

Revival 1301

Chapter 1301 - Atonement

"The matter is resolved. A group led by Zhang Xiangguang, who wielded ghosts, are all dead. The Ghost Drawing is now controlled by an ordinary person named He Yuelian, currently arranged to be under the management of Sun Rui at the Ghost Post Office in Dahan City."

At this moment, Cao Yanhua at the headquarters sighed in relief upon receiving the news, and immediately shared it with the others at the meeting table.

"Handled so quickly? Quite unexpected. Earlier news didn't seem favorable; there were reports of Ghost Drawing's uncontrollable supernatural phenomena in Dahan City," Wang Chaling sitting on the chair remarked in surprise upon hearing the news.

In his perspective, anyone daring enough to kill Gao Ming, and take away Ghost Drawing in front of so many captains, must be formidable.

Yet, the news of their defeat came so quickly.

"Eight captains joined forces, led by Yang Jian; no other team in the entire supernatural circle can match such a lineup. Their loss was justified, nothing surprising." Lin Bei chuckled, seemingly confident.

Wang Chaling said, "The outcome of supernatural clashes is inevitably fierce, and the cost paid must be considerable."

Cao Yanhua showed a heavy expression, without a hint of victorious joy, and said, "Li Jun is confirmed dead, whether he can resurrect is still unclear. Wei Jing is missing, fate unknown. Leuk San's condition has declined severely, reaching the brink of loss of control. He Yiner used the most terrifying spirit-summoning method but almost got killed..."

Upon hearing this news, Wang Chaling and Lin Bei's faces stiffened slightly.

"What a joke, eight captains teaming up resulted in such a dire outcome?" the candidate captain Wen Zhong stood up in shock and anger.

"Li Jun is dead?" Ah Hong was also surprised.

Cao Yanhua took a deep breath and said, "Thanks to Yang Jian, otherwise this operation could have ended in complete annihilation. His presence played a decisive role."

At this moment, he felt that Wang Xiaoming's controversial decision to appoint Yang Jian as Enforcement Captain was indeed correct.

If he had listened to other opinions at the headquarters and sidelined Yang Jian, choosing someone else for that role, this operation led by another would have resulted worse than this, surely not better. Yang Jian's apparent abilities were strong enough, not to mention his fondness for hiding various contingency plans.

Consideration made Cao Yanhua perspire coldly at the back.

If the action had led to the annihilation of eight captains, the headquarters would be completely doomed.

Although there are quite a few candidate captains, they are still far inferior compared to the first batch screened among many ghost wielders.

"The opponent was really that twisted? Such a team configuration resulted in such high losses," Cao Yang also showed a serious expression.

"The detailed course of events still needs to wait for Lu Zhiwen to report back, but currently, the crucial information returned is only this. Fortunately, the matter is fully concluded, even the crisis of Ghost Drawing is resolved. This counts as big fortune amidst misfortune," Cao Yanhua said.

"Bring back the human skin belonging to Li Jun. He can be resurrected," Ah Hong walked over at this point and said.

Cao Yanhua said, "I know, but Li Jun's Ghost Flame was given to Yang Jian."

"Given to Yang Jian? Why? Without the Ghost Flame, the supernatural balance will disrupt, Li Jun's resurrection will face issues. Yang Jian can't possibly not understand this," Ah Hong said in bewilderment.

"Need this question to be asked? Within the World of Ghost Drawing, Yang Jian couldn't use Ghost Domain, his abilities were greatly restricted, but Li Jun's Ghost Flame could utilize Ghost Domain. If Yang Jian wields Ghost Flame, it's akin to completely liberating his abilities, only then could the situation be reversed."

Not very noticeable, Feng Quan explained.

He attended this captain meeting as well, unfortunately couldn't be elected as the new captain.

"I see," Ah Hong nodded, understanding, and said afterward, "But in this case, a new supernatural balance must be found."

"The headquarters will worry about this matter," Cao Yanhua said seriously.

