

Revival 1241

Chapter 1241 - Igniting Zhang Lei's Flame

The reason Yang Jian arranged for Liu Siyue to take Zhao Xiaoya back to Dachang City was simple.

In the coming period, he might need to use the Wishing Ghost's ability, and the next time Zhao Xiaoya makes a wish, the person who dies will definitely be Liu Siyue.

But it doesn't matter, Yang Jian can resurrect Liu Siyue again.

He wants to see if doing this can meet the condition of that Wishing Ghost. If it can, then repeating this action might allow for multiple cost-free wishes to come true.

Of course, this is just a conception.

At this moment.

Yang Jian returned to the city. He didn't wander aimlessly but came to a high-end, luxurious villa complex.

He has a villa here, which was given to him by He Tianxiong from his former circle of friends.

It's now almost a year later. He wonders if He Tianxiong, the one who slipped through the net in his circle of friends, is still alive. After all, Ghost Envoys have short lives, and surviving until now is already quite good.

Yang Jian stopped at the gate of Villa No. 8.

He didn't bring keys because before he left last time, he gave the keys to Miao Xiaoshan and entrusted the place to her.

This time, Yang Jian came to headquarters, deciding to take a moment to see Miao Xiaoshan.

Although the gate was tightly closed.

But this did not stop Yang Jian. As his Ghost Shadow spread, the heavy gate in front of him immediately opened.

Inside an ordinary villa, the interior was splendidly decorated, gleaming everywhere with a vulgar nouveau riche aura.

Though tacky, the walls here were covered with gold leaf everywhere. Although it was a thin layer, it could block paranormal intrusion and spying, making it a very practical safe house. If there really were ghosts here, the chances of escaping unharmed from this house were very high.

The spacious hall was bright and tidy.

No changes from before, except that there were now three rows of large bookshelves on the back wall, filled with books, with a writing desk in front.

There were many notebooks on the desk, piled together, with many places bookmarked.

It was clear that someone was diligently studying.

Yang Jian looked closer.

The handwriting in the notebooks was neat and graceful, undoubtedly Miao Xiaoshan's notes,

He casually picked up a notebook, flipped through, and glanced at it.

He found it was filled with made-up little stories, scattered, some incomprehensible, but judging from the context, they were all ghost stories.

"Did Miao Xiaoshan write this?"

Yang Jian put the notebook back without reading further.

"Yang, Yang Jian, why are you here? You scared me. I thought someone was standing there."

Suddenly, at this moment, a girl upstairs stood there, looking at Yang Jian with slight surprise.

She seemed not to expect him to come here suddenly.

Yang Jian looked at the girl, recalling: "You are Miao Xiaoshan's classmate, Sun Yujia?"

"Yes, it's me. I thought you wouldn't remember me."

Sun Yujia said with a smile, her eyes flashing a bit of curiosity: "Yang Jian, you're here to see Miao Xiaoshan, right? She's not here today. She went out shopping with Liu Zi, saying they needed to buy some important reference books. Shall I call them to come back quickly?"

"No need, I just stopped by to take a look and will leave in a while," Yang Jian said.

Sun Yujia hurried down from upstairs, then said: "Do you want tea? We also have beverages here. I'll get them for you."

Soon.

She took out mineral water and cola from the fridge and brought them to Yang Jian.

"How are you adjusting to living here?"

Yang Jian took the cola and asked casually.

"We're all used to it, though the place is a bit large, making cleaning a bit tiring. But we should really thank you, Yang Jian. Otherwise, we wouldn't have a place to stay and would be out on the streets."

Sun Yujia said, sneaking a glance at Yang Jian, her heart full of curiosity about this rumored Ghost Envoy.

"It's just a minor thing. As long as you're comfortable, keep living here. I don't come often anyway."

Yang Jian said: "What is Miao Xiaoshan writing recently? Making so many notes, looking through so much material? Is it a paper? It doesn't seem like it. It seems more like she's writing a story."

"Miao Xiaoshan said she wants to write a special storybook. These are all the materials she's gathered."

Sun Yujia said, then added softly: "I heard it's about your stories."

"My stories?"

Yang Jian asked: "Why write about my stories?"

"I don't know either," Sun Yujia shook her head.

Yang Jian didn't ask further, he only said: "Wanting to do something is a good thing. Encouragement and support are necessary; it's just that the stories she makes up are a bit difficult. Real stories are far more exciting than she imagines. Since she wants to write, you can tell her some stories of my experiences. I hope it can help her."

"Me?"

Sun Yujia pointed to her neck, a bit embarrassed: "I know nothing. How would I know the stories of your experiences? Although Miao Xiaoshan tells me some past events, I know less than she does."

"You didn't know before, but soon you will."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, he took a step forward and lightly tapped her forehead with his finger.

The cold aura made Sun Yujia slightly uncomfortable, but soon she was in a daze, her eyes vacant, as if she had lost her soul.

A memory not belonging to her appeared in her mind.

It was a terrifying and desperate series of experiences.

"These stories will be forgotten immediately after you tell them to Miao Xiaoshan."

In the unfamiliar memory, a cold voice said.

It was unclear how much time had passed.

Sun Yujia finally came to her senses.

However, there was no one in front of her anymore. The Yang Jian who was just here had already disappeared, and the only evidence proving Yang Jian had been here was the empty cola bottle on the nearby table.

"Is that Yang Jian's memory..."

Sun Yujia, recalling that memory in her mind, couldn't help but shiver.

Although the memory wasn't particularly complete, consisting only of one terrifying supernatural event after another, merely flipping through it was enough to instill fear and despair in an ordinary person.

Yang Jian, having left here, went to where Gao Ming used to work.

He didn't come here to investigate anything, just simply to meet this city's new leader, Zhang Lei.

At this moment, Zhang Lei was in the office organizing the files and materials Gao Ming left behind, preparing to smoothly take over within the next few days.

Of course, he wasn't alone. He had two assistants, who are also Ghost Envoys.

They seemed to be newcomers, still quite immature, not having been Ghost Envoys for long.

"Zhang Lei, do you think you can become a leader in your current state?"

Yang Jian appeared in his office, immediately asking.

"Who?"

The assistant beside him was startled, overreacting a bit.

Zhang Lei immediately said, "Calm down, don't panic, it's Yang Jian."

He reacted quickly, knowing from the voice that Yang Jian had used the Ghost Domain to suddenly appear here.

"Yang Jian, your sudden arrival is startling people. I heard you came to the headquarters to attend the captain's meeting, and just now went to investigate Gao Ming's cause of death. How did it go? Any results?" Zhang Lei said.

Yang Jian said, "The one who killed Gao Ming is a top-tier ghost handler. I fought with him and didn't gain any advantage, even suffered a loss."

"It seems this matter is indeed extraordinary."

Zhang Lei sighed and said, "Unfortunately, my state is not ideal. I can't take action many times. After all, there's no choice, the ghost I handle is too vicious, it could devour me anytime. It's still the same, Ah Hong drew a Ghost Envoy on me, using the Ghost Makeup to mimic the power of the Ghost Envoy, suppressing the ghost's resurrection."

"Recently, I've come across a peculiar flame that can suppress the supernatural, using the bones of vicious ghosts as fuel. Want to give it a try?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Lei was immediately surprised and said, "Oh, there's something like that, tell me about it, see if there's a chance to try it out."

He needed to understand the supernatural power's characteristics before daring to try.

Yang Jian didn't hold back, explaining the flame's characteristics in detail, then said, "I think this flame can help you. You could burn the ghost in your body with the flame, and if everything goes well, you would reach a new balance with the ghost, using the flame's continuous burning characteristic, using that vicious ghost as fuel, and suppress the supernatural."

"If I fail, I'll be burned alive, right?" Zhang Lei said.

"Yes, everything has risks. After all, relying on the Ghost Envoy's power isn't a long-term plan. Ah Hong is always with Li Jun, and as soon as you move, the Ghost Makeup will blur, then the vicious ghost will resurrect. In your status as a person in charge, handling supernatural events like this will be very troublesome."

Yang Jian came over just to say this due to their past relationship.

Whether Zhang Lei wanted to do it depended on him.

Zhang Lei's gaze shifted, he was weighing, also thinking.

He knew Yang Jian was kindly helping him, since the ghost he handled was too vicious, he couldn't manage a second ghost, reach a new balance, and could only maintain survival through some other supernatural means, delaying the ghost's resurrection.

But this couldn't last long.

Zhang Lei didn't think for long.

As a ghost handler from the same batch as Yang Jian, and being able to survive till now, he had the necessary qualities.

A decision needed to be made quickly, hesitation was taboo.

"I don't want to refuse your kindness, and I thought it over just now. If that flame can really not extinguish, I should be able to suppress the ghost in my body, so I decided to give it a try."

Zhang Lei took a deep breath and agreed.

The assistant beside him heard this and immediately advised, "Zhang Lei, handling a second ghost is too dangerous, you should think it over more, making a decision like this is rash, if you fail, you'll die."

"No need to persuade me, I understand my situation."

Zhang Lei waved his hand, stopping the assistant's words.

"Yang Jian, when do we start?"

Yang Jian slowly removed the golden glove at that moment, revealing the charred ghost hand: "Right now."

Under the charred skin of the ghost hand, faint flames flickered, and just by appearing, Zhang Lei and the two assistants beside him felt a burning stinging sensation.

Interestingly, this stinging sensation only existed in areas eroded by the supernatural, whereas living parts felt no heat at all.

Zhang Lei said nothing more, just unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a terrifying chest.

On his chest was lodged a cold, terrifying corpse.

The corpse's head had already grown out from Zhang Lei's body, eyes closed, seemingly in a deep sleep.

"Yang Jian, if I fail, don't hesitate, nail me with the Coffin Nail." Zhang Lei said.

"Of course, but you don't need to be too tense. Compared to real flames, these are just leftover sparks, if it fails, it might not burn you to death either." Yang Jian said.

He said this to give Zhang Lei confidence.

"Got it, let's do it." Zhang Lei opened his chest.

Yang Jian wasted no time, placing the charred ghost hand on Zhang Lei's chest.

Sizzle!

A sound like roasting meat occurred, and a scorched smell filled the air.

The next moment.

The vicious ghost head emerging from Zhang Lei's chest suddenly opened its eyes, the eyes hollow and eerie, yet revealing a terrifying ferocity.

The ghost opened its mouth, sharp black teeth aiming to bite Yang Jian's ghost hand, intending to devour it in one bite.

Yang Jian exerted a little force and pushed Zhang Lei away.

Zhang Lei fell back heavily against the wall behind him.

At the same time.

A wisp of fire had ignited on Zhang Lei's chest.

The fire grew from small to large, gradually starting to burn.

"Ah!"

A painful wail echoed, Zhang Lei couldn't endure the pain from this supernatural erosion, instantly collapsing to the ground.

Yang Jian looked on calmly, watching everything unfold.

He needed to guard against unexpected occurrences.

If Zhang Lei succeeded, he could then manage the vicious ghost on him, and though not necessarily becoming a top-tier ghost handler, he could at least become a first-rate one.

"Yang Jian, I know you're skilled, but what you're doing today isn't helping him, but harming him."

The assistant beside, seeing this scene, gritted his teeth and glared at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian glanced over, "What's your name?"

"I'm Zhang Zhan, why, are you thinking of retaliating against me?"

This newcomer named Zhang Zhan showed no fear, staring at Yang Jian.

"Just asking, no other meaning."

Yang Jian said, "As a newcomer, caring about others is a good thing, but you also need to understand the situation. Zhang Lei won't survive long, this is a chance, a chance he's waited six months for, and he knows better than you whether to take this gamble."

"You should pray he makes it through, not point fingers at me here."

"Moreover, pointing fingers at me is dangerous, my temper isn't good, if I can't hold back, people might die, so it's best if you keep quiet now."

He had no patience to speak much with this newcomer named Zhang Zhan, just explained briefly and told him to keep quiet.

If Zhang Zhan could understand, naturally there'd be no more to say, if he couldn't, further words were unnecessary.

"Yang Jian, are you always this arrogant to newcomers because you're a senior, or are you always this arrogant?" Zhang Zhan gritted his teeth.

"I'm always this arrogant." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

Chapter 1242 - The New Zhang Lei

After losing most of his emotions, Yang Jian also lost much of his temper and personality. If it were this time last year, Zhang Zhan in front of him would have already been kicked away by him.

But now, he had lost interest in many things, including teaching a lesson to a few inattentive people.

"Zhang Zhan, say a few less words. This is Zhang Lei's choice. You should respect his decision, not vent dissatisfaction at Yang Jian here."

Another assistant quickly pulled Zhang Zhan aside.

