

Revival 1261

Chapter 1261 Deadlock

"Has it turned into a fight?"

In Dadong City's night market, Yang Jian held a can of cola, sipping through a straw, while observing the unusual scene in the distant sky.

Just now, Ye Zhen, utilizing the Ghost Domain, headed towards Ning'an Building where Wang Chaling was, a brilliant light in pursuit.

Although ordinary people couldn't perceive anything unusual, thinking it a natural phenomenon, Yang Jian's ghostly eye clearly saw that Ye Zhen was using the Ghost Domain to cause trouble for Wang Chaling.

But now, the light had already vanished.

The top floor of the building was shrouded in darkness, clearly indicating a supernatural confrontation was underway.

And from the current situation, it seemed Ye Zhen was at a disadvantage.

Otherwise, with Ye Zhen's personality, he would never allow himself to be overshadowed by darkness; if he were to act, it would be a grand spectacle.

"It's normal for Ye Zhen to be at a disadvantage; Wang Chaling has four ghosts around him. His parents and grandparents were all ghost handlers while alive, transforming into fierce ghosts posthumously to guard their descendants, passing on through generations. The scariest ones are the two old ghosts of the Wang Family's previous generation, who have a terror level at S-grade if they go out of control."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

However, if it were someone else confronting Wang Chaling, they would likely never return.

But Ye Zhen was different.

His codename is Scapegoat Ghost, allowing him to escape death; even if Ye Zhen were defeated, he would not die.

And if a ghost handler becomes immortal, endless possibilities unfold.

"But what does their fight have to do with me? Better not get involved, lest trouble finds its way to me,"

Yang Jian decided not to pay further attention, withdrawing his gaze and returning to his food.

But as he continued eating, a thought unfurled in his mind.

Since Ye Zhen can't die, could he accidentally kill Wang Chaling?

After all, Wang Chaling is merely a mortal; no matter how powerful the ghosts around him are, there's a chance he could be killed.

At the same time,

on the upper floors of Ning'an Building.

Ye Zhen found himself being strangled by a terrifying Black-and-White ghost in front of him. The chilling sensation from the ghost's withered hands inspired dread, exerting little strength, yet the grip was inescapable, as if shackled by countless chains, rendering him breathless.

The fierce ghost could have killed Ye Zhen again, but paused at this moment.

Because if Ye Zhen died, Wang Chaling would die too.

The supernatural assault on Ye Zhen was diverted to another by using the Scapegoat Ghost.

And the closest person around here was Wang Chaling.

Wang Chaling was clutching his collapsing throat, his face flushed, realizing he was suffering the same injury as Ye Zhen.

"If I kill Ye Zhen a second time, I die first, but if I let Ye Zhen be, he might kill me...Is he really this hard to handle? Or should I take the gamble to kill Ye Zhen here,"

He fumbled in his pocket,

pulling out a tattered rag doll.

This was a Scapegoat Doll,

a supernatural tool from the headquarters, something he, being a captain, naturally possessed.

Unlike Yang Jian, who often used up resources, Wang Chaling always remained cautious, never risking himself, resulting in a collection of unused supernatural tools by his side.

Even now, with headquarters running out of Scapegoat Dolls, he still had a few left.

Using the Scapegoat Doll, his death could be transferred to it, allowing him to survive, while Ye Zhen would truly perish.

This was Wang Chaling's current plan.

However, Wang Chaling then reconsidered: "No, I shouldn't bet everything on this gamble, if I lose, all is lost."

He suppressed his inner impulse, not wanting to gamble his life against Ye Zhen's.

This hesitation gave Ye Zhen the opportunity to break free.

"To capture without killing, an insult too far against me, Ye Zhen. Who do you think you are, Yang Wudi?"

Ye Zhen shouted, throwing punches with both hands at the terrifying old man's arms.

The supernatural assault from both his hands was twice as terrifying as before.

The ghost's withered eerie hand barely loosened its grip on his throat, but it wasn't enough.

Ye Zhen's relentless punches, though indiscriminate, delivered a clear impact.

The terrifying ghost retreated, its grip on Ye Zhen slackening, allowing Ye Zhen to break free from his constraints and regain his freedom, stepping backward rather than advancing.

As there was a dead old woman watching nearby,

if she were to intervene, he would be shredded like before, without resistance.

However, after breaking free, Ye Zhen's substitute death ability was no longer usable since he was no longer under assault.

Simultaneously, Wang Chaling's suffocation vanished too,

"Xiao Wang, I can still fight, don't hold back, today I will break boundaries, surpassing my past,"

Ye Zhen found his skin completely rotting on both arms, it seemed to be being consumed by something, the flesh gradually falling off, revealing eerie bones, black instead of pale, resembling the bones of corpses.

This blackness continued to project deeper,

spreading to nearly half of Ye Zhen's arm.

This was a sign of the ghost's revival.

Ye Zhen had used too much supernatural power, especially against such a terrifying ghost.

But as the ghost's revival intensified, the supernatural power Ye Zhen harnessed became even more formidable.

"Cough, cough."

Wang Chaling rubbed his throat, "Ye Zhen, our struggle is pointless, and you should know by now that continuing will at most lead to mutual destruction. Let's stop here. I can pretend today never happened."

"What did you say?"

Ye Zhen was immediately infuriated, "Our duel is the talk of the community, yet you dismiss it as if nothing happened, belittling me? Though I'm impeded, I am not defeated."

"..."

Wang Chaling felt every word he said seemed to provoke Ye Zhen.

This guy thinks differently than normal people.

"You should know I have four ghosts with me, can you handle all four alone? Engaging my grandfather alone was already tough; if my grandmother intervened, you'd die miserably, not to mention my parents haven't stepped in. I'm not threatening you, just stating facts."

Wang Chaling took a deep breath, earnestly explaining.

"Of course, if you sidestep the ghosts and target me, I have no doubt you could, but to what end? Do you seek my death, or to defeat me?"

Ye Zhen paused at those words, exhaling deeply, "You're right, killing you isn't a true victory, not killing you means not overcoming your ghosts. But, why hold back? I, Ye Zhen, would rather die standing than live crouching."

"To learn from disgrace and strive for progress, you have vast room to grow. You should practice more before facing me again, rather than stubbornly pursuing me here."

Wang Chaling continued, aligning with Ye Zhen's reasoning.

No matter what, today must end here.

Pushing further, he feared an unexpected demise despite having a Scapegoat Doll.

He didn't want to risk his life again.

Having narrowly escaped death left Wang Chaling deeply shaken.

"Practice more?" Ye Zhen looked down at his rotting hands.

He felt his fists growing stronger, yet the supernatural erosion was deeper. Without restraint, he'd die soon.

"Hmph."

A cold snort as he activated the Scapegoat Ghost ability, halting the erosion and stabilizing the ghost's revival.

"But, what practice compares to now? Don't hold back, kill me if you can, but rest assured I won't dodge your ghosts," Ye Zhen declared, readying for battle.

For he felt his progress greater than before.

"Ye Zhen," Wang Chaling's face grew grim.

He contemplated using the Coffin Nail to end it, reminiscent of Yang Jian's action.

But reason warned him against it.

If the Coffin Nail surfaces, everyone in the supernatural circle will know he stole the Hungry Ghost, which would cause more trouble than today.

Besides, with Yang Jian lingering in Dadong City, who knows if he's watching covertly right now.

Chapter 1262 - Traces Before the Grandfather Clock

The struggle between Ye Zhen and Wang Chaling was at a stalemate.

The former wanted to keep fighting, while the latter wanted to more or less call it quits, unwilling to risk his life. However, things weren't up to Wang Chaling—if Ye Zhen didn't retreat, he had no choice but to keep going with him.

At this moment, Yang Jian was merely an ordinary onlooker, a bystander.

He sat in a food stall, sipping on cola and eating seafood and skewers, as if he hadn't seen their conflict at all.

He even felt like taking a leisurely stroll in Dadong City.

However, the direction of his stroll was somewhat peculiar, and before long, he found himself on an old road, sparsely populated, with dim streetlights and lush, ancient trees lining either side, exuding a sense of the passage of time.

And beside such an old road stood an old mansion from the Republic of China Period.

The mansion was dim, its iron gate tightly shut, long uninhabited, seemingly abandoned for a while.

Yet, the abandoned mansion was not dilapidated; though old, the structure was quite intact, with undamaged walls and a roof with no leaks. With a bit of cleaning and painting, it could even be habitable.

However, the mansion was somewhat eerie, and even if people passed by, they would only glance at it briefly and dare not venture in.

But to Yang Jian, it went completely ignored.

He slurped the cola in his hand and walked toward the mansion, and the iron gate before him swung open with a bang.

"Since I'm idle anyway, might as well take a stroll inside."

Yang Jian walked in alone, wanting to see if the pendulum clock inside the mansion was still there.

As soon as he stepped into the vicinity of the mansion, some eerie changes began to occur.

In the yard, which had been empty, there suddenly appeared many coffins—some very old and peeling, while others were relatively new, showing no signs of wear.

These coffins held no abnormalities; inside lay normal corpses.

"There are many ghosts in the mansion, trapped at different time points by the pendulum clock. So, while the mansion appears calm, it carries a certain danger, and it's best to avoid entering through the main gate to avoid getting caught in the pendulum clock curse."

Yang Jian jumped in through a window.

The hall of the mansion was spacious and dry. Though covered in dust, it wasn't damp. However, a chilly aura lingered in the air, persistent and unshakeable.

But as soon as he stepped in, he saw a peculiar figure standing in the middle of the hall.

It was a middle-aged man, expressionless and numb, like a corpse.

"This is Wang Chaling's father, Wang Lu."

Yang Jian squinted slightly, recognizing the man; no, he was no longer a man but a fierce ghost.

"Wang Chaling has been meticulous, even placing his father inside the mansion as a constant guard. Is he afraid someone will target the pendulum clock, or is he worried about someone else occupying this place, so he put a ghost here to warn others?" he speculated.

"Wait, so with his father placed here, does it mean only his grandpa, grandma, and mother are fighting with Ye Zhen?"

"In that case, even with Ye Zhen facing off against three ghosts alone, he still can't win, and Wang Chaling doesn't even need to use all his ghosts."

"The gap between them is quite significant," Yang Jian observed.

"Therefore, to deal with Wang Chaling, you can't fight the ghosts beside him head-on. Once his grandparents appear, which ghost-wielder in the paranormal circle dares say they'll win? The only option is to bypass those two ghosts and target Wang Chaling himself."

Then, Yang Jian finished his cola and tossed the can at the fierce ghost before him.

Bang!

The can hit the ghost's head and bounced aside.

The ghost seemed to react, twisting its neck to look at Yang Jian, but did nothing.

"Still not planning to attack me?" Yang Jian, seeing this, ignored the ghost and walked deeper into the mansion.

He had some of Chen Qiaoyang's memories and knew the layout of the mansion.

He even knew the location of the pendulum clock.

But though he knew the correct location, he didn't know the correct time.

Soon.

He arrived at a place in the mansion.

It wasn't a hidden place, just a corner of the corridor.

Yang Jian stopped, staring at the wall.

Even though the wall was bare, he knew the real pendulum clock was at this spot, just not at this current point in time, but existing in the past.

However, once the pendulum clock restarts, it can only run for half an hour, and its effect is limited to within the mansion.

But to find it, Yang Jian must also restart, though the time is uncertain; it might take a minute, ten minutes, or half an hour...because he didn't know which time point the clock was hidden, requiring constant trial and error. "I can do a range restart by activating the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, but the first time I activated the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, I borrowed an old corpse to suppress the ghost eye and could restart for nearly half an hour. The second time at the Caesar Hotel, it only lasted a few minutes. In my current state, obtaining the pendulum clock is challenging."

"The cost is too high, not worth it."

Yang Jian thought for a moment, shook his head slightly.

He could take it, but the cost was too high, and taking it now for no good reason would be temporarily useless.

However, water stains began to seep beneath his feet.

He wanted to leave the Ghost Lake's supernatural presence at this right spot, making it convenient to appear here at any time in the future, avoiding the need to run to Dadong City, alerting Wang Chaling and arousing suspicion.

After all, if Wang Chaling really wanted to stop it, it would still be quite troublesome.

After leaving wet footprints, Yang Jian didn't linger and turned to leave.

