

Revival 751

Chapter 751 The Inexplicable Person

Throughout this time, Yang Jian stayed in his hometown with Jiang Yan for about seven or eight days. Due to the supernatural events, the village was not lively but rather desolate and quiet, as part of the villagers had died in their nightmares, another portion had been taken away, and the remaining had to deal with funerals.

Although some of the younger villagers returned in the midst of it all, they were lured back by the five million that Yang Jian had offered.

To avoid any trouble and entanglements, he and Jiang Yan decided to leave in the car on the morning of the eighth day.

However, his mother Zhang Fen didn't want to leave her hometown so soon and wished to stay a while longer. Yang Jian didn't insist, realizing that the village was safe now and a few more days wouldn't be problematic. If anything did arise, he could immediately rush back from the city, which was less than thirty miles away.

As for his cousin Xiao Yuan.

These past few days, she seemed to have vanished, staying out of sight as if she were hiding. Midway through, Yang Jian had inquired about her, but she was nowhere to be found.

However, at night, her parents mentioned she returned to sleep.

Yang Jian didn't know what peculiar business Xiao Yuan was preoccupied with, but he had the nagging feeling that she was deliberately avoiding him. As for the reasons, he couldn't deduce them; after all, Xiao Yuan still had her secrets.

But knowing that his cousin Xiao Yuan was safe and sound, Yang Jian also felt at ease.

That coffin purchased a few days ago.

Yang Jian had checked it multiple times along the way, noticing that the decay continued but at a slower pace, though he couldn't determine the cause. Overall, it was a positive sign, requiring only time and patience.

After all, the corpse of the ghost had already decayed by more than half.

According to what that person had said, there was nothing else to worry about.

It was just a matter of waiting for the outcome one day.

"Yang Jian, I've already had the coffin sent ahead to our home. There shouldn't be any problems en route, but if there are, Zhang Han over there should be able to help sort things out," Jiang Yan said, hanging up the phone after making some inquiries.

Yang Jian stood at the entrance to the village, looking back as if he were searching for something, or perhaps waiting for something.

"What are you looking at?" Jiang Yan asked.

"Nothing much, let's go back to Dachang City. You drive today," Yang Jian said, tossing the car keys to her before taking a seat in the passenger side.

Jiang Yan chuckled, "Alright, but don't blame me if we get rear-ended on the way."

Although her driving skills were pretty bad, she relished being behind the wheel.

"It's fine," Yang Jian didn't mind as he leaned back in the passenger seat and looked out the window, his gaze fixed on a nondescript forest in the distance.

"Then, we're off," Jiang Yan said, sneaking a glance at Yang Jian and feeling very happy.

During her time in his hometown, it seemed he had grown accustomed to her presence, and her aunt had been extremely friendly toward her. She felt that she was getting closer to Yang Jian, almost as if they were returning to the days when they relied solely on each other.

However, she believed that Yang Jian's lack of affection wasn't from genuinely disliking her but rather the influence of the malevolent ghost shadow. To her, he was being quite good, having an even worse attitude towards others.

Driving cheerfully, Jiang Yan even sneakily played one of her favorite songs in the car.

The car gradually left the village behind, but not via the road they came by, rather an opposite one.

It seemed that this road had less traffic and was slightly closer to Dachang City, making it a suitable choice for a novice driver like Jiang Yan.

As the car moved away,

the distance to that inconspicuous forest started to close. Despite knowing there was nothing strange left in the woods, Yang Jian still rested his head, looking in that direction.

The collapsed wooden hut was still there.

As well as the traces.

However, the people from before had died. Recollecting the scenes from his nightmare, he felt as if he had met his father once again.

It was a memory both horrific and somewhat beautiful.

"Hmm?"

As the car neared, Yang Jian's attention subtly shifted. He thought he saw someone near the forest.

Was it an illusion?

But soon, Yang Jian felt it wasn't an illusion.

He saw Xiao Yuan standing at the entrance to the forest, still in her raincoat, resembling a scarecrow, motionless. At that moment, perhaps attracted by the sound of the car, she turned around and looked in their direction.

Xiao Yuan was waving, her face beaming with a smile.

It seemed she was calling out to him, yet not a single sound reached him.

"She disappeared for days, only to run off and play in the forest?" Yang Jian was taken aback.

However, when he looked again, Xiao Yuan had already vanished.

It was as if she had disappeared into the woods, or as if she had never been there at all, merely a figment of his imagination.

"She is an existence even I can't explain," Yang Jian gradually withdrew his gaze, deep in thought.

He knew Xiao Yuan was odd,

but as for the specifics of her peculiarity and her true identity, he was utterly clueless.

He only knew that decades ago, there was someone named Yang Yuanyuan who had drowned, identical to his cousin.

The distant, unremarkable forest began to recede.

Yang Jian stopped pondering over the matter. He had encountered too many bizarre and incredible things. Some had answers, others did not. Dwelling too much on them and becoming obsessed would only put him at risk.

The distance between his hometown and Dachang City was not far.

After a journey of some twenty minutes, the car entered the urban area of Dachang City.

"Yang Jian, should we go back home first, or to the company?" asked Jiang Yan at that moment.

Yang Jian replied, "Let's go to the company first. After all these days, the matter I asked Zang Hua to handle should have some results by now."

He had asked Zang Hua to look into the matter of those coordinates when he left.

Those coordinates came from an old plank of wood, left behind by the Door Knocking Ghost, suspected to be linked to clues from the Republic of China Period. He had gone to Japan to deal with that Door Knocking Ghost and had even lost a Dead Man's Head—it could be said that he paid a hefty price for it.

Yang Jian hoped that the coordinates would not disappoint him, that they would uncover some of his inner doubts and reveal some secrets.

The city's roads were still somewhat deserted. He didn't know if it was because of the New Year or because of the aftermath of the Hungry Ghost incident, but the city's vitality had not managed to recover to its former state.

"There's still some time left before paranormal events completely spiral out of control, which would only be a matter of a month or two. By then, people will see how important it is to have a Captain Level spirit controller in a city. No need for publicity; many people will flock to this city."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

After driving around the city for a while, the car stopped at the base of Shangtong Tower.

Parking in front of the building was not allowed, but Yang Jian's car was obviously an exception. No one would try to stop it because he was the owner here, and the security wouldn't dare to interfere.

"We're here. I'm dead tired from driving. I'm going to take a shower in the office. Yang Jian, want to join me?" Jiang Yan stretched and looked at Yang Jian with a mischievous smile, completely unabashed.

Yang Jian said, "No need. I'll take a stroll around the company and maybe sit with Zang Hua for a bit."

"Don't be shy. I don't mind, so what's holding you back?" Jiang Yan said playfully, tugging at Yang Jian's arm.

Yang Jian looked at her expressionlessly, showing no hint of being moved, as cold as a stone, as if this woman had no appeal to him whatsoever.

"Then forget it," he said.

Jiang Yan muttered reluctantly, "Then I'll come find you tonight. Don't lock your door, alright? I don't have the key to your room."

"You really are nagging."

Yang Jian got out of the car and walked toward the tower.

"Hee-hee," Jiang Yan giggled. She wasn't upset at all.

After all, knowing Yang Jian's temperament, she was very aware of when he was truly angry and when he was not.

"President Yang."

"Good morning, President Yang."

As soon as he entered the lobby, many unfamiliar faces greeted him. Some were security guards and some were employees. Since he rarely showed his face and didn't get involved with company affairs, many knew him without him knowing them.

His main objective for walking around the company was just to show his face.

The purpose of his appearance was not to show off or to act cool.

It was to deter and to stabilize morale. He didn't believe that in such a large company, there weren't people from other powers mixed in. At the very least, people from the Japanese Exorcism Club had definitely infiltrated the company, and so had HQ. As for whether certain powers from paranormal forums or from abroad had slipped in, he wasn't certain.

Yang Jian just needed those people to know that he was still alive, and that nothing had happened to him despite his absence for several days.

After making his rounds, he decided to head back to his office to rest and to record the recent events before visiting Zang Hua.

However, as he passed an office on one floor, he heard a meeting going on within.

"Last year's performance was an utter disaster. I'm paying you such high salaries, and this is how you repay me? If I tied a dog to the office desk, it would do more than you guys, who spend all day playing games and lacking ambition. How will you ever succeed? Do you expect to inherit hundreds of billions from my father like me?"

A slightly thin young man in a suit was yelling while clutching his tie.

Clearly, the only person in the company who dared to speak so arrogantly was Zhang Wei.

Zhang Wei, dressed in a suit and sporting a mature hairstyle, seemed like a different person, but his demeanor obviously hadn't changed.

"Boss, wasn't it you who said we could play games during work hours?" an employee retorted.

Zhang Wei paused for a moment, his face reddening before his voice softened significantly, "To speak, raise your hand first."

The employee raised his hand and said, "We spent a lot of work hours playing games with you. When would we have time to work?"

"Fire him. The reason is raising his hand to speak—but he raised his right hand," Zhang Wei pointed at the employee and commanded.

"..."

The employee was stunned for a moment, then jumped up in protest, "Damn, you're that arrogant?"

Zhang Wei replied, "That's how arrogant I am. If you dare, fire me. Damn it, I allowed you to play games during work, not all day long. Do I make you play games with me every day? A little kindness and you lose sight of heaven and earth, doing nothing all day. What use are you? Get out of here immediately."

"Damn it, words like that make me want to hit you."

The young employee couldn't stand Zhang Wei's arrogant attitude and, in a mix of anger and frustration, rushed to hit him.

But Zhang Wei seemed prepared, and a bodyguard immediately blocked the employee.

"Get lost."

The young employee threw a punch at the bodyguard's face, "I've been practicing Taekwondo for three years. Can you block this punch?"

The bodyguard, caught off guard, was immediately knocked to the ground.

"Is that it? I paid a lot for you to be here, and you got knocked down by one punch. It's embarrassing for me," said Zhang Wei.

"You're looking for it."

The angered bodyguard retaliated with a punch of his own, and the employee instantly collapsed on the floor, unconscious; "One punch from me equals ten years of jail time. Can you handle that?"

"Brilliant, awesome," Zhang Wei clapped and laughed. "That punch was gorgeous. I'll hire the best lawyer to fight your case."

"..." Watching this scene from a distance, Yang Jian was speechless.

But after giving it some thought, he didn't find anything inappropriate.

Yet, why did he always feel like it was perfectly reasonable for Zhang Wei to get punched for his arrogance?

Chapter 752 is still so excellent

Just as expected.

If Zhang Wei ever started a company, he'd surely be destitute, but who can argue with fate? With a billionaire father, no amount of folly can shake his identity as a second-generation rich kid.

"Zhang Wei, what are you up to?" Yang Jian greeted him at that moment and walked over.

It seemed like a long time since they had last hung out.

Zhang Wei turned immediately, his previously angry face suddenly beaming with a smile, "Damn, Brother Tui, you went to the countryside for New Year's and didn't take me with you? Left me toiling away in the office, busy as hell and dead tired. Wang Shanshan's old man went on holiday too, and if not for me holding the fort, this company would have nearly gone under."

He boasted shamelessly, acting as if the company's growth depended solely on him.

"Why would you go to the countryside with me? There's nothing fun there. Besides, there was a bit of trouble, some people died," Yang Jian said calmly.

"No way, people died again? Brother Tui, you're really something, wherever you go, people drop dead," Zhang Wei immediately associated it with something bad.

Yang Jian shook his head slightly, "Maybe I'm just unlucky, always have been short on luck."

"That's right, you've never guessed a test answer correctly before. I could mess up and still pass; it's a fundamental gap that can't be bridged. That's why we complement each other well. You know, aside from being a bit handsomer, I don't really have other strong points."

"And you also easily attract jealousy and get beaten up, as you just experienced."

