

Revival 761

Chapter 761 Background

The guests took their seats, all either rich or noble.

In the small hall, one couldn't fathom how many big players were hidden. Some were invited through connections by Zhang Xiang and Ma Youcai, while others weren't invited at all and came specifically for Yang Jian. These people were unfamiliar and unremarkable in appearance, yet the energy they contained often exceeded expectations.

The front seats were all occupied. Celebrities usually sought after, and women regarded as goddesses by the majority could only obediently sit in the back.

As Yang Jian went on stage and took his seat, everyone fell into silence.

"Today, I am delighted to invite everyone to this private gathering. Due to some scheduling issues before, I delayed everyone's precious time for a few days. For this, I apologize to you all and express my regret." At this moment, Zhang Xiang stood up and gave an opening speech.

"This gathering isn't strictly a business meeting. You all certainly did not come because of me, so I won't waste your time here. After all, I am not an insider and do not know much about the circle's affairs. Perhaps President Yang can solve the doubts in everyone's hearts."

Zhang Xiang's speech was brief; he didn't say much and quickly turned the topic to Yang Jian.

If it were a meeting in his own company, it would start with a talk lasting over an hour.

But here, he couldn't overshadow the host.

At this moment.

All eyes were focused on Yang Jian.

His face was calm and unmoved, not feeling the slightest tension, while Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan next to him felt an overwhelming unease.

All top-notch business magnates, in the past, they wouldn't even have the chance to request a meeting, but now, these people had gathered together simply because of the name Yang Jian.

"Honestly, there's not much to say. This gathering isn't about collaboration on any project or any business exchange—just to tell you some truths... The world has changed."

Yang Jian spoke indifferently, glancing over the crowd; "You must have heard about supernatural events from your own channels. No, you don't even need to investigate specifically. Perhaps some of you still maintain a skeptical and uncertain attitude."

"But I just want to tell you that these things have existed for a long time, at least a history of over a decade, just previously well controlled. However, in the past six months, such events are almost out of control."

"Pfft."

But before Yang Jian could finish, a laugh broke the silence at that moment.

A forty-something-year-old president in a suit waved and said with a laugh, "Sorry, sorry, I didn't mean to disrupt the meeting, but I didn't expect President Zhang's gathering to discuss such an absurd topic so seriously. A person worth over a billion like myself actually came here to listen to ghost stories."

Many people looked at him; some frowned, and some had a hint of a cold smile at the corners of their mouths.

Having money doesn't mean you're smart. There are still many fools in the dark.

"What era are we in, still playing these tricks? If you want investment, just say so directly. If the project is right, I'm still willing to invest."

The president continued: "Don't play these games. I'm not interested in this at all. I'm only interested in making money."

Yang Jian glanced at him, his expression calm: "Before a ship hits an iceberg, the captain knows first, not the passengers. It's indeed a funny matter; even I wouldn't have believed it before, but I won't explain too much. If you think I am wasting your time, you can leave now. But don't try to mock me, and don't try to disrupt this meeting, otherwise, I won't be able to resist killing you on the spot."

The president's smile stiffened slightly under Yang Jian's indifferent and cold gaze. He became annoyed after Yang Jian's words: "What? Can't even speak? What kind of gathering is this, a kidnapping? Believe it or not, I'll call the police right now. Not to mention anything else, just based on the gunshot earlier, you won't get away with it."

"Calling the police? Then what are you waiting for, call them now, I'll wait for you," Yang Jian gestured.

The president was taken aback and hesitated.

Someone beside him shook their head slightly, giving him a look to stop causing trouble and be more compliant.

But it was clear the president didn't care and stood up, immediately making a phone call: "I really don't believe you can cover the sky with one hand in Dachang City."

"This fool is beyond help," someone cursed silently.

"To attend a gathering without investigation? Not even knowing what Yang Jian's status is."

"This is probably just a rich fool without a brain," others thought to themselves, feeling that this guy was doomed.

Non-insiders dare to offend Yang Jian? Obviously, they don't know the meaning of the word 'fear'."

"That person seems to be the richest man in a nearby county of Dachang City, in the real estate and mining industry," Ma Youcai glanced at the man, with a slight recollection in his mind.

Zhang Xianggu felt rather embarrassed at this moment; he knew this person too, seemingly named Fan Hong, with whom he had some business cooperation before. The invitation this time was under the idea of 'the more, the merrier,' and hence didn't perform any strict selection, as indeed there were not many wealthy merchants who met the criteria. To have one more was to have one more.

The president named Fan Hong quickly got through on the phone and explained the situation.

"We are sorry, but this incident isn't under our jurisdiction. In addition, we advise you to cease all inquiries regarding this person, or else we will start an investigation against you," came a reply that made him uneasy.

"How could this be?" Fan Hong was shocked.

Not only was he prohibited from inquiring about Yang Jian, but now he was also to be investigated?

But before he could finish, another voice on the phone said: "Because of your suspicious behavior just now, please come to the location we specify within three days for questioning. If you don't cooperate, we will list you as a suspicious criminal. At that time, not only will your travel be restricted, but you will also be apprehended."

The CEO named Fan Hong immediately broke out in a cold sweat, his face turned pale.

What kind of joke is this?

Just a phone call, a report about this man named Yang Jian, and they want to investigate me? Not only that, if I don't cooperate, I am instantly considered a criminal and to be arrested?

Is the situation really this serious?

Fan Hong's heart was pounding fiercely, becoming increasingly aware of the gravity of the situation.

But he still did not understand how high the status of someone at the Captain Level could be, even if Yang Jian was just a name on the roster at headquarters. As long as he hadn't completely severed ties with headquarters, he would still enjoy very high treatment.

Especially the protection of personal safety, which is of utmost importance.

Fan Hong reporting Yang Jian meant that he was retaliating against a person of Captain Level, how could Zang Hua just sit by and ignore such a person?

If they really wanted to deal with Yang Jian, it wasn't for Fan Hong to lead the charge, he had to wait for orders from headquarters.

Without arrangements from above, no one could touch Yang Jian.

At least that's how it was in terms of social background.

"Well, are you done with your call? What did they say?" Yang Jian still looked at him calmly.

"I... this, this situation."

Fan Hong stammered, unsure of what to say at this point.

Seeing him like this, Yang Jian knew he had suffered a loss. He had no time to waste on such an insignificant character, waved his hand, and said, "Apologize, and then you can get out. Remember to close the door on your way out."

"I'm sorry, very sorry. I hope Mister Yang will not hold grudges for the small errors, and not take the incident just now to heart."

Fan Hong immediately bent over and apologized profusely, then, like a startled bird, he left the place with cold sweat dripping as he trotted away.

He had offended someone and dared not stay a moment longer.

"Incredible."

The beautiful women sitting behind were all wide-eyed at such a farcical scene, finding it utterly inconceivable.

A billionaire tycoon scared off by a phone call?

When he left just now, his hand seemed to still be trembling.

Just who is this Yang Jian?

This question surfaced in their minds, even other people kept in the dark were guessing, but they had more patience, wouldn't cause unnecessary trouble rashly, at least not until after things had settled down.

Zhang Xiangyu breathed a slight sigh of relief when he saw Fan Hong leave.

At least the guy was still alive, and the situation hadn't escalated.

He had no doubts that Yang Jian would dare to kill someone at this gathering.

"Let's continue our previous topic, but I'm short on patience. If anyone else behaves like that, please just leave on your own without wasting my time," Yang Jian said, retracting his gaze, speaking coldly.

Everyone fell silent, even holding back coughs.

Those who didn't know him now understood that this man's status and background were immense, absolutely colossal. No matter what, he was not someone they could afford to offend, even if they weren't interested in what he was saying, they definitely couldn't afford to upset him.

Yang Jian went on, "As I was saying earlier, about the supernatural incidents... well, let's continue on that topic. The matter is almost no longer a secret, just that some people are still in the dark, or perhaps are unwilling to believe it, mainly because there hasn't been direct reporting on it."

"But some things, once exposed, will be too late to react to, at least in terms of taking action. So, we need to prepare some things in advance."

"I am now in charge of Dachang City and need to do something for the safety of this city. After all, I also live here and can't just watch as a perfectly good city collapses. Hence, I've set up a company, located in Shangtong Tower. If you're interested, you can inquire with Zhang Xiang, President Zhang, or my company's manager, Wang Bin, after this. They'll answer your questions."

Yang Jian continued, "Of course, no matter what it is, it's inseparable from money. If you're keen to participate, you can invest in my company's projects. However, to avoid unnecessary trouble, I've set a threshold, starting at ten billion."

Ten billion?

Hearing this, many were immediately stunned.

Are you kidding?

Although they were all wealthy merchants, extracting one billion in funds was extremely difficult, let alone ten billion.

Unless they were to sell off most of their industries or shares to liquidate the cash, it was possible.

This was no longer an investment; it was gambling, staking one's entire net worth on a bet.

Chapter 762 Spending Money to Avoid Disaster

The starting condition of a billion yuan investment instantly shattered the tranquility in the hall.

Not only were many presidents stunned, but even the beauties attending the gathering were so shocked that they covered their mouths, seemingly not expecting the young-looking Yang Jian sitting on the sofa to propose such a large figure, as if he was singing, casually mentioning ten billion.

After a brief moment of shock, many people began to furrow their brows in thought.

Quite a few had come to the gathering with a try-it-out attitude, and if it were twenty or thirty billion, they would consider making a small investment, treating it as a bit of fun without much to lose; but ten billion was not an amount to play with. A real investment of this size could affect one's net worth, and for some companies, it could even cause operational issues, possibly leading to bankruptcy or closure.

"Has this guy gone crazy, or does he really think ten billion is just pocket change?" someone thought Yang Jian was too young, like a child not understanding the weight of that number.

Others found Yang Jian somewhat amusing.

A few intimidating words and a couple unseen projects were meant to make one risk their net worth on an investment?

The youth obviously thought society was too simple.

"It seems you all believe ten billion is a lot."

Yang Jian noticed the changes in many people's gazes and attitudes, and without getting angry, he simply said indifferently, "But do you know, with the current market, your ten billion can't even establish a single safe house. If I remember correctly, Gold has already started to be regulated, and it's the same in every country."

He had not been idle these past few days and had gotten a grip on some of the market trends.

Initially, he could casually instruct Jiang Yan to acquire gold, but if he were to send her now, she would return with empty cases, unable to buy any, unless one was willing to purchase at a high price from private hands. Yet how much would private entities really have?

Therefore, Yang Jian could assert with certainty that ten billion could not build a single safe house now.

The value of money was rapidly decreasing, and its purchasing power was nowhere near the same level as it was a year ago—an alarming sign.

After all, some hidden top-tier capital tycoons already knew about the affairs of the Ghost Domain and had naturally made early plans, while these local magnates had not yet reacted or were still hesitating on the edge of uncertainty.

"President Yang, may I ask what does this investment have to do with gold, and what is a safe house?" someone boldly asked.

"A sanctuary constructed of gold, able to withstand attacks from supernatural incidents. It's essential for protecting one's own safety," Yang Jian explained. "Without this, your life isn't in your own hands, and at any time, it can be taken by those ghastly things. For ordinary people wanting to survive well, this is the best choice."

He spoke directly and honestly.

If one had a safe house, as long as they had enough food and water, they could live very well. Even during the previous Hungry Ghost incident, it would have been possible to survive unharmed.

Back then, the safe house in Yang Jian's possession wasn't finished, but even so, it had protected the lives of many important people.

"The Safe House Project is one of the investments," Wang Bing explained at this moment. "This is vital for survival. Besides that, our investments also include agriculture, storage, supermarkets, shopping malls, and energy. If the project proceeds smoothly, this city could completely achieve self-sufficiency, with plenty of surplus capacity."

"If you'd like to understand more, take a look at the information in your hands. I'll have someone distribute it to everyone."

After speaking, Wang Bing signaled an assistant, and immediately the assistant and a few staff members distributed the prepared materials.

Many people took the materials and began to read them seriously.

The projects weren't particularly special, mainly focusing on investments in agriculture, like breeding farms, grain bases...

But pair them with the Safe House Project,

and it practically looked like an... apocalyptic survival plan.

It's just short of building a wall around Dachang City.

"The projects themselves seem fine, but the capital requirement... is rather high. Who did this estimation? I have my own production bases. Take the pig farm, for instance, thirty million would be more than enough to establish it, yet here it's three billion. We want to invest, but we don't want to be taken for suckers," a president queried with a frown.

If anyone approached him with a project like this for investment, he would immediately send them packing with a rebuke.

Wang Bing immediately explained: "The speed of construction, and the choice of location, both incur huge costs. Your thirty million would only suffice for building in some remote outskirts, and that's just for one location. Take a look at the planning for my project—at least five locations, evenly distributed, all not far from the city."

"Breaking it all down, this will incur massive costs," the president shook his head again. "It will only increase overhead, not profit."

