

Revival 1011

Chapter 1011 Tragic Memories

Yang Jian had no intention of letting the peculiar person before him go. This person posed a significant threat, and if Zhang Wei hadn't noticed something strange around him, no one would have known such a dangerous thing was lurking near Shangtong Tower. Even Yang Jian himself couldn't be sure he could uncover it.

This person was hidden too deeply, and as long as the number of people around exceeded three, he couldn't be detected.

Even if your eyes see him, your mind will automatically ignore his existence.

This kind of eerie supernatural presence was something Yang Jian was encountering for the first time.

The tall Ghost Shadow was moving in the internet cafe, heading towards that emaciated, twisted freak. Yang Jian intended to steal his memories to find out who he really was, and also to completely kill and imprison him.

Perhaps sensing the danger of his situation.

That emaciated and twisted freak struggled to speak at this moment: "Stop, stop, you can't kill me."

"Finally speaking? Too late." Yang Jian didn't stop because of a single sentence. The Ghost Shadow reached the person's side, invading his body.

"I can help you, I'm useful to you..." The person spoke again, trying to persuade Yang Jian.

"No need, I'm not particularly interested in you. You're lurking around the company with ill intentions; it's better if you're dead. Although the ghost you're controlling is indeed quite special and may be valuable to me, I can strip the ghost from you and let someone else control it."

Yang Jian stated a very harsh reality with a cold tone.

The ghost controlled by a ghost rider can be stripped away. In the past, there were people who specialized in hunting ghost riders to obtain the ghost within them because the risk of imprisoning a ghost this way was very low, requiring almost no major cost.

The Ghost Shadow continued its invasion.

The person's skin gradually became covered with a layer of black shadow, and he felt extremely cold all over, with his body rapidly losing consciousness.

"Yang Jian, I haven't offended you." The person spoke again, surprisingly knowing Yang Jian's identity.

Yang Jian replied, "You've killed many people in Dachang City just to steal parts of their living bodies. Does that mean you haven't offended me?"

"Haven't you killed people yourself? You've probably killed more than me." The person questioned Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "You're right, I've killed indeed more people than you, but I've saved even more. Dachang City's existence is because of me, and in this world, strength talks. If you're capable, you can try to take me down and take control of Dachang City in the future."

The person fell silent, no longer speaking. He now wasn't even feeling pain, as most of his body had lost sensation entirely invaded by the Ghost Shadow.

Although he felt extremely cold all over, it gave him a certain comfort.

"Let me see what kind of person you really are." Yang Jian's eyes flickered, with the Ghost Shadow stealing his memories.

Soon.

A segment of familiar yet strange memories of a living man appeared in Yang Jian's mind.

In the memory, he was a bedridden cripple living in Dachang City's old district. His parents were divorced and ignored him completely, leaving him to be taken care of by his grandparents. Later, his grandmother passed away, and his life became increasingly difficult, barely subsisting on his grandfather's pension.

Day after day, he endured, fantasizing about a miracle happening someday.

Later, his grandfather also passed away, leaving him alone at home. At first, neighbors and community workers visited to care for him, but as time went on, fewer were willing to care for him...until one day he overheard a conversation from the neighboring apartment.

Dachang City seemed to be haunted.

It was likely that the Hungry Ghost incident had occurred.

Fortunately, because he was bedridden, he avoided being targeted by the Hungry Ghost, surviving, but his paralysis made survival very difficult, lacking food, water, and his bed reeked with waste, rotting as his body slowly died...

Though he didn't die in the Hungry Ghost incident, he was dying on his sickbed.

He didn't want to die; a strong survival instinct kept him struggling.

Finally, a miracle occurred.

One day, he heard the solitary footsteps outside his room in the hallway.

It was a ghost lurking in the vacant residential building.

The person shouted.

As a result, the ghost that had never been discovered was found by him, and it entered his room, invading his body.

Just like that.

He became a ghost rider.

But merely this change was of little use; the ghost was only difficult to detect. Becoming a ghost rider granted him this trait, being forgotten and undetectable, but the supernatural power maintained his life, allowing him to survive without food or water for an extended period.

Later, lying in bed, he gradually mastered the supernatural power and finally broke free from the impact of his disability, starting to move.

Despite the difficulty, he took a crucial step forward, bringing him hope.

However, when he ventured out, he discovered that everyone in Dachang City seemed not to see him; nobody glanced at him, nobody paid attention.

He felt abandoned by the world.

The outside bustling had nothing to do with him; he was like a twisted, bizarre ghost wandering within Dachang City.

He went to many places, meeting many people and events, understanding the situation in Dachang City.

Not willing to remain ignorant, he began to think and make changes.

Thus, he decided to change his face, adopt a different living identity, perhaps allowing him a chance to start anew.

So, he killed.

But a corpse was useless; he only took parts of limbs.

The number of deceased grew.

The collected dismembered corpses gradually became complete.

Thus, a brand new person appeared before him, a new identity composed of many living bodies stitched together.

He decided to reside within this new corpse.

Until one day, his actions were exposed, and people in Dachang City investigated him, searching for the killer.

Initially, he felt nervous and scared, but gradually he found his worry unnecessary; even if the officers walked past him, no one paid attention to him.

He couldn't be found.

Until one day, Zhang Wei and a group of friends found his house and opened the door, but even standing right in front of Zhang Wei, under the interference of supernatural forces, he still wasn't discovered.

Zhang Wei decided to leave.

Yet he decided to follow Zhang Wei.

He hadn't thought of killing; he wanted to start afresh, mingling within Zhang Wei's group with a new identity.

But things weren't as smooth as he imagined.

He remained an extra person, unnoticed, though his close proximity caused some to pay attention.

Afraid, he began killing those who suspected him.

...

Until now, Yang Jian had set his sights on him, found him, and exposed him.

Yang Jian flipped through the memories, learning about the tragic experience of a tragic person.

A pitiful person paralyzed in bed who would have died miserably on the hospital bed, yet unexpectedly managed to control a ghost that could not be detected. He thought it was a change, but he remained the same. Although he left the sickbed, the outside world became just a bigger sickbed for him.

"Don't kill me, I can help you, I really can help you. I need a chance, give me a chance, I'll work for you. I want to be recognized by others, I want to be acknowledged, I don't want to die like this, to die unnoticed, just like my deceased grandparents, who no one cared about..."

This person was begging, crying, hoping for a chance.

At this moment, Yang Jian's ghost shadow had already invaded the person's memory. It would only take a moment for him to be wiped clean and become a mindless vegetable.

This was essentially equal to killing him.

He sensed this, so he was pleading with Yang Jian to let him go.

"Your situation is indeed sympathetic, but you have killed too many people to piece together this living body. If you had come to me when you first left the sickbed, there might have been a different outcome, but now you've strayed, and it's too late for everything."

Yang Jian's gaze was cold, like it was heartless, showing no wavering.

This person was indeed a ghost manipulator and was indeed pitiful and sad, but he took the wrong path. His heart was full of resentment and hatred, unable to control himself, killing indiscriminately and splicing bodies, which is a taboo.

This kind of taboo is something Yang Jian cannot tolerate.

Because even he dared not involve himself in such taboos, nor dared he splice living bodies carelessly, otherwise when his own body was rotting, he could have easily found a healthy young man on the street to obtain a healthy body.

But this person did it.

Not because of bodily needs, but simply because he wanted to take on a new identity.

But if that were all, it would have been one thing.

But after getting a new body, he did not stop. Instead, out of panic and unease, he killed ordinary people who became suspicious of him.

That's how people are.

Once fallen, there's no turning back.

Reasons don't matter anymore.

"Disappear, this world no longer belongs to you." Yang Jian's gaze suddenly turned cold.

The ghost shadow instantly rotted his head, directly erasing his memory.

The next moment.

This person stopped begging, stopped crying, his gaze became vacant, and he turned blank.

After Yang Jian did all this, he walked over, ghost hand carrying this frail, twisted body, and then left.

Before leaving, he erased all traces, burying the shattered corpses in the depths underground with the Ghost Domain.

Once he left.

The entire internet café returned to normal.

The people surfing the net continued, not sensing anything unusual.

At this moment, Zhang Wei touched his head, feeling something was wrong somewhere, but he couldn't quite say what was wrong.

Instead, Ah Fei next to him suddenly approached and whispered, "Ah Wei, let me tell you something. Remember last time I mentioned that there's always a faint smell of corpse around us? Later, others also noticed this issue and felt something was wrong, but they all mysteriously disappeared. You suspected they were killed, so I didn't dare bring it up again."

"But just now, that smell disappeared. I think that thing is gone. You should still be careful. Don't say I reminded you; I don't want to get killed because of you."

"Don't worry, if you can't trust me, can't you trust Brother Tui? I promise to keep it confidential for you," Zhang Wei said with conviction.

He glanced at the empty seat next to him.

Seemingly, the feeling of being watched had really vanished.

"Could it be that Brother Tui handled it?" Zhang Wei thought.

But after just a moment of contemplation, he was quickly drawn back into the game, unable to extricate himself.

Yang Jian, carrying the corpse, first returned to the basement of the Guanjiang Residential Complex, securing it in a golden box, then went back to the office in Shangtong Tower, where he found Liu Xiaoyu at work.

At this moment.

In Liu Xiaoyu's office, she was organizing documents with Yang Xiaohua, while Eagle was taking notes on the side.

"The case is closed," Yang Jian said directly.

"What, which case is closed?" Liu Xiaoyu was startled and looked up to find it was Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "Those recent serial murder cases in Dachang City, the ones with the missing body parts."

"I remember now. Did you leave just now to handle that case? How did it go? I'm ready to record it," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian narrated and left a report.

The story even made Yang Xiaohua, who was next to him, widen her eyes: "Is there really such an existence? An undetectable third person? Was he wandering outside and inside the company?"

"There are all sorts of supernatural events, nothing worth making a fuss about."

Yang Jian said, "I've already taken care of that person, and the ghost has been contained. I've cleaned up those found dismembered bodies."

He doesn't need to leave evidence for his actions; what he says is evidence.

A Captain-level figure doesn't need to be accountable to anyone but himself.

Even if Yang Jian were to make up a lie, Liu Xiaoyu wouldn't doubt its authenticity.

"The report is done, so I'm closing the case."

Liu Xiaoyu quickly put down her pen, organized the files, and informed others that the case wouldn't require further resources.

Eagle on the side said, "That ghost is very special. Previously, I reviewed some documents, and I think that ghost is suitable to be made into a supernatural item. If worn, it might prevent being detected or found by ghosts during a supernatural event."

"That's a good idea; I'll consider it," Yang Jian nodded.

An undetectable third person.

This supernatural power is very special. Even a ghost manipulator of Yang Jian's caliber would be affected. If used well, it could significantly enhance one's survival ability.

But this ghost is not suitable to be controlled.

Because once controlled, you'd become undetectable. How would teammates cooperate with you?

So turning it into a supernatural item is best. It can be used in specific scenarios, making it more flexible.

"Are there any other cases? If not, I'll be going," Yang Jian asked again.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "There aren't any for now. There was a small case earlier, but it was handled by Tong Qian. It wasn't a supernatural event, just some guys pretending to be ghosts."

"Looks like Dachang City is quite peaceful," Yang Jian said.

"Having an easy job is a good thing," Yang Xiaohua looked at Yang Jian and said, "You'd better be careful, no one wants to see anything happen to you."

"Of course, I possess the potential to reverse everything, so nothing must happen to me," Yang Jian said, then turned and left.

Chapter 1012 Balance and Certain Death

After returning to Dachang City for two days, Yang Jian was relatively relaxed but not completely at ease. He dealt with many trivial matters, finding some leisure amidst his busyness.

However, this respite is only temporary.

He still has tasks at hand. The fifth floor of the post office needs to be examined, and incidentally, the problems at the post office should be resolved. The supernatural incidents appearing in the suburbs of Dachang City also need to be handled, and then the curse of the Ghost Cabinet vaguely makes him feel uneasy. Apart from this, there are also various changes in the supernatural circle that need to be constantly monitored.

In short.

Even if he doesn't handle supernatural incidents, Yang Jian is not that relaxed.

However, the situation in Dachang City is still developing for the better, and it is much better than before.

The company's operations and development are rapid and have gradually formed a circle of interests around Yang Jian. This circle of interests has attracted many capitalists. If it continues to develop like this, Dachang City will only become more stable. Even if the situation really becomes chaotic in the future, this city can still be self-sufficient.

In the afternoon of the next day.

Yang Jian received a piece of good news from Doctor Chen.

The bizarre hand brought from the ancient mansion has already revealed its pattern of killing.

The efficiency was faster than expected, but there was some luck involved, as it often happens with experiments. If one is lucky, results can be achieved quickly; if not, it requires repeated experimentation, a bit of exploration and elimination.

Upon hearing this news, Yang Jian immediately left the office and went to the department where Doctor Chen was located.

As soon as he arrived, Doctor Chen said with some delight, "Captain Yang, we did not fail you; we've already figured out the pattern of this thing. As you previously stated, it has a certain inevitable pattern of killing. Although terrifying, it's not so easily triggered due to being only a single hand."

"I won't bother with a written report; it's more intuitive if I demonstrate by experiment."

With that, he led Yang Jian to the laboratory.

The laboratory was somewhat rudimentary and not fully equipped with protective measures yet. However, Doctor Chen was very cautious; he only dared to experiment in that specially-made glass box and did not dare to release the Ghost Hand.

This specially-made glass box contains gold, which can isolate supernatural leakage and is also sufficiently sturdy.

"Let me see your experimental results." Yang Jian was very interested as well.

A pattern of inevitable killing triggers has considerable help for him.

The Ghost Eye only possesses the Ghost Domain; the Ghost Hand can only invade and suppress a fierce ghost; the Ghost Shadow only splices corpses and invades to steal others' memories.

Strictly speaking, what Yang Jian lacks is a relatively extreme supernatural attack method.

Having a pattern of inevitable killing would be a great asset in maintaining the strength of a top captain level.

In this world, everyone is progressing.

If you do not progress and grow, you'll soon be left behind by other ghost handlers.

Failing to maintain at the top level means elimination and downfall.

"The ghost's attack does not distinguish between humans and animals, so we generally use mice for experiments. However, since mice are not humans, some patterns targeting human killing can't be detected. But this situation is an exception. Look, Captain Yang."

Doctor Chen made a gesture.

Immediately, an assistant put a mouse into the yellow glass box.

The mouse jumped and scampered around the glass box, even standing on the eerie ghost hand with blackened nails, yet it remained unscathed.

