

Revival 1251

Chapter 1251 - Silent City

Yang Jian left Dayuan City once again, preparing to head to the next stop to meet a few remaining captains.

However, the trip to Dayuan City was somewhat unexpected for him.

Taiping Ancient Town was actually being rebuilt here.

Rebuilding is not just about replicating the original structures of Taiping Ancient Town, but the deeper meaning behind it, and even He Yiner might reopen Ghost Street in the newly rebuilt Taiping Ancient Town.

But for such things, he couldn't intervene.

Unless he really decided to kill He Yiner and the two elders of the ancient town by her side.

But that would be too costly, moreover, Yang Jian's purpose on this trip wasn't for this.

"After going around, the only captains left are Cao Yang, Wang Chaling, and that Zhang Jun. From the distance, I'm closer to the city where Cao Yang is located."

Yang Jian recalled the archive materials he had viewed before.

Although Cao Yang often interacted with Wei Jing and Li Jun and frequently visited the headquarters, he did not reside there permanently, as he was responsible for another city.

"Dajin City"

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye opened, peering in the direction of that city.

In the next moment.

A red light swept across the sky, vanishing instantly.

Within just a few dozen seconds, Yang Jian had already appeared atop a tall building in Dajin City, overlooking the city to first ascertain the situation here.

"No supernatural events are happening, it seems Cao Yang, as the person in charge, is still diligent."

He did not directly search for the person but made a phone call to make contact first.

However, although Cao Yang's phone was not turned off, it couldn't be reached.

"Just as the file said, Cao Yang's phone is unreachable. The liaison just said he went to handle a supernatural event, and then disappeared without a trace..."

Yang Jian frowned: "Another one of those who disappeared for a short time."

Although captains disappearing is common, especially someone like Cao Yang who says he went to handle a supernatural event, no one could fault him.

But the issue here is that Cao Yang has been missing for more than just a day or two, it's been over ten days.

It shouldn't take more than a few days for a captain to handle a supernatural event, usually within three days there's a result. If it exceeds three days, either they couldn't handle it and returned, or they died during the event.

Because fighting against ghosts is extremely perilous, life and death can be decided in a few minutes, the longer it drags on, the more dangerous it gets.

Yang Jian's trip to the Caesar Grand Hotel only took two days, and one of those days was spent waiting for the fire at Caesar Grand Hotel to be extinguished, and he withdrew temporarily.

"Let's go ask Cao Yang's liaison, maybe there's a clue."

He immediately headed to where Cao Yang worked.

Like the other captains, Cao Yang's workplace was noticeably prominent, at the top floor of the tallest building in this city.

Because the building is high enough, as a ghost handler he can use the Ghost Domain to reach every corner of the city in the shortest time possible, not because he intentionally showed off by living so high.

At 8:30 PM.

The lights in Cao Yang's office were still bright, with some staff members still on duty.

Accompanied by the flickering office lights, Yang Jian suddenly appeared in the middle of the office.

His appearance startled the staff working the night shift, and they even showed signs of fear.

Because they are ordinary people, and their work is related to supernatural events, they are inevitably overly attentive to abnormalities occurring around them, any unusual phenomenon can make them think they have encountered a ghost.

"Don't panic, don't mess up, it's Captain Yang from headquarters, he's here for an inspection."

At this moment, a middle-aged man called out.

Hearing these words, many people immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's you, Wang Quan? I can't believe you followed Cao Yang to Dajin City."

Yang Jian looked at this man and immediately remembered his identity.

He had once been an action leader in the Ghost Painting Incident, although he managed teams of ordinary people, he left a very deep impression on Yang Jian.

Wang Quan said, "Captain Yang, long time no see, the last time we met was when you were still in school, it's been over half a year already. Captain Yang is still full of energy; it seems you are maintaining your condition well."

"Just struggling to survive."

Yang Jian said, "You're working under Cao Yang, so you should be familiar with his whereabouts, where did he go?"

Wang Quan smiled bitterly: "A captain's whereabouts, such a big matter, I've already reported to the headquarters, I truly don't know where Cao Yang went. After he returned from the Ghost Lake event, he rarely stayed in the office, often disappearing on his own, each time claiming to handle a supernatural event, whether that's true, I really don't know."

"After all, Cao Yang has a Ghost Domain, he could go anywhere, I'm just a liaison, not a ghost handler, I can't monitor him all the time."

"It seems he has some secret, needing to avoid you and the headquarters." Yang Jian mused.

Cao Yang survived sinking into Ghost Lake, he definitely didn't rely on the ghost control methods given by the headquarters, he must have had some other special experience, otherwise, why would he run to Dajin City to be in charge instead of frequently stationed at the headquarters like Li Jun and Wei Jing?"

"Was he perhaps focusing on some supernatural event, or some place?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Quan, without hiding anything, cooperatively said: "The last time Cao Yang appeared, he took a few files of paranormal incident cases to look at. After that, he said he was going to handle a supernatural event and has been missing ever since. Those case files are still preserved. Yang, please wait a moment; the files are locked in the safe, and it'll take some time. I'll fetch them now. Please sit down and rest first."

"Xiao Liu, entertain Captain Yang."

"Sure, no problem."

A staff member walked over: "Captain Yang, would you like tea or coffee?"

Yang Jian didn't speak but waved his hand, indicating not to disturb him.

After a while, Wang Quan brought several case files.

"Captain Yang, these are the paranormal incident files recently viewed by Cao Yang. If he's really gone to deal with a supernatural event, I believe these files might be useful." Wang Quan said.

"Let me have a look."

Yang Jian took the files and immediately started to look through them.

The first file was familiar, the Ghost Lake incident.

But that paranormal event has already passed; Cao Yang certainly couldn't have gone to Ghost Lake again.

Casually tossing it aside, Yang Jian saw the second paranormal incident file: Ferocious Ghost Road.

"Why hasn't this paranormal incident been resolved yet? It's been a year, hasn't it?"

Wang Quan glanced at it and explained: "This paranormal event is quite unique because it appears randomly, sometimes domestically, sometimes abroad. Moreover, it appears for a very short time, making it impossible to track, which is why it hasn't been resolved."

"No wonder."

Yang Jian tossed that file aside and picked up the third file: "Terror Museum? I've seen this paranormal incident file before as well, hasn't it been resolved either?"

"No, by locking down the area, we can minimize losses, plus the level is very high, so it's not in the priority list for resolution." Wang Quan said.

"Interesting, the paranormal incident files that Cao Yang looks at are unusual; the levels have already reached A. Is he really not afraid of death, or is there a special reason why he has to face certain high-terror level ghosts?"

Yang Jian's eyes slightly shifted, he thought of the Ghost Lake incident.

Everyone knows the Ghost Lake incident is unusual, yet Cao Yang was the first to get involved.

Before, he thought it was Cao Yang being reckless, but now he fears that's not the reason; rather, he has been involved in high-level paranormal events all along, just happened to be unlucky and got trapped in Ghost Lake.

"I'm now a bit intrigued, a ghost-handler repeatedly getting involved in dangerous paranormal events, what's the reason behind this?" Yang Jian started to feel curious.

Everyone shuns paranormal events, except Cao Yang.

Perhaps, this is related to the supernatural power he possesses.

But that's only speculation.

Yang Jian continued flipping through the next file, another A-level paranormal incident, also seen before, codenamed: Silent.

He didn't look at the file's content but noticed the paper was quite creased, indicating Cao Yang had flipped through it many times.

"If Cao Yang's disappearance is really due to handling a paranormal incident, then he must have chosen this one, but why does he need to hide his whereabouts while dealing with a paranormal event, even maintaining a long period of no contact?"

Yang Jian thought to himself.

"I'll have to go to the location where this paranormal event occurred; perhaps I can find Cao Yang."

He glanced through the file, learned about the paranormal location and general supernatural content, then set the information aside.

Wang Quan tidied up the scattered files and then said: "Captain Yang, did you discover anything new?"

"He might be handling this paranormal event. I'll go to the incident location to see if I can find Cao Yang. He disappeared when headquarters called for a captain's meeting, forcing me to take a trip. If he contacts you during this period, tell him my words." Yang Jian said.

Wang Quan said: "I certainly understand that. Earlier, I received a call from headquarters instructing me to notify them as soon as I contact Captain Cao, saying there's an urgent matter requiring him to go to headquarters. I didn't expect there would be a captain's meeting."

He was very curious about what the captain's meeting was about, but he wouldn't probe into such confidential matters, knowing it would do him no good.

"Alright then, I'm setting off. You continue your duty." Yang Jian said and stood up.

He activated it again.

With a flash of red light, the surroundings disappeared.

Wang Quan stared at the file codenamed Silent and couldn't help but frown, showing a trace of worry.

If he was really dealing with a paranormal event, then after more than ten days, Cao Yang should have resolved it already. Why hasn't he contacted anyone by now? Could it be like the Ghost Lake incident, where he got trapped again?

It shouldn't be, the Ghost Lake incident was an S-level paranormal event; the danger level of this incident shouldn't be as high as the Ghost Lake, not enough to get trapped again.

Of course.

There's another possibility, which is that Cao Yang wasn't trapped, nor missing, but died in this paranormal incident.

At the same time.

Yang Jian appeared above a city.

It was a small county town, but the entire town was shrouded in darkness, without any lights. The streets were empty, without a single living person, making it seem like a ghost town.

This was the site of the paranormal event codenamed Silent.

Because of the presence of ferocious ghosts, the nearby people had already been moved away, and the small county town had been locked down.

Chapter 1252 - Bodies Gathered in One Place

Yang Jian did not enter this silent small town. In his mind, he was recalling the Silent Event's dossier. After all, this city really has ghost sightings. If one wants to venture into it, they must first thoroughly understand the whole story.

"The person who created the dossier said that the ghost in this city is extremely vicious, having killed many people. Moreover, it is speculated through a certain pattern that the ghost seems to only kill those who speak, which is why this supernatural event was named Silent, meaning as long as you keep quiet, you won't be targeted by the ghost."

"This is somewhat similar to the incident with the Hungry Ghost back then, but later updates in the new dossier mentioned that speaking does not necessarily attract the ghost. Some have dared to try speaking in the town and did not encounter the ghost."

"Therefore, the pattern of the ghost's killings in this small town is related to speaking, not just making sounds."

"..."

While thinking, Yang Jian walked into this small town.

Silent, deserted, dim, and cold.

The sound of the night wind whistling around, with no light in sight.

"Would lighting a white Ghost Candle here attract the ghost? If all goes well, it could immediately draw out and eliminate the ghost wandering in this town."

Yang Jian had such a thought in his mind.

However, when he reached a crossroads in the middle of the town, he couldn't help but stop.

In the middle of this crossroads, there was a white candle. It had not burned down completely, leaving a small segment. However, this short candle had long been extinguished, left there for an unknown number of days.

Yang Jian looked at the white Ghost Candle at his feet.

There was no doubt.

This was not an ordinary white candle, but a white Ghost Candle.

The appearance of this Ghost Candle is enough to prove that a Ghost Handler had been here before and attempted to deal with the Silent event.

"The white Ghost Candle hasn't been here for a long time, judging from the traces, it should have been about seven days. Within these seven days, apart from Cao Yang, no one else could have been here to deal with this supernatural event because of its high level, and a regular Ghost Handler would need to report to headquarters."