"What if one place goes down? Wouldn't that break the supply chain?" Wang Bing posed.

"Why would a perfectly good place just collapse?" the president was taken aback.

Ma Youcai, leaning to one side, explained, "It's to guard against supernatural events. If a single ghost appears in the farm, the place is ruined and must be abandoned, with all investments wasted. That's why Wang Bing has increased the investment and budget, breaking it into pieces to increase resilience."

"I see..." The president was a smart man and instantly understood.

He quickly flipped through the other projects.

Indeed, they were all spread out, with cleverly chosen transportation locations, all promising spots. Just obtaining the land for construction was already impressive.

Naturally, the costs were also tremendous.

"Ten billion is the starting investment, right? I don't have much to my name. I sold my company shares recently and liquidated some assets, so I can only invest twenty billion. I hope President Yang won't mind," Ma Youcai spoke up at this time, raising his hand.

He was no longer a president himself.

After all that had happened, he was left with just enough to retire in Dachang City, but it didn't matter.

What use was money if he was nearly losing his life?

His declaration astonished many people.

He was really daring to invest.

...

Ma Youcai, have you lost your mind? No wonder I've been hearing you've been frantically cashing out and selling off assets. I didn't expect it to be true.

I thought you were planning to retire.

Turns out you were waiting for this day.

Crazy, truly crazy.

I've heard of investing, but selling a company to invest money? How foolish does one have to be to do such a thing?

But the calm after the madness made many people realize something was off.

Has Ma Youcai really gone mad?

An executive once worth over ten billion at his peak—how could he possibly be insane?

The only possibility is that he saw some information about the future and dared to bet on it.

"To invest in this project or not?" On the other side, President Qian, who knew Zhang Xiang, quietly asked at that moment.

Wang Han, with a numb expression, coldly said, "You came to his territory uninvited, attended his gathering, and don't invest in his project—do you think you can leave Dachang City alive?"

"Is it really that exaggerated? Didn't that person just run away just fine?" President Qian shivered, his eyes widening.

"He might have run away, but the string of trouble bothering him afterward is enough for him to endure. Besides, he's just an insignificant little character. You, on the other hand, are here to cause trouble," Wang Han said. "What do you think Ghost Eye Yang Jian is, a nice guy with an incredibly good temper? He could be even more ruthless than I am when he gets going. Why isn't he in your circle of friends? Because he kicked them all out single-handedly."

"That was in Big J City, right under the nose of the headquarters... Never mind, you wouldn't understand even if I told you. Give him two billion, consider it making a new friend and clearing up a misunderstanding today."

"I don't have that much money on hand," President Qian said awkwardly.

"If it's not enough, I'll cover it," Wang Han interjected.

He was a ghost controller and had once been involved in money-making schemes. He wasn't short on funds, the process was just a bit bloody, that's all.

President Qian then nodded and raised his hand, saying, "President Zhang, don't say I don't look out for you. I'll invest two billion in you. Let's consider past misunderstandings and friction as water under the bridge. I hope we can still have opportunities to collaborate in the future."

Zhang Xiangui looked at President Qian in surprise.

This guy showed up uninvited, without any intention of investing, more likely to cause trouble. Unexpectedly, he readily jumped out and agreed.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, looking in that direction.

He noticed Wang Han.

Wang Han nodded slightly, seemingly making a friendly gesture.

"Changed your attitude, huh? Looks like you've thought it through," Yang Jian thought he understood the man's intent.

Paying money to avoid disaster.

Today, without giving themselves an explanation, they probably wouldn't feel at ease leaving Dachang City. After all, here I would be hesitant to act against them, but once they're out the door, if I decided to intercept this guy, he definitely wouldn't be able to leave alive.

"Should have been this way from the start. Why put on airs?" Yang Jian thought coldly.

But he couldn't blame him.

Which ghost controller is easy to provoke?

If you don't clash head-on, they all think they're powerful enough to contend with fierce ghosts, especially those with a Ghost Domain—they can be incredibly arrogant.

But once a fight starts...

The gap becomes apparent.

This Wang Han already felt that he was no match for Yang Jian, which is why he was softening up.

But he didn't want to appear too weak, for fear of being devoured, so he used a more tactful method to clear up the previous misunderstanding.

"Uncle Zhang, Uncle Wang, please handle the matters here. I'm going to talk to that person," Yang Jian stood up at this moment and walked towards Wang Han.

Since there was a gesture of goodwill, he was willing to get in touch with this person.

If Wang Han had maintained an arrogant attitude, Yang Jian wouldn't have cared about his purpose for coming here, and he'd have dealt with him first.

Seeing Yang Jian walking straight towards him, Wang Han immediately became alert.

However, before he could speak, he suddenly noticed that the people around had disappeared...

The hall was the same hall as before, but there wasn't a single person left, as if they had vanished in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 763 The Wrong Path

Yang Jian didn't really care about the company's business affairs. What he truly cared about was only one thing, and that was supernatural incidents, or rather, those who commanded ghosts.

Everything else was a minor issue, but it was only this kind of thing that he couldn't be careless about.

However, his sudden actions shocked many of those present.

"Where's Yang Jian? He was just here, how did he suddenly disappear?"

"Are you kidding me, a living person vanishes? Am I seeing things?"

"He vanished? Disappeared right before our eyes?"

In the hall, many people were panicked, having witnessed the most unbelievable scene in their lives, as they had clearly seen Yang Jian, who had just stood up and started walking this way, vanish into thin air before their very eyes, completely gone.

His figure could no longer be found anywhere around.

"Wang Han is gone too," said President Qian, glancing at the empty seat beside him, unable to stop trembling.

The supernatural event that had seemed like a casual remark moments ago was now happening right beside everyone.

Seeing is believing.

This dealt a great blow to many people, overturning their worldviews and knowledge.

"Is this the Ghost Domain you were talking about, President Yang?"

Next to the sofa, Zhang Liqin hesitated for a moment before asking Jiang Yan softly.

Jiang Yan nodded: "Absolutely, you've seen it too, haven't you? Why ask me? He surely has matters that he doesn't want us ordinary people to get involved in. This is his way of protecting us."

"I rarely see President Yang like this," said Zhang Liqin, somewhat embarrassed.

"It's okay, you'll get used to it after a while. He always appears and disappears mysteriously," Jiang Yan seemed much more calm: "And this is his ability."

Zhang Liqin nodded, without asking further.

Conversations started buzzing among the other people.

Before, some had doubted Yang Jian's words, but this eerie moment before their eyes shook many deeply. Perhaps everything Yang Jian had said was true... Supernatural incidents really existed in this world. Those rumors and online stories might not all be false.

If that was the case, then preparations needed to be made early.

"President Ma, did you see that just now? Yang Jian disappeared," another executive asked.

Ma Youcai smiled beside him and shook his head: "The facts are right before our eyes, do you still not believe it? Honestly, opportunities to board Yang Jian's ship are rare. He is a captain-level figure; we are

but insignificant beings in his eyes. If we miss this chance, we may never get to meet him again in the future."

"Net worth and all that is no longer important. What matters is how to survive in this unique era. The best strategy for us, who are just ordinary people with some money, is to find a powerful backer. Yang Jian ranks among the top backers in the world, and for us, he is the best choice."

"I'm saying this today in the hopes that everyone will unite. After all, after today, what I say won't matter anymore. Do you think we will often have such gatherings in the future? Don't be naïve; there is only one chance, and if it's missed, it's gone."

He was in complete agreement with Yang Jian's plan.

He had reviewed those projects as well, finding them very forward-thinking, although massively expensive; but it was all for ensuring survival in the future.

If the plan were successfully executed, it could be said without exaggeration that Dachang City would be one of the most suitable cities for survival in the future.

But then... Ma Youcai shook his head slightly again.

Only those who have never experienced supernatural events will never know how terrifying they are, nor understand how important it is to ensure their own safety.

What does it matter if you are a billionaire, or the head of a company?

When that ghostly thing starts killing, even presidents of foreign countries have to die.

The more he understood, the more Ma Youcai felt fear and helplessness, which is exactly why he would rather abandon his wealth for the sake of safety.

Meanwhile,

Inside the Ghost Domain, in an empty hall,

Yang Jian and this person named Wang Han sat across from each other at a table, very close to each other.

This distance was extremely dangerous.

But Wang Han didn't retreat because he knew that distance was useless in the Ghost Domain, being far or close made no difference.

"Talk, what's the real reason you wanted to see me? If it's just to meet, forget it, who knows whether people like us will be dead or alive in a few months," Yang Jian spoke bluntly.

This was his way of communicating, not liking to beat around the bush.

After all, his life was short, and time was precious.

Wang Han's dim eyes moved, and he smiled faintly, "I just think you are important, and it was necessary to pay you a visit, after all, Yang Jian with the Ghost Eye is quite famous in the circle. Also, I didn't expect that you actually care about these ordinary people. I thought that after being a ghost controller for so long, you would have discarded the emotions a normal person should have."

"But just now I could feel that you care about that woman, no, it should be a girl. Don't worry, if I had known earlier, I definitely wouldn't have harmed her, after all, ordinary people are nothing more than dispensable tools in my eyes, I can easily pick them up on the streets, they have no chance of resisting, right?"

Yang Jian said, "Thinking like that is dangerous, you could easily get killed."

"No, you're wrong, I think it's the trend of the future. After all, we are monsters that ordinary people can't accept. You said it yourself, occult incidents will soon reach a point where they can't be concealed, so what should people like us do then? There are only two choices, one is to be ostracized and destroyed."

"But obviously that's not possible, top ghost controllers are no longer beings that can be killed by ordinary people with some weapons. You've been assassinated before, right? Yet you're still alive. The first path has been proven by many fools to be impassable."

"So that leaves only the second path."

Yang Jian frowned as he listened, "Keep talking, I want to hear what fresh ideas you have."

Wang Han squeezed out a faint smile, "The world is panic-stricken because of the emergence of occult events, and we are the only ones who can resolve them. Plus, we can't be destroyed by ordinary means, so there is only one outcome for people like us: to be respected, praised, and even worshipped. The future is dominated by us."

"Sounds a bit stupid," Yang Jian said.

"No, you must have received the news already, the headquarters have been breached, and the Ghost Painting incident is not yet over. What does this tell you? It shows that the headquarters are not as strong as imagined, and the launch of the Captain Plan is just the beginning of a compromise, they can no longer suppress people like us," Wang Han said.

Yang Jian scoffed, "You are well-informed. It seems you are not an ordinary ghost controller; which power do you belong to? I've taken care of the Friends Circle, could it be that you are a member of some private club?"

Whoever has access to such confidential information definitely has a powerful backing.

"So, you're trying to recruit me? To have me join you? I'm sorry, but I have no interest. I'm not interested in the changes in the outside world either, your theories don't appeal to me. All I care about is this place here," Yang Jian pointed down at the ground.

Wang Han paused for a moment, then smiled and said, "That's true, with your abilities and level, there isn't a force worth your attention, after all, you're already a Captain, and your status in the circle couldn't be any higher. But I just wanted to tell you some information; you don't really think that the resurrection of the fierce ghosts is just some sudden, mysterious incident, do you?"

"What do you mean?" Yang Jian asked with apparent interest.

Actually, he knew that paranormal events could be traced back a long time, at least to the Republic of China Period, and his father had come into contact with such events over a decade ago.

This meant that paranormal events had always been there from the beginning to the end.

It's just that they had erupted in recent years.

"I know someone who became a ghost tamer very early on and is still alive today, he must have lived for at least... ten years now," Wang Han said seriously.

Ten years?

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, a person from the same era as his father?

"Unbelievable, right?"

Wang Han said, "A ghost tamer who has lived for at least ten years indicates that he started dealing with paranormal events more than a decade ago, while at that time, all of us were still in the dark, just ordinary people. He knows much more secrets than I imagined."

"Previously, it was tightly controlled by the headquarters, or perhaps the paranormal events had not reached an uncontrollable stage, the timing was not right. But now, heh, some think that there is no need to keep hiding, and you know what that means, Yang Jian."

"Some abnormalities who seemed to have overcome the issue of fierce spirits reviving are about to emerge."

At this point, Wang Han glanced over, "What's the use of these small collaborations of yours? Even you, the top ghost tamer, might not count for much. I'm not trying to scare you, nor am I exaggerating, but it's true—I've seen such people, and they are terrifying."

"I even doubt whether they are much different from real ghosts anymore. If you're interested, you can come with me; I can introduce you."

Yang Jian stared at him, not believing that he was lying.

Because if paranormal events had always been there, it was possible for some who had narrowly escaped a major catastrophe to have survived as anomalies.

After all, his own father had almost succeeded in perfectly taming a fierce spirit.

But those methods were not replicable, and even had only one chance to succeed—the second attempt would never succeed again.

Just like when Yang Jian tried to hang himself before.

