

Revival 111

Chapter 111: Returning the Coffin

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The situation had reached a point where the cause and effect of the supernatural events in Huanggang Village were all made clear.

A village formed by ghosts.

A person attempting to use the Ghost Coffin to fully transform into a ghost.

The real purpose of the company that posted this task was not to resolve the supernatural incidents here, nor to save the ghost controller Feng Quan, but to obtain the Ghost Coffin.

A coffin believed to have the ability to turn a person completely into a ghost.

Although not successful, it still held high research value.

If a breakthrough could be found from this Ghost Coffin, perhaps global supernatural incidents could be effectively curbed.

However, Feng Quan's selfishness led to the ghost inside the coffin being unable to return to it.

It continued to wander through the village.

That was the true source of terror.

And the solution was actually very simple.

There was no need to deal with ghosts; dealing with people was enough.

At this moment, the Headless Ghost Shadow was holding Feng Quan's head—it was pale, bloodless, yet still alive.

Who knew what kind of ghost within him was maintaining this miracle of living even with his body decapitated.

However, after taking Feng Quan's head, the Headless Ghost Shadow didn't just hold it in its hands but slowly lifted it up and placed it onto its own neck.

The instinct of the fierce ghost was driving it to assemble a perfect body.

This behaviour was not under Yang Jian's control.

"Another indirect loss of control, right?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

The next moment, numerous crimson ghost eyes opened on the Headless Ghost Shadow's body.

It was pinned to the ground once again by the eyes, becoming a shadow.

Feng Quan's head fell off and rolled onto the ground.

"Yang Jian, having entered the Ghost Coffin, you should know that us, fully transformed into ghosts, can perfectly control the ghosts inside our bodies. Handing this coffin over to a ghost is simply foolish," he continued to struggle, growling.

He was trying to make Yang Jian abandon the idea.

“You are a ghost controller, with grand thoughts of being a savior, but I’m just a small fry. I just want to survive. Because of that so-called possibility you’re after, should all of us be sacrificed here? Do you think I would agree? Ridiculous, life is already gone, there’s no need to worry about so much.” Yang Jian said earnestly.

“Stop talking, the ghost... it’s entered.”

Yang Jian then moved the unconscious Zhang Han, along with Feng Quan’s head and his body, all to one side, gathering them together.

So as not to become the first targets of the ghost if they were scattered.

A man entered the room again.

It was an old man dressed as a farmer, somewhat lean and wearing simple clothes.

His face showed no sign of life, carrying an icy, deathly aura.

This old man was Liu Genrong, who Yang Jian had previously asked for information when entering the village.

But now, he had become this ghost’s new identity.

After Liu Genrong entered, his grey-white pupils showed no sparkle; he didn’t look at Yang Jian and the others in the corner but instead focused on the open coffin.

The Ghost Coffin was now empty and unoccupied.

After a brief pause, Liu Genrong walked directly toward the coffin.

Yang Jian’s eyes narrowed, and a sense of apprehension rose in his heart.

Even though he knew what was about to happen, the close encounter with an unsolvable ghost still caused a spine-chilling fear.

“Please let there be no complications, just lie down in the coffin obediently; we’ve even made room for you,” he prayed silently in his heart.

Aside from the ghost entering the coffin, there was another possibility.

That it would strike at them first.

If that were the case, it would be disastrous.

The now-ghostly Liu Genrong had reached the side of the Ghost Coffin, less than two meters away from Yang Jian in the corner.

With one more step, he could be reached out and grabbed.

But this time was fortunate.

The ghostly Liu Genrong did not attack Yang Jian.

Perhaps because the ghosts within Yang Jian, Zhang Han, and Feng Quan outnumbered those he could suppress, not meeting the necessary conditions for a certain death, he chose to give up.

Or perhaps returning to the Ghost Coffin had a higher priority than anything else.

At that moment,

Yang Jian saw the old Liu Genrong, bracing himself on the edge of the coffin, support his body with one arm, and fall into the Ghost Coffin with an eerie motion, which eerily resembled... a Thomas salto. Not even an athlete's movements are as precise as his.

Fortunately, it was only half a turn.

If it had been a few more turns, and he performed some kind of routine, that would have been too perfect of an image.

"Finally, it's in. My guess wasn't wrong; its true purpose was this," Yang Jian thought to himself.

"Crack, crackle~!"

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Subsequently, a pair of somewhat lean and coarse hands covered in field dirt stretched out from inside the coffin, grabbing the side of the coffin lid that had been moved aside, and then began to slowly shift it.

The coffin lid was positioned back into place by those hands.

With a loud thump.

The lid fell into place.

Perfectly sealed, the Ghost Coffin was again covered, restored to its original state.

Immediately.

Calm returned to the mourning hall.

The expected outcome had come to pass, startling yet harmless.

The ghost had returned to the Ghost Coffin.

This paranormal event should now be over.

“It won’t come out again, will it?” Yang Jian stared at the Ghost Coffin for quite a while.

He was not reassured and continued to watch closely.