Wang Chaling added at this moment, "Given the opponent's kind of strength, some casualties are unavoidable even with captains' joint efforts. I'm curious now; an ordinary person named He Yuelian wielded Ghost Drawing, that's an S-level supernatural event. If this level of supernatural power is harnessed, this person's starting point is captain-level strength. If left unchecked, the hazard will be enormous."

"Yang Jian had contacts with her, judging from messages from others, He Yuelian is relatively friendly towards the headquarters and has clearly expressed willingness to join. If this is really her intention, the headquarters might gain a new captain," Cao Yanhua revealed happenings at the Ghost Post Office.

"An ordinary person steps up to become a top ghost wielder, sounds mystical. But ordinary people's mindset is too poor, unstable, whether controlling the supernatural or being controlled by it remains

unknown indeed. Minister, you have to be watchful, don't bring in a burden," Lin Bei touched his bald head and laughed.

"That's reasonable," Cao Yang agreed with a nod.

Ghost wielders rely not only on ghostly supernatural power but also personal qualities.

If a person's qualities are too poor, even if forcibly given supernatural power, mastering it will be tough, ultimately leading only to erosion by supernaturals, either drastic personality shifts, becoming mentally unstable, or mental collapse, ultimately resulting as revived ghost.

These aren't jokes but bloody real cases.

"Therefore, He Yuelian was arranged by Yang Jian at the Ghost Post Office, to be taught by Sun Rui for a period. During this period, Sun Rui will assess her mental state, and also let her grasp and adapt to new supernatural powers. She won't be allowed to leave the Ghost Post Office and roam until her safety is confirmed," Cao Yanhua said.

"That's good, such arrangement is fine," Lin Bei agreed.

"But since the situation escalated so seriously, why didn't Yang Jian and others ask for support beforehand? If the remaining three captains joined, the situation would have improved," Ah Hong said.

Cao Yang glanced, "Count the time; from Yang Jian's departure until now, it hasn't been long. Supernatural conflicts are fierce; by the time we supported, the matter would end, plus the Ghost Domain of Ghost Drawing had already enveloped Dahan City, requiring considerable effort to find Yang Jian, support was simply impossible."

Wang Chaling didn't speak, just silently removed his glasses, looking left and right.

He could actually support but doing so would reveal too much information.

"Alright, now this matter is concluded. Aftermath will be handled by the headquarters, progress can be checked in the archival material," Cao Yanhua said, discontinuing further discussion on the matter.

The reason he was eager to disclose was to stabilize morale.

Despite substantial costs, victory was achieved, proving the establishment of Enforcement Captain is indeed necessary. If not for Yang Jian leading, headquarters' recruitment alone couldn't have involved these captains so quickly.

"Since the matter is settled, the aftermath shouldn't need us anymore. I want to know if I can return to Dadong City tonight," Wang Chaling said at this point.

"Captain meeting isn't over, and you're eager to leave?" Cao Yang looked at him.

Wang Chaling replied, "Wasting too much time here isn't good; I still have lots of unresolved issues. This visit was due to Yang Jian's favor, and after such events, the captain meeting is effectively over. They don't have the time to continue attending."

"If any important matter requires my presence later, I'll come to the headquarters."

Facing this explanation, Cao Yanhua couldn't refute and said, "If nothing happens today, you can return to Dadong City, keeping so many captains here indeed isn't optimal."

"Thank you, Minister Cao, for understanding," Wang Chaling smiled slightly.

"However, I hope you'll attend the next captain meeting promptly," Cao Yanhua continued.

"Of course," Wang Chaling agreed.

And at the same time.

After taking down Chen Qiaoyang, Yang Jian did not return to the Ghost Post Office. He had arranged everything else and believed no major incident would occur. So, he took the opportunity to find a safe place to sleep.

He entered the world of dreams.

It was still the familiar silent village.

The entire world seemed to have only him.

However, Yang Jian found Wang Han, who was still trapped in a nightmare, inside one of the houses.