If he did it again, he estimated he would surely die, because part of it was down to luck, like someone winning the lottery. If they won once, they simply couldn't win a second time.

"What do you think? I am quite sincere," Wang Han said.

"Not interested," Yang Jian responded coldly, outright rejecting his invitation.

"I'm not interested in a bunch of creatures skulking in the shadows, neither human nor ghost. Living a long life doesn't mean anything. If I wanted to, I could easily live another ten years. Headquarters' Old Qin has lived for a hundred years, yet that doesn't prove anything."

Wang Han was taken aback, not expecting Yang Jian to be so confident, thinking he could live for another decade and not even considering those people worth his attention.

His expression shifted.

He revealed another secret, "You might not care about these things, but have you ever thought that the previous method of taming two fierce spirits to achieve balance has always been wrong? All of us ghost tamers, including you and me, have survived using a mistaken method, and this method will soon lead us into a dead end."

"That's the real reason why we ghost tamers have short lives, and they might have a better way of taming fierce spirits. You've said it before that survival is the most important thing—neither money nor status matters."

"Then how do you know that their method is the right one?"

Yang Jian remained unmoved, still speaking indifferently, "Is living longer the mark of correctness? I see you could also live for a very long time, but you've lost your humanity. If you continue, all your perceptions as a human will be twisted. It's a form of spiritual erosion that is irreversible."

"The longer you live, the deeper the erosion, and in the end, are these people ghosts or humans?"

Wang Han froze upon hearing this, as if he hadn't expected Yang Jian to say that.

He thought living long was the correct method, but Yang Jian's piercing words seemed to suggest... that something was very wrong with himself.

"What do you know?" Wang Han immediately countered.

Yang Jian replied coldly, "I know nothing, I've just experienced a lot more, that's all. The truth behind everything is hidden within each paranormal event. Once you get involved, you'll realize that every paranormal event is tied to a terrifying secret. These things don't happen without reason; they have traceable origins."

"If you can only trace back to ten or so years ago, I can trace back over a hundred years."

He wasn't joking.

The information hidden behind paranormal events is what truly induces fear.

The Door Knocking Ghost used to be a ghost controller, suspected of having died by falling from a building. The Headless Ghost Shadow and that tall, wandering corpse in the hotel were one and the same. The connection between the ghost paintings and the Ghost Cabinet, the significant link between the Ghost Coffin and the spiritual position in Guo Fan's hands, and the fact that Old Qin once drove that paranormal bus, even running over his own father. Then there's the mysterious whereabouts of the owner of that Republic Era Ancient House in his own neighborhood...

There were many more paranormal items, all styled from the Republic of China Period, not at all of modern design.

Things like firewood knives, scissors, cameras, cupboards, mirrors.

But Yang Jian wouldn't share these clues with anyone, not even recording them in his notebook; he kept them buried in his heart, which is why his conversation with Wang Han was only about superficial matters—he couldn't possibly reveal any information.

"This Yang Jian... is quite complicated," Wang Han fell silent at this moment, his wariness towards Yang Jian growing even stronger.

Before, he thought Yang Jian was just a very skilled ghost controller and hadn't thought deeper. Now, it seemed Yang Jian knew even more than he did.

Hence, Yang Jian cared for the lives of ordinary people and was even willing to protect a woman. It wasn't that he was wrong, but rather, his own humanity, the concept of the living, had become twisted. He was gradually drifting away from the category of 'human,' which is why he couldn't understand Yang Jian's behavior. He was the one who was wrong, starting to become more like a vengeful spirit.

This was practically another kind of resurrection.

"I did indeed come to the right place by coming to you this time. Talking with you has made many things clear to me. I should thank you, and I hope you will continue to live on, so we may have the chance to meet again in the future," Wang Han said, looking up at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said indifferently, "I will continue to live, but I don't want to see you again because next time, I am very likely to take you out. Your thoughts have become very dangerous, and while I'm no good person, I won't allow a ghost controller who has lost control like you in my territory."

"I understand. I'll be more careful next time we meet," Wang Han nodded.

He knew this was a warning.

"Good, that's all for today's talk. After the meeting is over, get as far away from me as you can," Yang Jian's words were as uncompromising as ever, as if he had no regard for people at all.

He stood up and turned to leave.

Wang Han's expression was numb and unaffected, with blood still oozing out of the bullet hole in his forehead, making him look just like a corpse, dreadfully chilling.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was fading away.

In fact, this wasn't a true Ghost Domain, but an illusion created by the Ghost Eye.

But this illusion was almost like reality to ordinary people, who couldn't discern the truth; however, such an illusion was sufficient for the occasion. After all, using a Ghost Eye was virtually no burden on Yang Jian now.

As he returned, many people saw a blurry figure gradually become clear, as if a Ghost Shadow had materialized from thin air and then eerily walked out.

Many were stunned again.

Yet, Yang Jian returned quite calmly to the couch and sat down as if nothing had happened.

Chapter 764

With just a slight use of the illusion brought by the first level of Ghost Eye in the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian had already proven the reality of supernatural events to these people.

He had just sat down when several presidents immediately raised their hands and said, "I'm in on these projects."

"I'm in, too."

There were many respondents, but there were also quite a few who hesitated, not because they were not interested in investing, but because the entry point was too high. The threshold set by Yang Jian was ten billion, which was enough to keep them out, unless they were willing to sell off everything and bet all their assets on the investment. But if they did that, it would almost certainly mean bankruptcy.

A bankrupt president is still considered a president?

So the majority were still unwilling to commit.

The number of people willing to participate in Wang Bin's project was already about a dozen or so, which essentially met Yang Jian's expectations.

Jiang Yan's eyes were shining brightly at this moment, filled with excitement.

Because this meant that the account she managed would soon see an increase of over a hundred billion in cash, and perhaps even more. Handling such a large sum of money by herself was incredibly exciting, although the money was Yang Jian's, she believed deep down that she was Yang Jian's person, so the money was still related to her.

"This is great, they are all willing to invest," Jiang Yan said excitedly in a low voice.

Yang Jian remained unmoved. In truth, with his abilities, a single business trip could earn him an unimaginable sum. His reason for getting these people involved was not because he valued their wealth but for their manpower, materials, and network assistance.

After all, there were too many projects and he needed people to help execute them.

One company in Shangdong Tower could not possibly handle it all, even with the involvement of Zhang Xiang's construction company, it was far from enough.

This was the time to rely on others.

This wasn't a matter of supernatural events but a normal business collaboration. Going it alone wouldn't work; integrating resources, manpower, and financial power was the right approach. Although Yang Jian did not understand business, he had picked up some understanding through his exposure over the past few days in the company.

And he didn't need to understand too much.

He just needed to trust the work to those who did understand and provide his cooperation.

"If you are interested in investing, you can come to my company at any time and look for President Wang. He is in charge of all these matters," Yang Jian said slowly, pointing to Wang Bin sitting across on the sofa.

Wang Bin nodded, gesturing to everyone to signal his position, though his expression was calm, his heart was filled with amazement.

Where in the world did people do business and pull investments like this?

It was like playing house, unexpectedly simple and easy.

Indeed, it wasn't that business was hard to do; it was the world that was changing. These wealthy individuals had already received the news and rumors, so they were preparing in advance.

What persuaded them wasn't Yang Jian, but the situation.

"Who could have imagined that the poor student from half a year ago would have grown to this extent, managing an entire city... Truly great heroes emerge in troubled times. It's just a pity that there was no development between Shan Shan and him; otherwise, the result would have been different," Wang Bin lamented in his heart.

Thinking of his daughter, Wang Shanshan, who always appeared cold and emotionless, truly not endearing.

Moreover... at the beginning, Yang Jian had been chased away by his wife, which might have changed the situation had it not happened.

Wang Bin glanced at the two women sitting to the left and right of Yang Jian.

But for a person of today's stature like Yang Jian, he was no longer lacking in the company of beautiful women, especially Jiang Yan, who had been with Yang Jian for a long time, both as a personal housekeeper and as the company's accountant. The level of trust she had signified something very clear to people of status.

"What I have to say today is just this. Some things within our circle are confidential, which I am not at liberty to reveal in order not to cause panic among you. If you are concerned, you can search for related content online. I won't say any more, please continue to enjoy the party,"

Yang Jian stood up again, ready to leave.

"President Yang, please wait a moment; I have a question I'd like to ask President Yang if it's not too much trouble." At this point, one of the presidents raised his hand and spoke.

Yang Jian paused his steps and asked, "What's your question?"

The person said, "If we, the investors, really encounter any dangers, can your company come to our rescue?"

The others also looked toward Yang Jian, feeling that this question was particularly important.

The investment was one thing, but what was crucial was the guarantee of their lives.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "Within Dachang City, any danger can be brought to me. Even if I am not present, I will arrange for someone to come to the rescue. Naturally, as investors, your personal safety will be ensured. But once you leave Dachang City, I can do nothing for you. It's not feasible to call for my help if you're abroad and in trouble; that's not saving lives, that's retrieving bodies."

Many of the presidents laughed, finding Yang Jian's words reliable.

"That's reassuring," said the president as he nodded in agreement, deciding to move to Dachang City.

"If there are any more questions, feel free to ask, and I will do my best to answer them." Yang Jian's attitude this time was rather friendly, after all, considering the financial aspect.

Ma Youcai hesitated for a moment before speaking up, "I've heard that President Yang, you are the captain of Dachang City. What does this captain mean?"

"An arrangement from headquarters. Top ghost envoys who solve enough supernatural events can be chosen as captains..."

Yang Jian immediately explained, which seemed like a secret to an outsider, but to him, it was simply information that could be obtained with a little inquiry.

After all, people outside the circle did not have equal access to information.

Captain, huh?

After listening to Yang Jian's description, many people exchanged knowing looks, even feeling somewhat relieved, as if they had placed their bets correctly.

The powers of a captain were incredibly vast, akin to being a feudal lord in ancient times.

"Why does Captain Yang only manage a single city? According to Captain Yang's previous description, shouldn't your jurisdiction extend far beyond just one city?" someone asked, slightly skeptical.

Yang Jian glanced around and stared at him for a few seconds before saying, "It's because I don't want to manage it, and I can't manage it. More territory isn't always better. Greedy people tend to die faster. If I made you the global president, could you ensure world peace? If I put you in charge of a village, then surely there wouldn't be a problem, and you could guarantee that everything would be well-managed."

"I see, my apologies for not considering the full picture," the man immediately apologized.

His previous remarks had indeed implied a doubt about Yang Jian's capabilities, not the size of his domain, but now he realized that his thought was mistaken.

The larger the area one manages, the more certain it is that some places will be neglected.

This was good for Yang Jian, but it was very bad news for the rest of them.

Yang Jian's several seconds of attention were a warning to him to drop such thoughts.

Afterward, Yang Jian cleared up some people's doubts, and those who were on the fence began to waver. Many who were hesitant made up their minds to invest.

"Team Leader Yang, today's gathering was an interruption, and I'll take my leave now. I hope that the next time we meet, we can sit down and chat just like today, rather than drawing swords at first sight," said someone.

Not long after, Wang Han stood up, preparing to leave early.

Yang Jian looked at him, "That also depends on how twisted you become. If you become so twisted that you're no different from a fierce ghost, then I won't be so polite to you."

"I hope so," Wang Han nodded and then turned around to leave.

President Qian hesitated, but did not follow him. Instead, he chose to stay.

At this moment, Yang Jian was wandering around the hall, eating with Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin, greeting some people, and making small talk. Of course, during the period, all he received were compliments and flatteries.

Compliments about Yang Jian being young and talented, and also meant to get closer to him.

"President Yang, I am truly sorry for earlier, for not recognizing you. I'll drink one penalty drink, hoping you, President Yang, are magnanimous and won't take the earlier misunderstanding to heart."

That's when a coquettish voice sounded. Tang Yanyan, the long-legged beauty from earlier, walked over with a glass of red wine, looking very apologetic.

At that moment, she felt both trepidation and hope.

After all, although she had inwardly cursed Yang Jian and Zhang Wei as idiots, she hadn't said it aloud.

If it wasn't spoken, it wasn't said.

And if she could establish even a slight connection, it would be great.

"It's fine. There aren't many who recognize me here," Yang Jian replied calmly.

"President Yang is straightforward. Then I'll take this drink as an apology," Tang Yanyan did not hesitate and drained the red wine in one gulp.

Yang Jian said, "There's no need to apologize. You didn't do anything wrong."

Tang Yanyan set down her wine glass, her cheeks flushed with the effect of the alcohol, and in a coquettish voice asked, "I wonder if President Yang's company is still hiring? I would like to work at your company. What do you think?"

As soon as these words came out,

Jiang Yan immediately became wary, then suspiciously stared at the woman.

As a woman, she clearly understood what this person was up to.

It was obvious that she was trying to seduce Yang Jian.