Zhang Zhan's face changed unpredictably. "I think his plan is reckless. Choosing to tell Zhang Lei at this time undoubtedly harms him."

"You can hold your opinion, but this has already happened. All we can do is wait for the result. Besides, Yang Jian is not someone easy to mess with. You should keep your temper in check." The other assistant continued to persuade.

Zhang Zhan said nothing, just stared at Yang Jian.

But Yang Jian ignored him. In his eyes, this was just a newcomer who, although somewhat brave, lacked judgement, and was unlikely to survive until next year.

And he didn't want to waste words on someone who wouldn't live long.

Meanwhile.

On the office floor.

Zhang Lei was engulfed in fire, twisting in agony, crying out as if enduring the most brutal torture in the world.

And as the flames gradually grew larger and spread, the pain he endured increased.

A normal person would probably have fainted by now.

But he didn't. He was a ghost handler, with supernatural power sustaining his life and keeping him conscious, unable to faint, forced to endure the pain and suffering.

Yang Jian watched with indifference, even ready to nail him dead at any time.

Because he knew very well that this is something all ghost handlers must go through. Once possessed by an evil ghost, many things are out of one's control. Just being alive is already a struggle, so expecting more is impossible.

"Can he succeed?"

This was the only thought in Yang Jian's mind.

Zhang Lei continued to wail, while the stench of burnt meat filled the air, strong enough to make people vomit.

The screams attracted a lot of attention, but no one approached to investigate, as they saw Yang Jian there, so they could only report the matter.

The supernatural issues involved exceeded many people's responsibilities, and they didn't even have the qualification to observe.

Those working here are aware of this.

As time passed.

The flames on Zhang Lei grew bigger, almost turning him into a man of fire, while the screams and sounds of struggle began to diminish... it seemed the new balance had failed, and he was about to be burned alive.

"Damn it, he's dying! Yang Jian, put out the fire quickly, if you continue, you'll kill him."

At this moment, the assistant Zhang Zhan couldn't hold back any longer. Enduring the scorching pain of the flames, he rushed over and grabbed Yang Jian.

"If he can't make it through, then dying like this wouldn't be a bad thing."

Yang Jian's expression was emotionless as he stared coldly at him.

"What are you saying? How can you say such a thing? He was fine, but your plan pushed him to the edge of death. If you stop now, Zhang Lei will be fine, so you need to put out the fire quickly." Zhang Zhan shouted urgently.

Yang Jian grabbed the assistant named Zhang Zhan.

The scorched ghost hand possessed incredible strength, lifting him up completely.

The scariest part was that Zhang Zhan felt the supernatural within him falling silent, without any response.

"You talk too much nonsense. The road was Zhang Lei's choice. Without understanding life and death, how can he be a ghost handler?"

Yang Jian casually flung Zhang Zhan away.

Bang!

The glass window shattered as he was thrown out of the building.

"Oh no, that's over thirty floors high," exclaimed another assistant in shock.

Yang Jian said nothing, just felt his surroundings quieten considerably.

Meanwhile.

The struggling and wailing of Zhang Lei gradually diminished, while the flames on him began to shrink rapidly, as if everything had burned out, leaving no fuel for the fire.

However, this was not the real situation.

Yang Jian saw that the ghost's head growing out of Zhang Lei's chest was now opening its mouth.

The mouth seemed connected to the abyss of hell, swallowing the burning flames bit by bit.

However, the ghost itself was set ablaze, with flames sprouting from its eyes, nose, ears, and even the entire scalp.

Zhang Lei's ghost was consuming the fire while also being ignited by it.

Yet the ghost did not revive.

Because the supernatural flames could ignite and suppress the supernatural: the stronger the flames, the stronger the suppression. Previously, when Yang Jian set a fire at the Caesar Hotel, even the scariest ghost had to retreat.

"Just as I guessed, a ghost that can devour ghosts will also attempt to consume supernatural flames. However, the flames use Zhang Lei's ghost as fuel, so no matter how much the ghost devours, it cannot extinguish the flames completely. In this way, the ghost and flames will form a cycle, whether representing balance or death depends on Zhang Lei's fate."

Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly.

He had developed his understanding of supernatural conflicts, cycles, and standstills. By mastering the supernatural properties, he could create many similar scenarios.

If successful.

Even without relying on things like ghost skin paper or the Ghost Cabinet, Yang Jian could create a perfect balance himself.

"The cycle continues, but it depends on whether Zhang Lei can endure it. Perhaps, in the end, balance is achieved, but Zhang Lei might not survive."

Although the situation improved, Zhang Lei had little movement at this point.

But he was still alive, albeit with a weak aura.

Yang Jian wasn't in a hurry, continuing to stand and wait.

After a few more minutes.

Zhang Lei, scorched and charred, lay motionless, while the ghost on him continued devouring the emergent flames. The cycle persisted, entering a relatively stable state.

The flames settled to a very minimal level.

Everything was moving in a positive direction.

At this time.

The moment Zhang Zhan, who had been thrown from the thirtieth floor by Yang Jian, appeared again at the office door, panting heavily. His face looked especially grim, covered in blood, yet he was still not dead, and his damaged body was gradually recovering its original form.

He glanced at Yang Jian intensely.

Although enraged by Yang Jian's earlier actions, his rationality told him that the gap between himself and Yang Jian was indeed immense, making him incapable of even defending against a casual attack.

"As long as you're fine, he's the captain; there's no need to go against him."

Another assistant walked over to persuade him, "I looked at the situation just now, and Zhang Lei seems to be recovering. If everything goes smoothly, perhaps he can genuinely find a new supernatural balance to live again, meaning Yang Jian is indeed helping Zhang Lei, not harming him."

"If you keep messing around like this, and Yang Jian really kills you, it would truly be a pointless death."

"I understand, I'll stay calm."

Zhang Zhan took a deep breath to steady himself.

He said nothing further, merely stood by and watched Zhang Lei, who lay on the ground, now a charred corpse.

Despite being a charred corpse, Zhang Lei's chest still rose and fell; he remained alive.

As long as the ghost within him wasn't completely suppressed, the supernatural presence would persist, thereby keeping Zhang Lei, who relied on it for life, from dying.

Thus, the most dangerous moment had passed.

A few more minutes passed.

At this moment, Zhang Lei's body began to undergo some eerie changes.

His charred skin started to peel off piece by piece, exposing the inner appearance of a person emerging from a shell, akin to an egg being peeled.

"The supernatural is restoring his body," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Under the peeling charred skin wasn't normal human skin—Zhang Lei's skin was bright red, like red-hot iron, with flickers of flame vaguely seen under this crimson surface.

"The ghost continually devours the furnace fire, and simultaneously erodes Zhang Lei's body, yet the furnace fire suppresses the supernatural force. This leads to an unpredictable metamorphosis in Zhang Lei's body, making him more of a fusion between a ghost and the furnace fire—a body purely constructed by supernatural elements."

"The furnace fire must not go out, or Zhang Lei would be killed instantly by the ghost inside him. Nor can the ghost be lost, or he would be ignited and burned to death by the furnace fire."

"This is an extreme and fragile balance, but without question, under this balance, Zhang Lei would be terrifying."

Yang Jian observed and reached a conclusion in his heart.

He had a premonition that if Zhang Lei survived this time, his ability under the codename Ghost Eater would truly be unleashed.

The fierce ghost devoured would no longer transform into a poison corroding oneself, instead being suppressed by a furnace fire within, becoming fuel for the furnace fire.

The stronger the ghost devoured, the stronger the supernatural force within, and the stronger that supernatural force, the more vigorous the furnace fire.

Thus the cycle continued.

Before reaching that limit, Zhang Lei would consistently maintain a powerful state.

After observing for a while longer.

When Yang Jian saw that Zhang Lei's condition continued to improve, he stopped watching.

He knew that Zhang Lei had succeeded and survived.

"Tell Zhang Lei that if he can't stay here anymore, he's welcome to come to Dachang City."

With this remark, Yang Jian turned and left.

Zhang Zhan and the other assistant's expressions shifted unpredictably.

As soon as Yang Jian left, they hurriedly stepped forward to check the status.

However, they didn't dare get too close.

The burning furnace fire left a scorching pain that filled them with dread, fearing that they might be ignited by such a fire; any accidental contact could indeed result in death.

"Yang Jian's gone. His words just now implicitly indicated that Zhang Lei is fine." The other assistant said.

Zhang Zhan said, "But he still hasn't woken up yet."

"No rush, let's wait a little longer."

After waiting for another moment.

Finally.

The near-unconscious Zhang Lei gradually regained consciousness. His eyes suddenly shot open as he sat up abruptly, with charred dead skin continually peeling off his face, revealing the crimson skin.

"Zhang Lei, you're awake." Zhang Zhan's voice lifted with delight, but quickly changed to shock.

"Your, your face... what happened to it..."

At this moment, Zhang Lei's face not only changed color but completely transformed in appearance, becoming hideous and sinister.

The furnace fire had burned his bones, distorting his facial structure, entirely altering his appearance.

Zhang Lei slightly turned his head, looking towards a nearby piece of glass, finally seeing his face clearly.

Crimson, twisted, menacing, resembling an evil ghost from the depths of Hell.

It seemed there was nothing in the world uglier than this.

Zhang Lei couldn't help but reach out his hand to touch it, then said, "I'm fine—it's merely a deformity of the bones, no big deal. So, I succeeded in finding a new balance? Where's Yang Jian? Where did he go?"

Sweeping his gaze around.

No sign of Yang Jian was found.

"Yang Jian left earlier, leaving a message saying that if you can't stay here anymore, you're welcome to go to Dachang City," Zhang Zhan said.

Zhang Lei's gaze shifted, "I indeed wish to be his teammate; unfortunately, sometimes one is not master of oneself. If I leave, there would be no qualified person in charge of this city... If Gao Ming hadn't died before, I would have resigned and left here."

Saying this, he struggled to stand up.

The charred dead skin on his body completely fell off.

A crimson, strange body that instilled fear in others.

Zhang Lei, who crawled up from the Hell Abyss, seemed truly to have become an Evil Ghost, looking completely different from before. Yet he felt his condition was remarkably good.

The resurrection of the fierce ghost, the erosion of the supernatural, all vanished at this moment.

The supernatural power remained.

Only, it was within a controllable range.

The two assistants, upon seeing Zhang Lei in this form, felt a strong sense of dread.

Chapter 1243 - The Reply Before 6 O'Clock

It's still early.

There are still two hours until the time for the final response to Wang Xiaoming.

During these last two hours, Yang Jian didn't go anywhere; he just found a tall building, stood on the rooftop, blew against the biting wind, and quietly thought.

He wanted to weigh the pros and cons one last time, whether to agree to Wang Xiaoming becoming this Enforcement Captain.

"What headquarters really wants isn't truly an Enforcement Captain; they just need someone who can step up and unify the rest of the captains, preventing situations where they can't be mobilized. Given the current situation, headquarters' offerings are limited—having a price too small or too large doesn't work, and the same goes for the status of this Enforcement Captain—not too low or too high."

"So Wang Xiaoming straightforwardly handed all the decision-making to the person who becomes the Enforcement Captain, allowing them to decide the status and benefits of this Enforcement Captain."

"He valued me because my ambition is not large, I have strength, and I can also take the first steps to test the waters. Otherwise, Wei Jing, Li Jun, and Cao Yang definitely have at least one among them who is more suitable than me."

Yang Jian carefully analyzed, again pondering Wang Xiaoming's thoughts.

"With my current style and state, headquarters has confidence that they can maintain the existing situation and has the ability to mobilize other captains, and all it costs is a title and some bearable commitments."

"Therefore, even if I do agree to become the Enforcement Captain, headquarters will still be in charge, though there might be a period when headquarters yields to me; however, as more time passes, new people may replace me, and this situation will be reversed."

Various thoughts collided in Yang Jian's mind, generating various guesses.

Finally, he reached a conclusion.

One can be the Enforcement Captain, but benefits and obligations must be reduced to satisfying just one person's needs. Similarly, rights must also be reduced, reducing them to a level Yang Jian can easily handle.

Absolutely cannot let himself be trapped by a metaphorical cake.

Power is not a good thing; it makes people run ragged and eventually leads to death.

Yang Jian is a ghost handler, and his essence is survival, not chasing that illusory power.

Thinking about this.

The previous internal struggle disappeared instantly.

He cast aside normal human ways of thinking, diminishing the importance of money and power, focusing only on the essential thing, which is survival.

Only by placing survival first can Yang Jian live longer.

So.

Yang Jian found his answer in his heart.

He slightly lowered his head, looking at the now illuminated city.

Still bustling and radiant.