"Only a Captain can participate in any supernatural event without restrictions, anytime, anywhere."

Seeing this white Ghost Candle, Yang Jian could confirm that Cao Yang had been here.

He might even still be in this town right now.

"I'll know if my speculation is correct with just a look."

Yang Jian picked up the cracked long spear, his Ghost Shadow covering his feet. Using a medium to trigger, he attempted to search for mediums around him.

This is the middle of the road at a crossroads, with few footprints left because most passing through the middle of the road are cars, not people, and he can't trigger tire mediums. Therefore, the number of mediums appearing before him was very few, including some passersby, traffic controllers, and construction workers...

Among the few mediums, Yang Jian saw a familiar figure.

As he had guessed.

It was Cao Yang.

After confirming his speculation was correct, Yang Jian retracted his Ghost Shadow, making all mediums disappear, and then decided to take action.

"The town is not big. By directly covering it with the Ghost Domain, I can find suspicious places, and if lucky, I can directly"

He wasn't worried about attracting a ghost's attack, so he acted boldly.

Immediately.

Yang Jian opened his four Ghost Eyes, layering the Ghost Domain, directly opening the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain.

The four-layer Ghost Domain already isolates reality. Similarly, it can isolate some potential dangers, but for some real terrors, the four-layer Ghost Domain can't cover them, not even close to them. Thus, a blank and incomplete area appears within the Ghost Domain.

That blank and incomplete area is where the ghost appears.

And a Captain Level Ghost Handler like Cao Yang, in fact, is no different from a real ghost, sometimes not affected by the Ghost Domain.

In the blink of an eye.

The entire silent town was shrouded in a scarlet hue.

Everything here has entered Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, allowing him to spy on anything here, even influencing reality through the Ghost Domain.

"Found three places of supernatural interference."

Yang Jian then furrowed his brow, discovering three places of supernatural interference in this not-so-big town. These were areas his Ghost Domain couldn't cover; therefore, he had to investigate these places personally to determine the ghost's location.

"Go check it out."

In the next moment.

He disappeared from the crossroads, taking with him the white Ghost Candle left at the intersection.

This thing cannot be left in such an obvious place. Once the supernatural event ends, if the white Ghost Candle isn't retrieved and a child takes it and lights it, the burning of the Ghost Candle might cause a big incident.

Soon.

He appeared under a seven-story residential building.

This was the first place that the Ghost Domain couldn't cover.

However, as soon as Yang Jian appeared, he only needed to look up slightly to understand why the Ghost Domain couldn't cover this place.

Each layer of the building's windowsills, balconies, and even corridors are crowded with people.

But these people are all eerie, standing there motionless, and all have lost their eyes, leaving only two hollow eye sockets, from which black blood continuously seeps. Moreover, these people have no mouths or noses, their features incomplete.

These missing features weren't cut off but simply never grew.

Because the faces lack parts, the two hollow black eye sockets are particularly noticeable.

"Not ghosts, but also not humans... Ghost Slaves?" Yang Jian thought to himself.

He then took a few more steps forward.

But as soon as he moved, whether it was the people at the stairway, window, or on the balcony, they all turned abruptly to look at Yang Jian's position.

Even without eyes, the dark eye sockets seemed to reflect his silhouette.

"They are very sensitive to surrounding sounds but haven't tried to kill me, which indicates I haven't triggered the ghost's murder pattern. So my previous guess was correct, sound isn't the key, but the murder pattern is definitely related to sound."

Yang Jian muttered to himself.

At this moment, even when he spoke in quite a loud voice, those people still only looked at him, without taking any specific actions.

"There are too many bodies. Let's just set them on fire."

Yang Jian halted his steps, not attempting to enter the building, as he suspected the real ghost was hiding inside, and with so many Ghost Slaves here, he preferred to set a fire and wait for things to end before checking again.

Immediately.

He took off his glove.

Under the Gold glove was a charred Ghost Hand, with faint flames flickering and continuously burning.

Yang Jian reached out with the Ghost Hand and touched a corpse in front of him.

The eerie fire quickly began to spread over the corpse, and soon it was engulfed in flames.

The corpse remained, letting the terrifying fire consume it.

The flames were intense and spread towards the vicinity.

Seeing this, Yang Jian then put on his glove, slowly retreated, avoiding the area covered by the fire, and reducing the influence of the supernatural.

"Using this fire to deal with these corpses soaked in the supernatural is incredibly convenient," he thought to himself.

These corpses are not real ghosts, but if you truly trigger the ghost's murder pattern, these Ghost Slaves will relentlessly devour you. If your Supernatural Power is used against these Ghost Slaves, it's a huge waste. If left unchecked, these Ghost Slaves can cause significant harm, even exhausting a ghost wielder.

The fire kept spreading, one corpse against another.

Soon.

The entire building was swallowed by the firelight.

Yang Jian had to continue retreating, standing further away and watching.

Weird noises emanated from the flame-engulfed building, with shrill screams, cries of despair, even loud calls for help...

"Clearly none of these corpses have mouths or noses, so how can they make sounds? Could there still be survivors inside?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, as he couldn't help contemplating this.

But the burning fire has little impact on ordinary people. Although the fire looks terrifying, it's actually hard to burn an ordinary person. If there are survivors, they could run out of the building unharmed if they muster the courage.

He stared at the building's windows and balconies.

Trying to find the source of the sound.

But he discovered nothing, so Yang Jian could only define it as some incomprehensible supernatural phenomenon.

However, to be sure, he lingered a while longer.

As the flames continued to burn.

The unusual phenomena lessened; the screams and cries faded.

Yet at this moment.

Bam!

A glass window on the fifth floor suddenly shattered, and a head popped out, with long black hair in disarray, gasping for air with an open mouth.

"A living person?"

Yang Jian's face darkened instantly.

How long has this small town been sealed off, why is there still a living person?

"Help, save me..." that person cried in despair.

"So, the reason these corpses gather here is because there's a living person inside this building who triggered the ghost's murder pattern, hence attracting all the Ghost Slaves hiding in the town?" Yang Jian quickly understood what was going on.

Precisely because so many Ghost Slaves gathered here, it formed a building filled with the supernatural.

"Go and bring the person inside out."

Yang Jian coldly instructed.

In the next moment.

A pool of water appeared beside him, out of which floated corpses crawling out, all soaked and dripping with water that would never dry.

He couldn't venture into the building, but the ghosts from the Ghost Lake could.

These waterborne corpses were equivalent to Yang Jian's Ghost Slaves and could help him do things.

But only simple tasks; complex tasks these Ghost Slaves couldn't handle.

Immediately.

Three dripping wet corpses emerged from the water, stepping towards the burning building.

Because their bodies were full of Ghost Lake Water, they wouldn't ignite temporarily in front of such fire, but that might change with time.

But even if they couldn't withstand it in the end, it didn't matter.

Yang Jian had a total of one thousand two hundred such corpses, unfazed by the loss of a few.

Chapter 1253 Cao Yang in Hiding

Yang Jian dared not venture deep into the apartment building he had set on fire, as the blaze was intense enough to burn him alive.

But the three eerie corpses that emerged from Ghost Lake were different.

Though these three corpses were controlled by Yang Jian like Ghost Slaves, they actually possessed real ghostly traits and could not be killed, because they were a part of Ghost Lake itself.

It was uncertain if these three corpses would be trapped once they entered the inferno.

For now, there was still time, and Yang Jian was in no rush.

He quietly waited for the outcome to unfold.

A minute passed, then two minutes...ten minutes.

The flames inside the building remained dazzling, and Yang Jian couldn't get near, while the three corpses that had gone inside didn't make any noise. Even the person who had earlier broken the window and stuck out their head seemed to have been pulled back by something.

The screams and cries for help had come to a complete stop.

Everything fell into an eerie silence once again.

But fifteen minutes later, the silence was finally broken.

Three cold corpses walked out from the corridor, the flames still burning on them. Their pallid skin was seared red and exuded a charred stench.

Yet despite this, the corpses moved unhindered, not trapped within the flames.

It was not the safe return of these three corpses that caught Yang Jian's attention but rather the fact that each was carrying a person on their back—two men and one woman—all filthy and disheveled, as if they'd been trapped there for days.

"They are indeed ordinary people," Yang Jian noticed.

The three corpses threw these three people onto the ground and then proceeded towards the puddle nearby. As the corpses stepped into the water, they rapidly sank, disappearing instantly, and the flames on them were quickly smothered by the water of Ghost Lake.

The moment the three people hit the ground, they immediately came to.

Looking around in terror and bewilderment, their fear and confusion soon turned to joy, their eyes gradually shining with hope.

"They've been scared out of their wits."

Yang Jian thought to himself upon seeing their state.

After a while, once the three had calmed down, he approached them, asking, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

The three did not answer, instead casting a slightly fearful glance at Yang Jian.

It seemed any stranger they saw here would incite panic and unease.

Yang Jian didn't press further, but instead glanced over them, eventually noticing an ID badge hanging from the neck of the disheveled woman.

"So you're journalists, no wonder you came to such a place. You probably wanted to investigate the supernatural incidents here and ended up being targeted by ghosts, forcing you to hide in this apartment building."

He surmised.

"Forget it, better not to concern myself with them, I should check the second location instead."

Yang Jian lost interest and planned to explore another area in town where his Ghost Eye could not penetrate, unwilling to waste time on these three ordinary people.

"Follow this road straight, and you can leave here."

Before leaving, Yang Jian pointed towards a road, indicating the way out for them.

"Who...who are you?"

Seeing Yang Jian help them, the disheveled female reporter mustered the courage to ask cautiously.

But as soon as she spoke, the two male colleagues beside her shivered, anxiously scanning their surroundings, fearing that such a noise might attract nearby ghosts.

However, nothing unusual occurred around them.

"That is not something you should ask."

Yang Jian replied coldly before turning to leave. He took only a few steps before disappearing from their sight.

Their reaction was as if they had seen a ghost.

It took them a while to recover.

"Is he even human?" one of the men muttered.

The other man quickly covered his mouth: "Stop talking, do you want to attract those ghostly things?"

The man was startled and shut his mouth immediately.

The two glanced around again to ensure nothing unclean was nearby, then hurriedly stood up, ready to leave.

But as they were about to leave, they hesitated.

Which way should they go?

There were many routes to leave this small town, each one potentially leading out, but each was also fraught with danger. If they encountered ghosts on the road, they would surely die here, with no chance of such good luck being saved by a mysterious individual after so many days.

The female reporter stood up too, and she didn't hesitate, choosing to head in the direction Yang Jian had indicated.

She figured that since he had saved them, there was no reason he'd point them down a wrong path; this route must be safe.

The other two colleagues quickly followed suit.

Indeed.

The journey was calm, though the three remained paranoid, glancing around, they saw nothing supernatural, encountering no danger, just an unusual silence.

"There are lights ahead, we're out."

After a few steps, they were delighted to see street lights not far outside the town.

The three, having narrowly escaped death, were overjoyed. At long last, they had left that ghostly place behind.

Although it was a major road here, there was similarly no one around, but the street lights above gave them a sense of security, because they knew in their hearts that the danger was definitely gone once they reached this place.