"I rarely deal with company matters. Ah Wei is in charge of hiring. Ah Wei, where are you?" Yang Jian looked around.

"Xiao Yang, what's up? I'm eating here. So busy, you know. You're all grown up; you should learn to be independent. Don't rely on me for everything; I'm under a lot of pressure," Zhang Wei said as he walked over, holding a plate and eating.

Yang Jian said, "This beautiful lady wants to join the company. Can you take care of it?"

"No problem," replied Zhang Wei, still eating as he nodded.

"General Wei, hello," Tang Yanyan greeted with a smile.

Zhang Wei said, "I'm not General Wei. My surname is Zhang... Want to work at the company, no problem. Do you know how to play games?"

"Huh?"

Tang Yanyan's smile froze, suddenly filled with doubts.

"I'm going to sit over there," Yang Jian patted Zhang Wei's shoulder and left.

"Why, do you like that woman just now?"

Jiang Yan, who was now linking arms with Yang Jian, spoke with a hint of jealousy, "What's so good about her? She can't compare to Elder Sister Qin in terms of body, nor can she beat me in looks. Is it just because she is taller?"

"That was a normal social interaction; don't say nonsense."

Zhang Liqin started explaining, then her gaze lingered on Yang Jian for a moment, and she smiled, "Besides, she was enthusiastically toasting you. One should not slap a smiling face; we still need to keep up appearances."

"I just don't like it when these women hang around Yang Jian," Jiang Yan whispered, her head slightly lowered.

Yang Jian remained silent, his thoughts wandering.

He was not pondering the recent incident, but the words of Wang Han who had left earlier.

If the path of controlling fierce ghosts was wrong,

then what was the right path?

Chapter 765 Peeking and Anomalies

The gathering was coming to an end when Yang Jian left early, leaving the rest of the matters to Wang Bin and Zhang Xiang. After all, he couldn't possibly devote his energy to managing business affairs he had no interest in.

As evening approached.

The car stopped in front of the villa at Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"Finally home, so tired," Jiang Yan stretched lazily after getting out of the car, her cheeks slightly flushed, betraying a trace of tipsiness.

"Get some rest early, and remember to call my mom often. If there's any issue, contact me immediately. You know the situation in that village," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan cooed, "I know, I'll take extra care of your mom for you, and I won't make you worry. I'm going to take a shower now, I'll come find you afterwards."

After saying that, she sent him a flirtatious glance and left with a buoyant heart.

"Did you enjoy visiting your hometown with Jiang Yan?" Zhang Liqin asked with a gentle smile, then walked to the side, poured a glass of water, and handed it to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian paused for a moment before saying, "She and I almost died in my hometown. That place is haunted by ghosts, vicious ones too. It's another troublesome supernatural incident. I remember Jiang Yan had a coffin sent over, right?"

"Yes, it's still in the old house. I didn't dare to inquire further, nor do I know what's inside it," whispered Zhang Liqin.

"Good, I'll go and check it out later. For now, go to the room and fetch my notebook, and record everything that happened at home," Yang Jian instructed.

He didn't dare save such information on a computer; as soon as it's connected to the internet, it's like giving it away for free, so he had developed the habit of taking notes instead,

Zhang Liqin nodded and stood up.

But she didn't leave immediately. Instead, she hesitated for a moment, pursed her red lips, turned around, and suddenly hugged Yang Jian, clinging tightly to him.

"Something wrong?"

Yang Jian asked calmly and indifferently, as though entirely unaffected by her action.

Zhang Liqin murmured softly, "If you have Jiang Yan, what about me? Will you not want me anymore? Can I still sneak into your room to be with you? I know you're not much into emotions anymore. Maybe to you, I'm just a tool for relieving boredom, expendable. But I'm different. I'm just a normal woman with feelings, and I get jealous and envious. Of course, I can fall for someone too."

"What are you trying to say?" Yang Jian looked down at her slightly.

"I want to follow you forever. If there's a chance to go out next time, can you take me with you?" Zhang Liqin looked up at Yang Jian, full of anticipation.

Yang Jian spoke flatly, "Just that? I took Jiang Yan back home because she's younger than you and can pass as my girlfriend, dealing with some pesky matters. If I took you, those who don't know might think I'm romancing a wealthy woman. Do you really think I took her on vacation? Once I explain the details of the events back home, you'll be glad I didn't bring you along."

Zhang Liqin's eyes fluttered, as if she had thought too much.

She understood Yang Jian a bit—his speech is forthright, with no beating around the bush—so she wouldn't doubt the credibility of his words.

"In a way, you're more important than Jiang Yan," Yang Jian suddenly said.

"How so?" Zhang Liqin's eyes immediately widened, filled with anticipation.

Yang Jian looked out at the pitch-black window, "I need someone to occasionally remind me that I am still human, still have humanity, and haven't become so twisted that I've completely lost interest in women. Your arrival, to some extent, was quite timely because my impulsive streak isn't always there, and not just anyone dares to come near a freak like me."

"You're very brave. If it were Jiang Yan, she wouldn't even dare to go up to the fifth floor."

Zhang Liqin said, "I didn't think that much. And to me, you are different, especially when you use your supernatural powers. It even excites me, not frightening me at all, but rather very appealing, making me want to understand and touch it, even your Ghost Eye—I've thought about touching it... "

"Sounds like some sort of mental disorder," Yang Jian remarked.

An obsession with supernatural powers, or a fascination with anomalies, is a twisted psyche, perhaps developed by Zhang Liqin after undergoing terrible frights.

"No, no, it's just you. With other people's ghostly stuff, I only feel disgust and fear, to the point of shaking," Zhang Liqin hurriedly explained.

"I'm not a doctor, I don't understand this kind of thinking at all."

Yang Jian said, "If you don't have anything else, go upstairs and get the notebook. It's time to work."

"Can we talk about it later?"

Zhang Liqin looked at him with a hint of wistfulness, "Jiang Yan is taking a shower now, and she's really slow. She won't be out so soon. I want to spend some time alone with you, maybe go to my room, is that okay? It feels like it's been a long time since we've been together, aren't you planning to spend some time with me?"

"Not interested, won't go. Better to finish off the work for me first," Yang Jian flatly refused.

"Alright then, I'll go get your notebook and record everything," Zhang Liqin agreed with a pursed mouth, somewhat disappointed as she released Yang Jian, then turned and headed upstairs in her high heels.

Still, she couldn't help feeling a little thrilled inside because she knew Yang Jian wouldn't drive her away, and he didn't regard her as disposable. At least she still had some status and worth, that was enough for her.

"What an enigmatic woman."

Yang Jian thought to himself, then sat down on the sofa next to him.

While he sat waiting for Zhang Liqin to bring back the notebook, he suddenly became slightly aware and glanced outside the window again.

A ghastly child with a pale, greenish face stood outside the window, staring into the room through the glass. Its red, pupil-less eyes were surveilling everything, as if it had been there for a long time without him noticing it before.

It was the Ghost Child.

Yang Jian's heart chilled.

The dread that had risen just moments ago now subsided.

He was being too easily startled, always tensing up subconsciously at the sight of such things.

But what was the little fellow secretly watching here?

After standing there for a moment, the Ghost Child, perhaps because Yang Jian had noticed it, turned and trotted away, quickly disappearing into the night.

"That's not right,"

Yang Jian suddenly stood up, thinking of something, and immediately went outside.

Having taken only a few steps outside the door, he saw a woman under the streetlight of the residential complex, not far away. She was wearing a white dress with a scarf around her neck, her skin unnaturally pale, standing there looking this way with a calm, unswerving gaze, like the eyes of a doll or a puppet.

The Ghost Child lingered by her side, running back and forth, shadows darting about as if playing, or as if protecting her.

Wang Shanshan?

A thought struck Yang Jian, and he immediately approached her: "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes, come with me," Wang Shanshan said in an indifferent tone.

Yang Jian, not understanding the reason, still followed her.

"What have you been busy with all day? As soon as you come back, you're all over that woman, cuddling and hugging. Do you really like it that much?" Wang Shanshan asked coldly.

Yang Jian replied, "Being with her is much better than spending all day with corpses and ghosts, isn't it?"

"Suit yourself."

Wang Shanshan didn't care about these things. She said, "The coffin you sent here earlier was shaking... What did you put inside? A ghost? If it's a ghost, isn't such treatment a bit too casual? Ordinary coffins shouldn't be able to contain that sort of thing, right?"

"The coffin is abnormal?" Yang Jian's expression tightened. "When did it start?"

"Today," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian frowned: "That shouldn't be the case. The body inside is no longer capable of waking up, and it should keep decaying until it completely disappears. There shouldn't be anything unusual."

He had been observing it for days back in his hometown and there was no sign of any activity.

Otherwise, he would not have dared to have it shipped to the residential complex to keep.

After all, if something went wrong, the people living in this complex would be doomed.

"It seems I was too rash," reflected Yang Jian internally.

"The reaction of the Ghost Child is strange. I asked it to attack the ghost inside, but the Ghost Child didn't move," Wang Shanshan said while walking, her voice clear and pleasant, free of any eerie feeling but with an indescribable air of ethereality.

Yang Jian said, "There are only two possibilities in this case: One is that the Ghost Child is out of control."

"Impossible, I just sent it to find you, and it obeyed," Wang Shanshan glanced at him. "Don't immediately suspect this little thing to be the problem. It's definitely your coffin that's faulty. You really shirk your responsibilities, always keen to blame it for any issue."

"Uh..." Yang Jian paused.

He hadn't expected Wang Shanshan to be so protective of the Ghost Child.

Could it be that the Ghost Child was something she birthed, and she had developed feelings for it?

"Then it must be that what's inside the coffin doesn't meet the conditions for the Ghost Child to attack," Yang Jian continued. "You commanded it to attack the ghost inside the coffin, but if there is no ghost in there, the Ghost Child won't act."

"Hmm, that should be it," Wang Shanshan nodded.

Yang Jian suddenly thought of another possibility: "There's a third possibility... Maybe what's inside the coffin... isn't a ghost."

Chapter 766 The Mutation of the Corpse

Wang Shanshan was still so aloof, and beneath the nighttime lights, her skin appeared so pale it was almost transparent, bloodless yet not ghastly. Having studied dance since she was young, her every step seemed to carry a grace and lightness, making it hard to imagine that such a special girl could exist in this world.

But who could possibly imagine what she had gone through to become this way.

"I didn't see you at the gathering today," Yang Jian said, walking beside her, suddenly breaking the silence.

"My dad called me to go, but I wasn't interested, so I didn't. Plus, I don't like crowded places. I prefer to come out for a stroll at night; I rarely go out during the daytime," Wang Shanshan explained.

Yang Jian replied, "That's not good, you should get out more and not see yourself as an outsider."

"I like it this way, and I think it's quite nice," Wang Shanshan retorted.

Yang Jian's eyes flickered slightly, but he didn't say anything more, after all, he couldn't truly understand what state Wang Shanshan was in right now.

Soon.

The two of them arrived in front of a high courtyard wall akin to a temple, with gates securely locked, evidently forbidding entry or exit, and surveillance cameras installed all around.

The dilapidated Republic Era Ancient House was hidden inside this enclosure.

After Wang Shanshan unlocked the door, inside the mansion, a heavy coffin was placed right in the center. Illuminated by the light, the surface of the coffin was covered with a hazy halo, which on this dim and quiet night, made the sight of it eerily unsettling.

"I was sleeping upstairs before, and this thing woke me up," she pointed at the coffin and said.

"You really have some nerve," Yang Jian couldn't help but admire her courage.

A coffin lying in the middle of the main hall was one thing, but more crucially, inside the Republic Era Ancient House, there was a room he had never opened, its door welded shut with gold.

Yang Jian was curious but certainly not reckless enough to attempt to open it.

"Let me take a look at this coffin, you stand back," he said after a moment's thought, striding forward to the side of the coffin.

There was nothing unusual about the coffin itself; Jiang Yan had bought it from outside, and apart from its sturdiness and thickness, it possessed no supernatural powers. So while the coffin might look eerie, in reality, it was harmless.

The real problem was what was inside the coffin.

He had placed the corpse of a vicious ghost inside it.

As Yang Jian's hand rested on the coffin lid, with his strength, he could easily lift the heavy wooden board, but he didn't immediately do so.

His palm felt vibrations coming from inside the coffin.

No mistake.

There was definitely something unusual going on inside.

"It seems quiet now, but earlier, there definitely were some noises, like something hitting the inside," Wang Shanshan spoke up from a short distance away.

"Yes, I know," Yang Jian didn't doubt her words.

"I'm about to open the coffin now; it could be dangerous. Have Ghost Child protect you."

He waited a moment, prepared himself, and then with a forceful push from his palm resting on the lid, the heavy cover was instantly shoved aside, then banged onto the floor with a loud crash.

A long-contained stench of decay instantly enveloped them, nauseating enough to make one vomit.