The Ghost Coffin remained still, showing no signs of the lid suddenly being pushed open to let the ghost out again.

If the ghost really tried to come out again, Yang Jian was determined to hold down its coffin lid with all his might.

It was just a question of whether he could hold it down or not.

But the difficulty would certainly be immense, at least much harder than holding down the coffin lids of Newton, Einstein, and the like.

“It’s over.”

After nearly an hour of vigilance, Yang Jian was finally certain.

The ghost, once it had entered the Ghost Coffin, surely wouldn’t come out so easily again.

Unless some idiot opened the Ghost Coffin again and willingly let out the ghost inside, causing another incident.

Perhaps that was what happened in Huanggang Village before, when someone in the village was handling funeral affairs and bought a Ghost Coffin from somewhere, inadvertently releasing the ghost inside, leading to the disaster.

“Now, are you satisfied?”

Feng Quan’s head lay on the ground; he was still alive, a numb look in his eyes mixed with inexplicable anger.

Yang Jian said, “You don’t need to thank me, at least I saved your life.”

“You destroyed a chance to save the world,” Feng Quan said.

“The world doesn’t need us to save it, we just need to save ourselves,” Yang Jian replied.

Feng Quan fell silent; he didn’t say anything more, just commented, “Your words make some sense.”

“Makes a lot of sense, right? I saw it on a forum,” Yang Jian said. “Some motivational quotes, like ‘If it hurts, let go,’ ‘Don’t argue with fools,’ ‘If you’re capable, come hit me,’ stuff like that.”

“You really should go online sometimes instead of lying in a coffin pretending to be dead.”

“If you reattach my head, I might consider it,” Feng Quan replied.

Yang Jian said, “That’s impossible, you are the only thing I’ve gained from this trip to Ghost Village... This venture has left me penniless, my millions reduced to barely two million. Thank you for letting me experience the feeling of getting rich overnight and going broke in the same night. Besides, since you control ghosts, I can’t just kill you easily, lest I revive a vengeful ghost and it causes me huge trouble. But I can sell you, after all, you have two ghosts inside you.”

As he spoke, he came over carrying a body bag.

“...” Feng Quan’s numb eyes regarded him with a mix of shock and doubt.

This man was actually thinking of selling him off?

And so.

Yang Jian moved Feng Quan’s body inside the body bag.

As for his head.

Yang Jian stuffed it into his buttocks.

Letting him taste a different kind of despair.

“This bag’s worth at least two hundred million; surely someone will take it off my hands,” Yang Jian thought to himself.

He turned to force a sale on some company.

After all, it’s all ghosts.

There shouldn’t be any difference.

“Wait.”

Suddenly, he turned his gaze to Zhang Han who was nearby.

Yang Jian immediately got up, picked up his suitcase, and prepared to discard the body inside to make room for him as well.

“Yang Jian, you’re not thinking of selling me too, are you?”

Zhang Han, who had by then awoken, said in horror, “I’ve never harmed you.”

“But you look quite pale. Are you about to be possessed by a vengeful spirit? Anyway, dying out there is still dying, why not just benefit me instead?”

Yang Jian said, “At the very least, I can split the proceeds with your wife fifty-fifty. Whatever’s earned from the sale, half will go to your family. You can rest assured, I’ll make sure it’s all properly arranged; I won’t let you suffer a loss.”

“I, I feel like I can still live a little longer...” Zhang Han said, his face turning red with a strong desire to survive.

Chapter 112: Leaving the Village

As the ghost in the village entered the Ghost Coffin, the supernatural events here could be declared temporarily over.

Without the influence of the malicious ghost, the gloomy sky outside the house was gradually brightening.

The Black Night was dissipating.

But at the same time disappearing was... the entire Huanggang Village.

Yes.

Huanggang Village was vanishing.

Just like a mirage, as sunlight shone on the entire village, all its buildings, houses, and roads were gradually being erased as if they were paintings on paper.

All traces left by the malevolent ghosts ceased to exist after that ghost entered the Ghost Coffin.

Yang Jian, who was moving things into the car, saw this scene and his face slightly changed.

“The village is going to disappear,” said Zhang Han, who was injured, in shock.

“It’s just temporarily gone. Once that ghost comes out of the coffin again, Huanggang Village will reappear,” said Yang Jian. “But by then, what that ghost in the coffin will turn into is unknown.”

“Perhaps its Terror Level could be defined as high as S,” he added.

In the file, the supernatural event of Huanggang Village was only defined as B, the danger level.

Because the ghost in the village wasn’t the kind that wandered everywhere.

The danger level was greatly reduced.

But the Terror Level was very high.

Ghost controllers who encountered it without understanding its patterns would undoubtedly die; only by confronting it head-on from the start was there a chance to contain it.

And once the first ghost controller died.

The ghost's abilities would increase again, starting to snowball, and by that time, it would have become very difficult to deal with.

Yang Jian and a few others from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club had experienced this kind of desperate situation.