"That person was indeed right, following this road truly allows you to safely leave."

The female journalist breathed a sigh of relief, revealing a look of joy.

A male colleague beside her paused in silence and said, "Do you think that person who appeared before us just now was human, or a ghost?"

"It should be human, otherwise why would he save us."

"That's right, it must be a human. It's a pity we couldn't interview him, otherwise it would definitely be big news."

"But this trip was still very fruitful, at least we can confirm that the rumors are true, this town is locked down because there really are ghosts here..."

"We should quickly leave and return to the company to report this matter."

Once the fear in the three people's hearts gradually dissipated, they began to chat. After chatting for a while, they decided to leave immediately, unwilling to delay.

However, just as they were about to set off again, they saw a street light ahead flicker twice and then went out.

Under the extinguished street light, an eternal shadow formed.

Within the shadow, a cold and small figure gradually emerged.

It was a girl with no eyes, only a pair of pitch-black eye sockets remained. This girl was filthy, covered in bruises, like a corpse.

At this very moment.

This eerie little girl was staring at the three people who had narrowly escaped death.

And they, attracted by the flickering street light, also saw the eerie girl under the light.

Very soon, under the empty, silent night sky, screams of despair echoed.

At the same time.

Yang Jian had already arrived at the place where the second ghost eye couldn't peep.

Here was a street-side shop, with a faint light inside, but it wasn't electric light; it was firelight.

This town had lost power, there was no electricity supply, only firelight could bring brightness at night.

Inside the shop was a bonfire, ignited from disassembled solid wood furniture used as firewood.

And next to the bonfire sat a person.

That person was none other than Cao Yang.

Cao Yang, at that moment, had his eyes closed, as if sleeping, motionless, without even a breath, like he was dead.

"Hiding here?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brows, attempting to get closer, but then stopped.

At the shop's entrance, there was a piece of grass rope laid out, broken into two sections, losing some kind of supernatural function.

But he recognized this item.

It was a supernatural tool from headquarters, a grass rope circle used to trap fierce ghosts.

"Cao Yang, what are you hiding here for? What happened?" Yang Jian hesitated for a moment, but eventually pushed open the shop door.

Upon opening the door.

An icy cold wind howled in, chilling to the bone, and this cold wind was accompanied by a strong scent of decay, as if a rotting corpse was placed at the source of this wind.

Sitting by the bonfire, Cao Yang still had not woken up.

But the surrounding wind was swirling, converging towards where Cao Yang was.

The bonfire flickered, and dust swirled.

Strange phenomena continuously appeared.

The corpse-like Cao Yang finally slowly opened his eyes, putting a finger to his lips, made a shushing gesture: "Be quiet, it's very dangerous here, beware of being attacked."

"If making a sound would result in death, I'd have been dead long ago. What exactly are you doing here?" Yang Jian walked in briskly and questioned.

Cao Yang spoke in a hushed voice: "It's searching for me, and I can only hide temporarily, but I can't leave, once I go out it will target me, and I am doomed."

Yang Jian frowned, not quite understanding Cao Yang's words.

"You came here to handle a supernatural event, but it seems you didn't succeed? If you didn't succeed, then let it go for now. Headquarters has convened a captain's meeting, you've been missing for more than ten days, and you have to attend the meeting tomorrow. I came here specifically to find you this time, don't make it difficult for me."

"Yang Jian, it's not that I don't want to attend the meeting, it's that I can't leave here. There's a terrifying thing in the town searching for me; it targeted me specifically. I had already resolved the supernatural event here, but something unexpected happened and it got away again, now I'm in a bind, but it's okay, if I hold out for a few more days, it will leave, and I'll be fine," Cao Yang said.

Yang Jian understood what Cao Yang meant: "Are you saying there is a second ghost in this town? And it's coming after you specifically."

"It will leave in at most three days, and then I'll be safe. Yang Jian, give me a bit of face, don't deal with this matter for now. I'll handle it, and then I'll go to headquarters for the meeting," said Cao Yang seriously.

Three days?

Yang Jian refused: "No, that's too long. You need to attend tomorrow; you need to leave now, let the ghost here be for now, if it really dares to come after us, I'll help you get rid of it. I have Ghost Scissors, which can sever a fierce ghost's killing pattern once."

"I had possession of Ghost Scissors too; that ghost isn't a curse, nor a killing pattern, it just fixated on me. So Ghost Scissors won't be of use, otherwise, I would have used it to solve this matter already."

Cao Yang said: "But I can't tell you more about the specifics."

"This involves some of my secrets, I hope you can understand, Yang Jian."

Cao Yang seemed to have some obscure secrets he was unwilling to reveal.

Chapter 1254 - Keyword

Yang Jian stared at Cao Yang by the fire, surprised that Cao Yang had been hiding in this inconspicuous little shop for days to avoid a fierce ghost.

When asked for specific reasons, he remained silent, wanting to keep it a secret.

Although everyone has their own secrets, and Yang Jian didn't like probing into others' privacy, now was not the time for Cao Yang to use this as an excuse and reason.

"I understand some of your special circumstances, but since headquarters sent me here, it already means this meeting must proceed. I have already sought out Leuk San, Li Leping, and He Yiner before coming to find you, and like you, they all had reasons not to come, but in the end, they compromised."

"So I hope you can quickly handle your affairs here and head to headquarters."

Cao Yang said, "If I don't resolve my issue, I'll die miserably. Even if I go to headquarters, that fierce ghost will follow me there. No, it will even intercept me midway."

"Hiding here, will you not be discovered?" Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yang replied, "I will be discovered, but another fierce ghost is wandering in this town. Because of certain reasons, they have formed a mutual balance, allowing me to hide here unscathed. As long as I endure for seven days, the ghost following me will leave; now, there are three days left. I don't want to give up halfway."

"Since the ghost following you is in this town, I'll deal with it to solve all problems," Yang Jian frowned.

"That ghost is special. I can't determine its danger level. If an archive were to be created, I'd classify it as X. Moreover, I have some entanglements with that ghost; I can't deal with it for now. This involves my secret... Yang Jian, I hope you respect me this time and let me endure this special period."

Cao Yang hesitated, finally pleading with Yang Jian to give him time.

"Your evasive response, to be honest, is hard for me to accept."

Yang Jian said, "You neither let me deal with the ghost stalking you nor agree to go to headquarters for the meeting, insisting on spending three days here without giving a reason. Do you want me to use forceful means? I've been patient with you, but if it were someone else, I'd probably have taken action by now."

Cao Yang's gaze flickered; he knew Yang Jian's temper well.

After all, the two were old acquaintances, so Yang Jian's effort to persuade and offer help today was quite gracious.

But his situation was quite special...

"We're not enemies; fighting over this isn't worth it."

Cao Yang sighed, "I can only say I'm unlucky, encountering headquarters' forcible captain meeting convening at this juncture, and I must go. If I had known, I wouldn't have come to this town."

"No one can predict changes; do you think I wanted to make this trip? I have my reasons too."

Yang Jian said, "Forcing captains to attend meetings is inherently offensive. Today, I probably offended more than half the captains. If something happens to me in the future, I doubt anyone will be willing to help, and I might even get blocked and beaten on my way home after work."

"Among the captains, you're the most notable. Who'd dare block and beat you on the road?" Cao Yang laughed.

"There are still some twisted individuals among the captains," Yang Jian said.

Cao Yang sighed, "Everyone has their unavoidable reasons. Forget it, I won't stubbornly stay here this time. Actually, there's a way; it's just whether you're willing to help me, Yang Jian."

"What way? Just say it."

Yang Jian asked, "I've come here; am I really just here to talk?"

Cao Yang's gaze shifted slightly, "You know there's a ghost in this town, codenamed Silent Source Ghost. I've seen it and even captured it once, but it seems to be an idealistic existence, escaping regardless of the capture method."

"I don't know the specific reason yet, so I hope you'll help me catch that fierce ghost again, and you must succeed."

Yang Jian's expression became serious, "An idealistic ghost? Can it disappear even after being captured? Locked in a container with Gold, nailed with Coffin Nail, it can still disappear?"

"I locked it in a container with Gold, and it disappeared. It doesn't rely on physical existence; it's more like a horrifying supernatural phenomenon. This phenomenon keeps reappearing, seemingly having no source, yet appearing everywhere..."

Cao Yang showed a helpless expression.

"Whether I can completely capture that ghost, I have to try to know," Yang Jian said.

"No, it must succeed, or I'll die," Cao Yang said quietly.

Yang Jian frowned, "Why? Are you cursed?"

"Not exactly a curse, just related to the ghost always following me."

Cao Yang continued, "I can't tell you the specifics now. After you capture that ghost, I will lure the other ghost out. You only need to hand over the Silent one to me, and this matter can completely end."

"This sounds a bit strange,"

Yang Jian said, "However, your willingness to act is good. If so, let's begin."

"I can't appear outside, can't assist you; dealing with the ghost here depends solely on you," Cao Yang said apologetically.

"No matter, it's just a ghost; I can handle it alone," Yang Jian said.

Cao Yang warned, "Presently, I'm using Supernatural Power to isolate everything here to speak with you. Once you leave this shop, be very careful when speaking outside; the fierce ghost will be attracted by sound."

"I know, but it's not sound that attracts the ghost, it's something else," Yang Jian said.

"Right, before handling the Silent supernatural event, absolutely do not contact the other ghost."

Cao Yang said, "Only after resolving this supernatural event can you approach the other one."

"Naturally, supernatural events have to be dealt with one at a time. Since you think the Silent event is less dangerous, let's handle it first; I won't touch the ghost that came with you to this town for now," Yang Jian said.

"Thank you," Cao Yang expressed his gratitude.

Yang Jian said, "Hold off on the thanks; wait until this matter is truly over. I'm taking action; don't cause any trouble in the meantime."

"I wouldn't dare to cause trouble," Cao Yang shook his head.

Yang Jian said no more and immediately turned around to leave the shop.

Pushing the door open, a gust of cold wind roared in.

"Right, don't light the Ghost Candle," Cao Yang's reminder came through the cold, fierce wind.

"Nagging like this, do your family know?" Yang Jian glanced back.

Instantly, the wind behind him calmed, and the sound disappeared.

After Yang Jian walked out of the shop, the shop's door quickly closed again, and it stayed shut tight. A supernatural power sealed the place, isolating it from the outside world.

Ignoring Cao Yang, who was hiding in the shop and reluctant to show himself.

He decided to deal with the supernatural event here first.

The Ghost Eye opened.

He glanced around, avoiding the third supernatural area that couldn't be scrutinized, attempting to find traces of the ghost.

Unfortunately.

There were no traces of the ghost in the dead silent town.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly.

Yang Jian discovered something. He quickly walked a few steps forward, and his figure swiftly disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already on a highway outside the town.

The highway was stained with blood, with three corpses lying there.

The eyes, nose, and mouth of these three corpses had been forcibly dug out, leaving them unrecognizable.

"They just died not long ago, killed by the ghost while I was talking with Cao Yang."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly; he recognized the three people as the female reporter who escaped the town earlier, along with two of her colleagues.

"They had clearly left the town, yet were targeted and killed by the ghost here."

"This indicates they triggered the ghost's murder pattern here."