Standing here, the wind had blown for a long time, but the cold wind had no effect on him, for his body was colder than the wind.

In the next moment.

Yang Jian disappeared from the rooftop of the tall building.

Since he has an answer, there's no need to waste time waiting until six o'clock; he can respond to Wang Xiaoming now.

Meanwhile.

Inside headquarters.

After completing his liquid drip treatment in the hospital room and taking a nap, Wang Xiaoming slightly recovered.

He didn't want to waste the little time he had left lying in bed, so he struggled to leave the hospital room against the medical staff's objections.

He found Shen Liang.

Shen Liang is a supervisor, assisting Cao Yanhua in managing the various affairs of headquarters.

"Professor Wang, you should be resting in the hospital room right now, not moving around randomly."

Shen Liang paused his work and advised Wang Xiaoming.

"I don't have much time left; wasting it in bed is pointless, so tell me, what has Yang Jian been doing these past few hours?" Wang Xiaoming inquired.

Shen Liang said, "He went to a county outside the city, probably to find Zhao Kaiming's daughter, Zhao Xiaoya. Gao Ming had been looking after the child before, but now that Gao Ming is gone, Yang Jian likely doesn't feel comfortable leaving a little girl targeted by a ghost out there; he's probably planning to bring her back to Dachang City."

"Is it that Wish Sticker incident?"

Wang Xiaoming nodded, "Probably not just that."

"He went back to a villa. Probably his old classmate Miao Xiaoshan, except Miao Xiaoshan and her classmate Liu Zi were shopping, and the two didn't meet." Shen Liang said.

He didn't track Yang Jian, but he paid attention to the places Yang Jian had been interested in. Whenever Yang Jian showed up, the staff nearby would immediately relay the information.

"Those are trivial matters." Wang Xiaoming shook his head and said.

Shen Liang said, "He finally went to meet Zhang Lei. A recent update from Zhang Lei's assistant stated that with Yang Jian's help, Zhang Lei managed to master a new supernatural power and achieve a certain balance."

"The ghost of Zhang Lei is very special; it can swallow other supernatural entities, even terrifying ghosts. I've researched him for a while, and it's precisely because of this characteristic that Zhang Lei has been unable to control new ghosts to achieve balance. I'm curious, what did Yang Jian do to restore balance to Zhang Lei's ghost and prevent its ghostly resurgence?" Wang Xiaoming said.

He had a significant impact on this particular ghost handler and found it memorable.

Shen Liang said, "I'm not able to pinpoint that; the latest updates will take some more time to come through..."

"If you want to know, why not just ask me directly? I'll tell you."

However, at that moment, Yang Jian's voice unexpectedly echoed around.

Everyone nearby was startled at first upon hearing the voice, but quickly returned to their work.

Shen Liang said, "Yang Jian, don't misunderstand. It's not that I intended to investigate you, but there's a need to understand the supernatural events occurring everywhere."

Yang Jian coolly said, "It's alright. The more people know, the quicker they often die. Look at Wang Xiaoming, he's about to die. The supernatural is a curse, and those who get too close meet a bad end."

The next moment, the indoor lights flickered for a bit.

Once dark, once bright.

Yang Jian already stood nearby, unexpectedly.

Wang Xiaoming said, "It's quite right, those too close to the supernatural meet misfortune, perhaps it truly is a curse as well."

Wang Xiaoming said, "You came early, an hour and forty minutes earlier than agreed."

Yang Jian said expressionlessly, "Naturally I came once I figured it out. I said I'd respond before six o'clock. Now coming a little early, isn't it good? At least it leaves an hour for you to get injections and take medicine."

Wang Xiaoming looked calm and said, "So what is your answer? Refusal or agreement?"

Yang Jian said, "You always like to set traps in choices. Why should I refuse, and why should I agree? Can't I have a third option? You want me to follow your path, but sadly I have my own views, your approach is outdated."

Wang Xiaoming smiled slightly, "Then what is your decision?"

Yang Jian said, "Rights and obligations are equivalent, I'll just take what I'm entitled to, that's enough. I don't care what decisions headquarters makes in the future or what they want to do."

Wang Xiaoming said, "That's fine, headquarters doesn't focus on these things. Rights and obligations are right there, if you want them, take them, if not, just leave them there. So many people at headquarters are willing to take over, I've said your choice is free, nothing can constrain you."

"But only one person can be unconstrained; you must constrain others."

Wang Xiaoming slowly spoke.

Yang Jian said, "Only when necessary."

Wang Xiaoming affirmed, "Of course. Only when necessary."

Wang Xiaoming said, "You have three days to summon the captains, attend the meeting. After this succeeds, all supernatural items at headquarters are yours to mobilize."

"Mobilize? You speak cautiously." Yang Jian said.

This indicates Yang Jian only has the authority to mobilize, not possession, but how long he mobilizes is up to Yang Jian. If willing, he can take them all away, but consequently, there's a need to provide corresponding value.

Wang Xiaoming didn't respond, "The captain's data and files will be sent to your mobile phone, additionally the authority of the Enforcement Captain takes effect from this moment, it's all up to you."

"That's all there is to it? No signing or fingerprints or anything?" Yang Jian said.

"What use are a few scraps of paper?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "A verbal promise suffices, Cao Yanhua wouldn't dare to renege unless he wants to be a traitor. Even if he resigns, the new deputy minister absolutely continues to honor this agreement; headquarters can't produce anyone to restrain all captains, so the moment you nod, our interests align."

"Isn't there any hidden force at headquarters?"

Yang Jian still asked a bit concerned.

Wang Xiaoming shook his head and smiled, "Supernatural changes so fast, headquarters established not long ago, achieving what today's already quite impressive. Do you think the current leading ghost handlers would still obey headquarters?"

Yang Jian said, "No top ghost handler wants to be under headquarters' jurisdiction now. However, this surely is a natural phenomenon, when an individual's capability reaches a certain height, the rules set by ordinary people no longer exist."

Yang Jian asked no more, "I want to go to the warehouse."

Wang Xiaoming said, "I feel unwell, let Shen Liang accompany you."

Wang Xiaoming said, "Rest assured, what you need won't disappoint you, perhaps there's a surprise waiting also."

Yang Jian said, "Shen Liang, lead the way."

Shen Liang said, "Yang Team, this way please."

Shen Liang immediately set aside all work, promptly led Yang Jian to headquarters' warehouse.

Chapter 1244 Yang Jian Takes Action

"There are two warehouses at headquarters: one is a secret warehouse, which I believe you've already visited, and the other is for storing special materials. I wonder which one you'd like to see first?" Shen Liang inquired.

Yang Jian said, "You've already mentioned that I've been to the first warehouse."

"Understood."

Shen Liang led Yang Jian to the second warehouse.

The security here wasn't as strict as imagined; besides the patrolling and guarding personnel, it was just a normal safe house.

However, this safe house at headquarters is quite large and can serve as a shelter in times of need.

"To open the second warehouse, an application is required. Yang Jian, please wait a moment." Shen Liang took out his phone and began applying for entry to the second warehouse.

Yang Jian glanced briefly.

The Ghost Eye couldn't see through.

The house had no blind spots; everything was shielded with gold. No supernatural entities could invade, and the only way in was to use brute force to destroy it.

But this is headquarters.

Who would dare barge in and recklessly smash and hit such an important place?

Even if a ghost wielder could enter headquarters, once discovered, Wei Jing and Li Jun, the Captains, would surely appear immediately.

Soon.

After applying, Shen Lin received authorization, and then a staff member fetched the key to open this warehouse door.

The door wasn't just one.

After opening, there was another door inside.

Soon, the second staff member brought over the second key, and finally opened the door, with a five-minute interval in between.

"I'm sorry for the delay, Yang Jian. This is a regulation to prevent an error in the first command, hence leaving five minutes of warning reaction time." Shen Lin smiled apologetically.

"After opening the first door, if the alarm goes off, the first door will close immediately, trapping people in this narrow corridor, right?"

Yang Jian noticed something and said.

Shen Liang smiled without giving a direct answer, as this matter was a security department secret and couldn't be disclosed casually.

After a brief delay, Yang Jian entered this not-so-large warehouse.

In front were box after box, closed and locked, welded to the ground, impossible to move.

Shen Liang took out the key and opened one of the boxes.

Inside, rows of red Ghost Candles were arranged neatly, with ten in each row, totaling at least a hundred in the box.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, "With this quantity of Ghost Candles, doesn't Cao Yanhua constantly cry poverty?"

"The fight against the supernatural is long-term; no one knows when it will end completely. If we don't conserve, these Ghost Candles might have already run out, and once headquarters lacks resources, it can't maintain the current situation, not even pay salaries for some. Yang Jian, you need to understand." Shen Liang said with a restrained voice.

"Besides, this is the last inventory at headquarters. Although it looks like a lot, once distributed, how much can a city leader get? Although Ghost Candles can be continuously produced, the speed can't keep up with the consumption."

"Against truly dangerous supernatural events, Ghost Candles aren't very effective, but for low-threat events, they're indeed a life-saving good."

Yang Jian's fingers lightly grazed the tightly wrapped Ghost Candles.

Even through the packaging, he could feel a familiar cold sensation.

There's no doubt these Ghost Candles were real.

Moreover, it's not just one box.

Yang Jian glanced at the large boxes ahead.

Indeed, a lean camel is bigger than a horse; as a ghost wielder headquarters, it still has deep pockets.

"How many boxes of Ghost Candles are here?" Yang Jian inquired.

Shen Liang said, "Fifteen boxes in total, 1,500 candles, though the Deputy Minister has some as well; these are inventory, generally not accessed lightly."

"Headquarters sure saves. I remember back when Wang Xiaoming used just one Ghost Candle to exchange for the Ghost Coffin I took from Huanggang Village. Thinking about it now, the guy was truly a profiteer, no wonder he's sick now, probably from earning too much ill-gotten money." Yang Jian said.

Shen Liang said, "Yang Jian, back then the Ghost Candle had just been developed, very few in number, and even the effect wasn't completely understood. Now, after so much time, its value certainly can't match before."

Yang Jian understood this truth.

Scarcity adds value; now that Ghost Candles can be mass-produced, even if the output is low, their value will slowly depreciate over time.

Back in high school, he bought a new phone for three thousand yuan, and a year later, the price dropped to fourteen hundred, cutting in half—can this be considered buying at a loss?

"There are more than fifteen boxes here; what's inside those boxes over there?" Yang Jian walked to the other side, asking Shen Liang to open up the boxes for a look.

After opening them, inside were small glass boxes, ten on each layer, with five layers, totaling fifty.

Yang Jian took out a box for a look, inside was an old, eerie cloth doll.

"Replacement dolls? Weren't these used up?"

"They're used up; this box is the last of the inventory, only brought out in certain special necessary times." Shen Liang said.

"Can't they be made anymore?" Yang Jian asked.

Shen Liang said, "The person sewing the replacement dolls passed away, so there's no production. When that person was around, production exceeded Ghost Candles, so for a while, replacement dolls were frequently awarded to ghost wielders, but later on, it was impossible, so it had to stop."

"These are great, much better than Ghost Candles." Yang Jian wasn't modest, taking five replacement dolls as if he were shopping, casually tossing them on the ground.

At some point, there was a puddle on the ground.

When the five glass boxes fell onto the puddle, they were immediately swallowed, disappearing from sight.

"I'm not greedy; I'll take five first."

Yang Jian said, "You don't have any objections, right?"

"No objections, Yang Jian, feel free to take them; these are all rightfully yours." Shen Liang said.

Yang Jian said, "If I were to empty all the inventory here, I suppose when headquarters can't pay the electricity bill and loses power, you'll come to demand money from me. You've got a tally in mind; I've got a tally in mind too. Take what's deserved and do what needs to be done; greed doesn't end well."

"Open that box and take a look."

Shen Liang said no more, only opened the other box.

Inside the box were ropes made of straw, arranged in a circle, forming a grass rope circle.

"What's this for? I've never seen it before," Yang Jian took out a grass rope circle and asked.

Shen Liang replied, "It's recently been sent from Professor Wang's lab. It's a grass rope circle, and supposedly if a ghost steps inside this circle, it will be trapped and unable to move."

"To be used with the Ghost Candle?" Yang Jian squinted his eyes and asked.

"No, it can't be used with the Ghost Candle. The grass rope circle can trap supernatural entities, but also limits the light of the white Ghost Candle. So if the white Ghost Candle burns inside the circle, the light that attracts vengeful ghosts won't spread out."

Shen Liang said, although he was not a ghost handler, working at headquarters for a long time he was aware of much intelligence information.