As if this hand was a dead object, devoid of any supernatural power.

"The pattern of a severed hand's killing is incomplete, as we discussed last time. To make this ghostly hand kill, the pattern must be completed." Doctor Chen said.

Then the assistant slowly rotated the glass box.

As the glass box inclined.

The stiff, motionless eerie hand suddenly had a slight tremor, as if spasming, moving slightly.

Immediately after.

The mouse inside the glass box stopped moving.

It lost its life signs and was killed silently, directly triggering its inevitable killing pattern.

"The box turns, the ghostly hand revives, the mouse dies..." Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved; his mind quickly pondered, connecting the clues, and then analyzed the killing pattern.

"The pattern of killing is... balance?"

Doctor Chen appeared slightly surprised and then nodded, "Captain Yang indeed grasped it immediately. Yes, it's balance. Once balance is lost within this hand's influence range, instantaneous death is triggered, whether human or mouse, both will die suddenly. This influence range is very small, extremely small; one must almost contact it, so others nearby won't be affected, only those who are contacted."

"Contact, then lose balance, follow the pattern to be killed, that's roughly it."

Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved.

He thought of the scene where Da Qiang was killed inside the ancient mansion.

Da Qiang, wearing a mourning attire, was targeted by the ghost resting on the black Taishi Chair. His body seemed to endure some tremendous force, then lost balance and died immediately.

Reversely deducing, Da Qiang indeed met the conditions of being killed by losing balance back then.

"If holding this ghost hand, push someone, or press someone's shoulder with some force, causing them to lose balance, then this person will undoubtedly die."

Doctor Chen adjusted his glasses and said, "A very dangerous and terrifying ability, Captain Yang must use it with special caution."

"Supernatural power itself is dangerous; mastering this dangerous supernatural is precisely our task. You've done well, worthy of working with Wang Xiaoming, completing tasks so quickly in such a primitive environment. I'll later have my secretary discreetly issue a bonus to your department." Yang Jian said.

"Captain Yang is too kind, it's all deserved." Doctor Chen very modestly did not take undue credit.

"I'll take this thing with me now. This trigger of inevitable supernatural power should be utilized, not wasted." Yang Jian finished speaking and walked over, directly opening the glass box and taking the eerie hand away.

"Let's go."

He had no extra words and left quickly after completing the purpose of this visit.

As Yang Jian left.

The assistant beside him immediately breathed a sigh of relief, "The pressure of staying with such a person is really high."

"The rumored Ghost Eye Yang Jian, the top ghost handler of the supernatural circle, working under him assures a considerable period of safety and survival in the future." Another assistant sighed.

Doctor Chen smiled slightly, "This shows my choice back then was correct. After all, Yang Jian is not the headquarters; there's not much to be researched, so our tasks aren't that heavy. Light tasks mean very low probability of encountering dangerous experiments; isn't that exactly what we're pursuing?"

"Now I kind of sympathize with Wang Xiaoming. Although he's at the headquarters and has a lot of status and power, it's like dancing on the blade's edge. A moment's carelessness and he could die, but either way, he won't live much longer."

"What do you mean by that?" the assistant next to him asked, surprised.

Doctor Chen said helplessly: "Wang Xiaoming came into contact with many dangerous substances during his experiments. He tried to find something in reality that could eliminate ghosts. Many of these substances are highly radioactive, so he got cancer early on. But he himself also doesn't care much. After all, although cancer sounds dangerous, if controlled well with medication, one can live a long time."

"If medical means are ineffective, then treating him with supernatural means shouldn't be a problem," the assistant said.

Doctor Chen nodded: "Supernatural means can indeed easily cure Wang Xiaoming's cancer. However, he refuses to do so. He believes that once his body is influenced by the supernatural, it becomes difficult to make the correct decisions and judgments, so although he is always researching the supernatural, he actually maintains a very pure state."

"If he continues to persist, in a few years he'll be lying on a hospital bed."

While they were chatting, Yang Jian had already returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Once again, he entered his number one safe house.

Yang Jian circled around, his gaze lingered on those eerie artifacts for a moment and finally took out that cracked long spear.

"Unless absolutely necessary, it's best not to harness the supernatural personally. It's not just about losing balance easily; supernatural erosion is also an issue. To maintain one's state, the more parts that belong to a living person, the better. This bizarre hand, it's better not to replace it myself."

"If not replacing, then I might as well turn it into a supernatural weapon. Besides, this patched-together supernatural weapon of mine can still be further improved."

He looked at the cracked long spear again and took out that eerie hand.

The next moment.

Yang Jian's ghost eye opened, and without any hesitation, he directly activated the Five Layer Ghost Domain.

The Five Layer Ghost Domain can banish some not-very-terrifying ghosts. This hand is incomplete, so it can also be banished, but he did not do so. Instead, he used the Five Layer Ghost Domain to influence the shape of this eerie hand.

The Ghost Domain tugged, and so did the hand.

The Ghost Domain distorted and deformed, and so did the hand.

Finally, Yang Jian directly covered this twisted and deformed eerie hand over the cracked long spear in front of him.

The areas of the cracked long spear where the firewood knife and coffin nail are located couldn't be covered, so he could only cover most of the cracked shaft.

A layer of cold dead man's skin stuck firmly to the long spear, as if merged into one, indistinguishable from one another.

This layer of dead man's skin was formed by the pulling and twisting of that hand. However, the image of the supernatural is variable, and Yang Jian doesn't care whether this thing is a hand or a layer of dead man's skin. He only cares that the deadly supernatural force is still there.

"Now this supernatural artifact has become even more dangerous. If it hits someone, losing balance will immediately trigger the deadly killing rule and kill instantly."

Yang Jian can already imagine.

How terrifying this thing is. The firewood knife can dismember fierce ghosts, the coffin nail can limit them, and once the shaft hits someone, just a stumble will immediately result in death.

Even an ordinary ghost handler with this supernatural item would become extremely troublesome.

However, this is the best outcome.

Yang Jian doesn't want to be excessively eroded by the supernatural. Last time, riding the Ghost Shadow almost cost him his life. If it weren't for his luck in surviving and becoming an anomaly, he'd be long dead.

So he doesn't want to rely on luck to survive anymore.

Wang Chaling's saying is quite right: if you don't gamble, you can't lose.

At this point, unless in a perilous situation, Yang Jian won't recklessly gamble with his life.

Now he bears many burdens and cannot die easily.

Especially now that Yang Jian, in certain special conditions, can activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, he must maintain his own state. After all, mastering a wide-scale restart holds the possibility of reversing everything.

He can become the last hope.

"Not bad. And with a layer of dead man's skin, this thing is not that easily damaged anymore. With the maintenance of supernatural power and the material of gold and special steel, it has strong resistance either to physical or supernatural forces."

Yang Jian tested it to see if it would affect the triggering of the firewood knife medium.

The result was obviously not.

His Ghost Shadow could still invade through the unwrapped areas of dead man's skin and then touch the firewood knife to trigger the medium.

This action is quite subtle, and given enough time, even fewer people will know the correct use of the firewood knife.

"By adding one more trigger of deadly supernatural power, my own strength has also improved."

Yang Jian thought about it.

And started preparing for tomorrow to handle that supernatural event coded as the Black Umbrella.

He must take his supernatural weapon with him.

A white Ghost Candle should also be taken.

Initially, Yang Jian didn't plan to bring the black and red Ghost Dice. This thing is about gambling with ghosts, and is very risky, easy to cause self-harm, a double-edged sword. But now he can combine it with that Deceiving Ghost's necklace to resurrect the dead. Maybe it can play an unexpected role at critical moments, so he decided to bring it along.

Yang Jian didn't plan to bring other items.

Some are not suitable, some are not useful.

Like the red embroidered shoes and the very risky old doll used last time, Yang Jian felt they shouldn't be brought.

As for the ghost detained yesterday that couldn't be discovered, he hadn't thought of a good way to make use of it yet, so for now, he'd put it aside and explore it later.

"That's it for now."

Yang Jian left the safe house. Although the items were ready, he didn't take them with him. He would come to retrieve them tomorrow.

But as soon as he walked out of the safe house.

A bizarre child with bluish-black skin, scarlet eyes, and wearing a burial robe stood there, tilting its head and staring at him.

"Ghost Child?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he looked behind the Ghost Child.

A girl in a dress, with a gentle body, snow-white skin, expressionless, like an ice-cold maiden—Wang Shanshan stood there looking at him.

"Wang Shanshan, do you need something?" Yang Jian asked, a bit surprised.

He rarely saw Wang Shanshan actively seeking him out; usually, it was something important if she did.

Chapter 1013 New Action

Yang Jian looked at Wang Shanshan with a somewhat surprised expression.

Although he's rarely had much contact with Wang Shanshan lately, the relationship between them is better than imagined. It's not just because of supernatural involvement but also because they were high school classmates and survivors of the Ghost Door Knocker incident, sharing a special bond.

"You rarely go out, especially with that ghostly thing," Yang Jian greeted her and then glanced at the Ghost Child.

This Ghost Child can already call out to people.

Extremely dangerous.

After its last growth, its danger level can already rival true ghosts. If used properly, it can be a great help, but the post office's delivery task is a bit special, so Yang Jian didn't keep the Ghost Child by his side. Normally, he would definitely bring this little guy along.

"I'm going out for a bit, just giving you a heads-up," Wang Shanshan said with a cold tone, as if devoid of any emotion.

Yang Jian asked, "Where to?"

"A personal matter, I don't want to tell you," Wang Shanshan replied.

"Taking the Ghost Child along means it's not just a personal matter," Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan replied, "I'm just being cautious, and if I don't watch over this little thing, it can easily cause unnecessary trouble."

"Wanting to go out for a bit is a good thing. With the Ghost Child, you can handle supernatural events if they occur. Alright, if you want to go out, go ahead. No need to seek me out specifically for this; a phone call would suffice," Yang Jian said, not probing further.

Everyone's an adult; having some personal business is quite normal.

Wang Shanshan said, "I thought it better to say face-to-face since I'm taking the Ghost Child with me."

"I won't be using the Ghost Child's powers for now, don't worry," Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan nodded.

As she was about to leave, Yang Jian called out, "Wait a moment, let me lend you something that might come in handy."

He then returned to the safe house, fetched the Ghost Dice, and placed them in Wang Shanshan's cool, white hand: "This is a supernatural item, the Ghost Dice. The red dice represent humans, the black dice represent ghosts. If you encounter danger, you can let the Ghost Child and the ghost play Ghost Dice..."

Yang Jian lowered his voice and briefly explained the rules of the Ghost Dice.

"Gambling with ghosts?" Wang Shanshan asked. "It's quite an interesting object. If the Ghost Child loses, what happens? Does it die too?"

Yang Jian's mouth curled into a smile: "That's why I'm lending you the Ghost Dice. Ghosts don't die if they lose, so if the Ghost Child counts as a ghost, it won't die either. Two undying ghosts playing a game together— isn't that intriguing?"

"What if the Ghost Child dies?" Wang Shanshan asked suspiciously.

"So use it sparingly."

Yang Jian said: "Supernatural events are filled with many uncertainties, and no one can guarantee the outcomes will go as I intend. It's something to be used only at crucial moments."

"I understand." Wang Shanshan nodded, accepting the two dice.

"If anything happens, call me. No matter where you are, I can reach you within a minute," Yang Jian said.

"Have you been hanging out with Zhang Wei recently?" Wang Shanshan's eyes flickered as she gave a slight glance.

"Why ask that?"

Wang Shanshan replied, "Are you considering yourself a god now? Speaking so grandly, able to appear in a minute."

"Is that grand? I don't think so," Yang Jian touched his chin. "Then you should try calling for a god, it might actually work."

"If you stop watching unhealthy movies, I'll believe you," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment and said, "Those are all things of the past, not worth mentioning, not worth mentioning. Besides, it was Zhang Wei who led me astray, I just occasionally helped him review."

"Ever thought of finding a decent girlfriend?" Wang Shanshan said, "Your secretary Zhang Liqin definitely isn't suitable for you. Jiang Yan is nice; if needed, I can bring Miao Xiaoshan back for you."

"You've said quite a lot today, and why suddenly care about my personal affairs?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Shanshan replied, "I just thought you seemed a bit lonely, having someone around is always a good thing. I know the feeling of loneliness."

"Ghost handlers are different, can't live a normal life," Yang Jian said. "Even I can't guarantee I won't end up dead in a supernatural event someday, killed by a ghost."

"That's why you should experience a normal person's life more," Wang Shanshan said, "Alright, I'm leaving."

Without waiting for Yang Jian to say more, she turned and left with the Ghost Child.

Yang Jian was thoughtful, but in the end, he shook his head, choosing to dismiss Wang Shanshan's suggestion.

Moreover, he wasn't worried about Wang Shanshan's temporary departure.

The combination of the Ghost Child and the supernatural item Ghost Dice is enough to handle external dangers, and Wang Shanshan wouldn't deeply involve herself in supernatural events either. Bringing the Ghost Child this time was just a precaution.

Yang Jian didn't return home but instead went to Xiong Wenwen's house.

He rang the doorbell.

Opening the door was a gentle, virtuous, and intellectual mature woman. She was Chen Shumei, Xiong Wenwen's mother.

Upon seeing Yang Jian, Chen Shumei was first slightly surprised, then showed a joyful expression: "Captain Yang, why it's you? Come, come in."

"No, Aunt Chen. I'm just here to inform Xiong Wenwen in advance to be prepared tomorrow morning to go out with me," Yang Jian said.

Chen Shumei immediately looked somewhat tense. She stepped outside to Yang Jian's side, lowered her voice, and asked, "Captain Yang, has something happened?"

"There's a supernatural event to handle, and Xiong Wenwen needs to go with me," Yang Jian didn't hide it, feeling Chen Shumei has the right to know as Xiong Wenwen's mother. Deliberately concealing it wouldn't be kind, rather it would be deceitful.

"Is it very dangerous?" Chen Shumei was very worried, her eyes filled with complex emotions as she stared at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "There is danger, but it's not too great. At least Xiong Wenwen won't be in any life-threatening danger, Aunt Chen, you can be assured. After all, with the current situation, as you know, supernatural incidents are occurring frequently, and people like us are needed to deal with them; otherwise, the residents of a city won't be able to live in peace."

"I understand, everything will be entrusted to you, Captain Yang," Chen Shumei said.

She trusts Yang Jian greatly, and hearing him say there was no life-threatening danger allowed her to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Don't worry, Aunt Chen," Yang Jian said, "I'll be off then."