As Yang Jian was thinking, the Ghost Shadow behind him swayed and covered the three corpses.

The corpses had just died, so the Ghost Shadow could invade and retrieve their memories, but if they had been dead for too long, it would have been impossible.

Quickly.

The memories of the three people were stolen by the Ghost Shadow; the memories weren't complete, but the crucial parts weren't missing.

The memory appeared in Yang Jian's mind.

The scene that occurred here earlier replayed.

"There's a light ahead, we've come out."

"What that person said was indeed correct; following this road can safely lead us out."

"Do you think the person that appeared before us a while ago is human or a ghost?"

"..."

Yang Jian watched the dialogue between the three in the memory.

When the first sentence appeared, everything around was normal, with no danger occurring.

It was the same with the second sentence.

When the female reporter spoke the third sentence.

The memory Yang Jian read became somewhat disrupted, affected by paranormal interference, and the lights flickered for a moment. But at the time, the trio's attention wasn't on their surroundings, so they didn't notice.

But at that moment, without a doubt, the ghost came.

And the ghost targeted all three of them.

"So, it wasn't the first two sentences that attracted the ghost but the sentence the female reporter said," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Realizing this, Yang Jian decided to repeat the female reporter's sentence, hoping it would lure the ghost out, assuming nothing went wrong.

On the quiet and deserted highway, Yang Jian slowly spoke: "Do you think, a while ago..."

He spoke haltingly, while observing his surroundings.

Everything was normal.

Yang Jian continued: "That, appeared, before us..."

Still, everything was normal.

"Is human."

Still no problem.

"Or,"

"ghost."

As Yang Jian's last word echoed on the empty highway, immediately one of the streetlights nearby began flickering with a hissing sound.

Ghost!

The keyword is ghost.

As long as the word ghost is spoken, the true ghost will appear.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, discovering the ghost's murder pattern.

It turned out speaking wasn't the problem, communication wasn't the issue, nor was the sound crucial. The most important thing was not to say the word ghost.

Chapter 1255 - Unable to Resolve

At this moment, Yang Jian discovered the killing pattern of the Silent supernatural event, and he also triggered the killing pattern.

A street lamp nearby flickered with a hissing sound, some kind of terrifying supernatural phenomenon was about to arrive.

Yang Jian looked towards the flickering light, silently waiting for the arrival of the ghost, as he now possessed the means to fight it, unlike before when he was frightened and retreated.

"Cao Yang said the ghost of this supernatural event is very special, very difficult to completely imprison, not knowing the specific reason why."

He was pondering over what method to use to deal with this supernatural event.

And while thinking, a puddle of water appeared at Yang Jian's feet, gradually expanding and forming a pool.

A cold floating corpse drifted by in the pool, unexpectedly, a long golden cracked spear emerged from the water.

At the same time.

Under the extinguished street lamp, a place where shadows gathered, a bizarre figure unexpectedly appeared there without knowing when.

It was a girl whose body was covered with bruises, filthy all over, wearing a dress, just that this girl only had two pitch-black hollow eye sockets, no nose, and no mouth, seemingly the only connection with the outside world was her pair of ears.

The bizarre girl stood under the shadow, peering towards Yang Jian, she seemed to have her eyes fixed on him.

"Has it appeared?"

Yang Jian's ghost eye peered, directly locking onto the ghost under the street lamp, he reached out and grabbed, quickly and decisively threw the cracked spear without any hesitation.

His strength was tremendous, the speed at which the spear was thrown was extremely fast.

Almost in an instant, this cracked spear precisely pierced through the body of the bizarre girl, nailing her firmly to the ground.

The rusty coffin nail, once it nailed the ghost, could completely suppress it, putting it into a state of immovable slumber.

Moreover, the supernatural suppression of the coffin nail has never failed.

Next moment.

The bizarre girl, directly pierced through the torso and nailed to the ground, instantly lost any movement, lying there motionlessly like a corpse that had been dead for a long time.

Hiss hiss!

The extinguished street lamp at this moment lit up again.

The supernatural phenomenon was suppressed, no more interference, the surrounding anomalies disappeared along with it.

"Success."

Yang Jian's ghost eye was watching the whole time, he was certain, this ghost was indeed nailed down by him with the coffin nail, it was not an illusion.

Yet if things were really that simple, then Cao Yang should have been able to achieve the same.

Even if Cao Yang couldn't do it as easily, he shouldn't have been unable to confront this ghost.

With some doubt and vigilance, Yang Jian walked over.

He came to the nailed bizarre girl, examined closely.

"The corpse shows no signs of decay, it's not a Ghost Slave, even when suppressed by the coffin nail it still possesses the characteristics of a ghost, I indeed succeeded in imprisoning this ghost."

Yang Jian grabbed the cracked spear, directly lifting the bizarre girl.

The cold, dead green body hung limply, still without any movement.

"But for the sake of caution, I still need to check the surroundings." Yang Jian thought for a moment and felt that taking the ghost to Cao Yang like this for the next action would be somewhat reckless.

If anything unexpected happened along the way, the situation would become dire.

Immediately.

He walked over to the puddle nearby and crouched down.

The puddle reflected many scenes, including mountains and forests, buildings, interiors...

The Ghost Lake water connected various places, through a puddle Yang Jian could link these places all together, and rather than saying Ghost Lake is water, it's more of a manifestation of supernatural

power, like the fire in a burning furnace, only seeming like fire, but actually not fire, because that furnace couldn't ignite even the most basic things, only able to ignite supernatural phenomena.

Yang Jian extended his hand into the puddle.

Soon.

When he retrieved his hand, he had brought a golden oil lamp from the puddle.

This is the Ghost Lamp.

A supernatural tool made by Doctor Chen using corpse oil from a ghost, as long as the corpse oil inside hadn't burned out, the light from this lamp could reveal all hidden ghosts around.

Of course, it could only reveal hidden ghosts, not curses.

"Let's try."

Without hesitation, Yang Jian immediately lit the oil lamp.

The oil lamp burned, casting a dim light like a circle of hazy glow, enveloping the surroundings while a stench of burnt corpse oil lingered in the air, hard to dispel.

Yet when the light shone.

A terrifying scene emerged.

On the originally empty road, suddenly many bizarre figures appeared, those figures were transparent and unreal, hovering between reality and illusion, without substance, couldn't be touched, but truly existed, and all these bizarre figures were in the guise of that little girl.

One, two, three... Yang Jian saw seven or eight little girls just within the range covered by the firelight.

Yet the ghost remained motionless, did not notice Yang Jian, nor did attack him.

There seemed to exist some barrier between him and the ghost, preventing contact between them.

"This is the true reason why Cao Yang couldn't imprison this ghost." Yang Jian's expression became particularly grave.

In order to prove that this hypothesis is true.

He chose to attempt to trigger the ghost's killing pattern again and said, "Ghost."

One word, just one word, is enough to summon the ghost.

However, Yang Jian had already suppressed the real ghost with a Coffin Nail, and he wanted to see if there would be any reaction when the killing pattern was triggered again.

The next moment.

A nearby streetlight began to flicker eerily once more.

The oil lamp in Yang Jian's hand was flickering, as if an invisible wind was disturbing everything around.

At this moment, he saw it, saw that under the lamp's light, the figure of a ghostly little girl gradually became real, as if breaking some boundary and invading the real world from somewhere.

In just five or six seconds.

A creepy girl stood under that streetlight once again.

"So it is," he thought.

Yang Jian looked at the eerie little girl's corpse pinned by the Coffin Nail, then at the ghost that had appeared again, and he understood it clearly in his mind.

At the same time, his previous concerns were confirmed.

The ghost here is indeed a product of the mind, not easily imprisoned.

At least, if you say the word ghost, the ghost will appear. Even if you have genuinely imprisoned the ghost, when you say it again, the ghost will still appear.

"In such a situation, even Cao Yang couldn't contain it, and even I can't think of any method to imprison it for now." The light from the oil lamp in Yang Jian's hand flickered.

The surrounding ghostly figures under the light of the lamp only increased.

This means that even if he imprisoned a second ghost, this situation would not change.

But, it still had to be tried again.

"Use the Firewood Knife."

Yang Jian decided to make another attempt; he covered with the Ghost Shadow, directly triggered the medium, and then, without any hesitation, swung his knife down.

The illusory medium before him was instantly cleaved in two by his knife.

The next moment.

The second ghost that appeared before him was instantly dismembered, not even having the chance to attack Yang Jian.

Then.

The ghostly figures illuminated by the oil lamp's light were also dismembered one after another.

"It's effective." Yang Jian's eyes sharpened.

The curse of the Firewood Knife could even sever those ghostly figures that did not exist in reality.

However, the severed figures did not collapse to the ground but instead began to slowly disappear, as if they never existed; the supernatural traces were erased, leaving only the reality of the bizarre, fragmented corpse.

However, the body nailed to the Coffin Nail remained intact.

It seems that the Coffin Nail not only nailed down the ghost but also isolated the effect of the Firewood Knife.

"Two corpses, so which one is the real ghost?" Yang Jian walked over and packed the severed corpse into a body bag.

He didn't need to carry the body bag with him; he used the Ghost Lake Water to connect to the swimming pool of his villa at Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City, where he stored many emergency supplies in that pool for easy access whenever needed.

"Or perhaps both corpses are real, or neither is real..."

The next moment.

Yang Jian stopped, looked up at the streetlight, which began flickering again.

Because his earlier words contained the word ghost.

This meant he had once more triggered the ghost's killing pattern, and the flickering of the light was a sign of approaching supernatural erosion.

As expected.

A streetlight went out, and in the next moment, a creepy little girl appeared there again, unchanged, still staring at Yang Jian with blank, hollow black eyes.

"Not terrifying, but extremely troublesome and impossible to imprison." Yang Jian's gaze darkened.

The reappearance of the ghost indicated that his previous attempts were in vain.

Neither the Coffin Nail nor the Firewood Knife, although both could greatly affect the ghost, could handle the source.

Or perhaps, this ghost simply had no source?

The eerie girl emerged from the shadows, barefoot, her body bruised, running towards him.

"If the Ghost Child were here, perhaps it could consume it, and then, using the Hungry Ghost's nature, grant the Ghost Child this supernatural power to counteract it," Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he thought of an extremely drastic idea.

This was also the only method he could think of that might work.

Before the creepy girl could get close, Yang Jian's Ghost Hand grabbed her tightly.

Countless Ghost Hands emerged, engulfing the eerie girl, and dragged her into the water at his feet, directly into the depths of the Ghost Lake.

However, this was still only treating the symptom, not the cause.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, then decided to return with the two corpses to inform Cao Yang of the situation and seek his decision.

If the supernatural event could not be resolved, it couldn't be allowed to delay the start of the captain's meeting.

Chapter 1256 - The Unusual Visitor

"Bang!"

Yang Jian returned once more to the small roadside shop from before and found Cao Yang by the fire pile, throwing the corpse bag in his hand onto the ground.

Cao Yang was surprised and delighted, "Solved it so quickly?"

He stared at the corpse bag, unable to sense what was inside, but undoubtedly, it should contain a corpse.

"Don't be too pleased just yet; the situation here is complex. I've dealt with this thing twice, but the ghosts here still exist. Such circumstances are a first for me." Yang Jian recounted the recent happenings briefly.