Zhang Wei sighed and pointed to the employee who had fainted at his feet.

"I treated him so well, and he wanted to hit me. It must be because he's jealous that I'm better looking. He's had it out for me for a long time. That's why when guys go out, they have to protect themselves. See, I now even bring bodyguards when I go out."

Yang Jian looked at him with an odd expression.

You got beat up because you're too arrogant.

As for the bodyguard, that's because you've been kidnapped by Sun Ren before; it has nothing to do with how handsome you are.

"But having a bodyguard isn't all that safe. I feel more secure with you around, Brother Tui, because you never lost a fight," Zhang Wei remarked wistfully.

"Right, Brother Tui, have you eaten yet? There's a new kebab shop opened down below; the taste is really good. The chef was brought in from out of town. Shall we grab some skewers?"

Yang Jian asked, "Weren't you in a meeting?"

"What meeting? These employees are lazy and stupid; I'm bound to fire them all sooner or later. Look at this year's performance; it's just unbearable. Who knows which blind fool hired this lot?" Zhang Wei cursed.

He was blissfully unaware that he was the head of recruitment and that most of the staff had gone through his screening.

"Forget it, it's not like I was counting on this company to make money anyway, don't get so angry," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei nodded, "You're right. Thankfully, we've got deep pockets and can rely on ourselves, not employees. Starting from scratch. We'd surely starve if we depended on them."

"..." Yang Jian felt he didn't need to comfort him at all.

He didn't have a shred of self-blame or guilt, exuding bizarre confidence.

"Enough about that, let's go grab something to eat," Zhang Wei said, draping an arm around Yang Jian's shoulder with a laugh.

Before they left, he added, "Hey, someone clean up the trash at the entrance. If I see trash piled up like this next time I check, without it being cleared, I'll dock your wages."

"By the way, what brought you to this floor?" Yang Jian asked.

"Inspecting cleanliness, what else? Do you think I came just to hold a meeting? As if I'm that bored," Zhang Wei replied.

"..." Yang Jian was by now at a loss for words.

Indeed, downstairs in the tower, shops were open for business, with a kebab shop clearly doing poorly. A sane person would never set up shop here, as the income couldn't possibly justify the rent. The fact that this business was open at all was surely thanks to Zhang Wei's special treatment.

No doubt the rent was waived and the owner even got a salary.

"Right, almost forgot to tell you something," Zhang Wei suddenly exclaimed while they were ordering.

Yang Jian asked, "What's up? Is it important?"

"Not all that important, just that the company is planning a get-together. Well, it can't be called a year-end party now, just a gathering. My old man is organizing it. He specifically asked for you to be there. If you don't show, it wouldn't be much of a gathering. Heard they even invited some celebrities to spice things up, though I'm not sure about the details. Your secretary should know," said Zhang Wei after a moment's thought.

Yang Jian pondered. He vaguely remembered Zhang Xianggu mentioning such an event, a gathering inviting business tycoons and social elites to draw investments and expand the company's influence.

"Alright, I'll ask Zhang Liqin about it. If it's happening, I'll attend tomorrow," he said.

He couldn't continue being reckless; he needed to take care of his ventures.

He had to plan for the future, after all.

"That's great, since the gathering's nothing special anyway. I've been to so many, just huddling in a corner eating by myself. When someone invites me to dance, it pisses me off. I curse them out, knowing damn well I can't dance. They're just looking to see me embarrassed. Going off on them was putting it lightly. But it'll be much better with you there. We can stick to our corner, not lonely at all," Zhang Wei said, recalling some unhappy memories.

"Okay, okay, you're way better than I imagined. No need to show off anymore," Yang Jian interrupted him.

Zhang Wei continued, "Speaking of which, have you found that bastard Sun Ren yet? If it weren't for my dad stopping me from leaving Dachang City, I would seriously take my Gold guns out and blow his head off, one shot above, one below."

"Brother Tui really had rotten luck, he went through all the trouble to save his own life, only to end up saving an ungrateful mutt, sigh, looking back now, it would have been so much better if Su Lei hadn't fallen to her death. Our class beauty, gone just like that, and Zhao Lei died such a pitiable death too. It was hard enough making it out alive, and then just like that, he was gone."

He cursed, but he was still filled with regret as he reminisced about his former classmates.

After all, it's only been half a year since the incident, not a long time.

"By the way, how's Miao Xiaoshan doing now? Didn't you see her last time you were on a business trip?" Zhang Wei asked again.

"She's doing well, attending university and has made a few good roommates," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei nodded, "That's good to hear. Last time I went to see Wang Shanshan, she was so indifferent to me, just ignoring my questions. And I have no idea what happened to Liu Qi, who we weren't very familiar with. After last time, he left Dachang City and vanished without a trace, no contact number, nothing."

"Forget about him," Yang Jian shook his head slightly.

Of the seven classmates who made it out of the school alive, hardly any had a good outcome.

Talking with Zhang Wei was indeed relaxing, it kept one from thinking too much about dreadful things, and it made Yang Jian temporarily forget the fact that he was a ghost charmer.

They drank their beverages, ate their skewers.

It felt as though they had returned to that time half a year ago during their school days, but now things had changed beyond recognition.

Yang Jian had experienced too much, his emotions were fading, and Zhang Wei had started wearing suits and ties, learning how to manage a company. Though he was floundering, he was young; floundering for a decade wouldn't be a problem, and one day he would be capable of taking over Zhang Xiang's ten-billion-dollar estate.

In a few years, once Miao Xiaoshan graduates, perhaps she too will come to Dachang City to reunite.

It seemed like the future path was visible.

But... can everyone live to see that time?

The resurgence of malicious spirits had reached a point where it could no longer be suppressed or hidden. The moment the balance of the situation was disrupted, the paper-wrapped fire would immediately start to burn.

And could Dachang City truly be free of supernatural events in the future?

Yang Jian had no confidence.

All he could do was his best while he was alive. If he were to die one day, he could only hope that those who followed would try hard.

Without realizing it, Yang Jian had also taken on the responsibility of a city.

Probably after about an hour of eating.

A message arrived on Yang Jian's cellphone.

It was sent by Wang Shanshan: "Ghost Child just ran out."

Hmm?

Yang Jian furrowed his brows immediately upon receiving the message.

The Ghost Child ran out?

Although the message was short, it contained much hidden information.

Because the Ghost Child was taking his place in protecting the safety of the Guanjiang Residential Complex, if it ran out, there was only one possible problem: another ghost charmer was approaching the complex, prompting Ghost Child to sense it beforehand.

"Zhang Wei, I've had my fill, I need to head to the office for a bit to deal with some things. We'll continue tomorrow at the gathering," Yang Jian said.

"No problem, the food was good here, I'll invite the boss to join us tomorrow," Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian nodded and left, heading back to his office.

His office was on the top floor of Shangtong Tower, where he could overlook the entire city, and given its location in the city center, he could observe many places.

"President Yang." The office wasn't empty; a woman dressed in professional attire, mature with an alluring figure, greeted him softly.

Seeing Yang Jian enter, her face lit up with joy, and her eyes lingered on him.

"Zhang Liqin, you didn't go home for the New Year?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Liqin smoothed her hair by her ear and smiled, "President Yang forgot, my relatives have all moved to the residential complex. I spent the New Year here, where else could I go? With the company being so quiet, I thought it would be better to come in and work."

She liked being here.

Because she always felt that Yang Jian would return to work at the office.

"Is Jiang Yan okay now? Is she still mad at me?" Zhang Liqin immediately asked, somewhat embarrassed.

"No, how could she be mad at you? Take a rest over there, pour me a cup of water, I have some things to deal with," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin nodded, responded quietly, poured him a cup of water, and then sat politely on the office sofa, staying silent.

"I want to see why the Ghost Child would run out," Yang Jian stood in front of the large floor-to-ceiling glass window, his gaze turning towards the direction of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

His Ghost Eye opened.

Not suppressing other ghosts allowed his body to be in surprisingly good condition.

Chapter 753 The Two People Who Came Looking

Near Dachang City.

A taxi came from the direction of the airport and dropped off two passengers near the Guanjiang Residential Complex. After the two got out, the taxi quickly departed.

"Follow me."

The person leading was rather silent. He walked ahead, his pace neither fast nor slow, heading towards the direction of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

It was difficult to clearly see the man's face; it was waxen, ashen, with strange wrinkles and devoid of any sign of life, emitting a coldness even in broad daylight, resembling a moving corpse. If it weren't for the fact that he could still speak, probably no one would dare approach such a being.

However, if Yang Jian were here, he would recognize him.

This man was none other than Leuk San, whom he had met several times before at the headquarters.

He had flown from the headquarters to Dachang City, and it seemed he was specifically looking for Yang Jian.

"Yang Jian lives in this residential complex? You can't tell at all. It's strange that someone like him would live in such an ordinary place." A man behind him exclaimed, seemingly familiar with Yang Jian. His name was Li Yang, and he had met Yang Jian during the Ghost Painting incident.

But now.

Several members of the Ghost Painting task force, Leuk San and Li Yang, had appeared here.

The implication of that was self-evident.

"But we don't have Yang Jian's contact information. How do we get in touch with him?" Li Yang asked.

Leuk San's eerie complexion was unnerving, yet his voice was calm, "There's no need to contact him. This is his territory, and he will contact us. If he really lives in this complex, he will have gotten the message before we even enter. Don't underestimate the capabilities of the city's person in charge, especially Yang Jian."

"Is there surveillance nearby?" Li Yang looked around.

"Surveillance? Surveillance is only for the average person. Do you think Yang Jian would care about a normal person wandering near the residential complex? What he cares about are those who control ghosts, the fierce ghosts," Leuk San said.

Li Yang felt even more puzzled.

With no surveillance, no person present, and no patrolling security around, how could Yang Jian possibly be aware of their sudden arrival at the first sign?

Unless someone at the airport had tipped them off, or someone from the headquarters had notified them.

But that shouldn't be possible, as this visit was a more private affair and not an assignment arranged by the headquarters, so there was no prior notice.

Suddenly.

Leuk San stopped in his tracks, his gaze fixed on a figure standing in the middle of the road ahead.

To be precise, it wasn't a person but a child; yet this child was exceedingly eerie, barefoot with skin bluish-black as if a dead infant, wearing a dirty old garment with the character for "longevity" on it, eyes without pupils, strange and blood-red.

All over, the child was still damp, as though he had just been fished out of the water.

"This thing..." Leuk San took a slight breath.

A Hungry Ghost?

He had never seen a Ghost Child, nor experienced the Dachang City event, but that didn't stop him from reviewing the files on the Hungry Ghost incident, as it was the only officially erupted S-class paranormal event in the country. Any ghost controller with the opportunity would familiarize themselves deeply with that file.

Because there were many lessons to be learned from it.

But the more clearly he understood, the more familiar he was with what exactly this thing before him was.

Although it had the stature of a child, it was no different from a Hungry Ghost in appearance.

"A Second Stage Hungry Ghost, the files say, this thing kills anyone it sees or touches," Leuk San immediately recalled the related information in his mind.

Li Yang said, "What's wrong? Why did you stop walking..."

But before he could finish, he too suddenly froze in his tracks, because he saw what was blocking the way ahead.

Not again, another ghost?

Unlike Leuk San, Li Yang had not been with the headquarters for long and didn't know of the Hungry Ghost files, so he was unclear about what exactly the thing standing before him was, only deducing it was a ghost.

And it felt... terrifying.

"The Hungry Ghost incident was supposed to be over, so why is there such a thing in Dachang City? Is it a residual, escaped creature, or is it related to Yang Jian?" Leuk San's lifeless eyes moved as he pondered and made judgments.

This is the cultivation of a top-tier ghost handler.