But as soon as he turned around, he saw a strange middle-aged man standing in the hallway not far away, looking this way with a numb expression, watching everything unfold.

"Wang Lu, how many years have you been dead? Now your son can't even hold onto this old house. Why not leave it to me? Let me help him guard it, so he doesn't ruin it and make a mess of things, forcing someone to clean up after him."

Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"You surely understood the meaning of 'a treasure is a crime' when you were alive."

The long-dead Wang Lu, now transformed into a vengeful spirit lingering in the old house, didn't respond to Yang Jian's words. However, after Yang Jian finished speaking, he no longer stood there and slowly walked away in another direction.

It seemed it understood what Yang Jian said.

Or maybe this ghost retained a little consciousness from its life?

Yang Jian didn't dwell on this issue and walked out of the old house.

He checked the time.

It was already ten o'clock.

The old house behind him reached the time for another reset, and the ticking of a pendulum clock echoed in the empty, old building.

Yang Jian, unconcerned, just glanced slightly at the distant Ning'an Building; "I've finished my walk, yet they're not done fighting? If this drags on, I won't get to sleep tonight, and I have a ton of things to handle tomorrow."

"Never mind, I should probably hurry them along. It should be about time now."

He noticed that the top floor of Ning'an Building was still in darkness and knew that the supernatural duel wasn't over yet, with Ye Zhen still at a disadvantage.

His grand display of brilliance still hadn't appeared.

After some thought, the ghost eye on his forehead opened, and a beam of red light shone towards the distant building.

In the next moment.

He disappeared from where he stood.

Meanwhile.

In the dim, cold, blood and stench-filled upper floors of Ning'an Building.

Ye Zhen held a bent and deformed longsword, his hands bloody and battered, covered in blood, and let out a sigh of resignation: "This battle, I, Ye, have lost. Wang Chaling, you win. In the supernatural world, I'm willing to call you second, only beneath Yang Wudi."

He finally admitted defeat.

The two black-and-white vengeful spirits before him were like insurmountable abysses, even he couldn't contend with them.

In Ye Zhen's words, he fought to madness, pushed to the limit, but still couldn't deal with these two spirits.

Wang Chaling, although not taking action, was also drenched in cold sweat. He clearly saw how desperately Ye Zhen fought, and the more he fought, the harder it was for his grandparents to handle this guy. Towards the end, Ye Zhen became harder to kill.

Even the last time, he felt his heart pounding, fearing this Ye Zhen's vengeful spirit revival might surpass the terror of the ghostly forms of his grandparents.

But, fortunately, he finally chose to stop.

"Strictly speaking, it's not me who won against you, it's my grandparents who defeated you. They were ghost tamers during the Republic of China Period, lived a long time, ventured far on the road of taming vengeful spirits, and now in death, they're even more terrifying. The fact you could stand against them

two to one is already remarkable. Any further, and in the supernatural realm, there's truly no one who could be your opponent."

Wang Chaling said.

However, he had a different thought in his heart.

If ever Ye Zhen truly had the moment to triumph over his grandparents, he wouldn't hesitate to pull out the Coffin Nail and pin Ye Zhen down, never allowing such a significant threat to exist.

Fortunately, this did not happen.

"There's no need to explain so much. Losing is losing. I, Ye, am not someone who can't accept defeat."

Ye Zhen then laughed heartily: "But this battle today has taught me much. I've seen a new path. After some cultivation, I will surely rise again and sweep away all foes."

He was full of confidence, and it wasn't just boastful talk.

He truly learned a lot while battling an invincible vengeful spirit.

"We haven't become enemies yet," Wang Chaling said.

"You have the strength to become a formidable enemy; that's enough."

Ye Zhen said: "I'm heading back to Dahai City. Today's lesson, I, Ye, will forever remember."

With that, he turned and left.

Walking away decisively, without a hint of hesitation.

"This madman..."

Wang Chaling finally breathed a sigh of relief. His whole body was so tense he almost collapsed, the cold sweat never stopped flowing.

He glanced at his grandparents by his side.

The terrifying vengeful spirits still bore traces of cracks on their bodies. Although these cracks were slowly disappearing, thick, blackened blood continued to flow down.

Luckily, ghosts can't be killed.

Sustaining some damage isn't a big deal; they will recover soon enough.

Chapter 1263 - A Stern Warning

Ye Zhen had just left when he saw a familiar red light spreading into the Ning'an Building, a familiar Ghost Domain.

"It's Yang Jian's Ghost Domain..."

Ye Zhen saw Yang Jian within the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian also saw Ye Zhen.

They exchanged glances.

But Ye Zhen only nodded slightly without stopping, as he needed to become stronger right now. He wasn't qualified to challenge this Yang Wudi.

"He's leaving Dadong City. It looks like this matter is over, but he should be leaving as a loser, otherwise his expression wouldn't look so bad."

Yang Jian's expression slightly changed as he watched Ye Zhen's departing direction.

"That's good. After beating Ye Zhen, Wang Chaling will surely be entangled by him, saving me from having to fight him."

Soon.

He arrived at the Ning'an Building.

At this moment, Wang Chaling was sitting on the sofa, drinking tea, and resting. However, Yang Jian's sudden arrival made his nerves tense again.

"You really came at a perfect time. As soon as Ye Zhen left, you showed up. Anyone who doesn't know might think you two planned this."

He didn't see Yang Jian, only the red light shining in, and he already knew who had arrived.

But the terrifying elders beside him appeared, enough to block all supernatural threats.

"Ye Zhen indeed lost. He is no match for you."

In the dim corner, Yang Jian slowly walked out. He glanced at the two elders next to Wang Chaling.

"The ghost handlers from the Republic of China Period have transformed into spirits to protect their descendants. Such terrifying existence is indeed not easy to confront. After all, regardless of how strong this generation of ghost handlers is, they have only lived for a few years, unlike those old monsters who have survived for decades. You really are privileged, squeezing into the ranks of captains as an ordinary person."

Yang Jian said, "Such existence in the supernatural circle is truly unique."

"Yang Jian, are you mocking me for relying on my ancestors?" Wang Chaling said.

"That's not my intention. I just want to know, if I were to act against the two ghosts beside you, would I have a chance of winning?" Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved.

Wang Chaling fell silent.

He understood Yang Jian's meaning, saying this was testing if he could eliminate him.

Unlike Ye Zhen.

This Yang Jian possesses the second Coffin Nail in the supernatural circle, reducing the number of ghosts around him from four to three when confronting Yang Jian, either his grandfather or grandmother

would be nailed dead. Besides, the supernatural powers Yang Jian himself commands are also incredibly formidable.

So he really wasn't confident he could win against Yang Jian.

"You're much stronger than Ye Zhen. If it came to a real fight, your chances are definitely greater than his, but what might happen toward the end is uncertain."

Wang Chaling didn't show weakness, he needed to appear powerful.

Having just repelled Ye Zhen, he understood the survival rules of the supernatural circle.

Constant retreating is useless, he needed to show hard strength to intimidate opponents when necessary, otherwise, troubles would keep coming.

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes swept over the two ghosts, slightly rotating. "It's a pity I'm here to meet with you this time, not to fight. Otherwise, I really want to give it a try, especially since I clearly remember the last incident."

The previous Pendulum Clock curse incident, because Wang Chaling didn't take action, led to Chen Qiaoyang escaping, causing bad blood between the two.

"Ye Zhen is not from the headquarters, it makes sense for him to fight with me. You don't have a reason to start a fight. As for the pendulum clock at my old mansion, if you're capable, feel free to take it, but let me remind you, you're responsible for whatever happens."

Wang Chaling poured himself a cup of tea and drank it in one gulp.

He was really thirsty.

Previously, he had broken out in a cold sweat from Ye Zhen's fright.

"Don't worry, I will take it."

Yang Jian said, "Now that Ye Zhen has gone, we'll go to the headquarters for the meeting tomorrow. No more excuses."

Wang Chaling said, "Earlier, if you had made a move, you could have killed Ye Zhen. The Coffin Nail you have restrains him greatly. Now that you've let him go, if he makes another leap forward, neither you nor I would be able to withstand him. Then it would be troublesome for the headquarters with such a powerful ghost handler emerging among civilians."

"Don't try to provoke. My actions are my business, it has nothing to do with you. Besides, I've already taken over the position of Enforcement Captain, and if necessary, I can kill a captain." Yang Jian coldly glanced.

"Enforcement Captain? That's why you personally came to Dadong City to invite me to the meeting."

Wang Chaling paused, then understood the meaning behind the Enforcement Captain position.

"But why are you targeting me? There's no deep hatred between us. The pendulum incident before was my fault, but it was at most a dereliction of duty and I had no intention of harming you. Our relationship should be more amicable, not like how it is now."

Yang Jian said, "No, you misunderstood. I'm not targeting you, at least not intending to act soon. When inviting other captains, I almost ended up fighting. I'm just giving you a little pressure."

"Pressure on me? Is it really okay to say it so directly?" Wang Chaling froze for a moment.

Yang Jian said, "There's nothing wrong, you know it anyway."

Wang Chaling smiled bitterly, "It's meaningless once said outright, but why is the target of pressure me? I've always coordinated with the headquarters over there."

"Because I always feel uneasy about you, someone who commands four ghosts, could stride through the supernatural circle but stays hidden in Dadong City, not going out. You're either plotting something or have seen through the world, but I think the former probability is higher. So, I lured Ye Zhen over to test you."

"No effect, unfortunately."

"You brought Ye Zhen?" Wang Chaling's gaze tightened, staring at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "I just told him you command four ghosts and are very strong. He likes competing with experts, so he came. It's that simple."

"You're not worried I'd be killed by him." Wang Chaling said.

"If he kills you, I'd avenge you."

Yang Jian said, "After all, the death of a captain is a big deal, so I must step forward to express something. But if your Wang family ends here, it would be troublesome. So I suggest you find a woman and have a child, let Wang Sidai emerge. It's an extra insurance to prevent those ghosts from having no shackles."

He looked over at the two terrifying ghosts beside Wang Chaling as he spoke.

"You really know a lot. That's the Wang family's secret. Where did you learn about it?"

Wang Chaling poured himself another cup of tea.

"Do you think I'd tell you?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Chaling's eyes flickered, contemplating whether he should indeed have a child just in case?

Mystical matters are too dangerous, and as an ordinary person, he truly struggles to guarantee there won't be accidents.

"Your suggestion is good, I'll consider it."

Wang Chaling said seriously, "But I prefer to end the Wang family's fate with my own hands."

"Without the protection of ghosts, you are nothing, end fate? Ridiculous, if it weren't for the ghost protection, you'd already be dead from Ye Zhen's punch today." Yang Jian sneered coldly.

Wang Chaling said, "Without the ghost beside me, Ye Zhen wouldn't try to find me."

"Not using supernatural power and having none are two separate things."

Yang Jian said, "Your knowledge surpasses mine significantly; you surely understand the logic better than me... Forget it, I don't want to chat anymore. I need to go visit the next captain, see you at the meeting."

He didn't linger further.

Having confirmed Wang Chaling would attend the meeting, Yang Jian's goal for this trip was already accomplished.

Wang Chaling watched as Yang Jian left, furrowing his brow deeply, "This Yang Jian actually suspects me, is it intuition? Or has he really found something?"

At this moment, he began feeling an inexplicable unease.

After all, he had stolen the Hungry Ghost and planned the ancient house reboot for a long time.

Now, with the plan having only just begun, Yang Jian was already watching, if there was any real move, it would likely be detected immediately.

"Indeed, I was too discreet, becoming too eccentric, causing many to doubt me." Wang Chaling rubbed his head.

He felt that with being so closely monitored, the plan was practically impossible to succeed.

The only way was to first play the role of captain well and then subtly execute the ancient house reboot plan later.

After all, he had ample time.

These ghost handlers hardly survived for several years, even if they kept an eye on him, it would only be for a short while, not long-term.

Chapter 1264 - Invitation Concluded

Yang Jian, who had left Dadong City, walked alone on the road in a small county town.

He checked the time.

It was already ten thirty-five.

Recalling the captain's dossier from headquarters, he still had one last captain to contact.

This was a captain he had never met, named Zhang Jun.

