

Revival 1271

Chapter 1271 - The Meeting Beneath the Sunlight

Today, the city remains as bustling and peaceful as ever.

However, as time passed, many special individuals arrived here from all over the country.

Their arrival may seem inconspicuous, but the gathering here determines everyone's future.

The headquarters' captain meeting will officially start today at 1:30 PM.

The current time is 1 PM, just half an hour until the meeting begins.

Perhaps it's due to the gathering of so many eerie people that the weather, which was quite nice this morning, has turned gloomy by now. A heavy, oppressive cloud covers the entire city, and the air seems extraordinarily stifling, making people feel uneasy.

"It looks like it's going to storm this afternoon."

Many pedestrians in the city hasten their steps upon seeing this weather, fearing the impending storm might drench them.

Meanwhile, at the headquarters on the outskirts of the city, various staff members have become busy; they need to organize materials, prepare the venue, and ensure the captain meeting proceeds smoothly.

"Don't hold the meeting inside the headquarters. Move the conference room outside to the open area where we can respond immediately if anything happens," Cao Yanhua ordered.

A staff member remarked, "The weather outside isn't good today; it might storm. Wouldn't it be unwise to hold the meeting outside?"

"Do you think those captains will care about the weather when they're meeting?" Cao Yanhua replied.

Thus, the meeting location was moved to the open area outside the headquarters.

Under the gloomy sky, a massive round table was set up there. There were thirteen chairs in total. Besides the position for Vice Minister Cao Yanhua, who was convening this meeting, the remaining twelve chairs corresponded to the twelve team captains. Additionally, there were rows of chairs near the meeting table meant for prospective captains.

"It's about time. Notify all the captains to take their seats; the meeting is about to begin. Also, bring over the files and materials prepared for this meeting."

At this moment, Cao Yanhua walked out of the building, checked the time, and immediately instructed the staff to notify the attendees.

Soon, the staff hurried off to invite the various captains who were already waiting at the headquarters.

After giving the instructions, Cao Yanhua squinted slightly, glancing at the sky.

The dark sky faintly echoed with thunder, a fierce wind was blowing around, and the air was filled with a layer of gray dust; the atmosphere was so gloomy it made people squint.

"Truly terrible weather," Cao Yanhua sighed.

Yet, despite this, he still set up the meeting table outdoors.

Because he was worried that once the meeting started, these captains might get into conflicts. If there were any minor skirmishes, being outside would be slightly safer; at least the headquarters staff wouldn't be impacted or caught up in it.

Very soon.

One familiar face after another gradually emerged from inside the headquarters.

"Vice Minister, having us meet outside in this weather, you really have your reasons. Are you worried we might inadvertently start a fight?" Cao Yang approached, smiling, easily seeing through Cao Yanhua's intentions.

Cao Yanhua said, "No weather is bad enough to affect you all. I'm just being cautious, that's all. Take your seat, the meeting will start soon."

"I heard you dismissed Shen Liang; it was about time, he wasn't trustworthy."

Cao Yang added with a laugh, then proceeded to the meeting table.

Cao Yanhua remained silent, watching as the captains continued to take their seats, starting to count in his mind.

Li Jun, Wei Jing, Wang Chaling... there's Li Leping and Leuk San, six captains have already taken their seats.

After another minute or two.

A designated car drove in, and He Yiner stepped out, walking towards the meeting table with a cold demeanor.

"Seven now," Cao Yanhua thought to himself.

Besides this, the prospective captains also began to arrive, including Zhou Deng, Lin Bei, the rather young Liu Qi—he's still a high school classmate of Yang Jian—with experiences as incredible as they are promising, and the head of Da'an City, Wen Zhong... then there's Ah Hong by Li Jun's side, and finally Su Fan.

Even Yang Jian's team member Feng Quan found time to attend the meeting.

"Have you called Yang Jian?" Cao Yanhua asked afterward.

The staff immediately replied, "We've already notified him."

Hardly had the words been spoken.

Leuk San noticed something, immediately looking up at the sky.

The others also sensed the supernatural aura enveloping them, forming a fearsome Ghost Domain.

The next moment.

The thick clouds were dispersed in an instant by a scarlet light. The original sky was torn open with a massive void, and warm sunlight poured down, enveloping the entire headquarters. The originally dim light instantly became bright, and even the fierce wind that swept around vanished completely.

The climate had been altered.

As the red light faded, Yang Jian appeared on the road not far away, striding forward. Although he seemed ordinary, the aura he emitted was unsettling, and many people's supernatural senses were already warning them of a great danger approaching.

"Yang Jian!"

Everyone slightly turned their heads, focusing on this young man barely in his twenties.

"The Ghost Domain can alter the weather? Interesting." Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses, inwardly astonished at Yang Jian's prowess in using supernatural powers.

"It's Yang Jian, he's here."

Seated at the side of the meeting table, Liu Qi's eyes lit up, and he seemed genuinely pleased.

This is the first time he and Yang Jian have met since they separated at No. 7 Middle School last time, unexpectedly meeting after more than a year in such a setting.

"What exactly has this guy been through?" He Yiner's expression changed slightly, recalling Boss Liu's advice that even if she put everything into it, she wouldn't be a match for this person.

Meanwhile, Li Jun, Wei Jing, and Li Leping sat there without a word, seemingly without any thoughts.

Cao Yang and Leuk San smiled slightly.

Although everyone had different thoughts, at this moment, no one questioned Yang Jian's authority, and no one raised objections about him becoming the Enforcement Captain.

"The eighth one, Yang Jian has arrived," Cao Yanhua thought to himself.

Yang Jian walked in silently, reached his seat, and sat down, glancing slightly at everyone present.

His seat was in the higher position, while Cao Yanhua's was in the lower.

This meant Yang Jian held the highest status in this captain meeting, even the deputy minister from headquarters had to step aside at this time.

"Including myself, there are only eight captains. I heard headquarters established twelve captains, where are the remaining four?" Yang Jian glanced around and directly questioned Cao Yanhua.

Cao Yanhua immediately walked over to explain: "Previously, one captain was Jang Shangbai, but due to some special circumstances, he died, leaving this captain position vacant all along. Another is Shen Lin, who went missing during the Ghost Lake supernatural event, and there's been no news since, probably met an untimely end. A third captain, Zhang Jun, is still carrying out a task abroad and can't come for now."

"As for the last captain."

Saying this, his gaze turned towards the building behind him.

In the next moment.

A man about thirty years old, dressed in a business suit like an office worker, walked out of the building. His face was stiff, devoid of any expression; it seemed like it wasn't a real face but a wooden one, extremely stiff.

"This is Lu Zhiwen, the twelfth captain, internally appointed. His identity and information are kept confidential. Usually, he is responsible for some special security work and organizing supernatural event archives," Cao Yanhua introduced the last captain.

"Colleagues, I am Lu Zhiwen, hope to have a chance to work together in the future." Lu Zhiwen opened his mouth, but his lips didn't move, and his voice was flat, without any inflection.

He looked like a puppet controlled by strings, a dead body.

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye to examine this person; he couldn't see the whole picture but still noticed some traces.

This guy was not a living body; his body showed wooden textures.

"Is this the last captain hidden by headquarters?" Others were also observing.

As Lu Zhiwen took his seat, Cao Yanhua continued: "Except for the vacancies of captains Jang Shangbai and Shen Lin, and the absence of Zhang Jun, all the captains have arrived for this meeting. The first agenda is to select two candidates from the nominated captains to fill these two vacancies, completing the twelve captain's positions."

The first agenda of the meeting was surprisingly to select new captains.

"Based on the candidate profiles, the top pick for new captain is Lin Bei, followed by Zhou Deng, third is Wen Zhong, fourth is Feng Quan..." Cao Yanhua spoke again.

At this moment, staff placed the profiles of several candidates individually in front of each captain.

At the top of this information was an evaluation report, and in this report, Lin Bei and Zhou Deng scored the highest, surpassing the third and fourth candidates.

Yang Jian glanced through the profiles briefly; he didn't spend much time, as Cao Yanhua had previously indicated that barring any unexpected events, Lin Bei and Zhou Deng would be the picks for new captains.

Cao Yanhua asked, "Does anyone have objections to this evaluation by headquarters? Feel free to speak if so."

"I have no objections; whoever becomes the new captain doesn't concern me," Cao Yang shrugged, showing disinterest.

Liu Jun said, "I support Lin Bei and Zhou Deng as captains; their scores are high among the candidates, excellent for filling the captain vacancies."

"I have no objections," Li Leping responded.

He Yiner reviewed the information and said, "I think Wen Zhong is a good choice; he could replace Zhou Deng. Zhou Deng isn't very clean, likes to steal, has even stolen an electric bike before. Wen Zhong, as Da'an City's manager, is dedicated and without any bad reviews. Su Fan is also good, very potential, and participated in an S-level supernatural event."

Cao Yanhua nodded, saying, "There's some logic. Does anyone else have opinions?"

Wang Chaling was polishing his glasses at the moment; he didn't want to express an opinion, as it's a matter that easily offends.

"Zhou Deng isn't bad; he's been through more supernatural events, with experience surpassing Wen Zhong."

Yang Jian glanced at everyone and spoke, "Moreover, this isn't the focus of this captain meeting. Since the evaluation from headquarters is out, let's appoint Zhou Deng and Lin Bei as new captains. After all, the captain's position isn't fixed; when a vacancy arises, others can take the place later."

As soon as he spoke, no further voices echoed at the table.

He Yiner glances at Yang Jian as well and chooses silence.

Cao Yanhua looked around again at everyone: "Since there're no objections, then Lin Bei, Zhou Deng, from today onward, you're the new captains. Please, take your seats now."

"Haha, I'm a captain now, really nice, Captain Yang, please look after me in the future,"

Zhou Deng stood at this moment, smiling happily, his face radiant.

Lin Bei touched his bald head, smiling slightly; he glanced at Yang Jian but said nothing, immediately sitting down.

The addition of these two new captains and the exposure of the hidden captain, Lu Zhiwen, directly completed the headquarters' twelve captain positions.

As for whether these newbies and Lu Zhiwen possess Captain Level abilities, they are not too concerned, because time will prove everything. If you become a captain without Captain Level abilities, you will soon die in a supernatural event.

"Alright, since the new captains are settled, the captain meeting officially begins now." Cao Yanhua approached the table and then slowly sat down.

At this moment, there was a wild storm outside headquarters with thick clouds, thunder rolling in the distant sky.

Yet here, the tear in the sky never healed, and bright sunlight streamed down, enveloping the outdoor meeting table and everyone nearby.

Here, there was no storm, no gusty wind, no dark clouds.

Only warmth and peace prevailed.

Chapter 1272 - The Exposed Killer

"Boom!"

A deafening thunderclap exploded across the sky, above the city, with dark clouds looming and lightning crackling.

A torrential downpour was about to pour forth.

But in one corner of this city, there was an area where the sky couldn't be covered by dark clouds, not even the lightning could cross, appearing from afar as if something had torn open a corner of the oppressive clouds.

Following that torn corner, bright sunlight beamed down, precisely covering a specific area.

The area being covered was none other than the headquarters where the captain's meeting was taking place.

Bathing in the sunlight.

A large round conference table was placed outdoors, with thirteen chairs encircling the table. Except for one empty chair, the other twelve were occupied by people, which included the deputy minister of the Ghost Riders headquarters and eleven

captains.

Beside the conference table, rows of chairs were arranged on both sides, occupied by captain candidates.

At this moment, the captain's meeting was in progress.

"The first item on the agenda for the captain's meeting is a death notification."

Cao Yanhua, with a serious expression, said: "This concerns the death of Gao Ming, the city's person in charge. Just a few days ago, Gao Ming was killed by a mysterious Ghost Rider while patrolling the city. Relevant documents are already placed before you, please take a careful look."

Others reacted slightly and looked at the dossier in front of them.

The report contained written descriptions as well as photographs from the scene.

The scene where Gao Ming was beheaded and his body lay on the ground was presented before everyone.

"It's not uncommon for Ghost Riders to attack persons in charge within the supernatural circle, but to actually kill someone right under the headquarters' nose is unprecedented."

Cao Yanhua said, "So the primary request from headquarters is to ask you to help find the killer and eliminate them. We absolutely cannot allow such a lawless Ghost Rider to exist in this world."

His tone was firm and serious, treating this matter as the top priority.

"The person dared to act in this city to take down a person in charge. If they're not a madman, then they're highly skilled, and clearly they don't regard the headquarters' captains seriously. It's obviously a very dangerous existence. If we can uncover and jointly eliminate him, that would be optimal. After all, no one can be certain if the killer targeted Gao Ming for revenge, or if it was intentionally aimed at the headquarters' person in charge."