Upon seeing a ghost, the first response is not to run or to confront, but to observe and analyze.

"It's definitely related to Yang Jian. The ghost didn't attack me upon seeing me, which completely goes against the Second Stage behavior of a Hungry Ghost."

At this moment, Leuk San signaled, "Don't make any rash moves, lest you draw the ghost's attention and die a baffling death."

The Ghost Child was still staring at the two of them, tilting its head with no trace of a Hungry Ghost's ferocity in its eyes. Instead, there was a sense of bewilderment and ignorance, like a child who knows nothing, posing no apparent danger.

But the outfit and the look were enough to prevent anyone from feeling at ease.

"Yang Jian, since you knew we were coming, why not come out and meet us?" Leuk San shouted into the deserted surroundings, "Seeing us come, you should know what we're here for. Although we're not acquainted, you could at least show some courtesy. What does it mean to have this creature block our path?"

"Are you trying to kill us here, or are you warning us to leave?"

The voice echoed around, and it was clear in the broad daylight that there were no people nearby.

"Captain Leuk, can Yang Jian really be called out like this? Perhaps he doesn't know about this matter at all." Li Yang said unsurely, suspecting that Yang Jian wasn't even here and that the ghost had nothing to do with him.

"Are you questioning my judgment?" Leuk San gave him a glance.

He had had some contact with Yang Jian and knew the person, as well as how terrifying he could be.

He had personally wiped out a group from his social circle, even killing Fang Shiming. Jang Shangbai couldn't withstand his assault. Had it not been for some conflicts with headquarters, he wouldn't have come back to Dachang City to be a stable leader.

"No, I just think it's better to try to contact him by phone. And this ghost..." Li Yang looked anxiously at the Ghost Child blocking their way.

He truly didn't dare to move recklessly.

Fearing the ghost might attack at any moment.

Even though the sun was overhead, Li Yang still felt a chill, as if enveloped by an inexplicable coldness.

Seeing no response from around, Leuk San spoke again, "Yang Jian, when did you become so reclusive? Can't you even offer a little hospitality?"

Suddenly.

The sky was tinged red.

The nearby river seemed to turn into blood, forming a strange river of blood that still flowed. The road also reflected a crimson hue, and the whole world seemed unfamiliar, completely different from just a moment ago.

"Guests need hospitality, Leuk San. You must not be here in Dachang City for any good reason, so why should I receive you?" A cold and indifferent voice arose, and a figure appeared out of thin air on the road ahead.

Leuk San managed a forced smile, "You're something, releasing the Ghost Domain at will, as if it costs you nothing. Have you solved the resurgence problem of the fierce ghosts?"

"You won't mind if I take out your paper man, will you?" Yang Jian said with a bad attitude, staring at him coldly.

"It really is Yang Jian." Li Yang was shocked and felt a surge of inexplicable fear.

Yang Jian was indeed targeting the two of them. How did he manage that?

The deeper one delves into becoming a ghost handler, the more one understands just how terrifying these top figures can be, sometimes even surpassing fierce ghosts.

"But that'll have to wait until after I've finished talking about what comes next," Leuk San said, admitting that he was just a paper man and it didn't matter if he was taken out.

Yang Jian walked over slowly, approaching the Ghost Child, "Go back."

The Ghost Child, which had been staring at both of them, now averted its gaze and scurried away, disappearing from sight in no time.

"Can this guy command ghosts?" Although Leuk San's face remained unchanged, his heart was in turmoil.

Shock, disbelief.

And even more so, fear.

This Yang Jian, could it be that he was even more terrifying than he had previously shown?

Just that Ghost Infant alone, it's estimated, could contend with, or even kill a Captain Level ghost handler.

"Let's cut to the chase then. What do you and Li Yang want with me? If I remember correctly, you should be at headquarters at this time. Although it's been over a dozen days, the follow-up work shouldn't be finished so quickly... or did the Ghost Draw operation fail, and you've come asking for help?"

Yang Jian asked with a cold face, directly questioning them.

Chapter 754 The Sudden Change in the Situation

Ghost painting?

Just mentioning these two words felt like a nightmare. Yang Jian, initially burdened by the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse, ventured deep into the adventure to find the ghost in the ghost painting, only to fall victim to terrifying supernatural occurrences.

Now without the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, sending him to face the ghost painting would almost certainly be a death sentence.

Even with that eerie Firewood Knife in hand, capable of swinging a single stroke, it wasn't necessarily enough to resolve the ghost painting incident.

Not to mention, there were Ghost Envoys in the world of the ghost painting. If the ghost painting were resolved, the Ghost Envoys would escape, and that would be another unsolvable paranormal incident.

Beyond that, many ghosts resided within the ghost painting. A top foreign ghost controller team perished there, and some of the remaining ghosts within had yet to reveal themselves. If the ghost painting were to disappear, these ghosts would flood into the city.

So, Wang Xiaoming's plan was correct. He had never considered dealing with the ghost painting from the start but instead aimed to lure the ghost painting away.

The problem arose in the middle of the process, leading to the situation's spiraling out of control.

Otherwise, there wouldn't have been so many issues.

Inside the world of the Ghost Domain,

Leuk San and Li Yang looked at Yang Jian before them, feeling both estranged and endangered, markedly different from how he had appeared back at headquarters.

He seemed even colder, and more incomprehensible than before.

He no longer seemed human.

"Not for a rescue; the matter of the ghost painting has ended. Although it caused quite a commotion, it has finally come to a close," Leuk San said, his waxen and odd face showing a hint of sentiment as if recalling a terrifying event.

"Ended?"

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "Since it's over, why come to me then? You should be responsible for your own city. Do you usually have so much free time that you'd want to visit Dachang City for tourism?"

"Some things can't be explained in just a few words, can we find a place to sit down and talk?"

Leuk San said, "We're all from the same headquarters, colleagues after all. After coming all this way, you can't deny us a drink of water, right? Moreover, isn't it too exhausting for you to maintain the Ghost Domain like this? Even if you're special, this must be a burden to you."

"Heh, are you probing me? Or are you concerned about me? Don't forget, strictly speaking, I'm no longer part of the headquarters. I'm just there in name. Ever since the incident with the friend circle ended, I've fallen out with Cao Yanhua. The only reason I'm alive is because I still have value," Yang Jian said.

"That's all."

"I'm not privy to much insider information. But regarding the situation, you should get more informed. It might help you," Leuk San said.

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "If it's really important, you should've gone to my office to discuss it. Don't come near this neighborhood in the future. I'll treat you as enemies, and if I didn't recognize you, I would have taken you down just now."

"Then I suppose I'm quite fortunate," Leuk San squeezed out an ugly smile.

He didn't doubt that Yang Jian would act on his threat.

The activation of the Ghost Domain was a terrible sign. After a ghost controller uses the power of malignant spirits, they're bound to act somehow; they wouldn't just squander their power for no reason.

"Take a seat."

Yang Jian suddenly spoke.

The surroundings began to transform drastically. The red-hued world rapidly faded, the road disappeared into the floor, the scenery became walls, and the nearby green belt turned into sofas... In an instant, everything had shifted, and without noticing, they were now in an office on the top floor of a high-rise building.

Yang Jian stood before the enormous floor-to-ceiling glass window, calmly and coldly observing Leuk San and Li Yang. He bore no malice towards Li Yang, but he was highly vigilant towards Leuk San.

Leuk San, the paper-man, was also a Captain-Level ghost controller.

Moreover, it was a paper-man who had come this time. As for his true nature, that remained an enigma to this day.

It could be said that no one had ever seen the real Leuk San.

"Among those I have met, you're the first I've seen apply the Ghost Domain like this. The place is at least a dozen kilometers away from here, and this distance isn't even your limit. I estimate the whole Dachang City falls within your Ghost Domain's coverage, which is why you chose such a commanding office location. Anyone entering this territory would be within your surveillance range," Leuk San remarked with some admiration, immediately making himself comfortable on the sofa without further ado.

Li Yang was still unsettled, seemingly failing to process what had happened.

They were just near that neighborhood, and suddenly they were here? Was everything before an illusion? Or was this current situation the illusion?

Confused, he looked for an explanation but seeing the circumstances, he dared not ask rashly. He suppressed his doubts, growing more respectful and fearful of Yang Jian.

The ghost controller industry was far more mysterious and fearsome than he had imagined.

Dealing with all sorts of people and the formidable ghosts they commanded, Li Yang always sensed different forms of terror.

"Indeed, the title 'Ghost-Eye Yang Jian' isn't just for show," Leuk San commented again.

Yang Jian responded, "If you're here to flatter me, there's no need. Speak directly."

Leuk San's lifeless eyes swiveled, turning towards another woman on the other side.

Zhang Liqin.

She was still in the office. Although Zhang Liqin was surprised by the arrival of the two people, she quickly regained her composure.

As a woman who had seen her share of supernatural incidents and overcome some psychological barriers, Zhang Liqin wasn't as fragile as one might imagine, having grown just like Jiang Yan.

"She is my secretary, responsible for recording all of my affairs," Yang Jian said indifferently, "Is there something you don't want her to hear because it shouldn't see the light of day?"

"Hey, you've got good taste. Since she's your person, I don't mind. Actually, it's not anything too secret; I just don't want these things to spread, after all, we must consider the situation at large," Leuk San said with a light smile.

He was in deeper than Yang Jian; Yang Jian might still have some desires, but he didn't even have a living body anymore.

Zhang Liqin frowned slightly; she found this man very abnormal, even somewhat horrifying, so she stood up discreetly and walked over to Yang Jian's side.

"Alright, just be straightforward, everyone's time is precious," Yang Jian said.

Leuk San's smile faded, and he spoke seriously, "Actually, to be clear, it still relates to the ghost painting incident. To solve the ghost painting issue, we put together a team including Li Jun, me, Xiong Wenwen, Li Yang, and Chen Yi... Of course, the outcome wasn't exactly as we hoped; we encountered some trouble."

"Trouble?" Yang Jian's voice took on a chilly tone, "Seems like you were nearly wiped out by the ghost painting, that thing is more dangerous than imagined. I've been inside, and it's complicated."

Leuk San did not reply but continued, "Chen Yi is dead, and I am dead. Of course, I died only in the form of a paper effigy. Li Yang would have died in there too, but Li Jun took him down and sent him out. So strictly speaking, the only one who really made it out alive was Li Yang."

"Xiong Wenwen?" Yang Jian said, pausing slightly upon hearing the name.

Did that brat also die in the ghost painting?

"Take a look at this." Leuk San suddenly pulled something out of his pocket and placed it on the coffee table in front of them—it was a black and white photograph.

The person in the photograph was Xiong Wenwen.

Yang Jian stared at the photograph; "Is this a failed product of the Ghost Camera? Xiong Wenwen tried to imprison a ferocious ghost using the Ghost Camera, but the camera went out of control and trapped him instead? But I'm aware of this news; I've heard about the broad outline of your failure."

"Good that you've received the news," Leuk San said, "Then I don't need to explain too much."

"However, I'm not very clear about the events that followed," Yang Jian said.

He had only heard from Zang Hua about their failed operation, with no details about what happened next.

"The ghost painting has been temporarily contained; the painting is trapped in a building," Leuk San said, "Li Jun went missing inside, most likely dead."

Yang Jian asked, "The ghost painting is temporarily restricted? Who took action? You all failed, so who else could headquarters possibly send? Cao Yang? Wei Jing, or some other hidden figures yet to emerge?"

"Old Qin stepped in," Leuk San said.

Old Qin?

Upon hearing this name, Yang Jian showed a slight change in expression.

"Since the ghost painting has been contained, what brings you to me?"

At this point, Leuk San lowered his voice, "After Old Qin took action, another incident occurred. Headquarters was invaded, and someone had their sights set on things inside."