"Captain Yang, won't you come in and sit for a bit?" Chen Shumei called out.

He didn't linger long and left immediately after notifying her. Although Chen Shumei was indeed a very beautiful woman and such an enthusiastic invitation would be hard for a normal man to refuse, Yang Jian was different. In his eyes, beauty and ugliness could be fabricated at will.

He returned home.

Zhang Liqin, who returned from work early, was cooking. She seemed to have completely adapted to this life, treating herself as Yang Jian's secretary and enjoying it.

Yang Jian didn't let her continue cooking but asked Zhang Liqin to help record some recent occurrences.

A notebook documenting Yang Jian's personal supernatural experiences had inadvertently taken shape.

Most of the notes were by Zhang Liqin, with a few by Jiang Yan.

This notebook was very important, at least Yang Jian thought so.

"Make sure to keep this notebook safe." After finishing the recording, Yang Jian instructed Zhang Liqin.

"I will. I wouldn't dare mess around with something so important," Zhang Liqin replied solemnly.

The notes revealed many secrets, secrets about Yang Jian, so as long as Yang Jian was alive, no one else could lay their hands on it. If he died, then it didn't matter anymore.

Yang Jian looked at Zhang Liqin, a flicker in his eyes.

The ghost shadow behind him swayed slightly.

But in the end, the ghost shadow fell silent.

He initially wanted to alter Zhang Liqin's memories, but he didn't want the supernatural to infect her. Otherwise, if he ever had an issue, Zhang Liqin, influenced by the supernatural, would definitely have issues too.

"What are your plans for the future?" Yang Jian asked Zhang Liqin casually in conversation.

Zhang Liqin was taken aback and said, "Plans? What plans could I have? Of course, it's to continue living with you. Why, are you planning to fire me?"

She never thought about any other issues.

"I was just asking casually, just making conversation," Yang Jian replied nonchalantly, "When is Jiang Yan coming back from home? It's been some time since I've seen her, hope everything's alright."

Zhang Liqin said, "Nothing's wrong. Everything is fine. Jiang Yan is overseeing work at home. An underground safe room is being built, and progress isn't swift. It'll probably take another month or two before she can come back. If you miss her, I can call her to come back tomorrow. It's not far anyway."

"I'm concerned about the situation back home, as it involves some past stories," Yang Jian said with a slight shift in his eyes.

He thought about his long-deceased father and that terrifying supernatural incident, Ghost Dream.

And he thought about the anomaly gestating within that coffin.

A vicious hound that had harnessed Ghost Dream.

That was a precious inheritance left to him by Yang Jian's father. By his estimate, at most a month remained before that hound would likely break free of Ghost Dream's restraints and fully awaken.

On serious contemplation, it was a major concern.

Unlike Ghost Child.

The black wolfdog was truly merged with the vengeful spirit, possessing all its traits, unable to be killed, and could maximize Ghost Dream's supernatural power without fear of the spirit's resurrection.

Yang Jian was now worried about, upon its awakening, why it would listen to him?

Once out of control.

It would no longer be just a dog, but a supernatural incident codenamed Ghost Dream.

And far more perilous than the previous Ghost Dream.

"If anything unusual happens at home, make sure Jiang Yan notifies me immediately. Keep in touch frequently; don't play any woman's games with this matter," Yang Jian said, staring at Zhang Liqin.

Zhang Liqin hastily said, "I definitely won't dare hide anything about this matter. I'm very concerned about the situation at home too, as it relates to our future life."

"That's good."

Yang Jian then inquired about the situation of the company and gave Zhang Liqin some tasks to handle. This day finally came to an end.

On the third day of returning to Dachang City.

A new operation began.

That morning, Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, and Xiong Wenwen gathered at Yang Jian's home.

Because they were going to handle a supernatural incident in the suburbs of Dachang City, codenamed Black Umbrella, as per previous agreements, they aimed to resolve it within half a day.

However, before setting out, Yang Jian and the others had a discussion.

After all, Feng Quan had prior contact with this supernatural incident and had some information that needed to be listened to carefully.

Chapter 1014 Supernatural Phenomenon in the Rain

At eight in the morning.

A car was driving away from Dachang City's urban area, heading to a suburb.

The suburb wasn't deserted; nearby were towns and villages, only with fewer people. Yet, these few days, this area turned peculiar. Black and gray cloud layers hung over the sky, drizzling lightly. The air was filled with a stench that made people uncomfortable.

Even though the weather was warming up, this place still exuded a bone-chilling coldness.

It was as if something terrifying hovered here, affecting the area's environment.

The car screeched to a halt.

On a blocked-off highway, Yang Jian opened the car door and stepped out. He looked into the distance and saw a scattered village shrouded in the continuous rain.

"That thing relocated. It was in the mountain before, but now it's shifted. However, that village is empty. I already had all the people in the surrounding area evacuated urgently," Feng Quan said, his face notably grim as if lifeless.

"It's normal for a ghost to move. Trying to isolate an area to trap a fierce ghost isn't very realistic," Yang Jian said, looking at the rain-drenched village, seemingly both real and illusionary.

As if it didn't belong to this world.

"That rain is strange, carrying a stench of corpses soaked in water. Although I didn't notice anything weird when it hit me, it's unsettling. Also, that ghost possesses a Ghost Domain. As for the black umbrella, I still don't know its use," Feng Quan remarked simply.

Beside them.

Huang Ziya played with her long, thick black hair and said, "With a few of us and the captain, as long as we don't encounter an S-level paranormal event, we can handle it. There's nothing to worry about."

"Xiao Yang, hurry and finish the business and take me back. I have a game date with Zhang Wei today," Xiong Wenwen said impatiently. He didn't want to be on a business trip, but there was no choice since Yang Jian convinced his mom.

Yang Jian gripped the cracked long spear in his hand and looked at the overcast sky, "To be honest, I really hate the rain, especially the kind mixed with the supernatural."

After saying that.

His ghost eyes suddenly opened, their scarlet glow covering the surrounding areas.

The Ghost Domain was activated.

This time, Yang Jian was decisive. He directly opened five layers of the Ghost Domain to dispel some uncertain paranormal phenomena.

The clouds above in the sky were also infused with the supernatural. So under the red glow of the five-layered Ghost Domain, the gloomy, oppressive sky vanished instantly, restoring it to a clear blue once more.

Sunlight poured down.

The distant village seemed to fall back from an illusionary world into reality, the indescribable eerie feeling disappearing.

"The entire area's clouds dissipated," Huang Ziya observed, amazed internally.

The captain's exploration of supernatural power had reached an extraordinary level, capable not only of influencing reality but also affecting other paranormal phenomena, even forcefully dispelling them.

"The ghost is in that village," Yang Jian said as his ghost eyes observed it. He sensed his vision being interfered with by some supernatural power.

With the naked eye, the village appeared in the distance, but in his ghost eyes, it was twisted, flickering like a signal ready to be cut off at any moment.

"Shall we set off now?" Feng Quan asked, "Or perhaps let Xiong Wenwen predict first, just in case?"

"No rush, let's wait a bit," Yang Jian said nothing more but continued to stand there, watching the distant, silent, and empty village.

The village wasn't old-fashioned; on the contrary, it was quite modern, with several three or four-story villas showcasing the look of a new rural area, entirely different from the outdated, run-down rural images. Many of the buildings were in ancient styles, brimming with an antique charm.

He just observed quietly, doing nothing, as if killing time.

The others weren't anxious either, patiently waiting alongside.

Distance kept them safe here, no danger in consuming time.

About ten minutes later, clouds gradually gathered again over the village. Around fifteen minutes, they covered the village, starting to drizzle lightly. Around thirty minutes, everything reverted to how it was when they arrived.

The supernatural phenomenon Yang Jian drove off reappeared.

But this was normal.

The source of the supernatural still existed, so the phenomenon wouldn't vanish. Yang Jian's earlier action was a temporary dispel; over time, everything would revert to its original state.

"My suppression can only last fifteen minutes. After fifteen minutes, the village will again be disturbed by the paranormal, enveloped in rain," Yang Jian calculated and said calmly.

"Meaning, our action time is fifteen minutes. After fifteen minutes, regardless of the situation, it's better to withdraw from the village, or I can dispel it once more."

Feng Quan mused, "Avoid being hit by the rain? So fifteen minutes is our optimal action time."

"Start the countdown now. Time for action," Yang Jian said and gestured to the others.

Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, and Xiong Wenwen immediately synchronized their watches.

"Done."

They quickly finished synchronizing.

Once that was said.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain activated again, aggressively eroding forward, dispelling the newly appeared clouds, making the continuous rain disappear.

By the time it returned, the group was already at the entrance of the village.

The village was soaked everywhere, the stench heavy, the road ahead deserted, the surroundings deathly silent, not a sign of any living being.

Not to mention Feng Quan had already evacuated the people here; even without evacuation, with a fierce ghost wandering for days, it would still become deserted.

"The whole village is off, giving a surreal feeling," Yang Jian's ghost eyes observed, noticing the buildings wet with rain were infused with a supernatural aura, hindering the ghost eyes' sight.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes couldn't penetrate the walls and buildings to see what lay beyond.

This was after moving in during the rainless period; if they operated while it was raining, vision would be considerably obstructed.

"The plan is simple: quickly locate the source of the fierce ghost and directly imprison it," Yang Jian said, holding the cracked long spear, covered with a strange deathly skin.

This supernatural weapon was far more dangerous than before.

Possessing a deadly killing rule, it worked not only on humans but also on ghosts.

Although ghosts wouldn't die, they would be suppressed; it could still play a significant role when crucial, aiding in imprisoning the fierce ghost.

"Feng Quan, find that ghost," Yang Jian said directly.

Feng Quan nodded. He remained silent, directly using his supernatural power. A dense fog began to form around him, then spread, quickly enveloping the entire village.

Yang Jian's vision was obstructed, but Feng Quan's Ghost Fog was not.

It's the pros and cons of their respective Ghost Domains.

Under certain circumstances, they can complement each other.

It's impossible for a ghost domain to possess all characteristics simultaneously.

Within the range shrouded by Ghost Fog, any trace of activity can be sensed by Feng Quan. This means that even if the ghost takes a single step in this dense fog, Feng Quan can promptly lock onto its position and find the ghost as quickly as possible.

"Have you found it?" Huang Ziya asked impatiently.

Feng Quan frowned, "It's very strange. Except for us, the entire village is empty; there are no traces of activity at all. It's an empty village."

"Xiao Quan, can you really do this? This place looks off, and you can't find the ghost hiding here? Well, I don't blame you. Maybe Xiao Yang failed to lock the location. After all, he's prone to making mistakes too." Xiong Wenwen shook his head and sighed, looking very disappointed.

Yang Jian patted Xiong Wenwen's head and said calmly, "The interference of supernatural occurrences here is the most severe. The ghost must be here, but what's strange is that the ghost has a ghost

domain, yet I don't sense the presence of the ghost domain. However, this village was odd when it rained earlier."

"It feels like two different sensations when it's raining versus when it's not."

"Maybe the ghost appears only when it rains, and with no rain now, the ghost won't appear," Huang Ziya immediately suggested.

Feng Quan said, "Makes sense. When I diverted the ghost earlier, it was raining the entire time. After all, I couldn't disperse that cloud, so I don't know what happens when it's not raining."

"If rain signifies danger, dealing with the ghost while under that danger could easily lead to fatalities," Yang Jian frowned.

He instinctively felt he should avoid the continuous drizzle.

It wasn't just a simple supernatural event but a dangerous omen, so he initially dispersed the rain before entering the suspected ghost-staying village.

Who could have known there was no ghost in the village?

"Could it be that the ghost is standing still somewhere, so you can't sense it?" Huang Ziya thought for a moment and suggested a possibility.

"There's that possibility, but it's unlikely. The ghost is constantly moving, at least when I saw it last, and the range of supernatural influence proves the ghost is indeed moving. If you suspect so, you could try lighting the Ghost Candle." Feng Quan replied.

After speaking, Feng Quan took out a half-used white Ghost Candle.

Once lit, it can attract nearby ghosts.

Though most of the time, this white Ghost Candle is useless, in such special circumstances, it becomes very important.

"Light the Ghost Candle to lure the ghost out." Yang Jian nodded, approving Feng Quan's action.

No need to worry.

There can't be other ghosts nearby. His ghost domain had probed, and if there was a ghost, it could only be the ghost holding a black umbrella.

"Be careful, then." Feng Quan took out a lighter and lit the white Ghost Candle. He didn't hold it but placed it on the empty village road ahead.

The white Ghost Candle was lit.

The flickering black flame was eerie and ominous.

They retreated a distance, not daring to approach, eyes fixed on the surroundings.

The dense fog gradually dissipated.

After Feng Quan lit the Ghost Candle, he no longer needed to maintain the ghost domain. Though he had tamed three ghosts, there was no ghost deadlock, so he didn't want to waste supernatural power.

Time passed slowly.

The white Ghost Candle's flame flickered.

The surrounding cold aura permeated, and the smell in the air became increasingly damp and fetid.

Yet what puzzled them was.

The ghost didn't appear.

It seemed to have vanished, simply not around.

Even the white Ghost Candle couldn't lure it out.

"This phenomenon is the first time it's happened," Huang Ziya frowned, feeling quite strange.

"Let's rely on Daddy Xiong's premonition then. Look at you all, can't even find the ghost, what ghost hunting are you talking about?" Xiong Wenwen wanted to boast.

But was stopped by Yang Jian pressing his head: "No rush, it's not the time to use your premonition ability yet. When the time comes, you'll be needed."

"Alright, then let's see Xiao Yang's performance." Xiong Wenwen also dropped the idea of using premonition ability.

"Twelve minutes have passed, and in three more minutes, it'll start raining here again." Feng Quan checked the time and glanced at the spot beside the Ghost Candle.

Still no result.

The ghost wasn't attracted and, although the surroundings seemed unusual, the ghost with the black umbrella hadn't appeared.

"Fifteen minutes only brings rain in this village, but outside the village, it won't rain. It'll take about twenty minutes for the rain to move outside the village, thus giving us a few minutes to closely observe the village in rain," Yang Jian said.

"Just leave the Ghost Candle here. It's not a precious supernatural item. Let's withdraw and then watch the situation here." He instructed.

"Indeed, this way is certainly more prudent," Huang Ziya understood and nodded.

Very soon.

Yang Jian and the others withdrew from the village without going too far, instead moving along the village road outward, yet the white Ghost Candle remained visible, never leaving their sight.