At this moment, Wang Han was covered in blood, lying on the ground with weak breathing. In the dream world, he was bitten by the Evil Hound, and his injuries were severe. Although he had urgently treated himself, he wouldn't last long at this rate and would still die here.

"Zhang Xiangguang is dead, your Peach Blossom Fountain plan has failed." Yang Jian walked into the house and opened with this statement.

Lying in a pool of blood with his eyes closed, Wang Han forced his muddled consciousness to open his eyes. Upon hearing this news, a trace of doubt appeared in his eyes.

"Failed?" He closed his eyes again, a pillar of belief in his heart had collapsed.

Yang Jian said, "I've also found your body, but I don't really want to kill you because enough people have died today. So, I'm planning to let you leave here."

"This doesn't seem like your style." Wang Han's breathing was somewhat unstable as he replied.

"After all, you haven't caused any trouble. I'm still willing to give you a chance, but only once. I hope you cherish this opportunity. If I hear about you causing trouble again, you'll end up back here." With that, Yang Jian turned and left.

Wang Han struggled to sit up, watching Yang Jian's departure, still somewhat incredulous.

Could it be that Yang Jian really wasn't going to kill him, was going to let him go?

Was it because Zhang Xiangguang's plan failed and he no longer posed any threat? Or did Yang Jian have a sudden change of heart?

With these thoughts, his body gradually blurred, and he disappeared from the world of dreams.

Upon exiting the dream, the real Wang Han opened his eyes and regained consciousness.

After sending off Wang Han, Yang Jian did not idle. He continued to roam the world of dreams, heading towards the direction outside the village.

Not far from the village, there was an old private school.

A small path connected the village and the private school.

Yang Jian walked along this path and once again pushed open the doors of the private school.

Inside the spacious private school.

Zhang Xiangguang was like a wooden post, fixed in place without moving. He couldn't escape the grip of the Evil Hound and was trapped here, but he was still alive.

"It seems the real me has failed."

Zhang Xiangguang couldn't move, but he could still speak.

The appearance of Yang Jian at this moment brought him a very bad signal.

This meant that their action had failed.

If it had succeeded, Yang Jian simply couldn't appear here so quickly.

"The version of you inside the post office is dead, and all your teammates are dead as well. However, I spared Wang Han. He's not a threat and hasn't caused any trouble. I'm willing to give him a chance," Yang Jian said.

"So, you're here to clean up the mess?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

Yang Jian replied, "That's an idea, but I haven't made up my mind yet."

"In the world of dreams, have you become soft-hearted?" Zhang Xiangguang glanced at him and said.

"It's not for that reason, but it's impossible for your Peach Blossom Fountain to succeed. All the supernatural power is being controlled by He Yuelian, and she is very opposed to your plan. You have no chance left, and I want to know what you plan to do next after your plan can't succeed," Yang Jian said.

"I have no plans. I've dedicated my whole life to this and exist for it. If the plan fails, there's no need for my existence," Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Jian said, "I understand. Then you'll remain here forever."

"Aren't you worried if you don't kill me?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

"I killed Chen Qiaoyang and learned some things, but some I haven't figured out. You're the only one who knows the truth, and I'm planning to keep you for a while to consult on some matters," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangguang's eyes flickered slightly, "Are you sure I'll tell you?"

"You probably will. After all, protecting those secrets serves you no purpose," Yang Jian pondered for a moment and said, "If you don't, you'll lose your value to me, and then I'll have to make you disappear."

"Interesting, but you'd better kill me. Otherwise, be careful I don't escape," Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Jian replied, "You can't escape. If you had the skill for that, I would have died at your hands a long time ago."

Zhang Xiangguang's consciousness was in the world of the Ghost Dream, and his body was in the Ghost Lake.

In this situation, escape was nothing short of a pipe dream.

"Some things are unpredictable," Zhang Xiangguang said.