"Headquarters was invaded? Who acted?" Yang Jian immediately asked while contemplating the situation at the time.

During the period of botched operations and Old Qin's absence, the headquarters was indeed at its most vulnerable. If it had been him, it would have definitely been the best time to invade. It seemed someone had long been eyeing headquarters, not daring to make a move under normal circumstances. But now, as soon as a weakness appeared, they couldn't hold back.

"I'm not sure; the intruder is from the Ghost Domain, about as strong as you are. No one could stop them after Old Qin entered the ghost painting," Leuk San stated, "So far, we only have one suspect."

"Who?"

"Ye Zhen from Dahai City's supernatural forum," Leuk San said, "He is the only one with the capability to easily invade the headquarters. Plus, he is aware of Fang Shiming's death. He's clashed with Fang Shiming before, and they were both wary of each other. Now that the balance has been disrupted by you, apart from Old Qin, no one can stop him for the time being."

"Ye Zhen? What's his purpose in invading the headquarters?" Yang Jian inquired, "There's no need for such actions unless it's necessary, right? It's a surefire way to attract hatred."

"There's a reason, of course," Leuk San continued as his dull eyes shifted slightly, looking toward the window, "Some of the imprisoned ghosts are missing, including the Hungry Ghost."

"What?"

In that moment, astonishment also took hold of Yang Jian.

Ye Zhen had invaded the headquarters and taken several ghosts, even the imprisoned Hungry Ghost?

Chapter 755 The Special Paper Man

Yang Jian had never imagined that Leuk San would actually reveal such astonishing news.

The headquarters had been invaded, and some of the imprisoned malevolent spirits had been stolen, the person suspected to be behind the invasion of the headquarters was Ye Zhen from the Paranormal Forum. The most fatal thing was that among the ghosts was the long-missing Hungry Ghost. Compared to this incident, the ghost painting confined to a building seemed hardly worth mentioning.

The Hungry Ghost had been detained precisely because there was an old Coffin Nail stuck in its head.

Now that the Hungry Ghost had been stolen, that Coffin Nail had undoubtedly been stolen as well.

That Coffin Nail was the most unique occult item Yang Jian had ever seen; it could completely suppress any ghost it was stuck into, regardless of whether it was of S-rank. Now that it had been stolen, the potential consequences were unimaginable.

Moreover, perhaps the Hungry Ghost wasn't even the most unique; the other stolen ghosts might be even more terrible.

The headquarters kept silent, probably for fear of causing turmoil.

After all, many ghost controllers had risked their lives, even betting everything to detain these ghosts, and now they had been stolen. If the news got out, it would likely cause major disturbances.

Since the Hungry Ghost was detained by Yang Jian, Leuk San had specifically come to notify him, as if to give Yang Jian a heads up to prepare in advance.

If the Hungry Ghost incident were to break out again one day, it would probably necessitate a visit from Yang Jian.

"Cao Yanhua is really excellent at his job, isn't he? He can't even keep an eye on things. With such a big blunder, does he still have the face to be that deputy minister? Hasn't he resigned yet?" Yang Jian felt a sense of disappointment at this moment.

Leuk San shook his head slightly.

Yang Jian's face darkened.

He had once risked his life, attempting suicide by hanging to release a terrifying unknown malevolent spirit and had managed to detain the Hungry Ghost by going all out.

And now?

It had been stolen?

If that ghost were to reemerge one day, then all the efforts of those people in Dachang City would have been in vain.

To detain it?

It would be anything but easy.

Without the Coffin Nail, even Yang Jian now dared not say he could handle the Hungry Ghost.

"Forget it, I can't manage other places. I can only take care of Dachang City. Whatever happens at headquarters is their business. I don't want to worry about that anymore. Do they really think I'm a workhorse? I'm human too, I can die. Whether or not the Hungry Ghost incident breaks out again has nothing to do with me. I only care about this place."

Yang Jian spoke coldly, his mood very unpleasant.

Zhang Liqin's complexion turned pale as well.

Because she had heard the news that the Hungry Ghost had been stolen.

The nightmarish existence might descend once again, and even the thought of the previous scenes made one shudder in fear.

Leuk San gave a dry laugh: "I'm just sharing some insider information with you, this is a secret of secrets, not many people are qualified to know. Don't talk about it carelessly, otherwise, it could shake people's confidence. After all, we are now in the era of the team leaders, and headquarters is allowing more autonomy in many matters."

"However, I have a question about which I'd like your opinion," he added.

Yang Jian asked, "What's the question?"

"Do you think Ye Zhen is responsible for this? Should the headquarters conduct some appropriate probing?" Leuk San asked, with a slightly strange smile, speaking slowly.

"Judgments are based on the amount of information obtained. I know nothing, and you want me to blindly guess about Ye Zhen? There isn't a trap, is there? One of us is in Dachang City, the other in Dahai City, we have nothing to do with each other, no grudges, no grievances. Why would I do something that attracts hatred? Luckily you came as a paper effigy today, otherwise, I might have found it hard to resist taking action."

Yang Jian said icily.

Although young, he was not a hotheaded fool; he wasn't stupid enough to make a statement about this matter.

"But headquarters is also investigating this. It's being taken very seriously up there. There's a mission, and if the perpetrator can be found, headquarters can offer very favorable terms," Leuk San explained; "Starting with three Ghost Candles, other conditions are negotiable."

"There aren't many capable of taking on this mission. I'm one, Cao Yang's another, you're one, and there's also one named... Li Leping. Besides us, there are some special beings that are in partnership with headquarters."

Yang Jian outright refused: "Not interested. I won't get involved in this mess. Whatever the situation is, it's your business. As long as nobody brings trouble to my Dachang City, that's fine. If anyone else dares to make trouble here, for each one that comes, I'll kill one, including you."

"You really are fierce," Leuk San's smile stiffened a bit.

He didn't think Yang Jian was just boasting to scare people. The Ghost Eye Yang Jian in front of him truly had the ability, having swept the circle of friends alone, with even Fang Shiming dying at his hands.

"But there is one thing that you surely would be interested in," he then said with a touch of mystery.

"The Coffin Nail?" Yang Jian eyed him.

"Yes, the value of this mission is far greater than you would imagine, actually worth a try," Leuk San asserted.

Adding a Coffin Nail indeed held great allure for Yang Jian.

He had handled that object and knew how terrifying the Coffin Nail was. If it weren't for the fact it was embedded in the Hungry Ghost, Yang Jian would never have handed it over to headquarters; he would have taken it himself long ago.

"Enough, there's no need to tempt me with conditions."

Yang Jian said, "If you're here just to tell me this, then you're simply wasting my time. Is there anything else? If not, you can go die now, paper man."

"Sharing some confidential information was just one part of it. Actually, another matter concerns Xiong Wenwen," Leuk San pointed to the photo on the coffee table in front.

"There's still a chance to save him. Professor Wang mentioned that you could bring Xiong Wenwen back to life."

Li Yang, who was beside him, immediately added, "Mister Yang, it's like this. Professor Wang indeed spoke about this. He said that when the Ghost Camera goes haywire and traps people in photos, they aren't dead but exist in a special way. He mentioned you've experienced it and should understand in your heart."

Hearing this, Yang Jian looked thoughtfully at the photo on the coffee table.

This black-and-white photo was exactly the same as the black-and-white one from Guo Fan's spirit tablet.

He had suspected that the ghost on the spirit tablet photo had been captured by the Ghost Camera, but for some reason, it ended up on a spirit tablet.

Now that the spirit tablet had been consumed by the Ghost Child...

In theory, he could replicate his earlier experience and bring Xiong Wenwen in the photo back to life.

"We're missing one condition. It's nearly impossible to achieve. It's not as simple as Xiong Wenwen being trapped; he's also entangled with a ghost," Yang Jian spoke directly.

The person in the photo wasn't only Xiong Wenwen; there was also a fierce ghost. Once released, it's very likely Xiong Wenwen would die and the ghost would appear. If we were to take that gamble, we would need a special body capable of suppressing the resurrection of the fierce ghost.

"You're talking about a body, right?"

Leuk San said, "Professor Wang mentioned this, which is why he sent me over. What do you think about me?"

"Hmm?" Yang Jian raised his eyebrows, "Are you trying to sell your ass?"

"Haha, don't put it so crudely. I mean, my paper body here is ready-made and can be used to revive Xiong Wenwen. Professor Wang also said that a regular person's body wouldn't suffice to bring Xiong Wenwen back. A special vessel is necessary, and as it happens, my paper man is suitable," Leuk San said with a smile.

"You're suggesting to revive Xiong Wenwen in your paper body?" Yang Jian immediately grasped Leuk San's intention.

Leuk San asked, "Is that not okay?"

"After resurrection, Xiong Wenwen would then be dependent on you to survive?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, my consciousness is gone, just a mere paper man left. The well-resurrected Xiong Wenwen and I will no longer be related."

Leuk San said, "I've come this time with sincere intentions, bringing you a paper man and a necromancer capable of predicting the future."

"That generous?" Yang Jian was skeptical.

"Worried I might trap you? Rest assured, this is just a small recompense, a minor tactic from headquarters to placate you. If you don't trust me, there's no need to resurrect Xiong Wenwen right now. It's not too late once you've thought it over," Leuk San continued. As he spoke, he suddenly raised his hand, grabbing his own facial skin.

The wax-yellow skin with layers of wrinkles was torn off like paper by him.

It wasn't flesh and blood at all, but paper that resembled skin closely. The paper had texture, like a layer of human skin. It wasn't much different when attached to the face, but the difference was clear once it was torn off.

"Eek!"

Zhang Liqin, unnoticeable in the corner, covered her mouth at the sight, feeling the urge to vomit.

Disgusting, frightening, nauseating.

Yang Jian's expression remained calm, unaffected as he saw another face beneath Leuk San's torn-off skin.

It was a face similar to Xiong Wenwen's, still wax-yellow and sickly, like a paper man crafted in Xiong Wenwen's likeness. However, that face had its eyes closed. Despite that, a certain eerie sensation made one doubt whether the closed-eyed paper man might suddenly wake up and start moving.

"What do you think? If I continue to tear, I'll die," said Leuk San, his remaining half-torn paper face still capable of speech.

"It seems you've come prepared; no wonder you're not afraid of me killing off your paper man," Yang Jian said, his eyes flashing.

Leuk San responded, "That's my mission this time: to deliver a message and bring you a person. Li Yang wanted to join your team of his own accord after all. He thinks you've got the credentials to form a team, and he's quite a good addition. I initially wanted him to follow me, but it seems my reputation isn't as good as yours."

Li Yang glanced at Yang Jian, feeling a bit uneasy inside.

Being new, he naturally had to join a team. He didn't know anyone else; Li Jun had disappeared, leaving only Yang Jian as an option.

Nevertheless, he trusted Yang Jian's abilities and strength, so he took the initiative to approach him.

"You can stay. I happen to be short on people here," Yang Jian looked over and nodded in agreement.

"Thank you, Captain Yang," Li Yang breathed a sigh of relief.

He decided to have his family move to Dachang City in a few days, for easier care.

"Okay, everything's settled. I can go die now," said Leuk San, before proceeding to rip off another layer of skin from himself.

After tearing off the skin, it was all just layers of yellow paper.

The paper man, almost identical to a living person, quickly fell apart, but inside the hollow body, there was another smaller paper man.

That paper man was prepared for Xiong Wenwen.

Chapter 756 Reaction

Leuk San, this paper man, tore himself to shreds—it was a form of suicide.

Decisive and indifferent.

This casual attitude revealed a terrifying signal—that this Leuk San was no longer too worried about the Ghost Infant's resurrection, because such paper men only appear when the Ghost Infant's abilities are used.

Anyone who uses it, any ordinary ghost controller, runs the risk of resurrection.