At this moment,

eerie dark clouds enveloped the deserted village.

Sparse raindrops began to fall, the musty, fetid smell in the air becoming denser.

In the rain.

The village appeared unchanged as before.

Yet the white Ghost Candle, drenched in this rain, looked as if it might extinguish at any moment, as if about to be put out by the rain.

However, just then.

From dozens of meters away.

Yang Jian and his group witnessed an incredible scene.

A ghostly dark silhouette holding a black umbrella suddenly surfaced amidst the rain, stepping towards the white Ghost Candle that was still burning on the ground.

The ghost appeared.

Just as they had speculated.

The village in the rain was indeed different from the village before.

Chapter 1015 Foreknowledge

"Ghosts only appear when it rains? This is somewhat different from previous situations."

Feng Quan stared at the eerie figure holding a black umbrella in the rain and spoke.

"Previously, the ghost got on the bus and was suppressed by the supernatural bus, so the situation wasn't so dire. But once the ghost got off in Dachang City without that suppression, it naturally became more dangerous. Therefore, it's not hard to understand the current situation. However, dealing with a ghost that only appears in the rain might be more challenging."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

His ghostly eyes turned, staring at the vengeful spirit hovering near the white Ghost Candle, feeling an impulse to act immediately.

At this distance,

the Coffin Nail in his hand could easily nail it down. Without any other interference, there's a chance of success.

"It's just a few minutes until the rain reaches here. Should we act or retreat temporarily?" Huang Ziya checked the time and looked up at the sky.

At the moment, dark clouds covered the skies, looking like it was about to rain, and the surrounding air felt completely drenched.

"Xiong Wenwen, quickly foresee my success rate in acting." Yang Jian immediately said.

"Should've done this earlier."

Xiong Wenwen promptly activated his premonition ability. His presence grew eerie, the atmosphere around him turning colder, as if invisible spirits were wandering, lingering nearby—a peculiar feeling seeped into everyone's heart.

It felt as if something had set its eyes on them.

The premonition process was brief.

It would only take Yang Jian a few seconds to act, so Xiong Wenwen quickly learned the outcome. He said, "Xiao Yang, you succeeded, but the supernatural phenomenon hasn't ended."

"I understand, let's retreat for now."

Yang Jian gave one last glance at the vengeful spirit holding the black umbrella, then quickly covered the surrounding people with his Ghost Domain, taking them away from the desolate, isolated village.

They re-emerged on a distant, locked-down highway.

They retreated far away.

Out of the range of the ominous rain. Here, it was highly unlikely to be targeted by vengeful spirits.

"What did Xiong Wenwen mean earlier? Why did you succeed, yet the supernatural phenomenon persists?" Huang Ziya asked. "Was it all for nothing? It wasted supernatural power."

"It's simple—the ghost is more complicated than anticipated. Xiong Wenwen's premonition said I successfully nailed down the ghost, which was probably accurate. I also felt that if I acted just now, I would have indeed pinned that ghost. However, the fact that the supernatural phenomenon persists proves the uniqueness of this situation."

Yang Jian calmly said, "In the Hungry Ghost incident, I nailed the Hungry Ghost with the Coffin Nail, and it was evident—the Ghost Domain locking down Dachang City vanished, and the derivative ghosts disappeared, ending the supernatural event."

"But in Xiong Wenwen's premonition, the supernatural phenomenon hasn't ended. It can only indicate that the ghost wasn't contained by me, and the supernatural event isn't over. This means normal methods of containment are no longer effective."

Huang Ziya suddenly thought of something and said, "Are you saying this ghost might restart? That's impossible. Once nailed by the Coffin Nail, the ghost immediately loses its ability to act, falls into slumber, and can't use any supernatural power. Even if it restarts, it's absolutely impossible."

"That's precisely why Yang Jian retreated," said Feng Quan from the side.

"It's possible to limit it, but not to end the supernatural event. Has there been a similar supernatural event before? The Ghost Envoy incident? It seems different. The Ghost Envoy was its own Ghost Domain, so it couldn't be contained within the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain..."

Feng Quan began to ponder, hoping to find some experiences from past supernatural events.

If something could be learned, it could likely help resolve this supernatural event easily.

But unfortunately,

the results revealed by Xiong Wenwen suggested this ghost was entirely different from previous supernatural events. Although there are some commonalities, those aren't truly useful information; they're merely similar supernatural phenomena.

"What was the scene you foresaw? Can you describe it in detail without missing any details?" Yang Jian asked Xiong Wenwen again.

Xiong Wenwen replied, "It's simple. Xiao Yang, you just threw that long spear instantly and pinned the ghost to the ground. The ghost stopped moving, indicating successful containment. But it was still raining, and the area remained enveloped in gloomy rain."

"Did anything change with the black umbrella?" Yang Jian asked.

"I forgot," Xiong Wenwen said.

Huang Ziya's eyes widened. "Did you forget such an important clue?"

"I forgot means I forgot. Some supernatural elements can't be foreseen. I didn't foresee anything about the black umbrella," Xiong Wenwen retorted impatiently.

Yang Jian didn't continue questioning.

Xiong Wenwen's premonition wasn't wrong. His foresight gets skewed whenever there's supernatural interference. That black umbrella is definitely a supernatural object, interfering with Xiong Wenwen's foresight. However, the result was correct, so minor details being omitted are acceptable.

"Looks like we should act when it rains and see what happens once we've contained the vengeful spirit," Feng Quan suggested. "In the premonition, our success probability is high, and there's no apparent danger."

"You're wrong. The premonition indicates no visible danger, not because there's none, but because Xiong Wenwen's premonition time is limited and can't see what happens further beyond."

"Additionally, I've always been apprehensive about this rain. The rain and the black umbrella definitely have some connection. Perhaps the ghost's threat isn't significant, but the threat from that black umbrella is even greater," Yang Jian voiced his concern.

Supernatural objects aren't ghosts, but if they lose control, the level of danger they pose is no less than vengeful spirits. In some aspects, supernatural objects are even harder to deal with than vengeful spirits.

Such as the Ghost Cabinet's curse.

To date, Yang Jian hasn't resolved it. The curse still lingered by his side, impossible to shake off.

"Then let's seize that black umbrella while containing the ghost. This way, we can eliminate any risk of the supernatural object failing," Feng Quan said.

The group quickly discussed, filled the gaps, and prepared for the next action.

Right now, they hadn't truly confronted the ghost, the danger wasn't imminent, and they had the luxury of time to deliberate. Once the actual operation starts, there'd be no such leisure.

But no matter how they discussed or planned.

It seemed that containing this vengeful spirit would inevitably require entering the rain-covered area.

Previous attempts have made it clear the ghost only appears when it rains. When it doesn't rain, the ghost may exist, but it can't manifest. That supernatural rain is akin to a medium, enabling the ghost to present itself in the real world, bearing some resemblance to the Ghost Dream incident.

However, Yang Jian is very clear that the rainwater is not the medium. He speculates that this ghost likely originated within that rain.

Supernatural forces depend on each other; the ghost nurtured the supernatural rainwater, and the supernatural rainwater nurtured the ferocious ghost.

Only this can explain why, in Xiong Wenwen's premonition, Yang Jian imprisoned the ghost, but the supernatural phenomena continued to exist.

But all these are just guesses.

Ultimately, personal action is needed to personally verify.

"Xiong Wenwen, predict once more this time—predict the future to the greatest extent possible. I must ensure that there won't be major problems in this action," Yang Jian decided to officially act and once again used Xiong Wenwen's premonition ability.

"Protest, you're exploiting your Daddy Xiong," Xiong Wenwen objected strongly.

Yang Jian said, "Now is not the time for you to shirk."

"No way, unless you agree to go on a date with my mom after this is over," Xiong Wenwen said, rolling his eyes, putting forth a shocking request.

Feng Quan immediately said, "It's a good thing, sure, Yang Jian will definitely agree, don't worry."

Everyone knows Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei, is a stunning beauty, and a natural one at that, utterly different from someone like Huang Ziya, who maintains herself with supernatural power. When she goes out, people don't know how many approach her; if not for Chen Shumei's special status, people might be stationed near her door every day.

"Captain, you're quite lucky, but with a new love, don't forget the old one," Huang Ziya said with a wink, smiling.

She doesn't feel jealous; her relationship with Yang Jian is more of comrades living or dying together.

Yang Jian stared at Xiong Wenwen: "Can't you change the request? Don't always bring your mom into things, like you're afraid no one knows about her."

"No way, just this request, not changing it. Daddy Xiong said one thing, that's it. Do you agree or not?" Xiong Wenwen stated.

Yang Jian didn't want to waste time. He considered this a small matter, so he simply said, "Fine, I agree, I'll take your mom for dinner after this ends."

"Not dinner, a date," Xiong Wenwen corrected.

"Fine, a date," Yang Jian said through gritted teeth.

Mighty Ghost Eye Yang Jian chose to retreat in the confrontation with the bear child.

"Humph, if you had agreed sooner, it'd be fine. In crucial moments, you still rely on Daddy Xiong," Xiong Wenwen once again boasted and used his premonition ability a second time.

This time was different; before was a prediction of the result, this time he aimed to foretell the upcoming events to the fullest extent.

Under normal circumstances, Xiong Wenwen's premonition limit was ten minutes.

But that's just theoretical. After all, supernatural strength needs to be explored, and he held a supernatural item, the Ghost Talisman. He wondered if external factors could extend this premonition limit.

Soon.

The chill in the surroundings emerged again.

Everyone sensed something strange, seemingly off, yet indescribable.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes...

Xiong Wenwen's premonition gradually extended, he appeared like a prophet, ahead of time extracting information from the future.

If not predicting the supernatural, his foresight was near 100% accurate; however, involving supernatural events introduced significant uncertainty, but still possessed high accuracy as crucial information for reference, thereby avoiding many unnecessary occurrences.

Five minutes, six minutes, seven minutes... As the time extended, Xiong Wenwen's face grew increasingly uneasy.

His paper doll-like body showed wrinkles, as if dehydrating, with some abnormal conditions arising and corroding his body.

However, the paper doll Leuk San gave him was special, rendering such supernatural corrosion incapable of more severe harm.

As Xiong Wenwen no longer possessed a living human body, he supported ten minutes easily.

Once time was up.

Xiong Wenwen suddenly opened his eyes, revealing signs of horror and fear.

"What did you see?" Yang Jian sensed some ominous information.

"As before, we entered the raining village, then ignited the Ghost Candle, attracting the ferocious ghost; then Xiao Yang used the Coffin Nail to pin down that ghost, believing it to end there, but then I saw other ghosts also appearing under black umbrellas, one, two, three... countless."

"We were surrounded, continuously battling the ferocious ghosts, and then Huang Ziya died. Her body rotted, corroded by rainwater, leaving half a bloody skeleton, and we fled, but no matter how we ran, we couldn't escape the raining area."

"The surroundings were so cold, raining everywhere, we were drenched... Finally, I vaguely saw in the rain reflections of pale dead faces, suggesting we had already died, everything happening to us reflected in the water, like watching a movie."

"So we're annihilated?" Huang Ziya shivered, Xiong Wenwen actually foresaw her death.

And it was more perilous than imagined.

"No, I didn't see us being wiped out, but at that time, it was essentially irreparable, indistinguishable from annihilation; we couldn't exit the raining area, Xiao Yang was powerless too, and too many ghosts, even with the Coffin Nail, couldn't limit them all, only temporarily resist."

Xiong Wenwen conveyed unease and fear in his tone.

He seemed to have genuinely experienced the future; it was like he witnessed it firsthand, making the experience profound, and fear normal.

"Three key bits of information: first, the rain continues, second, after the ghost is limited, more ghosts appear, third, the water's reflections," Feng Quan said, leaning against the highway guardrail, smoking.

Yang Jian nodded: "Three bits of information, but no clear idea. Although Xiong Wenwen foresaw ten minutes ahead, his analytical ability is weak. If it were me predicting, I'd surely analyze more."

"No choice, premonition ability fell on a child," Feng Quan said, "Do you have any good suggestions?"

"We must keep from getting drenched by the rain; it likely is a curse. Once we're soaked, we're extremely vulnerable, so this must be addressed first," Yang Jian stated.

"I think the same," Feng Quan said, "And we need to watch the puddles beneath carefully, pay attention to reflections."

"After the ghost is restricted, what about additional ghost appearances?" Huang Ziya asked.

Yang Jian said, "Still thinking."

Chapter 1016 The Emerging Anomaly

After successfully restraining the ghost, if other people's ghosts still appear nearby, based on Yang Jian's experience, it's either that the ghost is just a supernatural phenomenon and not the source, meaning the ghost will keep appearing unless the source is resolved.

The second possibility is that the ghost can restart or increase in number.

But looking at the situation here, the former seems more likely.

The fierce ghost holding the Black Umbrella is just a supernatural phenomenon; what truly needs to be dealt with might not be the ghost itself, but something else.

"The puddles on the ground, the ghost that appears only when it rains, the black umbrella..." Yang Jian pondered between these three.

This is the information Xiong Wenwen foresaw ten minutes ahead, and it's extremely valuable. Without his premonition, who knows how dangerous it would be to obtain this information, but now they can stand in a safe place and think about it slowly.

"I need to move to another position to observe and confirm my thoughts."

Suddenly, Yang Jian spoke; "Wait here for me, don't act on your own, I'll be back soon."

Having said that,

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain opened, and he disappeared.

He alone appeared high in the sky, and continued to ascend until he surpassed the height shrouded by the dark clouds, reaching a region untouched by the supernatural.

Here, the sky was cloudless for miles, the sun was intense, and the fierce wind blew around.

Yang Jian stood in the air in a way that defied common sense. Below his feet was where the supernatural incident occurred, and with his head slightly lowered, he could clearly see the area shrouded by dark clouds.

From a high altitude, the area covered by the eerie black cloud wasn't large.

"Just as I thought, viewing from high up confirms my hypothesis," Yang Jian frowned and whispered.

In his line of sight, this uniformly shrouded black area was very regular, resembling a lid, but more accurately, it looked like an opened Black Umbrella.

Yes.

No doubt about it.

The rainy area resembled an opened umbrella, and this black umbrella area was slightly moving, though not visibly significant.

No matter how it moved, the shape of the black umbrella remained unchanged.