Even though the place had been renovated to include air ducts for ventilation, the stench was not so easily dispersed. As long as the source remained, the foul smell would continue to arise.

Wang Shanshan wrinkled her brow, covered her nose discreetly, and then stepped back again.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged; he had grown accustomed to the stench of decaying corpses.

He peered directly into the coffin, but his expression suddenly shifted as the scene inside was somewhat beyond his expectations.

The highly decomposed body was no longer distinguishable in form, covered with a layer of dense black hair that spread throughout the bottom of the coffin like mold, even extending to the coffin's wooden sides.

The thick black hair seemed as though it had grown from the decaying body itself.

This bizarre transformation was something Yang Jian had never seen before, and he couldn't even begin to comprehend it.

"Is the body undergoing a strange transformation?" Yang Jian's red ghost eye attempted to peer into the truth.

Regrettably,

His ghost eye could not discern anything significant, as what it saw was no different from what was visible to the naked eye.

But what was chilling was that the black-haired corpse seemed as if it was coming to life, occasionally twitching, or appearing to breathe, with faint movements.

At times, the body struggled violently, contorting and deforming.

The body could no longer be considered as such; it was nothing more than a mass of rotten flesh covered in black hair.

"How is the situation inside?" Wang Shanshan asked from a distance.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, "It's very strange. I can't explain this phenomenon. This body is indeed a ghost, but it's currently undergoing some kind of inexplicable and bizarre change. Regardless, I should take this thing away first. It can't continue to be left in the residential complex, nor in a place beyond my supervision."

He considered how to deal with this coffin.

Placing it in the safe house was the most secure solution, akin to imprisoning a ghost.

However, the safe houses in the complex were not designed to detain ghosts, but to provide refuge for residents. If he were to put a ghost inside one, the safe house would be compromised.

"I have a small safe house in my office. I can place the coffin there, and while I'm at work, I can also keep an eye on it. If any issues arise, the ghost will be trapped within that small safe house and won't be able to get out."

Yang Jian thought of a relatively secure method.

"I'll take this coffin with me so as not to leave everyone on edge here. You should rest early tonight, and I'm sorry for the trouble."

He lifted the coffin lid and covered it again.

"It's okay, but next time you should let me know," Wang Shanshan nodded slightly, her voice cool but pleasant.

"It was a last-minute arrangement before, and I didn't think too much about it. But it won't happen again. I will construct a safe house at my place to store these items. I've already discussed this with Uncle Zhang a few days ago," Yang Jian said.

His trip to Japan had provided him with enough gold.

A safe house for placing supernatural items and detaining fierce ghosts was feasible to build.

This approach was extravagant and required considerable financial and material resources. If not for extorting President Mishima, Yang Jian, the poor team captain, wouldn't even dare to think it.

Wang Shanshan said, "As long as you've considered it."

Without responding, Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain to transfer the coffin. In a matter of seconds, he was in his office. He opened the heavy anti-theft door and pushed the coffin into the small room inside and locked it.

Upon returning, he planned to instruct Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin not to enter this safe house again.

After all, apart from this coffin, the safe house also contained Xiong Wenwen's paper effigy.

Two bizarre items, best left untouched by ordinary people.

After checking and ensuring there were no issues, Yang Jian prepared to head back.

At this very moment.

On the fifth floor of a villa in Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"So President Yang's hometown is that dangerous, you almost died."

Zhang Liqin was now sitting in the room chatting with Jiang Yan, talking about their previous experiences in the hometown.

Jiang Yan was somewhat indignant and said, "The worst part is Yang Jian, he actually stabbed me without any hesitation, and I almost got killed by him, and that's not all, I wanted him to stay and keep me company, but he didn't even once, leaving me waiting for nothing."

"It's infuriating, at this rate I'll really become an old aunt."

She wailed as she collapsed onto the bed.

Zhang Liqin was taken aback, finally understanding the situation.

Aside from facing danger while accompanying Yang Jian back to his hometown, it seems that nothing had happened between them, and she was very clear that Jiang Yan was always thinking about something happening with Yang Jian.

"Elder Sister Qin, do you think Yang Jian is not capable anymore?" Suddenly, Jiang Yan propped her head on her hands and whispered conspiratorially.

Zhang Liqin retorted with understanding, "Nonsense, there's no such thing. What are you imagining? He's just been affected a bit by the supernatural encounters he's had. You should understand and empathize with him. After all, if it weren't for Yang Jian, both of us would have died a long time ago. Besides, isn't it good the way it is now?"

"You make it sound as if I'm being ungrateful, I like him a lot, you know."

Jiang Yan pouted, her eyes suddenly lit up and she leaned in close, whispering, "By the way, Elder Sister Qin, when was the last time you and Yang Jian were together?"

When she heard this question, Zhang Liqin froze on the spot. She glanced at Jiang Yan and then scenes of pleasant memories appeared in her mind, her cheeks turned a slight shade of red, and her gaze flickered.

"I, I don't know, I forgot."

"Impossible, how could you forget such an important thing? Are you just unwilling to tell me? I haven't even blamed you for stealing my boyfriend behind my back, you have to tell me today." Jiang Yan inquired like she was digging for gossip.

"I really forgot, stop asking, please."

Zhang Liqin turned her head away, unwilling to answer the question. This was a secret between her and Yang Jian, how could she possibly reveal it.

I'm a woman too, you know.

"So do you still like Yang Jian?" Jiang Yan asked warily.

Zhang Liqin hesitated for a moment, then said, "Yang Jian saved me, what's wrong with me liking him? Moreover, with Yang Jian's current status and position, it's quite normal for women to like him. Look at those pretty girls at today's gathering, their eyes were shining when they saw Yang Jian. If you and I hadn't been there, they definitely would have come over to chat him up."

"That's different, they like Yang Jian's money, and Yang Jian doesn't like such vulgar people. I'm different, mine is true love," Jiang Yan said with conviction.

"I don't doubt that it's true love. What I mean is, there would be many young girls around Yang Jian if he wanted. You watching over me alone, what's the use? Moreover, I am Yang Jian's secretary, isn't it very normal for me to take care of his work and personal matters?"

"Even if Yang Jian fired me, wouldn't he just hire another one? We've been together for so long, and we've been through supernatural events together, getting along very well. If he gets someone even better, let's see what you'll do then."

"That makes sense actually," Jiang Yan mused, suddenly feeling enlightened.

"What makes sense?"

Just then, a voice suddenly rang out in the room, and immediately afterward, Yang Jian's figure appeared out of nowhere in front of the two of them.

Facing such a sudden appearance, the two of them seemed to have grown accustomed to it.

Jiang Yan quickly shook her head, "No, nothing. I was just chatting with Elder Sister Qin. Where have you been so late? You had me waiting in your room for so long."

"The coffin that was delivered last time was a bit off, I dealt with it, but now it's no longer a problem, I've placed it in a room in the office, and I don't want you going in there anymore, let's talk after I've dealt with the situation," Yang Jian said.

"First, let's record the events that occurred in the village... the record is named Ghost Dream."

"Okay."

Zhang Liqin nodded and immediately took out the thick notebook, starting to make handwritten records.

"I'll write it, I'll write it, I've always liked writing," Jiang Yan eagerly volunteered, wanting to show herself off.

Yang Jian said, "That's settled, start recording."

"Dammit."

Jiang Yan puffed up her cheeks, but then she squinted and smiled, took initiative to sit down beside Yang Jian, and hooked her arm around his.

Zhang Liqin smiled. Indeed, when it came to Yang Jian, Jiang Yan had not a trace of temper, more obedient than anyone else, if she dared to make a single squeak, Zhang Liqin figured she probably wouldn't dare to make a second one.

It was a sort of mental illness, perhaps.

Too obedient and dependent on this man.

No wonder, after finding out her relationship with Yang Jian, Jiang Yan would collapse to the point of attempting suicide by jumping from a building.

With the rustling sound of writing.

A horrific and desperate supernatural event was being recorded by Zhang Liqin in this notebook, and flipping through the previous pages revealed that from the initial Door Knocking Ghost incident, to the

Ghost Shadow incident, and then the Ghost Coffin incident... these entries detailed all of Yang Jian's experiences, very meticulously.

Even some seemingly minor day-to-day details were recorded.

For example, she had personally recorded some of the things between herself and Yang Jian.

These events were described in such detail, they were almost like backing up a set of memories.

They had gone beyond the scope of normal archival material.

Because of this, the task was quite arduous, sometimes taking several hours at a minimum to record.

It wasn't until past one in the morning that this record-keeping session finally concluded.

"Yang Jian, actually, it doesn't have to be this troublesome, I type quite fast, I could initially type it out on the computer, then print it, and bind it all together in the end, it would be much better than handwriting, after all, handwriting has some typos, corrections and such, which doesn't look too pleasant,"

Zhang Liqin said as she massaged her sore hand, then complained a bit,

her tone was somewhat wheedling, almost coquettish.

"No need, what I want is a unique set of notes, I can't trust printed material from a computer," Yang Jian said.

"Then suit yourself, do it however you want. Anyway, I will always keep recording for you, so I'm still quite useful, right?"

Zhang Liqin said while yawning and stretching.

"Hmm," Yang Jian responded.

"Hehe," Zhang Liqin pursed her lips and smiled, feeling a sense of security and fulfillment.

Meanwhile, Jiang Yan had already curled up next to Yang Jian and fallen into a deep sleep, having drunk alcohol during the day, she couldn't stay awake any longer.

Yang Jian stroked her head and looked out the window, seemingly deep in thought.

Chapter 767 Sun Rui

Over the next few days, Yang Jian went to work normally in Dachang City, and everything seemed to have returned to calm after that gathering.

He worked from nine to five, and his life became extremely regular.

In the company, Yang Jian's presence gradually became more frequent. Although he had nothing to do, as long as he was alive, Shangtong Tower would always exist, and everything would develop in a good direction.

"President Yang, the company has recently received another investment. However, the CEO would like to invite you to dinner. I wonder what your thoughts are?"

Inside the office, Zhang Liqin walked in slowly, her high heels clicking on the floor. She wore light makeup and, as always, appeared mature and beautiful, dedicated to her work.

But privately, this woman was clingy and good at acting coquettishly.

At least that's how Yang Jian felt these past few days.

"Don't see them. Don't notify me about such matters in the future. I'm not interested in these people," Yang Jian waved his hand, "As for the funds, Wang Bin has enough now."

"Okay."

Zhang Liqin nodded, then smiled and asked, "What would President Yang like for lunch? I'll have the cafeteria prepare it."

"Just the usual is fine."

Yang Jian, looking at an electronic alarm clock on his desk, appeared thoughtful, not concerned with these everyday trifles.

The electronic alarm clock was a bit strange; it was a countdown timer set to ninety days. However, the count had since dropped to seventy-five.

Half a month had already passed.

This countdown timer was marking the deadline for Yang Jian's deal with the Ghost Cabinet.

He had to visit an ancient house within three months and open one of its doors, and the key to that door... was on him.

"Yang Jian, what are you thinking about? Is there something troubling you?"

Zhang Liqin's eyes moved, and she came over to Yang Jian, placing her hand on his shoulder and gently kneading it.

"Nothing. Just some personal issues that are irrelevant to ordinary people."

Zhang Liqin, hearing this, guessed what it might be. She bent down and whispered in his ear, "If you feel a bit down, I can keep you company for a while; no one will come to the office at this time."

"No need."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted from the numbers and he said, "Go downstairs and inform Zang Hua and Li Yang to come here."

"Of course, President Yang."

Zhang Liqin was a bit disappointed, but she immediately resumed her professional demeanor and left the office without any delay.

Shortly after.

Zhang Liqin arrived at the office with Zang Hua and Li Yang.

"Captain Yang, is there a situation?" Zang Hua asked immediately.

Yang Jian waved his hand, "Don't be nervous, I just wanted to have you guys up here for a chat."

"So that's it." Zang Hua smiled, "It just so happens I'm free these days, and I'm more than happy to have a chat with Captain Yang."

Having a good relationship with the person in charge was beneficial for work.

Zang Hua was aware of this.

Zhang Liqin said nothing, simply turning to make tea for the two guests.

"It's not just about having a chat. I also want to discuss something," Yang Jian said calmly; "Lately, I've noticed Dachang City is very peaceful. My commutes to and from work are leisurely, so I'm thinking of taking a short leave."

"Is Captain Yang going on a business trip?" Zang Hua took the tea Zhang Liqin handed him and asked with a hint of surprise.

Recently, he recalled no foreign contacts having reached out to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian replied, "It's not exactly a business trip, just a walkabout to investigate some matters."

"Is it about that coordinate from before?" Zang Hua lowered his voice and asked, not bothering to avoid the topic.

"Correct, I want to go to Dahan City and check it out," Yang Jian said.

Zang Hua nodded, "If it's Dahan City, then it's quite close. Not too far. If Captain Yang wants to go, I can arrange the itinerary. When do you plan to leave?"