Wang Chaling put on his glasses and was the first to speak.

"If it's the latter, then the person in charge in various cities would be in danger in the future, and captains might also be within the scope of revenge. The supernatural circle is vast, and there are many Ghost Riders among the populace. Having a few antisocial personality Ghost Riders is quite normal. What do you all think?"

Li Jun said, "There's no need for much discussion about this matter, just like what the deputy minister said: uncover the killer and eliminate them. It's that simple. However, I previously investigated the crime scene together with Yang Jian. Yang Jian managed to trace the killer's clues through certain means and had a spiritual confrontation with the killer."

"What was the result?" Leuk San immediately asked, sounding intrigued.

Li Jun glanced at Yang Jian and then said, "It was evenly matched."

"Wow, really a top-notch expert, going toe-to-toe with Yang Jian." Zhou Deng widened his eyes in surprise.

Yang Jian added, "Strictly speaking, it wasn't evenly matched; I was a bit inferior. Unfortunately, I couldn't glimpse the person's appearance, only that he's a male, approximately 180 cm tall, and... unlike a modern person, more like an antique."

"Like Old Qin, a relic from the Republic of China Period?" Cao Yang asked.

"The appearance doesn't look old, no wrinkles on the hands, seems to be only around thirty. But maintaining appearance unchanged through supernatural power is not difficult. I think the killer was aiming for the ghost painting, Gao Ming was just unlucky, passing by the vicinity of Ping'an Tower on his motorcycle during patrol and was casually killed." Yang Jian said.

He Yiner said, "Someone casually killed a person in charge? I don't believe it. Deputy Minister, find an item commonly used by Gao Ming when he was alive, I'll summon his soul and personally ask him. I believe this matter will soon be solved."

"Wow, is that even possible?" Zhou Deng was astonished once again.

Despite having been deceased for several days, is it even possible to summon the soul? It's simply inconceivable.

Other captains also looked at He Yiner in surprise, completely unexpected that her supernatural power would be this.

Cao Yanhua immediately said, "Alright, I will have someone bring over an item commonly used by Gao Ming when he was alive at once."

Then he promptly arranged for his subordinates to handle this task.

"Give me a maximum of twenty minutes, and the item will be brought over soon." After arranging everything, Cao Yanhua immediately said.

Yang Jian, however, waved his hand: "No need, twenty minutes is too slow, I'll handle it."

He said, and then his ghost eyes immediately opened.

The Ghost Domain instantaneously spread towards the direction of the city, and soon, several items commonly used by Gao Ming appeared beside the conference table.

Among the items were the leather jacket he wore before his death, sunglasses he often wore, and the motorcycle he rode on the day of the incident.

"Do these three items suffice?" Yang Jian asked.

He Yiner looked over and said, "Three items are enough."

Then she stood up, walked to the motorcycle, and picked up the pair of black sunglasses.

"The summoned soul has limited duration. If you have questions, it's best to ask quickly."

While speaking, the pair of sunglasses in her hand was immediately engulfed by a cold aura.

As supernatural power emerged, gradually a silhouette appeared beside He Yiner.

This silhouette was initially very blurry, but as time passed, it became clearer and clearer, finally resembling a real living person.

Gao Ming appeared once again.

"Because he was killed by someone, not by the resurrection of the Evil Ghost, he can retain a significant portion of his living consciousness. If he died from the resurrection of the Evil Ghost, how much living consciousness remains would be uncertain."

He Yiner explained to everyone.

The state of the summoned soul by the Soul Summoner isn't fixed.

Sometimes there are occasions of the summoned soul losing control.

"Gao Ming, can you hear me?" Cao Yanhua, facing such a bizarre situation, wasn't afraid but immediately seized the time to inquire.

The Gao Ming summoned by He Yiner appeared somewhat numb, standing there as if still unable to accept the current circumstances.

"Am I dead?"

At this moment, Gao Ming actually spoke, as if he had really come back to life.

In fact, He Yiner knew that Gao Ming hadn't come back to life, but rather his consciousness from before death had returned briefly; once time was up, everything would vanish into smoke.

"You are already dead. In your current state, you won't last long. We used some special method to temporarily resurrect you. Now, we need to understand the truth of your death through you. On that day, who exactly killed you?"

Yang Jian didn't bother with excessive words, immediately inquiring while also quickly explaining the situation to him.

The ghostly state of Gao Ming looked over: "Yang Jian? So that's it, that's what happened... You want to know how I died?"

"I was killed by someone. That day I was patrolling the city on a motorcycle, and in my eye sockets, I reflected a supernatural figure. That figure was heading towards the Ping'an Tower where the ghost painting was imprisoned, but the moment I clearly saw him, something chopped my head off."

Gao Ming showed a look of contemplation, his expression beginning to twitch, at times pained, at times hideous.

"What's wrong with him?" Cao Yanhua hastily asked.

He Yiner replied expressionlessly: "Ghosts are not the living. He is using a relic as a medium to connect with the moment of the deceased's life, and through supernatural power, cross everything to appear now. This is not resurrection, so the Gao Ming before you is not the Gao Ming you knew. If you let it think too complexly, some kind of mutation will occur within itself."

Even she couldn't fully explain the situation before her, because the ghosts summoned by Soul Summoners were inherently incomprehensible existences.

At this moment, Yang Jian gestured at Cao Yanhua, indicating him not to interrupt, then said: "Leave behind a portrait of the murderer. You can rest in peace; we will take care of the rest, and we will avenge you."

"Yang, Yang Jian?"

Gao Ming's face turned hideous, as if an Evil Ghost had revived, but he quickly calmed down. And while calm, his hollow eye sockets gazed at the conference table in front.

A supernatural occurrence appeared on the table, showing signs of corrosion, and these corrosion marks formed a portrait.

That was the murderer's portrait.

"Ah!"

After accomplishing all this, Gao Ming roared, his face twisted, like an Evil Ghost, he lunged towards He Yiner.

"The backlash of a ghost? Indeed, the higher the awareness of the living, the harder it is to control."

He Yiner showed no expression, casually waved her hand, severing the connection with the medium.

Instantly.

Before Gao Ming could touch He Yiner's body, he vanished into thin air in mid-air, and at the same time, the sunglasses in He Yiner's hand shattered into powder.

The relic was damaged, the ghost vanished.

This signified the end of a soul summoning.

Although Gao Ming disappeared, he left behind an important clue.

"The portrait on the table should be the murderer, but I haven't seen this person. Has anyone met them?"

Cao Yang glanced at it, then slightly shook his head, indicating he didn't know them.

"I don't know them either," Wei Jing said numbly.

Li Jun also shook his head, while Li Leping said nothing, he didn't know this person either.

"Me neither," Zhou Deng added immediately.

Wang Chaling said: "I've read a lot of the headquarters' file materials, this figure doesn't seem to have a presence in the supernatural circle, should be a low-profile ghost wielder unknown in the community."

Yang Jian took another glance at the portrait on the table, though it was somewhat crude, he recognized the person at a glance.

Zhang Xiangguang!

So it really was him.

His eyes narrowed, despite having suspicions before, the confirmation still surprised him.

"If it's him, then nothing is strange anymore."

Yang Jian immediately thought of He Yuelian, the woman whose looks were identical to the ghost in Da'ao City and the ghost painting.

Behind that He Yuelian was the shadow of Zhang Xiangguang.

Now Gao Ming's death is also tied to the ghost painting.

All of this makes sense now.

Zhang Xiangguang is still alive, plotting something around the ghost painting, with He Yuelian as one of his pawns. Now that he's come to this city, he's targeting the ghost painting, and Gao Ming was just a small stumbling stone encountered on the road.

"Does no one know this person? Is this person really so low-key, leaving no traces in the supernatural circle?"

Lin Bei rubbed his bald head, smiling as he spoke.

At this moment, that hidden captain, Lu Zhiwen, opened his mouth stiffly and said: "He is Zhang Xiangguang, from Dahan City, Shuangqiao Town, born in 1942, still alive to this day. Father Zhang Dong, of Shuangqiao Town, mother Liu Gui, from Dajinxiang... He was once a teacher at Shuangqiao Town Primary School."

"Hmm?"

Instantly, everyone turned uniformly to look at this last hidden headquarters captain, Lu Zhiwen.

This Lu Zhiwen actually reported the murderer's name, birthplace, and even parents, with such detailed investigation required?

"Does he have Zhang Xiangguang's file? Or does he know Zhang Xiangguang."

Yang Jian's eyes slightly shifted, looking at him with some uncertainty.

Chapter 1273 - Major Events at the Meeting

Lu Zhiwen seemed to have Zhang Xiangguang's dossier in his mind, revealing his name, birthplace, even details about his parents, and where he used to work.

This was quite incredible.

Because Yang Jian understood that Zhang Xiangguang had been involved in the supernatural circles very early on, having entered the Ghost Post Office decades ago and then disappeared.

It's difficult for someone like that to leave any traces in this world, and even if there are traces, they would be hidden and covered by the supernatural. Digging them out would come at a considerable cost.

"So the perpetrator's name is Zhang Xiangguang? I thought this person popped out of nowhere, but it turns out there are traces to follow. Since you have his dossier, can you tell us some current clues about him?" Li Jun asked seriously.

The gazes of the other captains were also fixed on him.

Lu Zhiwen said expressionlessly, "These are just Zhang Xiangguang's background details. In fact, his last known activity was teaching at Shuangqiao Town Primary School, and he taught for less than a year before resigning and disappearing without a trace."

"He seemed to have evaporated from the world, only reappearing now."

Li Jun immediately fell into thought.

Cao Yang furrowed his eyebrows at this point and said, "If that's the case, then this information isn't very useful. Born in 1942, he's already eighty years old, and he's been missing for almost fifty years. Who knows what he's been through in the supernatural circles for so long?"

"Moreover, I can't believe this person has been hiding for so long and suddenly appeared just for the sake of a ghost painting. He must be plotting something."

"Makes sense, old but not dead, hidden for years, must be plotting something." Li Jun nodded.

Though others didn't express their opinions, they silently agreed with this notion.

An eighty-year-old maintaining the appearance of around thirty using supernatural powers and remaining active until now. He neither made an appearance in the supernatural circles nor joined headquarters as a captain. Has he been retired all this time?

If he's been retired, then his sudden appearance and killing of a headquarters official this time clearly isn't reasonable.

So he must be plotting something significant.

"No matter what this Zhang Xiangguang person is plotting, he's definitely very dangerous. You must find him and kill him as soon as possible to let his plot disappear, absolutely can't let this guy roam free,"

Cao Yanhua sternly declared, seemingly issuing a death order to everyone.

With sharp intuition, he deduced from the current information that Zhang Xiangguang would pose a significant threat, one that needed to be resolved promptly.

"Of course." Li Jun nodded.

Yet, apart from his response, the other captains remained silent, seemingly not taking his words seriously.

During this brief moment of silence, the newly appointed captain Lin Bei smiled and said, "Vice Minister, this matter isn't that simple. If someone has been planning for something for decades, then his plan must be very meticulous. Setting aside the danger of Zhang Xiangguang himself, doesn't he have any accomplices?"

"If we go after the perpetrator without any preparation, most likely we'll end up like Gao Ming, dying horribly. Hasn't Yang Jian encountered that Zhang Xiangguang before? His strength has been proven. I think it's nearly impossible to take him down without at least three captains working together."

After finishing, Lin Bei glanced at Zhou Deng next to him.

Zhou Deng immediately said, "Why are you looking at me? Do you think I can't beat that Zhang Xiangguang?"

"I didn't mean that. I just think that novices tend to die more easily," Lin Bei said.

"You're a novice too." Zhou Deng countered.

Lin Bei chuckled, "When I became a ghost tamer, you were still stealing electric bicycles. If it weren't for the long disappearance to solve the ghostly resurgence issue, I would have been a captain already. Now, I'm just catching up. So, strictly speaking, I'm not a novice."

He became a captain not because of seniority but because he had been constantly dealing with supernatural events, both protecting the city he was responsible for and earning merit.

He understood very well that in this strange and changing world, only by becoming a captain could he have a broader perspective and live longer.

If he stopped moving forward, he would soon be eliminated by the times. After all, being a ghost tamer means walking a path with no return: either life or a relentless push forward, no other options.

"I'm unhappy with that statement."

Zhou Deng looked at him and said, "It's as if no one else has experienced a ghostly resurgence. I also got off that ghost bus. If you think I'm not fit to be a captain, you can name a price, and I'll sell it to you, how about it?"

With that, he looked Lin Bei up and down, seemingly assessing any valuable items on him.

"I'm just saying, don't take it to heart." Lin Bei shrugged and said no more.

Zhou Deng glanced at him and decided to let him walk home later.