According to the dossier, this captain had always been active abroad, but had recently returned to the country. There were no clear explanations about his activities overseas.

"Is this a captain specifically in contact with foreign countries? But currently, the city he's responsible for is... Dayun City."

Yang Jian's gaze slightly shifted towards the west.

"But it's better to make a call and confirm before going."

Yang Jian picked up his phone, ready to dial Zhang Jun's number.

However, at that moment a call came in, showing no caller ID, not even a number reminder.

"This is a call from headquarters."

Yang Jian thought for a moment and decided to answer it.

On the other end, it was Cao Yanhua's voice, who seemed in a good mood: "Yang Jian, it's not the best to contact you suddenly, but I have something to inform you temporarily."

"Just tell me directly what's it about." Yang Jian asked.

"I have received feedback from several captains earlier. They clearly expressed their intention to come to headquarters for a meeting tomorrow. It's all thanks to you; otherwise, this meeting wouldn't be so easy to convene. We are really grateful for your help this time." Cao Yanhua spoke with joy.

It seemed like a long time since anything so joyous had happened.

"No need for pleasantries, just a waste of call charges, tell me why you're calling me." Yang Jian said.

Cao Yanhua said: "It's about Zhang Jun, he has left the country due to some special circumstances and couldn't attend the captain's meeting, so his absence from the meeting is tacitly approved."

"You should have told me this earlier instead of waiting until I contacted Wang Chaling and only had him left to deal with." Yang Jian said.

"Apologies, I just received the news as well, so I came to inform you immediately." Cao Yanhua apologized.

Yang Jian said: "Since he's excluded from the captain's meeting, are all the members complete this time?"

"Yes, any captain who can't be contacted will be replaced by alternate captains."

Cao Yanhua said: "This will be decided at the captain's meeting, and many alternate captains will be attending the meeting."

"Alright then, since the list is confirmed and the meeting can go smoothly, my work here is done."

Yang Jian said: "Wang Xiaoming hasn't died yet, has he? I want to see him."

"It's late now, Professor Wang is already resting. I'll arrange for you to meet him tomorrow." Cao Yanhua said politely.

"Okay, then I'll wait for him overnight." Yang Jian said.

Cao Yanhua said: "Sorry for bothering you with these matters, it's already late, you should rest early. There are still important things to discuss tomorrow, and I might trouble you again then."

"I knew this enforcement captain position wasn't good, a bunch of issues no one at headquarters wants to deal with, so they ask me to step in." Yang Jian said.

Cao Yanhua said: "Circumstances forced it, we hope you understand. But this time, I've entrusted everything to you, enough to show headquarters' sincerity."

"It's a pity the Hungry Ghost got lost, and you haven't found anything so far." Yang Jian said: "Otherwise, I could have had a second Coffin Nail."

"This matter is still under investigation, and we can confirm that the Hungry Ghost wasn't stolen by an outsider, but by a ghost wielder from headquarters. The suspect is very likely a captain, as not many have both the ability to enter the Ghost Domain and the guts to steal the Hungry Ghost."

Cao Yanhua said in a suppressed voice.

"Previously, the main suspects were Leuk San, Shen Lin, and you. But now, the suspicions on Shen Lin and you have been cleared, making Leuk San the prime suspect."

Yang Jian said: "It's only speculation, saying without evidence is pointless. What if your suspicion is wrong? A bunch of captains fighting each other?"

"That's why it hasn't been brought up and is only being investigated discreetly."

Cao Yanhua said: "But the other side hasn't left any clues, the Hungry Ghost incident hasn't repeated, and there's no news about a second Coffin Nail in the supernatural circle... If it continues like this, there won't be an end to this matter."

Yang Jian didn't speak, agreeing with Cao Yanhua's words.

If no new leads emerge, this matter indeed can't be pursued further.

"By the way, speaking of Coffin Nails, Zhang Jun brought back an important piece of news that the third Coffin Nail appeared abroad. The news has been confirmed, but there are no specific details." Cao Yanhua said.

"Oh, such a thing happened." Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

The third Coffin Nail appeared abroad?

This information was indeed vital.

Ever since the Hungry Ghost incident ended, the existence of Coffin Nails has been circulating in the supernatural circle, and the one he holds had attracted many eyes. Last time, it even attracted people from the Pendulum Clock Organization.

"How can you be sure it's the third Coffin Nail and not the one from the Hungry Ghost?" Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yanhua said: "Zhang Jun's investigation revealed the earliest usage of that Coffin Nail was a month after the Hungry Ghost incident ended, found in a church in America. At that time, the Hungry Ghost was still stored at headquarters, so it's impossible it's the same one."

"I see, who's currently holding the third Coffin Nail?" Yang Jian asked.

"Unknown, you need to ask Zhang Jun, as he's more familiar with foreign matters. According to his investigation, it likely ties to the King Organization. You must have heard of this group's name before. It's not just an organization; it's a coalition of top-tier ghost wielders from various countries abroad, supported by nations, foreign conglomerates, and powerful forces. With its growing membership, it's become quite a formidable presence."

"Of course, the organization was initially established to unite in handling supernatural events, but now... it's hard to say."

Cao Yanhua discussed some changes in the foreign situation.

After a few words, he shifted topics: "If there's anything powerful and supernatural abroad, it's definitely in the hands of the King Organization. I feel this organization might become a potential threat, which is why we're holding a captain's meeting, establishing an enforcement captain, to unite top-tier domestic ghost wielders, preventing this organization from reaching our side."

"I'm not interested in the foreign situation. With frequent supernatural incidents now, surviving is good enough. Whether organized or not, it doesn't matter much to me. If they dare provoke me, I'll dare to kill them all. Now, I'm more interested in the third Coffin Nail. If Zhang Jun returns, I'll go speak with him to see whose hands this thing is in."

"If confirmed, I'll go and reclaim it."

Yang Jian said bluntly; he currently felt like being a robber, wanting to snatch the third Coffin Nail from foreign hands.

Unfortunately, without accurate clues, he could only stand by helplessly.

"You do speak unreservedly."

Cao Yanhua didn't find anything wrong with Yang Jian's bandit-like thoughts.

Having the Coffin Nail in the hands of a local ghost wielder would surely help the situation.

The situation deteriorated severely now, everyone was too busy looking after themselves, nobody had the time or interest in worrying about others.

"Alright, if there's nothing else, I'll hang up now. I can still go back for a nap at this hour, so I won't chat idly with you." Yang Jian said.

"Then have a good rest, and contact me if anything comes up." Cao Yanhua said.

Yang Jian acknowledged with a hum before hanging up.

Since things settled, he wasn't planning to go to Dayun City anymore; he decided to go back to Dachang City and get some sleep.

After all, in dreams, he could walk the dog, which wasn't boring.

Soon, water started to seep from under his feet, accumulating and forming a puddle.

Yang Jian's body gradually sank, merging into the puddle.

Soon, he vanished.

When he emerged again, he was already in the swimming pool of his villa at the Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City.

The pool was soaked with many items.

There was a cracked spear, a substitute doll, a straw rope, a Ghost Candle... a series of supernatural items, so they could be accessed anytime.

"Tomorrow, the captain's meeting should take place. However, I'm more concerned about the skin paper secret that Wang Xiaoming mentioned." Yang Jian returned to his room with a thoughtful look.

Chapter 1265 - Alone

Yang Jian didn't need to sleep, nor did he ever feel tired or sleepy, but after the Evil Hound, transformed by the Ghost Dream, lodged within him, he gradually started to enjoy sleeping again.

Rather than enjoying sleep, it was more accurate to say he enjoyed dreaming.

Everything in the dream was incredibly real, and in the dream, Yang Jian did not lose his emotions due to the influence of vengeful spirits. He was a normal person in dreams, capable of fear, joy, excitement... He needed to find himself in dreams, to get a sense of being human, so that he wouldn't be completely turned into an emotionless monster by supernatural influences.

However, Yang Jian was lonely in his dreams.

Because this was his realm of dreams, the world could be vast, but there wasn't a single living person, only him and a robust, inexplicably strong, black Evil Hound.

Inside the Ghost Dream World.

At that moment, Yang Jian was standing on a peculiar path, gazing into the distance where an old European castle sat at the end of the road.

This building appeared completely out of place in the dream world, extremely abrupt.

Because that place was no longer a part of the Ghost Dream World but a dream constructed by a vengeful spirit codenamed Nightmare.

The two supernatural dreams had long since collided, connected by a small road that allowed entry into each other's dreams.

But it depended on who was stronger, the one governing the dreams.

The weaker one would become a mere puzzle piece, completely devoured.

"Has the Evil Hound in the dream not caught the ghost-wielder inside that castle yet?" Yang Jian walked towards the castle.

In no time, he arrived at the iron gate of the castle.

The yard of the castle was full of traces of the Evil Hound's wandering. Clearly, the place had long been occupied by the Evil Hound, only needing an opportunity, some time, for it to be fully incorporated into the Ghost Dream World.

At that time, the Evil Hound would become even more terrifying.

Yang Jian did not go inside to explore; in the dream, he was just an ordinary person, and crossing into the Nightmare World held some danger.

All he needed to do was quietly wait for the result to emerge, no need to rush.

Thus.

Yang Jian walked the dog and turned away.

He spent a night in the dream and woke up early the next morning.

Rather than saying he woke up, it was more accurate to say he detached from the Ghost Dream World and returned to reality.

"The time is about right, I'd better get ready to set out." Yang Jian glanced at the time.

It was now eight in the morning.

He woke up precisely, without immersing himself in the dream world.

After preparing for a while.

Yang Jian walked out of the room and headed towards the swimming pool on the fourth floor.

The pool had been tainted by the supernatural, connecting to the Ghost Lake. Through it, he could go to any place where traces had been left, without wasting effort using the Ghost Domain to travel.

"Good morning, President Yang."

While going downstairs, Yang Jian encountered Zhang Liqin, who was coming up the stairs. Her eyes lit up, and she greeted him with a smile.

"Are you looking for me?" Yang Jian asked, looking at her.

Zhang Liqin was somewhat caught, quickly responding; "No, I just heard some noise and wanted to call you down for breakfast. Jiang Yan got up early to make breakfast today."

Yang Jian said while going downstairs, "I'm not hungry, so I won't eat for now. Also, I have to go to headquarters today, I might be busy."

"Going on a business trip again?" Zhang Liqin asked somewhat worriedly.

"Not really a business trip, just going for a meeting." Yang Jian replied.

Zhang Liqin said, "The team leader's meeting must be for something important, be careful, and come back safely."

She helped to take notes and knew a lot about what happened to Yang Jian, but she never mentioned a word when outside, pretending to know nothing, afraid of provoking danger and dying inexplicably.

Yang Jian had now arrived at the swimming pool on the fourth floor; he walked into the pool, but his body did not sink; instead, he walked on the water's surface.

"I will be fine, and just to remind you all, don't let anyone come near here temporarily, especially this pool; it's very dangerous, involving the supernatural. But my reminder might be unnecessary; you've taken notes and should know about the Ghost Lake incident..."

As Yang Jian spoke, his body was slowly descending.

The pool wasn't deep, but at this moment, it seemed like an abyss capable of swallowing everything.

"I understand, I'll lock up here later and not let anyone in." Zhang Liqin didn't dare approach the pool; she was well aware of its danger.

Once someone fell in, an ordinary person would immediately be submerged, never able to climb out again.

And occasionally, terrifying floating corpses would appear in the pool, extremely creepy.

Soon.

Zhang Liqin watched as Yang Jian sank into the pool and completely disappeared from sight.

She was filled with trepidation and dared not linger by the cold pool, immediately leaving the fourth floor and locking the room with the pool.

"Damn it, I worked hard to make breakfast, and he didn't even eat it, nor did he say goodbye before leaving; is he really that busy?"

When Zhang Liqin went downstairs and met Jiang Yan, she was very annoyed while holding a frying spatula.

"He went to a meeting; it's something very important. Don't be mad, President Yang is really busy, getting caught up in supernatural events every day; most times, I do worry about him," Zhang Liqin said with a sigh.

Jiang Yan puffed out her cheeks, "But I've been through life and death with him a few times. He used such a thick steel rod last time to deal with a ghost and directly stabbed it into my stomach. I almost got killed by him."

"But I don't blame him at all, because I love him."

