei for a gathering after the recruitment was over.

Just as he had entered the lobby,

he saw Zhang Liqin, dressed in professional attire, waiting there. As soon as she saw Yang Jian, she quickly stood up and walked briskly towards him.

"You've finally arrived."

Zhang Liqin came over, her expression anxious, embracing Yang Jian—her mature face with light makeup seemed helpless.

"What happened?" Yang Jian's expression turned serious upon seeing her like this.

"It's Jiang Yan. Jiang Yan got angry today; she is very upset, saying that if she doesn't see you, she will jump from the building." Zhang Liqin looked up at him, her eyes showing shame and unease.

"Oh, is it about that?" Yang Jian didn't consider it a big deal and continued to ask, "What made Jiang Yan so desperate? Did she lose all my family fortune in stocks or is it that the work stress has been a bit much recently and has led to some mental issues?"

Zhang Liqin shook her head, "It's none of that. It's that our affair was discovered by Jiang Yan."

"Our affair? What exactly is our affair?" Yang Jian was puzzled.

At that moment, Zhang Liqin took out her phone, showed it to Yang Jian, and said with embarrassment, "These are the selfies I took with you. Although they are innocent, Jiang Yan is taking them a bit too hard."

"When did you take this? I had no idea," Yang Jian calmly said.

"Well, it was some time ago... I took them secretly after you fell asleep," Zhang Liqin stammered, with her head slightly bowed, seemingly ashamed to face him.

Yang Jian said, "Since when did you pick up this habit."

"No, I just couldn't help but take a picture, it wasn't intentional," said Zhang Liqin.

Yang Jian stared at her for a moment: "You really are a troublesome woman. I'll deal with Jiang Yan's issue; you go get me some breakfast."

"Okay, okay, then if you need anything, contact me, and I'll come right over." Zhang Liqin finally breathed a sigh of relief, feeling like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

There wasn't anything that Yang Jian couldn't handle; she had always believed that.

"Can't a woman be a bit more at ease? Making such a fuss over a small matter." Yang Jian rubbed his head and then took the elevator to the top floor to deal with company business.

As soon as he arrived at the company, he saw Jiang Yan opening a small window, sitting on a stool next to it, blowing her nose in the cold wind, yet stubbornly refusing to come down as if truly upset and on the verge of jumping off.

"What are you doing sitting there? Aren't you cold? Come sit over here." Yang Jian walked over and sat down on the sofa, then pointed to the spot next to him.

"Oh."

Jiang Yan sniffled, replied, then quickly walked over, but halfway there she suddenly remembered that her own issues were still unresolved.

"No, I don't want to come over."

Then she ran back to the stool.

"You lousy man, I like you so much, yet you got together with Elder Sister Qin. What's wrong with me?" Jiang Yan looked at Yang Jian with mournful eyes, as though heartbroken.

"Zhang Liqin is single, and I am single. Isn't it normal for us to be together?" Yang Jian's expression was calm, seemingly unmoved.

Jiang Yan said, "Then you could find me."

Yang Jian pondered for a moment and said, "I don't really like to lie. Since you asked, I'll tell you the truth. There was no good ending for you with me; with my condition in the past, it was uncertain how long I could live. If luck hadn't been on my side, grass might already be growing over my grave by now, so I don't plan on ruining your life. After all, to you, I am just a passerby."

"I don't care," Jiang Yan said with a runny nose.

"That's precisely why I don't want to be with you," Yang Jian explained. "Zhang Liqin is more of a transaction to me. No, it should be considered a matter of mutual need between adults."

"Do you like her or me?" Jiang Yan said, wiping her tears.

The expression on Yang Jian's face remained cold: "Neither. I'm not even sure how much emotion I have left. Maybe I wouldn't even shed a tear if a relative died in front of me, so I've always felt that someone like me doesn't deserve love."

"I don't believe it. You must like me, otherwise, you wouldn't always save me." Jiang Yan's emotions became agitated, refusing to believe that Yang Jian had no feelings for her.

Yang Jian said, "Saving you is because you are quite loyal to me, a good employee; that's why I have to look after you, and that's all."

"Nonsense." Jiang Yan became even more emotional: "You do like me; you just won't admit it. If I jump from here, you will definitely save me because you like me. If you don't, then just let me die."

"Don't joke with your own life."

Yang Jian sat on the sofa, looking at her with a cold gaze: "But if you really want to play this emotional game, then go ahead and jump. I won't be responsible if you die. At worst, I'll just recruit another accountant."

"The company is hiring today."

Jiang Yan stared at Yang Jian blankly, seemingly unable to believe that he would say something so cold. She remembered when they were happy together—living life, eating food—yet now she felt ruthlessly abandoned.

Had he truly become emotionless now?

Or had he never liked her from the start?

Could he really not feel her profound love for him at all?

"Then don't save me. My life used to be yours; now I'm giving it back to you."

Jiang Yan, whether out of spite or unable to handle the shock, actually climbed over the window from her stool and jumped down from the 45th floor of the building.

As she went out of the window, her body still faced Yang Jian, as if to see his reaction.

But the last glimpse she got before leaving his line of sight did not catch Yang Jian moving an inch. He still sat coldly on the sofa, watching her, completely indifferent.

"I'm truly foolish," she thought in total despair.

But she accepted the reality.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Yang Jian, sitting on the sofa, still showed no reaction, staring at the now empty window as if he truly didn't care about Jiang Yan jumping off.

"Stupid woman."

However, at the fourth second, the ghost eye on Yang Jian's forehead suddenly opened, a red light instantly covered the entirety of Shangtong Tower, engulfing every building within three hundred meters as well.

The Ghost Domain was activated.

Jiang Yan, who was just about to hit the ground after falling out of the window, disappeared into thin air from midair.

The next moment.

Her figure reappeared on the top floor of the building, her small body slamming onto the sofa next to Yang Jian, unharmed.

Yang Jian looked at the window, the opened window, which had not been touched by anyone, closed by itself.

The cold wind that had been pouring into the room dissipated.

By then, Jiang Yan seemed to have realized what had happened. She suddenly sat up and lunged at Yang Jian, wrapping her arms tightly around his neck, and burying her head in his chest.

"I knew you were lying to me, you do like me."

She was crying and laughing, despair turning into hope in an instant, as if rejuvenating with youth and vigor.

Yang Jian didn't push her away but instead wrapped his arms around her slim waist and remained silent.