"It's better if this ghost village never reappears. It's an unsolvable ghost. If it comes out again, the price to pay won't be so small," said Zhang Han.

"That's a problem for later. There are ghosts with even higher Terror Levels than this. Why should we worry? Let's take things one step at a time," Yang Jian said as he threw the body bag containing Feng Quan's corpse into the car.

"What do you plan to do with the Ghost Coffin? Just leave it here?" asked Zhang Han.

"Of course I'll take it with me. It has high research value. This mission was to obtain this Ghost Coffin. I believe that certain company would be very willing to buy it at a high price. And... I've noticed your complexion has been quite off, lacking color, getting more and more like a dead person," said Yang Jian.

"Do you really not want me to arrange something for you?"

"No, no need."

Zhang Han broke out in cold sweat, knowing full well what Yang Jian was plotting.

This kid planned to sell him off like an item.

Just like the well-packed Feng Quan.

"That's a pity. Once the malicious ghost revives, you won't be worth anything. If I imprison you now, there's no danger whatsoever," said Yang Jian.

The corners of Zhang Han's mouth twitched.

Leave it to you to think of such a thing.

Why don't you sell yourself instead of always thinking about selling others? You don't consider whether other ghost controllers would agree or not. Even if it meant risking the ghost's revival, no one would let you get away with this.

"Since you're not willing, let's leave it. But I saved your life, so I wouldn't mind a favor—help me carry this coffin to the car, will you?" Yang Jian said.

"That's He Sheng's sports car. How do you plan to fit such a huge coffin inside?" asked Zhang Han.

"I certainly have my ways. You just need to help me carry it," replied Yang Jian.

"Then... alright."

Zhang Han had no choice but to reluctantly agree.

Before long.

Two sports cars drove out of the village.

One of the cars had its compartment dismantled, ruining the valuable vehicle beyond recognition, all this violent disassembly just to transport an ornate red lacquer coffin.

The Ghost Coffin was placed horizontally on the back seat, secured tightly with ropes top and bottom to prevent the lid from accidentally flipping open during transit.

Having skirted the edge of life and death.

Yang Jian indeed had reaped quite a few things, but similarly, he had also laid down several huge risks.

It was hard to say whether to be happy or worried.

But for sure, the immediate crisis was temporarily resolved.

The malicious ghost's revival time had been greatly delayed, and Yang Jian was no longer a ghost living on borrowed time with just a few months to live.

However, just as Yang Jian and Zhang Han were driving out of the village.

On the main road leading to Huanggang Village.

The area had already been put under martial law, the road half-blocked, with a dozen cars stopped at the junction.

Professionals had set up communication equipment, others took turns standing guard, closely monitoring every move in the distant Huanggang Village. Judging by their attire, there were corporate personnel, official case handlers, and even some wearing white lab coats, looking like researchers... and a helicopter parked on the nearby open ground.

Observers took turns watching Huanggang Village through binoculars.

When the observer saw Huanggang Village eerily disappearing from view, he was instantly stunned.

"There's a situation, Huanggang Village is... disappearing. The village, no, it's gone. Two cars are coming from the direction of the village."

"License plate confirmed, they belong to members of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club from Dachang City, He Sheng and Zhang Han."

“The car behind has a coffin in it.”

“Quick, go report it.”

The observer reported the situation immediately.

In a tent erected nearby.

Some key figures associated with this incident were, as usual, gathered for a meeting.

To call it a meeting was really just a way of saying they were discussing how to deal with the ghost handlers coming out of Huanggang Village... especially Yang Jian.

The person in charge of this operation was Wu Yue.

Though not very old, he was a slightly overweight middle-aged man in his thirties who, as the general manager, was responsible for overseeing the entire company.

Due to the company’s unique nature.

Although he was just a general manager, he actually wielded considerable power, a clout that extended not only within the company but also across the whole of Dachang City.

“Actually, there isn’t much to discuss regarding this matter.”

Wu Yue knocked on the table, looking rather authoritatively at several important heads of the company.

“The paranormal incident in Huanggang Village is very special. I don’t think that Yang Jian can come out of there unscathed. We don’t need to take the pressure from international ghost handlers like Zhao

Jianguo too seriously. We are here just to give face to Zhao's team, it's mostly a formality. If anyone does manage to resolve this incident."

"As long as we keep the previous promises and complete the trade, that'll be enough. After all, what they want has always been in the company's possession."

The others around the table all had tense expressions.

They hadn't had an easy few days.

Especially after they felt the pressure from the international ghost handler community.

"Boss, but there's too much uncertainty with Yang Jian. What if he comes out of Huanggang Village? And if there's trouble because of the file issue, how are we supposed to settle that?"

Sun Lihong, who was previously in charge of contacting Yang Jian, spoke up.

Wu Yue said, "That's a problem for the international ghost handlers to consider, not us. If there's an issue with our own international ghost handlers, of course they have to be fully responsible. It's not like we should clean up after them."