"You're not being reserved at all." Zhang Liqin said with a laugh.

Jiang Yan pouted, "Then why are you sneaking into Yang Jian's room late at night if you're so reserved?"

Zhang Liqin's face turned slightly red, feeling a bit embarrassed.

While the two were chatting, Yang Jian had already arrived in the city where the headquarters was located.

According to Yang Jian's calculations, at this time, many team leaders should have just started the journey and not yet arrived at headquarters. If all goes smoothly, the meeting will likely be at noon or in the afternoon.

In the meantime, he planned to find Wang Xiaoming.

Immediately.

Yang Jian contacted Cao Yanhua once more, but Cao Yanhua was busy arranging the team leader meeting, so he left Shen Liang in charge of this matter.

Shen Liang did not waste any time and quickly arranged a meeting place for him and Wang Xiaoming.

However, the meeting place he arranged was quite special.

Not inside the headquarters.

But in a very ordinary neighborhood in the city.

The neighborhood wasn't special; it had ordinary residents living there, with no danger.

When Yang Jian arrived, he saw Wang Xiaoming being guarded by several bodyguards, while he himself sat in a wheelchair, parked under an old tree, seemingly having arranged this meeting for a long time, just waiting for Yang Jian's arrival.

"You're late, Yang Jian."

Wang Xiaoming looked at the old tree and, after a while, turned his head.

"You're just early. It seems you've been here waiting for me for quite a while," Yang Jian said as he walked up.

Shen Liang was also nearby, arranging for the surrounding bodyguards to leave at this time.

Since Yang Jian had arrived, there was no way the security here would be an issue, and it was also unsuitable for anyone to be present during their conversation.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I mentioned before that when this team leader meeting was convened, I would talk to you alone. You're very efficient, and they'll probably arrive at headquarters today, with the meeting likely to be held at two in the afternoon, so our meeting was also moved up."

"What exactly did you find out when you got the human skin paper last time? What's the secret of the human skin paper?"

Yang Jian didn't waste time and asked directly.

"I hope you can be honest at this time and stop being vague because you know my patience is never very abundant."

Wang Xiaoming slowly said, "Before I answer this question, I want to ask you one first. Why are you so persistent in wanting to understand the secrets of a supernatural object? Do you want to know how it appeared, who made it? What can you gain after knowing these? Just like when you use the Ghost Candle, you know its function, so why are you interested in its origin?"

"What each person wants to know varies. This is part of our cooperative transaction, so you don't need to be concerned," Yang Jian replied.

Wang Xiaoming smiled faintly, "That response indeed aligns with your character. The human skin paper is indeed very peculiar as a supernatural object. When I got it last time, it told me many things, predicting the distant future. Some are true, but some haven't become real yet. To some extent, this supernatural object seems to have the ability to foresee the future."

"However, my speculation about it goes beyond that. Although the human skin paper is a supernatural object, in reality, it might not be a ghost but a person."

A person?

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly.

Could the human skin paper be a person?

Chapter 1266 - Wang Xiaoming Logs Off

The human-skin parchment isn't a supernatural object, but a person?

Hearing these words from Wang Xiaoming's mouth made Yang Jian feel very surprised.

A mysterious human skin could never possibly be associated with the identity of a person.

"You think the human-skin parchment is a person, so what's your reasoning?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, continuing to press on.

Wang Xiaoming said, "First, you've fallen into a misconception. In the paranormal circle, the definition of a person has become blurred. What kind of existence do you think can be considered a person? A living body? An independent consciousness? If both are needed to be considered a person, then do you count as a person now or a ghost?"

"After all, your current physical state is almost no different from a corpse, but you're still alive, aren't you?"

"The human-skin might be a supernatural object, but it could also be a person, the two are not mutually exclusive."

Yang Jian's eyes subtly moved, quickly understanding Wang Xiaoming's words: "So, the human-skin parchment is a ghost handler existing in the form of human skin? The skin is like the body, and the text that appears on it is the consciousness, just not in human form."

"That's correct, but that's only the first definition," Wang Xiaoming said.

"The first definition? There's a second?" Yang Jian asked further.

Wang Xiaoming continued, "When you accept the first definition, abandoning the concept that being a person requires a human form, the second concept is that, naturally, the mind of the living constantly suffers paranormal influences, and personal behaviors change. Over time, if one's actions become more like those of an evil spirit, then are they a person or a ghost?"

"The consciousness of a living person, the behavior of an evil spirit? Should a person be judged by consciousness or behavior?" Yang Jian frowned.

"You've summarized it well. Personally, I think if one has human behaviors, they are a person, even if they don't exist in human form. If a person consistently retains ghostly behaviors, even if they have a human mindset, I still consider them a ghost, and the human-skin parchment you are probing is the latter."

"To put it simply, it's a conscious person, but it maintains ghostly behavior, making it a very dangerous existence," Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian slightly squinted his eyes: "So, this is the secret of the human-skin parchment? A ghost handler existing as human skin but deeply corrupted by the supernatural, acting more like an evil spirit."

"That's how it is."

Wang Xiaoming said, "This shouldn't be difficult for you to understand. Li Jun is a great example; although he died, Ah Hong painted him out. Even though he's a ghost, he still upholds Li Jun's behavioral philosophy, so we still define him as a person."

"In fact, if truly judged, Li Jun is a ghost because you can't find any human traits in him anymore. The human-skin parchment is just the opposite, the only difference being that it harbors the supernatural power of knowing the future."

"Its predictions and speculations are very accurate and extend beyond mere minutes or hours to months, even a year or two. If you can use it well, you could control the future."

Yang Jian was rapidly thinking in his mind at that moment.

He recalled the various signs on the human-skin parchment before.

Indeed.

The human-skin parchment seemed to have a living person's consciousness, capable of being threatened by him and voicing some impending futures, but those futures were not definitive, just speculations, which you can change.

"So, the human-skin parchment, who is its identity? Who was it when alive?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

Wang Xiaoming lightly coughed, "I don't know. Maybe someone who failed to control an evil spirit, perhaps a ghost handler from the Republic of China period, or maybe a survivor who lived on by a special means against the evil spirits... The identity isn't important; what's important is that you know its current identity."

"It's very interesting. I have a premonition that you'll need it soon since the paranormal of Ghost Lake isn't that easy to steal. Your body won't last long, and in an unavoidable situation, you need the human-skin parchment to deduce a survival path for you."

"So, by all means, keep it, don't feed it to your Little Hungry Ghost."

Yang Jian said, "Its ideas could very likely get me killed."

"It's just a possibility. As long as it still adheres to ghostly behavior, it's unlikely to lie, because ghosts act according to rules, and lying violates those rules, so its content must be real, at most hiding a few key pieces of information," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Your speculation is quite good," Yang Jian nodded.

The human-skin parchment is indeed like this, with no lies, just concealing key information, subtly causing trouble, but if you can notice it, you can exploit it.

"Since you're satisfied with the answer, our transaction this time is considered complete, right?" Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian said, "I suppose so; your answer has been very enlightening, though I still need to verify it."

"Then we should discuss the second matter."

Wang Xiaoming controlled his electric wheelchair to come over.

"What matter? The Captain meeting, or the issue of Gao Ming's death as responsible?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Neither, it's about my brother Wang Xiaoqiang."

"Your brother Wang Xiaoqiang?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

Next moment.

Bam!

A gunshot suddenly rang out, echoing through the old community.

"What's going on."

Shen Liang, not far away and paying attention to the movement, immediately rushed over with his people upon hearing the commotion.

His pupils shrank as he saw the shooter.

It was Wang Xiaoming sitting in a wheelchair, and the target of the shooting was Yang Jian standing in front of him.

A bullet hole appeared precisely on Yang Jian's forehead, but what seeped from the hole was not blood but the gushing cold water of the lake.

"Bang!"

Immediately, a second gunshot rang out.

Yang Jian was hit again.

But soon, the third, fourth... seven shots in total, each hitting Yang Jian precisely, not a single miss.

After seven shots, Wang Xiaoming stopped.

Because he was out of bullets.

Yang Jian's expression remained calm. Even with seven bullets in him, he stood steadily and unmoved, only asking, "What does this mean?"

"You know, my younger brother and I used to live in this neighborhood."

Wang Xiaoming took a deep breath, his hand holding the gun trembling, because his body could barely hold on anymore, even firing the gun was a struggle.

"There were many kids in the neighborhood back then, and my brother was often bullied by others. But every time, I would stand up for him, help him teach those kids a lesson... Maybe I took care of him too well, which made him rebellious and immature as he grew up, often causing trouble."

"The last time he caused trouble, I couldn't help him, and then you killed him. But I'm still his brother, so I've always wanted to avenge him, cough cough."

He coughed violently, releasing the long-suppressed emotions and hatred.

"Actually, I've had many chances to kill you, but I couldn't do it because reason told me my brother was a criminal. He deserved to die, and you're a very important ghost handler at the headquarters. I can't let personal hatred ruin a top ghost handler."

"With you alive, many can live. If you die, many will die."

"So I've been waiting for a chance, a chance where you betray the headquarters, make a mistake, fall from grace, so I could kill you openly for my brother's revenge."

Wang Xiaoming tightly gripped the empty gun, his pale hand veins bulging, his heart full of agitation.

"But I can't wait anymore. My life is ending soon, and today is my last chance for revenge. I don't want to leave with regret."

"I see, if you were going to act, at least you should have used Gold bullets, not ordinary ones."

Yang Jian opened his palm, revealing seven bullet heads, then lightly shook them off to the ground, while the bullet holes on his body quickly healed, soon restoring as if nothing had happened.

Wang Xiaoming forced a smile, "It's the same result, isn't it?"

"That's right. Also, I want to ask you if my position as Enforcement Captain counts?" Yang Jian said.

"It counts, always counts." Wang Xiaoming nodded, sincerely.

Then Yang Jian turned and said, "Shen Liang, if someone attacks an Enforcement Captain, what should be done according to headquarters' rules?"

Shen Liang's expression changed slightly, hesitating, not knowing how to answer.

"Speak." Yang Jian demanded.

"Wielding a gun and attacking an Enforcement Captain, according to headquarters' rules, should be... execution." Shen Liang gritted his teeth, his heart trembling. He couldn't believe such a thing happened, that Wang Xiaoming actually attacked Yang Jian.

This was a serious matter.

"Very well." Yang Jian said.

Then a pool of water appeared at his feet, bubbling up.

A golden, cracked long spear emerged from the water. Yang Jian grabbed it, turned it mid-air, pointing the firewood knife-embedded back at Wang Xiaoming. This side was not supernatural, it was Gold, it was metal. Though the knife back was rather thick, it was enough for an ordinary person.

"Let me send you on your way." Yang Jian said.

"Thank you..." Wang Xiaoming smiled, a look of relief appearing.

Before he finished speaking, he heard a whistling sound in his ear.

No pain.

Wang Xiaoming immediately felt everything spin for a moment.

A head instantly parted from its neck, rolling down.

Hot blood spurted, staining the emaciated, pale body in the wheelchair red.

"Yang Jian, stop..."

Shen Liang rushed frantically, leaped onto Yang Jian, grabbing his arm, trying to stop the falling blade.

But it was too late.

Yang Jian, without any hesitation, had truly killed Wang Xiaoming.

Shen Liang stood in shock, horrified, "No, you can't kill him, he was Professor Wang."

"No one is beyond killing. Besides, I am Yang Jian, Enforcement Captain Yang Jian." Yang Jian said coldly and calmly.

"It's over, big trouble is ahead."

That's the only thought in Shen Liang's mind at this moment.

Chapter 1267 - Captain Gathering (Double-Length)

A rolling head, splattered blood, and that gradually cold and thin body sitting in the wheelchair.

This scene isn't an illusion; it's happening right before our eyes.

Yang Jian, who just became the Enforcement Captain a day ago, personally killed Wang Xiaoming.

Even though Wang Xiaoming attacked Yang Jian, everyone knows that as an ordinary person, moreover a frail patient, holding an ordinary handgun could never take down a top ghost handler in the supernatural circle.

Those seven gunshots weren't an attack but more like a signal.

At this moment, Shen Liang looked at Wang Xiaoming's corpse in shock, not knowing what to do.

Wang Xiaoming held a high position at headquarters; he researched supernatural events, created supernatural tools, helping many ghost handlers solve the problem of ghost resurrection.