"I see, but this thing probably can't completely trap vengeful ghosts, right?" Yang Jian tried tugging on the grass rope.

The grass rope wasn't sturdy, even somewhat loose.

"It depends on the vengefulness of the ghost. The more vengeful the ghost, the shorter the time it will be trapped by the grass rope circle. Once the grass rope circle is broken, the ghost can escape," Shen Liang said.

"Indeed, it's useful for stalling vengeful ghosts, although triggering it is somewhat tricky, but in certain situations, it's very useful."

Yang Jian looked around, grabbed ten grass rope circles, and threw them behind him.

Shen Liang said nothing, he didn't stop Yang Jian from doing this, but inwardly wished Yang Jian would take more.

The more he took, the more headquarters could ask of Yang Jian.

"Is there anything else?" Yang Jian asked again.

Shen Liang thought for a moment, then walked to another box and opened it. Inside were a number of horns. Although these horns were faded and old, their style was not outdated, but rather new.

"These are Ghost-Repelling Horns. They store a bizarre sound inside. When opened, this eerie sound resonates, interfering with all nearby supernatural occurrences. However, this item is very unstable. If lucky, it can disrupt ghosts or even disperse nearby ghosts. But if unlucky, it might attract a ghost's attention, leading to an early attack."

"It can only last ten minutes; after ten minutes, the horn will shatter."

"So dangerous? No wonder headquarters doesn't use them,"

Yang Jian said, "But it's perfect for areas rife with ghosts. At crucial moments, it's worth a gamble. If successful, it can ensure safety for ten minutes, better than the Ghost Candle."

"Yes, but the side effects are too great, risking the lives of ghost handlers, so headquarters doesn't dare to randomly distribute them."

Shen Liang said, "Headquarters still prefers the more stable Ghost Candle."

"Apart from the grass rope circle and Ghost-Repelling Horn, there are other supernatural tools, though all with some flaws and low production. If Yang wants, I can organize the information and send it to you later."

Yang Jian said, "Not just supernatural tools, also information on supernatural items should be given to me. I believe over time, headquarters has accumulated quite a few supernatural items."

"Sure, no problem. But Yang must ensure this information doesn't leak."

Shen Liang lowered his voice, "Some of this information is very important. Headquarters doesn't even have paper archives, only a few people know."

"Don't worry, I'm not foolish enough to leak the information," Yang Jian said.

"As long as Yang says so, it's fine," Shen Liang said.

Yang Jian said, "In that case, I won't continue looking around now. After the captain's meeting, I'll slowly explore headquarters' collection. For now, I need to call over those who refused to attend the captain's meeting. After all, I got paid to do something, otherwise, you wouldn't spend so much to invite me."

He didn't linger here further but left the warehouse.

"Send all captains' latest addresses and contact details to my phone."

"How does Yang plan to summon them? By phone?" Shen Liang asked.

Yang Jian said, "By phone? I don't have the clout to settle everything with just a call. I have to visit them one by one."

"Then how does Yang plan to travel? Headquarters has private planes and helicopters..." Shen Liang said.

"Isn't that a rhetorical question? Wang Xiaoming gave me three days; do you think flying will suffice?"

Yang Jian said, "In such a short time, the only way to visit everyone is to use the Ghost Domain."

"I guess promoting me to Enforcement Captain also considers this ability."

The prowess of the Ghost Domain means excellent support.

Although Yang Jian is in Dachang City, in case of an emergency, he can appear anywhere in the country within a minute.

This is something other captains can't achieve.

If Yang Jian deliberately left Ghost Lake Water in a particular place in advance, this time could be further reduced.

Probably ten seconds is enough.

Furthermore, if Yang Jian prepared in advance, not even ten seconds, within three seconds would be possible.

This is the unreasonable nature of the supernatural.

"Tell Cao Yanhua I've acted. Just wait here for my news."

Yang Jian walked a few steps forward, his figure gradually turned faint, and finally disappeared.

Shen Liang watched Yang Jian vanish, thinking to himself, "He's indeed more suitable as the Enforcement Captain than others, but I wonder whom he'll invite first."

Remembering.

There really are quite a few captains to invite, like Leuk San, Li Leping, Wang Chaling, Cao Yang, He Yiner, Shen Lin, Zhang Jun.

Only Li Jun and Wei Jing don't need invitations.

Of the eleven captains, most are troublesome, yet the remaining captain is unknown, rumored to always stay hidden, protecting important figures.

However, this time, the captain's meeting is not only to summon captains but also to finalize the remaining captain positions, getting all twelve captains settled.

There may be personnel adjustments.

An example being He Yiner, who disappeared for more than half a year. If not for the recent reappearance following the Ghost Lake incident, he'd surely be removed.

After all, such an important position can't remain vacant long-term.

Chapter 1245 Paper Effigies in the Mountains and Forests

Yang Jian left the headquarters and decided to ensure the captain meeting started smoothly.

However, as soon as he left, he received a file on his phone containing contact information for all the captains.

He glanced over it briefly and started pondering.

Who would be the first captain to visit?

Flipping through the file, Yang Jian considered his options and finally rested his gaze on Leuk San's file.

"He'll be the first."

Without hesitation, he immediately took action, heading straight towards the city where Leuk San was located.

His choice of Leuk San was a thoughtful decision.

Firstly, Leuk San owed Yang Jian a favor from the Ghost Lake incident. Secondly, this guy is relatively easy to find. The paper figures could be everywhere; finding just one would be considered as finding Leuk San, so it wouldn't be a wasted trip.

After knowing the city where Leuk San was located, Yang Jian set off at once.

He directly utilized the Ghost Domain, traversing between two places.

Very soon.

He appeared above a city.

This was Daqing City.

The information from headquarters said that now Leuk San was in charge of this city, with his office located in Daqing City's Twin Towers. This tower is quite prominent, with a golden hue, as if afraid

people wouldn't notice it, making it very ostentatious, a stark contrast to the low-profile behavior he exhibited at headquarters.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain spread out, unconsciously covering the entire city.

"This guy really smeared gold onto the walls of the office building. Could it be that he spent all his salary on this?"

When his Ghost Domain attempted to cover the Twin Towers, where Leuk San's office was located, it was unexpectedly disrupted, making it impossible to fully scan the place, only allowing him to glimpse sporadic areas.

Next moment.

Yang Jian immediately appeared at the entrance of the Twin Towers.

His sudden appearance didn't attract much attention. After all, passersby don't pay much attention if someone suddenly appears beside them, assuming the person just walked past unnoticed.

However, while passersby didn't care, the security guards at the building's entrance took notice immediately.

The security guards weren't ordinary, they were staff under Leuk San's command.

Yang Jian strode towards the building, and the two security guards glanced at each other, showing expressions of surprise and doubt.

They were sure they hadn't seen wrongly.

This person who suddenly appeared was Yang Jian from Dachang City, the ghost-eye.

Although they hadn't seen him before, they'd seen Yang Jian's photo in the files long ago, so they recognized him immediately.

"Go ahead and ask to confirm the situation."

The two staff hesitated for a moment but decided to muster the courage to approach and inquire.

Yet Yang Jian didn't give them the opportunity to question him. After taking a few more steps forward, he disappeared from sight. When he reappeared, he was already inside the building's lobby, and in a blink, he vanished again, without anyone knowing which floor he had gone to in this building.

"Disappeared?"

"Quick, contact the higher-ups and report the situation." The two security guards immediately began to notify urgently.

Someone suspected to be the ghost-eye Yang Jian appeared at the Twin Towers?

This news quickly spread out.

But at the same time.

Yang Jian had already appeared on the twenty-ninth floor of the building.

This floor was no different from others, just an ordinary level, but here Yang Jian sensed a different aura, an aura of the supernatural.

Inside one office on this floor, the door remained shut.

Yang Jian ignored the tightly shut door, barging in, and saw several paper figures of varying damage.

"Leuk San's paper figures? But these seem to be abandoned here. Although there are still lingering supernatural elements, they can't be used properly anymore."

Yang Jian noticed, one paper figure with lesser damage still had moving eyes, as if observing the surroundings, but its jaw down to the stomach had a cut, almost tearing the paper figure apart, leaving it close to being discarded. Yet it was considered one of the better ones.

Other paper figures had heads missing, some were split in two, and others were completely shattered beyond recognition.

"Seems like this isn't Leuk San's office."

He prepared to search elsewhere again.

Just then, Yang Jian's gaze shifted behind him.

About three seconds later, a man in a suit abruptly appeared before him, unsmiling, with a stiff face. His face was painted with makeup, his skin tone was abnormal, resembling a corpse in a mortuary, even exuding a cold aura.

"Captain Yang, I am a team member of Captain Leuk San, my name is Wang Jie. Pleased to meet you. I apologize for not greeting you properly."

This person forced a stiff smile, announcing his identity and name.

Wang Jie?

This name didn't appear in Leuk San's file, clearly an unofficial recruit by Leuk San, similar to Wang Yong under Yang Jian, absent from headquarters' registry, hence not recorded.

"Where is Leuk San? I have some business with him," Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"The captain has been on a business trip these days, apparently handling a particularly important paranormal event, so he's not here right now. If you have anything to say, Captain Yang, you can tell me, and I'll relay the message to the captain later," Wang Jie said.

Yang Jian glanced and said, "Can you represent Leuk San? Stop wasting time, tell me where he went, my patience is very limited, and I don't have time to waste with you."

Wang Jie's eyes flickered, afraid to anger Yang Jian, he immediately said, "Since it's something important, I wouldn't dare delay. Please, let me lead the way for Captain Yang."

He gestured slightly.

"Lead the way," Yang Jian said.

Wang Jie quickly brought Yang Jian to the thirty-fifth floor, which was empty, like it had just been built but not yet decorated. However, in the middle of this empty floor, there was a box.

The box was made of gold, typically used to imprison malevolent spirits.

Wang Jie opened the box, and inside, instead of a malevolent spirit, lay a corpse, no, not a corpse, but a paper figurine.

That was a paper figurine of Leuk San.

As soon as the box was opened, the paper figurine inside, Leuk San, opened its eyes and awoke.

"Wang Jie, what's so urgent that you needed to contact me? Didn't I tell you not to open this box unless it's very important?"

The paper figurine of Leuk San slowly stepped out of the box.

Evidently, this was a paper figurine he left at the company for emergency contact purposes.

"Yang Jian, Captain Yang has arrived, this matter with the captain is not something to be taken lightly, and I had no choice," Wang Jie said.

At that moment, Yang Jian strode forward, "Leuk San, headquarters is calling for a captain's meeting, they want you to attend."

"Yang Jian?"

Leuk San looked at Yang Jian, his paper face showing some emotion.

"I really didn't expect you to come in person; I know about the headquarters calling a captain's meeting, but I've been tied up lately and honestly powerless to attend. However, I did not expect headquarters would actually ask for you to step in, it seems that this meeting is indeed unusual."

"So you're still going to refuse?" Yang Jian said.

Leuk San sighed and said, "If it were anyone else, I'd definitely refuse, but seeing you, I know I can't refuse, yet whether I can attend is still uncertain. Paranormal issues aren't so easy to handle. If Captain Yang doesn't mind the trouble, he can come over and take a look. I'll give you the coordinates."

After speaking, he gestured to the nearby Wang Jie.

Wang Jie handed over pen and paper.

Leuk San wrote down a set of coordinates, "I'm currently stuck here, dealing with a paranormal event. Be careful when you come, Captain Yang."

"You just want to drag me over to help, right?" Yang Jian glanced at the coordinates and said.

"No, no, I can handle this myself, it's just I can't leave for now. Captain Yang will understand everything once you get here," Leuk San said.

Yang Jian said, "If that's the case, then see you later."

After saying that, he disappeared again.

He had already memorized the coordinates and knew where it was.

After Yang Jian left, Leuk San turned to Wang Jie and said, "You did well, Yang Jian's business with me was indeed urgent, thankfully you didn't stop him, otherwise, if he really made a move, he'd definitely kill you. After all, you are not a ghost handler from headquarters, he wouldn't show mercy. Be more cautious when dealing with Yang Jian in the future."

"Captain, is the headquarters meeting more important than handling a paranormal event? Why must it be now? It's hard to understand why someone like Yang Jian would run errands for the headquarters," Wang Jie said.

Leuk San said, "For headquarters to solicit Yang Jian, they must have paid an incredible price, and if such a price is made for this captains' meeting, it indicates that the matter is extraordinary. I'm preparing to put aside what I'm handling for now and attend this meeting first."

"Captain, you could just send a paper figurine to attend the meeting," Wang Jie suggested.

Leuk San said, "Yang Jian is personally involved. If I send a paper figurine, once it's exposed, this situation will be uncontrollable. Don't underestimate the captains at headquarters, they are all exceptional."