"Besides, the file issue is with the international ghost handlers, not our company. There's nothing hidden in the trade between our company and them, at most it's just a lack of transparency. They voluntarily accepted this mission, and they already knew the risks involved before taking it."

"A lack of transparency is a normal business practice. If both sides are willing, nobody else can be blamed."

His attitude was very firm, and he did not believe there was anything wrong with his approach.

The files of the Ghost Coffin were highly confidential; originally, the recovery work wasn't supposed to be handed to the civilian ghost handlers from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club.

But after assessing risks and potential losses, the company made concessions and issued the task as a trade.

Of course, withholding information was an essential part of the deal, even though it greatly lowered the chances of survival.

But that didn't matter.

If the mission succeeded, the company naturally achieved its goal.

And if it failed, there was no loss.

The ones who died were just civilian ghost handlers, insignificant and dispensable.

After all, civilian ghost handlers were like a ticking time bomb, never knowing where they might detonate. It might as well let them try their luck in Huanggang Village.

Wu Yue believed that his decisions were absolutely correct.

"Boss, I have a suggestion. The mental state of the ghost handlers can be very problematic. We can't analyze them the same way we do normal people. Like criminals, they might attack over a dispute about a dollar. We need to be extremely careful in dealing with them," one person shared their concerns.

Wu Yue said, "I have received a few names from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club. All five members from the club are here. He Sheng, Ouyang Tian, Zhang Han, Zhang Yiming, and Ye Jun, I've seen their mental evaluations, and they are quite normal. As for Yang Jian, his status is yet unknown. His file is in Zhao Jianguo's hands, but as I said before."

"His chances of surviving are very slim, especially because he is too young and lacks experience."

However, at this moment.

An observer suddenly burst in.

“Bo...Boss, there’s a situation. Two cars have left Huanggang Village and are heading this way. We have confirmed through facial recognition that one car is occupied by Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club member, ghost handler Zhang Han, and the other person is... Yang Jian.”

Yang Jian is still alive?

At this moment, the faces of everyone in the tent slightly changed.

Of all people to come out alive, it had to be him.

This was the madman who had threatened to wipe out the international ghost handlers department with a single phone call.

A twitch crossed Wu Yue’s lips.

He had just been speculating that Yang Jian might have died on the mission, and now, to be informed that he had survived was a slap in the face.

And right in front of all these people, no less.

“Let’s go out and take a look,” Wu Yue said, steeling himself.

Chapter 113: Wu Yue

Zhang Han, who was driving in front, indeed was not in good shape.

He felt the flesh on his back continually bulging and oozing blood.

Even without provoking it, the ghost on his back had become restless, eager to break out from within.

In this condition, Zhang Han thought he would not survive more than ten days and would die without utilizing the ghost's power; if he did use it, he would die immediately.

"Fortunately, I'm alive and out of the village. As long as I complete the trade in the next few days, I can delay the ghost's revival and rid myself of this current state."

As death loomed, Zhang Han was not too desperate; instead, he felt a strong anticipation, a hope to live.

After all, he had completed the mission.

Even if it was a pyrrhic victory.

However, just as he was about to merge onto the main road, he glanced through the window and suddenly saw at the intersection that police tape was put up, and the area around had been cordoned off. More than a dozen vehicles were parked nearby, temporary tents had been erected on the flat ground beside, and a crowd of onlookers had gathered.

Before coming to the village, none of these preparations were in place.

Immediately.

Zhang Han realized something. He honked his horn, rolled down the window, stuck his head out, and shouted to Yang Jian behind him, "There seems to be a situation up front, someone has set up a blockade, it's not aimed at us, is it?"

Yang Jian, who was driving, had already seen the situation ahead.

He replied, "Don't be nervous, it's not for you, it's for me. Those should be from Miss Sun Lihong's company at the club before. They're coming over now to finalize the previous deal with me and, incidentally... settle some personal scores."

It seems that the phone call made earlier in the village had been effective.

Zhao Jianguo had indeed felt threatened and used his influence to compel the company's people to come out.

That's more like it.

It would be impossible for Yang Jian to find the company's responsible person alone, negotiate terms, or even understand this mysterious company.

Therefore, a meeting was essential.

But he alone could not make this mysterious company take him seriously; it would have to be through the involvement of the international ghost handlers.

After all, the international ghost handlers were also implicated in the matter.

The cars had not yet arrived.

Up ahead, a line of people stood at the intersection waiting, some holding parasols and setting up a table.

They were clearly ready for a public negotiation.

Soon, Yang Jian hit the brakes.

The two cars stopped on the side of the road, and he and Zhang Han got out together.

“Hello, Mister Yang, Mister Zhang, I’m Wu Yue, the main person in charge of this company. I was the one who assigned Manager Sun Lihong to oversee this transaction. Before we get down to business, I should congratulate both of you on the successful completion of your mission, resolving the supernatural events at Huanggang Village once and for all.”

Wu Yue approached with a smile, reaching out for a handshake.

“Boss Wu just needs to keep his promise,” Zhang Han replied as he shook hands, his main concern being the method to extend the ghost’s revival time.