"Stop with the tough talk. You just want to die, but after causing such a mess, I won't kill you so easily. You must atone," Yang Jian said coldly, not believing Zhang Xiangguang's words.

At least, he was confident in his methods for dealing with Zhang Xiangguang.

"I came this time to give you a heads up, have some mental preparation, and think about it yourself. I'm leaving now."

Yang Jian didn't say more and turned to leave the private school.

Zhang Xiangguang watched Yang Jian leave, his body still unable to move, his eyes flickering as he contemplated, "Atonement, huh?"

Chapter 1302 - The Dimly Lit Herbal Medicine Shop

After Yang Jian exited the dream world, he thought for a moment and didn't return to the Ghost Post Office or Dachang City, but instead rushed to a special place in his memory.

Because that place is associated not only with Chen Qiaoyang but also with Zhang Xiangguang.

These ghost handlers from the previous generation are all linked to the same location, and Yang Jian feels he needs to investigate it.

Soon after.

Yang Jian arrived at Zhong Jiang City, not far from Dahan City. This city is rather unremarkable, just a very ordinary city, so ordinary that even the headquarters' files never mention it. Because the city has neither a responsible person nor any supernatural incidents, it has been subconsciously ignored by many people.

However, on a street in the old district of Zhong Jiang City, there sits an ancient pharmacy. This pharmacy has existed for ages, seemingly since the day this street came into being. Its presence is a childhood memory for many of the elderly residents.

As if without this pharmacy, the entire street would lose its meaning.

At this moment.

At the street entrance, a young man with a pale face, an icy demeanor, and sharp eyes abruptly stands there. His presence is at odds with the surroundings, but he does not attract the attention of passersby, being subconsciously ignored.

"This is the place. An ancient pharmacy that can cure supernatural resurgence. Earlier, ghost handlers from the fifth floor of the Ghost Post Office were also connected here." Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he looked down the street.

The old street is at odds with the nearby modern skyscrapers, and the indented bluestone bricks, worn smooth by time, witness the city's development.

The old pharmacy is situated in the best position in the middle of the street.

Everything is old, but the pharmacy's sign is new, as if it was replaced recently.

"This place seems about to be demolished." Yang Jian glanced around.

Many parts of the old district have already been torn down. At this rate, in less than five years, this last piece of the old district will be demolished too, and then this street will disappear along with the city's transformation, all the truths and stories will be buried.

That's the power of time, an unstoppable force, impossible to resist.

Yang Jian's arrival is a little late, but not too late. After all, this pharmacy still stands, not yet vanished.

Stepping on the cool bluestone bricks, he walked into the old street.

Although this old street has undergone multiple renovations, anyone can tell that it has reached the end of its lifespan; it is now merely making its final flourish.

Most of the street sides are traditional old-style snack stalls, along with a few incongruous milk tea shops.

There aren't many pedestrians on the street, and those who occasionally pass by are mostly elderly people living nearby.

These elders have lived here since childhood, and even when there's nothing to do, they will wander along this street.

Although few visit the pharmacy for business, those who occasionally pass by will glance at it.

But the pharmacy is gloomy, dim, without lights, relying solely on daylight pouring in. Now it's afternoon, and the sunlight is insufficient, so the pharmacy feels particularly eerie. Even children playing nearby instinctively avoid the place, unwilling to enter.

Yang Jian, who has long dealt with the supernatural, can tell at a glance that this pharmacy has a paranormal aura.

Ordinary people do not know this, only feeling that the pharmacy is dark and cold.

In fact, this is the influence of the supernatural.

Yang Jian stood at the pharmacy's entrance, looking inside. An invisible force blocked him, preventing him from clearly seeing everything within, allowing him only to make out some outlines.

"Not willing to be investigated, huh? But I don't indulge such places."

Yang Jian's eyes chilled, and he opened his ghost eye without hesitation.

Instantly.

The dim pharmacy was immediately illuminated by a beam of light, erasing all darkness, while several oil lamps and candles inside were uniformly lit. However, the flames dancing on them were not ordinary but a faint green Ghost Flame.