He has done such a thing before, allowing a paper figurine to participate during the ghost painting incident.

As a result, he offended too many people afterward and dared not use this trick again.

"Alright, you don't need to worry about Yang Jian, just focus on managing this city well, I can handle the rest," Leuk San said.

Wang Jie nodded.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian had already arrived at the coordinates.

This was a mountainous area, with lush trees everywhere, and scattered villages, which were connected by a winding mountain road. However, most of the villages were abandoned, and the villagers had long migrated to the city.

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye and scanned the area.

In the mountains and forests, a series of bizarre figures raised their heads to look at the sky, motionless, like scarecrows in the woods.

"All are Leuk San's paper figurines." Yang Jian saw those figures in the forest.

They weren't malevolent spirits but paper figurines spread here by Leuk San.

"Yang Jian, you've come," one of the paper figurines said, standing on a tree and waving at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian vanished from the sky and the next moment appeared on the mountain road, where another paper figurine, also looking like Leuk San, awaited him.

"What are you doing here with so many paper figurines? Handling a paranormal event?"

He asked the paper figurine in front of him.

Chapter 1246 The Old House in the Mountains

The paper doll standing on the deserted mountain road wasn't the real Leuk San, just one of his paper replicas.

Faced with Leuk San's paper dolls, Yang Jian was unable to discern which one was real and which one was fake.

However, whether real or fake, all the paper dolls were under Leuk San's control.

"Yang Jian, I'm truly sorry to have made you come all this way,"

the Leuk San in front of him said with a hint of apology: "As you can see, there's been a small problem on my end. All the paper dolls have been used up, and not only was the problem not solved, but I also encountered an accident. Now all my paper dolls scattered in the forest have lost their ability to move."

He pointed to his feet after speaking; "I can't move."

"Were you afflicted by a Supernatural Curse and nailed to the spot?" Yang Jian asked.

Leuk San replied: "This has to do with our last conversation. Do you remember I told you there used to be a morgue in my area during the Republic of China Period? Although it was long abandoned, people living nearby knew that an old man lived there, who had no name. The locals only knew him as the Corpse Guardian."

"Some supernatural rumors from the Republic period piqued my curiosity, and I began investigating this Corpse Guardian. Eventually, I found some clues."

"In this mountain, there's a wooden old mansion, which is the last known location of that Corpse Guardian."

Yang Jian listened as he continued.

Leuk San said: "However, when I ventured into that old mansion, I was attacked by something supernatural. I was trapped in that old mansion, and the paper dolls sent as reinforcements were also affected, losing their ability to move one by one... I suspect that old mansion is a trap, and anyone who approaches will face danger and mishaps."

"But the mansion is hidden deep in the forest, rarely visited. I suspect this trap was specifically set for those seeking the Corpse Guardian, but I have no evidence now as I've been out of contact for some time. I can't really know what has transpired inside the mansion."

"So, despite your caution, using so many paper dolls, you still failed?" Yang Jian glanced at the eerie paper dolls standing still in the forest.

Clearly.

Leuk San was prepared, having brought a sufficient number of paper dolls to search for the Corpse Guardian.

Leuk San said, "I underestimated the situation. After several paper dolls lost contact after venturing into the old mansion, I ventured in myself. The mansion was peculiar, and I didn't sense any danger. In hindsight, my supernatural senses might have interfered with my judgment, leading to a miscalculation."

"Where is the old mansion? My Ghost Domain already covered this area earlier, but I couldn't find the old mansion you mentioned," Yang Jian asked.

"You need the correct path to reach the correct place. This is a supernatural area, invisible to the Ghost Domain, but follow my guidance, and you'll see the old mansion,"

The Leuk San standing on the roadside pointed up the slope.

Yang Jian glanced up and immediately set off, heading up the slope into the forest, following Leuk San's guidance.

The forest was dense, thick with underbrush, but none of this posed any obstacle to him.

The Ghost Shadow covered the surroundings, making way through the vegetation.

After walking for a short while,

there stood another paper doll behind a tree, which extended an arm, pointing to the left.

"Over here, Yang," the paper doll spoke, in Leuk San's voice.

Yang Jian changed direction and continued walking.

After walking left for a bit, he soon saw a paper doll standing on a tree branch, pointing with an arm, "This way."

Yang Jian nodded and changed direction again towards the indicated path.

Clearly, when Leuk San approached the old mansion, he was very cautious, leaving a paper doll at intervals to ensure everything stayed within his control.

Soon.

Under the guidance of the paper dolls in the forest, Yang Jian unknowingly found himself on an eerie path.

A path paved with yellow mud, muddy underfoot, clinging with each step.

"This isn't ordinary yellow mud; it carries a supernatural aura, acting as a medium. Only by stepping on this yellow mud path can one reach the right place; without it, no matter how you walk, you won't reach it."

Yang Jian looked down, thoughtful.

He'd encountered a similar yellow mud path before.

That was during the Ghost Post Office - he rode a supernatural bus to deliver a letter to an old mansion, where a yellow mud road led into the forest, ending at several eerie old graves....

Thinking back on that experience, Yang Jian still felt chills.

But unlike the dangers faced back then,

no dangers occurred on this road.

Along the yellow mud path, at intervals, stood Leuk San's paper dolls.

"Just ahead, Yang. Be careful," Leuk San's paper doll continued to remind him, urging Yang Jian to be cautious and avoid mishaps.

Yang Jian didn't find Leuk San's repeated warnings nagging, but rather heeded the advice, being very cautious in his actions.

Continuing along the yellow mud path, the surrounding trees became more alien, and the light dimmed... In just a short moment, everything around him changed completely, having entered an unknown eerie place.

Soon.

When Yang Jian stopped walking, he had arrived.

A wooden old mansion stood before him, not large, with two stories, and the wood was gray and weathered, as if it had endured years of exposure to the elements.

Such old mansions are not uncommon in mountainous areas. In many remote places, such old homes still exist, and some are even inhabited.

"Yang Jian."

A paper effigy of Leuk San remained at the mansion's entrance, standing there motionless, not having entered the mansion, hence maintaining contact.

"This wooden old mansion actually trapped you inside?" Yang Jian frowned, his ghost eyes attempting to peer into everything in front of him.

Without a doubt.

There is indeed supernatural power interfering inside the wooden mansion, blocking his ghost eyes from spying.

"I personally think the me inside shouldn't have any issues, but resolving such matters requires some time, so it's not that I don't want to attend the headquarters meeting, I'm just really tied up." Leuk San sighed.

"I suspect that Corpse Guardian has likely died inside this old mansion and the ghost has already revived. The me inside is probably entangled with that ghost."

Yang Jian said: "I don't have time to waste here. I'll go in, get you out, and you can come back later to resolve the supernatural incident here."

"That will suffice, thank you." said the paper effigy at the entrance.

Yang Jian didn't waste words, water stains appeared at his feet, and soon those stains grew larger, turning into what seemed like a deep abyssal pool.

The next moment.

Water splashed.

A golden cracked long spear was hurled upwards.

Yang Jian grabbed it, opened his ghost eyes, and strode into the ancient mansion.

Upon entering.

The surrounding light seemed to completely vanish, darkness surged from all directions like a tide, the air was suffused with a putrid, moist scent, and odd noises faintly echoed within the house.

Every angle here was filled with supernatural phenomena.

Though the Ghost Domain couldn't influence this location, the ghost eyes could still ignore the thick darkness, seeing the surroundings clearly.

"The layout of the house hasn't changed."

He glanced around.

The exterior and interior layouts matched each other, unaffected by the emergence of supernatural forces.

Yet Leuk San didn't appear to be in the hall; it was empty, with nothing inside.

Yang Jian checked the room on the left, which contained useless dry wood and discarded farming tools, nothing more.

Frowning, he then checked the room on the right.

The room featured a bed, but the bedding had long since molded, covered thick with green moss, blackened and rotten.

"No problem either."

After some observations, there appeared to be no abnormalities.

Yang Jian strode towards the back of the hall.

In the back was the kitchen.

Equally abandoned over time, yet beside the stove lay a wooden ladder, positioned to lead up to the second floor.

"So is Leuk San on the second floor?"

Yang Jian listened closely, indeed hearing some sounds from the second floor, though indistinct as to what they were.

Like footsteps, or someone knocking on the floor, yet the noises lacked regularity and rhythm.

After a moment of hesitation.

Yang Jian refrained from climbing the ladder, worrying about an attack from a malevolent entity.

With ghost shadow covering him, he ascended the walls in an unbelievable manner.

Soon enough.

He reached the second floor.

The area was empty except for unremarkable clutter, and at the center stood a coffin.

The design of this coffin was familiar, seen before in Huanggang Village, in ancient mansions, and in Taiping Ancient Town...but this coffin was black, not red.

A black coffin symbolized danger, a red coffin represented safety.

In previous encounters, black coffins contained either Ghost Envoy or fierce ghosts from Ghost Lake, frightfully terrifying.

"Still no sign of the ghost, nor Leuk San; the only possibility is that the ghost is inside the coffin...Leuk San is inside the coffin as well." Yang Jian stood by the coffin, placing one hand on its black surface.

A cold feeling traveled up his arm, chilling even his dead body with its icy touch.

"This is truly troublesome; this is no ordinary mansion, it's a Possessed House. Leuk San sure knows how to find spots; the place is so hidden, yet he found it. This Possessed House was clearly meant to evade discovery." Yang Jian thought silently.

Chapter 1247 - The Second Captain

The black coffin in front of him made Yang Jian wary. This thing was like opening a blind box; you never knew what terrifying ghost might be lying inside.

The previous Ghost Envoy, the later Ghost Lake, all had been confined in black coffins.

And this, was the third coffin.

"This kind of coffin should be a supernatural tool from the Republic of China Period, it can be made. Previously, there was a Coffin Shop on Ghost Street in Taiping Ancient Town, and the coffins inside were exactly the same as this one," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Not rushing, he walked around the coffin, observing it.

The coffin showed signs of being opened because the seams on the side were somewhat mismatched, and a faint, dull thumping sound could be heard from inside.

The sound was intermittent, without pattern, but in such an environment, it made people feel creepy.

This was a Possessed House.

A place used to store coffins and confine vicious ghosts, completely isolated from the world. Although it had a yellow mud path left behind, normal people could never find this place. Only a ghost tamer like Leuk San could send out paper men to search the entire mountain and find such a correct path.

And a Possessed House that doesn't want to be discovered naturally possesses enough terror to make people feel despair.

"But, why is the coffin placed on the second floor, why not on the first floor?"

Yang Jian didn't rush to open the coffin; he furrowed his brow, revealing a question.

This was very unusual.

Previously, whether it was the Ghost Envoy's coffin, the Ghost Lake's coffin, or the red coffin of the old man in the ancient house, they were all placed on the ground, except this coffin, which was deliberately placed on the second floor.

"There must be a reason and purpose for placing it on the second floor."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly: "There is a kind of saying in old folklore, coffins are kept off the ground to prevent the corpse from absorbing ground energy and avoid unexpected corpse transformations. However, in supernatural events, this saying surely does not hold true. But if you look at it from another angle, placing the coffin on the second floor might be to prevent the ghost in the coffin from triggering a killing pattern, thus reducing the terror level of the ghost."

"If that's the case, it explains why this coffin is placed on the second floor."

"Therefore, what needs to be paid attention to next is, once the coffin is opened and the ghost is released, and there's no way to nail it down with a Coffin Nail, the most important thing to do is to prevent the ghost from going downstairs."

Thinking of this, he turned around and directly pushed over the ladder placed beside, to avoid future troubles.

This height wouldn't be enough to kill a normal person who jumped down, let alone a ghost tamer.

As for the ghost in the coffin jumping down, that's not something Yang Jian should consider. He had made the preparations he could, albeit trivial, sometimes such subtle preparations can play a crucial role.

"Ready to open the coffin."

Yang Jian stood beside the black coffin at this moment, holding a cracked long gun with one hand, ready to drop the Coffin Nail without hesitation the moment the coffin is opened, and the other charred Ghost Hand resting on the lid.

After a short pause.

He exerted sudden force.

Crack!

The heavy coffin lid was opened slightly.

"So heavy?"

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, applied more force again, and the coffin lid was finally pushed open completely.

Immediately.

A putrid, rotten smell surged forth, lying inside was not a corpse, but a paper man, this paper man was soaked in the putrid, rotting corpse water, with its legs deeply sunken into it, as if thoroughly engulfed and corroded.

"Leuk San."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and the ghost eye thoroughly scanned the situation inside the coffin.