“Of course, that’s a given. It’s the company’s credibility at stake here. Please rest assured, Mister Zhang. Would you both like to sit down for a drink? I’ve had champagne prepared for you to celebrate and relax a bit.”

Yang Jian, however, carrying the body bag calmly, looked at him, “Six ghost handlers, four dead, one on the verge of revival, and another with a belly full of unvented anger. Now, you’re congratulating us and popping champagne? Do you not take our lives seriously, or do you think you can treat us like children to be placated?”

The smile on Wu Yue’s face slightly stiffened.

This Zhang Han is easy to deal with, just an ordinary person.

But this Yang Jian... his mental state isn’t very stable, and he himself is extremely dangerous, very difficult to handle.

“This is a deal between us, isn’t it?” Wu Yue spoke up.

“A deal? Yes, that’s right. So, where’s the method for controlling the revival of fierce ghosts?”

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, "I had warned Miss Sun before, don't play any tricks, otherwise, I will track down the leads and deal with your whole family. Now that the supernatural incident in Huanggang Village has been resolved, isn't it time for Boss Wu to keep his promise?"

Wu Yue laughed it off, "Of course, it was agreed upon before, the method for controlling the revival of fierce ghosts will be given to you after some time. Please be assured that our company is very committed to keeping promises and absolutely won't breach the contract."

"After some time? How long is 'after some time'? Ten days? Half a month, or a year? You need to hand over the method for controlling the revival of fierce ghosts now," Yang Jian said with a cold look on his face.

Wu Yue said, "This matter can't be rushed. We need to first collect your information, then the company will take it to the laboratory for relevant data matching. This process won't take too long; at most one week and we will have the results. The company will determine which ghost is suitable for you to control, so as to better maintain the balance between ghosts. While we can't guarantee a 100% success rate, it's still much higher than blindly attempting to control other ghosts."

"As for the details of the process, that is a company secret, and I can't tell you."

Yang Jian frowned, "What is your success rate?"

"No more than 20%."

Wu Yue said, "Specifically, it's about a 15% success rate. You should be grateful that this method is becoming more mature by the day. Keep in mind that three months ago, the success rate was less than 5%."

A chance to control a second ghost with not even a 20% success rate.

Despite the great risk, it certainly feels worth the impulse to try.

However, the method of controlling fierce ghosts with human skin paper has a... 100% success rate.

It's just that the cost is to simply give a ghost away to be devoured by the human skin paper.

When compared to each other, the latter is obviously better.

But the latter comes with great hidden dangers and risks.

"Can't the chance of success be raised any higher?" Yang Jian asked again.

"I'm not sure about that, I'm not the head of the lab," Wu Yue said.

Still keeping secrets, huh?

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, staring ominously at this Chief Wu Yue.

"Let's put the deal aside for a moment, what do you know about the archives?"

"Archives? What archives? I don't have much information on the files of the Huanggang Village incident. I heard you're halfway to becoming an international ghost controller and already have your own dedicated operator. Although not officially on duty, you should have the qualifications to investigate any supernatural incident file."

"Haven't you requested the Huanggang Village supernatural incident files from the international ghost controllers?"

"Pretending to be deaf and dumb?"

Yang Jian's expression darkened, "I want the truth, and if you don't spill it, do you believe I can make you unable to ever speak again?"

“Calm down, I really don’t know,” Wu Yue said very calmly, his face showing an innocent look, “If you really intend to make a move here, then the previous deal is off, and your trip here will have been for nothing, which wouldn’t be worth it.”

“So, you’d better think carefully before you have it in hand.”

Seeing this, Zhang Han’s expression changed, and he quickly said, “Yang Jian, you can’t be impulsive and screw things up, so many people died and only the two of us lived, if you kill him then we really took this risk for nothing.”

Young men tend to be rash; it was the same in the club before.

Resorting to fists without a word, there’s no reasoning with them at all.

Chapter 114: I Won’t Listen

Wu Yue’s face was very calm, as his confidence stemmed from a clear judgment of the current situation.

The company’s energy, the backing behind him, the importance of the laboratory, and... the method to control the resurrection of fierce ghosts.

All these elements came together.

They gave him, an ordinary person, a rather important position.

Therefore, even when facing Yang Jian, a ghost handler, he was not afraid.

It was only... the fear of ghosts in his heart that made him somewhat nervous, but he believed that as long as Yang Jian retained a shred of rationality, he wouldn’t harm him.

These ghost handlers still relied on the company to help them survive.

“Yang Jian, I have some information on you in my hands, and I have also gained a general understanding of your family background and origin,” Wu Yue said, seeing Yang Jian’s somewhat unstable mental state and immediately speaking up.

“Growing up in a single-parent family, your living environment was not advantaged, but rather difficult. Having accidentally become a ghost handler following the Haunted College Event, you should, in your opinion, seek to stand out and make money flaunting wealth. Maybe my description is a bit vulgar, but it’s very real, and I don’t dislike such common pursuits.”