"Young man, take it easy, don't burn down my pharmacy."

At this moment, a voice sounded, and an old man looking like an old doctor, supporting himself on a cane, slowly emerged from the pharmacy's back.

This old man was accompanied by a woman in her thirties, a full-figured, extraordinarily graceful beauty, but due to prolonged lack of sunlight, her skin was overly pale, and her demeanor notably chilly.

Yang Jian stared at the old man, discovering that he was wearing sunglasses, his eyes were blind, his face spotted with senile plaques, and his body extraordinarily emaciated, emanating a pervasively dead aura, with a faint smell of corpse decay barely overridden by a stronger smell of traditional medicine, unnoticed by anyone not careful.

"The fact that you can still live with such a body is quite incredible. By rights, you should have been buried."

"My eyes see no light, not even at death can they rest easy, I only make do." The old man slowly said.

"I am Yang Jian, the Enforcement Captain from the headquarters, and the person responsible for Dachang City. I've come here today because I stole the memories of several unruly ghost handlers and learned of this place's existence. But you have supernatural protection here that prevents inquiries, so I personally made the trip."

Yang Jian spoke up, stating his identity and purpose.

"Enforcement Captain? That's a big title. Are you here to flaunt authority or to levy accusations?"

Nearby, the woman in her thirties lightly laughed, somewhat mockingly.

Yang Jian's eyes chilled, and he fixed his gaze on her: "You should know that today I came alone, if I were here to levy accusations, I certainly wouldn't come alone. And who are you to speak here? If this were outside, someone like you, neither human nor ghost and unclear in status, would have been trampled underfoot by me at the first moment."

"Every person who has come here seeking medication was respectful and humble, you're the most arrogant one I've seen, it's truly annoying." The woman frowned.

Yang Jian didn't respond to her but looked at the old man: "If you die, she won't last long either, no wonder you have to make do, people with such little discernment will soon be killed."

The old man's mouth moved slightly, surprisingly laughing, although he didn't make a sound. His old face's wrinkled skin stretched, appearing especially eerie and sinister.

"You have quite a temper and quite the skills too, You're impressive." After silently laughing for a while, he evaluated Yang Jian.

The mature woman at his side immediately showed slight change in expression, looking at Yang Jian with some surprise and doubt.

"He's right, Xiao Ru, don't underestimate him because of his youth. He is the most formidable person to walk into this pharmacy in recent years, and his title as Enforcement Captain is well-deserved. Unless something unexpected happens, he is destined to be the leader of this era, treat him with respect, go prepare some hot tea."

The old man then waved, indicating to the woman.

The woman named Xiao Ru's face immediately changed slightly. She took a deep look at Yang Jian, her gaze lingering momentarily on the golden eye on his forehead, then responded and turned to leave.

"Sit down." The old man subsequently took a seat in the chair, motioning to Yang Jian.

The black Taishi Chair, with armrests as if glazed with age, smooth and shiny.

Yang Jian eyed this Taishi Chair: "I've seen such a chair in an old mansion, at this very position, but at that time it was occupied by not a person, but an old corpse, which I later helped lay to rest."

"Is that so? Then I must thank you for laying him to rest." The old man remarked with emotion.

"You indeed knew that old corpse." Yang Jian's eyes flickered.

Seeing such a chair, he understood.

This guy had ties to the old corpse in that mansion.

"I was friends with that person." The cane holding blind old man did not hide this, but slowly revealed.

"A truly unexpected gain." Yang Jian's eyes flashed.

The old man before him is indeed a living ghost handler from the Republic of China Period, and a top-tier one at that, actually acquainted with the ancient mansion's old corpse.

It should be noted that the last among those Republic of China Period ghost handlers was Old Qin, who couldn't resist dying, yet this person here is still alive.

Thus, the present person's age must be at least one hundred twenty or even older.

To survive to such an extent while maintaining consciousness, not being eroded by the paranormal, is obviously extraordinary.