Currently, there are only two ways to freely use the Ghost Infant's power.

One is the Ghost Shadow's system crash.

The second is to become a special kind of anomaly.

Yang Jian belonged to the former, having commandeered three ghosts only when the Ghost Shadow had a system crash, but the Ghost Shadow in that state could suppress part of the Ghost Eye's resurrection,

suppress the Ghost Hand, and then use the Ghost Hand to suppress the Ghost Eye, creating a highly compressive balance.

"The reason this guy isn't dangerous isn't because he's not formidable, but because it's always paper men that show up. The real Leuk San might exceed my expectations when he makes his appearance."

When he arrived, he had given Leuk San a show of force.

This kind of move from Leuk San was also an intangible reminder, reminding Yang Jian that he was just a paper man, not to underestimate him.

"Indeed, there aren't many simple characters who can become team leaders. Even that Jang Shangbai I took out wasn't bad, it's just that he was a frontman pushed out by his circle of friends. The real manager was that Fang Shiming," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He walked over, tore up the remaining parts of the body, and took out the paper man that belonged to Xiong Wenwen.

The texture was simply like that of a dead person's skin—soft, cold, eerie.

Not at all rough and stiff like paper.

But it was very light.

As if weightless, Yang Jian merely grabbed it lightly and picked it up, as if clutching a dead body.

"This is the paper man left by Leuk San? Truly inconceivable. Just by appearances, this is a normal corpse; who would think it's just a paper man? Xiao Ming that guy is still so sharp, having seen my successful consciousness transfer, he immediately understood how to utilize the photos left by the Ghost Camera."

"He even found a replacement body."

Although he and Xiao Ming didn't naturally get along, there was no denying the guy's high proficiency with the utilization of bizarre objects and Ghost Infant abilities.

Like a shrewd computer capable of quickly and accurately devising the best solution.

Too bad, there were many resources he couldn't fully utilize, and human hearts couldn't be controlled.

Otherwise, with the Ghost Child in Yang Jian's possession combined with Xiong Wenwen, and adding this paper man of Leuk San along with the Ghost Camera, he could take pictures without any cost, and have a chance to fight even the most dreadful Ghost Infants.

But Xiao Ming understood as well.

People are not tools; no matter how good the plan, it's useless without cooperation. He sent Xiong Wenwen over, bet on Yang Jian saving her.

The paper body of Leuk San, Xiong Wenwen's photo, the spirit tablet inside the Ghost Child's belly.

All three items were now gathered.

Just a nod from Yang Jian, and the vanished Xiong Wenwen could be resurrected.

This temptation was immense, and most would find it difficult to resist. After all, picking up a team member for free, especially a special anomaly, would be very helpful in dealing with supernatural events in the future. Moreover, Xiong Wenwen possessed a rare ability to predict the future, an invaluable asset in unsolvable supernatural cases.

Yang Jian didn't consider resurrecting Xiong Wenwen immediately. Instead, he placed the paper man in a small room inside the office.

That room was a temporary safe house.

Left behind by a previous unlucky boss, now this asset was under his control.

"Li Yang, go downstairs and talk to Zang Hua about your situation to create a file, then rest in a room downstairs. Later on, I will arrange your accommodation," said Yang Jian at this moment.

"President Yang, what about Xiong Wenwen?" Li Yang curiously asked.

"Let's put that matter on hold for now. I'm not in any rush," replied Yang Jian.

Where would it be if someone just brought something over and you went and dealt with it obediently? At any rate, he had to observe for a few days to see what was going on, in case there were any traps, right?

"Then, President Yang, I'll go downstairs and check in first. Please take good care of me in the future," Li Yang said with a smile.

Although Yang Jian seemed cold, unapproachable, and emotionless, Li Yang didn't forget that it was Yang Jian who had brought him out of the ghost painting, saving his life. For that alone, it was worth working together.

Yang Jian indifferently nodded.

After sending Li Yang away, he sat back in his chair with some frustration, turned around, and looked out through the vast floor-to-ceiling window.

Gazing down at Dachang City through the glass, he felt as if he held the fate of a city in his hands, but this sense of control from on high didn't bring any joy, only an inexplicable anxiety and the feeling of impending crisis looming in his heart.

"What a bunch of useless people," Yang Jian muttered coldly.

"President Yang, it's rare to see you so angry. Is it because of what just happened?"

Zhang Liqin walked over at this moment, her voice tinged with nervousness, "I think I heard that person earlier, saying that the ghost we had locked up was stolen?"

"Yes."

Yang Jian slowly closed his eyes, "If what Leuk San said is true, once the word gets out, it will cause turmoil, and the situation will collapse in an instant. Although I'm not too concerned about this, I don't want to see that ghostly thing reappear either. Having been invaded by a Ghost Infant and attacked before, you should understand how terrible it is."

"Yes, if not for you, I would have died. I don't ever want to go through that experience again," replied Zhang Liqin, shaken, then placed her hand on Yang Jian's shoulder, gently massaging it.

Her actions betrayed a strong unease.

Only when she was close to Yang Jian, touching him, did she feel she had support, which is why she liked being together with Yang Jian, preferably every night.

It was a dependence, both mental and psychological.

"But how could such a powerful headquarters be robbed by someone else? It doesn't make sense," Zhang Liqin asked sneakily.

Yang Jian, still with his eyes closed, unfazed, replied, "When the experts are either dead or gone, and the one in charge is no longer present, an invasion by a top-notch ghost controller is quite normal. The rest, who are not very useful, wouldn't be capable of stopping, let alone touching it."

"Couldn't that thing be hidden more securely? Like our home's safe, aren't valuable things supposed to be put inside?" Zhang Liqin commented.

"It's useless. The one who possesses the Ghost Domain, if powerful enough, can't be kept hidden from anything; even the most secretive things will be found," Yang Jian spoke slowly.

Take himself, for example.

If the Ghost Domain covered a city, one wouldn't need to go tens of thousands of meters underground—just one or two thousand meters would suffice. Then, what in the city could remain hidden?

Even the ghosts that were detained would certainly be near headquarters, no matter how secret their location.

Even if a ghost-bearer had buried them in the deepest reaches of the earth, as long as another ghost-bearer's Ghost Domain surpassed the former, the buried could be easily dug out.

Still, such capable people were extremely rare.

So far, there weren't many who met the requirements.

It was quite normal for Ye Zhen to be suspected.

Yang Jian even felt he was under suspicion, even though he had traveled to Japan recently and returned to his hometown, which was grounds enough for suspicion—but this suspicion hadn't been expressed to his face.

No reason was needed.

It was enough just to know someone had that ability.

But without evidence, one couldn't act recklessly.

So the best method was to have him test Ye Zhen or for Ye Zhen to test Yang Jian.

If the two tested each other and a conflict arose, a lot would naturally become clear.

Reflecting on that previous question from Leuk San, "Do you think Ye Zhen did it? Should headquarters test him somehow?"

That was incitement.

If Yang Jian had responded that testing was warranted, and if Ye Zhen was then provoked, or if some other scheme was employed in between, a real conflict might erupt.

Realizing this, Yang Jian's eyes snapped open.

Now he understood why Leuk San had chosen suicide; had he not killed himself, with Yang Jian now catching on, he would have been finished by Yang Jian's hand. Better to die now and settle it, rather than be chased down for answers later.

"Yang Jian, what's wrong?" Zhang Liqin asked softly.

"It's nothing. I just thought of something rather unpleasant," Yang Jian replied, slowly closing his eyes again.

This kind of move didn't seem like something Wang Xiaoming would do; that guy was the kind who had a grander vision, employing open strategies, liking things out in the open, leaving you no choice but to comply and follow his methods. He wouldn't use such petty tricks.

But the person daring to test like this was definitely someone from headquarters.

Cao Yanhua didn't have the brains for it. As a deputy director, he was good at managing people and affairs, but not scheming.

Could it be... the Director?

It was possible; with such a big issue at hand, it was unlikely that the Director wouldn't get involved.

But the likelihood wasn't great.

The Director couldn't bear the consequences of a clash between Ghost Eye Yang Jian and the supernatural forum's Ye Zhen.

"Leuk San knew, but he purposely chose suicide, ha... he really didn't give anyone a chance. It's a pity my current state doesn't afford me the luxury of using the Firewood Knife, otherwise, one slash to send him off, no matter how many paper men, all would die clean," Yang Jian thought icily.

There were always those in this world who thought ghost-bearers were just ordinary people with the power of formidable ghosts, lacking intelligence, and they enjoyed being clever by outmaneuvering others.

Yang Jian admitted that he might not be as intelligent as some, but he was not stupid; some things might take him a moment to realize, but he understood them eventually.

"So my thought is correct, not to meddle in that muddy water, then nothing will happen."

He became increasingly certain that his initial decision had been the right one.

The circle's waters were murky, and dangers came not solely from paranormal incidents. When a ghost-bearer gained sufficient influence, they naturally attracted trouble and danger.

It was an unavoidable circumstance.

Because the rise of ghost-bearers happened too quickly, so rapidly that many hadn't adjusted before finding the world had already changed.

And then various conflicts would arise.

After pondering for a while, Yang Jian decided not to think further about these bothersome matters. He looked at Zhang Liqin and asked, "In the time Jiang Yan and I were at the old home, did anything happen?"

"President Yang, wait a moment, let me check," Zhang Liqin put down what she was holding and picked up a folder from the office desk nearby.

"Eight days ago, Zang Hua wanted to speak to you about something. It seems he has finished investigating the matter you asked about last time and wants to report to you."

"Six days ago, President Zhang, Zhang Xiang, wanted to invite you to the annual meeting, but I told him you had gone home for the New Year, so I postponed it. Also, someone came to the office wanting to schedule with you, claiming to be your colleague, so I had the front desk register and leave a phone number."

"Five days ago, in the morning, Zhang Wei wanted to play games with you, and in the afternoon, President Zhang informed me that he was preparing a private gathering, hoping you'd attend once you returned."

"Three days ago, the company received several payments."

"..."

Zhang Liqin briefly relayed the situations of the past few days.

"Alright, that's enough for now; there's nothing particularly important. I'll go and speak to Zang Hua about the last matter, and you arrange for us to attend the gathering tomorrow," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin was taken aback for a moment and then asked with pursed lips, "Are you taking me with you? What about Jiang Yan?"

"Let's go together," Yang Jian said as he walked away.

"I'd be happy to, but will Jiang Yan agree? It wouldn't be good if she ended up threatening to jump off a building again," Zhang Liqin giggled.

Yang Jian replied indifferently, "She won't; if she jumps again, she'll definitely die."

"I don't believe that," Zhang Liqin muttered to herself.

She knew very well that Yang Jian was just talking; when it came time to save someone, he would still act, unless influenced by a ghost. In that case, he would indeed be a very good person.

But such a boss was definitely worth following.

Chapter 757 Gathering

After the Hungry Ghost incident, Dachang City indeed became very calm.

Zhang Xiangü even daringly held a gathering at the end of the year, something he definitely wouldn't have dared to do shortly after the incident. He made sure to keep a low profile, avoiding any bewildering encounters with supernatural events, but after multiple confirmations, he finally felt at ease to move about the city.

The annual gathering took place at a local five-star hotel.

The invitees were numerous, but they were all connections, relations, and friends from the business field introduced by Zhang Xiangü, gathering a group of company bosses with strong financial power, or some heirs of wealthy families.

Anyway, Zhang Xiangü invited everyone he could.

Originally, this gathering was supposed to happen a week ago.

But Yang Jian had gone back to his hometown and had to postpone it for some time.

In order to retain these people, Zhang Xianggu certainly didn't spare any effort, but still, some people couldn't wait and left early, missing this gathering. Had Yang Jian arrived a few days later, it's likely that the number of participants would have decreased even more.