His guess was correct; Leuk San was indeed trapped in the coffin. No wonder all his paper men were unable to function, as his legs were being corroded by the supernatural, which in turn affected all his paper men.

"Hmm?"

Leuk San was conscious at this moment, and when the coffin lid was opened, he saw Yang Jian outside, and also saw a Coffin Nail falling straight down.

Without any hesitation, the Coffin Nail fell directly.

However, this Coffin Nail didn't pierce through Leuk San's head but instead fell close to his ear, attempting to nail down the ghost inside the coffin.

"Yang Jian, the ghost in the coffin is not inside the coffin, it's on the lid." Leuk San immediately warned.

Yang Jian's face changed drastically; he just remembered the abnormal heaviness of the coffin lid when he pushed it, not realizing this was the reason.

But the ghost eye scanned around.

Yet found no traces of the ghost.

"Go."

Yang Jian grabbed Leuk San lying in the coffin, pulled him out directly, and then rushed toward the wooden window without hesitation.

He intended to escape with Leuk San immediately.

The ghost in the coffin wasn't as simple as imagined, and since the attempt had failed, there was no need to persist.

Besides, he came to find Leuk San, not to help him deal with supernatural events.

Let the ghost here be dealt with by Leuk San in the future.

With Yang Jian's movement.

The next moment, heavy footsteps came from behind. The faster he moved, the faster the footsteps were.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The floorboards shook, and Yang Jian felt a cold, putrid breath approaching, seemingly about to reach him at any moment.

But although the ghost was fast, Yang Jian's actions were faster.

Bang!

Yang Jian crashed through a wooden window on the second floor, jumped out with Leuk San, and landed heavily on the ground.

The footsteps chasing behind ceased abruptly.

"As expected, as I predicted, the ghost can't go downstairs; it won't jump down from the upper floor either. The person who placed the coffin had reasons; they knew the ghost inside the coffin couldn't go downstairs, which is why they specifically built such a two-story wooden house to place the coffin, to use the ghost's characteristics to trap it on the second floor forever."

Yang Jian breathed a sigh of relief, turned back, and squinted at the broken window.

A terrifying figure lingered at the pitch-black window, continuously shaking back and forth, creating thudding noises, yet couldn't find a way downstairs.

The ladder had been pushed over by Yang Jian earlier.

Thanks to this detail, otherwise, the ghost would have surely followed the ladder down and walked out of this Possessed House.

At that time, things wouldn't be so simple.

"No wonder the ghost can't go downstairs; that's why the ladder was deliberately placed down when I arrived at this old house."

Leuk San also noticed this detail, his numb eyes shifted a bit, showing some surprise.

"It seems you've provoked something formidable, overturned by so many paper figures?"

Yang Jian, without looking back, carried Leuk San and walked ahead, quickly distancing himself from the old house and stepping back onto the yellow mud road.

"Just a moment of carelessness, but that coffin can't trap me for long. If given some time, I can definitely break free from it," Leuk San said.

"So, does that mean I ruined your good thing?" Yang Jian replied.

Leuk San smiled wryly, "Not at all, I'm just saying. I really appreciate you helping me out ahead of time, though I'm surprised you agreed to come here for the headquarters' business."

"I got paid," Yang Jian said.

"No wonder."

Soon, Yang Jian turned back along the yellow mud path, and the surrounding scenery gradually changed.

They left that haunted place and reappeared in the mountain forest.

However, by now, it was already night without them realizing it.

The mountain forest was dark, filled with eerie paper figures that had regained their mobility. They came from all directions, surrounding Yang Jian.

"Looks like you're alright now. In that case, reach the headquarters meeting within three days. I'm sure you don't want me to make a second trip," Yang Jian released Leuk San.

Leuk San said, "Of course not, I'll pack up and prepare to set off first thing in the morning. I definitely won't be late."

"Alright, let's settle it that way. I still have to find other captains. There are more unwilling to attend the meeting, just like you," Yang Jian said.

"I won't waste time, I'm leaving now."

He waved and then immediately turned to leave.

Leuk San slightly raised his head to look at the sky as a crimson light flashed across the pitch-black night sky.

After seeing off Yang Jian, Leuk San turned to look at the yellow mud road behind him.

"Corpse Guardian? Even in death, you can't rest easy and still want to pull me into the coffin with you. First, block this place, and when I return from the headquarters, I'll deal with this ghostly thing."

He took a deep breath. All the paper figures gathered together, queuing up and making their way along the yellow mud road toward the old house.

Next time, even if I have to fill it, I'll fill that old house completely.

If I had done so earlier, this awkward situation wouldn't have happened.

After handling Leuk San's matter, Yang Jian didn't hesitate and immediately headed to the next destination.

It was Dachuan City.

He was going to Dachuan City to find Li Leping.

The second captain to contact him for no particular reason, other than Dachuan City being nearby.

"A man whose appearance can't be remembered. Finding him is somewhat troublesome, but if I show up in Dachuan City, he will definitely know, so he has to come find me."

Yang Jian's speed through the Ghost Domain was fast.

After a moment.

He appeared above Dachuan City.

Previously, he had visited this city while delivering letters for the Ghost Post Office and experienced the Dachuan City Room 301 supernatural event, almost being erased by the long-deceased old lady. If it weren't for that time reversing itself, he'd have died during that delivery task.

Dachuan City, compared to the city Leuk San was responsible for, was undoubtedly much quieter.

Several supernatural events occurred here last time, significantly affecting the city. Many residents moved out, and although some started returning after the incidents, the popularity was still far from before.

Yang Jian stood on top of a building, took out his cell phone, and dialed Li Leping's number.

Unlike Leuk San, Li Leping could always be reached by phone.

Soon, the call connected.

"Li Leping, it's me," Yang Jian said into the phone.

He had no impression of who was on the other end of the line.

A voice quickly came from the other end, "Yang Jian? Why are you in Dachuan City?"

"The headquarters called you for a meeting, you refused, so I came," Yang Jian said.

"I refused to attend the meeting. I'm not in a good state, not suitable for appearing," Li Leping said.

Yang Jian said, "Leuk San said the same before but eventually agreed, so are you refusing?"

"You could think of it that way."

The voice on the other end was very calm and indifferent, with no emotional fluctuation.

Yang Jian said, "If you maintain this attitude, you can resign from your position as a captain to the headquarters, and it would be none of my business."

"Why should I resign as captain? I've handled numerous supernatural events; being in this position is reasonable and deserved. You can't erase all my past achievements just because I refused one meeting," Li Leping said.

"What if I insist you attend the meeting?" Yang Jian replied with an equally cold voice.

The other end was silent.

"Let's talk face-to-face, then. I'll send you the address," Li Leping said.

"Alright."

Yang Jian put down the phone.

Soon, he received a new text message.

After a glance, Yang Jian immediately knew the location.

Instantly, he disappeared from where he stood.

Upon reappearing, he was inside a villa on the outskirts of the city.

The place was dark, with only a few dim candles burning.

When Yang Jian appeared, an unfamiliar man was in the darkness.

This man left no impression on Yang Jian's mind, but the eerie aura emanating from him indicated this was a powerful ghost handler.

And in Dachuan City, apart from Li Leping, who else could be such a formidable ghost handler?

"Li Leping? I thought you'd hide from me," Yang Jian said.

"Your Ghost Domain easily covers a city. Where could I possibly hide?" Li Leping replied, "You should know my situation isn't good."

"The previous situation hasn't been resolved?" Yang Jian frowned.

Li Leping said, "It's over, but not perfectly."

Chapter 1248 - The Perilous Li Leping

"Not perfect enough?"

Yang Jian listened to the strange man in front of him, recalling the supernatural incident caused by the Ghost Shadow Figure in Dachuan City before.

Li Leping failed to control the Ghost Shadow Figure, leading to a full-scale outbreak of the supernatural incident, and he almost died due to the resurrection of the ferocious ghost. However, in the end, he

managed to narrowly escape death by relying on the Forgetful Ghost he controlled, with some help from Yang Jian.

"I should have told you last time, I tried to forget the murder pattern of the ferocious ghost, forget the identity of the ferocious ghost, so I could take control of everything and become a ghost with the consciousness of a living person," Li Leping said.

Yang Jian said, "You should have succeeded. There's no turning back once you undergo such a transformation. You either succeed and live on, or you fail and die. The fact that you're still alive proves that path has already been walked."

"Yes, but it's not a complete success. If a day has twenty-four hours, I am absolutely safe for twelve hours during the day. However, during the day, the Sleepwalking Ghost sleeps, and my own abilities weaken. But come nighttime, the Sleepwalking Ghost becomes active, and my strength significantly increases."

"To be precise, it's at night that I truly have the consciousness of a living person's ferocious ghost."

Li Leping spoke seriously, not minding revealing such important secrets.

"Then what do you mean by not perfect enough?"

Li Leping said, "During the twelve hours of the night, I can only maintain nine hours of activity. For the remaining three hours, I still lose control, and I've never been able to break through that boundary, so I'm not perfect enough. That's why I am unwilling to leave Dachuan City before solving this issue."

"It's not that I refuse to meet at headquarters, but if I go like this and lose control, many people will die. Of course, with you around, Yang Jian, perhaps the loss of control wouldn't be as severe, you could stop me."

"But I don't want to be foolishly killed by you."

"Refusing, hiding, just taking care of Dachuan City, is the best choice I can make right now. Honestly, what's happening outside doesn't matter much to me anymore."

Yang Jian understood Li Leping's predicament.

He loses control for three hours a night, and once out of control, he becomes a truly terrifying ferocious ghost, killing anyone who dares to approach. Moreover, Li Leping also possesses the Ghost Domain, making the consequences of losing control worse than imagined.

If he can't find a safe place to stay before losing control ends in three hours, it's feared that not a single person within the Ghost Domain will survive afterwards.

"Losing control for three hours is indeed perilous, but I want to know whether this loss of control is manageable or uncontrollable," Yang Jian asked.

Li Leping said, "I can't control this time, but according to the loss of control pattern, it's generally between six to eight in the evening, four to six in the morning, and around midnight when the probability of losing control is greatest."

"Between six and eight in the evening is the moment your Sleepwalking Ghost wakes. Around midnight is when your Sleepwalking Ghost's supernatural power is strongest. Four to six in the morning is when your Sleepwalking Ghost sleeps,"

said Yang Jian. "I somewhat understand why you would lose control."

"The change in your supernatural strength causes you to lose control. Whether a part of your supernatural power suddenly becomes stronger or disappears, both affect your balance."

"Your analysis makes sense, and that's what I think too."

Li Leping said, "But the inconsistency in timing makes it hard for me to find activity time at night. Even though it's just three hours out of control, it feels like it makes movement almost impossible, and apart from taking time to slowly get through it, there's no way out."

"You can try to adjust your supernatural power's strength at each time point, reducing the impact of losing control. Maybe this would be useful," Yang Jian suggested.

"Tell me your thoughts," said Li Leping.

Yang Jian said, "At the onset of the night, when your Sleepwalking Ghost becomes active, the supernatural power strengthens. If at this time you can suppress your supernatural power, you won't lose control. An emergency measure I have is to light a red Ghost Candle, using its traits, you can prevent yourself from losing control."

"Whenever it's between six to eight, around midnight, you light a red Ghost Candle, it should be effective. Around four, your Sleepwalking Ghost falls asleep, your supernatural power weakens, at this time you need to maintain the Ghost Domain open, enhancing your supernatural power to compensate for the power that falls asleep during the day."

"A good method, but too extravagant, as just one evening will consume at least one Ghost Candle for no reason. I don't have that many Ghost Candles to spare," said Li Leping.

"During the meeting time, I'll supply the Ghost Candles you need, and after this matter is over, you can return to Dachuan City and stay as long as you like," Yang Jian said.

Hearing this proposal, Li Leping's eyes moved.

He didn't want to go out, nor did he want to refuse Yang Jian.

After all, Yang Jian now is no longer the inexperienced person who attended the captain's meeting before. Li Leping had already realized Yang Jian's growth speed back during the Room 301 incident.

Now, they hadn't seen each other for some time, and he was sure there had been progress.

"Since I received your help last time, and now you're inviting me, I can only agree to go to headquarters. However, I still need to test your proposed plan overnight to see if it works before acting tomorrow," said Li Leping after some thought, finally agreeing.

"Wait here," Yang Jian said as he turned to leave.

But moments later, he returned with a red Ghost Candle in hand.

This Ghost Candle was not taken from headquarters but from Dachang City, part of his own stock.

However, when he returned to the villa, he found that Li Leping was no longer there.

Yang Jian tried to recall but found himself unable to remember Li Leping's appearance, only a name, as if he hadn't met him at all.