"All the root cause stems from that Black Umbrella. If I'm not mistaken, once this Black Umbrella is opened, it affects the entire surrounding area, causing it to endlessly drizzle like a rainy Ghost Domain. Previously, I used the five-layer Ghost Domain to disperse the dark clouds, but that's only temporary. If the black umbrella isn't closed, this area will exist forever."

"I can temporarily disperse it for a moment, but I can't disperse it forever."

"And a ghost wielding a black umbrella is essentially entering the umbrella's Ghost Domain. I can't imprison a fierce ghost within the umbrella's Ghost Domain, just as I couldn't detain a Ghost Envoy within the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain before."

"Therefore, to deal with that fierce ghost, the black umbrella must be closed first. But to close the black umbrella, one must enter the Black Umbrella's Ghost Domain."

"Thus, this creates a dead loop: you can't deal with the fierce ghost if you enter the Ghost Domain; if you don't enter, you can't discover the ghost. The black umbrella protects the ghost, and the ghost is under the Black Umbrella's protection... It's a brilliant combination, essentially an unsolvable existence."

Yang Jian took a deep breath.

Now, he finally understood where the problem lies.

Entering the umbrella's Ghost Domain makes it impossible to imprison the ghost; the black umbrella must be closed.

But closing the umbrella is something the living can't do because the umbrella is in the ghost's hand, and if you forcefully take it from the ghost, the ghost will reappear through the Black Umbrella's Ghost Domain.

The reflections in the puddle reveal everything.

Yang Jian had yet to decode this information.

But he didn't continue to think alone; instead, he returned to the ground and told Feng Quan and Huang Ziya the information he just acquired, letting them know the situation.

"So that's how it is, in this case, things have gotten complicated." Feng Quan also fell into thought.

Originally, it seemed like a relatively ordinary supernatural event, but who knew the reality would be like this. Thankfully, they hadn't rashly entered that rainy Ghost Domain; otherwise, they might have faced unknown dangers by now.

Indeed, no supernatural event should be underestimated. A slight mistake could really lead to problems.

"So what do we do now?" Huang Ziya asked.

They had been standing here pondering for quite a while now, and they still hadn't taken any real action.

If they can't think of a solution, continuing to idle is meaningless; it'd be better to go home and sleep.

"Honestly, I can't think of a good method for now. The black umbrella and the ghost have formed an unsolvable loop, unless we can lure the ghost onto the supernatural bus and use the bus to suppress the fierce ghost and the umbrella; otherwise, it's challenging to deal with. I really don't know why the ghost got this supernatural Black Umbrella."

Feng Quan shook his head.

A ghost using supernatural objects is inherently dangerous, let alone an object that can cooperate with the ghost.

"Might as well consider the mission a failure and go back; don't waste Daddy Xiong's time." Xiong Wenwen frowned.

Yang Jian said, "There is a method, using forceful means, to deal with the ghost directly first."

He considered trying with the Firewood Knife.

Trigger the medium, directly dismember the ghost, and while the ghost is temporarily suppressed, deal with the Black Umbrella.

But...

Yang Jian wasn't aware of the ghost's killing method and pattern; there are still some unspecified dangers.

However, no paranormal event is without risk.

He felt he had some grasp on it and was ready to act.

"I plan to act in a while, but before that, it's best to take some protective measures. The rain in that area is peculiar; it's best not to be soaked, so we need raincoats or umbrellas," Yang Jian said.

Feng Quan replied, "Ordinary raincoats and umbrellas certainly won't work. We need golden ones. There's some gold in the car that can be made into raincoats or umbrellas, but I don't have that skill."

"I can make them." Yang Jian returned to the car.

He found some spare gold and made several umbrellas.

The method was straightforward; using the Ghost Domain to transfer wood from nearby trees for the umbrella's frame, he then attached a thin sheet of gold to it.

Yang Jian's craftsmanship was impressive, like a master umbrella maker, sturdy and beautiful.

Four gold umbrellas were completed in just a few minutes.

Feng Quan and Huang Ziya looked at Yang Jian strangely.

"Who would have thought, Xiao Yang, you're a master craftsman," Xiong Wenwen widened his eyes, looking incredulous.

"Supernatural powers paired with manual crafting is indeed convenient."

Feng Quan observed, realizing that the process of making the umbrellas involved Yang Jian's use of the Ghost Domain and Ghost Shadow powers, making it more convenient than any tool and easy to create objects.

"Stop praising and wasting time; it's time to move," Yang Jian distributed the umbrellas to them and immediately started acting.

The umbrellas were large, perfectly covering an individual's figure, preventing rain from splashing on them.

They reappeared in the rain-covered village, back on the village road they had visited earlier.

The village hadn't changed, but under the rain's cover, it felt exceptionally cold, with a white Ghost Candle half-consumed on the road.

The candle has not burned out; it must have been extinguished by the rain.

This is a normal phenomenon.

Although the Ghost Candle possesses very special supernatural effects, it is still just a candle. It can be blown out, can be extinguished, and is not impossible to put out once lit.

"The ghost is no longer here," Huang Ziya said.

Yang Jian frowned. This was his first time entering this rainy area. Although he was holding an umbrella, everything around him appeared twisted and shattered in his Ghost Domain vision.

The rain infused with supernatural interference, distorting the view.

"Light the Ghost Candle again to lure the ghost out. There's no need to slowly seek out that ghostly entity," Yang Jian said.

Holding an umbrella, Feng Quan walked over and immediately lit the remaining small piece of Ghost Candle on the ground.

The eerie black flame flickered again.

The white Ghost Candle once again displayed its strange effects, attracting nearby ghosts.

However, the candle was placed in a wide-open area, with no obstructions nearby, so if the ghost appeared, it would be quickly noticed.

The situation was exactly as anticipated.

Soon.

At the village road entrance not far away, a black umbrella that seemed out of place with its surroundings appeared.

An eerie figure holding that black umbrella slowly walked over.

The ghost was the same as before, unchanged, covered head-to-toe in black gauze, making its appearance indistinct, only a humanoid outline could be discerned. From under that gauze, a scarred hand stretched out, grasping tightly onto the old wooden umbrella.

The umbrella was black from top to bottom—black paper, black ribs—giving off an unmistakable ominous presence no matter how it was viewed.

"Came really quick," Feng Quan flicked a cigarette out with a snap of his fingers.

"I'll move first, watch the surroundings. Xiong Wenwen, be ready. If anything unusual happens, make a premonition immediately and inform me," Yang Jian was unafraid as he too walked over, umbrella in hand.

Light rain sparsely fell.

Dropping onto Yang Jian's gold umbrella and creating a crackling sound.

He held a cracked long spear, intending to confront the fierce ghost face-to-face, unconcerned about triggering the ghost's lethal pattern.

Even if the ghost targets him, killing him now would be quite challenging.

The closer he got to the fierce ghost wielding the black umbrella, the stronger Yang Jian's sense of unease became, familiar and akin to facing the old man's corpse in the old mansion earlier.

Though the danger wasn't imminent, a premonition was already alerting him about the supernatural.

The white Ghost Candle continued to burn under the rain, not yet extinguished.

The ghost walked towards the white Ghost Candle, while Yang Jian walked towards the ghost.

The black umbrella and the gold umbrella approached each other, the Ghost Candle serving as a boundary.

However, upon reaching a certain proximity.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian halted his steps, taking action first.

He hurled the cracked long spear with astonishing speed, piercing the fierce ghost's body and nailing it firmly to the ground almost instantaneously.

The ghost stopped moving.

The coffin nail's suppression was established.

Its scarred hand drooped powerlessly, the black umbrella fell to the ground but didn't leave the grip.

Just as predicted, Yang Jian's attack executed smoothly.

But this was only the beginning of the supernatural incident.

Because.

The sky continued to rain, and everything around was still shrouded in cold rainwater, the air thick with the strong smell of stench and rot.

Though the ghost was nailed to the ground with the coffin nail, it seemed the situation wasn't resolved.

"You all need to pay attention to the surroundings, the transformation is about to start," Xiong Wenwen said nervously.

As his words fell.

In the village streets, at windows, on the roads, eerie figures abruptly appeared one after another, numerous and frighteningly dense. Every one of them held a black umbrella, precisely resembling the fierce ghost just nailed down.

In an instant.

The silent village suddenly became lively.

"The premonition was indeed accurate, but witnessing this scene remains unbelievable. The coffin nail's restriction clearly succeeded, yet the ghost grew fiercer, very abnormal," Feng Quan said with a solemn expression, readying himself for defense.

Yang Jian, seeing this, immediately seized the opportunity, approached the nailed fierce ghost, and directly grasped onto the cracked long spear, triggering the medium.

Soon.

A fierce ghost holding a black umbrella medium appeared before him.

In such circumstances, the only way to deal with all the ghosts appearing nearby at once was the Firewood Knife.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian wielding the cracked long spear sliced through the air.

The fierce ghost's head received a strike.

Immediately, the nailed fierce ghost's neck snapped, a Dead Man's Head fell, wrapped in black gauze, obscuring its appearance.

However, an unbelievable situation arose.

Only this fierce ghost's head was chopped off, while the other fierce ghosts holding black umbrellas in the village remained unaffected.

"How can this be?" Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved, observing his surroundings.

Calm, eerie, no response at all.

For the first time, the curse of the Firewood Knife faced a peculiar situation. Although the curse erupted, indeed dismembering a fierce ghost, its dismembering ability failed to affect other ghosts.

Such an occurrence suggests only two possibilities.

Every ghost is an individual entity, existing separately without entanglement, so Yang Jian's strike could only dismember one ghost.

There's another possibility, a stronger curse blocked the Firewood Knife's medium association, severing the link.

No matter the circumstance, the current situation exceeded prior expectations.

Xiong Wenwen's premonition did not include this scene.

Because he was unable to foresee the outcome of the Firewood Knife; the supernatural item is too powerful, severely interfering with his premonitions.

Chapter 1017 The Role of the Black Umbrella

At this moment, both the Coffin Nail and the Firewood Knife were put to use.

However, their effectiveness was limited; Yang Jian couldn't nail down the source ghost, and the Firewood Knife couldn't curse all the ghosts along the medium. He could only deal with the vicious ghost holding an umbrella in front of him, yet elsewhere in the village, the number of ghosts holding Black Umbrellas was astonishingly high.

This was exactly the same as Xiong Wenwen's prediction.

Moreover, the most crucial part was that the pattern of the ghost's killing remained unknown.

Once triggered, it's not just one ghost targeting you; all the ghosts would be after you. At that point, even Yang Jian might die here.

He alone could not oppose these endless vicious ghosts.

"Fortunately, the ghosts don't seem to have taken action yet. This suggests that none of us have triggered the killing pattern, maybe because the earlier preparations were effective." Yang Jian glanced at the Golden Umbrella in his hand.

The umbrella shielded the rain.

Perhaps this was the real reason they avoided being targeted by the vicious ghosts.

But the current situation was still far from optimistic.

In a circumstance where the supernatural object's effect was not apparent, resolving the current supernatural incident seemed extremely difficult.

The situation was at a stalemate, and if a solution wasn't devised quickly, being targeted by a ghost would become incredibly dangerous.

The nearby ghosts were openly observing them.

As if waiting for them to trigger a pattern and be besieged.

"If we can't deal with all the ghosts, then we can only work with this Black Umbrella." Yang Jian again set his sights on the Black Umbrella lying on the ground.

However, this Black Umbrella shouldn't be the source, just a derived supernatural object, existing by relying on this piece of the Ghost Domain, and once taken out of here, it's very likely to disappear.

He picked up the umbrella, holding it in his hand.

Yet nothing unusual happened; it was unclear whether his way of holding it was wrong or the method of using this Black Umbrella was incorrect.

But Yang Jian vaguely had a feeling that if he gave up the umbrella in his hand and held up this Black Umbrella instead, perhaps some new discovery would occur, though it's also possible such an action could bring unimaginable danger.

"It's not looking good; the number of ghosts holding umbrellas around us is gradually increasing. Look, there weren't any in that area before, but now they're appearing; it's like we're surrounded." Feng Quan observed the surroundings and felt uneasy.

This supernatural incident wasn't large in scale, but the level of danger was extremely frightening.

Nothing was happening at the moment, but it's just temporary. Once the ghosts acted, they feared being engulfed by ghosts from all directions.

Huang Ziya said, "The captain is still thinking. Handling this supernatural incident quickly isn't likely to be that easy; our operation this time is very unsmooth."

She was also observing, also thinking.

Hoping to come up with a way to break this deadlock.

"If we can't think of a solution, we must leave here first, otherwise, something will happen first," Feng Quan said, suppressing his voice.

It seemed that speaking wouldn't attract the ghosts' attention.

At the same time.

The overcast rain in the sky continued to fall, neither increasing nor stopping, always maintaining a constant amount,

But the surrounding air became more humid, and the bodies more damp.

It seemed that if this continued, even without being rained on, everyone would be soaked through.

"Listen to Daddy Xiong, quickly call Xiao Yang to slip away; fighting won't win." At this moment, Xiong Wenwen was also frightened.

The surrounding situation was deteriorating constantly.

It had exceeded what they could handle. Once the ghosts began to act, everyone would indeed be killed, and total annihilation was no joke.

Yang Jian was still trying to find a solution at this moment.

He felt that he should take the risk to try; otherwise, there was really no way to handle this supernatural incident.

Immediately.

He gave up the Golden Umbrella in his hand, lifted over his head the Black Umbrella from the ghost's hand just now, wanting to see what changes this Black Umbrella would bring.

However, something strange happened.

As soon as he lifted the Black Umbrella, all those ghosts holding Black Umbrellas around him twisted their heads to look at him.

No.

It's not to say they looked, but rather they faced this way.

As if among the ghosts, an alien that didn't belong there had blended in.

Yet the ghosts didn't take action.

This indicated that holding a Black Umbrella wouldn't result in a ghost attack, which was good news, and although the Black Umbrella looked old, it showed no signs of leaking.

However, immediately afterward, something eerie occurred.

The light around Yang Jian began to dim, the surrounding light quickly disappeared, as if transitioning from day to night in an instant.

No.

More than that, it was all the light disappearing, darker than night.

At this time, a normal person's vision would already be lost.

But Yang Jian's Ghost Eye could glimpse this darkness; he could ignore this loss of light and see the surroundings clearly.

However, this vision could only be maintained within the range covered by the Black Umbrella; beyond the range of the Black Umbrella was still pitch black.

It was as if a wall surrounded Yang Jian.

He was isolated.

The Black Umbrella isolated the person holding it completely within a Ghost Domain.

"Look, the captain is disappearing, he's vanishing." But outside, Huang Ziya exclaimed in panic.