After all, they are all big bosses, just waiting these few days was already giving enough face. In the past, gathering these people would have been utterly impossible.

Because this time they were all attracted by supernatural events, no, it should be said they were attracted by the fame of Yang Jian, the Ghost Eye.

Many rich businessmen and company heads who were real bigwigs in the spiritual circle had already gained some understanding of these matters.

The banquet hall for the gathering was luxurious.

The attendees were either rich or noble, and in addition, Zhang Xianggu had also invited some third and fourth-tier actresses, as well as some well-known models, to the event, to add to the atmosphere.

The men were dressed in suits, while the women wore heavy makeup and evening dresses, with the elegant sound of a piano echoing through the hall.

The food was exquisite, and the drinks were fragrant and rich.

Everyone brought a partner, greeted each other, and chatted to get to know each other, taking the opportunity to expand their connections and see if there were any chances for future cooperation.

However, in an inconspicuous corner.

Two young men squatted by the wall, holding skewers in their hands, with juice and drinks on the ground beside them, eating and talking, completely out of place with their surroundings.

"I told you, this gathering is pretty boring. Look at those people; they just know how to talk about business. Are you interested? I'm certainly not. I might as well go back to the company and play on the computer," Zhang Wei lamented, his humble nature unaffected by being the son of a billionaire.

It's a wonder how Zhang Xiang raised Zhang Wei, treating him like a child from an ordinary family, without concern or involvement.

What happened to the elite education that was promised?

You can't see it at all.

"Brother Tui, what are you looking at? You've been staring at that photo since a while ago," Zhang Wei curiously leaned over.

"Nothing, it's some information that Zang Hua gave me yesterday," Yang Jian said as he looked at the photo in his hand, slightly frowning.

The address on the photo was Jianshe Road, No. 869, Dahan City.

It also displayed the coordinates.

This was exactly the coordinate that Yang Jian had asked Zang Hua to investigate.

But finding the place turned out to be rather puzzling.

It was not the kind of eerie place one would imagine, nor an ancient house or barren land, but a six or seven-story abandoned building.

Judging by its design, it seemed to be a shopping center or office building, but it was never completed and had become a derelict building, leaving just an empty shell surrounded by wild grass, enclosed by a fence that had been sealed off.

Such abandoned structures are quite ordinary; every city has them, even in bustling streets one or two might occasionally appear.

Yang Jian looked at the description above.

This plot of land was bought by a businessman over a decade ago, who then planned to build a hotel in partnership with others, but as soon as construction started, there was an accident, and then the businessman sold the property. The site was taken over by a second person, who continued the construction, but after only completing the foundation and the first floor, the boss passed away.

Then the construction site was auctioned off, and a third owner took over, continuing the construction.

However, as the third or fourth floor was being built, the boss encountered a financial crisis and went bankrupt. The land continued to change hands... and eventually, the place became an abandoned building, now owned by a bank in Dahan City but insolvent, and has been left idle until now.

"There's definitely a ghost, that place must be haunted. Brother Tui, you mustn't go there," said Zhang Wei, pointing at the derelict building in the photo.

Yang Jian replied, "How can you be so sure that place is haunted? It looks very normal, and there are many residential buildings nearby. It's just a few meters away from shops. If it were haunted, those people would have been goners by now, wouldn't they be able to live?"

He wasn't just focused on the picture; he was also observing the nearby environment.

The area was bustling with heavy traffic, evidently a busy sector.

"Of course, it's haunted. With such a good location, if it were me, I'd build a tower, sell it, and make at least tens of millions in profits. If such a good plot of land has been left to waste until now, it must be haunted," Zhang Wei stated, "Almost all abandoned buildings are haunted, just like our previous neighborhood. If it hadn't been for you, Brother Tui, it almost became derelict, right?"

"... Your way of reasoning is simply phenomenal," Yang Jian marveled.

However, Zhang Wei's words weren't without reason; this place was the coordinate point on the Door Knocking Ghost, so it certainly wasn't normal. There are things that ordinary people can't discover, but ghost handlers might be able to.

"Of course, my reasoning is always grounded and justified," Zhang Wei bragged unabashedly.

"Hey, you two handsome guys, what are you doing squatting over here? Not going to join the gathering?" Just then, a beautiful woman, roaming around the hall, noticed the two people in the corner. Perhaps out of curiosity, or because she didn't find a target, she walked over and greeted them with a smile.

"What do you mean not attending the party? Can't you see you're already part of it?" Zhang Wei shook the skewer in his hand.

At this moment, Yang Jian slightly lifted his head, and that's when he saw a pair of black high heels and a set of long, fair, beautiful legs. Clearly, the woman had a great figure, but her face was heavily made up. She seemed pretty, but it was hard to tell what she'd look like without makeup, though he guessed she probably wasn't exceptionally beautiful.

"My name is Tang Yanyan, it's nice to meet you both," the woman said politely, extending her hand with a smile for a greeting.

"No need to be so formal, I'm the Dual-wielding Gunslinger, Ah Wei, and this is....."

Zhang Wei paused for a moment, stood up, and shook her hand, suddenly becoming very formal.

Yang Jian also quickly stood up and shook her hand: "Da Chang Ghost Catcher, Xiao Yang."

"Nice to meet you, Ah Wei," Tang Yanyan immediately smiled, "But what's this Ghost Catcher Xiao Yang about? Are there ghosts here?"

"Of course, there are, not just one or two, but quite a few," Zhang Wei said.

"Where? I don't see any," Tang Yanyan said.

Yang Jian replied, "I've caught them all, of course you can't see them now."

"Oh, I see. Well, you must be quite something," Tang Yanyan laughed, thinking to herself these two must be idiots.

Why have these two strange creatures shown up at such a high-end gathering?

Not attending is one thing, but crouching in a corner eating skewers? She even found herself curious about them, which was absolutely brainless.

"Enjoy your meal then, I won't disturb you any further. Goodbye, Ah Wei, bye-bye, Xiao Yang," Tang Yanyan said, not wanting to waste her time. Yet she maintained her poise, smiling and waving before turning to leave.

"I thought she wanted some skewers too, made me nervous there for a second. After all, Master didn't prepare much, just enough for two or three people," Zhang Wei frowned.

Yang Jian added, "I thought she came to look for me for something. It made me nervous too."

"Let's continue."

"Of course."

The two men resumed their crouched position in the corner, eating skewers, and continued their earlier conversation.

"Hey, who are those two over there? They look pretty unique," Tang Yanyan asked on her way back, a fellow partygoer whispered to her, "Could they be the spoiled kids of some big bosses? Introduce me, will you?"

"Rich kids? No way, they're just two losers sitting in a corner eating skewers. Totally lame, just forget about them, they're nothing but fools," Tang Yanyan rolled her eyes.

"Heehee, I don't believe it. I have roughly gotten to know the guests attending this party; all the men here are either rich or noble. The older ones are bosses and the younger ones are rich second generation, except for the waiters," the other beauty said, "Are you hogging them all for yourself?"

"As if, you don't believe me, go greet them yourself," Tang Yanyan said dismissively.

"Then I won't hold back," the beauty said with a laugh.

However, Jiang Yan saw this scene from not far away.

Today, Jiang Yan was also wearing an evening gown, carefully dressed up, sexy and slim—she even fell for her own charm.

"Damn it, how dare they greet my Yang Jian. What does that wretched woman want to do? Tempt my husband? Tsk, shameless. No, I have to go stand guard; I definitely can't let anyone else hover around Yang Jian."

Her cheeks puffed up in jealousy as she walked over, resembling a jealous girlfriend.

"By the way, since when did you get the identity of a Dual-wielding Gunslinger?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

Zhang Wei looked around and whispered, "You don't know about this, but although I'm just a manager by day, I often go out at night to do good deeds, maintaining order in the city. As you know, in such a big city, when you're not around, it's all up to me. Managing the company by day, and at night, I become the Dual-wielding Gunslinger, protecting the city on your behalf. Thankfully, I'm quite durable and able to endure the hardship."

After saying this, he patted Yang Jian on the shoulder as if to say 'leave it to me.'

"You sure are busy," Yang Jian watched him, not sure what else to say.

He just wanted an excuse to play with guns at night.

"Hm?"

But at that moment, Yang Jian's expression changed as he sensed something; he looked towards the entrance.

Someone was coming in.

A group of people.

But among the crowd was a distinct aura.

It was... a Ghost Catcher.

Yang Jian had sensed it, a reminder from his Ghost Eye, although not intense, indicating the danger wasn't too great.

Had this party really invited other Ghost Catchers? Hm?

Thinking about it, it was possible, after all, it wasn't unheard of for Ghost Catchers to earn money and become bosses themselves.

Chapter 758 Sudden Visit

Yang Jian felt an unusual aura and looked toward the exit of the banquet hall.

A group of people came through the main doors, seemingly also here for the gathering, each dressed in sharp suits. Leading them was a man in his forties, slightly overweight, fitted in a business suit, exuding the air of a seasoned executive with a mysterious smile on his face, which gave off an impression of immense dominance and arrogance.

"Haha, President Zhang, you haven't changed a bit in half a year, how is it going? You must have taken a loss on the Guanjiang Residential Complex project, right? I passed by there on my way here, so many buildings are empty, and the sales offices are all closed. I heard you were starting a company, looking for investors, so I took the liberty to join you. I hope you don't mind."

This executive seemed to know Zhang Xiang, and as soon as he entered, he said so with a laugh, not minding who overheard him.

"President Qian?"

Zhang Xiang, who was among the crowd, put down his flute of champagne and revealed a mild smile, "Indeed it's been a long time. Where have you been investing these past six months, President Qian? We haven't kept in touch much. I didn't expect you to be interested in attending today, what a rare guest."

He greeted him politely as well.

Zhang Xiang had previously invested in the Guanjiang Residential Complex project with President Qian and another boss.

It was supposed to be a lucrative deal, but because of a supernatural incident, the construction site shut down. Afterward, scared off by Yang Jian, they readily transferred the project to Zhang Xiang at the lowest possible price and walked away with their funds.

In retrospect, President Qian didn't actually lose money, but of course, he didn't earn any either.

What Yang Jian did at the time might have been inappropriate, but there was no issue with it. He may have earned a fifty percent share for nothing, but he also helped resolve the supernatural event, otherwise, both Zhang Xiangui and President Qian would have been at risk of bankruptcy.

Haunted places are undoubtedly sealed off by city officials; those apartments wouldn't just have trouble selling, people would not even think about entering the area.

"Recently, President Zhang, have you encountered any financial troubles? If you need help, just say the word," said President Qian with a smile as he walked over.

Zhang Xiangui replied with a smile as well, "If President Qian is willing to lend a hand, that would be wonderful. Of course, if it's inconvenient, no worries at all. But please don't misunderstand, President Qian, although I am hosting this gathering, the real protagonist isn't me. I'm just here to show my support."

"Oh, is that so?" President Qian was surprised.

He didn't expect the gathering wasn't organized by Zhang Xiangui, but for someone else.

Who in Dachang City has such clout that even Zhang Xiangui feels the need to curry favor?

"You're not pulling my leg, are you?" President Qian became suspicious, "I heard your property isn't selling at all. Don't be embarrassed, we know the kind of relationship we have. If I can help you, I definitely will."

He thought Zhang Xianggu was just too embarrassed to say it and used that as an excuse.

Zhang Xianggu just smiled without responding.

Would he be short on money?

Ever since partnering with Yang Jian, his company had been thriving effortlessly. The Guanjiang Residential Complex project appeared unsold on the surface, but in reality, all units were secretly presold to individuals whom he barely knew. Each one of these individuals was either wealthy or noble, seemingly having heard some rumor—they bought properties worth tens of millions or even a hundred million without batting an eye.