After listening, Cao Yang was doubtful, "The killing rule is surprisingly unable to say 'ghost.' No wonder this supernatural event is code-named 'Silent.' As long as one stays quiet, doesn't speak, they can prevent inadvertently saying this word."

"But no matter if we know the killing rules, we cannot deal with the ghosts here. My previous experiences were similar. Clearly, the ghost was successfully imprisoned, but ultimately it escaped. Now, it seems that it wasn't that I failed, but rather, I never succeeded."

"Now the situation is difficult. According to what you said, dealing with the ghosts here is impossible. As long as someone arrives in this county and utters the keyword, the ghost appears. No matter how many times we deal with it, it's useless."

He felt a headache now.

Initially, he thought the danger level of this supernatural event wasn't high and could be easily resolved. Who knew this seemingly non-terrifying event would be the most troublesome?

"There is a method; I just haven't thought of it yet, and we don't have that many events to idle here, so giving up this supernatural event for now might be best. Or we can team up to deal with another ghost, so you can avoid attacks from another fierce ghost."

Yang Jian suggested another option.

Cao Yang said, "That ghost is very fierce; right now it's only following me and hasn't started attacking. If a certain balance is broken, grand chaos could ensue. I'm not inclined to do so."

"What kind of terrifying ghost makes you so hesitant? Even more terrifying than previous ghost paintings or Ghost Envoys?" Yang Jian asked.

"Not comparable; I've never confronted that ghost, because I know if I do, I'm surely dead." Cao Yang replied earnestly.

Still, surely a Captain Level character's judgment isn't wrong.

If Cao Yang believes he'll be killed by that ghost, then he'll certainly be killed.

If he had the confidence, he would have acted already, rather than being haunted by a ghost and dragged until now.

"Even teamed up, you don't feel confident? I suggest resigning from the captain position then let a substitute captain take over, so you don't have to attend captain meetings." Yang Jian said.

Cao Yang bitterly smiled, "Yang Jian, it's not as bad as that. I'll wrap up this matter in a few days. I'm neither missing nor dead. If I resign the captain's position over this, that would be too trivial."

"If that's not an option, and this isn't either, then I'm curious to witness the terror of that ghost firsthand."

Yang Jian coldly stated, "If given a chance, I will attempt to intervene."

His intentions were clear; he planned to leave, unwilling to waste more time here.

The Silent ghost is an idealistic existence, not indescribable but uncontainable.

The ghost clinging to Cao Yang is also an idealistic existence. If not, attempts to confine would be viable.

"Wait, wait." Cao Yang quickly called out to Yang Jian.

But Yang Jian had resolved to act, unlikely to be persuaded again, so having already pushed the door open.

Cao Yang's Ghost Domain couldn't confine Yang Jian, nor could it interfere with his actions.

At this moment, he felt urgency.

Because Yang Jian intended to directly break the pattern through tough means.

"There's one more way." At this point, Cao Yang couldn't sit still any longer; he quickly grabbed the corpse bag on the ground and rushed outside.

He hesitated for a moment at the doorway.

Because he had sealed off this shop, and once he stepped out, the fierce ghost would surely seek him again.

But looking at Yang Jian ahead, Cao Yang decided against further concealment and bit the bullet, rushing out of the shop.

Immediately.

The fire pile inside was swept by a cold wind, extinguishing instantly, while some unpredictable eerie change occurred throughout the county.

And all of this was caused by Cao Yang alone.

"You're willing to come out?"

Yang Jian paused his steps and turned to look.

Cao Yang said, "It's come to this point; how can I remain seated?"

"You're overly cautious. Supernatural confrontations cannot be avoided; can you escape this time and the next?"

Yang Jian stated, "You're lucky this time; I'm willing to help you, but next time, when it comes, dealing alone will double the danger."

"You're right."

Cao Yang realized, "Avoiding this time doesn't guarantee avoiding what's next. Might as well go with you, see what it wants."

As a captain, he had the resolve, but most times he's cautious, since this isn't a game — it's life-threatening, losing means death.

Soon.

The two teamed up, preparing to confront the second ghost in this silent small county.

"No need to deliberately search; it will come to me. But we must be careful with our words not to summon the Silent ghost and trigger changes." Cao Yang said.

"Of course, these things must be dealt with individually; en masse may cause unexpected changes." Yang Jian stated.

Both deliberately avoided the keyword; knowing the killing rules means less worry.

They reached an open road outside the county, silently waiting.

Yang Jian was prepared too, lighting a Corpse Oil Lamp, its flickering yellow light revealing nearby hidden ghosts — sometimes more useful than his Ghost Eyes — without any burden.

"If possible, let's try not to engage unless necessary."

Cao Yang spoke softly, "It's not that I'm afraid of dying, but I'm worried I'll get stuck here and miss the meeting."

Yang Jian looked at him deeply, "Do you think I'll believe that?"

Whoosh!

The wind started to blow.

A sudden chill swept through the silent small town, not caused by Cao Yang but by some ghostly phenomenon meddling with the environment, making everything unusual.

Yang Jian seemed to sense something; he looked towards the end of a road.

Something was swiftly approaching.

The ghostly eye looked but didn't reveal any true ghostly figure emerging.

"It's coming."

Cao Yang sensed it too and whispered.

Ding! Ding!

Though the ghost hadn't appeared, a strange bell sound echoed through the silent town, like a wind chime being blown.

At this moment.

At the end of the small path in the town appeared a bizarre person, maybe a peculiar ghost.

The person was dressed in gray-blue cloth clothing, the brown skin clung tightly to muscle, resembling a long-dried corpse. The most peculiar thing was that he carried a pole, with two wooden boxes hung at each end, and a wind chime made the sound hanging on the front box.

In appearance, he resembled a peddler from the Republic of China period.

But this peddler was no longer alive, but a dead man because Yang Jian's ghostly eye clearly saw this pole carrier's face wrapped tightly with black cloth, so tightly that he couldn't see the facial features, only discern the shape of a head.

"This thing is very strange." Yang Jian tightly gripped his cracked long spear, wanting to act but hesitated.

"After becoming a person in charge, I inadvertently encountered this thing when dealing with supernatural events; it appears near me every so often..." Cao Yang said.

"For what purpose?" Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yang said, "To purchase the ghosts I've imprisoned."

While speaking, he used Ghost Domain to isolate the influence, avoiding triggering Silent's killing rules.

"Purchase the ghosts you've imprisoned?"

Yang Jian's expression slightly changed, "Like a transaction?"

"Exactly, I've started a business with it, but the ghosts it purchases aren't random; there's a specific list, and only the ghosts on the list can attract its purchase. The ghost from the Silent event is on the list, and I came here to imprison the ghost, summoning it." Cao Yang said.

"But the ghost from Silent escaped, the imprisonment failed, yet this ghost arrived, and you have nothing to hand over, so you're hiding." Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yang nodded, "That's roughly the situation."

"Dealing with ghosts, did you get what you wanted?" Yang Jian squinted and asked.

He also had a similar thing, Ghost Cabinet.

However, his dealings with Ghost Cabinet are unequal and extremely dangerous, so much so that he eventually defaulted and smashed Ghost Cabinet with Firewood Knife.

But the Ghost Cabinet is more like a curse, constantly following him.

However, Yang Jian used the cursed wishing ghost to counteract the transaction curse from Ghost Cabinet, and so far, he successfully resolved the curse of Ghost Cabinet.

But Cao Yang's business is even more terrifying.

Because the ghost came personally.

"I obtained a few things," Cao Yang said, "But maybe now's not the time to discuss this."

"Agreed."

Yang Jian didn't continue to ask; that this Cao Yang could become a Captain, fall into Ghost Lake without dying, certainly has to do with this ghost, he must have gained significant benefits from the transactions, aiding his survival.

Yet, such transactions are full of danger.

The ghosts on Cao Yang's transaction list are presumably getting harder to deal with; otherwise, he wouldn't choose such dangerous supernatural events.

The eerie person carrying wooden boxes drew nearer.

The sound of the jingling chime grew clearer and delightful.

"I'll attempt a trade with it first, see what happens if it doesn't succeed." Cao Yang took a deep breath, grabbed a corpse bag, and strode forward.

"It's your choice to take risks; that's fine by me." Yang Jian said.

The ghost from Silent hadn't been thoroughly imprisoned, only a part was imprisoned, evidently Cao Yang intended to bluff this ghost with bogus goods.

If the bluff succeeds, things will be fine.

If the bluff fails, then naturally a confrontation with the ghost will follow, leading to a battle.

Yang Jian remained calm, holding his cracked long spear, ready to act anytime.

Hoping this thing could be nailed down with a Coffin Nail.

As long as it's nailed down, he believes the most terrifying ghost will fall silent.

However, the most tense person now is Cao Yang.

Because he's getting closer to the ghost, any anomaly that arises, he'll bear the greatest risk.

Chapter 1257 - The Closed Cargo Box

Cao Yang, at this moment, was carrying a body bag and walking towards the eerie figure, intending to deliver the not entirely intact ghost inside. He was unsure whether this strange person in front of him would accept the goods.

"If something unexpected happens, I'll have to team up with Yang Jian to confront this thing," he thought, glancing slightly behind him.

Not far away, Yang Jian was already poised to act.

There was no need for Cao Yang to remind him; Yang Jian would strike when the opportunity was right, and with ruthless precision.

"Lucky that Yang Jian came this time, otherwise I wouldn't have the confidence to engage in this false trade with the ghost," Cao Yang thought to himself, taking a deep breath and stopping in his tracks.

He was only three meters away from the eerie figure carrying the wooden crate.

The strange person also came to a halt.

It didn't attack Cao Yang.

This situation wasn't new. Each time this strange person appeared, it would engage in such transactions with Cao Yang. With repeated encounters, Cao Yang's fear had diminished.

Yet to this day, Cao Yang couldn't ascertain if the entity before him was a person or a genuine fierce ghost.

Or perhaps it was a ghost wielder who's become an anomaly.

Staring at the head wrapped in black cloth, Cao Yang attempted to peer through with Ghost Domain but failed.

At this moment, the eerie figure slowly lowered the shoulder pole from its bony shoulders, placing two crates on the ground, then stood there motionless.

The front crate usually had a list on it, which Cao Yang had taken; perhaps because of this, the person kept seeking him to acquire fierce ghosts.

Cao Yang remained silent, having previously attempted communication but failed.

Thus, he didn't waste time.

He opened the body bag in his hand and tossed it at the eerie figure's feet.

Under normal circumstances, a ghost inside a body bag, unrestrained, would immediately revive upon being opened, and possibly attack those nearby.

But now, things were unusual.

Beside this strange person, the ghost seemed to fall asleep, with no movement. As if in front of this person, ghosts were no longer ghosts but mere merchandise, utterly incapable of rebellion.

"Will the transaction succeed?" Cao Yang's heart was uneasy.

He stared intently at the person before him, ready to act.

Yang Jian also watched the scene.

The next moment.

The peculiar receiver moved, extending a shriveled skeletal hand into the opened body bag.

As the hand was withdrawn, a peculiar, limp girl's corpse was pulled out.

This was the ghost held by Yang Jian.