Actually, the other captains also had a bit of disdain for Zhou Deng.

Lin Bei, for all his seniority and longevity, has indeed dealt with numerous supernatural incidents since getting off that supernatural bus, earning him the captaincy.

In contrast, Zhou Deng wasn't as skilled as Lin Bei in any area, and the only reason he became a captain was that he recently resolved a particularly tricky supernatural event: the Terror Museum. Add that to the current captaincy replacement period, and it seemed he lucked out. If it were the first captain selection back then, an A-level supernatural event would barely support a captaincy.

"Let's have a proper discussion and not bring up unrelated topics." Yang Jian said at this point.

It was clear to the discerning that Lin Bei was quite dissatisfied with Zhou Deng.

But Zhou Deng's captaincy was a decision made by headquarters, which was a fair and impartial evaluation. Even with discontent in their hearts, it couldn't be publicly displayed.

"Sorry for wasting everyone's time," Lin Bei apologized when he saw Yang Jian speak.

Wang Chaling slowly spoke at this time, "Vice Minister, you wouldn't have worked so hard to convene a captains' meeting just for avenging Gao Ming, right? If that were the case, you could just issue a wanted notice. If we encounter Zhang Xiangguang, we would naturally deal with him. Why sit here and argue?"

He was not interested in Zhang Xiangguang's existence and only wanted to move past the topic to see the true purpose of this meeting.

"Indeed, the perpetrator's matter is already solved. The remaining task is merely pursuit, but gathering everyone just for Gao Ming's revenge seems too excessive."

Leuk San nodded, agreeing with Wang Chaling's words.

Cao Yanhua said, "The meeting mainly concerns five issues. The first is to confirm the selection of twelve captains. The second is the case of Gao Ming's murder. Since there is a result, it can be put on hold and addressed at a future meeting. The third issue concerns the Enforcement Captain."

"Many of you should have received the news beforehand about the rumors of selecting one enforcement captain among the twelve captains. Now, I can officially tell you that this is not a rumor, and the enforcement captain's spot has been decided: it's Yang Jian, the Ghost Eye responsible for Dachang City."

He publicly announced this decision.

Although many knew, the procedure still had to be followed.

"Ghost tamers need to be restrained, and captains need to be restrained even more. Yang Jian isn't under headquarters' command, existing independently with the authority to dispatch and handle all captains. If you're unclear about the Enforcement Captain's duties and authority, you can check the dossiers in front of you, everything is clearly stated."

"Of course, if you have any dissatisfaction or other opinions about Yang Jian becoming the enforcement captain, you can voice them now."

Cao Yanhua paused here, then surveyed everyone's expressions.

Unfortunately, those cold and numb faces were unreadable, leaving it unclear what these captains were truly thinking.

"The headquarters' intention is that captains also have someone to answer to, right?"

He Yiner said, "I don't have much objection to captains needing restraint, but who's going to restrain Yang Jian? His authority is extensive, and he can even kill a captain. If he acts recklessly, we can't do anything about it."

"Desperate times call for desperate measures."

Cao Yanhua said seriously, "The probability of twelve people making mistakes is high, but an individual's is lower, and I believe Yang Jian will perform this role effectively. If you're not reassured, time will prove it. Now, you can't oppose the establishment of an enforcement captain for no reason."

"Since you've said so, I have no objections." He Yiner said.

At this moment, Lin Bei said, "Vice Minister, I have no objection to the establishment of an enforcement captain. This is a good thing, preventing some captains from acting lawlessly. But I have doubts about the choice of candidate. Why Yang Jian? If the enforcement captain is chosen from the twelve captains, then can't I also participate in the election?"

"I mean no offense; I'm just making an analogy. Captain Yang, please don't get upset. It's better to discuss this openly than let it fester like a thorn in everyone's side, making no one happy."

Yang Jian's face remained calm, as if he hadn't heard.

Cao Yanhua was momentarily stunned, seemingly not expecting Lin Bei, who had just become a captain, to ask such a question.

"Is this about challenging Yang Jian? Lin Bei can't be that foolish, right?"

Wang Chaling smiled and glanced slightly at the bald-headed man.

"His rating is the highest, that's all. If you have doubts, you can compare them with Yang Jian's dossier. He's handled a lot of supernatural events, including many S-level ones."

At this moment, Lu Zhiwen spoke calmly, providing an explanation that the gathering could accept.

"What if someone resolves more supernatural events than Yang Jian? Does the enforcement captain change, or does Yang Jian remain?" Lin Bei continued to inquire.

Cao Yanhua wanted to speak, but Yang Jian waved his hand to stop him, saying: "It's simple, whoever takes me down becomes the new enforcement captain. If you can't take me down, then keep all opinions to yourself. The rules? I make them for you to follow, not for you to bind me."

"Anyone dissatisfied, stand up now, I'll make you comply my way."

He's straightforward, aggressive, even very arrogant.

But though his words are crude, even somewhat brainless, they are quite pure.

This unapologetic attitude should logically provoke others' resentment, yet at this moment it garnered tacit agreement from everyone.

For those who've dealt with Yang Jian understand that he truly has enough strength to unabashedly show his dominance. Even if it seems crude and brainless to others, you can't help but admit that there's no way to counter his words.

After all, that's just the nature of the supernatural circle.

No one listens to a person who can be easily taken down.

Like Cao Yanhua, who merely stands by.

As a normal person, he's powerless against the captains.

Is it because Cao Yanhua isn't smart or high-ranking enough?

Not at all.

He's simply not part of the supernatural circle, far too weak for even a minor supernatural event to be potentially fatal, so how could he manage all the captains?

"You're still the same as before, that's good." Lin Bei smiled somehow relieved.

Yang Jian glanced at him: "Surviving from the supernatural bus wasn't easy, but it's different now. I hope we can cooperate well like last time."

"Of course." Lin Bei nodded.

"Skip this topic, let's discuss the fourth matter."

Yang Jian acted like the spokesperson, letting Cao Yanhua skip the enforcement captain issue and move straight on to the next topic.

Cao Yanhua continued: "The fourth matter..."

After speaking, he glanced around before suppressing his voice: "Regarding the Noah's Ark Plan."

"This matter is currently top secret, utmost confidentiality, but from today it's no longer so. I'm bringing it up today to prepare everyone mentally."

"Noah's Ark Plan? Sounds like Mars migration, though ghost handlers can survive without oxygen, migration isn't impossible..." Zhou Deng began to chatter.

Cao Yanhua's face went dark, immediately cutting him off: "The Noah's Ark Plan isn't a plan from the Asia headquarters; it's a plan formulated collectively by the foreign ghost handlers headquarters. The news about this Noah's Ark Plan was recently learned by Zhang Jun from that foreign King organization."

"I can't confirm if it's true, but it's a very terrifying plan, and I only know the general idea."

"Deputy Minister, talk about the general content of the foreign Noah's Ark Plan, I'm quite interested." Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses and seriously asked.

Cao Yanhua said: "Foreign ghost handlers no longer want to deal with endless supernatural events, top-tier ghost handlers refuse to take risks, lower-tier ghost handlers frantically struggle to survive, coupled with many capitalists constantly in panic over supernatural events, thus the Noah's Ark Plan was somehow drafted."

"The general content is to divert as many foreign supernatural events as possible to us, use our power to solve those events, ensuring their safety, maintaining their interests, and simultaneously suppressing us, preventing our rise after the supernatural events end and surpassing them."

"Those bastards."

Li Jun slammed the table with both hands stood up.

Even with sunglasses on, the ghost flame in his eye sockets fiercely flickered appearing extremely angry.

Leuk San's smile instantly froze to coldness at this moment: "They're provoking a battle between domestic and foreign supernatural circles. If they dare to act, let them all die, the world will rotate just fine without them."

"They're courting death."

The numb and cold face of Wei Jing took on a sinister look.

"Exactly, my new Taiping Ancient Town has a bunch of nameless memorial tablets, might consider carving some foreign names on them." He Yiner's face also turned gloomy, spat out tersely.

Zhou Deng said nothing, merely raising two middle fingers silently.

Wang Chaling took off his glasses and slowly said: "There's no smoke without fire, there's definitely a reason for this news. If the plan's implementation time is confirmed, I suggest we intervene first and directly intercept them, let this Noah's Ark Plan die in the cradle. Maintaining our current situation is already quite difficult, if the Noah's Ark Plan succeeds, it will be game over."

"Indeed, foreigners are ruthless. Yang Jian, your Ghost Domain can reshape landscapes and is vast in range. Should we try flipping those islands, continents, give them a wash? They don't want to live, let's help them meet God." Cao Yang smirked.

Yang Jian said expressionlessly: "I calculated, currently my Ghost Domain can't achieve this, plus such actions are very inhumane, the feasibility is low. They're not without ghost handlers, surely someone will intervene. Only after eliminating their ghost handlers does the plan have a chance at success."

"Did he just say Cao Yang is inhumane?"

Cao Yanhua broke out in cold sweat looking at Yang Jian.

Lu Zhiwen spoke calmly, rigidly saying: "Plans remain such, not actions, for they don't meet implementation conditions. As long as we're strong enough, the likelihood of their plan's execution is low. This captain meeting, gathering all captains, is likely to prevent similar occurrences, ensuring at pivotal moments all captains can unite."

With this said, everyone immediately understood the meeting's importance.

This serves as a rehearsal.

If a major event arises, twelve captains must unite.

"But beware of their targeted assaults on captain-level figures."

Yang Jian suddenly recalled something and spoke: "Lok Sheng, the Da'ao City's officer, is a traitor, not long ago when I visited Da'ao City, they ambushed me once."

"Oh, such a thing happened." Wang Chaling was slightly taken aback.

"Indeed, such a thing did happen; the investigation report for that incident is already out. I'll ensure the staff delivers the dossier to you later. It's a very ominous sign." Cao Yanhua said solemnly.

Boom!

Before finishing, a thunderous sound erupted, a long-brewing downpour swept over the city skies.

Yet above everyone, sunlight urged undisturbed.

At this moment, everyone's face grew solemn, reevaluating the issue.

Someone actually wants to eliminate headquarters captains?

"Zhang Jun, will he be alright?"

Li Leping, who's remained silent thus far, has a slightly different concern at this point, making a reminder.

Chapter 1274 - Sudden Mishap

The captain's meeting was still ongoing.

But at this moment, the city was enveloped in a downpour. The rain was so intense that visibility was blurred, and the streets were deserted. No one dared to brave the rain.

The heavy rain washed away the filth of the world, but it couldn't cleanse the supernatural occurrences.

On a street, several blurred figures walked towards the city through the rain. They wore no raincoats and held no umbrellas, walking just like that through the rain curtain.

The rain seemed to avoid them, with no interaction between them and the downpour.

No matter how heavy the rain, these peoples' clothes remained dry.

This eerie scene unfolded on the street, witnessed by someone who was shocked and tried to capture it on their phone, only to find the camera view pitch black, unable to record a thing.

But these ghostly figures came and went quickly.

In the blink of an eye, they vanished from the street, and when they reappeared, they had already crossed the road and left through another intersection.

Beyond that intersection was a street that had long been blocked off.

In the middle of that sealed area stood a building.

That was Ping'an Tower.

Those figures in the rain walked straight towards this restricted building.

No one stopped them during this.

Because at the moment, the captain's meeting was ongoing, and many ghost handlers were gathered at headquarters. Despite Ping'an Tower's proximity, no one paid attention to what was happening there, for no one would suspect that at this critical moment, a group would intrude on Ping'an Tower.

It should be known that there wasn't anything valuable in Ping'an Tower. On the contrary, it was filled with darkness and horror. Whoever ventured in recklessly would only meet death.

But these people arriving through the rain clearly did not fear death, nor were they after any valuables inside Ping'an Tower.

The goal of these people was singular.

The eerie painting that once buried a city, referred to in the paranormal files as... the ghost painting.

The rain continued to fall.

Yet the figures in the rain had already disappeared inside Ping'an Tower.

Meanwhile.

At the headquarters' meeting table.

Bathed in sunlight, the captain's meeting continued.

However, the meeting was nearing its end since several important matters had been discussed. Especially Cao Yanhua's mention of the Noah's Ark plan, which had astonished everyone.

"I believe Zhang Jun will be fine abroad. He is very cautious and prudent, and he has the ability to protect himself. We don't need to worry excessively about this matter," Cao Yanhua said at the meeting table.

"You should all be clear about the general content of the Noah's Ark plan by now. Although this matter may never actually occur, we must prepare for any eventuality. If that day truly comes, I hope you can put aside past grievances and stand united."

"That's natural; no one wants to see supernatural incidents spiral completely out of control."

"If that day truly comes, I will intervene to stop it."