So, while the residential complex appeared deserted, it had already turned into a treasure basin. If Yang Jian were the richest man in Dachang City, then he would be ranked second.

Yet, nowadays, having money alone isn't enough; one must also have connections.

The purpose of this gathering, ostensibly to attract investment, was actually to expand the network for Yang Jian's company, facilitating future business collaborations and strategic planning.

Some things can't be achieved alone; unity is strength.

While the two were talking, a man around thirty dressed in a suit, who looked like a bodyguard, suddenly turned to look at a corner of the hall.

However, his view was obstructed by the crowd, so he couldn't see Yang Jian squatting in the corner, eating skewers.

But that didn't stop him from sensing something inexplicably eerie.

Ghost Controller!

This man in his thirties, dressed in a suit, hesitated a moment and then strode towards that direction.

He was oblivious to the people in his path, not stepping aside for anyone but rather bumping into the guests blocking the way.

"What's gotten into him?" a woman exclaimed, nearly falling to the ground.

Another executive was knocked so hard that he fell to the floor, cursing angrily, "Damn it, who is that?"

"Hey, how could you be so rude?" Tang Yanyan, the woman from earlier, called out unhappily.

But the man continued on his way as if he heard nothing.

"Who is this guy? Was that on purpose?" Tang Yanyan was quite irritated to see him bulldozing his way through.

A proper gathering was being disturbed by some very abnormal individuals who didn't even watch where they were going.

"Yang Jian, what did that woman say to you just now? Did she ask for your contact information? Don't you dare give it to her, those types of women can tell they're up to no good just by looking," Jiang Yan said, standing in front of Yang Jian in a lovely dress, her face puffed up in jealousy.

"Besides, she's not as pretty as I am. She shouldn't look at you, but you should look at me."

Her heart was anxious, fearing someone might snatch Yang Jian away.

"She was just saying hello to me; don't be so nervous," Yang Jian replied casually. "Besides, don't you spend every day with me? And you know, women don't particularly interest me."

"Hmm?"

As soon as these words were said, Zhang Wei widened his eyes in surprise and then quietly shifted aside, distancing himself a bit.

"What about Elder Sister Zhang?" whispered Jiang Yan, curling her lips.

"One always has to try things they've never tried before to see if they're still a normal man," Yang Jian said calmly, not avoiding the topic in the slightest.

"Hmm."

Zhang Wei nodded, his face brightening into a satisfied smile, then he moved back closer.

At that moment, Jiang Yan reached out with a playful smile, "Then don't squat here eating. Take me to the gathering, will you? I don't want to be chatted up by those messy people; they're just disgusting to look at. I'm your woman, and at times like this, you should be walking around with me on your arm."

She didn't hide her wishes at all, becoming bold and enthusiastic.

As someone who had been there from the start and witnessed Yang Jian rise to the pinnacle of this city, why should she bother with ordinary, vulgar men with a bit of money? How could they deserve even a second glance from her?

It was like the difference between species.

No wonder the beauties of ancient times would rather be an emperor's consort than the wife of a wealthy merchant.

This was how Jiang Yan felt.

She had fallen too deep.

Yang Jian lifted his head to look at her, still expressionless, as cold and indifferent as ever, his gaze like a still pond, devoid of any ripple.

Yet, he reached out and grasped Jiang Yan's wrist.

"Hmm?"

Before Jiang Yan could react, she felt a sudden sharp tug from Yang Jian, and her body seemed to fly outwards, stumbling forward.

"Oh my gosh."

She was on the verge of tears.

Her boyfriend was so unreliable.

In mid-air, Jiang Yan twirled around, landing on her buttocks, gasping from the pain.

"Don't touch her, or I won't be able to stop myself from killing you."

Yang Jian's voice was icy as he stared at the man in the suit who had suddenly appeared behind Jiang Yan.

The man in the suit was also expressionless. He had just raised his hand, intending to push away Jiang Yan, who was blocking his way, but was preemptively spotted by Yang Jian.

"Dang, looking for trouble."

Zhang Wei's eyes snapped open, and he instantly tossed away the skewer in his hand.

Click!

The sound of metal collision echoed as the bullets were chambered in an instant.

Zhang Wei stood up, moving incredibly fast, his hands deftly managing dual golden guns. One was pointed at the man's forehead and the other at his chest, his fingers already on the triggers, ready to fire at a moment's notice and fill the hall with gunfire.

And without a doubt, the man's head would explode, and his chest would be penetrated by bullets.

"You're the one in charge of Dachang City, the so-called Ghost Eye... Yang Jian?"

The man in the suit without any emotion asked, shifting his gaze briefly to Zhang Wei and then back, seemingly undisturbed by an ordinary person, even if the guns were special.

"So, you're the one hosting this gathering?"

Yang Jian also calmly stood up, "I'm in a good mood today, not in the mood for killing, so if you know what's good for you, back off. Definitely, definitely don't start any trouble here."

"My name is Wang Han. I meant no harm, just wanted to get to know you," the man continued expressionlessly, extending his hand.

Yang Jian didn't offer his hand in return, replying coolly, "If you wanted to get to know me, this is not the way to do it."

"Attitude? Are you referring to the way I just approached? Since when do we need to show any regard to ordinary people? If they dare to squeak, just crush them," said Wang Han.

His tone was even, as if discussing something trivial, seemingly accustomed to such acts.

The disregard for life, even the casual intent to kill, sent a chill through the spine.

Although he retained the awareness of a living person, he no longer possessed the emotions, or perhaps, his perspective had already shifted, gradually distancing himself from the realm of humanity.

"You make some sense, but I don't appreciate you speaking those words in my territory, especially in front of me," Yang Jian gestured to the ground, "Kowtow, and we'll call it even today. I don't care who you are, where you come from, or what intention you brought to meet me."

"In any case, you don't treat my people as humans, so I won't treat you as one either. Since you're no longer human, a kowtow shouldn't be a problem, right?"

As he spoke, the ghost eye on his forehead opened.

Chapter 759 Testing at the Gathering

Jiang Yan was in so much pain that she rubbed her bottom. If she hadn't gained some weight recently, she probably would have fractured her bones. What was Yang Jian doing?

What happened to the promise of loving each other?

Why was it always herself getting hurt? Last time she dreamed that she was stabbed by him in her dream and almost died.

Before she had a chance to complain, Jiang Yan suddenly widened her eyes, because at that moment she realized that someone had appeared out of nowhere at the spot where she had just been.

A man dressed in a suit, neatly presented, but with a numb, somewhat eerie complexion.

Besides that, she saw Zhang Wei next to her, even pulling out the pair of guns he always carried on him.

He looked as if he were ready for a showdown.

"Something's wrong."

Jiang Yan quickly stood up and instinctively took cover behind Yang Jian.

She might not react quickly, but she wasn't stupid.

The danger came from the stranger in front of her, who she assumed must be a Ghost Domain controller, also someone from the Supernatural Circle mentioned by Yang Jian.

Jiang Yan would not dare to mess with such a person.

Because not everyone was like Yang Jian who would protect her; most of these people had no emotions and would really kill someone over a disagreement.

"Oh? You want me to kneel and bow my head?"

The man known as Wang Han managed to squeeze out a cold smile, "For a woman? There're plenty of those to be found on the streets. If you like, I can send you a dozen or twenty after we leave here, no problem at all."

"I came here to get to know you, and I didn't bring any ill intentions. And you really think my actions just now were a provocation? Yang Jian, I thought you were the same kind of person as me, considering the things you've done. You wiped out an entire social circle, turned against the headquarters... You never cared for them."

"People develop attachments to even a dog they raise, not to mention a person who has been by their side for so long."

Yang Jian's expression remained cold, "You have been corrupted too deeply, even your beliefs are changing."

He might be cold-hearted and kill someone without batting an eyelid, but he wouldn't do that.

Because he still held onto the beliefs of the living.

If even that changed, then whether or not he had human consciousness wouldn't matter—he would be completely an outsider.

"So, you want to protect your 'dog'?" Wang Han glanced at Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan suddenly felt chills down her spine and shrunk her neck.

At the same time, she felt indignant, "Damn it, he actually called me a dog. Yang Jian, you better beat him down later."

"Enough talk, let's cut to the chase. Either you kneel and apologize, or we fight. It's the same either way. I'm not good with words, so I don't want to waste my breath," Yang Jian said with a wave of his hand, gesturing as he spoke.

Wang Han stared at Yang Jian, his expression growing dark.

Domineering, arrogant, haughty... No, it was more like condescension.

He didn't consider anyone as his equal.

That was his first impression of Yang Jian.

"Tsk! Tsk!"

At that moment, the lights in the hall seemed to flicker due to some interference, the sound of electrical current was heard, and the surrounding light pulsated as if it were about to plunge into darkness at any moment.

Many people instinctively looked up.

Was there going to be a power outage?

Most people thought so.

But Zhang Xiang, who was in conversation with President Qian, suddenly looked toward Yang Jian's direction, wondering if something had happened. Then, his face abruptly changed.

Zhang Xiangui saw Zhang Wei actually holding a gun at a stranger in a suit.

The man was not on the guest list and was brought in by President Qian's group.

"I hope nothing goes wrong..." Zhang Xiangui's heart leaped, and he couldn't help feeling tense.

"Brother Tui, don't bother with this guy. Let me shoot him dead. He's so arrogant; he won't know the dangers of society until he gets a good beating," Zhang Wei said seriously for once.

Wang Han laughed, "Shoot me dead? With the gun in your hand? Although that thing is pretty good for you guys, it is still not quite enough for me..."

"Bang!"

But before he could finish speaking, a gunshot suddenly rang out.

Wang Han's head jerked backward, his body staggering as the shot struck him, almost toppling him to the ground due to the immense inertia.

However, his body stopped hard after leaning back at an angle that almost seemed impossible to balance.

Then he slowly straightened up, lowering his raised head.

A bullet hole appeared on his forehead, penetrating deep into the skull, leaving a ferocious wound. Through it, faint blood trickled out, but the blood was not fresh; it was dull, thick, carrying a faint stench.

"Damn, this monster," Zhang Wei exclaimed, his eyes wide.

"You really dared to shoot me," Wang Han said, an icy and eerie smile on his face.

At that moment, Yang Jian put his hand in front of Zhang Wei, "Cool it, this guy isn't so easy to kill."

"Brother Tui, if we join forces, we can definitely kill this guy," Zhang Wei said.

Wang Han adjusted his suit and took out a handkerchief to wipe the wound on his head: "It's not that he can't kill me, but he's afraid that if he makes a move, everyone here will die instantly. Even Ghost Eye Yang Jian can't guarantee that I'd die without any power to resist, right? However, this isn't like you, caring so much about the safety of ordinary people's lives."

"Consider that gunshot as settling the score. Today is your party, I'll give you face. Whatever matters you have, let's discuss them after the party. I hope you won't make me wait too long."

Having said that,

he turned and left without looking back, heading towards President Qian among the crowd. Meanwhile, the flickering lights around also returned to normal, and aside from the gunshot just now, it seemed as if nothing had happened.

"He knows me very well."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

He had already opened his Ghost Eye just now, which was a signal. But then the lights around flickered, indicating that this guy was also affecting the environment and had a Ghost Domain.

If they acted rashly, the Ghost Domains colliding with each other might mean that even if his own Ghost Domain could overpower the other, if that guy held out for even a second, many people would die.

If people he didn't know died, Yang Jian wouldn't be too affected, but among the crowd at the party were Zhang Xiangu, Wang Shanshan's father, Wang Bing, his secretary Zhang Liqin... He wouldn't want to see these people die.

So he stopped using his Ghost Eye.

Of course, Wang Han also chose not to resort to violence.

"Who the hell is this guy? Where did he come from? He's definitely not from headquarters," Yang Jian mused.