It could be said that many of the city leaders owe their survival to Wang Xiaoming.

Once Wang Xiaoming dies, many of those leaders' survival will be affected, some people's hope to live will be extinguished, leading to unknown consequences.

Though Wang Xiaoming suffered from cancer, headquarters had many ways to treat him. As long as persuaded, Wang Xiaoming would soon restore to health, certainly won't let him die of illness.

However now, everything has lost its meaning.

Because he is already dead.

"Yang Jian, Professor Wang absolutely can't die. Think of a way to bring him back. There's still room for maneuver in this matter."

Shen Liang's confused mind cleared a bit. Grabbing Yang Jian's arm, he urgently pleaded.

Even though Wang Xiaoming's head had already fallen off, he believed if Yang Jian truly took action, relying on supernatural powers, he could definitely resurrect him.

Because he had seen Yang Jian's profile and knows he resurrected dead people more than once.

"I killed him with my own hands. Why should I save him?"

Yang Jian expressionlessly said, then coldly glanced at Shen Liang: "If Wang Xiaoming doesn't die, how to deal with the fact he just attacked me? Or is my title as Enforcement Captain merely nominal, without actual authority? If that's the case, just let Cao Yanhua dismiss me, and I will immediately revive him, but it must be quick, because if he's dead too long, I won't be able to."

He gave Shen Liang a choice, wanting to see headquarters' attitude.

This was also the result Wang Xiaoming wanted.

In life, he liked measuring everything by value, and now headquarters must make the final judgment between Wang Xiaoming and Yang Jian.

Should they hold Wang Xiaoming, dismiss Yang Jian as the Enforcement Captain, or recognize Wang Xiaoming's death without pursuit, definitively establishing Yang Jian's authority?

"I'm going to contact the Minister now."

Shen Liang was a bit emotional at the moment, but his inner peace prevailed, and he hurriedly took out his phone to dial the number.

It seemed headquarters had already prepared for this situation, as the call connected quickly.

"Minister, a major incident occurred. Professor Wang just got killed by Yang Jian."

Shen Liang spoke hurriedly, quickly recounting the events that happened here.

At this moment.

In headquarters' conference room.

Cao Yanhua sat alone in a chair, smoking, and the ashtray on the table in front of him was already full of cigarette butts.

Listening to Shen Liang's words on the phone, Cao Yanhua was unusually calm, only frowned, took a deep drag on his cigarette, then forcefully stubbed the majority of the butt into the ashtray.

"I understand. So what's Yang Jian's reason for killing Professor Wang?"

On the phone, Shen Liang was stunned, seemingly the Minister's calm attitude exceeded his expectations, but he quickly responded, "Professor Wang suddenly drew a gun and attacked Yang Jian, who killed Professor Wang on the charge of assaulting the Enforcement Captain."

"Assaulting the Enforcement Captain, huh? Alright, I understand. This matter is settled." Cao Yanhua said.

Shen Liang hurried: "But Minister, Yang Jian just said Professor Wang hasn't been dead for long. If actions are swift enough, he might be saved..."

"Enough."

Cao Yanhua's calm tone suddenly turned irritable.

"I said this matter is settled. Do you want headquarters to pressure Yang Jian into rescuing Professor Wang? Do you understand the consequences of that? Headquarters can do without Professor Wang but absolutely cannot do without Yang Jian. Also, remember Yang Jian's status now. He is the Enforcement Captain. All in headquarters, including myself, if anyone makes a mistake, he has the authority to deal with it."

"Moreover, you failed to protect Professor Wang, write me a resignation report later. I don't want today's situation to repeat in the future."

After speaking, Cao Yanhua slapped the phone down onto the conference table, hanging up heavily.

Once the call ended, Shen Liang's expression changed unpredictably, his mind vividly imagining various scenarios.

In his mind, there were only two thoughts: Professor Wang died, Cao Yanhua wouldn't pursue Yang Jian for it, and he himself was dismissed from headquarters for failing to protect Professor Wang.

"How could this happen?" Shen Liang was still full of disbelief.

He hadn't expected headquarters' attitude to change so drastically in such a short time.

"Shen Liang, tell me, what did Cao Yanhua say?" Yang Jian asked from the side.

"No pursuit."

Shen Liang's face turned very ugly, biting his lips as he said these words.

Yang Jian smiled, his smile was cold: "Seems like headquarters already made its choice. With that being the case, let Wang Xiaoming rest in peace then. He was already very tired. Dragging him back from hell would be cruel."

After finishing, he stowed his rifle, glanced once at the fallen head, then turned and left.

On the ground.

Wang Xiaoming's cold face bore a smile, one of release, of serenity.

After all, meeting Yang Jian here was a choice he was prepared to make long ago.

Everything was as he wished.

And with this matter coming to an end.

Soon, the news of Wang Xiaoming being killed by Yang Jian spread rapidly throughout headquarters.

It was an earthquake of an event.

The first to receive the news were several captains at headquarters, who had significant authority and their own people within, thus getting firsthand information.

Less than half an hour had passed.

Bam!

A loud noise of a door being forcefully opened resounded.

The conference room door at headquarters was kicked open by someone.

Immediacy.

A sinister, greenish firelight enveloped the room, and Li Jun, with a gloom on his face, stormed in with Ah Hong.

"Minister, I heard that half an hour ago Yang Jian killed Professor Wang. Is this true?"

Cao Yanhua sat there, frowning and smoking, with smoke swirling around him, the air filled with a strong smell of smoke. Seeing Li Jun's arrival, he wasn't surprised, merely nodding calmly: "Yes, Professor Wang attacked Yang Jian and was killed by him in public. This matter is over. Since you already know, why come to ask me personally?"

"I want to know the inside story."

Li Jun said, "Professor Wang was a cancer patient. There's no way he would attack Yang Jian. And even if he did attack him, with his ability, he couldn't harm Yang Jian in the slightest. Why did Yang Jian have to kill Professor Wang so ruthlessly?"

"Professor Wang surely didn't die for no reason. I believe there's some cause behind it. This matter is significant, and we hope to understand the truth," Ah Hong added from the side.

Cao Yanhua moved his lips, wanting to speak but finding his throat extremely parched. He picked up a cup of tea to take a sip.

But at that moment, from a corner, a patch of darkness suddenly covered the area. From the depths of the darkness, a person walked out, with a strange hemp rope hanging from his waist, face darkened, expression numb, eyes hollow, like a walking corpse, inducing fear.

This person merely appeared.

The surrounding eerie firelight retreated until half the conference room was shrouded in darkness, and only then did everything calm down.

"Wei Jing, are you also here for Professor Wang's matter?" Cao Yanhua looked at him.

Wei Jing truly resembled a lifeless corpse without emotions, his voice hoarse and strange as he spoke: "Yes, I also want to know why all this happened. Yang Jian wouldn't kill Professor Wang without reason, and Professor Wang wouldn't attack Yang Jian without cause, but this illogical event actually occurred."

"So I need an explanation."

Cao Yanhua was silent for a moment, then said: "Professor Wang was avenging his deceased brother Wang Xiaoqiang, attacking Yang Jian first with a gun, then was killed by Yang Jian. Justifiable and legal, that's the explanation."

"That reason doesn't convince me," Li Jun said seriously.

"Doesn't convince you? Then what do you want to do? Go find trouble with Yang Jian, or arrest and interrogate me, the Deputy Minister? Li Jun, remember your responsibility," Cao Yanhua slammed the table and shouted.

Li Jun fell silent at this moment.

Meanwhile, an inexplicable cold wind swept through the conference room.

The ash on the table was blown everywhere, blurring the sight.

However, the next moment.

The gale subsided, and a young man in his early twenties appeared abruptly sitting on the chair next to Cao Yanhua.

"Cao Yang?"

Wei Jing numbly turned his head to look at him.

Cao Yang grinned: "Can't you understand this simple logic? As long as Wang Xiaoming is alive, people like you would always side with him, not just you, but many leaders also lean towards him, relying on him to solve the ghost resurrection issue. Sometimes, Wang Xiaoming's words were even more influential than headquarters', but he's just an ordinary person, unable to restrain captains or handle supernatural events."

"This situation has led to others dissenting. Look, how many people refused to attend this time's captains' meeting? Besides you two, who else was willing to show up?"

"Wang Xiaoming was elevated too high by you all. The only way he could step down was through death, only with his demise can everything end, allowing a new leader to emerge."

"And the current headquarters needs a leader, and that leader is Yang Jian, only he can suppress everyone, and only he can convene the captains' meeting."

"So Wang Xiaoming's death isn't due to any conspiracy, but because the times can no longer accommodate him. He had to exit."

"Is this explanation enough?"

After speaking, he looked again at both Wei Jing and Li Jun.

Cao Yanhua seeing Cao Yang suddenly appear was slightly relieved, fearing Li Jun and Wei Jing might impulsively do something extreme over Wang Xiaoming's matter.

"Clap! Clap!"

The sound of applause echoed, and at this point, the conference room door opened again, a man with sallow skin, garishly bright, like a paper figure, slowly walked in.

Leuk San?

Everyone looked at him.

"Well said, a headquarters should have the air of a headquarters. Minister Cao can manage affairs, but he can't control people. Wang Xiaoming can control people, but not everyone, so the person who manages people should be replaced, and the role of Enforcement Captain is the supervisor, Yang Jian can control everyone, so he should take the stage."

Leuk San appeared. He had arrived at headquarters, and seemingly in time to witness a good show.

"A power transition doesn't necessarily involve death," Li Jun said, staring at Leuk San.

"But establishing authority requires death. Killing Wang Xiaoming as a show of power shakes the supernatural circle. Who would dare ignore Enforcement Captain Yang Jian in the future?"

Leuk San chuckled. "Li Jun, stop feeling sorry for Wang Xiaoming. I dare say Wang Xiaoming's death today was something he had planned long ago. Otherwise, why would this happen right before the captain's meeting?"

"I know you and Wang Xiaoming were close, but if you respect his choice, you should fulfill your duties as captain, instead of causing trouble here. Luckily, you're sensible and came to Cao Yanhua, instead of going to Yang Jian. Otherwise, Yang Jian wouldn't mind killing another captain as a warning."

Li Jun fell silent again because Leuk San was right; it was Professor Wang's own choice.

If he didn't want to die, Yang Jian definitely wouldn't have been able to kill him.

Wei Jing stood there numbly, saying nothing, lost in thought.

"Enough, everyone quiet down a bit. The captain's meeting will be held at 1:30 p.m. Before then, I hope everyone calms down. If there's anything to discuss, do it at the meeting." Cao Yanhua stood up and said.

"Alright, I'll question Yang Jian at the meeting," Li Jun said.

Although he understood Wang Xiaoming's actions, he couldn't accept the fact that Yang Jian killed Wang Xiaoming with his own hands.

Someone who devoted everything to supernatural incidents, how could Yang Jian bring himself to do it?

That was just an ordinary person, tormented by illness, nearing the end.

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

Suddenly, there was a knock at the meeting room door again.

"Who is it?" Cao Yanhua called out.

The door to the meeting room opened once more, and a man dressed in a suit, wearing glasses, tall and handsome, with a gentle smile, walked in: "Sorry, it's me, Wang Chaling. I hope I'm not disturbing you. Has the meeting started yet? I hope I'm not late. I apologize, there was some traffic on the way to headquarters."

"A rather unfamiliar captain." Leuk San slightly assessed the man.

Not only did he find him unfamiliar, but Wei Jing, Cao Yang, and Li Jun also found him unfamiliar because Wang Chaling had never officially made an appearance at headquarters.

"Wang Chaling? It's you, I didn't expect you to arrive at headquarters so soon."

Cao Yanhua said, "I made a mistake. The meeting hasn't started yet. We just had a minor dispute earlier. The official meeting time is set for 1:30 in the afternoon, and the notice will be sent out soon."

"No problem, it's my first time attending a meeting at headquarters, so I wanted to meet everyone sooner to get to know each other. Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Wang Chaling, Captain and Head of Dadong City. I hope you all take care of me."

Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses with a smile.

"Cao Yang, the person in charge of Dajin City. I've heard of you, a master's graduate returning from overseas, a true high achiever." Cao Yang spread his hands and said.