“And now, if you continue to cooperate with me, you will immediately have all that,” Wu Yue said and then gestured with his hand toward Manager Sun. “Manager Sun, what price did you offer Mister Yang for buying a ghost confined with a fierce ghost?”

“The market price, one hundred million,” Sun Lihong said.

Wu Yue nodded and replied, “I see.”

Then he looked at Yang Jian again. “I know you took a big risk in resolving the supernatural incident, but I really don’t know anything about the dossier. It involves highly classified information. I’m just a company boss who doesn’t have the clearance to access files on supernatural events, so you must be mistaken.”

“However, no problem, our company has always valued harmony. So, we’re willing to buy the ghost you’re confining today at a fifty percent premium—that is, one hundred and fifty million. What do you think?”

He didn’t stubbornly use the method of controlling the resurrection of fierce ghosts to force Yang Jian to back down.

Instead, he used a softer and more direct approach, securing him with benefits.

In this world, ghosts can’t be bribed with money, but people can.

Zhang Han, seeing Yang Jian not speaking, advised, "Yang Jian, although I don't know what the dossier has to do with this matter, I hope you'll hold back and not act rashly. Let's talk about it after today. We, people like us, won't live long. You can investigate whatever you want to understand after we extend our time dealing with the ghost resurrections."

"What do you say?"

At that moment, Yang Jian seemed as if he hadn't heard a thing and looked at Wu Yue with an eerie expression, "I'll ask one more time, what is the truth about the dossier? Don't try to change the subject. In my view, a deal is a deal, and the dossier is a separate matter. I've dealt with the supernatural event for you, and our deal is already complete."

"I've kept my end of the bargain, and it's time for your company to pay the reward, but your company must give me an explanation for the dossier."

"There's no why, no need for reasons. Somebody made a mistake and has to take responsibility for it, that's all."

He had to understand the reasoning behind the dossier's omissions and why it was linked to this mysterious company.

Because of the incomplete dossier, Yang Jian himself had nearly died.

If the international ghost handlers' dossier had mentioned that Feng Quan was still alive or the existence of the Ghost Coffin, Yang Jian wouldn't have had to go through such an ordeal, and the issue would have been resolved much earlier.

Therefore, someone had to be held accountable.

Either the boss of this company or someone from the international ghost handlers would have to take responsibility.

Otherwise, if such a situation arose again, Yang Jian didn't believe he would have the same luck.

Seeing Yang Jian's persistence, Wu Yue became somewhat helpless and said, "You really shouldn't fixate on this. In this world, many things don't have a clear right or wrong, only degrees of benefit. Concealing information in the dossier is necessary because there are greater interests at stake, making certain sacrifices worthwhile."

"When our company issued this task, it was with a try-and-see approach; we weren't very optimistic at the beginning. The five of you from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, plus you, Yang Jian, a total of six people, went in with missing information. Our company assessed that your chances of all surviving were less than one percent, and the chances of solving this incident were less than ten percent."

"But you survived, and the survivors, you, will get everything you want. That's what's most important, isn't it?"

"You make it sound so reasonable, but I'm the kind of person who hates talking reason."

Yang Jian's face turned cold, and he pulled out a handgun from nowhere, pressing it immediately to Wu Yue's head.

"Hmm?"

Wu Yue had thought his words would stabilize Yang Jian.

But when he saw him draw a handgun and point it at his head, he was momentarily stunned.

However, the cold metallic sensation on his forehead told him that Yang Jian really had drawn his gun on him.

"This... craziness, completely irrational."

In an instant, cold sweat poured down his face, revealing a look of fear.

After all he had said, had Yang Jian not listened at all?

What benefit was there in killing him? It would bring nothing but trouble, and they would also lose the hard-earned method to control the revival of vengeful spirits.

Any rational person wouldn't act this way.

"Calm down, Yang Jian."

Wu Yue raised his hands, standing still, not daring to make any sudden moves, and rapidly exclaimed, "If you really kill me, things will get serious."

"Calm down? I'll be able to calm down after killing you. If nobody is willing to take responsibility for this, then you'll take it. Otherwise, similar incidents will recur in the future. With you dead, no one will dare to give me fake files when we encounter supernatural events because next time, they'll understand the consequences of giving me false information," Yang Jian said coldly.

Hearing this,

Wu Yue felt a chill down his spine, realizing Yang Jian's intention... This guy wanted to kill someone to set an example.

Yang Jian didn't need to know who was pulling the strings from behind.

Nor did he need to know.

He just needed others to understand that those who crossed him would surely die.

And Wu Yue was just a Scapegoat Ghost that Yang Jian happened to find, and this scapegoat's status was surely high enough.

“Click, click~!”

The sound of the handgun’s safety being released clearly reached Wu Yue’s ears through the contact between his forehead and the gun’s muzzle.

Fear seemed to seep out from his soul, saturating his entire being.

“No, no, listen to me, this issue...” Wu Yue, with sweat of urgency, started to speak again, trying to explain.