"Don't worry, Deputy Minister. Personal grievances mean nothing in the face of larger matters."

These captains nodded in agreement, indicating they would certainly contribute if necessary.

After all, if supernatural incidents spun completely out of control, they would suffer as well. No one wants to live in a world where supernatural events are unchecked, as everyone has relatives, friends, and family.

"Thank you," Cao Yanhua sincerely expressed his gratitude.

Yang Jian said, "As long as we're alive, the thing you worry about will never happen. But you can continue having people investigate. If something does arise, I will summon all the captains to handle it."

Cao Yanhua nodded.

He would certainly continue assigning people to monitor the situation. The situation had only just stabilized, and if those foreign madmen truly carried out the Noah's Ark plan, all efforts in recent years would be for naught.

"Let's discuss the fifth matter on your list. This meeting shouldn't last too long, as gathering all the captains together isn't necessarily a good thing. It would be better if this meeting concluded sooner," Yang Jian suggested.

"I agree; without the captains, many places are vulnerable to incidents," Wang Chaling nodded promptly, eager to return to Dadong City soon.

Now that Ye Zhen had been dismissed, he could begin his plans.

Cao Yanhua immediately responded, "Indeed, this meeting shouldn't last too long. Let's discuss the fifth matter..."

"Wait a moment." But just as he began to speak, he was interrupted.

Li Jun seriously said, "Before that, I want to publicly ask Yang Jian a personal question."

Cao Yanhua paused, understanding what Li Jun intended to do.

He considered stopping him but ultimately decided against it.

"What is it?" Yang Jian asked calmly, looking at him.

"Regarding Wang Xiaoming and Professor Wang's death, I want to know why you killed Professor Wang at that time," Li Jun asked seriously.

Beside him, Wei Jing numbly added, "I also want to know your reason for killing Professor Wang."

Others turned their attention to Yang Jian.

Some captains were unaware of this matter, as Wang Xiaoming had died in the morning, and the meeting began at 1:30 PM. Some captains hadn't even arrived at headquarters when it happened, still on the way, like Lin Bei and Zhou Deng, who knew nothing about the incident.

"Wang Xiaoming was killed by Yang Jian?" Lin Bei was slightly shocked.

Although he didn't know Wang Xiaoming well, domestically, everyone in the supernatural circle knew Professor Wang at headquarters for his research on the supernatural and solving the Ghost Resurrection problem. He held a very high status.

Yang Jian was unsurprised. He looked at Li Jun and then said, "He shot at me and was killed by me. It's that simple. Anyone, including Wang Xiaoming, attacking a captain is wrong. How was I wrong to eliminate him?"

"Professor Wang was ill at the time; you could have ignored him. Why was it necessary to kill him?"

Li Jun seriously persisted, "I'm fully aware of your abilities; Professor Wang couldn't possibly harm you. I want to know the real reason you killed him."

"The real reason?"

Yang Jian's mouth curled into a cold smile, "It's not impossible to explain, but will the real reason satisfy you?"

Li Jun said, "Regarding Professor Wang's death, I hope there's no hidden conspiracy involved. Whatever the truth, I'll accept it."

"The truth is simple: he wished to die by my hand. That's all," Yang Jian replied.

"Is that all?" Wei Jing's darkened face looked towards Yang Jian and asked again.

Yang Jian said, "That's all. In his health condition, he wouldn't last for many more days. You all know this, so Wang Xiaoming sought someone to end his life. Otherwise, why would he shoot at me? If you're unsatisfied with this answer, I won't provide a second one."

"So it is," Li Jun fell silent.

He, Wei Jing, and Cao Yang had all investigated and reached the same conclusion as Yang Jian's answer.

Professor Wang sought death, ending everything with his death to open a new situation.

No conspiracy lurked within, and no grudges existed.

"I understand. Then Professor Wang's death ends here," Li Jun said, lighting another cigarette and taking a deep drag.

He didn't actually blame Yang Jian for his decisive action. He just had difficulty accepting Professor Wang's passing, so he sought the truth as a form of solace.

"When the outcome is already known, why ask?" Cao Yang shook his head, feeling Li Jun was somewhat unwise.

But it's precisely this straightforward character that defines Li Jun.

"Alright, let's continue the meeting." Cao Yanhua looked around, ending the topic, unwilling to discuss Professor Wang's death further.

This matter had concluded, and continuing the discussion might provoke discord.

"The fifth concern relates to..."

But just as he began to speak, suddenly.

Leuk San abruptly stood before the meeting table, his expression grave, looking towards a direction in the city.

In quick succession.

Not just Leuk San, but He Yiner, Li Leping, and Lin Bei all changed their expressions, looking in the same direction.

"What's happening? Did something occur?" Zhou Deng looked around, somewhat bewildered.

Wang Chaling frowned, also unsure.

He wasn't a ghost handler and didn't have strong supernatural perceptions.

"Ping'an Tower... has collapsed," Yang Jian said, his ghost eye restlessly shifting, peering into the distance.

Chapter 1275 - The Vanished Painting

The sealed-off Ping'an Tower suddenly became the center of some unknown commotion. Inside, the building started to irrationally twist and shake, as though an earthquake had struck, yet there was no sensation of tremor in the surroundings.

Clearly, this was not an earthquake, but some kind of eerie and terrifying force affecting the building.

The tower swayed, glass shattered, and a large amount of debris fell down.

Fortunately, the area was already sealed off with no pedestrians, so there were no injuries.

But the disturbance in the building was far from over.

Suddenly.

A large section of the tower in the middle inexplicably caved in.

Without support, the other part of the structure couldn't hold the weight of the entire building. With several loud noises, load-bearing pillars and steel beams snapped instantly, causing the entire tower to tilt in one direction. The speed of tilting increased until it was no longer tilting but outright collapsing.

"The building's falling."

Despite the heavy rain, many people inside the buildings nearby saw this scene through their windows, and were stunned. They immediately took out their phones to capture the moment.

"No, no, the building's collapsing this way!"

But in the other direction, seeing the scene unfold, people lost the mood to take photos, and panic ensued.

Because if the building fell this way, it could crash into their building, which would be a disaster.

"Run!"

Panic-stricken cries echoed as people from several buildings started to flee, attempting to escape the danger zone and head to safety.

But with a building collapsing at such speed, even if some reacted and started running, how far could they really get?

In just ten seconds, they might not even reach the elevator entrance.

However, as the building was about to fall.

Suddenly.

A miracle occurred.

A red light from the outskirts of the city enveloped the scene. At the moment it arrived, the clouds in the sky vanished completely, replaced by dazzling sunlight.

In the blink of an eye, the rain cleared up, revealing a vast blue sky.

The weather was instantly altered.

Even more astonishing.

The collapsing building miraculously froze in mid-air, unable to fall any further.

"Someone, there's someone in mid-air."

From nearby high-rises, someone spotted this and shouted, pointing in a certain direction.

This exclamation drew a crowd.

People from many buildings looked over.

They witnessed the most unforgettable scene in their lives.

A person, defying logic, stood mid-air, reaching out to support the leaning, collapsing tower, and actually stopped it.

This was truly holding up a collapsing building.

"It really stopped; this isn't a dream."

Someone was nearly in a daze, doubting they were dreaming. After rubbing their eyes and slapping their face, the scene before them remained.

This wasn't a dream.

Someone genuinely supported the collapsing Ping'an Tower.

"What on earth is happening to this world? Is it still the world I know?"

Someone began doubting their reality.

This was a supernatural phenomenon, beyond explanation.

"Someone infiltrated Ping'an Tower..... the Ghost Painting's supernatural power seems to have disappeared."

Yang Jian, standing mid-air, had activated the sixth-layer Ghost Domain to halt the collapsing building.

Logically, this should have been impossible.

Because hidden within the building was the terrifying Ghost Painting. Under its supernatural influence, no one's Ghost Domain should be able to affect Ping'an Tower, Yang Jian included.

But Yang Jian at the headquarters couldn't just watch Ping'an Tower collapse, so he decided to make a tentative move.

He didn't expect it to work.

But it did.

"The disappearance of the Ghost Painting's supernatural power indicates one thing: either it's been contained, or it's no longer in Ping'an Tower, stolen perhaps."

His gaze shifted subtly as he quickly started thinking.

"Stealing the Ghost Painting during a captains' meeting, such audacity—are they not afraid of being found and killed by the captains?"

"Moreover, for an S-level supernatural event like the Ghost Painting to end so quickly is simply unbelievable. Can someone in the supernatural circle handle the Ghost Painting this fast?"

He contemplated many things.

But the urgent matter at hand was the aftermath.

The supernatural event couldn't erupt here, or it would have disastrous repercussions.

Watching the two-segment collapsed Ping'an Tower, Yang Jian closed one ghost eye, turning the six-layer Ghost Domain into five layers,

A crimson light enveloped.

The collapsed building instantly vanished, as if transported to another world.

The crisis was temporarily averted.

Then.

Supernatural phenomena started appearing all around.

Burning flames, chilling winds, rising thick smoke...

Immediately.

The captains stopped the meeting and rushed over through the Ghost Domain.

But only half of Ping'an Tower remained, the other half vanished.

"How did this happen suddenly? Did the Ghost Painting lose control?"

Cao Yang frowned, looking around.

He couldn't sense the supernatural around him.

Li Jun immediately responded, "No, the Ghost Painting hasn't lost control."

"Could it be that Zhang Xiangguang came, he surveyed here beforehand, so he might have entered Ping'an Tower during our meeting."

A paper figure of Leuk San emerged nearby, voicing a reminder.

"Ping'an Tower houses the Ghost Painting, which has been out of control. It's treacherous for anyone from the supernatural circle to enter and expect to survive. Would Zhang Xiangguang be foolish enough to go in now?"

Wei Jing emerged from the darkness, doubting Zhang Xiangguang would dare enter Ping'an Tower.

"This can't be certain."

Yang Jian spoke solemnly, "But I sense the supernatural power within Ping'an Tower is dissipating, consistent with a supernatural event wrapping up. If the Ghost Painting were still there, the tower wouldn't be collapsing, and I couldn't affect it with the Ghost Domain."

"Yet, there's still supernatural power lingering inside, and I can't see it clearly."

"Then let's go in and investigate,"

Li Jun said, enveloped in eerie flames, appearing at the remnants of Ping'an Tower's top floor.

Looking down along the collapsed floors,

it was pitch black and bottomless, making one feel uneasy.

But Li Jun remained fearless, continuing down the stairs.

"We need vigilance outside and an investigation inside; we should divide and cooperate," Yang Jian said.

"I'll accompany Li Jun," Wei Jing offered.

Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, "No, you can't. There's a Ghost Envoy in the Ghost Painting; you can't encounter it. Leuk San, Cao Yang, Li Leping, come with me inside. Wei Jing, have the incoming captains seal this place off; if any unidentified ghost controllers appear, take them out."

"Let me join; I want to take a look around, I can be of great help,"

Zhou Deng emerged from somewhere, loudly shouting.

Yang Jian ignored him and moved swiftly.

Wei Jing didn't refuse, simply nodding mechanically. The surrounding darkness began to spread, preparing to seal off the area.

Soon after, other captains started arriving.

Lin Bei, Lu Zhiwen, He Yiner.

Seeing the empty conference table, Wang Chaling stood up, a bit embarrassed, "Uh, Deputy Minister, could you arrange a special car to take me there? Everyone's heading to Ping'an Tower, and I feel awkward staying here; I should at least make an appearance."

Cao Yanhua looked at him and said, "Ten captains have already gone over. You might as well stay at headquarters, just in case."

Although the Ghost Domain allows instant travel back, there's still concern about the lack of captain-level figures at headquarters. If something unexpected happened, it would be troublesome.

"That's for the best," Wang Chaling sighed a little with relief.

He really didn't want to be dragged in.

If he accidentally got involved in something supernatural... After all, it's the Ghost Painting housed in Ping'an Tower.

Chapter 1276 - Clash Before the Painting

Although Ping'an Tower has split into two, the remaining structure still stands several stories high, shrouded in a supernatural force that defies easy observation, necessitating a personal investigation.

However, taking such a risk carries significant danger.

The supernatural presence within Ping'an Tower includes that terrifying ghost painting, with ghost envoys lingering within it.

Encountering any malevolent ghost here could mean death, even for the captains.

More importantly, the tower now seems to be harboring unfamiliar ghost tamers, possibly targeting the ghost painting, likely connected to Zhang Xiangguang, who might even be present himself.

"If Zhang Xiangguang is here, not even a team of captains might come out unscathed. He crossed paths with me through a medium and is quite a formidable entity."

Yang Jian felt a rising sense of caution.

But now, he was teamed up with Li Jun, Li Leping, Leuk San, and Cao Yang as a precaution.