But it wasn't the true Source Ghost, merely a part of the fierce ghost, similar to a split form, just like countless ghost paintings derived from one.

The receiver of the goods held the ghost's body and slightly rotated the head wrapped in black cloth, seemingly examining and inspecting the goods.

Cao Yang didn't move, his face solemn, awaiting any changes.

The person acquiring fierce ghosts didn't inspect for long. Previously, a cursory glance was enough before stuffing the ghost into the front crate and, as part of the trade, paying Cao Yang with some peculiar and even inexplicable items that benefitted him greatly.

Because of this, he managed to become a captain and survived various supernatural incidents.

As the receiver scrutinized, the surrounding light dimmed. The town was already in nighttime with dim light, but now, even the remaining light seemed to vanish, as if all nearby light sources were gradually obscured.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression subtly shifted, his corpse oil lamp flickering, and peculiar figures began faintly appearing around him, each different, but all dead and cold, clearly not living humans, but definitely fierce ghosts.

Moreover, as the surroundings grew dimmer, the figures of the fierce ghosts became more abundant and clearer.

Yang Jian seemed to realize something, glancing at the sky.

The sky disappeared...

The entire town seemed to be drawn into a supernatural realm.

"Something's not right."

Cao Yang's face changed slightly; the person before him kept scrutinizing the corpse without receiving the goods, just standing motionless.

Despite no movement, Cao Yang sensed the surrounding anomalies.

"Whoosh!"

A sudden explosive sound burst beside his ear as a golden cracked long spear was hurled over, nearly grazing Cao Yang's ear, piercing the eerie figure's body and pinning it to the ground.

"Yang Jian..." Cao Yang jolted awake, glancing slightly back.

But Yang Jian's figure was gone, he only saw a crimson light emerging.

"Your trade has failed; this ghost intends to pull the entire town, along with us, into a supernatural realm. It's already begun; haven't you realized? Look above you, where do you think we are now?" Yang Jian's voice echoed, appearing next to the eerie figure.

The Coffin Nail's suppression was absolute.

However, Yang Jian wasn't certain what kind of existence this thing was, opting to strike first.

Cao Yang suddenly looked up at the sky, his eyes narrowing urgently.

Instead of the town's sky, there was an utterly dark expanse, not infinitely vast, but edged and cornered, like a square cover, closing and sealing.

Cao Yang swiftly looked at the crate under the eerie figure's feet.

The back crate, at some point, had opened partially and was slowly sealing.

"So that's it..." An inexplicable dread filled his heart.

He and Yang Jian, sometime unbeknownst, had left the town and mysteriously entered this seller's crate. With the crate closing, it aimed to trap them here forever, turning them into the seller's cargo.

Is this the price of a failed trade?

Realizing this, Cao Yang acted without any hesitation.

The cold, howling wind swept away everything around.

But before he could take further action, the body of the strange figure before him was being devoured by darkness bit by bit.

It was disappearing.

Even with a Coffin Nail, this change could not be stopped.

"This is not a physical entity, but a paranormal phenomenon. I am now in that cargo container; the real ghost is outside. We must get out quickly. The boundary between reality and the supernatural is being blurred. Once it's completely broken, we might be stuck here forever." Yang Jian appeared nearby, his face dark, pulling up the long spear pinned to the ground.

He held a Corpse Oil Lamp in his hand.

Under the light, the terrifying figures around grew in number.

Seeing this, Cao Yang's heart pounded because among those terrifying figures, he even spotted the familiar specter of a ghost he had once traded with this eerie person.

"Can we get out through the top?" He steadied himself, ready to move.

But Yang Jian grabbed him: "Don't do anything stupid; follow me."

Somehow, a large puddle of water appeared at their feet, spreading and connecting to Ghost Lake, unfathomably deep, capable of engulfing everything.

He jumped into the water without hesitation.

Cao Yang followed closely behind.

Just under ten seconds after entering the water, darkness swallowed everything around them, and the county disappeared from sight. In the darkness, countless faint footsteps and ghostly movements could be heard.

This place was like a hell, imprisoning innumerable ghosts.

Yang Jian, submerged in water, did not intend to stray far. He found the nearest exit and resurfaced.

Soon after.

He and Cao Yang returned to the road outside the county.

The puddle on the road was left by that Silent ghost, and any trace left behind allowed the supernatural of Ghost Lake to invade.

Splash!

With the sound of water splashing, he and Cao Yang leaped out of the water.

Yang Jian immediately surveyed his surroundings.

Everything seemed normal, the street lights were bright, only the distant sealed county was shrouded in darkness.

"Luckily, we reacted quickly; it seems we successfully got out." Yang Jian breathed a sigh of relief.

Cao Yang's face was grim: "We almost didn't make it out; fortunately, you helped. Otherwise, I might not have been able to escape."

In that situation, even Yang Jian dared not use the Ghost Domain to waste time.

Because he wasn't sure the Ghost Domain could isolate such an influence. If it failed, that would be the end.

Staying in a box with so many ghosts, even the top ghost handlers would die.

"We had a close shave, thanks to your correct judgment. That thing following you is terrifying and unique..." Yang Jian said, but suddenly stopped short.

Cao Yang noticed it too and quickly looked to the end of the road with a mix of suspicion and alarm.

"Ding, ding ding!"

The sound of a bell echoed, clear and melodious, in the empty road.

A bizarre person appeared on the road, carrying a cargo box, dressed in cloth, with its head wrapped in a black cloth, walking step by step toward them.

"It's coming again."

Cao Yang's pupils shrank abruptly, the nightmare descending once more, suffocating them.

Yang Jian said: "Looks like it has its eyes on you. If you fail to complete this transaction, it won't let you go. Now, you have only two choices: either deal with this thing, or honestly find a way to contain the real Silent and complete this transaction."

"But it doesn't seem like either option is achievable."

The previous attempt had made Yang Jian understand that once this ghost appears, it means you're already inside its cargo container. People inside the box cannot deal with the ghost outside.

If your transaction fails, the cargo box will merge and swallow you.

Of course, if the transaction succeeds, everything will be fine.

"I've encountered failed transactions before, but that was different. Last time, I didn't have the ghost on the list contained, and I had no goods. But this time, I submitted counterfeit goods..."

"It seems this situation is more severe; there's no way to avoid it."

Pausing, Cao Yang glanced around: "This time, I want to try another method."

"Sizzle!"

The surrounding lights flickered, and the Silent ghost appeared again.

Because Cao Yang deliberately mentioned a ghost, not by mistake, but on purpose.

He aimed to lure the Silent ghost out, toward that bizarre person.

In this way, the goods would be delivered, and it was up to the receiver to take it.

"It's worth a try. If it doesn't work, I'll have to lead you out, but I won't waste too much time on you. You must seize the opportunity."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, seemingly aware of Cao Yang's actions.

At the same time, he reminded him that he could help but wouldn't do so indefinitely. If there was truly no solution, he wouldn't hesitate to abandon Cao Yang and leave alone.

"I understand."

Cao Yang nodded, understanding Yang Jian's actions without feeling wronged.

After all, it was his own mess, and Yang Jian had already helped extensively. If it really came down to it, they would each take care of themselves without complaints.

Chapter 1258 - Successful Transaction

Cao Yang at this moment chose to proceed with a second transaction, this time thinking of a rather good method, which was to actively trigger the ghost's killing pattern to lure the ghost to attack him.

Once the ghost enters a certain range, it is very likely that the silent ghost will be taken away like merchandise.

In this way, he could use one ghost to imprison another, smoothly completing the transaction.

Although this idea was good, the uncertainty was too great, and the exact outcome would only be known after trying it.

After that eerie little girl appeared, Cao Yang quickly closed the distance with a recipient who appeared before him, maintaining an equal distance between them.

Yang Jian was a spectator at this time, only helping when necessary, using the characteristics of Ghost Lake to assist Cao Yang in withdrawing.

The previous confrontation had made him realize that no ghost here was easy to deal with.

The former cannot be imprisoned, and the latter is hard to counteract.

Suddenly.

The eerie little girl, bruised all over, began to move, quickly running towards Cao Yang.

Cao Yang immediately noticed this and quickened his pace to close the distance with the recipient.

The distance between the three quickly disappeared.

Soon.

The recipient in front of Cao Yang stopped in his tracks, accompanied by the tinkling of a bell, the recipient once again gently lowered the box perched on his shoulder, and stood there motionlessly, seemingly waiting for something.

Without hesitation, Cao Yang continued to move closer, eventually stopping less than a meter away from this dreadful recipient.

This distance was almost enough to touch the recipient.

"Will it work?"

Cao Yang turned back to glance at the ghost behind him.

The eerie little girl also stopped at this moment, no longer approaching Cao Yang, or rather, not going near the recipient, something unknown preventing the ghost from further attacking.

"How could this be?"

Cao Yang was taken aback, not expecting this situation to occur.

The ghost's attack was actually interrupted?

It is known that ghosts act according to a killing pattern and usually do not stop attacking once they've targeted someone who's triggered the pattern.

"If the attempt fails, I'll be trapped in the box again."

Cold sweat appeared on Cao Yang's forehead; he was momentarily at a loss.

The only option left with the failed attempt was to retreat.

"Was it really not that smooth?"

Yang Jian watched this scene thoughtfully; he could see some supernatural force seemed to isolate everything around that recipient, preventing nearby ghosts from getting close, possibly emanating from the recipient themselves or some eerie item they carried.

Like the peculiar wind chime, the old shoulder pole, the cloth garments... or perhaps the eerie box.

"Though things weren't as good as planned, this distance can still be broken."

Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved, then his ghost eye opened, spreading the Ghost Domain, and he vanished from where he stood.

The next moment.

The weird girl trailing behind Cao Yang, named Silent, suddenly took a hit.

Her cold, skinny body was attacked, kicked fiercely by a foot formed as if conjured by a shadow.

The Ghost Shadow's kick sent this ghost flying away.

The eerie little girl tumbled forward a few times, eventually rolling to a stop beside the recipient's box.

"Can it work like this?" Cao Yang widened his eyes, looking incredulously at Yang Jian.

"Don't thank me; if this doesn't work, I'll leave on my own."

Yang Jian retracted his foot, expressionless as he spoke.

But at this moment, there was no time for Cao Yang to be distracted.

Suddenly.

The eerie little girl suddenly sprang up from the ground in an abnormal leap, then lunged at Cao Yang, disappearing rapidly upon nearing him, showing signs of invading Cao Yang's body.

Yet at this moment.

A withered, yellow hand suddenly reached out, gripping the eerie little girl tightly.

Immediately.

The ghost that was about to invade Cao Yang's body hung limply in mid-air, motionless, seemingly dead.

And that dreadful recipient, after grabbing the ghost, viewed it like merchandise, slightly turning his stiff neck to examine it.

After a brief inspection, the recipient turned and forcefully stuffed this ghost into the box behind him.

The box's slightly opened lid was pitch black and deep, like an abyss.

The eerie little girl was just forcefully swallowed and vanished without a trace.

"Success?" Cao Yang was both surprised and delighted.

He didn't expect it to work, letting the ghost be drawn in and allowing this terrible recipient to act, treating the unbound ghost as merchandise and taking it away.