“I’m not listening.”

“Bang~!”

The next moment, a gunshot rang out.

Chapter 115: Bruce Pi

“Yang Jian, stop~!”

A voice cried out in urgent alarm.

The one trying to stop Yang Jian was Zhang Han, who, in his eyes, believed that if Yang Jian wanted to die, he still wanted to live.

He truly did not want this transaction to be ruined by him.

However, Zhang Han was powerless; he simply lacked the ability and the means to stop Yang Jian. In his current state, he couldn't even tap into the power of a fierce ghost, and if he were to physically intervene, who knew whether Yang Jian would turn around and shoot him, potentially ending his life.

"Bang~!"

Yet, the sound of a gunshot still rang out.

It echoed over the fields on both sides of the road.

It wasn't like the imagined scene of a head exploding with blood splattering everywhere.

The bullet passed through Wu Yue's forehead and landed on the road behind, leaving a bullet hole.

"Hm?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brows, ready to shoot again.

But a voice suddenly interjected, "Someone will be held accountable for this, but not Wu Yue, it will be me. I was the one who had the files deleted. Wu Yue was just carrying out company business after all, he didn't fundamentally do anything wrong."

At that moment, a group of special individuals made their way from the direction of an RV, walking briskly towards this location.

The leader was a young man around twenty-five years old, dressed in a white lab coat and looking ordinary, flanked by several uniformed special agents.

Behind them were special armed security, with real guns and ammunition, well-equipped like some assault team straight out of a movie poster.

Seeing this, Wu Yue finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Without some kind of preparation, he really wasn't comfortable dealing with this Yang Jian. Now, he was assuredly safe.

"Yang Jian, you didn't see this coming," he squeezed out a hint of a smile, although his body was still shaking.

"To save this Wu Yue from such a distance... this must be Ghost Domain's ability, right?" Yang Jian scanned the scene and ignored Wu Yue in front of him.

He quickly fixed his gaze on a middle-aged man in uniform, who radiated an aura of inherent authority.

This man had a dangerous air about him.

The Ghost Eye seemed almost involuntarily keen to open, as if sensing a threat, instinctively wanting to counter.

A Ghostmaster, huh?

But it seemed the Terror Level was very high.

"I was the one who ordered Captain Li to save Wu Yue. Let me introduce myself, my name is Wang Xiaoming, I'm the director of a certain research institute, you can call me Director Wang, Professor Wang, or you can simply use my name," said the young man in the white lab coat, hastening towards him while speaking.

Wang Xiaoming?

This name seemed familiar.

Yang Jian couldn't help but recall... it must have been in a junior high school textbook.

Wait a second.

It couldn't be that Xiao Ming.

"What's your relationship with Wang Xiaoqiang from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club?" Yang Jian asked.

"He's my good-for-nothing younger brother," Wang Xiaoming stated. "If you have any questions, you can ask me. I will take responsibility for this matter. Could you please put down the gun before then?"

"It's best if someone is willing to take responsibility," Yang Jian put away his gun and glanced at Wu Yue.

Wu Yue wiped the cold sweat off his forehead, nearly fainting.

"Please, have a seat,"

Wang Xiaoming gestured towards some chairs and tables temporarily set up under a nearby sunshade.

"I hope you can give me an explanation for all this."

Yang Jian tossed the body bag onto the ground and then took a seat.

With a calm expression, Wang Xiaoming pointed to two people and said, "Of course, let me introduce you to these two gentlemen beside me. This is Zhao Jianguo from the International Ghostmaster Asian Branch, Captain Zhao, and this is Li Jun."

"Zhao Jianguo?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

Liu Xiaoyu's superior from the International Ghostmasters?

They had only spoken over the phone before; he hadn't expected this incident to bring out Zhao Jianguo himself.

Zhao Jianguo smiled and said, "A hero indeed emerges from youth. Yang Jian, this must be our first meeting, right? Liu Xiaoyu has not stopped reporting to me about you. I have to thank you for that call—it gave me a legitimate reason to take a paid leave."

That phone call was about Yang Jian threatening the International Ghostmasters.

"It would be best if Captain Zhao could come, otherwise this matter will never be clarified," Yang Jian extended his hand for a shake, then said.

The person named Li Jun next to him didn't speak, but his gaze stayed fixed on Yang Jian.

This must be a heavyweight Ghostmaster, brought in to ensure the safety of this trip.

"It's getting late, so I'll just get straight to the point. It's standard procedure to give you guys a file on the supernatural event you're tasked with handling, in order to increase each Ghostmaster's survival rate and help them solve the supernatural event more effectively. The fact that the information in your file was concealed was indeed Wu Yue's doing, but he did it out of concern about compromising intelligence. For that, I must apologize to you," Wang Xiaoming said with a serious attitude.

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian immediately narrowed his eyes and gave Wu Yue a deep look.

"You can withhold the company's files, you can conceal them, but can you also conceal the files from the International Ghostmasters?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "Wu Yue doesn't have the authority to do that, but I do. I had someone delete the files from the other side."