In the sight, Yang Jian holding the Black Umbrella was disappearing, his figure becoming blurred.

Not just Yang Jian himself, the Black Umbrella he was holding also disappeared along with him.

It seemed that this umbrella was not meant for the living but rather for the dead. Once a living person used it, they would be drawn into an incomprehensible supernatural phenomenon.

"It looks like Yang Jian discovered something." Feng Quan immediately looked at the surrounding ghosts and strode towards them: "I'll snatch an umbrella and see what's going on, maybe this thing is very crucial."

He planned to take initiative before the ghosts could act.

Having managed three ghosts, he was confident he could bury one ghost in the Grave Soil.

However, Feng Quan hadn't walked far when he unintentionally stepped over a puddle of water, triggering a terrifying crisis.

At this moment, all nearby ghosts were no longer standing still but started walking towards him.

It seemed that his action just now triggered the vicious ghost's killing pattern, and he was now being targeted by the ghosts, more than just one ghost.

"Something's wrong." Seeing this, Huang Ziya also realized it was not good.

Feng Quan's initiative had caused a bad effect instead.

"Puddles..." Feng Quan stopped his steps, looked at his wet feet, and seeing the surrounding ghosts' movement, he roughly understood.

"It's the water, no, we shouldn't get wet, or else the ghosts will target us. You stayed still because you were always under the umbrella, isolated from the rain. Now the ground nearby is full of puddles, moving rashly would result in being targeted like me."

Feng Quan had carefully observed and subsequently cracked the ghost's killing pattern.

"Yang Jian's earlier concerns were correct. If we hadn't grabbed the umbrellas before coming in here, we would have been targeted by ghosts and suffered unimaginable attacks."

"Feng Quan, you have the mood to talk right now, but you'd better worry about yourself first." Xiong Wenwen shouted.

The pattern of murder was revealed, which gave him more confidence.

At least he didn't have to worry about being targeted by ghosts for no reason.

Feng Quan said nothing. Dirt began to emerge under his feet, burying his legs until both feet were buried in the soil. Then, the approaching ghosts stopped their actions and did not continue to move closer.

"I can use Grave Soil to isolate the influence of this rain. I won't be harmed." He was calm and had the ability to handle the situation.

But...

The air around them grew increasingly humid.

At this rate, even if you stand there without getting wet, you will be attacked in the end.

No, it's not just the humidity in the air.

The breath still carries the ominous rainwater, and a prolonged inhalation might influence your whole body. At that point, the menacing ghost holding the Black Umbrella would likely always target you.

Unless you replace your body, otherwise, the assault will never stop.

"So, this is the real danger of this supernatural event? An uncontrollable ghost, always in a rainy area, and once you get wet, you'll be attacked by a ghost," Feng Quan thought to himself, his gaze turning icy as he became more resolute, determined to act.

Time couldn't afford to be wasted.

Delay any further, and death would truly occur.

"No wonder, the first one to die in the premonitions was Huang Ziya. Huang Ziya didn't have the ability to resist the erosion of the rainwater. Xiong Wenwen, on the other hand, doesn't need to breathe because he has a paper body, so getting entirely soaked would take days and nights here. Don't be fooled by him being made of paper; that's not ordinary paper, and it can't be easily influenced by supernatural forces."

"And me, I have Grave Soil, Ghost Skeleton, Ghost Fog in my body. As long as I pay attention to my surface, the possibility of erosion by rain is very small."

He further analyzed the survival probabilities of several people and understood why Huang Ziya would be the first to die in Xiong Wenwen's prediction.

Feng Quan took action again.

His feet were covered with dirt, isolating the effects of stagnant water. Each step caused a mass of dirt to fall, leaving muddy footprints behind.

Soon.

He reached the nearest menacing ghost, and without hesitating, grabbed the hand that held the Black Umbrella.

A cold, stiff feeling was transmitted.

The next moment, soil began to appear on the ghost's body, suppressing and burying it in Grave Soil,

This was Feng Quan's method of containing malicious ghosts. Once entirely covered by Grave Soil, the ghost would be thoroughly suppressed, falling into a dormant state, and without digging up the soil, the ghost had virtually no risk of escaping for a considerable time.

Thus, Feng Quan never needed to carry too many Gold containers on missions.

He could bury all the ghosts himself.

The pile of Grave Soil quickly covered the ghost with the Black Umbrella.

A new grave appeared before him.

A hand protruded from the new grave, holding a Black Umbrella aloft.

Feng Quan easily seized the Black Umbrella. The ghost, under the pressure of the Grave Soil, had no ability to resist, even losing its supernatural power.

After taking the Black Umbrella, he didn't immediately use it; he could pocket it.

One isn't enough.

He aimed to ensure Huang Ziya and Xiong Wenwen each had one, so in case the need arose, they wouldn't be without a Black Umbrella.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian, on his side, had vanished completely, leaving no trace behind. The only thing remaining was the supernatural weapon pinning down the ghost.

After disappearing, Yang Jian did not suffer any attacks from ghosts.

He remained unharmed.

"The surrounding light is recovering, and things are visible outside again." Suddenly, Yang Jian realized the light around him was getting brighter.

Rain was the first sound he heard.

The sound of rain falling on the umbrellas indicated that it was still raining around him; he hadn't escaped this supernatural place yet.

As his vision returned, Yang Jian's face changed.

He was still standing in the same spot, still in this village, under the rain. Yet, strangely, not far away, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, and Feng Quan had vanished.

"No, it's not them who disappeared, it's me," Yang Jian suddenly realized, noticing the supernatural weapon pinning the ghost wasn't beside him anymore.

The supernatural couldn't affect that weapon; he was sure of this.

So it could only be him that was affected.

The village remained the same as before. The only difference was that the rain had intensified...

It was a clear feeling. Yang Jian had stayed in the village for quite a while previously; the drizzle was constant and never increased, but now the rain had gotten heavier.

"This is a deeper Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he made a general judgment in his heart.

Similar to his own Ghost Domain, which could be stratified.

This Black Umbrella's Ghost Domain also had layers, the most notable difference being the size of the rainfall.

The bigger the rain, it seemed, the deeper the layer of the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was the world's redness increasing as the depth intensifies.

It's a clue, not difficult to analyze.

"So the real ghost is hidden in the deepest layers of the Ghost Domain. With these layers of domains and the isolation of the supernatural rain, my Firewood Knife curse couldn't effectively transmit in," Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, understanding blossomed in him.

He took a few steps forward with the Black Umbrella.

Cold stagnant water beneath.

The next instant.

Strange silhouettes appeared in the village. The figures weren't as numerous as before, nor as dense, but they conveyed a markedly perilous vibe.

It seemed as if the danger from the ghosts had increased.

"Rainwater cannot touch you, stagnant water either, otherwise ghosts would emerge... Given how damp the air is, even breathing might be wrong."

"And to enter deeper layers of the Ghost Domain, you must switch umbrellas."

Yang Jian quickly analyzed the causes, then raised his head to look at this Black Umbrella.

This is the umbrella of the first layer of the Ghost Domain. It seemed unable to endure the rainwater from the second layer, battered by the rain, gradually feeling like it might break, surely it would soon be damaged, given a bit more time.

A new umbrella is held by the ghost.

This forces you to take an umbrella from one of the ghosts here, then use that umbrella to enter the third layer of the Ghost Domain.

Upon reaching the third layer, you must seize another umbrella within that layer of domain... then the fourth layer, fifth layer.

And so on, until you find the source, take the true Black Umbrella, and put an end to this supernatural event.

Chapter 1018 Decreasing Quantity

In Xiong Wenwen's foresight, the second layer of this Ghost Domain did not appear.

The Black Umbrella seems to block certain supernatural explorations, such as Xiong Wenwen's deeper foresight or the curse of Yang Jian's Firewood Knife.

This blocking has made this Ghost Domain extremely unique, with the Black Umbrella acting as a passageway between the layers of the Ghost Domain, where these layers do not interfere with each other.

The surrounding villages look like they did before, but Yang Jian is now in the second layer of the Ghost Domain.

This sudden deepening was unexpected for Yang Jian.

He didn't even have time to retrieve his supernatural weapons, nor did he have time to notify Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, and Xiong Wenwen.

In the second layer of the Ghost Domain, the number of ghosts holding Black Umbrellas was significantly reduced, but their terrifying nature had noticeably increased, and Yang Jian could feel the chilling aura around growing more severe.

Yet none of this stopped Yang Jian from moving forward.

He looked up at the Black Umbrella in his hand that he brought from the first layer of the Ghost Domain.

The umbrella was deforming and breaking under the rain, and if it continued, the umbrella would be completely ruined, whereas the umbrellas in the hands of other ghosts remained intact.

So Yang Jian immediately realized.

He needed to replace it with a new umbrella.

This meant he needed to deal with one of the ghosts in the second layer of the Ghost Domain, seize its umbrella, and then repeat the previous step to enter the third layer of the Ghost Domain...

However.

What Yang Jian was very worried about at the moment was, how many layers of Ghost Domain actually existed in this eerie place?

If he delved too deeply, he might get lost; even if not lost, he could face unimaginable dangers in the subsequent layers of the Ghost Domain.

If he were to play it safe, Yang Jian should temporarily retreat, regroup with Feng Quan and the others, and then with supernatural artifacts, venture deeper into this Ghost Domain, rather than acting alone after becoming isolated.

But.

There was another worry.

That was, if he withdrew one step ahead, and Feng Quan and the others also ventured into the Ghost Domain, missing each other, wouldn't that be foolish?

A brief thought did not stop Yang Jian's actions.

Whether to retreat first or to act first, he must seize a Black Umbrella, for only then could he take the initiative.

"My umbrella can barely hold on, once the rain soaks me, I'll be attacked by the ghosts, and there are many ghosts in this layer of the Ghost Domain, wasting time and effort lingering here is a mistake."

Yang Jian understood. These ghosts in front of him were merely ghosts of the second layer of the Ghost Domain, not the source, so even dealing with them wouldn't solve the problem.

Immediately, he held the Black Umbrella and walked straight towards a ghost.

There was a lot of water pooled on the ground, and once it contaminated him, he'd be targeted by the ghosts. He knew this was a killing pattern, but there was no way to avoid it now.

Even standing still, the rainwater underfoot would still spread over.

However, based on previous situations, it was clear that ghosts from the first layer of the Ghost Domain couldn't enter the second layer, so theoretically, ghosts from the second layer shouldn't be able to enter the third layer either.

"As long as I act quickly, I can snatch the umbrella before getting surrounded by ghosts and leave this layer of the Ghost Domain, so speed is key in this supernatural event. Once surrounded, even someone of Captain Level could be outlasted and die."

Yang Jian roughly understood.

So he was decisive and basically ignored the effect of the water on the ground, instantly arriving in front of a ghost.

Yang Jian targeted this ghost, and the ghost also targeted Yang Jian.

Under the black veil, an indescribable eerie gaze was cast, and at this moment, Yang Jian triggered the ghost's killing pattern, the ghost began to move, the black veil covering its body gradually fell back, seeming to shed, or as if the ghost was struggling to reveal its form.

A blurry reflection appeared in the water, that reflection rippled like waves but soon, the rippling waves disappeared and the reflection became clearer.

The reflection under the ghost's feet was chilling.

It was actually Yang Jian's image... and the image of Yang Jian became ever clearer and more real.

Was the ghost holding the Black Umbrella actually Yang Jian himself?

And the water under Yang Jian's feet wavered, showing a reflection, that reflection seemed to merge with him, but the reflection was not his image, rather it was a ghost with a shrouded body in a black veil, mask unclear.

In a flash.

The human and ghost reflections in the water seemed to switch places.

The emergence of this supernatural phenomenon forebodes a descent of danger and horror, once this switch completes, Yang Jian in reality would likely suffer unimaginable assaults, this could even be a fatal curse.

No one dared to gamble on what would happen next.

But immediately after.

Ripples seemed to arise under the water, and the ghost's reflection under Yang Jian's feet rapidly blurred, then once again became his own reflection.

Because at this moment Yang Jian acted.

The Ghost Hand instantly grasped the icy cold hand of the ghost in front, the suppression of the Ghost Hand instantly formed.

Even without the Coffin Nail, the Ghost Hand still had the capacity to suppress a ghost.

At least this suppression was effective against these second-layer ghosts.

Upon forming the suppression, the ghost didn't resist, and Yang Jian effortlessly seized the black umbrella.

At this moment, the Black Umbrella in Yang Jian's hand had already started breaking apart, battered by the rain, with water seeping through. His actions were swift, had he delayed, the umbrella brought from the first layer would have completely disintegrated.

"Everything went smoothly, now to switch umbrellas."

He directly raised a new umbrella, then discarded the damaged one on the ground.

The new umbrella perfectly shielded against the rain here, showing no signs of damage from the rain.

But the water underfoot remained, indicating Yang Jian was still in a dangerous environment. Though he had suppressed the ghost in front and taken a Black Umbrella, there were still other ghosts around.

The numbers were fewer than before but still frighteningly many.

A series of eerie figures moved closer under their Black Umbrellas, causing the water underfoot to ripple.

The reflections appeared one by one in the water, constantly approaching Yang Jian's reflection, once they connected, Yang Jian's reflection would suffer supernatural erosion, becoming a ghost, and once this phenomenon was complete, he might be trapped in this layer of the Ghost Domain forever, caught in the Black Umbrella, unable to escape.

Yang Jian remained expressionless, eyeing those ghosts, his umbrella raised, as the surrounding light dimmed, dimmed... the bizarre changes from before appeared once more.

His vision disappeared until it was fully trapped in darkness.

Only the sound of raindrops striking the Black Umbrella could be heard, and as time passed, the sound of rain striking the umbrella seemed to intensify, growing louder.

The rain began to pour down once again.

The surrounding darkness quickly receded, and the light returned.

"Third layer of the Ghost Domain." Yang Jian took a deep breath, he had entered another deeper layer of the Supernatural World.

This was not a good place.

The deeper he fell, the more dangerous it became. This supernatural event was far less simple than it appeared, the deeper the contact, the more terrifying it grew.

Within this layer of the Ghost Domain, the village buildings seem significantly reduced, leaving only a few scattered houses, and the haunting spirits with black umbrellas are nowhere to be seen; at least, Yang Jian's glance around revealed none of those ghosts with black umbrellas.

The number of ghosts has been further reduced, and the extent of reduction is quite significant.