As long as it was within the country, it didn't matter where Yang Jian went; it was normal for someone of his Captain Level status to travel.

However, if he was going abroad, Zang Hua would need to file a report.

"Tomorrow. As for the itinerary, I'll have my secretary arrange it," Yang Jian then added, "Zhang Liqin, book two tickets to Dahan City for me."

"Certainly, President Yang," Zhang Liqin nodded, her expression turning somewhat reluctant.

She enjoyed accompanying Yang Jian to and from work every day and hadn't expected that he would have to leave on a business trip only a few days later.

"Two tickets, who else is joining?" Zang Hua asked, surprised.

Yang Jian pointed and said, "Li Yang, you will come with me. Feng Quan, Tong Qian, and Huang Ziya have all gone back for the New Year. They contacted me and said they wouldn't be able to move their families to Dachang City until after the celebrations - it's quite a hassle when you're bringing your family. So, you'll accompany me on this trip. Besides, I want to see how capable you are, especially since you're new here."

"Since Captain Yang has made the request, of course, I'm willing to accompany you," Li Yang nodded, offering no objections.

He knew that to play his part in Dachang City, he needed to contribute.

Otherwise, how could he, a newcomer, secure his position?

Yang Jian continued, "Don't be nervous. It's just a routine investigation. If anything goes wrong, as long as you follow the protocol, you'll be as safe as you were last time."

"I understand what you mean, Captain Yang," Li Yang nodded. He didn't believe Yang Jian would lie to deceive him.

After all, he had survived the Ghost Painting, and he felt assured that following Yang Jian on a business trip would be safe.

In fact, Yang Jian had pondered whether to bring Li Yang with him to investigate the location pointed out by the Door Knocking Ghost. After all, it was a secret, and he didn't want many people to know about it.

But on reflection, he realized that the secret itself wasn't important.

The answer was.

If he kept going solo, an accident was bound to happen sooner or later. Having an extra person could at least share some of the pressure.

And the ghost controlled by Li Yang was quite unique.

The Door-blocking Ghost.

It could even keep fierce ghosts trapped behind doors, and in the face of an unstoppable danger, it could effectively buy time and opportunity.

In any case, it's best to be cautious and having an ace in the hole is never a mistake.

"So who will take care of Dachang City in the meantime?" Zang Hua asked again.

"Same as before, find Zhang Han," Yang Jian said. "He spends his days with his wife and child, life is too peaceful for him. Since he has enjoyed the safety and resources that Dachang City offers, it's time he made a contribution. Plus, if there's a situation while I'm in Dahan City, I can return immediately. Don't worry, nothing will happen."

"Alright," Zang Hua nodded, not inquiring further.

After all, the two places were indeed close by, and a short trip would not have a significant impact, knowing the current situation in Dachang City.

"That's all for now. Li Yang, go prepare. We leave early tomorrow morning," Yang Jian said.

"Okay, Captain Yang."

Zang Hua suddenly thought of something at this moment and whispered, "By the way, the liaison from headquarters asked me to inquire about Xiong Wenwen's situation."

"Xiong Wenwen's situation? Who asked about it?" Yang Jian asked in return.

"It was Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei. She called Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua, and he, not knowing how to explain, pushed the matter onto me... The Deputy Minister said that you, Captain Yang, would know." Zang Hua said.

Yang Jian frowned slightly, recalling this minor detail. Chen Shumei had once pleaded with him to help save Xiong Wenwen, but he had refused. However, out of consideration for a mother's love for her child, he had given Chen Shumei Cao Yanhua's phone number.

Unexpectedly, Chen Shumei had actually sought help from Cao Yanhua.

"Xiong Wenwen is in my custody, but the situation is complicated and cannot be explained briefly. Tell that Chen Shumei to come to Dachang City," Yang Jian said. "Some things indeed need to be discussed face to face, especially since she is Xiong Wenwen's guardian."

"Okay, Captain Yang, I know what to do," Zang Hua nodded.

Yang Jian glanced at the security room inside the office.

Inside, Xiong Wenwen's paper effigy was placed alongside the coffin that had contained a corpse last time.

But for now, he had no intention of reviving Xiong Wenwen.

Because there was no need.

Moreover, he did not trust Leuk San, so he needed to observe for a while. Caution was paramount. Besides, the resurrection of such an aberration required further consideration, and of course, it depended on whether Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei, would agree.

This matter was quite special.

Not everyone has the courage to accept their child turning into a paper effigy.

"This matter can wait until I return. If Chen Shumei arrives, Zhang Liqin, you arrange for her care," Yang Jian added.

"Okay, President Yang, I've noted it down," Zhang Liqin said, immediately jotting this down in her notes.

"By the way, Captain Yang, the investigation into Sun Ren's case is ongoing, but we have no leads yet. I'm reporting to you now," Zang Hua brought up another matter.

It was about Sun Ren abducting Zhang Wei.

Yang Jian waved his hand, "Forget it, a ghost controller hiding is mostly untraceable. He was my high school classmate, I understand him somewhat. Just continue the manhunt and notify me if there's any news."

"Understood," Zang Hua was meticulous in his work, reporting everything to Yang Jian without hiding anything.

After hearing his various work reports, Yang Jian let him leave, then inquired about the situation with Li Yang.

Li Yang was now living in the Guanjiang Residential Complex, where Jiang Yan had assigned him a residence. He was also arranged a position in the company with a monthly salary of a million and a nominal job.

Of course, this arrangement was made with Yang Jian's agreement. Although the treatment was not very high, it was not low.

"If there's nothing else, you should go back and prepare. This time it might be dangerous," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Okay, Captain Yang, I have a grasp of it, don't worry," Li Yang nodded. "Then I'll leave first. I don't know what time we are departing tomorrow."

"I'll have my secretary inform you later," Yang Jian said.

"Alright, then I won't disturb you any further, Captain Yang," Li Yang said politely as he left.

Zhang Liqin came over and said, "The flight tomorrow is at 9:30 A.M. I've already booked the tickets. But speaking of which, our lives are pretty peaceful now. Some issues could be left alone. You also feel good staying in Dachang City, right?"

"It is nice, but many things are out of our control. Don't be curious about matters of the paranormal world, just focus on your work," Yang Jian said.

He did want to settle down in Dachang City for his retirement.

But he still had the curse of the Ghost Cabinet transaction on him, as well as the lurking danger of ghostly resurrections.

Besides, supernatural incidents have grown even more terrifying, and some secrets must be understood and uncovered quickly...

Doing nothing simply wouldn't address any sudden changes that might arise in the future.

Not to mention, if Dachang City were to experience another S-level supernatural event, Yang Jian, to be frank, wouldn't stand a chance unless he was willing to risk his life.

Yet now, S-level supernatural occurrences were already becoming more frequent.

This indicated a problem.

The ghosts were completing the puzzle, or perhaps some terrifyingly ferocious ghosts were beginning to emerge gradually.

It had only been half a year.

Yang Jian was somewhat emotional in his heart.

He had only been a ghost-master for half a year. Looking back, half a year ago, the supernatural incidents were still unclear, and the situation was under the control of headquarters. But now, one Ghost Envoy incident and one ghost drawing event almost wiped out a group of ghost-masters from headquarters.

Besides this.

Headquarters had suffered an inexplicable intrusion, and even the Hungry Ghost had been stolen.

This sense of crisis had been continuously reminding Yang Jian that the seemingly calm status quo would soon cease to exist.

And it was when he decided to go to Dahan City.

At this very moment.

Dahan City.

On the top floor of a tall building.

"Cough cough."

A few faint coughs sounded as a man in his mid-twenties, dressed in a suit and smoking a cigarette, frowned and put down the satellite positioning phone in his hand.

"That brawler and troublemaker, Ghost Eye Yang Jian, is coming to my Dahan City?"

The man stood up, leaning on a golden cane with a slight limp, walking unsteadily, his complexion not looking good, sallow and dark as if he was a patient on his deathbed, ready to pass away at any moment.

However, his demeanor bore no trace of sickness, but rather an indescribable "vigor."

His name was Sun Rui.

The person in charge of this city, a ghost-master who controlled two fierce ghosts.

He used to be considered a top-tier entity, but now, he could only reluctantly rank below the Captains.

It was precisely because Sun Rui knew he didn't qualify to be a Captain that he simply stayed in Dahan City, too lazy to bother with other places; he didn't even care when headquarters was selecting Captains.

"Zang Hua and I had a phone call. He's coming here just to investigate some matters; there's no special meaning, so we don't have to be too concerned," a thirty-something assistant next to him said.

"Don't need to be concerned? That's Ghost Eye Yang Jian, the tough guy who solved an S-level supernatural event. I can afford to ignore him, but what if he takes an interest in me?"

Sun Rui gestured and said, "Don't offend this guy. His flight is tomorrow morning; you arrange someone to pick him up... never mind, I'll make the trip myself. I might as well ask him about his purpose for coming here. Such a person has a strong sense of purpose; he wouldn't visit my city for no reason. I'm a bit worried."

"Something must have happened in Dahan City, probably related to that matter."

He then added very seriously.

"Alright, I'll make the arrangements." The assistant nodded seriously.

"Go ahead."

Sun Rui waved his hand and then limped to the window, looking in the direction of the city, frowning deeply.

Chapter 768 Meeting of the Person in Charge

...

It was just before ten in the morning when Yang Jian and Li Yang had already disembarked from the plane and arrived at Dahan City's airport.

There were no mishaps on this trip, everything was quite normal.

Yang Jian was carrying a body bag that doubled as a luggage bag, inside which were some commonly used items: bloodstained newspapers, a Ghost Candle, a substitute doll, two pieces of Ghost Porcelain, weapons he carried on his person, and some gold containers.

Of course, he also had a rusty and eerie Firewood Knife on his body.

He no longer had the red Ghost Candle with him, and he didn't bring the Ghost Child either.

This time it was just an investigation, not to face an S-level supernatural incident, so such ample preparation was, in Yang Jian's view, already sufficient.

If he really needed the Ghost Child, Yang Jian wouldn't mind summoning it from the Ghost Domain.

Compared to Yang Jian's full armament, Li Yang was much simpler, just carrying a backpack with several sets of clothing, a service pistol, and nothing else related to the supernatural.

After all, he was a newcomer.

When Yang Jian was a newcomer, he also had nothing—what he now possessed had been earned with his life on the line.

"Chief Yang, I looked over the situation in Dahan City last night; up to now, not a single supernatural incident has occurred. It's a very safe city. Logically, a city like this is unlikely to have issues. If there were, headquarters would have had files on it long ago," Li Yang said as he looked at the surging crowds of the airport.

"That's precisely what's weird. In a big city with such heavy human traffic, the probability of not a single supernatural incident occurring is too low, so that's why I want to investigate," Yang Jian casually found a reason to explain.

Li Yang said, "Maybe it's coincidental, survivorship bias."

"Don't ask so many questions. I don't care whether it's coincidence or not. Things will become clear after we have a look. For now, follow me and let's leave the airport by car," Yang Jian indicated, with no intention of dilly-dallying, ready to head straight to the coordinates.

The two prepared to leave the airport by taxi.

However, halfway through, an area cleared up ahead, and a group of men, seemingly bodyguards in suits, blocked the flow of people on both sides. In the middle were several alluring, mature-looking women holding flowers and an electronic sign that flickered with a few big characters.

"Welcome, Yang Jian."

Clearly, this was a reception team.

The leader was a young man in a suit and leather shoes, holding a gold cane, smoking a cigarette, and looking deathly ill, his complexion terrible as if he might die of sickness at any moment.

"Haha, I received a notification from headquarters that the famous Yang Jian would be visiting Dahan City today, so I specially got up early to welcome Chief Yang at the airport. I hope you won't mind my taking the initiative," the man said with a laugh, limping towards them.

"Chief Yang, it's a pleasure to meet you. I am Sun Rui, the person in charge of Dahan City. Today, I am honored to meet the legendary Ghost Eye. Please, take care of me in the future," the man said enthusiastically as he offered his hand.

"Sun Rui?" Yang Jian paused, then extended his gloved left hand to shake his.

He had also checked the information before coming.

Indeed, the person in charge of this city was Sun Rui, a master of two ghosts, codenamed Sick Ghost, Sun Rui.

However, the information was several months old and had not been updated. Regarding the real situation of Sun Rui, Yang Jian didn't know much, but according to the records, indeed it was the person in front of him without a doubt.

"Hello, hello."

Sun Rui then shook hands with Li Yang: "This brother looks new. May I know who you are...?"

"Don't mention it. My name is Li Yang, I'm Chief Yang's newcomer," Li Yang said somewhat reservedly.

Sun Rui smiled and said, "So you're one of Chief Yang's talented people. I'm looking forward to your guidance in the future."