Yet he clearly remembered the content of their conversation.

"The ability to make others forget is truly terrifying... Wait, didn't Li Leping say before that he risks losing control between six to eight each night?"

Yang Jian realized something and immediately took out his phone to check the time.

The time displayed was 7:35.

When he came from Leuk San's side, it was a little past seven. With the Ghost Domain, traveling didn't take much time, so he had arrived in Dachuan City before 7:30 and had found Li Leping for a short conversation. But whatever happened, it had not yet passed eight, and as long as it remained between six and eight, Li Leping had the possibility of losing control.

In the dark villa, thick smoke with a burnt smell gradually filled the air...

Yang Jian's face turned grim upon smelling this familiar odor.

"Sure enough, Li Leping has already lost control. Now even the Ghost Domain is in use, he's probably entered a sleepwalking state. Staying here is not an option, I need to leave and return after he regains clarity."

He didn't hesitate, turning to leave.

After all, he hadn't forgotten that Li Leping was not just controlling one ghost, but as many as four.

There's the Forgetful Ghost that can make people forget faces, memories, even the murder pattern of a ferocious ghost.

The Ghost Smoke that can create a Ghost Domain.

The Sleepwalking Ghost active at night.

And, the inevitable Dead Ghost when approaching.

These four supernatural powers combine to form a qualitative change.

Yang Jian opened his Ghost Domain to isolate the effects of the thick smoke, as staying in Li Leping's Ghost Domain for too long would risk being suffocated by the smoke. Even a ghost handler, if not suffocated, would be corroded by Ghost Smoke.

Using the Ghost Domain to block out the supernatural, he rushed out of the villa immediately.

Just as he was planning to move away, Yang Jian stopped in his tracks.

He noticed a thick smoke spreading from the villa, then seemed to surge consciously towards him.

With this occurrence, Yang Jian instantly realized the issue at hand.

"I was the only person in the whole area earlier, so my presence triggered the Dead Ghost's murder pattern, hence I've been targeted. Wherever I go now, the ghost will follow."

It seems that leaving isn't an option, as the out-of-control Li Leping would pursue him.

It's fortunate there's no one around here; if there were, they would certainly be affected.

"What a hassle, always causing trouble for me."

Yang Jian looked at the cracked spear in his hand, then without thinking, he simply planted it on the ground.

This thing can't be used.

After all, he didn't want to kill Li Leping, just wanted him to regain clarity; he still needed this guy to attend the captain's meeting.

The dense smoke rolled in quickly.

Yang Jian didn't move, and in the next moment, the dense smoke engulfed him.

The world of dense smoke is Li Leping's Ghost Domain.

However, Yang Jian remained calm, waiting for Li Leping to appear.

"Perfect, I can take this opportunity to test just how dangerous Li Leping is out of control, and whether I can confront him without using supernatural weapons."

He didn't dodge, preparing to face Li Leping's attack head-on.

The dense smoke rolled, and the visibility seemed to blur.

But the Ghost Eye saw everything clearly, unaffected visually.

Yet, the longer he stayed in the world of dense smoke, the more blurred the Ghost Eye's vision became; this situation meant Yang Jian couldn't drag things out with Li Leping.

"Here he comes."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian saw, in front of a dark villa, an ordinary-looking but rigid-faced, eerily cold person suddenly appeared; this person had their eyes closed, like sleepwalking, in a daze, unable to awaken.

Even though he was in a sleepwalking state, the ghost's murderous patterns still instinctively controlled Li Leping's actions.

He walked forward, heading straight for Yang Jian.

A few steps later, Li Leping disappeared in front and reappeared close to Yang Jian's side.

The distance got too close.

So close that it triggered the fatal curse of Li Leping's seekers of the Ghost Domain.

To be found is to be doomed!

No need to touch you; just approaching a certain distance will trigger this fatal curse.

In an instant.

Yang Jian's body began to be invaded by an eerie supernatural power; this curse aimed to take his life, even his consciousness, making him die immediately.

It's akin to the fatal curse stored in his spear that loses balance.

"Does this curse even target consciousness?"

Yang Jian's expression changed drastically; without hesitation, he retreated swiftly, while the Ghost Eye activated to seventy percent.

He planned to restart himself, escaping this fatal curse.

His biggest current issue was the Ghost Lake's supernatural resurgence, not the Ghost Eye's resurrection, so occasionally using seventy percent of the Ghost Domain was no longer a problem.

But just as the restarting red light enveloped his body, in the next moment, nothing happened.

The Ghost Eye was not affected, but the restart failed, as if the memory of restarting had vanished from Yang Jian's mind.

"This is the Forgetful Ghost's supernatural... it's making me forget the restart," Yang Jian widened his eyes.

This Li Leping, after becoming a vengeful ghost, was truly terrifying.

During the confrontation, it could make someone unknowingly forget their supernatural powers.

If he were to ambush others, even someone at the captain level would have a high chance of being killed by this Li Leping.

When the restart failed, the out-of-control Li Leping clearly had turned into a terrifying and cold vengeful ghost; he approached again with closed eyes and an expressionless face, following the dense smoke.

This time, he not only intended to get close to Yang Jian but also to kill him.

However, Li Leping's action failed.

He stopped in his tracks.

Because he stepped into a puddle of water.

From beneath the water, countless ghostly pale hands stretched out, pulling him into the water.

Li Leping was sinking, but the process was slow; however, though slow, he couldn't escape.

One must know this water had absorbed forty percent of the Ghost Lake's supernatural force, and within it were Yang Jian's twelve hundred Water Ghosts; though most were engaged in the uncontrolled Ghost Lake's struggle, Yang Jian could still summon some when critical.

"Sink into the lake, sober up a bit."

Yang Jian squinted, allowing the Ghost Lake to gradually engulf him.

Luckily, Li Leping was now a ghost, without intelligence; otherwise, such a noticeable puddle of water on the ground would've been avoided by anyone with common sense.

But after the brief struggle, Yang Jian understood the terrifying nature of this guy.

Indeed, he's worthy of being a captain-level ghost-handler.

And after Yang Jian controlled Li Leping, his missing memories began to slowly return.

Because in his mind, the growl of the Evil Hound echoed.

The hound stored in his memory was dispelling the Forgetful Ghost's supernatural influence.

Yet despite this, Li Leping still managed to affect Yang Jian's memory for at least ten seconds.

If Yang Jian hadn't stored the Evil Hound in his mind, the frightening impact wouldn't be merely ten seconds; it could be ten months, ten years, or even a lifetime.

"Though the forgotten memory has returned, I still can't remember this guy's face... Even with the Evil Hound in my mind, it can't help me permanently remember him," Yang Jian thought to himself.

But regardless.

Yang Jian managed to subdue this guy without using supernatural weapons.

He checked the time.

It is now seven forty.

Only five minutes had passed.

At this moment, Yang Jian was not in a hurry; he simply watched Li Leping, submerged mostly in water, waiting for him to regain clarity.

Chapter 1249 The Captain Lost in Memories

Yang Jian kept a sufficient distance from Li Leping, who was trapped by the Ghost Lake.

Once out of a certain range, Li Leping was unable to trigger the murderous pattern of the Searching Ghost, and Yang Jian's crisis was also resolved. Even without a restart, the deadly pattern began to dissipate under his supernatural confrontation.

"If I hadn't already become an anomaly, I really couldn't control Li Leping in his out-of-control state. This guy's Forgetful Ghost ability can actually make me forget how to use the restart, it's simply incredible."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

At this moment, although Li Leping, trapped by the accumulated water, was sinking slowly, the speed was not fast. This indicated that he was extremely dangerous, not an ordinary ghost that could easily sink into the lake water.

Yet, despite this, Li Leping was unable to escape his predicament.

This showed that in the confrontation with the Ghost Lake, it still had the upper hand.

However, this was not when Li Leping's supernatural power was at its strongest; that should be at midnight.

At that time, the Sleepwalking Ghost would be fully awakened, and the terror level would be even higher than now.

As time passed little by little.

At eight o'clock, Li Leping, who had originally closed his eyes and entered a sleepwalking state, opened his eyes and woke up. He once again regained control and returned to normal.

"Lost control again?"

After waking up, Li Leping began to look around at his surroundings.

He found that he was not in his usual villa but outdoors, and he was actually soaking in a puddle of water, with only his head above the surface.

In the water, the faint reflection showed many cold floating corpses. These corpses reached out and held onto him tightly, making it impossible to break free.

"Li Leping, you're awake? You lost control just now, so to prevent any accidents I trapped you in the water, I hope you don't mind."

Yang Jian's voice sounded from the side.

"Is this your new supernatural power?"

Li Leping's eyes moved slightly, somewhat surprised.

Yang Jian said, "You didn't participate in the Ghost Lake incident, if you had, you might have made some progress too."

As he spoke, the floating corpses in the water gradually released Li Leping and then slowly sank, disappearing into the depths of the water in an instant, no longer visible.

The suppression on Li Leping was noticeably reduced as well.

At this moment, he struggled to swim out of the water.

Though he hadn't experienced it firsthand, this seemingly bottomless water made him wary, as it could even subdue his out-of-control self.

"Progress in the supernatural comes at the cost of risking one's life. I lost a bet once and almost lost Dachuan City, and now my own issues are unresolved, leaving me no room to worry about other matters."

Li Leping freed himself from the water, standing on solid ground.

The water on his body quickly dripped down and quickly gathered with the nearby water, and then began to disappear rapidly.

Eventually, the ground became dry again, with no trace of water.

"The eight o'clock loss of control is over, next is the midnight one, prepare yourself, I don't have time to wait with you anymore. If it succeeds, we depart after sunrise."

Yang Jian finished speaking and threw a red Ghost Candle.

Li Leping caught it with his hand: "Don't worry, since I've agreed to your matter, I will definitely do it, as long as your plan works. However, I'm surprised that you could control me even when I was out of control. I think I underestimated you."

"I also underestimated you, having already controlled four ghosts so early on. If not for some accident, there's not many stronger than you in the supernatural circle."

Yang Jian said seriously.

When it truly came to a fight, he realized just how troublesome Li Leping was.

It's a pity he was delayed for too long, making no progress for almost a year. If it were the former Yang Jian, he would've been easily taken down by this guy.

"I'm just trying to survive, that's all. To me, strength or weakness means little," Li Leping said.

"True, if you can overcome the risk of losing control and evolve into an anomaly, with your strength, you'll be at the top, and there aren't many ghost handlers in the supernatural circle who can kill you."

Li Leping said, "That certainly doesn't include you, does it, Yang Jian?"

Yang Jian did not deny it, instead he asked, "How is the spiritual incident in Room 301?"

"You built a high wall and sealed off that old district. Everything is still calm for now, at least no ghosts have come out, but I've investigated. That area remains very dangerous, with signs of ghostly activity," Li Leping replied.

Yang Jian said, "Then you'd better keep an eye on it."

"This is my jurisdiction, Dachuan City, I'll handle it," Li Leping said.

"Good, since there's no problem, I should head to the next stop."

After asking a few things, Yang Jian didn't waste any more time and immediately set off.

Li Leping did not hold him back, merely watched Yang Jian leave. After he had gone far, Li Leping took the red Ghost Candle and returned to the suburban villa nearby to stay.

Before leaving Dachuan City, a bit of the Ghost Lake's water was left behind, soaking an inconspicuous pond, leaving a trace for future visits to the city.

"Who should we find next?"

His gaze shifted slightly as he recalled the remaining captains: He Yiner, Wang Chaling, Cao Yang, as well as Shen Lin and Zhang Jun.

"Go to Daxia City to find Shen Lin..."

Yang Jian decided to go to a closer place first, since Daxia City is not far from Dachuan City and doesn't require crossing north to south.

Using the Ghost Domain to travel.

In no time, Yang Jian appeared above the city of Daxia City.

He covered the city with his Ghost Domain, trying to directly locate Shen Lin, but found nothing. He contacted Shen Lin's liaison in the city, who also confirmed that Shen Lin had gone missing after the last Ghost Lake incident without any news.

This result made Yang Jian frown.

"Shen Lin is probably having issues due to the Ghost Lake supernatural event. He might have gotten lost in the world of memories; he's not a normal person. He only exists in memory, lacking a physical body in reality, making him very difficult to find."

He speculated in his heart.

Otherwise, why has this guy never shown up?

After spending some time without results, Yang Jian directly called Cao Yanhua.

Soon, Cao Yanhua answered.

"Stop looking for Shen Lin, he's in trouble. During the last Ghost Lake incident, he was eroded by Ghost Lake, invaded my memory, and has not been seen since. I estimate he's either dead or completely lost within his memory; finding him anytime soon is almost impossible. I'm just giving you a heads-up to avoid any disputes later on," Yang Jian said.