"The fewer the ghosts, the more terrifying they become; the more there are, the weaker they seem. The third layer's ghosts aren't likely easy to deal with." Yang Jian's expression became grave.

He didn't need to do anything now, just standing there could attract the ghosts.

That's because his feet were already soaked.

The rain from the sky poured down heavily, making crackling noises; the water accumulated on the ground formed streams everywhere, flooding the entire area, leaving no place to step. Even the air was filled with a misty white vapor, and with just a single breath, Yang Jian felt as though his body was frozen, an unspeakable coldness creeping into every part of his body.

Even his clothes felt damp.

The supernatural influence has grown substantially, one might even say that the eerie rain is eroding Yang Jian.

You absolutely mustn't stay in this place for over five minutes; no, the time could even be shorter.

Yang Jian looked up at the umbrella in his hand. The black paper stuck to the ribs was becoming deformed under the barrage of rain; it looked like it would soon break and be damaged.

Although he was already targeted by ghosts, he tried his best to avoid getting drenched by the rain because being exposed entirely to this rain would definitely not be a good thing.

"Here it comes."

Suddenly.

A ghost holding a black umbrella emerged from a residential building, still the same as before, draped in black gauze with only one hand visible. Its appearance was exactly like the one seen previously.

"One ghost?"

Yang Jian frowned: "No, four ghosts, six ghosts..."

He saw six black umbrellas appear nearby, and there were more in the distance, but they weren't worth considering; even counting those black umbrellas far away, the number of ghosts in this layer of the Ghost Domain was already clear.

At most, about twenty.

"This number suggests that the third layer of the Ghost Domain isn't the source and that there's a fourth layer, possibly even a fifth?" With this thought in mind, Yang Jian headed straight for the nearest ghost.

But before he got close, a horrifying scene unfolded.

The black gauze on the nearest ghost began to fade away rapidly; the faster he approached, the quicker it disappeared, and when Yang Jian slowed his pace, the disappearance slowed.

But this alone wasn't enough to alarm Yang Jian.

Because as the black gauze faded away, the revealed appearance was shockingly similar to his own.

There was no mistake; the ghost's build and height were identical to Yang Jian's, and as the gauze fell away from its face, it exposed a visage almost identical to Yang Jian's.

Simultaneously, a layer of black gauze began to envelop Yang Jian.

The surrounding view blurred, his body turned cold and stiff, even the ghost within him appeared to be asleep.

"My body can't move, then cloaked in black gauze, holding a black umbrella... Doesn't this make me one of the ghosts in the third layer of the Ghost Domain?" Yang Jian broke out in a cold sweat.

"Assimilation?"

"So it's like this, it's like this; the ghosts in the first layer of the Ghost Domain are victims from before, those who were assimilated. The ghosts appearing in the second layer are the same, but ordinary people can't enter the second layer, so the people assimilated there must be special personnel with certain supernatural abilities, hence, each layer has fewer people."

"To reach the third layer, you must be a formidable ghost-wielder, so there are even fewer ghosts here. Twenty or so ghosts; does this imply that more than twenty ghost-wielders once entered this third layer and remained here?"

"If the fourth layer still harbors ghosts, does that mean even elite ghost-wielders have died in this Ghost Domain? What about the fifth layer? Have even captain-level characters perished?"

Judging from the reduction in numbers, Yang Jian thought that the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain might have at least eight ghosts, the fifth layer at least two.

The more he thought, the more uneasy and horrified he felt.

Entering the fourth and fifth layers unprepared would be extremely risky.

Things mustn't persist in error; it was crucial to cut losses and retreat.

The edge was lost, and forcing entry into the fourth layer now would make it difficult to deal with the source ghosts.

Moreover, the numerical advantage had vanished from this supernatural incident.

Every layer of the Ghost Domain isolates some people, and dying here would only increase the number of terrifying spirits, which was utterly frightening.

If ghost-wielders died here, the killing techniques possessed by the ghosts might be varied.

This was like a blind box.

If Yang Jian died here, someday if someone entered and encountered him, they might face Yang Jian as a resurrected ghost.

Though it was speculative, the possibility couldn't be dismissed.

Ghosts were approaching, black gauze enveloping him, Yang Jian felt cold everywhere; his body grew unresponsive, even his consciousness was affected.

Everything felt so cold, so cold... it seemed like finding a place to sleep.

"Mustn't hesitate, retreat immediately."

Yang Jian, without a second thought, activated his most powerful supernatural ability, rebooting himself.

He intended to revert his state to two minutes prior.

A red glow enveloped him.

The reboot needed to open to the seventh layer; this layer of the Ghost Domain seemed to disperse even the dense rain in the sky, unable to approach.

The chilling sensation on Yang Jian's body rapidly retreated.

In the next moment.

He recovered.

Yet, something inexplicable happened; the rain around him lessened; no, not right, it wasn't the rain getting lighter, but Yang Jian had inexplicably returned to the second layer of the Ghost Domain.

There were more ghosts around than before, beside him lay a broken umbrella.

This proved Yang Jian had been here previously.

"I only rebooted myself, not the surrounding area, why did I end up back in the third layer of the Ghost Domain?" Yang Jian was puzzled.

He pondered for a while, reaching no conclusion.

Could only guess, this was supernatural rejection.

The reboot conflicted with the three-layer Ghost Domain, causing him to be reverse consumed.

Yet, Yang Jian discovered another detail.

He had brought the black umbrella from the third layer of the Ghost Domain back to the second layer.

In this moment, although Yang Jian's feet were drenched, he did not face an attack from the ghosts of the second layer of the Ghost Domain.

This is an astonishing revelation.

In a subtle way.

Yang Jian seemed to understand something, comprehend the ominous role of the black umbrella.

Chapter 1019 - Failed Operation

Through the restart, Yang Jian evaded the attack of the fierce ghost and once again returned to the second layer of the Ghost Domain.

The danger level of the second layer of the Ghost Domain was noticeably lower. Although there were ghosts nearby, they did not attack him immediately.

"The Black Umbrella from the third layer of the Ghost Domain appeared in the second layer. Under normal circumstances, this would never happen, but the restart caused a supernatural disturbance," Yang Jian pondered.

The umbrella in his hand could easily ward off the strange rain, showing no signs of damage.

This indicated that a deeper Black Umbrella could fend off supernatural erosion. If he acquired the original Black Umbrella, Yang Jian might enter and exit these layers of the Ghost Domain at will, without fear of any influence.

"If my thoughts are correct, then the terrifying extent of this supernatural item, the Black Umbrella, is far greater than I imagined. It could isolate the curse of the Firewood Knife, which means that as long as a living person uses the umbrella, they can ignore any ghostly curse and even send ghosts into deeper layers of the Ghost Domain, essentially creating a perfect cage."

"It could serve as a way to confine fierce ghosts, and it's even highly effective against ghost tamers."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

He felt that he had discovered yet another extremely important supernatural item, even more important than the Firewood Knife he found in the Caesar Hotel before.

The current issue, however, was that delving deeper into the Ghost Domain and seizing the Black Umbrella from the hands of the fierce ghost was not easy.

The process was very perilous.

Yang Jian's previous retreat was the best evidence.

Meanwhile.

In the first layer of this Ghost Domain.

Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, and Xiong Wenwen were staying here. Although Yang Jian had disappeared, they were still safe for now because the danger level of this layer of the Ghost Domain was the smallest. In fact, this Ghost Domain couldn't even trap a person. It was merely a range shrouded in drizzle, with no restrictions on their comings and goings.

It was precisely because the danger level of the first layer of the Ghost Domain was small that it gave people the illusion that this supernatural event was no big deal.

In reality, Yang Jian initially thought so too.

Feng Quan was also misled.

He easily buried three fierce ghosts and effortlessly took three Black Umbrellas, then handed them to Huang Ziya and Xiong Wenwen respectively.

"One umbrella per person. According to Yang Jian's earlier method, as long as we open the Black Umbrella, we will disappear. I suspect this disappearance isn't real but entering some unknown supernatural place where we might find the source of the fierce ghost and meet up with Yang Jian,"

Feng Quan said, "Of course, there's also the possibility of encountering danger. What will happen exactly requires us to adapt accordingly."

"Isn't this a bit too rash? The three of us can't compare to the captain. The captain might be fine if he disappears, but if we disappear, we might die. I suggest we wait, at least for the captain's message," Huang Ziya said.

Feng Quan said, "There's no information coming through. This rain is peculiar, disrupting many things, including the signal on our phones. It's likely hard for Yang Jian to get a message to us. So, we have to find him rather than sitting here waiting for the supernatural to erode our bodies. The air around us is already very moist. Didn't you see those ghosts all looking over this way?"

"If this continues, the ghosts won't just be looking at us; they'll swarm us, and people will die. So, there are only two paths before us: either retreat or go meet up with Yang Jian."

"Are we really going to turn around now and leave Yang Jian here without any concern?"

Xiong Wenwen said, "We definitely can't ignore Xiao Yang. Ditching teammates easily leads to having no one left to rely on."

"Let's go find the captain and meet up," Huang Ziya decided without further hesitation.

Feng Quan nodded, "I'll help Yang Jian take that supernatural weapon over."

He hadn't forgotten about the cracked golden lance standing on the ground not far away, the supernatural weapon Yang Jian often used. This supernatural weapon was very peculiar, formed from many supernatural entities. If one didn't understand the pattern and method of usage, it was extremely dangerous.

So Feng Quan had no intention of using it, only thinking to take it away and not leave it behind.

He approached, examined the cracked lance, then reached out to grasp it.

Just a touch made Feng Quan's face change abruptly. He felt as if he was holding a cold, lifeless hand. An inexplicable sense of crisis surged in his heart. It seemed that if he casually used this supernatural weapon, he could easily trigger some dreadful curse and might even be killed on the spot.

"An illusion?"

Feng Quan thought to himself. He felt he was overthinking it. If this supernatural weapon was dangerous just to touch, then Yang Jian wouldn't be holding it all the time.

Putting aside his uneasy thoughts, Feng Quan decisively pulled the supernatural weapon from the ground.

It was heavy.

It weighed more than expected.

But after picking it up, the feeling of unease not only failed to dissipate but intensified even more.

Feng Quan furrowed his brow, planning to retreat from here.

At this moment, a voice suddenly rang out: "Wait a minute, it's best not to move, or you'll be killed by this supernatural item."

Red light enveloped the surroundings, flashing briefly. Yang Jian appeared, holding a Black Umbrella.

He used the Ghost Domain forcefully to confront the second layer of the Ghost Domain and succeeded in getting out.

But it was difficult. If it were in the third or fourth layers of the Ghost Domain, he might not be able to ignore the supernatural interference and get out, because while leaving the second layer of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian had to use the pause of the six-layer Ghost Domain to temporarily ignore the interference of the rain to escape smoothly.

As soon as Yang Jian appeared, he reached to steady the cracked lance in Feng Quan's hand.

Balance was crucial. If Feng Quan continued to hold it and lost balance, the deadly curse would kill him. To avoid triggering this curse, he shouldn't grip the part covered with human skin, which he hadn't paid attention to, putting him on the brink of danger without knowing it.

"Yang Jian, you're back?" Feng Quan's eyes moved slightly, "How are things going?"

"Not good, this supernatural event is not easy to solve. The deeper I go, the more perilous it feels. It's best if you don't go deeper into this Ghost Domain; otherwise, not only will you find it impossible to escape, but you might die inside," Yang Jian said gravely, his words filled with danger and worry.

"Thankfully, you arrived in time; otherwise, we were ready to venture deeper into this supernatural place," Feng Quan released his grip, returning the supernatural weapon to its owner, and then said.

Huang Ziya was very surprised, "Even the captain can't handle it?"

"I'm not confident. If an accident occurs, I might die here," Yang Jian shook his head, "Of course, part of the reason is the unclear pattern and inadequate preparation. If we were better prepared, we wouldn't be so passive."

"So should we prepare more and continue to take action, or what?" Feng Quan asked.

Yang Jian replied, "For now, let's stop. This supernatural event is delayed. I don't want an issue to arise at this critical juncture."

He still needed to get to the fifth floor of the post office, so it wasn't the right time for risks. Without full assurance of dealing with this fierce ghost, he would choose to give up.

Unless the Post Office matter is completely resolved, he will not risk venturing into the depths of this Black Umbrella Ghost Domain.

"If we don't deal with it, the ghost moving away from here could cause very serious consequences," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian replied, "Temporarily block this area. Additionally, Feng Quan, keep an eye on it. If the ghost moves away, use the white Ghost Candle to lure it back, ensuring the ghost stays in this area. Don't worry, it won't take too long. Next time, I'll take care of it."

"It's the only way."

"It's like I came for nothing. Only my Daddy Xiong is unlucky, inexplicably having two premonitions," Xiong Wenwen said angrily.

Yang Jian said, "Your premonitions aren't perfect, and this mission wasn't in vain either. I've already learned the ghost's pattern of killing and some supernatural secrets. It'll be much easier next time; I just don't have the time and don't want to complicate things. If not for the Ghost Post Office matter entangling me, I could have resolved it this time."

"You are the boss; you make the decisions," Feng Quan said.

Huang Ziya breathed a slight sigh of relief.

This is a good decision because going deeply into paranormal territory without absolute certainty is extremely dangerous.

In the premonition, she had already died in this supernatural incident.

This was enough to illustrate the problem.

So, stopping in time meant the future had changed, making her very safe this time.

"Let's go, no need to waste time," Yang Jian glanced at the vengeful ghost holding an umbrella nearby and quickly left with the three of them.

They left the rainy area and returned to the vehicles on the highway.

But to be careful, Yang Jian still opened his Ghost Eye and used the Ghost Domain.

He directly altered the topography of the nearby supernatural-covered area, making the earth rise, forming high walls encircling and enclosing the abandoned village under the ghostly rain.

"You changed the landscape for dozens of miles; your Ghost Domain is truly convenient," Feng Quan marveled, seeing a distant mountain range.

This supernatural power is akin to a great force, able to change climate and terrain.

He couldn't achieve this; his Ghost Fog was still lacking.

At least it couldn't cover such a vast area.

And for Yang Jian, it was just a matter of a glance.

"I'll pay special attention to the situation here and continue with the action next time," Feng Quan said immediately.

Yang Jian nodded, "Let's get in the car and head back."

"Xiao Yang, this is your fault. You have a Ghost Domain, so why bother driving? Isn't that a waste of time?" Xiong Wenwen said.

"You can foresee but don't foresee all day long," Yang Jian said.

Xiong Wenwen opened his eyes wide, "Makes sense."