"Why would you do that?" Yang Jian's expression turned cold.

“For the nation, for our people, to resolve the supernatural events within our country once and for all.”

Wang Xiaoming continued earnestly, “Do you know how many people die every day in the country due to supernatural events? How many new supernatural files are added every day? Big data analysis shows that the number of supernatural events within the country is still increasing, and soon they will reach a point where they can no longer be concealed or suppressed.”

“The disaster is showing signs of a full-scale outbreak. If we do not find a way to reverse the situation soon... the consequences are unimaginable.”

“In the face of national interest and the survival of the country, individual sacrifices are insignificant, as long as the sacrifice is worthwhile. Maybe a lot of Ghostmasters died in this incident, but in my view, their deaths secured the confidentiality of information and the recovery of the Ghost Coffin... It was worth it.”

Having said that, he glanced at the coffin on the sports car not far away.

As long as the Ghost Coffin leaves Huanggang Village, it will be fine.

“Your words sound better than they sing. The ones being sacrificed aren’t you. Just for what you just said, I can hardly restrain the urge to kill you right now,” Yang Jian said with a somewhat ferocious look on his face.

After he finished speaking, a crimson ghost eye opened on his forehead.

A faint red light emanated from it, spreading outward.

Li Jun, standing by, asserted his authority without anger, “Professor Wang is a treasure of the nation; his value far exceeds yours. If you make a move on Professor Wang, I’ll personally end you here and now, even if it’s a pity to kill someone as talented as you.”

“You were able to protect Wu Yue just now because I didn’t use the power of fierce ghosts, which doesn’t mean you can really keep them safe,” Yang Jian said.

“You can try,” Li Jun replied.

Seeing the tense atmosphere, Zhao Jianguo hurriedly tried to smooth things over with a chuckle, “What are we doing here? One of us is a special forces captain, and the other is an International Ghostmaster from the Asian Branch. Essentially, we’re all on the same team. If we were to fight here and word got out internationally, wouldn’t that be a laughingstock? What time do we think it is now? Unity and cooperation to solve supernatural events should be our top priority. What’s the point of infighting?”

“Yang Jian, I can understand how you feel now, and altering the files indeed brought you a lot of trouble, but you must also understand Professor Wang’s perspective, he’s devoted to our nation. The existence of the Ghost Coffin has a profound impact on the current situation. If we can uncover its value, we could truly suppress and resolve the supernatural events,” Zhao Jianguo said.

“Considering the sacrifices Professor Wang has made for the recovery of the Ghost Coffin, there must be his reasoning,” Zhao Jianguo continued. “Let’s try to be considerate and understand each other.”

“Why should I trust this Professor Wang?” Yang Jian asked.

“You may not trust him, but you should believe in the contributions he has made. He’s one of the earliest professionals to study supernatural events. Before the events even escalated, he already confirmed the existence of fierce ghosts and began attempting to analyze them. At the beginning of the outbreak, he published several important papers which played a pivotal role in suppressing the supernatural events,” Zhao Jianguo replied.

“You’ve been on the international site; you must have seen Professor Wang’s papers. Oh yes, the pen name he uses internationally is Bruce Pi.”

Bruce Pi?

Yang Jian’s pupils constricted.

The author of that paper “The Power of Fierce Ghosts Cannot Affect Gold”?

Wang Xiaoming said, “If you actually want to kill me, I’m not against it. If you can do better than me and contribute more, you can shoot me dead right now, and I won’t stop you. But if you can’t do that, then I hope you would consider the bigger picture.”

“Are you serious?”

“I don’t need to lie,” Wang Xiaoming replied.

Yang Jian casually placed the pistol on the table and pushed it forward, sliding it towards Wang Xiaoming.

“Prove it to me that you are truly devoted to the public interest, not just your own.”

“How do you want me to prove it?” Wang Xiaoming asked.

“You like to measure a person’s value and make the corresponding sacrifice. So, I would like to ask you, who is more valuable: an International Ghostmaster who can solve supernatural events or a general manager who maintains the company’s operations?” Yang Jian said.

“Of course, the International Ghostmaster is more important. If it meant resolving a supernatural event, I would not hesitate to kill an ordinary person because such a sacrifice would be worthwhile,” Wang Xiaoming said earnestly.

Yang Jian said, “Good, if you personally kill Wu Yue, then I will not hesitate to join the International Ghostmasters to solve supernatural events for the country, and we can wipe the slate clean regarding the file issue because I believe you altered the files not for yourself but for the nation. If you cannot do it... your words are just empty platitudes, nothing more.”

“As for that side, I definitely won’t be going. I can’t tolerate stabbing myself in the back while risking my life to solve supernatural events. What do you say, Captain Zhao?”

Zhao Jianguo's expression changed slightly, at a loss for words at this moment.

Yang Jian's reasoning was indeed solid.

If altering the files was just a special case, it could be tolerated since it was for the headquarters.

But if it wasn't a special case and was instead for someone's personal gain?