"Understood. If Shen Lin is indeed untraceable, his captain status will be temporarily frozen until he reappears. Meanwhile, the vacant captain position will be filled by a candidate from the shortlist," Cao Yanhua said seriously.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly: "Captain candidates? I remember Feng Quan is one of them. Is he qualified?"

Cao Yanhua paused for a moment, understanding Yang Jian's intention was to seize the opportunity to capture another captain position.

"Feng Quan has the seniority, but if his abilities are lacking, I wouldn't oppose it," he replied.

"I was just asking casually; looks like Feng Quan isn't going to be a captain,"

Yang Jian said, dismissing the thought in his mind.

Cao Yanhua's words clearly indicated Feng Quan's lack of ability.

However, he was right; although Feng Quan controlled three ghosts and was nominated for captain, his abilities truly lacked in many areas. Making him a captain would not be a good thing; rather, it would be detrimental because a person with insufficient ability handling supernatural events would die quickly.

"I want to know who, in your opinion, are the captain candidates," Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yanhua didn't hide anything and directly said, "Currently, there are two people who are very suitable. One is Lin Bei; you should have some impression of him, as you met him the first time you sat on that supernatural bus... After that, you even sent ten million to Lin Bei's family."

"I remember now, that's the bald guy who successfully got off the supernatural bus, indeed not simple."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he recalled this person in his mind.

This Lin Bei had been a ghost handler longer than him and successfully survived getting off the supernatural bus. He was indeed extraordinary, and his abilities were certainly stronger than Feng Quan's, so he agreed with nominating this person as a captain.

Yang Jian said, "I don't see any problem with this person becoming a captain. Who is the second person?"

"The second person you've also met, his name is Zhou Deng; you also encountered him on the bus," Cao Yanhua said.

Zhou Deng?

"I've been through supernatural events with him, and I know a bit about his character. Other than his penchant for stealing things, he's trustworthy."

Yang Jian nodded: "It would also be good for him to become a captain."

It seems Cao Yanhua is indeed being professional.

Lin Bei has seniority, strong abilities, and survived getting off the supernatural bus. Zhou Deng is reliable and capable, both are more suitable than Feng Quan. Placing these two in the first tier of captain reserves wouldn't be an issue.

"The remaining backup list also includes a few, such as Zhang Lei, Feng Quan, Ah Hong, Su Fan... Liu Qi," Cao Yanhua said.

"Wait, Liu Qi? Which Liu Qi?" Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yanhua seemed a bit surprised, "You don't know? Of course it's your classmate Liu Qi, haven't you been in contact?"

Yang Jian frowned.

He indeed had no contact with Liu Qi, but how did this guy suddenly go from an ordinary person to joining headquarters, and grow so quickly to become a captain candidate?

Could it be that he had some special supernatural experience like Sun Ren before?

Forget it, this matter can be asked about from Zhang Wei later; he is still in contact with Liu Qi and recently organized a class reunion.

Cao Yanhua added, "If you want to know more about Liu Qi, I'll send his dossier to you later."

"Send it to Liu Xiaoyu; I don't have time to look at it now. Since Shen Lin can't be found, I can only go find the next captain. Alright, that's it, I'm hanging up."

After saying this, Yang Jian hung up the phone. He didn't waste time wandering in the city and immediately headed to the next city.

Chapter 1250 The Newly Built Ancient Town

He decided to head to Dayuan City for the fourth stop.

The captain of Dayuan City is He Yiner, who had been missing for quite some time as well, but after the Ghost Lake incident, she reconnected and resurfaced. Headquarters has her contact information.

Quickly.

Yang Jian appeared once again in the sky above Dayuan City. His Ghost Domain spread, immediately pinpointing a supernatural site.

This is a newly constructed replica ancient street tourist town in the suburbs of Dayuan City.

Taiping Ancient Town?

The building plans displayed the name and layout of the town, but the project was established recently. The construction site was bustling with excavators and dirt trucks...even at night, it was busy.

"Is it you?"

Suddenly, an old man guarding the construction site's gate stared at Yang Jian with a look of surprise.

Yang Jian was currently within the Ghost Domain, invisible to ordinary people, yet this old man could see him at a glance, obviously not a regular person.

"It seems He Yiner is from Taiping Ancient Town. Previously, Taiping Ancient Town was submerged by Ghost Lake, and now they're rebuilding it anew. Really audacious to single-handedly revive such a place. If you're here, then the rest of them must be here as well."

"What about the shrine caretaker and the Faceless Person?"

Yang Jian glared at the old man and said.

Calling him an 'old man' isn't entirely accurate. He was only around fifty but appeared aged due to his heavily wrinkled face. During the Ghost Lake incident, this man joined forces with the shrine's caretaker, and they had an altercation.

So, they were not friends, and animosity was evident.

"Taiping Ancient Town is already submerged, and you still want to utterly destroy us?"

Boss Liu sighed helplessly.

He was unaware that Yang Jian was seeking He Yiner, assuming he came to settle scores from that day.

"Last time, I considered wiping you all out, but the timing wasn't right, plus you helped Ah Hong, so I didn't push it. However, if you're truly intent on reviving Taiping Ancient Town, this time I won't hesitate to eliminate this threat. That Taiping Ancient Town must not reappear, nor the Ghost Street."

Yang Jian said with a cold expression.

Boss Liu pondered for a moment and asked, "Can this problem be solved with money?"

After speaking, he pulled out a few colorful ghost money notes from his pocket as if they were treasures.

That was Ghost Money, with special uses. Using one would diminish the total, though its greatest function wasn't to bribe dangerous ghosts to escape death, but to purchase paranormal items in Taiping Ancient Town's Ghost Street.

"What do you think?" Yang Jian glanced, unimpressed.

"Yang Jian, this is not your Dachang City. If you want to make a move here, you'll have to get past me."

At that moment, a woman's stern voice rang out.

Next, an oddly prominent woman with a black and white eye and a strange aura appeared nearby, stepping forward with a chilling and aggressive demeanor.

"Captain of Dayuan City, He Yiner?" Yang Jian looked towards the woman.

Honestly, this was their first true meeting.

The previous encounter during the Ghost Lake incident didn't count.

After He Yiner arrived, a tall figure followed closely. That tall man had no facial features, rendering him particularly distinct.

"There's still one more person missing from the scene. Why haven't they appeared?"

Yang Jian looked around, attempting to spot the subsequent person.

However, the one-eyed elder did not show up.

But as Yang Jian noticed He Yiner's ghastly pale eyeball, he understood: "I see, the old man guarding the shrine must be dead. His controlled ghosts are now with you. It seems your revival wasn't easy, costing him a life."

Revival is taboo.

With He Yiner's current reappearance and the lack of the elderly guardian beside Taiping Ancient Town, while the ghosts appear with He Yiner, this situation isn't difficult to deduce.

"Have you said enough?" He Yiner coldly remarked.

Yang Jian countered, "As a captain, do you know what you're doing? Rebuilding Taiping Ancient Town, reopening Ghost Street? Are you trying to turn Dayuan City into another city submerged?"

"Aren't you raising a Ghost Infant? Are you planning to reenact a Hungry Ghost event?"

He Yiner's attitude was tough, sharply challenging.

"You know quite a lot. But I've always suppressed the Ghost Infant, controlling it. When necessary, I can take it down. Can you truly control Ghost Street?" Yang Jian stated.

He Yiner replied, "You're not me. How can you know that I can't control Ghost Street? Besides, this is my jurisdiction. If anything goes wrong, I'll be responsible – not your concern."

"If you've come to Dayuan City today intending to act, then we three will combine efforts against you. Although you're formidable, I believe the one who will ultimately lose will be you."

She maintained her strong stance, not allowing anyone to interfere with the rebuilding of Taiping Ancient Town.

"Interesting." Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly.

"I've clashed with quite a few captains but have never faced off against you. I want to know what kind of supernatural power gives you the confidence to team up with those two to take me down here."

"If you're going to make a move, you'll find out," said He Yiner.

"Is that so."

Yang Jian's expression was indifferent as the lights on the nearby construction site began to flicker slightly. In the shadows nearby, a pair of crimson eyes appeared. A large Evil Hound gradually emerged, growling and issuing a strong warning.

Boss Liu, seeing the situation turning unfavorable, hurriedly stepped forward to persuade: "Let's everyone say a few less words. Although we're not exactly friends, we're not enemies either. Let's all calm down. Everything can be negotiated. There's no point in always thinking about making a move. Fighting won't solve the problem; it will only escalate the conflict."

The Faceless Person standing nearby gently shook his head at He Yiner, signaling her not to act.

"Anyone who tries to stop me from rebuilding Taiping Ancient Town is my enemy. Yang Jian, as long as you stay out of this matter, everything can be negotiated."

He Yiner took a deep breath to calm herself.

She understood that fighting Yang Jian at this point would be a very foolish decision.

If they lost, they would be annihilated.

If they won, with Yang Jian's death, a fierce ghost would resurrect, and they'd bear the crime of killing a captain—problems would be immense. Even if they won, they would pay a considerable price, and perhaps Yang Jian would take down one or two of them as he died.

This is because He Yiner had seen Yang Jian's dossier and knew that he had a Coffin Nail in his possession.

In the hands of someone like Yang Jian, the use of such an item was extremely dangerous—it could instantly kill someone at the start of a confrontation, preventing even the use of supernatural powers.

Even though she was a new Soul Summoner, she wasn't confident she could survive an assault from Yang Jian.

The atmosphere was tense at that moment.

Everyone was watching Yang Jian, slightly nervous.

If Yang Jian really acted, they would have to counter with their strongest supernatural powers. This young man had once killed one of them one-on-four on Ghost Lake, and he had even decapitated the former Soul Summoner.

After a brief standoff.

The flickering lights around returned to normal, and the Evil Hound receded into the shadows.

Yang Jian said calmly, "I've only taken one paycheck from headquarters, so I have no reason to do two jobs. This time, I'm here for you, He Yiner, not to cause trouble for Taiping Ancient Town. As long as you agree to attend the captain's meeting at headquarters tomorrow, I'll pretend today never happened."

"Just attending a meeting?"

He Yiner instantly recalled the previous invitation from headquarters.

But she had refused it because she was responsible for the reconstruction work of Taiping Ancient Town and had no time to attend an uninteresting meeting at headquarters. Unexpectedly, headquarters actually sent Yang Jian to personally invite her this time.

"I understand. I will attend the meeting." She agreed outright.

Compared to fighting Yang Jian, attending a meeting was a trivial matter.

Yang Jian said, "Don't be late. Also, I warn you, if Taiping Ancient Town stirs up any paranormal events again, I'll be the first to cut you down. Dangerous things should be sealed and should not appear in this world. That Ghost Street is full of uncertainties; you can't control it."

"I know Taiping Ancient Town better than you do, unless I'm dead, there won't be a day of chaos. I can guarantee that," He Yiner said seriously.

"I hope so."

Yang Jian withdrew his hostility and turned away without a second thought.

After he left, silence descended around them. It was a good ten seconds before Boss Liu let out a breath of relief.

"Luckily, there was no fight, otherwise, my old bones would have been done for here."

"Not necessarily, I could summon a spirit immediately and fight him to the death," He Yiner said.

Boss Liu chuckled bitterly, "Previously I didn't doubt you could do that, but didn't you hear what that young man said? He didn't want Dayuan City to become the second city to drown. What do you think he means by that?"

The Faceless Person beside her pointed to the spot where Yang Jian had just stood.

There were two wet footprints, and they were quickly disappearing.

"That's water from Ghost Lake. This young man has successfully tapped into the supernatural power of Ghost Lake. If we had fought, I have no doubt he could have drowned this place, so our best outcome would be mutual destruction," Boss Liu said.

He Yiner said, "Even summoning the most terrifying ghosts couldn't win?"

"Assuming we could block his assault for you, that dog just now had already targeted you. His target is you, not us. This young man is very experienced, and the moment he saw you, he understood everything, so he clearly knows you are the threat. If he nails you down, preventing you from summoning spirits, he will definitely win in the end."

Boss Liu said, "Of course, if you could maximize the ability of the Soul Summoner and summon the most formidable revenants of Taiping Ancient Town, he would surely die. But when people in the supernatural circle face off, they don't look at 'if,' because the moment you act, there's no 'if,' only who is left standing in the end, no matter how many powerful tricks you have, if you can't use them, it's all for naught."

"I understand. I'll be careful next time. I was somewhat impulsive this time."

He Yiner nodded, humbly accepting the advice.

"It's good that you understand." Boss Liu nodded in relief.