"You're too kind, I just studied abroad for a few years, nothing worth mentioning." Wang Chaling said modestly.

"Leuk San, the person in charge of Daqing City."

Leuk San also greeted: "This should be our first meeting. Hope we have the opportunity to work together in the future."

"I hope so," Wang Chaling nodded.

"Li Jun, one of the heads of headquarters." Li Jun, wearing sunglasses, walked over and extended his hand.

Wang Chaling hesitated for a moment, then smiled and shook his hand: "We owe it to you for the help last time with the old house situation. Have you found Chen Qiaoyang? Don't hesitate to ask if you need help."

"Chen Qiaoyang hasn't been found yet. I'll notify you if there are any leads," Li Jun said.

"Wei Jing, one of the heads of headquarters."

A ghoulish Tanuki (Wei Jing) nodded towards Wang Chaling.

With Wang Chaling's arrival, the topic shifted, and the previously tense atmosphere was eased.

Everyone began to interact normally, getting to know each other.

The issue of Wang Xiaoming's death was temporarily set aside, to be discussed at the captain's meeting.

"Hey, is anyone there? Whose car is parked outside? Someone left something inside, a wallet with a family photo on it."

Suddenly, a voice abruptly sounded outside the meeting room.

At this moment, Wang Chaling's smile faded, and he touched his suit pocket, realizing the wallet was missing.

He remembered clearly that his wallet was just with him and definitely wasn't left in the car.

"Huh, this family photo is haunting, the elderly couple on it are staring at me, damn, it's dangerous."

As the meeting room door opened, a figure flashed in, and then a wallet was tossed out. In the wallet's compartment was a half-pulled family photo, showing a couple, a middle-aged pair, and a young person. But now, the elderly on the photo eerily turned their heads, looking in a direction.

"Zhou Deng, what are you doing?" Cao Yanhua slammed the table and shouted.

"Nothing, I'm not doing anything." Zhou Deng kept darting his gaze around, avoiding Cao Yanhua's eyes.

Wang Chaling still wore a smile; he walked over to pick up the wallet that had fallen to the ground, casually putting the photo back in its compartment, then placing it in his pocket.

"Thank you, Mister Zhou, for returning my wallet. I'll treat you to tea later."

"No need, no need." Zhou Deng chuckled, "It's just a small matter, nothing worth mentioning. I'm a friendly person and always return what I find."

Finding?

That was stealing.

Wang Chaling smiled, fully aware but didn't expose the truth.

"Zhou Deng, this is the captain's meeting, what are you, a captain candidate, doing here? Go back to your room and rest."

Cao Yanhua said, "Don't cause trouble, be honest."

"Got it, got it, Minister. I'll go back to my room to rest now. Sorry to bother you all, sorry."

Zhou Deng made a quick greeting and hurried off.

But just as the door opened, a stranger walked in.

"Who are you?" Zhou Deng scrutinized the person, without any recollection.

"Hey, Minister, is this newcomer also a captain?"

At this moment, everyone looked over, and their expressions suddenly changed.

The person indeed was very unfamiliar, no recollection, but the aura around him was cold and eerie. He was undoubtedly a top-tier ghost handler.

Immediately, Wei Jing stepped forward expressionlessly, becoming alert.

"I am Li Leping, I'm in the archive records," the unfamiliar man slowly stated.

Li Leping?

Instantly, a familiar captain's name popped into everyone's minds.

He was a captain in the archives, only known by name and documents, but never seen in person.

"A captain with an unmemorable face, Li Leping?" Wang Chaling spoke up.

"Mm."

Li Leping lightly answered.

"Truly an incredible supernatural power," Wei Jing, lowering his guard, spoke dully.

"Since his appearance is unmemorable, who can be sure you're Li Leping?" Cao Yang chuckled.

Li Leping said, "I don't want to answer this question every time. It seems the meeting hasn't started yet since Yang Jian hasn't arrived. In that case, I'll return to my room to rest. Notify me when the meeting starts."

He didn't linger but turned around and left.

"Truly indifferent," Leuk San remarked.

"A person who can't be remembered is destined to be lonely and unsocial, understandable," Cao Yang said.

At this moment, Cao Yanhua felt a headache coming on.

Indeed, once the captains gathered, no matter how hard he pounded the table, he couldn't control these people, and his words were as good as farting.

It seems inviting Yang Jian was very much the right decision.

Only Yang Jian couldn't be ignored by them.

As for ordinary people, they have absolutely no voice in front of these captains, not even Professor Wang.

"Birds of a feather flock together, that's how it's always been. However, such a gathering of anomalies is a first. Cao Yanhua, long time no see, do you remember me?"

Soon, another person arrived.

It was a woman.

Petite, with elegant black hair, but one of her eyes was ghostly white, very distinctive. She wore an old outfit with printed ghost patterns, looking somewhat odd.

"He Yiner, it's great to see you again. You went missing for so long last time, the headquarters was very worried. Now that we see you're fine, we can rest easy," Cao Yanhua's eyes lit up, and he greeted her warmly.

He Yiner was among the earliest ghost handlers at headquarters, very easygoing, and active in dealing with supernatural events. Cao Yanhua had a very good and deep impression of He Yiner.

"Dead and resurrected, not good, not bad. The person sent by headquarters, named Yang Jian, had a nasty attitude, almost got into a fight with me over some personal matters," He Yiner said coldly.

Cao Yanhua immediately smiled wryly.

Yang Jian?

He's now the Enforcement Captain, and the captain's meeting relies entirely on him; I have no way to deal with him, and will have to depend on him in the future.

No choice.

Cao Yanhua could only smooth things over: "The captain meeting is quite urgent, Yang Jian was entrusted by headquarters to invite you all. Although there were some minor frictions, I hope everyone will understand and bear with it. Consider the big picture, if there's any dissatisfaction, you can direct it at me, and I apologize to you all."

"Forget it, it's not a big deal, you don't need to apologize, I haven't taken it to heart."

He Yiner stopped dwelling on it and turned to look at the others.

"It's been such a long time since I've been to headquarters, there are a lot of new faces, and many are missing. Wei Jing, you're the only one I know here, aren't you going to introduce them?"

Though young, she was one of the oldest at headquarters, on the same level as Wei Jing.

As for the others, strictly speaking, they were 'juniors'.

Wei Jing said numbly, "These are all captains from headquarters. You should have seen the archives, so I won't introduce them one by one. I'm sure you'll soon get to know them all."

He Yiner's eyes moved slightly, recalling the archive files in her mind, she began matching them to those around.

"Seems many haven't arrived yet."

"Most are already here, only a few haven't shown up. At the meeting this afternoon, excluding a couple, everyone should be present," Wei Jing said.

"That's good," He Yiner nodded in agreement.

Chapter 1268 Erupting Conflict

Inside the headquarters meeting hall.

Cao Yanhua clearly felt that as the number of captains arriving increased, he became increasingly powerless.

As deputy minister, he seemed like a clay Bodhisattva, revered by the side, appearing important, but actually having no influence. If the captains in the meeting room wanted to do something, he was powerless to stop them.

The current peace depended solely on self-control.

After all, when selecting captains initially, careful screening was involved, and mentally unstable individuals definitely couldn't become captains.

However, this peaceful situation wouldn't last long.

At this moment, something destined to happen occurred.

After greeting, He Yiner began to inspect the others with her gaze: "I previously reviewed the files from the Ghost Lake incident, and discovered there were five captains involved in the Ghost Lake incident: Li Jun, Cao Yang, Leuk San, Yang Jian, and the missing Shen Lin. Most participants are here now, and I want to ask you a question."

"Hmm?"

Cao Yang, Li Jun, and Leuk San looked at He Yiner.

"What do you want to ask?" Cao Yang said.

He Yiner said: "You handled the Ghost Lake incident, but because Ghost Lake went out of control, Taiping Ancient Town got submerged. I want to know who among you killed a one-eyed old man in Taiping Ancient Town."

She was seeking answers.

And she had pursued this answer from the Faceless Person and Boss Liu around her, but they kept silent, firmly refused to speak, and urged her to forget about this matter.

Unable to find another way, He Yiner could only look through file data and talk to those involved.

However, the identity of the murderer was not hard to guess, just one of these few captains.

But to ensure the truth and accuracy of the matter, she needed to confirm face-to-face to avoid getting the wrong person.

"Was there such a thing?" Cao Yang frowned, unclear.

Li Jun also said: "I'm not clear about what you're asking, although we did enter Taiping Ancient Town, we did not kill anyone there. Ah Hong, is this matter related to you?"

"Certainly not." Ah Hong shook her head and denied.

"If it's not you, then it can only be you or Yang Jian." He Yiner looked at Leuk San.

As for the missing captain, she thought it unlikely, because the files say Shen Lin had already disappeared before the Ghost Lake incident ended.

Leuk San smiled slightly at this moment, his smile especially indifferent, revealing a hint of eeriness: "I killed the old man you're talking about."

He did not deny it but directly admitted.

Because it was a fact that couldn't be hidden.

"The old man you killed, surname He, is my grandfather."

He Yiner immediately stared at Leuk San intensely.

"Is that so? So what, that old man interfered with us handling Ghost Lake with a group, and attacked all of us, almost causing all of us to sink into Ghost Lake and die. Do you think such a person should be killed?"

Leuk San squinted, fearless.

Li Jun said: "There was such an incident, I can verify."

"He Yiner, if you want revenge for your grandfather because of this matter, I advise you to dispel that thought. That old brat, along with three top Ghost Envoys, attacked us and, coupled with Ghost Lake incident's impact, almost annihilated us all. Later, a Faceless Person helped Ah Hong solve the revival of the Evil Ghost, stopping the fight, and that matter was quelled."

"If you want to revisit old scores now, no one will be happy."

Cao Yang slowly stood up at this moment, he couldn't stand by and watch as an outsider, although he didn't participate in the conflict, he was rescued from Ghost Lake by Yang Jian after the matter was resolved.

If Taiping Ancient Town's group had won back then, he would still be soaking in Ghost Lake now.

"One matter is one matter. The conflict at the time was finished, my grandfather had left Ghost Lake and returned to Taiping Ancient Town, but Leuk San chased after him."

He Yiner said: "So this matter has nothing to do with you, only with him. It's a dispute between us; you better not get involved."

"That old man from Taiping Ancient Town showed no mercy when tackling me, ruthless with no mercy; with such a person alive, I cannot sleep peacefully."

Leuk San said coldly: "This matter was originally finished, you're bringing up old issues today solely for revenge. If you want to fight, I can spar with you; either you die, or I die, how about it? Isn't that fair?"

"Since you said that, I'm reassured." He Yiner stared at Leuk San with a bloodthirsty intent.

"Enough."

Wei Jing shouted at this moment, his voice hoarse and dry, seeming particularly strange.

He moved forward slowly: "This is not where you argue and fight, personal disputes should be temporarily set aside."

"You know it's personal, so I won't involve others, and you should mind your business less." He Yiner said seriously.

"Leuk San, this isn't a place for fighting, how about moving to another place? Not far from here, there's an abandoned training base; even if someone dies and Evil Ghosts revive, it won't affect the surroundings."

"Your grandfather was seeking death; if you wish to do the same, I'll fulfill it. Since you've chosen the place, why wait, please go ahead." Leuk San expressionlessly said.

He Yiner turned cold, said nothing, and turned to leave the meeting room.

Two Captain Level characters now appeared like schoolchildren seeking a place to duel.

But that was indeed the most direct way to solve problems.

"Ridiculous, truly ridiculous."

Cao Yanhua shook with anger at this time: "What are you doing, stop immediately? Li Jun, Wei Jing, help stop them, don't let them fight."

But Li Jun and Wei Jing stood still without reacting.

They weren't unwilling, but afraid.

Because once they intervened, it might be an all-out brawl, complicating matters further. Then it wouldn't be just two people's issues, but all captains might be pulled in.

"Minister, you want Li Jun and Wei Jing to intervene, how do they intervene? Too light, and they can't stop them; too fierce, and what if they start attacking each other? Supernatural confrontations are dangerous, a slight mishap can lead to deaths. Do you think the trouble is too small, wanting to make it bigger? Notify Yang Jian, he's the Enforcement Captain now, it's time for him to step in."

Cao Yang reminded Cao Yanhua, speaking up from the side.