He then gestured, "What are you all still standing around for? Why not give Chief Yang a warm welcome?"

Immediately.

Four or five glamorous women, who nobody knew where from, approached with enthusiastic smiles and bouquets of flowers.

"Welcome, Chief Yang, to Dahan City."

"Chief Yang is so young and handsome, I hope you will visit here often."

"Chief Yang, hello. This is a flower for you, hoping your visit here will be a delightful experience."

Soon, Yang Jian's hands were filled with two or three bouquets of flowers, with name cards attached to them leaving phone numbers.

To these women, they did not recognize Yang Jian nor knew about the supernatural circle; they only knew the person in front of them was an even bigger figure than President Sun.

Yang Jian, expressionless, was indifferent to these insincere flatteries and warm welcomes. He asked, "Where did you find these people from?"

"These are artists and stars from an entertainment company who haven't debuted yet, each can sing and dance, with high looks and good figures. After all, receiving Chief Yang at the airport can't be too shabby, right?"

Sun Rui laughed, "If Chief Yang likes, you can make friends with them. I believe with Chief Yang's charm, it's easy to win the affection of girls."

He spoke very directly, without any intention of covering up his intentions.

"Let me be frank. I'm not here to trouble you, just to investigate some matters. We can all get along without issues. So there's no need for such fervor. After all, we're only meeting for the first time, with no prior interaction, so there will be no conflicts. You can be at ease," Yang Jian stated.

...

Yang Jian handed the fresh flowers he was holding to Li Yang, then said,

Sun Rui was momentarily taken aback before laughing heartily, "Yang Jian, you're too serious. We're all colleagues here. As the person in charge of this city, it's only natural for me to show hospitality and give you a warm welcome. Otherwise, it would seem rather impolite. People who don't know might think you were offended by something I did."

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "There might be some rumors about me out there, but in reality, I'm quite easy to get along with."

"Of course, I trust Yang Jian's character. There's no one more reliable than Yang Jian when it comes to handling matters," Sun Rui nodded in agreement.

But in his heart, he was pondering secretly.

What did that mean?

Was it a warning to me?

Or does it imply that someone here has offended him, and Yang Jian came specially by plane to kill someone? He even brought along Li Yang, the blockhead.

If Yang Jian were to keep an eye on me, there would literally be nowhere to run.

After a brief moment of thought, Sun Rui smiled again and said, "This isn't the place to talk, Yang Jian. Come, let me take you to a nice place to sit. If there's anything you want to ask, feel free to do so. There's nothing in this city that I don't know about."

However, Yang Jian declined, "No need, if you could just show me around the city, that would be sufficient."

He could indeed ask Sun Rui for some information.

After all, he had been the person in charge here for a long time, seemingly the first one, unlike in Dachang City, where by the time it was Yang Jian's turn, he was already the third in line.

"Alright, then. The car is ready on my side, Yang Jian, this way please," Sun Rui said with a smile.

"Then I won't be polite," Yang Jian didn't refuse.

However, on their way, when he saw Sun Rui using a walking stick, limping along, Yang Jian couldn't help but ask, "Is there a problem with your leg?"

"Haha, no problem, just a limp. Does Yang Jian care about this?"

Yang Jian casually said, "Not particularly, I used to know someone with a limp too."

"And what happened to him?"

"He died later on."

Sun Rui was stunned for a moment before cheerfully passing his walking stick to an assistant and walking without a limp, "I'm certainly not a cripple, my leg is just not very nimble, I prefer not to walk too much, so I use a walking stick. Please don't get the wrong idea, Yang Jian."

With that, he walked normally again.

Yang Jian could observe his leg was indeed not very nimble, lifting it seemed to be a bit strenuous, but it was not actually crippled.

"If your leg is useless, I could take it off for you and replace it with a better one, if you can find a spare," he also offered some goodwill.

Being in someone else's territory, he didn't want to start any conflict with Sun Rui. There might be a chance he would need his help.

So, Yang Jian's attitude wasn't that bad.

Of course, if someone else came to his territory, then Yang Jian definitely wouldn't show a pleasant face.

Sun Rui said with a smile, "Yang Jian really has a sense of humor. But I thank you for your kind offer. My leg just isn't very nimble, I have no intention of taking it off just yet."

At this moment, he was feeling anxious inside.

Was Yang Jian interested in taking away his leg?

Soon enough,

Yang Jian and Li Yang rode in a luxury car, surrounded by bodyguards back and front, and drove into the city center.

The prosperity of this city far surpassed that of Dachang City.

The traffic was heavy, and there were many pedestrians on the streets.

Compared to the quietness of Dachang City, there was a stark contrast, but that was also because this city had never experienced supernatural events. It was likely that many people had realized this and were considering relocating to this city.

"This place you manage is much better than Dachang City," Yang Jian observed for a moment and said calmly.

"Luck, pure luck,"

Sun Rui said, "When headquarters assigned me to this city, I refused because such an important city was bound to have its fair share of issues. But I couldn't turn it down, so I had to bite the bullet. It turned out that after working here for so long, not a single unfortunate incident has happened. On the other hand, Feng Quan, who joined at the same time as me, was less fortunate since he disappeared shortly after taking charge of Dachang City."

"I heard he came back to life later, but I haven't seen him for a long time. I have no idea how he's doing now."

He brought up Feng Quan's matter and revealed through his words that he knew Feng Quan from before, being ghost controllers of the same batch.

"He's doing well and will join my team in Dachang City before long," said Yang Jian.

Sun Rui expressed surprise, "Really? That's great. Feng Quan is a very experienced veteran. If he joins your ranks, I believe it will be of great help to you in the future, especially since he has... Ghost Fog... Feng Quan, is a ghost controller who possesses Ghost Domain."

Ghost Fog is also a type of Ghost Domain.

It's just somewhat unconventional.

Although it might not compare to Yang Jian's Ghost Eye, having a ghost controller with Ghost Domain is still quite rare, not to mention Feng Quan controlled two ghosts.

Chapter 769 Unfinished Building

The vehicle cruised through the streets of Dahan City without a specific destination, simply meandering around the city as Yang Jian hadn't directed it anywhere in particular, and Sun Rui decided to just drive around leisurely with Yang Jian, taking in the city's scenery, which was quite a nice thing to do.

Along the way, the two engaged in some idle chatter and managed to learn a bit about each other's situations.

Sun Rui was certain that Yang Jian wasn't here for him and held no designs against him.

Secondly, he could determine that Yang Jian wasn't here to kill someone or resolve supernatural incidents, because Yang Jian's actions were not urgent; he was patiently sitting in the car, enjoying the scenery.

With these possibilities ruled out, Sun Rui felt much more relaxed.

He was self-aware enough to know that if a conflict with Yang Jian were to arise, he wouldn't stand a chance against the spirit wrangler. The entire friend circle had been wiped out by Yang Jian alone, even the team leader, Jang Shangbai, was dead. Anyone hearing about this would feel uneasy.

Being targeted by Yang Jian would undoubtedly be a very grim prospect.

"His condition is surprisingly good, with absolutely no signs of a ghost revival. It's conceivable he could live for over a year without any problem. It's incredible, to say the least. Despite having fought with the friend circle, he's still in such fine fettle. Anyone else would've been dead by now," Sun Rui remarked, unable to mask his amazement.

Paying ghosts to do one's bidding came at a high cost. Fighting was a foolish mistake, even if you won, you would never profit because the ghost inside you could claim your life at any moment.

Thus, most spirit wranglers tend to avoid those with hostile intentions to prevent conflicts.

Take, for example, Fang Shiming and that paranormal forum's Ye Zhen, who were at odds with each other.

So one stayed in the north and the other in the south, keeping to their respective territories peacefully.

"There are some things you might want to talk about," Yang Jian suddenly said, withdrawing his gaze from the car window and looking over at Sun Rui, who sat opposite him.

Sun Rui snapped to attention and asked uncertainly, "I'm not sure what you want me to talk about, Captain Yang?"

"Is Dahan City really as peaceful as it seems? Have there been no supernatural events at all?" Yang Jian asked calmly. "I don't trust these surface-level statistics because some matters never come to light. You've been in charge here for a long time; you should have an idea of what doesn't add up. Let's hear it."

"I hope we can be upfront with each other, after all, I'm here to investigate some matters. If we cooperate, we can avoid a lot of unnecessary trouble. It'd be regrettable if any concealment led to mutual discomfort," he continued.

"Considering our time is valuable, it shouldn't be wasted on pretense."

Yang Jian added, "If you're willing to help me, I'll owe you a favor in the future. Dahan City isn't far from Dachang City; isn't it good to have an extra neighbor?"

Sun Rui's gaze shifted.

He understood Yang Jian's message; this was a courteous warning wrapped in directness. The suggestion was clear and unambiguous.

No procrastination, no empty flattery.

Still, without knowing the purpose and attitude of Yang Jian's visit, Sun Rui had been hesitant at first. However, his willingness to pick up Yang Jian from the airport today was a friendly gesture, not a disregard.

"Actually, some strange things have been happening in this city," Sun Rui said, taking a drag from his cigarette and caressing his gleaming gold cane, as if recalling something.

"It's just that the incidents weren't serious, or at least not yet at a stage where they needed to be addressed. I didn't get involved because I failed to investigate the reasons. After all, I'm not from the Ghost Domain. Delving into a city's mysteries is quite challenging."

Yang Jian frowned, asking, "What sort of strange incidents are you referring to?"

With another drag from his cigarette, Sun Rui replied, "Nothing particularly special, just cases of missing persons."

"Speaking of missing persons, several such cases occur in every large city each year, tens of them. But compared to the population of over ten million in Dahan City, such numbers are negligible; they're hardly even newsworthy. Although I'm inclined to investigate, the lack of leads and the lengthy absences make it extremely difficult to verify anything."

Yang Jian nodded, agreeing with Sun Rui's observation.

Which country, which big city doesn't have a few people go missing each year?

As for why they disappear, where they go, what happens to them—only heaven knows. It's impossible to follow up because missing people don't report their own disappearance. By the time someone else reports it, the optimal time for solving the case has already passed. In the end, due to various reasons, it becomes just another entry in the archives.

"I've been in charge of this city for a long time. Initially, these missing persons cases weren't my responsibility; I was only in charge of special supernatural events. But three or four months ago, my assistant elevated the missing persons cases in this city to the level of supernatural events."

"A low priority, classified as C-level, codenamed: Mysterious Disappearances."

"I haven't submitted this file to headquarters because I haven't confirmed a link to the supernatural; it's just that the seriousness has already met the standards of supernatural events. Captain Yang, if you're interested, you can take a look," Sun Rui offered.

As he spoke, he took a file from the side and handed it to Yang Jian.

Clearly, this had been prepared in advance.

After Yang Jian received it, he opened it and saw that it was a list of missing persons along with some data.

"If you look at this data, only after I started paying attention to this matter did I discover that nearly ten people go missing almost every day in this city. To be exact, it should be nine people," Sun Rui said.

"Nine people going missing in a single day might not seem like much, but it's terrifying if it happens every day."

Yang Jian flipped through the documents and asked, "Have you found anything?"

"The missing people aren't dead. I've asked some of their families; they're still in contact, so it's very difficult to proceed with this case. You can't define whether they are missing or just temporarily out of town on business," Sun Rui shook his head; "It's also because of this that the matter is deceptive, and one wouldn't suspect that it's a missing-person case."

"However, lately, more and more people are reporting it, and some commonalities have gradually emerged."

"Missing, in contact, gone again, completely vanished... no bodies, no travel records to be found. With your experience, Captain Yang, you should be able to discern something," he added.

"It's likely a supernatural event," Yang Jian said slowly as he closed the file.

Sun Rui nodded and said, "Yes, the missing people haven't really disappeared; I suspect they've been targeted by ghosts. They won't die right away, but they won't live long either, which is why this strange phenomenon occurs. They're in contact the day before, and by today, they're gone."

"But I've investigated every suspicious place in this city and still haven't found any problems."

"Maybe you should take a look at this place." Yang Jian handed over his phone, which had a navigation address on it.

After receiving it and looking at it, Sun Rui said, "I've also been there, just a normal road, nothing strange."

He goes to work there every day.

He had roamed around Dahan City for who knows how long, and he was familiar with all the roads and had an impression of them.

The place Yang Jian had marked was called Jianshe Road, a bustling and lively area in the city's center.

"I only followed some clues here; I'm not sure if there's any problem myself. I need to go there to find out," he said.

"Driver, let's take a look at Jianshe Road," Sun Rui immediately instructed the driver to head to the destination.

Then he added, "If there really is a problem with that place, I can join Captain Yang in dealing with it. An extra person means extra help, right?"

"Of course, it would be good if you're willing to help," Yang Jian replied.

He also understood what Sun Rui meant.

Taking advantage of his presence to solve a hidden threat of a supernatural event was beneficial to everyone; after all, once it escalated in the future, he would have to confront it. If he had to deal with it alone then, the difficulty and danger would increase.