They descended along the collapsed floors.

After just one level, everything turned dark as if all light had been absorbed, and even the bright sunlight above only penetrated slightly more than one level.

But soon.

Flickering green flames appeared in the air around them.

These flames could disperse the darkness and bring light. Though eerie, they illuminated the path, preventing people from getting lost in the darkness.

Everyone understood that this was Li Jun's ghost flame, dispelling darkness and lighting the way.

However, the flame was weak, providing only a minimal amount of light.

"This darkness isn't normal, like a ghost domain of the ghost envoy."

Yang Jian frowned, "I suspect the ghost envoy might have escaped the ghost painting. If that's the case, the suppression quota of the ghost envoy might be beyond imagination now, and its killing pattern could have resumed after so much time."

Previously, he had temporarily misled the ghost envoy by altering its memory, causing it a logical conflict, making it incorrectly believe its suppression quota was zero. This crippled the ghost envoy, restricting its attacks to ordinary people, unable to assault ghost tamers, and halting its growth, fixing its suppression of malevolent ghosts at nine.

Moreover, the ghost envoy was confined within the ghost painting, where there were no ordinary people, perfectly resolving this S-level supernatural event.

Yet, the ghost envoy had been in the ghost painting for so long. Yang Jian wasn't sure if any other supernatural forces had overwritten the logical conflict he originally set.

If the ghost envoy had indeed overcome that logical conflict, it would be terrifying now.

"I've read the ghost envoy incident files; it's indeed an unsolvable-level S-class supernatural event. Though I wasn't involved then, it was the most horrifying supernatural event I've ever encountered. The training facility was attacked by the ghost envoy, and your survival, Yang Jian, was truly miraculous."

Leuk San was amazed.

The ghost envoy's pattern of killing lone targets was suffocating, its unsolvable suppression utterly despairing.

Most frightening, the number of stronger entities the ghost envoy suppressed kept increasing.

"The ghost envoy is indeed a huge threat, but now that we know its killing pattern, staying together keeps us safe."

Cao Yang said seriously, "But we don't know at what quantity the ghost envoy's suppression is now, or if there have been new changes."

Li Keping spoke up at this moment, "If the ghost envoy's been released, it's the intruders of Ping'an Tower who should be worried."

"Leuk San, send a paper man to scout."

Yang Jian thought staying together wasn't safe enough and had Leuk San send a paper man down first to gather intel.

"Alright."

Leuk San didn't refuse. Soon, another Leuk San appeared atop the collapsed building—this one a pure paper man—and it leaped down, jumping off the roof.

The paper man swiftly fell, soon passing beneath the floor where Yang Jian and the others were, and disappeared into the darkness below.

The fall continued for a long time without any sound of landing.

Leuk San's paper man seemed swallowed by the darkness, with no sound emanating.

"It doesn't seem effective," Cao Yang peered down.

"No rush, let's wait," Leuk San said.

"Quickly, our pace is too slow."

Li Jun felt impatient, eager to understand the situation and accelerated his pace.

Yang Jian stated, "Speed isn't always beneficial; being too hasty invites trouble."

"We're five here, and there are several captains outside too, no need for excessive caution. If many captains can't handle it together, then no degree of caution matters, would you agree?"

Li Jun said, glancing at Yang Jian.

"You do have a point. If you want to take that risk, then speed up."

Yang Jian thought for a bit and didn't refuse.

Li Jun made a valid argument.

There were 11 captains in and around Ping'an Tower; if that wasn't enough, then caution was futile.

Immediately.

Their movements hastened.

The five plunged deeper into the floors below.

They passed several levels without danger or signs of abnormality, not even bodies—a place of ordinary objects like dusty tables, withered plants, and shattered glass—all remained in the state when Ping'an Tower was sealed.

"Not even footprints, very odd." Yang Jian furrowed his brow.

His ghost eyes ignored the darkness, seeing everything clearly.

If someone had walked on the dusty ground, there would be clear footprints, but all this way, not a living soul's footprint was visible.

Yet, someone had indeed intruded on this Ping'an Tower.

The only explanation was that the intruders stayed within a ghost domain, leaving no footprints, or they knew of Yang Jian's Firewood Knife method of killing and deliberately avoided leaving prints.

They continued downwards.

Another floor passed.

At this time, they found something.

At the stairwell entrance, they saw a mangled corpse—no, not a corpse, it was Leuk San's paper man.

The paper man was torn to pieces, losing its supernatural qualities, becoming a pile of waste paper.

"My paper man was attacked and killed here." Leuk San knitted his brow.

He surveyed the surroundings.

Very clean.

No traces left behind whatsoever.

"Do you think it was killed by a ghost or a person?" Cao Yang examined it carefully.

Yang Jian glanced, "The paper man was killed by a person, not a malevolent ghost. The area is too clean, like someone deliberately erased any evidence, which a ghost wouldn't do."

"Hurry, the attack on the paper man signals we've alerted them."

He wanted to catch them off guard and needed to seize the initiative.

Though this darkness was full of danger, their adversaries faced the same issues.

"Follow me, don't stop."

Yang Jian reached out, and a fractured gold spear appeared in his hand.

His ghost eyes opened, ghost domain expanded, completely dispelling the surrounding darkness.

Yet the ghost domain's coverage was limited to just one floor, struggling to expand further downward.

"The supernatural influence of the ghost painting is diminishing rapidly." Yang Jian thought, alarmed.

He began to have a bad premonition.

Immediately.

Red light enveloped several people and started invading layer by layer downward.

Eleventh floor, tenth floor, ninth floor, eighth floor...

The red light was like an elevator plummeting rapidly in the darkness.

Quickly.

When it reached the seventh floor, the red light flickered a few times, then abruptly went out.

The Ghost Domain was forcibly interfered by some supernatural force, rendering it directly unusable.

"The ghost painting is on this floor," Yang Jian's low voice sounded.

The only supernatural force that could directly nullify his ghost eye was the ghost painting.

"I understand."

Before Li Jun finished speaking, small flames appeared around them, then gradually grew into fireballs floating in mid-air. The fireballs emitted a green glow, illuminating this floor and everything on it, dispelling the darkness here.

He was equally decisive, setting the place ablaze first and foremost.

After all, there were no ordinary people here, only murderous ghosts and enemies, so he had no scruples.

The flames were ignited.

In the middle of the empty floor stood a huge oil painting.

A woman in a red dress was painted on the canvas, her figure blurry, but her pale hands appeared exceptionally vivid, as if they had reached out of the painting.

The painting was originally hidden in the darkness but was revealed by the ghost flame's light.

Yang Jian just glanced at it, and his ghost eye immediately shut, not daring to gaze further.

This was not a derivative painting but the true source of the ghost painting.

"Don't look at that painting recklessly. The killing pattern of the ghost painting is memory. Once you see it, do not recall the appearance of the ghost painting in your mind, otherwise, you will be targeted by it," he warned in a suppressed voice.

Cao Yang's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly withdrew his gaze after only glancing at a corner of the ghost painting, not daring to take in the whole picture.

Li Jun also quickly made the ghost flame shield the ghost painting, obstructing everyone's view to avoid triggering the killing pattern.

"So that's it. No wonder you wanted me to act together with you. It turns out this is the reason," Li Leping said expressionlessly.

He controlled the Forgetful Ghost, capable of erasing others' memories. Once the team's leader triggered the ghost painting's killing pattern, he could immediately erase its image from memory, avoiding a lethal targeting by the ghost.

"Who is over there?"

Suddenly, Li Jun shouted, sensing something.

Behind the ghost painting was a patch of darkness that not even the ghost flame could fully illuminate, yet the flame shielding the ghost painting still revealed several vague figures, concealed there with only a short distance from Yang Jian and his group.

"You're late; we're taking this painting with us."

A hoarse, raspy voice emerged, and from the dim light, a cold, stiff hand stretched out and rested on the frame of the ghost painting.

"Pretending to be mysterious, courting death," Yang Jian retorted coldly.

Almost at the moment he spoke, a cracked spear whistled through the air.

The ghost painting blocked him from using the Ghost Domain; even so, he had to throw the spear, attempting to nail someone down.

But in the next moment,

A metallic clang rang out, the thrown spear was deflected away, falling to the side.

In the darkness, a vaguely aged, rusty style of a large knife appeared.

"Zhang Xiangguang? As expected, it's you."

Yang Jian squinted slightly, staring at that large knife.

At the same time, a shadowy figure behind the ghost painting tried to approach the fallen spear, attempting to take it away.

"Don't touch it, that thing is cursed; this guy is cunning, trying to lure us,"

An aged voice stopped the person from touching Yang Jian's weapon.

"That voice is... Chen Qiaoyang?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Move," Cao Yang also shouted at this moment.

The surrounding wind swept up, carrying a strong odor of corpses as the ghost flame flickered and swayed, while his body bent slightly downward, shorter than one of the figures behind the ghost painting.

This is Ghost Suppression.

He had to be shorter than the other party for the ghost to press down on them.

Thump!

A figure suddenly staggered, nearly falling.

Li Leping remained expressionless, avoiding one side, and walked toward the group, unnoticed, with no presence, forgotten by all.

"It's not the time for a showdown yet; our objective is achieved, we should leave," a cold voice ordered.

The ghost painting was grabbed, and several vague figures swiftly retreated.

"Stay behind for me,"

Li Jun roared, charging forward, ghost flames burning to engulf everything ahead.

He was determined to fight to keep the enemy behind.

If these people took the ghost painting away, the consequences would be unimaginable.

But in the next moment,

An eerie corpse walked out of the darkness, blocking the ghost flame, its whole body engulfed in flames yet remaining unmoved.

This was some ghost, driven by someone. It was not presented for counterattack but to resist Li Jun's assault.

"Chen Qiaoyang, it's you indeed," Li Jun exclaimed angrily.

There was no doubt that this manipulation of the ghost was the same person encountered in Dadong City.

"Bite him."

With a murderous voice, Yang Jian ordered, as the low growl of an Evil Hound echoed in the darkness.

A giant Evil Hound lunged forth, rushing towards where Chen Qiaoyang was.

In the next moment,

The Evil Hound vanished, invading someone's mind.

"Ghost Dream? Don't delay, retreat immediately," that cold voice, now tinged with surprise, said.

The surrounding darkness began to swirl back, and the hidden figures quickly disappeared along with the ghost painting.

At this moment,

The forgotten Li Leping acted.

He revealed a creepy smile at the corner of his mouth, reaching into the darkness and catching hold of someone moving sluggishly.

At that instant, the inevitable lethal rule was triggered.

"What? Who is this person?" A voice of surprise came from the darkness.

But then, someone was forcibly dragged out from the darkness and thrown to the ground.

Chapter 1277 The Retreating Enemy

Seventh floor of Ping'an Tower.

Ghost Flame burns, darkness envelops, the most terrifying supernatural encounters collide within this not-so-large floor.

But the group trying to seize the Ghost Painting clearly didn't want to continue fighting; they used some special method to retreat.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian and others naturally knew their intentions and didn't want to let them leave, attempting various means of interception.

However, the opposing side was clever, placing the Ghost Painting at the front and utilizing its supernatural properties to create interference, preventing the captains' Ghost Domain from affecting them. Yang Jian was most affected, as his Ghost Eyes could hardly open.

Unable to peek at this sinister painting.

"Bang~!"

Li Leping successfully launched a stealth attack, and during their retreat, he executed the most terrifying assault, forcibly dragging someone back who was about to leave.

"Not good, Song Xin Hai has been left behind."

Someone uttered a blurry voice within the remaining wisp of darkness.

"He's already dead, it's too late, the Ghost Painting has been acquired, don't get tangled, continuing further will result in more deaths."

Another indifferent voice responded, showing no intention of staying.

"Yang, daring to let a dog bite me, we'll meet again next time."

Chen Qiaoyang's voice echoed, filled with hatred, but his ability to speak clearly meant he wasn't pulled into a dream by the Evil Hound.

So, who did the Evil Hound attack?

"No need for next time, I'll make you stay now."

Leuk San seemed to anticipate this; he acted.

Beneath the peeling yellow paper, a dry, gaunt, and eerie arm revealed itself, this arm forcefully grabbing the remaining darkness, halting their departure.

"Opportunity."

Yang Jian and Cao Yang immediately reacted and rushed forward.

Fearless, they plunged into the darkness, just needing to entangle and disrupt the retreat of the enemy; all the captains inside and outside Ping'an Tower could encircle these people.

"Being too confident is not a good thing."

The next moment, a rusty, old machete flashed by in the darkness.

Danger!

A strong sense of crisis appeared on Yang Jian, Cao Yang, and Leuk San.

The three retreated simultaneously, and Leuk San's dry hand also withdrew.