Cao Yanhua became increasingly anxious as he saw He Yiner and Leuk San vanish without looking back into the corridor outside. Fortunately, prompted by Cao Yang, he hurriedly picked up the phone to contact Yang Jian.

"Interesting."

Wang Chaling watched the scene unfold, smiling slightly and gently adjusting his glasses.

But behind him, two cold and terrifying shadows loomed, appearing indistinctly.

In such a dangerous place, he couldn't be unprepared, after all, he was an ordinary person. If some Supernatural Power accidentally rubbed off on him and killed him, wouldn't that be an unjust death?

"They've gone to the training base, we should follow them, otherwise if a real Supernatural incident occurs, that would be bad."

Cao Yang said this at the moment, then quickly followed.

Li Jun said in a suppressed voice: "Both are captains, hard to persuade, but this is serious. I'll follow them, see if I can stop them; Wei Jing, come with me, bind them if necessary."

"The Ghost Envoy's suppression shouldn't be simply used against Ghost Envoys; many rely on Supernatural Power for life maintenance; once suppressed, and Supernatural Power fails, they'll die immediately. I'm not unwilling to stop the fight, rather it risks accidentally killing one. But for preventing Supernatural chaos, I will go to manage the situation." Wei Jing said.

"Alright, then let's move."

Li Jun and Wei Jing quickly left the meeting room, heading to the nearby training base at once.

The originally populated meeting hall then only had Cao Yanhua, making a phone call, and the silent Wang Chaling left.

"I will not add further chaos at this time; I'd better return to the resting room and rest." Wang Chaling shook his head, taking advantage of the opportunity to leave.

He preferred not to be a spectator, fearing something Supernatural might stick to him, so he remained quietly like Li Leping, waiting for the afternoon meeting, as this matter had nothing to do with him.

The training base wasn't far from the headquarters, only a few miles away.

However, due to the previous Ghost Envoy intrusion incident, this training base was sealed and abandoned; a new training base moved elsewhere.

Although it is said to be abandoned, because the place is special, it is still occasionally used.

For example, as an experimental site for supernatural powers, or a simulation training ground under special circumstances.

But today.

This training base welcomed a group of special guests.

Leuk San and He Yiner almost simultaneously entered the large playground inside the training base. However, due to lack of upkeep, the playground was overgrown with weeds, some even taller than a person.

"Nice environment, you really know how to pick a place."

Leuk San nodded, seemingly satisfied with the place: "If I die here, surely my grave will grow tall and big."

"Cut the nonsense, I've read your dossier, you seem to be good at using paper dolls. I hope today you came in person and not just sent a paper doll," He Yiner said.

"Rest assured, it's definitely me. After all, for a Captain-Level meeting, I wouldn't use a paper doll to fob it off," said Leuk San.

He Yiner's pale eyes moved eerily: "I heard Grandpa He attacked you first, so you killed him. Since that's the case, I'll let you make the first move today. I'll withstand one of your supernatural attacks, but after that, I will spare no effort to take you down."

"Interesting, and quite generous." A peculiar smile appeared on Leuk San's sallow face.

"It's not generosity, it's about settling debts and grudges, what my grandpa owed you, I will repay," said He Yiner.

"In that case, I'll send you to meet your grandfather."

Leuk San wouldn't hold back. Since He Yiner wanted to withstand one of his supernatural attacks, then one attack would be enough to send her to her death.

If she dies, she won't come after him for revenge again.

Immediately.

The playground filled with weeds resounded with a rustling sound, the wild grass swayed, and shadows of figures eerily emerged, slowly walking out from the weeds.

All these people had sallow faces, resembling yellow paper, and looked identical, all of them were Leuk San, making it impossible to distinguish who was real and who was a paper doll when walking together.

Yet, there weren't many paper dolls, only nine.

Including Leuk San himself, there were ten altogether.

"Is that number enough?" He Yiner scrutinized the paper dolls fearlessly.

"Just about, I used over a dozen paper dolls to kill your grandfather, but I reckon ten are enough to kill you."

Leuk San said, as his paper dolls approached from all sides, surrounding He Yiner like a giant shrinking encirclement.

Meanwhile.

Cao Yang, Wei Jing, and Li Jun quickly rushed over, appearing near the playground, witnessing the scene.

"Leuk San, calm down, the situation hasn't escalated to the point where violence is necessary. He Yiner, there's some misunderstanding here, don't be so impulsive," Li Jun began persuading the two as soon as he arrived.

But it seemed pointless.

If it worked, they wouldn't have come to the training base to settle their dispute in the first place.

"Don't interfere, there must be a conclusion today," He Yiner took a deep breath, her expression serious, ready to summon spirits.

Though she claimed to endure one of Leuk San's supernatural attacks, she never said she wouldn't prepare defenses.

After all, the previous Necromancer died at his hands, so He Yiner wouldn't be complacent.

In her hand, she now held something, a walnut used for Buddhist meditation, with a polished surface, a relic of an elder from Taiping Ancient Town. Originally it was a pair, but she found only one when she left Taiping Ancient Town.

One is enough.

She could summon the spirits of the dead with this relic.

"Looks like it's really going down," Cao Yang slightly moved his gaze, showing no intention to stop it, just waiting.

Cao Yanhua had already called, and Yang Jian was in Dajing City at the moment. With his scale of the Ghost Domain, it would only take a few seconds to get here.

But in the next moment.

The paper dolls approaching from Leuk San suddenly quickened their pace, while the skin on their arms peeled off in pieces; however, beneath the peels wasn't real flesh, but sheets of special yellow paper.

But within that yellow paper, two bizarrely frightful arms gradually emerged.

"About to make a move?"

He Yiner's eyes were full of seriousness, as beside her, an eerie old man appeared, his expression kind, body blurred, lying in a rocking chair, seemingly holding two walnuts.

But soon, the old man in the rocking chair gradually became clearer, and his kindly expression turned increasingly ferocious and eerie.

Like an Evil Ghost reviving.

The supernatural paper dolls and the summoning of spirits were about to collide.

But just then, all the paper dolls abruptly stopped.

Hmm?

He Yiner frowned slightly, a bit puzzled why Leuk San suddenly stopped.

Leuk San ignored He Yiner, just slightly raised his head to look in a direction: "Yang Jian has arrived....."

He hadn't even finished his sentence.

In the next moment.

The entire sky turned blood-red, all buildings enveloped in red light, the whole world instantly dragged into a dreadful Ghost Domain.

"Made it just in time," Cao Yang sighed in relief at this sight.

"Looks like we won't need to intervene," Wei Jing said with a numb expression, slowly lowering the grass rope in his hand.

Li Jun nodded in agreement.

However, the abnormal changes didn't end there.

In the distance, within the red glow, a splashing sound suddenly came, no, it wasn't splashes, but waves.

A massive wave swept over, seemingly intent on swallowing everything here, with water continuously seeping up from the ground beneath everyone. In just a moment, the water had already submerged their ankles, soon reaching their knees.

And the eeriest part was, within the waters beneath their feet, faintly floated pale corpses drifting by.

"Is this... the water from the Ghost Lake?" He Yiner's complexion subtly changed.

But the next moment.

The giant wave rushed over, instantly raising the water level again, submerging everyone's waist, seeming nearly enough to drown them.

And with the surge of the giant wave, under the red-illuminated sky, Yang Jian stepped over the water, holding a cracked spear in his hand, walking over step by step.

Beside him, beneath the water, a reflection of a ferocious black Evil Hound appeared, its eyes red, teeth bared, ready to leap out of the water and tear its enemies to shreds.

"Is this what he looks like when he's serious?" Cao Yang squinted, a jolt of anxiety striking him.

The Ghost Domain covering the sky, the water engulfing everything, the supernatural weapon in his hand, and the reflection of the Evil Hound in the water... each phenomenon represented some terrifying supernatural power.

Wei Jing slightly lowered his head to look at this pool of water, where many pale drifting corpses swam beside him, their number far exceeding his capacity to suppress.

Undoubtedly, these corpses were prepared specifically for him.

"I haven't even had breakfast and heard Cao Yanhua's complaint about your sudden need to fight, mind giving me a reason?"

Yang Jian displayed no expression, the ghostly eyes on his forehead restlessly turning.

The voice wasn't loud, yet it echoed throughout this red-tinted world.

Chapter 1269 Such a Ruthless Intervention

The appearance of Yang Jian was both expected and unexpected.

Many people knew that Yang Jian, as the Enforcement Captain, would show up, but they didn't expect him to appear in such a dominant manner, and the supernatural power he displayed at this moment exceeded everyone's expectations.

After all, in most people's intelligence, Ghost Eye Yang Jian was only remarkable for his ghost eye. Later, after obtaining the Coffin Nail, he merely relied on it to handle supernatural incidents.

As for other things, he rarely revealed.

But people do progress.

Yang Jian has made significant progress, and now no one knows exactly how much supernatural power he has mastered. All they know is that he has won against anyone in the supernatural circle, never lost,

and even Ye Zhen, from the supernatural forum, was nailed to the ground by him in public, becoming a world-famous painting.

"Yang Jian."

He Yiner's gaze shifted, and a ghastly white eyeball looked at him.

"Do you want to intervene in this matter? This is a personal vendetta. Even if you are the Enforcement Captain, you can't stop me from avenging my grandfather."

"Revenge? For that old man from the shrine in Taiping Ancient Town? He deserved to die if he dared to attack the captain while we were dealing with the Ghost Lake incident. Even if Leuk San hadn't killed him, I would have wanted to settle accounts with him myself. And when I invited you to the headquarters earlier, I already warned you not to try to rebuild Taiping Ancient Town," Yang Jian said coldly.

"If you've decided to take revenge on Leuk San today, then I'll have to take you down here and let the headquarters choose a new captain, which conveniently resolves two matters at once."

Li Jun immediately said, "Yang Jian, we should mediate, not pick sides. This issue should be handled in a more amicable manner."

"Li Jun, everyone has their own way of dealing with things. My way is very simple: make the problematic people disappear. There are plenty of ghost wielders in this world, losing a few doesn't matter, and we can't let certain individuals affect everyone."

Yang Jian said as he looked over again, "He Yiner, what do you think?"

"I think you're targeting me, but no matter, I can handle being outnumbered two to one." He Yiner replied.

The old man sitting in the rocking chair beside her, playing with walnuts, was becoming clearer and had now stood up, like an Evil Ghost revived, ready to kill.

However, He Yiner didn't believe that summoning one spirit could stop both Yang Jian and Leuk San. She touched the bracelet woven from an old handkerchief on her wrist. Although it wasn't a supernatural item, it was a relic from another elder in Taiping Ancient Town.

If one spirit isn't enough, then summon two.

"Really confident. You think you need me and Leuk San to join forces to deal with you? If that were necessary, why would headquarters make me the Enforcement Captain?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and the next moment, he had slowly disappeared.

"He's here."

He Yiner immediately felt her hair stand on end, a huge danger approaching. But at this moment, her vision blurred, and she could no longer see anything around her, only a scarlet expanse.

Her body became stiff and difficult to move.

It was as if time had stopped.

But this moment was very brief. The clothes imprinted with countless terrifying ghost imprints on her body slightly swelled, and the stiffness in her body instantly disappeared, her body quickly recovering.

It should have only lasted one or two seconds.

However, the next moment.

He Yiner's pupils suddenly contracted because she saw a rusted Firewood Knife hovering over her shoulder. Although it hadn't touched her yet, the cold chill emanating from it made her heart skip a beat, as if just a few more inches forward would easily decapitate her.

"Why didn't they stop him..." She felt a surge of fear in her heart.

But turning her gaze slightly, she saw that the old man she had summoned had been torn in half, and his increasingly clear figure once again blurred, finally blown away by the wind like a wisp of white smoke.

It wasn't that they didn't block Yang Jian, it's that they couldn't.

"I can easily decapitate you with this swing. Even though you have tricks, I can ensure that you can't use any of them. Do you still have confidence in being outnumbered two to one now?"

Yang Jian appeared beside her, his cold voice echoing in her ears.

He Yiner's expression changed. She had to admit at this moment that she couldn't block Yang Jian's assault.

Because it was too fast.

So fast that she would get decapitated before she could summon a spirit, unless she prepared in advance to summon spirits directly.