Soon,

The car arrived at Jianshe Road.

"Go a little further ahead," Yang Jian said as he looked at the location.

The driver was steady and familiar with the road and continued to move forward slowly.

It was when they were passing an intersection that Yang Jian finally said, "Stop, right here."

Having said that, he got out of the car.

Sun Rui, Li Yang, and the accompanying people all got out of the car as well.

"This is it." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he looked up at the abandoned unfinished building in the middle of the opposite wall.

Leaning on his cane, Sun Rui also followed the gaze and looked over.

He frowned, unable to discover anything unusual.

Just an ordinary unfinished building, one he had seen several times before, and he had even sent people to investigate the building.

Chapter 770 The Starting Point of Everything

"Half an hour, I give you half an hour's time, I want all the relevant material on this unfinished building, and if you can't do it, hand in your resignation and get lost,"

At this very moment.

Across the street, the leader of Dahan City, Sun Rui, stood there, tapping the golden cane in his hand, and seriously yet with a hint of authority, he said to his assistant beside him.

"Yes, President Sun, I'll get on it right away,"

The assistant nearby felt a chill in his heart, dared not to take it lightly, and immediately took out his phone to call the relevant personnel.

In front of Yang Jian, Sun Rui was all courtesy, but towards others, he didn't show a good face, after all, he was a big shot who managed an entire city.

"Captain Yang, would you like to go and take a look? This unfinished building has been investigated before, nothing special happened, and if there were any circumstances, I would have received the news early on. However, I think it must be due to my subordinates not being careful enough. I believe that with Captain Yang making a move, there will definitely be results,"

Following that, Sun Rui chuckled lightly.

"No rush, it's only noon now, we have plenty of time to investigate slowly," Yang Jian said as he activated the GPS on his phone at that moment.

The GPS showed the coordinates.

He compared them, and there was no mistake, the unfinished building before him was indeed the location noted on the old wooden board from the Door Knocking Ghost.

Of course, the precondition was that Yang Jian's judgment was correct, and those numbers were indeed coordinates, not something else.

"This unfinished building has four stories built, but if you include the top platform, it should be five stories..." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he looked up at the slightly dilapidated unfinished building, and a fragment of his earliest memories surfaced in his mind.

It was a supernatural story he had seen on a mobile forum before he had encountered any paranormal events.

It was that story that had caused Yang Jian to be cursed by the Door Knocking Ghost, which ultimately led to the Ghost Door Knocker incident at No. 7 Middle School.

And he still remembered that story clearly.

That doctor who went by "Thunderclap King" had mentioned a sentence in his post, the old man fell to his death from a building.

The Door Knocking Ghost died from a fall...

And the most coincidental thing was, the height from which the old man fell was precisely five stories.

This unfinished building was also five stories.

The coordinates were correct, and the number of stories on the unfinished building was too.

Meaning, the Thunderclap King was a resident doctor from Dahan City, the Ghost Door Knocker incident's original location was in this city. At that time, the ghost had just revived and after killing the Thunderclap King, it had already moved on, which is why Sun Rui, being the person in charge of the city at the time, naturally couldn't investigate thoroughly.

After all, the Door Knocking Ghost had a Ghost Domain and left together with the Thunderclap King who was a Ghost Slave, and then, because Yang Jian was cursed by the knocking sound, it headed to Dachang City.

As a result, Zhou Zheng, the person responsible for Dachang City at the time, ran into bad luck, encountered the Door Knocking Ghost, died in the school, and then the fierce ghost revived, and the Ghost Infant ran out.

"So to say, that old man, suspected to be a ghost controller who survived the Republic of China Period, fell to his death from the top floor of this unfinished building half a year ago?" Yang Jian put together all the details and clues, forming a complete outline.

Person, event, location, everything matched.

"All irrelevant persons, stay here. Further, from that end to this end, isolate the entire street, on alert, no one is allowed to enter or exit. I'll give you some time to clear the area. When I say so, only then retract the cordon,"

Yang Jian spoke calmly yet earnestly.

Sun Rui was stunned for a moment, then gestured and said, "Do it as Captain Yang said."

Yang Jian then pointed to a hotel not far away and said, "That hotel, we're taking it over; also that area over there, and this rooftop—set up surveillance personnel. It'd be best to deploy a few snipers. If anyone crosses the cordon and tries to sneak close to this building, report it, and as soon as you get approval, take them out immediately."

"Captain Yang, is it really that serious?" Sun Rui asked in a deep voice.

"Do as I say. You're too relaxed. If we confirm a supernatural event here, it's going to be even more terrifying than you think. I'm only sealing off one street, which is very conservative of me. In my Dachang City, we would start with at least three streets sealed off."

Yang Jian said, "I can give you the lowdown."

"Do you know about the Door Knocking Ghost incident?"

"There aren't many supernatural events defined as level A, and of course, I know about the Door Knocking Ghost incident when I looked through the files. I heard that Captain Yang became a spirit summoner because of that incident, and it caused a lot of casualties the first time it appeared," Sun Rui said with a slight nod.

Yang Jian spoke calmly, "The Door Knocker isn't a real ghost; he was a spirit summoner. After his death, the vengeful spirit revived, creating the knocking incidents. I've been following this lead for a long time, and I even found the grandson of the Door Knocker—the verification is solid, there's no mistake. And the place where the Door Knocker died is right under this unfinished building."

"Some say he died from falling off a building."

"Don't you find that funny? A spirit summoner with a Ghost Domain, resurrected as a level A supernatural event, supposedly died from falling off a building."

"Are your words true?"

Sun Rui hesitated, then with a shock said, "Wait, how is that possible? If that person was a spirit summoner, why doesn't the headquarters have any records? You're the one who created the file for the Door Knocking Ghost, and there was no such news before."

"His history predates the headquarters, and might even go back to the Republic of China Period. Do you think there would be any records about him?"

Yang Jian said, "I'm here to investigate this secret, so I don't worry about leaking it to you. After all, you're the person in charge of Dahan City, and if something happens here, it would be very difficult to keep it from you. So I'm very sincere in giving you a heads up about these details."

"You mean... The Door Knocker is a spirit summoner who lived from the Republic of China Period to now," Sun Rui was completely shocked by what Yang Jian had said.

A normal spirit summoner doing well to survive a few years is already impressive.

Let alone several decades.

If it's true, the supernatural event could date back a hundred years.

At this thought, Sun Rui couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat.

He somewhat understood what this implied.

Yang Jian said, "I'm not yet certain; this requires investigation. But regardless, this matter is more serious than you think, so I hope you will take this seriously. And aren't you investigating the missing persons case? I think those disappearances are related to this unfinished building."

"Sealing off this area is the prudent course of action because if any problems arise, this vicinity will certainly not be safe."

"You make sense," Sun Rui said, touching the golden staff in his hand, a sense of unease growing within him.

Indeed, he had also felt that recently there were more and more missing person cases, and the frequency was accelerating.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have classified the disappearances as a supernatural event.

This unusual data was already proving to be a precursor to a supernatural event. It just hadn't fully erupted yet. If Yang Jian really had confirmed that there was an issue with this unfinished building, then this place would become the epicenter for a supernatural event in Dahan City.

"Let's do as you say," Sun Rui summoned an assistant and relayed the arrangements just discussed.

"Monitor this place 24/7. Without orders from me or Captain Yang, nobody is allowed to approach this area. Expand the quarantine area by another factor of two."

He agreed with Yang Jian's approach and at the same time, he strengthened the management of the area.

This is the privilege and status of being in charge.

If he wished, he didn't need any evidence or anyone's agreement to lock down an area or even carry out some very forceful deployments.

"I've conducted similar drills before, and within three hours, this area can be completely cleared," Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian replied, "Then let's take action three hours from now. Everything is very calm at the moment; there's no need to break this tranquility."

Even though the unfinished building was right in front of him, he was in no rush to act.

"Li Yang, go rest at that hotel over there for today. We'll take action after Sun Rui is done here. We're not short on time," Yang Jian said.

"Okay, Captain Yang," Li Yang nodded.

Yang Jian didn't say more and carried his luggage bag to the hotel next door.

He checked into the hotel, choosing a room on a middle floor that faced the direction of the unfinished building, allowing him to clearly see the situation from the glass window.

Sun Rui's mood wasn't great at the moment as he started to arrange manpower to blockade the area as much as possible.

Because this street was in a bustling area, there were quite a few pedestrians, and a direct blockade would face some resistance, but this would only cause a slight delay. The necessary arrangements still had to be made.

By late afternoon around 4 p.m., approaching 5 p.m., the street was finally blocked off.

Observers were positioned at various locations, and a number of cameras were even installed temporarily to monitor the area.

In the room of the hotel,

Yang Jian was also preparing. He acted decisively this time, directly placing two pieces of Ghost Porcelain in the corner of the room on the floor.

"Give me your ID card," he extended his hand.

Li Yang was somewhat puzzled but still handed over the ID card he had recently obtained to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian placed his own ID card along with Li Yang's underneath a piece of Ghost Porcelain.

When he did this, all the lights in the room flickered.

"Something's not right," Li Yang's expression changed slightly as he felt a cold and inexplicable breath enveloping him.

Yang Jian said, "This is a supernatural item from Japan called Ghost Porcelain. It uses personal belongings that are often used as a medium to allow the Ghost Porcelain to protect you until it breaks. Its effect is not as good as the Ghost Candle, but it's more convenient than the Ghost Candle. As long as you're not attacked by the supernatural, this object will keep protecting you."

"As for whether there are any side effects, I don't know, but right now I can't be concerned about that. Safety is the priority."

"Thank you, Captain Yang," Li Yang said gratefully.

Yang Jian said, "After all, this is where the Door Knocking Ghost died, and I can't say for certain what will happen. We can only prepare as much as possible. Of course, I'm also taking precautions, hoping these preparations won't be necessary."

Li Yang looked on with a deep respect.

This was the approach of a top-tier captain. It appeared reckless, but when it came time to act, they were more meticulous and secure than anyone else.

Surviving until now was definitely not just a matter of luck.

Beyond that, Yang Jian also carried a Substitute Doll with him.

He'd have to use it at a critical time, just in case.

As the preparations were almost complete, Sun Rui's man knocked on the door, his voice outside, "Captain Yang, President Sun invites both of you to meet downstairs."

"It seems Sun Rui has finished his tasks," Yang Jian said, looking out the window and seeing the street sealed off, with vehicles and pedestrians long gone.

Observers had been placed in high spots, and snipers were even positioned around the area.

However, at this moment, it was getting darker outside.

As it was winter night, darkness fell particularly quickly; it was already dim at five o'clock.

The night had no effect on Yang Jian, but for newcomers and ordinary people, it might impose psychological pressure.

"Let's go, it's time to take action."

Yang Jian didn't delay and immediately left the room with Li Yang. When exiting, he said to the person outside the door, "Seal this room, and don't allow anyone to enter or leave."

"Yes, Captain Yang," the person immediately replied.

He didn't want the Ghost Porcelain in the room to be smashed without reason.

When he arrived at the hotel lobby on the first floor, Sun Rui was already sitting on a sofa waiting, holding a golden cane, smoking a cigarette, his morbidly pale face bearing a shade of gloom. There weren't many people around, just a few bodyguards standing outside the door.

"Hehe, sorry to keep you waiting, Captain Yang. We encountered a little resistance and it delayed things a bit, my apologies," Sun Rui said, his gloomy face brightening with a smile as he saw Yang Jian walking out of the elevator, greeting him immediately.

"It's getting late, I think we should not waste time anymore, let's take action," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui got up, leaning on his cane, and smiled, "Of course, we were just waiting for Captain Yang to lead. It has been a while since I've encountered a supernatural event, so I'm inevitably a bit nervous."

"If there really were an event, you wouldn't be nervous," Yang Jian remarked.

"I can't help it, year after year, I'm increasingly fearing death. I used to fear nothing, but as a person in charge for a long time, I've become more and more afraid," Sun Rui replied somewhat helplessly.

"It's hard to go from luxury to frugality," Yang Jian said, ignoring his sentimentality and while walking added, "I hope all of this is just me being paranoid. I can't be certain that there's definitely something wrong here."

"If nothing happens, that would be for the best. I wouldn't mind the hassle for a day," Sun Rui replied.

"Since I'm leading the team, you'll follow my commands during the operation. Do you have a problem with that?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

Sun Rui shook his head with a smile, "No problem at all, I don't have a single issue. If I can't trust Captain Yang's leadership, who can I trust?"

He was being ingratiating, but in his heart, he knew that if push came to shove, Yang Jian would definitely not hesitate to dispose of him.

So why not cooperate quietly?

Sun Rui didn't think he was more powerful than the others in his circle—he had only controlled two ghosts, whereas Yang Jian had tamed three.

He was naturally at a disadvantage.