Whether the goods received are real ghosts no longer mattered.

Because the buyer was the recipient; if the goods were fake, that's the recipient's issue, not Cao Yang's concern.

"Why are you standing there? Start leaving now."

Yang Jian's voice suddenly reminded him from a distance.

Cao Yang snapped out of it, turned around, and retreated without a second thought.

He didn't even bother about the 'payment' from the recipient because now he didn't want to be mixed up in such a matter anymore; getting away from the recipient's entanglement was enough.

Soon.

He and Yang Jian distanced themselves, pulling back two to three hundred meters away; although the recipient was visible, this was already a relatively safe range.

"That thing didn't continue to follow us. It seems the transaction succeeded this time."

Cao Yang breathed a sigh of relief.

Success?

Yang Jian glanced: "Don't get too happy too early. Do you really think that recipient who carries the rack successfully imprisoned the Silent back there?"

"You mean it wasn't contained?" Cao Yang's expression changed drastically.

"A subjective presence isn't so easily imprisoned; even the one carrying the rack probably can't manage that. Have a good look at the county town. Has it returned to normal?"

Yang Jian looked towards the distant county town, still silent and pitch black.

An unspeakable eerie aura lingered within the county town.

"But indeed, there's a sign of success; it hasn't come back to demand delivery from me yet," Cao Yang said.

Yang Jian responded, "That's because the real Silent hasn't appeared; if we trigger the killing pattern once more and Silent reappears, you think this recipient won't come looking for you? It's because the last Silent in this world has disappeared... but this balance isn't absolute. Once someone else enters this county town and triggers the killing pattern, summoning the next Silent..."

"Then your deal will fail."

Cao Yang's expression fluctuated: "Are you serious?"

"If you don't believe me, you can try again."

Yang Jian continued, "But I don't have time to keep wasting away with you. I have to go find other captains. Now that you are freed, go to headquarters for the meeting tomorrow. If you don't show up, I'll assume you're dead."

"And if you're not dead, I'll help you face it."

"Alright, you play by yourself, I'm leaving."

He didn't delay any further; as long as Cao Yang had temporarily broken free from the recipient, it was enough.

Thus, Yang Jian decisively turned and left.

He was very interested in this recipient but now wasn't the time to provoke such a terrifying ghost, keeping even curiosity in his heart.

Cao Yang opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but Yang Jian had already vanished.

The Ghost Domain of Yang Jian was fast; by now, he was probably dozens of kilometers away. Even if Cao Yang wanted to call him back, there was no way.

"Yang Jian's judgment shouldn't be wrong, but I also dare not try again under this situation."

Cao Yang was somewhat troubled.

But this matter was a hidden danger, currently only set aside temporarily.

"These captains, if not missing, face issues while handling supernatural incidents. Only a few are idle; thus, gathering everyone for a meeting is challenging. I hope the next one doesn't cause more trouble for me."

Yang Jian thought silently.

He was heading to the next destination.

Recalling the information of the captains in his mind, only two captains remained whom he hadn't met: one was Wang Chaling of Dadong City, the other, someone named Zhang Jun.

He had dealt with the former; the latter he hadn't met or interacted with.

"First, go find Wang Chaling." Yang Jian decided to head to Dadong City.

And check if the clock in the Wang Family's old mansion was still there.

He had coveted it for a long time but couldn't retrieve it due to lack of power.

Chapter 1259 The Fight Breaks Out

Dadong City.

It wasn't Yang Jian's first time here; last time, he came to this city due to some personal grievances, so he was not unfamiliar with it.

Recalling his previous experience, it still remained vivid to Yang Jian.

The only regret was not taking care of the ghost tamer named Chen Qiaoyang last time. Now, after so much time has passed, Chen Qiaoyang has not reappeared, which made Yang Jian somewhat concerned.

The bustling street was full of people coming and going.

Yang Jian's sudden appearance did not attract anyone's attention; he naturally mingled with the crowd, walking down the streets just like most of the passersby.

"Let's get something to eat first."

Upon arriving in Dadong City, Yang Jian did not immediately seek out Wang Chaling; instead, he planned to take a breather, rest a bit, and have something to eat before continuing his next steps.

It was still early, only nine-thirty in the evening.

It had only taken him a few hours to leave the headquarters, traverse a large circuit around the country, meet several captains, and even handle some supernatural issues.

This efficiency was worthy of the price the headquarters paid.

Yang Jian arrived at a large food stall and ordered a pile of items like barbecue and seafood.

He used to really enjoy eating these, but at some point, he gradually lost his taste for gourmet food, and most of the time he didn't even eat, as his current body functioned even if he were dead, sustained by the Supernatural Power belonging to Ghost Shadow.

A table full of seafood and barbecue was not something one person could finish; such an order was indeed a waste, but Yang Jian didn't need to finish all this food, he just needed a place to rest.

"Better call Wang Chaling first."

Yang Jian, eating as he spoke, picked up his phone and dialed a number.

The information provided by the headquarters included contact details of all captains, though whether these contacts were still valid was unknown.

Under normal circumstances, this number should reach Wang Chaling.

Quickly.

The call went through.

But the phone on the other side was continuously in a state of no answer.

Yang Jian wasn't in a rush. He kept eating his skewers and drinking cola, and then dialed for a second time.

This time, the call connected after only a few rings.

"Yang Jian? Is that you? What are you calling me for?" Wang Chaling's voice came from the other end.

Yang Jian said, "The headquarters wants to hold a captains meeting and requested you attend. You must have been notified earlier, but you refused. Now, the headquarters has sent me to Dadong City to invite you to attend the meeting. I wonder if you will give me this honor."

"I'm aware of the captains meeting, and I'm not against attending, but I'm currently entangled with Ye Zhen from Dahai City and can't leave. If you can help me resolve this trouble, I'll immediately go to headquarters with you."

Wang Chaling responded straightforwardly from the other end.

"Ye Zhen is in Dadong City?" Yang Jian frowned.

Wang Chaling said, "Correct, came here a while ago, looking for a fight with me."

"..." Yang Jian suddenly remembered.

It was previously at the Ghost Post Office when he fooled Ye Zhen, saying Wang Chaling was very powerful with four ghosts under control and suggested sparring with him.

Didn't expect Ye Zhen to really come.

And he hasn't returned for so long since he arrived here.

"Does a fight between you two take this long?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Chaling said, "We haven't really started fighting; I used a method to stall him because I don't want to have a conflict with this lunatic for now."

"I see."

Yang Jian said, "However, this isn't a reason for you to skip the meeting. Ye Zhen's matter is yours to solve. I only need you to come to headquarters for the meeting tomorrow, and anything else I won't care about."

"Yang Jian, you're making this difficult for me. Ye Zhen has been pestering me, making it impossible for me to leave unless you want me to fight him." Wang Chaling said.

"Then fight him," Yang Jian replied.

Wang Chaling added, "If we really start fighting, it could get messy; he is an admin of the supernatural forums and has quite a few folk ghost tamers under him. If I win, I'm sure there will be endless trouble from him in the future. If I lose, I might get killed by him, and once I die, the headquarters won't just let it go, right?"

"So the best approach is mediation, just like when you and Ye Zhen faced off in Dahai City, Wei Jing mediated. He's not from headquarters, so if things get too intense, I'd suggest just killing him. If we join forces, this matter shouldn't be hard to resolve."

He attempted to rope Yang Jian into it, seeing that they had previous issues between them.

This might be an opportunity to join forces and get rid of Ye Zhen; the possibility isn't non-existent.

"I'm not interested in this fighting and killing. I suggest you find someone else to cooperate with. But make sure to be at headquarters before noon tomorrow; if I don't see you, I might take action against you."

Yang Jian said calmly, as if stating a trivial matter.

"You should be in Dadong City right now."

Wang Chaling's tone shifted, suddenly saying.

"Eating at a food stall."

Yang Jian replied, "Why, not welcome me?"

"No, it's just that Ye Zhen might look for you, and I'm sure he'd prefer to give you trouble more than me," Wang Chaling said.

Yang Jian responded, "Who Ye Zhen chooses to trouble is his business. I'm here to handle my affairs. Now I want to eat; you have an hour to reply. Don't make me wait too long."

After speaking, he immediately hung up the phone.

Meanwhile.

Inside a high-rise building.

Wang Chaling, who had just recently sent Ye Zhen away, was now standing in front of the glass window, overlooking the brightly lit Dadong City.

"The headquarters actually let Yang Jian take the lead, this guy is another problem, not so easy to handle."

Wang Chaling furrowed his brow deeply and slowly set down his satellite phone.

The reason for him not attending the meeting was just an excuse. If he really wanted to, he could take a trip to the headquarters, but he didn't want to leave Dadong City. He had his own matters to attend to and didn't want to get involved in paranormal events elsewhere, wasting his time and energy.

"I intended to join hands with Yang Jian to deal with Ye Zhen, but he saw through my purpose and was unwilling to make a move. But I also warned him, if necessary, to let Ye Zhen cause trouble for him. Yet Yang Jian remained unmoved... meaning he wasn't worried I would secretly team up with Ye Zhen against him." Wang Chaling lowered his head slightly, contemplating.

"Anyway, Ye Zhen should be tested for his attitude."

Thinking of this, Wang Chaling picked up the phone again and dialed Ye Zhen's number.

Soon.

Inside the presidential suite of a five-star hotel.

Ye Zhen, who was soaking in a bath while sipping milk, quickly answered the phone: "So it's Xiao Wang, what can I do for you?"

"Yang Jian came to Dadong City, are you interested in finding him?"

Wang Chaling spoke directly.

He wanted to draw Ye Zhen over to Yang Jian, letting their personal grudge erupt so he could stay out of it.

"What? Yang Wudi came to Dadong City, when?"

Ye Zhen's interest was suddenly piqued, and his voice rose a few degrees.

Wang Chaling said: "He probably just arrived tonight. Right now, he's at a street food stall in this city for a night snack. If you want to find him, you'd better hurry; you know his Ghost Domain; he could be back in Dachang City in a minute."

"Makes sense, but it's not very meaningful for me to find him now. At present, I haven't even defeated you, so it's not time to challenge Yang Jian yet. Wait, since Yang Jian is in Dadong City this time, it's a good opportunity—let him be a witness. I'll defeat you first, then use the momentum of my victory to fight a second battle. With battle feeding battle, I can forge an invincible heart."

"Tonight, under the dark wind and high night sky, let's not play chess, Xiao Wang. Let's have an honest duel."

Ye Zhen's competitive spirit was ignited at this moment. He wanted to win successive battles today, sweep away his previous decadence, and reclaim the number one title in the supernatural circle.

He shouted loudly, and the night sky of Dadong City was lit up by the light.

The light was eerie, as if it appeared out of thin air, with no source of illumination, but it seemed illusory, not real, like a mirage fabricated by the Ghost Domain.

Buzz!

Wang Chaling hurriedly set down his phone, his ears buzzed and hummed from the loud shout.

"This guy isn't quite right in the head." His face immediately turned gloomy.

But then he saw a bright light from the distant sky shining towards this direction, that light converged into a path made of steps, and Ye Zhen, blazing with light, stepped down from high above.

Those who didn't know might think a deity was descending to earth.