But summoning has a time limit. If you prepare in advance and the opponent doesn't fight head-on and drags out the summoning time, then you've wasted a summon in vain.

She has the skills to summon countless terrifying souls, but she couldn't use them against Yang Jian.

"Not speaking? Looks like you've recognized reality. Very well, I will only give you one chance. Next time, I won't hold back and will directly decapitate you. I don't care about your conflict with Leuk San, but as long as I'm around, you better restrain yourself."

"Of course, if you feel unsatisfied, you can challenge me anytime. If you manage to overthrow me, you can do whatever you want in the future. Did you hear what I said?" Yang Jian said.

He Yiner's face looked unpleasant as she pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

"Answer me," Yang Jian said coldly.

"I understand."

He Yiner took a deep breath and suppressed her inner anger, conceding.

The situation was beyond her ability; she couldn't beat Yang Jian, so she had no choice but to concede. There was nothing else to say.

If she stubbornly resisted now, she had no doubt Yang Jian would kill her.

She was the last Necromancer, the hope for rebuilding Taiping Ancient Town, and absolutely couldn't die midway.

"Good."

Yang Jian slowly retracted the splintered spear he was holding, and the Evil Hound reflected in the lake water beside He Yiner also retreated.

"Was there also an Evil Hound attacking just now?"

He Yiner looked at the water surface with lingering fear, realizing that the danger wasn't just the spear poised at her neck but also the Evil Hound reflected in the water.

Leuk San, seeing He Yiner eating humble pie, revealed a smile.

Yang Jian helping him was only natural. He Yiner couldn't see the situation clearly and insisted on avenging her private vendetta, which wasn't allowed. Although her grandfather was killed by him, she should understand what her grandfather did. Back then, the old man not only attacked him but also attacked Yang Jian.

At that time, Yang Jian wanted to kill the old man even more than he did.

"Leuk San, don't smirk over there. The matter of Taiping Ancient Town is over. He Yiner was wrong to pick a fight, but you're quick to take over. Do you have a grudge against her?" Yang Jian said, turning to Leuk San.

Leuk San smiled, "I had no choice. She challenged me to a duel, and it would be embarrassing not to accept. And she seemed to want to fight me to the death, so I decided to end it once and for all."

"If you killed a captain, I would settle accounts with you as well. I will prevent her from taking revenge on you. If similar situations arise in the future, you can call me." Yang Jian said coldly.

"That's great. With your words, I'm relieved. I promise not to disturb her," Leuk San immediately agreed.

Yang Jian said, "Very good. Then let's end this matter here. The meeting in the afternoon will proceed as planned; I assume you have no objections."

"No objections," He Yiner said darkly.

Yang Jian said no more and turned to leave.

As he departed, the water on the ground swiftly drained away, and the scarlet sky quickly faded, returning to its original blue sky and white clouds. All the supernatural phenomena disappeared rapidly until everything returned to its original state.

Nothing around changed, as if everything that had happened was an illusion.

"It's over; there will be no fight," Li Jun said with a sigh of relief.

Unexpectedly, Yang Jian stopped the conflict with such a strong approach, truly in line with his style.

"There are differences between captains," Cao Yang said with a bitter smile.

He knew Yang Jian was stronger than some captains but didn't expect the gap to be this wide.

If Yang Jian were to get serious, he seemed capable of taking down a captain in a single strike.

Chapter 1270 Arrivals

"Consider yourself lucky that Yang Jian came to mediate, otherwise there would have been casualties at today's team leader meeting."

After Yang Jian left, Leuk San coldly mocked.

As he spoke, the paper figures around them gradually retreated, hiding within the wild grass in the center of the playground, completely vanishing from sight.

He Yiner also retorted, "You should be grateful that Yang Jian saved your life; I was prepared to fight you to death here."

"Bragging is useless; if we really fought, you'd definitely be the one to die. Forget it, I'm not going to argue with you anymore. With Yang Jian present, we can't fight, and if by accident I end up killing you, Yang Jian would trouble me, which I can't handle. However, I'd advise you to temporarily give up thoughts of revenge."

Leuk San didn't say anything more and turned to leave.

He Yiner's gaze was flickering uncertainly, her perpetually pale eyes fixed on the direction Leuk San was leaving, suppressing the urge to kill him.

"Mediation can only happen once, so I hope you both can be rational."

Wei Jing said hoarsely, "Li Jun, let's return and investigate Professor Wang's cause of death."

"Alright."

Li Jun nodded, resolving to thoroughly uncover Wang Xiaoming's cause of death before the afternoon meeting.

"I'll go too; I'm quite curious about this matter." Cao Yang hurriedly followed.

Soon.

Everyone at the training base dispersed, leaving only He Yiner behind.

He Yiner stood in place for a while, eventually leaving with a solemn expression.

She didn't return to headquarters but instead took a car to an inconspicuous hotel in the city.

In the hotel, He Yiner met Boss Liu and the tall, eerie Faceless Person.

Upon meeting, He Yiner immediately said, "I've found out who's the murderer of Grandpa He; it's a team leader named Leuk San from headquarters."

"You still ended up seeking revenge against that person."

Boss Liu sighed immediately, "You shouldn't have gone. The past is in the past; even if he weren't killed by that Leuk San's successor, he would die from the supernatural. He couldn't last long; you should give up your hatred and integrate well into headquarters, using this opportunity to rebuild Taiping Ancient Town. Continuing to stir trouble can easily lead to unforeseen disasters."

"Who do you think would win if I and Leuk San fought?"

He Yiner asked seriously.

"Judging by the looks of it, you haven't fought, which is good, very good."

Boss Liu breathed a slight sigh of relief and then said, "It's hard to say. Soul Summoners are special entities; their power isn't particularly strong, but if they successfully summon spirits and call forth powerful ones, then theoretically, no ghost wielder of this generation would be your match."

"But I've told you before, supernatural circles are filled with uncertainty. Take that young man Yang Jian, his power is immense. Your grandfather crossed paths with him in the past and lost half his life. If you encounter him, you might be killed before you can even summon spirits."

He Yiner said, "You're right. When I fought with Leuk San, Yang Jian showed up and stopped me. In a blink, his knife was at my throat; I summoned a spirit, but he destroyed it."

She then opened her palm, revealing a walnut shattered into numerous pieces.

Boss Liu glanced at it and smiled bitterly, "That's expected; your grandfather once got his head chopped off by Yang Jian. Unless you bring those tablets from Taiping Ancient Town, you won't be his match."

"If I bring those tablets, can I confront Yang Jian?"

He Yiner continued to ask.

"Theoretically, you could kill him."

Boss Liu thought for a moment then nodded affirmatively, "But that's only in theory. The spirits summoned by Soul Summoners have time limits; if he avoids that period or survives an assault, then you'll lose. If Yang Jian confronts you after summoning, he'd surely die."

"I understand what you're contemplating, but I urge you to abandon this idea sooner rather than later. Theory will always be theory; it won't transform into reality, especially since Taiping Ancient Town can't recover if you exhaust its reserves."

"I understand."

He Yiner nodded, realizing reality after this confrontation.

The strength of the headquarters team leaders has long surpassed the batch of people handling supernatural incidents she once dealt with, she no longer counts as the best.

At this moment, the Faceless Person suddenly gestured, seemingly trying to communicate something.

He Yiner looked at him, "What do you want to say?"

Boss Liu immediately comprehended the meaning, saying, "His point is that you should seek items left behind by powerful ghost wielders before their deaths to strengthen your hand. The supernatural circle in the past also had incredibly formidable ghost wielders; if you could find some items as mediums, you'd become stronger."

"Makes sense." He Yiner's eyes lit up.

The tablets in Taiping Ancient Town are used less and less, but the supernatural circle of this world isn't just Taiping Ancient Town; there are other ghost wielders too.

"I remember the headquarters has many archive files, right? If you search those supernatural events files, you're sure to find many clues," Boss Liu reminded.

"You're right, I almost forgot about this." He Yiner's thoughts immediately opened up.

She knows many supernatural events occur when ghost wielders die and ghosts resurge; finding the incident locations and acquiring items they used is certainly simple and easy.

Boss Liu added, "The new Taiping Town can't be built overnight; during this time you should practice and accumulate, eventually surpassing your grandfather and becoming the strongest Soul Summoner."

He kept advising He Yiner, telling her not to let hatred cloud her mind and to take advantage of her youth to grow properly.

"I'm going to look at the archives and find a suitable medium." He Yiner was a woman of action, and once she made a decision, she acted on it immediately.

Boss Liu nodded in satisfaction upon seeing this.

The Faceless Person gestured with his hands as he watched He Yiner leave: "She's too impulsive."

"Impulsiveness is normal, after all, she's young. She still needs guidance, and we shouldn't put too much pressure on her."

Boss Liu said, "Didn't He Liansheng ask us to take care of her for a while because he's worried about this? But I believe she can become a qualified Soul Summoner. It's a process everyone goes through, and she's learning and growing quickly. In the future, there's hope for her to rebuild Taiping Ancient Town."

The Faceless Person nodded in agreement.

At the same time.

A city bus stopped in front of the station.

A young bald man, smiling, raised a slightly pale face and stepped off the bus. He carried a backpack and wore a loose plain garment, resembling a monk, appearing somewhat out of place.

"I still prefer traveling by bus; although it's a bit slow, it's safe."

He yawned, as if he had just taken a nap.

However, he seemed to sense something and looked across the street.

A black car was parked on the roadside, and a man in a suit and sunglasses was standing there, waiting.

"Lin Bei, Mister Lin, please get in the car, the headquarters meeting is about to start." The man with sunglasses gestured invitingly.

Passersby nearby glanced over with curiosity.

"Headquarters is really considerate; if I had known a car would pick me up, I wouldn't have taken the bus all the way from the airport, wasting several bucks."

Lin Bei said while walking over.

The staff member said nothing, merely fulfilling his duty. After picking up Lin Bei, he had the driver set off immediately to take him to headquarters.

"I heard Yang Jian has become the Enforcement Captain." On the car ride, Lin Bei suddenly asked.

"Yes."

The staff member nodded seriously.

"I really didn't expect a colleague I met on that ghostly bus to have grown so much. I thought the Enforcement Captain would choose me, considering I've been around much longer."

Lin Bei rubbed his smooth head: "But I still owe Yang Jian money. I wonder if he'll ask me to repay him this time. It's really a headache; I'm just a poor guy without money to pay him back. Better figure out a way to dodge it, after all, he's the Enforcement Captain now, surely he won't care about a million I owe him."

The staff member beside him didn't dare to speak casually.

This seemingly approachable young man is anything but simple; he's a candidate for the new captain position.

Lin Bei looked at the bustling streets outside the car window and suddenly said: "I'm really curious how Yang Jian managed to stand out from over a dozen captains, considering I also wanted that Enforcement Captain position."

He sighed, revealing a bit of his inner thoughts.

However, neither the driver nor the accompanying staff responded, acting as if they didn't hear it. These weren't issues they could comment on.

They didn't even have the qualification to express an opinion.

"Sigh, it must be that I spent too long on the bus, causing me to fall behind at every step, ending up on the same level as Zhou Deng."

Lin Bei sighed, showing a frustrated expression.

Seeing that no one responded, he stopped talking, leaning against the car window watching the scenery outside.

The car smoothly drove along the road, soon entering headquarters.

In fact, the meeting would not only be attended by captains but also many candidate captains, with Lin Bei being just one of them.

There was also a whole list of other candidates.

After all, news had spread that there were several vacancies for captains, and the candidates would be screened to fill the twelve captain positions.

Meanwhile, while the headquarters was preparing to hold the captains' meeting, after resolving the conflict between He Yiner and Leuk San, Yang Jian was sitting alone at the top of a tall building, eating fried chicken, drinking cola, and gazing expressionlessly over the city.

His view was wide, allowing him to see every corner of the city.

"Liu Qi?" Yang Jian furrowed his brow slightly, uttering the name of an old classmate.

He is now a captain candidate and needs to attend this meeting, and he is already in this city.

It's hard to imagine that an ordinary person who survived the Door Knocking Ghost event at No. 7 Middle School has only taken a little over a year to qualify as a captain candidate.

Although ghost handlers grow quickly, Liu Qi's growth is a bit too rapid.

This is not reasonable.