Soon, the vehicle started, and they returned to the city center of Dachang City without success.

On the way, Yang Jian roughly went over the information he had obtained and the patterns he had discovered, informing Huang Ziya and Feng Quan.

"Later, you guys should continue to improve the paranormal archive of the Black Umbrella, recording what we discovered this time," Yang Jian said.

Feng Quan said, "That's no problem. I just didn't expect this paranormal event to be so dangerous, with one layer of Ghost Domain after another. You only reached the third layer and encountered a terrifying attack; there are more layers behind. To find the source ghost and that ultimate Black Umbrella, who knows how many more ghostly attacks you might have to endure."

"In such a situation, without full preparation, it was right to retreat in time," Huang Ziya said. "So next time, the accumulation of water on the ground is key. We need to find a way to isolate the effects of ground water accumulation."

"Make a pair of Gold shoes?" Xiong Wenwen immediately said.

"That's a method," Yang Jian didn't deny.

Huang Ziya said, "Then I'll customize them after we get back, ready for the next mission. The white Ghost Candle is also needed because if the supernatural rain is isolated, the ghost won't appear on its own, so we'll need to use the white Ghost Candle to lure the ghost out."

"Indeed, your thinking is very thorough," Feng Quan nodded.

The few of them discussed briefly, and soon they roughly formulated the next action plan.

Therefore, this action did indeed have a significant impact, obtaining the most important information with the smallest cost.

"Xiao Yang, don't forget what you promised me before; remember to go on a date with my mom when we get back," Xiong Wenwen brought up something again.

Yang Jian said, "Tonight, Li Yang and I will leave Dachang City and head to the Ghost Post Office; let's talk about it next time."

"Next time, next time again. My mom is getting older; she might not be able to get married if she gets too old." Xiong Wenwen was annoyed.

"The captain has the Deceiving Ghost, which can affect living bodies, making it easy to help your mom regain her youth," Huang Ziya said with a smile.

Xiong Wenwen said, "No way, that ghostly thing is not trustworthy. It might restore her today, and her body could rot tomorrow."

"You're cursing me," Huang Ziya glared at him.

During the conversation, they already arrived at Shangtong Tower in Dachang City.

Did the mission fail?

Their appearance attracted a lot of attention. The gloomy rain outside the suburbs was still there, making it easy to conclude that the paranormal incident hadn't been resolved.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian, can even he fail? That's rare."

"No personnel were lost, no injuries, and they spent little time; they probably didn't really intend to resolve it, but just probed a little."

"It's really a pity. If they lost one or two people now, it would be interesting."

Many hidden intelligence agents in Shangtong Tower were passing messages and silently evaluating.

Many wanted to see Yang Jian fail, or even die in a supernatural incident.

But unfortunately, this time many were disappointed.

Yang Jian was very aware there were moles in the company; he also wanted to clean them out. As long as he was alive, occasionally showing up was the greatest deterrent.

Chapter 1020 - A New Layer

"So, did this action fail this time?"

In the topmost office of Shangtong Tower, Tong Qian was on duty today. He saw Yang Jian, Feng Quan, and others return and understood the outcome of this matter.

"Not a failure, just postponed."

Yang Jian stood by the bar in the office, poured a glass of cola, and took a sip.

"Entering that Ghost Domain rashly, if we fail, we might get trapped inside, or even die inside. I have other things to do, can't delay for too long."

"Xiao Yang, that's not right. You seemed pretty laid-back a couple of days ago," Xiong Wenwen, playing on his phone, suddenly looked up and said.

Yang Jian couldn't be bothered to explain.

How long has it been since he came back from the delivery task?

It's only been a three-day break, and during these three days, he did quite a lot. Although it seemed leisurely, it was all business-related.

"The area where the ghost is located is temporarily sealed off. We'll handle it next time, it shouldn't be a problem. Although we didn't resolve this supernatural incident this time, we gained a lot of useful information and had no casualties, so it can hardly be called a failure."

Feng Quan, being experienced, understood that handling supernatural incidents cannot be rushed.

A single unsuccessful attempt doesn't matter, as long as nothing is lost, it's a gain.

This time we found the ghost's killing pattern; next time, action will be more effective.

"When will the next action be? Can I participate?" Tong Qian was quite proactive.

He was very keen on handling supernatural events, similar to Feng Quan, because they felt that such events were a tremendous threat to the city and must be nipped in the bud as early as possible.

"No time has been set yet. We'll talk about it when I return next time. I'm going out today. Matters in Dachang City will still be entrusted to you as before," Yang Jian said.

"I have already discussed with Feng Quan to regularly light the white Ghost Candle to attract the ghost to one spot, so it doesn't wander elsewhere. Although it's a bit tiring, the risk is very low, and you can easily handle this job."

"Alright then, we'll take action next time." Tong Qian nodded.

At this moment.

Zhang Liqin walked into the office and came to Yang Jian's side softly saying, "President Yang, someone named Zheng Yue came from out of town, saying he's looking for you. He has the address you gave him and is holding a red balloon."

"Let him come up." Yang Jian's expression shifted, and he gestured for him to be allowed up.

He remembered the matter; a few days ago, having just escaped from the ancient house, not wanting too much trouble, he had someone convey the red balloon, and unexpectedly, this person was quite diligent and actually delivered it.

The red balloon is a supernatural item, relatively special, holding some value.

Soon enough.

A man in a suit with a haggard face, holding a red balloon in his hand, walked over from the elevator entrance.

He had a slightly surprised look in his eyes.

He had initially come to Dachang City with a "let's see" attitude, not expecting all the information here to be true, that this person was indeed in Shangtong Tower and seemed to have a considerable status.

Soon enough.

Zheng Yue entered the expansive office, his eyes took in the bizarre individuals around him: a child resembling a paper figure, a man with a face akin to a dead person's pallor, and a woman so stunningly beautiful she seemed almost unreal... Lastly, he saw the person drinking cola by the bar.

Yang Jian said, "You are very trustworthy. Zhang Liqin, take the balloon and store it in the safe room."

Zhang Liqin nodded, her expression slightly serious. She took a look at the unusually vibrant red balloon, understanding that it must involve a supernatural item and not be an ordinary balloon. But since Yang Jian had her handle it, he must have determined it wasn't dangerous,

Indeed.

Once Zhang Liqin took over, everything was normal, with no danger whatsoever.

"Then the matter you promised before, does it still hold?" The man named Zheng Yue, with a somewhat ingratiating smile.

He now understood that this person in Dachang City was a figure of considerable power, not as simple as he might seem on the surface.

"Of course it holds, you'll understand when you return," Yang Jian waved and gestured for him to leave.

Zheng Yue, puzzled and not understanding, nodded with a smile and left.

"Captain, what did you promise him?" asked Huang Ziya.

Yang Jian replied, "Nothing much, just something about a promotion and raise."

"So, you deceived him?" Huang Ziya chuckled.

Yang Jian retorted in surprise, "No, why would I deceive an ordinary person? Is that necessary?"

He naturally hadn't deceived this person because when he left earlier, he had modified the memories of several important people at Zheng Yue's company. As soon as Zheng Yue returned from Dachang City, those memories would activate, and then they would support him unconditionally for promotion and raise. This departmental consensus left even the boss no room to oppose.

Of course, if Zheng Yue hadn't come to Dachang City, or if he came but didn't return to his company, then those memories would never activate.

The power of the supernatural is that terrifying.

In front of Yang Jian, an ordinary person's memory could be toyed with freely, and the person wouldn't notice a single thing.

Having dealt with some trivial matters,

Yang Jian didn't stay long in the company. After discussing and arranging a few things, he left early. Before leaving, he checked the coffin in the safe room of his office.

An extremely ordinary coffin.

The coffin itself wasn't special; the contents within it were.

Originally, the coffin held the corpse of a fierce ghost, something brought from his hometown, the source of the phenomenon known as Ghost Dream.

However, since the last nightmare ended, the corpse inside the coffin has been continuously undergoing strange transformations.

First, it rotted, then grew black hair. An originally ordinary corpse was evolving into something unrecognizable.

Yang Jian understood, this is the supernatural meddling with reality, with the source of Ghost Dream undergoing changes, so in reality, the image of the fierce ghost's corpse is also altering.

And upon this inspection, he could basically confirm.

The image of the Ghost Dream corpse had completely morphed into something unfamiliar, though not entirely formed yet, it could be identified.

It had become a large black dog covered entirely in thick black fur.

This indicated that the source of the Ghost Dream was no longer the ghost it had been but had become a large black dog.

"A dog, set to replace the fierce ghost within the Ghost Dream, will awaken and become a true anomaly." Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart, while secretly anticipating the awakening of this dog.

In the supernatural circle, no one would have guessed that the one harnessing the Ghost Dream and becoming an anomaly isn't a human, but a dog.

But this was the best outcome.

The living had no way to control the ghost within the Ghost Dream, so Yang Jian's father realized this and pulled a dog into the Ghost Dream to find a way to suppress the fierce ghost.

After all, having a dog harness the fierce ghost is far better than letting Ghost Dream spiral out of control and evolve into an unsolvable supernatural incident.

At least up until now, Yang Jian wasn't confident he could survive within the Ghost Dream.

"Within a month, this dog will completely replace it; by then, it will awaken, inheriting all the ghost's traits."

Yang Jian closed the coffin again after the inspection, then shut the door of the safe house.

This kind of inspection wasn't the first time; every once in a while, he would observe the progress.

Last time in the ghost dream back home, Yang Jian's father mentioned that the process of transformation and replacement could take as quick as a month or as slow as three months. Now it seems that the fierce ghost in that ghost dream is more difficult to deal with than imagined.

More than two months have passed, and the replacement and transformation are only seventy to eighty percent complete.

However, the ghost in the ghost dream has been largely replaced, and complete replacement is only a matter of time.

In other words, the fierce ghost in the ghost dream is almost finished.

And indeed, it was just as Yang Jian had guessed.

Inside that coffin, some kind of supernatural connection linked to a dream world.

It was a forest.

The forest wasn't large, yet it seemed like an entire world.

From within the forest came the low growls of wolf dogs, one, two, three...a real pack of wolf dogs woven through the old woods, running swiftly.

A strange figure, incomplete and covered in scars.

It felt no pain, nor fatigue, only trying to escape this place, but no matter how it fled, it always ended up being knocked down by the wolf dogs and torn apart to death.

But after one strange figure died, another appeared, and so on.

An endless cycle of deaths has played out in this old forest countless times.

And the wolf dogs, after biting the fierce ghost to death in the dream, have become increasingly fierce.

Previously there was only one wolf dog, but now there is a whole pack.

Each wolf dog is identical, just like the fierce ghost, all derived from the supernatural.

The true source wolf dog, however, is only one.

That source wolf dog sat silhouetted in front of a small wooden cabin in the old woods like a guardian, loyally watching over this cabin.

The wooden cabin was now empty, and no one would ever live there again.

But the cabin still maintained the appearance of being inhabited, so this dog awaited its owner's return, protecting the cabin from being approached by the fierce ghost, charging up furiously to bite it to death if it got too close.

However.

The ghost did not think of entering this wooden cabin, but since the ghost appeared in this forest, the wolf dogs had already regarded it as an enemy.

They bit recklessly, without any regard.

After all, the ghost couldn't leave this forest, and if it wandered aimlessly, it would eventually be targeted by the wolf dogs.

In countless cycles, there were a few instances where the ghost managed to stay far enough from the cabin, resulting in a standoff throughout the night. The ghost was lucky to survive one night without being bitten to death.

But the second night was even more terrifying because two dogs would appear... If the ghost was lucky again not to be bitten to death the second night, then three dogs would appear on the third day.

The ghost's luckiest time was when it survived twelve consecutive nights.

But in the end, it was chased down by twelve dogs, torn apart horribly, and died more miserably than any other time.

Only this scene all took place within the dog's dream, and no one knew what was happening there.

And no one knew how many cycles had occurred in this forest in total.

Thousands? Tens of thousands? Or even hundreds of thousands?

But the only thing known is.

The ghost's body became increasingly tattered and was on the brink of disappearing completely...

In reality, Yang Jian had now returned to the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

He needed to prepare some things, then planned to act with Li Yang again, heading to the fifth floor of the post office.

The fifth floor was the last level, and with luck, they could thoroughly solve this supernatural place this time. Time was urgent, and he didn't want to wait any longer, especially since Sun Rui, the person in charge in Dahan City, was still guarding the first floor of the post office.

If they were late, Sun Rui might not hold on and die in the post office.

Yang Jian did not want to see this result happen.

So he came to Li Yang's home.

But at this time, Li Yang was in the yard with his family, happily grilling skewers.

"Captain? You're just in time. Come, have some food, freshly grilled beef skewers."

When Li Yang saw Yang Jian appear, he first paused, then smiled and enthusiastically offered a freshly grilled skewer.

"This skill I learned from the barbecue shop downstairs at the company, guaranteed to taste good."

Yang Jian greeted Li Yang's family first, then took the skewer and said, "When did your family move to Dachang City? I didn't see them before."

"They just moved recently. I used to live in Dayuan City, but it wasn't peaceful there either."

Li Yang lowered his voice and said, "So I had already prepared for my family to move, but too many things kept happening, delaying it again and again, until when we went out, my family finally all moved over."

"Luckily, Captain, this community is big enough, and there are enough houses, no need to worry about a place to live."

He then smiled again.

"With me in Dachang City, it's relatively safer than other places, and any city with the captain will be very safe in the future."

Yang Jian said, "It's a trend, and the headquarters is also clear, letting the captain stay stationed in big cities to ensure stability. I'm lucky to have been the person in charge of Dachang City before; otherwise, I'd have to move to another big city."

Li Yang nodded.

The two ate some food and talked for a while before he finally said, "Captain, when are we departing this time?"

Yang Jian looked around and said, "No rush, we'll go after we finish eating, relax a bit."

"Then I'll listen to the captain." Li Yang knew they would be going on a business trip again this time.

Although it's hard and dangerous, he didn't have any complaints.

After all, no one else was idle either; they all had to deal with supernatural events around the city, and no one was really free or relaxed.

Two hours later.

Time reached five o'clock.

Yang Jian and Li Yang planned to set off because they had to go to the fifth floor of the post office before six. If they waited until after six, they would have to go to the post office tomorrow.

Because after six, the post office lights would go out, and it would be dangerous to go at that time.

Going an hour early is safer too,

But going early isn't necessarily safe either; after all, it's a supernatural place, and many things are unpredictable.