In a single assault, the opposition repelled three captains.

Afterward, the opportunity was missed, and everything unusual in front immediately calmed down.

No more darkness, no more silhouettes, and no more Ghost Painting.

The opposition left Ping'an Tower through some supernatural means.

Yang Jian's body was torn with a massive wound, almost splitting into two, but a flash of red light immediately healed the injury around him.

No hesitation, directly rebooting for recovery.

Leuk San quietly glanced at his arm, a new cut appeared on the gaunt arm, and thick, blackened blood began to flow.

He was injured.

"The opposing side already escaped; we have no chance except for leaving behind one person." Li Leping stated expressionlessly.

The person he dragged out was already a corpse, lying at his feet.

Cao Yang's face looked bad, he dropped a broken substitute doll from his hand and said, "Without my Ghost Suppression, he couldn't have moved so slowly, and you wouldn't have intercepted him during retreat. Unfortunately, they still escaped, but at least everyone is okay."

"Indeed, it's good that everyone is okay." Li Leping did not refute.

The person at his feet died not only because of his actions but also Cao Yang's Ghost Suppression attacked him, and under such overwhelming supernatural circumstances, he died suddenly.

"Damn it." Li Jun was very annoyed.

He was entangled by a cold dead corpse without a chance to intervene.

And now this fierce ghost was enveloped by Ghost Flame, losing its ability to act, but he also missed the opportunity to strike.

"The opposing side retreated decisively; if they were a bit later, I could have blocked their retreat, and using my supernatural weapon as bait didn't hook any enemies—they had Chen Qiaoyang in their team. This guy fought me before and had my intelligence info, always guarding against me."

Yang Jian's face was grim, and at some unknown time, the surrounding ground was full of accumulated water.

Indeed, the water spread too slowly, not impacting the opposition's retreat path; otherwise, they wouldn't have left so easily.

The most significant impact was his Ghost Eyes being blocked by the Ghost Painting.

"If they had truly stayed to fight us, we would surely have won."

Leuk San silently covered his injured arm with yellow paper.

At this moment, many paper figures were already positioned in the surrounding floors, encircling this level.

These paper figures arrived just as the opposition escaped.

"What's the use of saying so much, the opposition has already fled, and taken the Ghost Painting. Think about how to investigate this matter."

Yang Jian walked towards Li Leping, and as he passed the dropped spear on the ground, he didn't pick it up; instead, he covered it with accumulating water, directly swallowing this supernatural weapon.

Soon.

He halted his steps, staring at the corpse lying on the ground.

"From their conversation just now, we learned this person's name should be Song Xin Hai. Have any of you heard this name or have any related intelligence?"

While observing, Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow spread towards the corpse, trying to acquire memory.

"No, there's no person like this in the supernatural circle."

"I haven't heard of him either. Maybe Lu Zhiwen knows, let's ask him later."

The others shook their heads, indicating they hadn't heard of this Song Xin Hai, nor did they recognize him.

"Another ghost handler hidden among the populace?" Yang Jian frowned.

His Ghost Shadow failed to invade the memory.

No, it couldn't be considered a failure, rather the other party's memory was a blank, as if everything had been forgotten.

Suddenly.

He looked at Li Leping.

Li Leping, familiar with the abilities of the Ghost Shadow, understood Yang Jian's meaning and expressionlessly said, "I didn't do it on purpose, but even a lion uses its full strength to hunt a rabbit; the opponent came fiercely, so I had no reason to hold back. I was too harsh, and his memory got wiped."

The full force of the Forgetful Ghost.

The other party's memory was zeroed out, and their brain become a blank slate, dead clean without retrieving any information.

"Forget it." Yang Jian did not blame him.

After all, Li Leping's approach was right; if it were him, he wouldn't have held back either.

"But this guy endured attacks from both me and Li Leping before dying, surely not simple. We must handle the body cautiously, or else if the ghost revives it will be troublesome again."

Cao Yang said, "If you don't mind, should I pack him in here?"

He then took out a human skin bag.

It was made of a human skin lantern, filled with countless terrifying ghosts inside.

"Doesn't matter, you and Li Leping killed him, if he doesn't mind, it's fine." Yang Jian said, not competing for others' spoils.

Li Leping expressionlessly said, "A corpse, if you want it, take it."

"Cao Yang, pack up this ghost too."

Li Jun threw over a cold corpse burning with Ghost Flame.

Li Leping did not refuse, placing both bodies in the human skin bag.

The small bag seemed like a bottomless pit that could accommodate any supernatural entity.

"Without the ghost painting, Ping'an Tower has completely lost its function now."

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye without the interference of the ghost painting, scanning several times.

Inside the collapsed Ping'an Tower, there was no remaining supernatural trace.

At this moment, Li Jun said, "But I can still connect to the ghost painting and enter the ghost painting world."

"But the other party is not in the ghost painting world, we can't just venture into the painting, that would be foolish, essentially signing our own death warrant."

Yang Jian said, "By the way, Li Leping, did you notice any clues when the other party retreated just now? After all, you were the only one who really got close to them."

Li Leping recalled and said, "The moment I attacked, through the darkness, I vaguely saw a small path."

"A small path? What kind of path?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

"A winding, indistinct path, extending far into the distance. Those figures left along this winding path." Li Leping said.

"A winding path?"

Yang Jian slightly lowered his head, pondering, seemingly familiar, but couldn't think of any corresponding supernatural phenomenon at the moment.

"They took the ghost painting. Although not sure what they are going to do, I believe the ghost painting incident will likely erupt again."

After packing up the two corpses, Cao Yang spoke up.

"It's a headache to have such a troublesome matter emerge at this juncture. The ghost painting incident was already difficult to handle, and now there are also the ghost envoy incidents in the painting, and Zhang Xiangguang's group. These three matters together aren't as simple as one plus one." Leuk San frowned.

"If not handled well, this supernatural incident could be the last straw to break the current situation."

Yang Jian said, "We must think positively, now that Zhang Xiangguang's group has handled the ghost painting, if we can track them down and eliminate this group, not only would the trouble be solved, but the ghost painting incident would also be resolved, achieving two goals with one action."

"Let's hope so." Leuk San nodded.

"No need to stay here any longer, let's return to headquarters." Yang Jian said.

After investigating once more to ensure nothing was overlooked, they left Ping'an Tower.

Upon exiting.

They saw Wei Jing, He Yiner, Lu Zhiwen, Lin Bei, and Zhou Deng outside.

It seemed Wang Chaling hadn't come.

"How's the situation?" Wei Jing asked numbly.

"Killed one, the rest escaped, and they took the ghost painting." Cao Yang shook his head, expressing some helplessness.

"Hiss!"

Zhou Deng gasped, "Five captains working together, yet we only captured one, and they managed to take the ghost painting with them. Are these guys really that terrifying?"

"They avoided further conflict, took the ghost painting and left; capturing one was already good. If it had come to a real fight, we could definitely take them down." Leuk San stared at him and said.

"If I had been there, I could have stolen...no, taken back the ghost painting." Zhou Deng sighed.

He Yiner said, "Now that they've escaped, who knows what trouble they'll cause next time."

"Find out their location as soon as possible, and handle them before Zhang Xiangguang has a chance to create trouble." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

Unfortunately, his ghost eye was too restricted by the ghost painting.

Otherwise, not a single one of them would have gotten away.

"Yang Jian, where are you going?"

Lin Bei noticed Yang Jian seemed to be leaving and immediately asked.

"To find a place to sleep." Yang Jian replied without turning his head.

Chapter 1278 The Deduced Location

Yang Jian's sudden departure left the other captains puzzled, but they quickly caught on.

"It seems that what happened just now isn't over. Yang Jian has most likely found some way to track down the other party, and perhaps good news will come soon."

Leuk San watched the direction of Yang Jian's departure and began to speculate.

"The methods of the other party are quite complex. Even if we encounter them, if the number of captains is insufficient, we might not be able to handle it. These ghost tamers are different from the past, with strong capabilities, and now united, they are extremely terrifying."

Cao Yang said: "Although we can cope, to put it bluntly, how many chances like this to join forces can we have?"

"Once the captains are scattered and can't unite, the other party will do whatever they please."

He made an assessment of both sides' strengths.

If united, the other party is not as strong as us, but when we are scattered, an individual captain can be easily taken out.

"They are not coming for us."

Li Leping said expressionlessly: "Their purpose is very clear, just to take the ghost painting, with no intention of confronting us."

"This indicates that what they aim to do is more important than dealing with us," said Lin Bei.

"Indeed," Li Leping replied.

The captains discussed among themselves, also thinking of ways to track these people down, attempting to find them, not willing to let them go unchecked.

However, after a brief discussion, they decided to return to headquarters first, as lingering near Ping'an Tower would be of no use.

After all, Ping'an Tower has returned to normal now, with no more supernatural shrouding.

And when all the captains returned to headquarters.

The candidate captains there started to inquire about the situation.

"What happened? I saw Ping'an Tower collapse, and there was a commotion of supernatural powers colliding. Was the ghost painting out of control?"

Su Fan came over, curiously asking.

Li Jun, who had rushed back, shook his head and said: "It wasn't the ghost painting out of control; someone stole the ghost painting. Now, everything is normal with Ping'an Tower."

"Someone actually stole the ghost painting. Who are these people, so ruthless? Where's Yang Jian, why hasn't he returned?"

It was Liu Qi speaking; he wanted to have a word with Yang Jian.

"He has some matters to attend to and left temporarily. Are you Yang Jian's high school classmate?"

Cao Yang glanced at him: "It's really surprising, a class producing two formidable ghost tamers. But the matter with the ghost painting is very complex. You shouldn't inquire; it's best left to the captains to handle."

The nearby candidate named Wen Zhong spoke: "So many captains joining forces still couldn't handle the other party. It seems this matter is indeed unusual. But I also want to contribute. If possible, how about sharing some information? Although we're not captains, we're still candidates, and many matters we can get involved in."

"It was Zhang Xiangguang and Chen Qiaoyang's group behind it. Zhang Xiangguang previously killed Gao Ming, and you can look up the profile files of Chen Qiaoyang. He appeared before at a Republic Era Ancient House in Dadong City. Wang Chaling would probably know more about this matter," He Yiner spoke, briefly informing the clueless crowd, revealing some key information intelligence.

This information is open among the captains, nothing to hide. The reason for not speaking out is that ordinary ghost tamers aren't qualified to get involved.

"So that's it. I will track their whereabouts, and if there's news, I will report to headquarters."

Wen Zhong nodded.

"Chen Qiaoyang?"

At this moment, Wang Chaling was slightly stunned upon hearing the familiar name.

This dangerous character who fled from his ancient house finally appeared in the supernatural circle at this time.

"You seem to know him well, can you elaborate?" He Yiner asked.

The other captains also turned to him.

Wang Chaling smiled slightly and said: "I met this Chen Qiaoyang in Dadong City, he's a very dangerous ghost tamer. When my parents were still alive, they once intended to take this guy down..."

He didn't refuse and shared what he knew without hiding anything.

"An old ghost tamer from the previous generation living till now, no wonder."

After listening, others immediately regarded this Chen Qiaoyang as an extremely dangerous enemy, not daring to be careless.

"Fortunately, this time a ghost tamer named Song Xin Hai was taken down. Judging by his appearance, he doesn't seem like a ghost tamer of this era, likely of the same generation as Chen Qiaoyang. Including Zhang Xiangguang, they are all a bunch of old folks, not a single simple character."

Zhou Deng cursed reluctantly.

He felt a bit embarrassed about not taking action this time, so he vented his anger on these guys; even without meeting face-to-face, he had to curse a few times from afar, absolutely unwilling to suffer.

While they were discussing, Yang Jian had already left Dajing City.

However, he didn't go far, just found a desolate suburban place, dug a pit underground, and directly went to sleep.

"I want to see who the Evil Hound pulled into the dream, its attack cannot be ineffective. Since it didn't take Chen Qiaoyang, it surely took other comrades of the opposing party."

With this thought, Yang Jian quickly entered the dream.

This is the dream world.

The world is an illusion, constructed by the supernatural power of the Ghost Dream, but now the ruler of the dream is a massive Evil Hound.

In a silent, deserted village.

The roars and growls of the Evil Hound echoed repeatedly.

A man wearing a black shirt, about thirty years old, was panting heavily, his expression frightened, drenched in cold sweat, madly running in this unfamiliar village.

He had no choice but to run because at this moment, behind him was an Evil Hound larger than a wolf, baring its teeth and chasing him.

No one isn't afraid of being bitten by a dog, even in a dream is the same.

"This isn't an ordinary dream; this is a supernatural dream. If I'm bitten to death by this hound, chances are I'll also encounter misfortune in reality. I must find a way to survive first."