In fact, it was just one of Ye Zhen's little tricks from his Ghost Domain, serving no purpose other than to show off.

"Xiao Wang, let's fight."

Ye Zhen shouted loudly, without a sliver of shame, wishing the whole world would know about his fight with Xiao Wang tonight.

"..."

At this moment, Wang Chaling felt like he was lifting a stone only to drop it on his own foot.

If he had known, he wouldn't have mentioned Yang Jian.

"Xiao Wang, this time you can't escape, Yang Jian is watching nearby. I want to show him how I defeat you." Ye Zhen said.

Wang Chaling said, "I won't fight you."

"It's not up to you now." Ye Zhen shouted.

The next moment, he strode down the brilliant steps directly towards Wang Chaling.

"This guy really intends to fight." Wang Chaling's expression changed dramatically.

Immediately, two ominous, black-and-white strange old men appeared behind him.

"You are indeed willing to fight," Ye Zhen exclaimed with joy at the sight.

Wang Chaling's face darkened further; was this really fighting? This was self-preservation.

Soon after,

The entire floor was enveloped in light as Ye Zhen, along the encroaching Ghost Domain, reached his side in an instant.

"Take a punch from me." Ye Zhen raised his hand and swung a punch at Wang Chaling.

But suddenly,

A sinister, black-and-white old man appeared in front of Wang Chaling to block the punch.

This was Wang Chaling's grandmother.

A terrifying specter who had become a malevolent ghost long ago.

"What?"

Ye Zhen's eyes suddenly narrowed; his punch hadn't even budged this old thing.

"Don't go too far, Ye Zhen," Wang Chaling said with a calm face.

Chapter 1260 - Clash of the Two

Wang Chaling was always on guard against Ye Zhen suddenly making a move, so he was always accompanied by the two most terrifying ghosts, which were his grandfather and grandmother who had died many years ago.

As an ordinary person dealing with these top-tier ghost manipulators, relying solely on brains wasn't enough; strength was also required. Often, he didn't want to invite trouble because he knew that even the weakest ghost manipulator could possibly kill him.

However, on the flip side, he had confidence in confronting and even defeating any top-tier ghost manipulator he faced.

Because he commanded four ghosts.

A terrifying old man, dead for many years and maintaining his post-death appearance, now stood in front of Wang Chaling, exuding an icy aura and with a blank expression.

Ye Zhen's punch landed on this fierce ghost like a joke, not even making the ghost take a step back.

Under normal circumstances, when this punch hit an ordinary fierce ghost, it would immediately be sent flying, then suppressed by the supernatural, unable to move for a short time. If it were an ordinary incomplete fierce ghost, this punch would be enough to resolve the supernatural event.

But the truly formidable part wasn't Ye Zhen's punch; it was the fierce ghost residing in his hand.

Yet now, the fierce ghost residing in Ye Zhen's hand couldn't resist the terrifying old man in front of him at all.

The gap was visibly enormous.

"If you stop now, it's still not too late. If we really start fighting, who knows what unexpected things might happen. We don't have any deep-seated hatred or conflicting interests. Don't you agree?"

Wang Chaling was not a belligerent person. Although he held the upper hand, he was still willing to reconcile with Ye Zhen.

He even offered Ye Zhen a way out, hoping he would back down when faced with difficulties.

At this moment, Ye Zhen withdrew his fist, slowly retreated a few steps, and laughed heartily, "Hahaha, Yang Wudi didn't lie to me. It turns out you're also a master, a real expert, very good, very good. I was too lonely before; I couldn't find an opponent in the supernatural realm. Now with you and Yang Wudi, I believe the days ahead will be very interesting."

"..."

Wang Chaling looked at him with a slightly strange expression, "It seems you really aren't afraid of dying."

"I've long since come to terms with life and death. Xiao Wang, show me your full strength."

Ye Zhen shouted loudly, "In exchange, I will also give it my all."

"Sword, come!"

He theatrically raised his hand to the sky.

The next moment, a twisted, dirt-streaked, rust-covered bizarre longsword appeared out of thin air in his hand. The sword was originally a modern artifact, but it was imbued with horrifying supernatural power. One side of the blade bore the imprint of a terrible ghost face full of cracks, and anyone who looked at it seemed to die instantly.

The other side of the blade held other fierce ghosts, cold and terrifying, forbidding any contact.

It was hard to imagine.

That two completely unrelated supernatural forces could reside simultaneously in one ordinary object.

"Using a supernatural weapon? This is going to be serious,"

Wang Chaling's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately backed away, not daring to get involved in this supernatural confrontation. He even considered retreating.

But he believed the matter couldn't be resolved simply by withdrawing.

If he couldn't repel this Ye Zhen, the trouble would never end.

"Ye Zhen, do you really want to keep fighting with me? Continuing would mean people are going to die today," Wang Chaling said grimly.

"Let's have a duel to the death,"

Ye Zhen shouted again, raising the longsword in his hand.

The side of the blade, imprinted with a terrifying ghost face, was pointed directly at Wang Chaling.

Just one glance, and Wang Chaling would die instantly; it was extremely dangerous.

And not many knew this killing pattern; even Yang Jian didn't know.

"Grandfather, help me kill him."

Wang Chaling, without hesitation, gave the order for the other terrifying ghost haunting him to act.

Since it had come to this point, he wasn't going to attempt reconciliation anymore.

Since Ye Zhen wanted to die, he'd send him on his way.

Taking a deep breath, Wang Chaling's palms broke into a cold sweat; as a normal person facing life-and-death trials, he couldn't be so calm. Ghost manipulators were courageous because they had gradually lost the emotions of the living, and naturally, those without emotions couldn't comprehend the fear of death.

Yet at the same time, Wang Chaling also saw Ye Zhen's sword.

The curse of inevitable death erupted instantly.

In the next moment.

A phantom-like, eerie middle-aged woman staggered out from Wang Chaling's body. Her hollow eyes were full of cracks, exuding an abnormal spooky aura, seemingly about to kill her.

But this eerie middle-aged woman who emanated from Wang Chaling was not a living person, but a fierce ghost.

Fierce ghosts couldn't be killed.

So this eerie middle-aged woman just stood still in place, waiting for the eerie aura enveloping her to dissipate.

Seeing this, Wang Chaling broke into a cold sweat, understanding that the ghost formed from his mother's spirit usually resided in his body to protect him from supernatural assaults.

Now the spirit residing in him had exited his body and stood motionless in place, meaning there was only one possibility.

That was, at that moment, he had suffered a terrible assault, which his mother's spirit had blocked for him.

He had brushed past death.

Wang Chaling shuddered with aftershock.

But at the same time.

The Wang Family's most terrifying ghost, the horrifying black-and-white elderly man, made his move.

Simply approaching Ye Zhen, the light illuminating around him extinguished instantly like a candle snuffed out by a sudden gust, plunging everything into darkness, as if even the air itself had frozen.

An icy aura descended, carrying a suffocating oppression.

Clearly, he had been dead for a long time, merely a phantasmal figure, but in the ghost handler's eyes, he was an extremely perilous existence.

"Am I engulfed by darkness once again?"

Ye Zhen immediately felt a sense of incredulity.

Merely by supernatural interference, his Ghost Domain was shattered to pieces.

Although his Ghost Domain wasn't powerful, it wasn't weak either. Yet, facing this vengeful spirit, the Ghost Domain seemed like a joke, instantly invaded and disrupted.

"Watch as I cleave the darkness with one sword."

This time, Ye Zhen's expression was grave. Though he still shouted an adolescent slogan, this time he spared no strength, wielding the twisted, grotesque long sword in his hand, and slashed down directly at the terrifying old man.

This sword must not be touched. Anything or anyone it touches will instantly crack.

Yet, the Wang Family's most fearsome specter bore a deathly gray face and reached out to grab Ye Zhen.

Ye Zhen's sword collided with the ghostly hand.

This wasn't a contest of strength but a battle of supernatural forces.

Immediately.

The result appeared.

The strange long sword in Ye Zhen's hand immediately twisted and bent, seemingly unable to fend off even one hand of this terrifying ghost.

"What?"

He widened his eyes, showing a look of disbelief.

However, that terrifying old man's hand also began to show cracks. The cracks resembled those on porcelain, numerous and spreading like a spiderweb, seemingly ready to shatter like delicate porcelain, scattering into countless pieces at any moment.

But this did not happen.

As time passed, the cracks quickly vanished, leaving only a single fissure where the long sword made contact with Ye Zhen.

But this fissure could not spread or deepen further.

Because the old man's cold and skeletal hand had already pressed down, forcibly seizing Ye Zhen's shoulder.

Meanwhile, the eerie old lady beside also slowly approached.

At this moment, even one old man was difficult for Ye Zhen to fend off. Surviving was already his limit, so when another ghost approached, he couldn't stop it at all.

Another old man came up to Ye Zhen and extended an equally chilly hand to seize Ye Zhen's other shoulder.

The attack of two ghosts struck instantly.

In the next moment.

Ye Zhen was pulled by the ghosts, his body twisting, deforming, reaching a breaking point, eventually being torn into two parts.

Blood spattered, entrails spilled, eyes wide open, and even in death, he clutched the already bent long sword in his hand.

"Did we kill him?"

Wang Chaling, seeing the situation calming down, finally dared to sneak a peek.

Through the gap between the two ghosts, he glimpsed the bloody scene.

"As long as he's dead, this guy was too dangerous. I almost inexplicably fell into his hands. If he didn't die this time, next time I might not have such good luck."

Wang Chaling felt relieved upon seeing Ye Zhen dead.

It seemed that the specters formed by his grandfather and grandmother are even more terrifying.

At this moment, Wang Chaling gained a new understanding of the power of his family's specters.

But Wang Chaling hadn't been pleased for long when that familiar voice rang out once more.

"I, Ye, have not yet been defeated. This battle between us continues."

Immediately.

A bizarre scene unfolded.

The torn body on the ground quickly began to mend itself. This scene was like time reversing. In just a few seconds, the intact Ye Zhen appeared in front of Wang Chaling once more.

Ye Zhen indeed died once, but he was resurrected again.

His codename was Scapegoat Ghost.

He could substitute something else for his death, all attacks from specters could be transferred to something else.

"What a joke." Wang Chaling's pupils suddenly contracted as if seeing a ghost.

A person who was evidently dead was able to reappear completely in front of him.

Yet, before he could think further, Ye Zhen already made his move, abandoning the already bent long sword and attacking once more.

At this moment, Wang Chaling even felt Ye Zhen's gaze as terrifying as a specter's.

"Kill him," he ordered without hesitation.

Wang Chaling didn't believe that Ye Zhen could be resurrected a second or third time.

He was certain that such a resurrection came with a heavy cost, and it couldn't continue indefinitely.

However, when the terrifying ghost grabbed Ye Zhen again, something bizarre happened. The ghost remained motionless instead of further assaulting Ye Zhen.

At this moment, Wang Chaling felt a choking sensation, as if grasped by an invisible hand.

This feeling was strange, seemingly appearing out of nowhere.

It was the Scapegoat Ghost transferring the supernatural attack on Ye Zhen to Wang Chaling, and what's more, the neck of his mother's specter also showed signs of being strangled.

It seemed that the attack not only transferred to living beings but was also carried over to the other specters.