"Forget it, then I'll spare his dog life," Zhang Wei retracted his gun, "This guy is even more arrogant than I am, definitely here to cause trouble. Brother Tui, you better not believe him."

"I have my own judgment, the party goes on, let's ignore him for now. He won't make a move rashly. Although his beliefs are twisted and terrible, he is very rational. He knows what should be done and what shouldn't. He's not like the newcomers to the Supernatural Circle. I'll have a proper talk with him later," Yang Jian said, slightly squinting his eyes.

At this moment, Jiang Yan spoke in a timid voice, "Yang Jian, thanks for earlier. I had no idea someone suddenly showed up behind me."

"It's no trouble. The world is like this, dangers always arise. Compared to some supernatural events, a little altercation like this is nothing," Yang Jian said, closing his Ghost Eye and speaking calmly.

Zhang Wei lamented, "If I had known this would happen, I wouldn't have fired that shot. How nice it would have been to make him kneel and kowtow, maybe even get him to call me 'Daddy'."

"..."

Yang Jian looked at him peculiarly.

Was he the one to make him kneel? It was a test, for goodness' sake.

To see if the guy would really dare to act.

After all, he was well-known in the Supernatural Circle as a ghost tamer, and maybe that would scare him enough to kneel and beg.

"Wang Han, how's it going?" On the other side, President Qian approached, speaking in a low voice.

Wang Han replied with a numb expression: "That Yang Jian is a very terrifying person. The moment he opened his Ghost Eye, I felt like I was being targeted by a fierce ghost, as if I had triggered some sort of killing rule. Death could come at any time. If we had fought just now, I reckon I wouldn't have lasted ten seconds. But he's cautious, unwilling to start a fight on such an occasion, so he's not truly reckless."

"Never offend such a person in the future, or I'll be the first to claim your corpse."

"Alright, alright."

President Qian, startled, nodded hurriedly, feeling a sense of inexplicable dread.

Wang Han went to sit down quietly on one side, wiping the wound on his forehead. His unease was even greater than President Qian's.

Although he considered himself a top figure in the Supernatural Circle, it was only after getting close to Yang Jian that he truly understood the sudden terrifying pressure.

It was as if he wasn't even alive.

No different from a real ghost.

Chapter 760 Taking a Seat

"You're really not going to fight? Brother Tui, I can handle this, together we can take this guy down right here, no problem." Zhang Wei was still eager to try, as if it had been a long time since he had found someone to fight.

Or maybe he just wanted to practice his shooting.

Yang Jian waved his hand, "Alright, I'll tell you the truth, your shot caused a bit of trouble."

"Exactly, firing out of the blue – scared the hell out of me," Jiang Yan, who was hiding behind, immediately chimed in.

Zhang Wei shot her a glance, "Aunt, don't talk. This is a matter between us young people."

Jiang Yan immediately gritted her teeth in anger.

The detestable Zhang Wei, always making a fuss about my age. So what if he's a few years younger than me? And yet he's so smug about it.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes and said, "Let's call a halt to this conflict for now. This guy called Wang Han offended Jiang Yan, and you gave him a shot, so we're even. But strictly speaking, Zhang Wei didn't do anything wrong. In dealing with such people, you have to show strength, not weakness. Attitude is key."

"Yeah, the more arrogant the better. After all, he and I are the same kind of people. If possible, no one wants to resort to violence," Zhang Wei agreed.

"So next time we meet, should I shoot first as a greeting?" Zhang Wei asked.

Yang Jian said, "That move could get you killed horribly if you play it. I can get away with it, but you should definitely not try it. It's better to keep a low profile in life."

He was notorious in their circles, had the nickname 'Ghost Eye Yang Jian' over there, so of course, he could be unrestrained. But if it were someone else, it would probably be a different outcome.

"Let's get back to the party. Just stay away from that guy and you'll be fine. He won't dare to mess around with me watching," he added.

Although the gunshot had echoed in the hall just now, it didn't seem to cause much of a stir.

It only drew a few astonished glances from many people.

The invited company of beautiful women, though, turned pale one after another, their hearts trembling. They obviously hadn't seen such a terrifying scene where someone suddenly fires a gun.

"Dual-wielding Gunslinger, Ah Wei... it's actually true..."

The woman who had greeted them earlier, Tang Yanyan, was dumbfounded when she saw this.

At first, she thought the two young men crouching in the corner were not quite sane, or deliberately making up nonsense to brush her off. Now it seemed that the one called Ah Wei was telling the truth; he really had guns in his hands, and they were two shiny golden pistols.

And he had fired one of them.

This meant that they were not toys; they were the real deal.

If Ah Wei was real, then was that Xiao Yang next to him also real?

Da Chang Ghost Catcher?

That couldn't be, could it? Were there really people who caught ghosts?

Tang Yanyan felt it was all too fantastical, even a bit ridiculous. Although she had seen many ghost stories online, she never believed they were true.

At that moment...

Before she could think any further...

A group of people started walking over from the party hall.

All of them were influential, and worth a lot of money.

"Yang Jian, what was all that about just now? Nothing serious, I hope?" Zhang Xianggu came striding over, asking eagerly.

"Uncle Zhang, it's nothing. Just a greeting from someone in the circle, not a sky-high problem," Yang Jian replied.

Zhang Xiang breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good then. Ah Wei, stop fooling around. If it's a gathering, then gather – what's the point of bringing that guy along? Looking for bigger trouble?"

He then scolded Zhang Wei.

"I should just keep squatting and eating my skewers," Zhang Wei silently decided, squatting down again.

"Mister Yang, I haven't seen you in a few months, and you've become even more remarkable. I have to thank you for showing leniency last time."

At this time, a boss said very politely. He was nearly fifty years old, with quite a few wrinkles on his face, but his body was still strong and burly, not like what a fifty-year-old should look like.

More like a strong man in his early thirties.

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, recognizing the man, "Are you Ma Youcai, who funded Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club? I remember you. How does it feel to use the new body?"

Ma Youcai had his body swapped with a Ghost Shadow by him.

That's why he had such a strong physique now.

Thrilled, Ma Youcai exclaimed, "Thanks to you, Mister Yang, it's unbelievably good."

The young body made him feel as if he could never run out of energy. Initially, after the body swap, he was terrified for a while, but after getting used to it, he found that the benefits were too many to count.

"That's good," Yang Jian nodded slightly.

This was a trial, and now it seemed that the effect was clear; a living person's head spliced onto another living person's body could indeed keep a person alive normally.

Even the medical issue of body rejection wasn't present.

That was the terrifying aspect of Supernatural Power.

The only question was how long this effect would last?

So far, almost half a year had passed without issues, but whether problems would arise later was unknown. For this reason, he also hoped that Ma Youcai would continue to live, as that would prove his experiment had been worthwhile.

"Captain Yang, it is a pleasure to meet you. Here is my business card. I hope for your continued support in the future."

Seizing the moment, a boss presented his card with a respectful and polite bow.

"To be able to attend such a gathering, one must be considered a business partner, and I will certainly look after anyone within my power, but once you are here, you must follow my rules," Yang Jian said calmly.

He didn't reach for the business card. Instead, Jiang Yan immediately stepped forward and took it for Yang Jian.

"Of course, of course," the CEO instantly breathed a sigh of relief, appearing very nervous. It seemed he knew a bit about Yang Jian's identity, as he addressed him as "Captain Yang."

Clearly, he was someone with insider information, not someone completely in the dark, unaware of anything.

At that moment, Yang Jian glanced around again; "Uncle Zhang, have all the attendees for this gathering arrived?"

"A few have reneged on their promises, but most have arrived." Zhang Xiang asked a female secretary beside him before responding.

"Alright, let's start the gathering then. I have a few words to say, please take your seats first."

With that, Yang Jian shed the foolish demeanor he had earlier and became a towering figure in control of everything in Dachang City, exuding coldness and dominance with his every word, speaking in a tone full of command that left no room for refusal.

The others felt a chill in their hearts as his gaze swept over them, their hearts involuntarily contracting.

It was as if just a look from him could control the lives of everyone here, dispassionate yet terrifying.

Yet this perception made sense to many.

"Is this the rumored 'Ghost Eye'... Yang Jian?" Many people felt a cold sweat on their backs.

Yang Jian gave a sign.

The crowd automatically parted, whether it was CEOs, wealthy tycoons, or glamorous stars, none dared to obstruct his path.

He strode towards the center of the hall, surrounded by attention as if he were the moon to the surrounding stars. Any person with sight could tell that he was the protagonist of the gathering, not anyone else.

Jiang Yan pursed her lips, feeling an inexplicable pressure, so she gently picked up her gown and followed behind Yang Jian, not even daring to boldly step forward and warmly take his arm as usual.

The CEOs who had just gathered, as well as some other attendees, followed silently behind, mouths shut, not daring to make a sound.

"He..."

Tang Yanyan, who was still doubting herself, was completely stunned by this scene.

Could this man, who claimed to be Xiao Yang, actually command such presence? To make a group of top-notch tycoons make way for him, bowing down.

But why would such a man squat in a corner eating skewers just earlier?

As Yang Jian passed by, he glanced over with some attention.

Tang Yanyan couldn't help but step back several paces.

That gaze... was indescribable.

Yet it made one's heart flutter with a sense of dread.

"Hey, you were wrong, weren't you? Ah Wei is the only son of Dachang City's wealthiest man, Zhang Xiang. I looked him up online, his name is Zhang Wei, he likes to live stream, known as the 'silly son of the landlord's household,' quite famous. I couldn't find anything about the other one, but by the looks of it, he's the most important person here. And you actually called these two people idiots..."

A beautiful woman who was also invited to the gathering whispered with a snicker.

"Don't say it out loud." Tang Yanyan, frightened, immediately covered her mouth.

If this came back to haunt her later, she didn't know how horribly she might die.

"Has the gathering started?"

At that moment, a beautiful woman conversing with another group of wealthy businessmen turned her gaze slightly, then said with a smile, "Excuse me, I need to step away for a moment."

Zhang Liqin left the crowd and walked towards Yang Jian. She wore a long black dress, heavily made up, and did not look drastically different from the other beauties, but her figure was exceptionally striking. Walking in high heels, her slender waist swayed lightly, and her proud bust traced an astonishing curve.

Mature and full of feminine allure, she was someone no normal man could resist looking at more than once.

Yang Jian's secretary.

This particular role, made known to all, was something many didn't dare linger on with their gaze, which is why there were only women around Zhang Liqin just now, without a single man. After all, Yang Jian was single.

"Boss."

Zhang Liqin walked over, a gentle smile on her face as she called out softly.

Yang Jian nodded in acknowledgement.

Without a word, Zhang Liqin, like Jiang Yan, took her place behind him.

At the top of the gathering hall, there was a temporary podium set up especially for the gathering.

There were two sofas on the podium, placed on the left and the right. According to international conventions, the right side is more prestigious, so the right sofa was prepared for Yang Jian. Zhang Liqin, worried Yang Jian might not be fully aware of such etiquette, subtly gestured to it.

Yang Jian walked up and sat down on the sofa with a calm expression.

Zhang Liqin smiled slightly, straightened her dress, and sat down aside him with ease. She didn't need to say or do anything; just being near Yang Jian was enough.

Because this action alone was sufficient to tell everyone about her identity and affirm her status.

She too was a woman, capable of feeling jealous.

She didn't hope to lose to Jiang Yan, especially since she couldn't be away from Yang Jian either.

Jiang Yan sat down nervously beside them.

Yang Jian paid no attention to these two, sweeping his gaze over the attendees: "Please, take your seats. This gathering is a private affair; we'll discuss some personal matters, so don't be so tense."

Zhang Xiang and Wang Bin took their places on the sofas across from him. They looked somewhat serious, as today's gathering was very important to them.