The man in the shirt pondered as he fled.

Sweat was beading on his forehead, his whole body exhausted, panting heavily.

He didn't expect the dream to be so real, even causing a decline in physical strength.

He felt that if this continued, he would undoubtedly be caught and bitten to death.

"Find a place to hide."

The man in the shirt gritted his teeth, took a turn, and rushed directly into a two-story house in the village, then closed the door behind him.

The Evil Hound came charging late, pacing and growling outside, full of ferocity.

"Will it work?" He breathed a slight sigh of relief but was still uneasy, peeping through the door crack outside.

But upon looking out, the Evil Hound's figure had disappeared.

Just as he was about to search.

Suddenly.

A low growl like that of a beast sounded behind him, and in the dark hall, a pair of scarlet eyes glowed red.

"Damn, the back door isn't shut."

The man's neck stiffened as he glanced back, seeing the open back door and a terrifying Evil Hound.

Instantly, his hair rose on end.

But it was too late to escape.

At the instant the door was just opened, the evil hound behind him hurled itself with a snarl, baring its sharp fangs to bite him viciously.

"Ah!"

The fear of death and the pain of the bite converged into a tragic scream that echoed through this deserted village.

He was powerless to resist because in the dream he was just an ordinary person, unable to deal with such an evil hound.

"Am I going to die here?"

Feeling the gushing blood and the tearing of muscles, along with the excruciating pain of fangs piercing through flesh and bone, he felt despair, thinking he would be bitten to death by this hound in the dream.

But right at this moment.

A voice suddenly sounded from outside the house.

"Stop, don't kill him yet."

Yang Jian stood outside the house; he had entered the world of the dream and witnessed this bloody scene.

Immediately.

The hound ceased its attack, its blood-red eyes glaring with ferocity, its open mouth full of blood and chunks of flesh, chilling the hearts of those who saw it.

Yet, even so, it obeyed Yang Jian's command and did not kill the person before it.

Yang Jian looked at this man, scrutinizing the blood-stained face that seemed somewhat familiar.

"Yang, Yang Jian? It really is you. You can enter this nightmare too, huh? My words sound a bit stupid. This evil hound belongs to you, so it's natural that you can control such a dream world."

The man, clutching his bleeding neck, raised his head to look at Yang Jian, revealing a bitter smile.

"I've seen you before, at a commercial gathering in Dachang City where you showed up, and during that time, you got on my nerves, and Zhang Wei shot you in the head."

Yang Jian searched his memory and finally recognized him.

His name was Wang Han.

Besides that, Yang Jian knew nothing about the information on this person, only that he had previously hinted at connections with ghost handlers who had survived for a dozen or even dozens of years.

Now, it seemed the person Wang Han mentioned back then should be Zhang Xiangguang.

"Your memory isn't bad; yes, it was me. If I hadn't taken the bullet for Chen Qiaoyang, I wouldn't have ended up here today."

Wang Han admitted directly without denial.

Yang Jian said, "We're all smart people, so I won't beat around the bush. Help me find Zhang Xiangguang's group, and I can spare you and let you leave this dream."

"Ha."

Wang Han leaned against the wall, clutching his bleeding neck, and replied with a cold laugh.

"You think I'm deceiving you?" Yang Jian looked at him and asked.

Wang Han said, "In the supernatural circle, if someone else said this, I wouldn't believe them, but I've investigated you enough to know that you keep your word to some extent. However, I still can't divulge the information to you."

"If you don't talk, you'll die here," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Some things are more important than life. I tried to invite you in the past, but unfortunately, you refused," said Wang Han.

Yang Jian asked, "Things more important than life? Are you so loyal to Zhang Xiangguang?"

Wang Han coughed twice, spat out blood, and then said, "No, I am not loyal to him at all. Besides, we are not in a superior-subordinate relationship. Strictly speaking, we're just working on a hugely important matter. He's doing his part for it, and I am for the same goal; we're all working toward one goal."

"Sounds like whatever it is, it's dangerous," Yang Jian said.

Wang Han didn't answer but instead said, "When I became a ghost handler, it was just to survive, to struggle to live. Later, I found that as time went by, feelings, desires, and humanity all began to disappear. My family, children, relatives, and friends were all afraid of me, as if I were a monster not to be accepted."

"I don't blame them because I understand this is something every ghost handler must go through. So, before I lose everything, I must find a goal to strive for."

"Luckily, I found it. Cough cough..."

In the dream, he was just an ordinary person with emotions and feelings, thus giving way to some sentiments.

If it were outside, Wang Han would just respond with indifference and remain silent.

Yang Jian looked at him and asked, "So you killed Gao Ming, took the ghost painting, and became enemies with the headquarters?"

"We're not enemies; it's just that there can't be any obstacles on our path. We didn't plan to fight you when we took the ghost painting. To be precise, you made the first move, and I just retaliated passively," Wang Han said.

"So, are you saying it's our fault?" Yang Jian countered.

Wang Han said, "Some things aren't about right or wrong, just results. If we succeed, we're right. If you take us down, you're right. So, don't waste time; I won't give you any information. You might as well kill me; I don't think I can leave here alive anyway."

He resigned himself to fate, deciding to perish here.

Yang Jian's eyes flickered slightly. He had means to steal Wang Han's memories, but unfortunately, now in the dream, he was just an ordinary person without supernatural powers and couldn't do that.

"There's no need to kill you. I'll let you go, but I can still find Zhang Xiangguang without you speaking. Even though you tried to hide during your previous attack, you left some clues. When you retreated, a winding path appeared. I hadn't thought of this earlier, but now I remember it."

"It's the Ghost Post Office, right? You retreated through the Ghost Post Office."

After stating his speculation, Yang Jian fixed a firm gaze on Wang Han.

Sure enough.

Wang Han's face changed, unable to conceal his emotions here.

The speculation was confirmed.

The other side indeed retreated through the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Jian linked this to the Ghost Post Office's management list. The first manager was Luo Wensong, who fell from the post office and turned into a ghost, causing the Door Knocking Ghost incident. The second manager was Tian Xiaoyue, but she was dismembered and submerged in bottles across the post office. Although the body was pieced together later, her life or death remains unknown.

The third manager of the Ghost Post Office was Zhang Xiangguang, and the fourth was Sun Rui.

This meant Zhang Xiangguang had been a manager of the post office for a long time, making his use of the post office to leave reasonable.

"Since you retreated through the Ghost Post Office, now you're most likely in Dahan City. Right, Zhang Xiangguang's ancestral home is in Dahan City, Shuangqiao Town...all of this fits, no wonder Dahan City hasn't had any supernatural incidents. Sun Rui had mentioned to me before that Dahan City is very peaceful. I used to think it was because of the Ghost Post Office being in Dahan City, but now it seems Zhang Xiangguang took care of all the supernatural events around the city afterward," Yang Jian said, squinting his eyes.

Wang Han's face turned horrified on the spot.

Without revealing a word, Yang Jian had accurately deduced all the information and was just shy of guessing what their plan was.

"I'll go to Dahan City now to find you. Hopefully, by then, you won't be in a rush to escape. I won't kill you, but you'll stay in the dream for a while," Yang Jian said.

Then Yang Jian turned and left, his form beginning to blur before eventually disappearing from the world of nightmares.

The evil hound still lingered nearby, keeping a watchful gaze on Wang Han without making a move, merely monitoring him.

"Damn it."

Wang Han roared in anger, full of unwillingness.

He knew clearly that Yang Jian spared him not out of mercy, but to keep him as a lead to find them.

Before the situation was resolved, Wang Han could stay alive.

But once it's over, his life lost its value.

Upon leaving the dream.

Yang Jian quickly awoke.

He opened his ghost eye, the Ghost Domain expanding, heading directly to headquarters.

The enemies were most likely in Dahan City, so caution was necessary. A joint effort by the captains must ensure the opponent is eradicated flawlessly.

Chapter 1279 Eight Operatives Dispatched

Headquarters.

In front of the captain's meeting table.

After the ghost painting was stolen from Ping'an Tower, the captains had no desire to hold a meeting. Now, their attention was captured by the Zhang Xiangguang incident.

At this moment, they were discussing how to pull out this group of people and get the ghost painting situation under control.

After all, Old Qin was the one who originally detained the ghost painting, and if it loses control again, no one knows how to handle it.

"Finding Zhang Xiangguang isn't that difficult, I have a way to determine his location."

Suddenly, Lu Zhiwen, who had been relatively low-key, spoke up.

As soon as he said this, everyone's attention was drawn towards him.

"If you had a way, you should have mentioned it earlier; we wouldn't have had to discuss it for so long."

Leuk San said, looking at him with some displeasure.

Li Jun asked, "What method?"

Lu Zhiwen said, "I can only determine his approximate location, but to actually find him would take some time. If any of you have a better method, I suggest using it. However, it seems that no one here has another way to track him, so I have to say it."

"Regardless of whether your method is good or bad, it's better to share it first rather than keep it to yourself and waste everyone's time," Leuk San said with a cold expression.

"Give me a moment."

Lu Zhiwen didn't speak, merely picked up a pen he had with him and started writing on a blank piece of paper.

On the white paper, he wrote Zhang Xiangguang's name, not more, not less, exactly sixteen times.

The sixteen names formed a circle, leaving a blank area in the center.

After finishing, Lu Zhiwen placed the pen on the paper.

Immediately.

An eerie phenomenon occurred.

The pen began spinning on the paper.

"Are you playing with a pen spirit?" He Yiner looked at the pen.

"More or less, if you want to understand it that way," Lu Zhiwen replied.

Soon.

The pen stopped, pointing in a direction.

"Zhang Xiangguang is in the south, and from this position, he's passed through cities like Zhongyang City, Zhongxiang City... Dazheng City, Dahan City. Following this route, the compass can find his location. Again, this will take some time," Lu Zhiwen explained.

"You mean we have to use this thing and keep tracking in that direction? When your thing stops, that's when we find Zhang Xiangguang?"

Li Jun frowned.

Wei Jing numbly said, "Using the Ghost Domain to hurry, under ideal conditions, the approximate location can be determined in half an hour."

"That's too slow. The other party knows they've been exposed and won't stay in one place for long. He's likely to move, so half an hour won't be enough to track him," Lin Bei thought, then said.

Lu Zhiwen said, "Locating a top-tier ghost handler is harder than locating an ordinary person. I don't think my method is the best."

"However, at this point, it doesn't matter. As long as there's a way, we can start taking action now," Li Jun said.

"Hold on, this matter needs Yang Jian's input."

Cao Yang said, "On the first day of the captain's meeting, it's not appropriate to ignore the Enforcement Captain."

"He said he's gone to sleep; no one knows when he'll come over," He Yiner said.

Leuk San spoke, "It won't take long; he's already here."

The next moment.

A flash of red light, and Yang Jian appeared in everyone's sight again.

Yang Jian walked briskly and said, "Zhang Xiangguang is in Dahan City, under the watch of Sun Rui. If we head out now, we can meet them there. Anyone willing to join me?"

"Dahan City? Are you sure?" Li Jun asked, glancing at Lu Zhiwen next.

Lu Zhiwen put away the pen, nodded, agreeing with Yang Jian's words.

"It's almost certain," Yang Jian said.

Li Jun said, "Alright, I'll go with you."

"Count me in," Leuk San said.

Cao Yang also stood up from his seat, "Now that it's underway, there's no reason to back out, I'll go too."

"Although I don't want this hassle, someone on their side died at my hands, so this isn't over yet," Li Leping also stood up.

For a moment, many responded.

They were all willing to go with Yang Jian to handle the matter.

Wei Jing numbly said, "I'll go with you too, let's finish them off in one go to prevent any future trouble."

"Since there are so many people, I'll stay. I hope you don't mind."

Wang Chaling spoke up at this time.

Yang Jian glanced at him, "If you don't want to go, then suit yourself, I won't force you."

"Thank you."

Wang Chaling sensed Yang Jian's unfriendly look but smiled slightly in thanks.

"Yang team, take me with you," Zhou Deng said.

"Involvement with the ghost painting is dangerous; you've just become a captain, and to be honest, I think it's not suitable for you to join this," Yang Jian said seriously.

Zhou Deng said, "I know my limits, don't worry."

"Alright, if you've decided, I won't force it," Yang Jian nodded.

Lin Bei said at this moment, "I'll stay at headquarters for now, in case everyone leaves and something goes wrong. Yang team, you don't object, do you?"

"If you want to stay, then stay. I'm going anyway," He Yiner said without the slightest hesitation.

Even though she had issues with Yang Jian, she wouldn't back down in such a big matter.

Cao Yanhua spoke at this unsuitable moment, "Yang Jian, is it necessary for so many captains to act together to deal with Zhang Xiangguang? I mean, if we move everyone and something unexpected happens elsewhere, there'll be no one to handle it. Maybe leave a few people here?"

Yang Jian thought about it and agreed, "Cao Yang, you stay."

Cao Yang looked at him, a bit confused.

"Your self-defense is a bit lacking. When Zhang Xiangguang attacked you, you used your substitute doll. That information has been exposed. Next time, the enemy might focus on you. They'll be prepared, and this meeting might become a battle. Any mistake could cost lives," Yang Jian said.

"At this critical point, captains can't fall."

"Alright, if manpower's not enough, just call, I'll be there immediately."

Cao Yang shrugged, having no choice but to agree.

In reality, his self-defense skills weren't weak. He just took more precautions sometimes. But someone needed to monitor headquarters, so he had nothing else to say.

Soon.

The list was finalized.

Yang Jian, Wei Jing, Li Jun, Leuk San, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, Li Leping, and the rather mysterious Lu Zhiwen.

A total of eight captains.

Such a joint effort is unprecedented in the current supernatural circle.

Cao Yanhua tacitly agreed to Yang Jian's deployment.

After all, this is a very special matter, and it can't be taken lightly. It's good enough to have three captains staying behind.

"Yang Jian, I think I can help too."

Suddenly, Liu Qi, among the reserve captains, stepped forward and said expectantly.

"Liu Qi?"

Yang Jian looked at him and finally said, "Thanks, but there's no need for you to take risks. It wasn't easy for you to get here, don't take chances lightly."

"Alright then."

Liu Qi sighed.

Indeed, he wasn't ready to join a captain-level conflict yet.

"Since the personnel is confirmed, what are we waiting for? Let's go. Every minute wasted is another minute the enemy might escape," He Yiner urged.

"Don't resist my Ghost Domain, I'll take you there."

Without another word, Yang Jian's ghost eye opened.

The next moment.

Red light covered the sky, and the eight captains from headquarters vanished instantly, heading straight for Dadong City.

"Hope everything goes smoothly."

Cao Yanhua silently prayed when he saw the scene.

At this moment, the headquarters can't take any more troubles. It was hard to gather twelve captains and choose an enforcement captain, restoring stability. If they lost some during this trip, it would be devastating.

But the ghost painting incident couldn't be ignored.

Once the ghost painting loses control, it affects more than just a few cities.

"Why did you stay?" At this moment, Wang Chaling suddenly asked Lin Bei beside him.

Lin Bei smiled, "Nothing much, just wanted to chat with you, and I have confidence in Yang Jian."

Chapter 1280 - Grudges Between Administrators

Dahan City.

A woman in a long dress, with an enchanting figure and flawless appearance, was walking down the road. She was carrying a bag of food and another bag of various books, heading towards an abandoned building.

This abandoned building has stood on this bustling street for many years, and it wasn't until the last few months that someone unknown took it over, built a fence, set up security guards, and protected it.

The people nearby thought that the abandoned building was finally going to be rebuilt, but all that happened was the clearing of construction debris and some weeds around the building. After tidying up the environment, it was abandoned again.

He Yuelian's appearance attracted many onlookers. They were amazed, as they had never seen such a beautiful woman.

Soon enough.

The security let her through, and He Yuelian entered the gate, once again stepping into the abandoned building.

As she walked inside, everything before her eyes quickly transformed in a bizarre manner.

The surrounding scenery vanished, the sky instantly darkened, and a modern-style apartment building stood before her, with neon lights flickering beside it, creating an eerie atmosphere.

"Did you buy the things?"

Inside the lobby on the ground floor of the apartment.

Sun Rui walked with a limp, leaning on a cane, but he stopped at the door and didn't step out of it.

"I feel like I've become your courier, having to buy everything you want. You're also the manager of Dahan City; don't you have any subordinates or anything?" He Yuelian put down the items.

It turned out that both bags were bought for Sun Rui.

"Doesn't matter who buys it. If you wish to stay within my apartment building, you have to contribute something. Running errands and selling things is already a cheap price for you."

Sun Rui spoke, indifferent, as he carried the items to the sofa on the side and sat down.

He Yuelian said, "So this is considered paying rent?"

"You can think of it that way. If you don't want to stay here, you can leave; no one's stopping you."

After Sun Rui spoke, he rummaged through a bag and found a box. After opening it, inside was a gaming console.

He immediately showed a hint of a smile.

Time spent here was too tedious. He had watched TV, read books, and now he had to try playing games. If he didn't find ways to pass the time, he felt he would go crazy sooner or later.

"I'm heading to my room," He Yuelian said, heading towards room 101 on the ground floor.

Although this place looked glamorous, it was filled with eerie vibes. However, after staying here for a few days, she started to get used to it and accepted some of its peculiarities.

He Yuelian understood that she had to get accustomed to accepting these aspects.

The apartment returned to silence.

At this moment, Sun Rui was sitting on the sofa, engrossed in playing the newly acquired handheld gaming console.

He thought today would pass as usual.

But after a while.

Suddenly.

In the dim world outside the hall, an endless, winding path suddenly appeared. The path had no end, extending to unknown places, and on that path, several figures suddenly emerged.

Initially, these figures were still far away, but as time passed, the figures on the path rapidly moved closer.

Within just a few minutes, these figures had appeared at the door outside.

"Song Xin Hai is dead, Wang Han is still unconscious, and most likely won't survive. The strength of the captains from headquarters exceeded expectations. If it wasn't for using ghost paintings to restrain Yang Jian, the retreat path outside might have really been cut off."

A voice sounded from outside the door.

"The supernatural incidents have been happening for several years. It's normal for the captains at headquarters, selected from ghost tamers nationwide, to be strong. Also, sacrifices are inevitable in any major operation, but I believe their sacrifices were worthwhile."

Another voice responded.

Soon, the door to the apartment was pushed open.

Four people entered one by one.

The leader was a man in a Zhongshan suit, approximately in his thirties, with a calm gaze and a hint of world-weariness.

Beside him was someone slightly older, probably around fifty, with whitening hair, slender hands, and a pale face.

The other person was even older, probably in his sixties or seventies, with age spots, wearing simple clothes and cloth shoes. His clothes were somewhat faded from washing but still clean and tidy.

The last person was a young man, seemingly under thirty, but he was unconscious, carried by the man who appeared to be around fifty.

"Hm?"

The arrival of four people startled Sun Rui, who was sitting on the sofa, engrossed in his game.

Ever since becoming the manager of the Ghost Post Office and lifting the curse of being a messenger, no strangers had arrived here for a long time. Occasionally, only Yang Jian would suddenly break in to visit him. Others needed his approval to be brought here; otherwise, they couldn't come at all.

"Who are you?" Sun Rui immediately stood up, leaning on his cane, his expression full of vigilance.

Initially, he suspected these people might be previous messengers from the fifth floor.

After all, when the Ghost Post Office curse was resolved, not every messenger from the fifth floor came, leaving some messengers outside. Now, the sudden visit from these people made Sun Rui think they might be those unaware of the situation coming to investigate the Ghost Post Office.

But he soon negated this guess.

Because even former fifth-floor messengers couldn't freely enter and exit the Ghost Post Office now.

The people clearly arrived here using the old Ghost Post Office route.

"Wait, you look familiar. Are you... Zhang Xiangguang?"

Then Sun Rui's gaze focused intensely on the man in the Zhongshan suit, about thirty years old.

The man's appearance was identical to someone in an oil painting.

Apart from a slight difference in aura, everything else matched perfectly.

Two Zhang Xiangguangs?

Sun Rui's expression changed slightly, and then he reacted: "I see, you've been alive all along, never died."

"Are you the new manager of the Ghost Post Office?"

Zhang Xiangguang scrutinized him: "Sorry, I had to temporarily use the Ghost Post Office for something. I hope I didn't cause the manager any trouble."

"Use?"

Sun Rui leaned on his cane: "Zhang Xiangguang, since you left the Ghost Post Office, everything here should no longer be related to you. You shouldn't be able to casually use the Ghost Post Office. That path to the Ghost Post Office was only accessible to its messengers, but now the era of messengers has ended—there are no more messengers. You shouldn't be able to come here."

"Although you're the new manager, I've stayed here longer than you. Even after leaving, occasionally borrowing the Ghost Post Office's Supernatural Power isn't so strange. Rest assured, I won't trouble you; I'll leave shortly."

Zhang Xiangguang spoke slowly, then signaled the others to prepare to leave.

They were just about to go.

The next moment.

"Bang!"

The post office door slammed shut, and then the door gradually became blurry, eventually disappearing altogether, leaving only a bare wall.

"Someone told me you're not a simple person, that you might be trouble, so I want you to stay at the Ghost Post Office until things are cleared up, then I'll let you leave."

Sun Rui squinted, leaning on his cane, limping over.

He didn't expect that by waiting here, he'd actually catch the real Zhang Xiangguang.

What happened with He Yuelian had already sparked curiosity.

Now that the main figure appeared, it was a good chance to get some clear answers.

"I was just passing through, why go to such lengths?"

Zhang Xiangguang stopped his steps and sighed.

"If you explain clearly, naturally, I won't trouble you..." Sun Rui said.

But just as he spoke.

Suddenly.

A sense of crisis surged, and he saw Zhang Xiangguang in front of him turn around. In his hand, he was holding a rusty, old-fashioned broadsword, the style indistinct.

And at that moment of turning.

The scene before Sun Rui's eyes began to shake and turn upside down.

His head was unknowingly cut off and fell from his neck.

The head hit the ground heavily with a thud, while Sun Rui's body remained standing, leaning on the cane, completely still.

"You..."

Sun Rui's eyes were wide open with anger; he wasn't dead.

Or perhaps in this place, he simply couldn't die.

"I didn't want to fight you, but why did you insist on blocking my path? I've slain managers of the Ghost Post Office before; the last one I decapitated was a woman. I didn't expect her to be weak, and you, the new one, are even weaker."

Zhang Xiangguang stepped forward holding the broadsword, his expression stern, his demeanor solemn.

"So it was you who dismembered Tian Xiaoyue?" Sun Rui understood.

"Tian Xiaoyue? I haven't heard that name for a long time. I do miss it a bit."

Zhang Xiangguang's gaze held a tinge of reminiscence, as if he was recalling past times while looking around.

In the Ghost Post Office, he also once had a thrilling experience.

"I am not your match, but I won't let you leave here easily either."

Though Sun Rui's head was on the ground, as the manager, he could still control the Ghost Post Office.

He had long prepared countermeasures for facing some dangers.

The next moment.

Several doors began to appear on the sealed-off ground floor hall walls. These doors had no room numbers, all temporarily formed, and each was open, completely dark inside, leading who knows where.

Through the darkness, one could clearly feel an aura of terrifying danger approaching.

"Zhang Xiangguang, since when did you become so verbose? What's the point of talking so much to him? Kill him, and it's over," said Chen Qiaoyang with a cold face at this moment.

"In the Ghost Post Office, managers don't die."

Zhang Xiangguang said, "It seems he wants to release the fierce ghosts in the Ghost Post Office to perish together with us. Unfortunately, this is just your wishful thinking. The ghosts here aren't enough to keep me."

Sun Rui said nothing, merely watched the group.

He knew he wasn't their match, even as a manager of the post office, he still wasn't their opponent.

But if he could trap them here, then it would be worthwhile for him.

"What happened...?"

At this time, a woman's voice sounded. He Yuelian, hearing the commotion, came out of her room.

But when He Yuelian saw Sun Rui's headless corpse in the middle of the hall, she was stunned.

"The woman from the ghost painting?"

Chen Qiaoyang was shocked by He Yuelian's appearance.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Right place, right time, the timing is just right. Come with me, I'm reclaiming your life."

He didn't seem surprised by He Yuelian's appearance here.

He Yuelian sensed something amiss and instinctively took a few steps back.

"I really don't want to use force. You're a smart person, you know the cost of resistance. Cooperate a little, and you can suffer less."

Zhang Xiangguang looked at her calmly and said.

He Yuelian's eyes flickered with fear and unease, but against such an invisible pressure, she couldn't resist.

If even Sun Rui's head was chopped off, what could she, an ordinary woman, do?

There was no way out.

He Yuelian could only walk slowly towards Zhang Xiangguang, filled with despair.

"Someone, please save me."

She wanted to call for help, but her phone wasn't on her, otherwise, she could try to contact Yang Jian through some means.

But just then.

Zhang Xiangguang's eyes moved slightly, glancing toward the second floor.

A cold female corpse had appeared there, watching them with an expression of apathetic eeriness.

"Tian Xiaoyue? Are you still trying to stop me?"

Zhang Xiangguang recognized the female corpse; it was the second manager of the post office.