"It seems you didn't come for medicine but with questions. Luckily you came in time, if you were any later, I'm afraid you'd only find my coffin."

The old man looked towards Yang Jian, though he was blind, it is uncertain if he could truly see Yang Jian's appearance.

Chapter 1303 - Questions and Answers

Soon.

The mature woman named Xiao Ru brought a pot of hot tea and poured a cup each for Yang Jian and the elderly man from the nearby herbal medicine shop. Although she had some prejudice against Yang Jian, she still performed the necessary courtesies and couldn't possibly ignore hospitality altogether.

After pouring the tea, Xiao Ru did not leave but stood by and listened quietly.

Her gaze remained fixed on Yang Jian, seemingly studying him carefully.

"I have met a few ghost practitioners from the Republic of China Period, the first manager of the Ghost Post Office, the tall male corpse at the Caesar Hotel, the embalming old man in the ancient house, the old lady carrying a vegetable basket in Dachuan City... But most of them are already dead, and a few others have just recently passed away. The only one still alive is Sister Hong, who died and was resurrected. She replaced a ghost practitioner named Leuk Qingqing and has regained consciousness."

"And you, strictly speaking, are the only person who has lived from that era to now."

Yang Jian looked at the steaming cup of tea, then slowly began to speak.

The elderly man with sunglasses, who looked lifeless, slightly moved his aged face and squeezed out a smile: "It seems you have experienced quite a lot, encountering things you shouldn't have. Surviving is indeed not easy. I know those people you mentioned. The manager of the Ghost Post Office was Luo Wensong, the male corpse at the Caesar Hotel was named Li Qingzhi in life, the one in the ancient house was called Zhang Dong, the one in Dachuan City was Meng Xiaodong, and the Sister Hong you refer to was originally Zhang Youhong. But you missed one; there should be another, a gravekeeper named Luo Qian."

"That era belonged to them, but time is unforgiving. Even the most elite figures are eventually consumed by terrifying supernatural events, falling one by one like autumn leaves."

"Six people? But that ghostly place has seven graves. Is the remaining one you?" Yang Jian asked.

The blind old man continued: "You could say that, but in reality, everyone has their own aspirations. They have things they needed to do, just as I have mine. So, I left the supernatural realm and came here to run a herbal medicine shop. I care more about cultivating the next generation than dealing with supernatural events."

"Supernatural incidents are endless and unsolvable. Every previous path was wrong, only addressing symptoms and not the root cause. Perhaps the next generation can carve out a different path, so I've been waiting, hoping to see a glimmer of hope in my lifetime, which would make it all worthwhile."

He sighed as he spoke, but inside him was a strong determination.

This determination sustained the almost decaying body of the old man.

Yet, even so, his limit is nearing, and such a body cannot continue to survive.

"If we could find the source of the supernatural events, maybe some things could change," Yang Jian said, staring at him.

"The source of the supernatural events? Young man, if you're here seeking answers to that question, I'm afraid you'll leave empty-handed. I also want to know that answer, but unfortunately, no one could provide it. Answers can only be found within the supernatural realm, and while some have found theirs, they each have different conclusions."

The elderly man's face once again showed a slight smile, a bit self-deprecating.

"Different answers? Can you tell me about them?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

"Some people think that our world inherently has ghosts, and the real supernatural events are hidden in various folk tales. Just as you young people thought there were no ghosts before you encountered supernatural events, you viewed them merely as stories."

The elderly man spoke slowly.

"Others feel there is something wrong with the place we live."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly: "There's something wrong with the place we live? What do you mean?"

The elderly man continued: "You should have taken that ghost bus."

"Yes, I've ridden that supernatural bus twice," Yang Jian said.

"That bus can take you to various unknown supernatural places. Those places cannot be found in the real world, yet they exist. So some speculate that maybe it's our own world that's the supernatural realm, and the vengeful spirits are simply returning to their rightful place. Their supernatural realm may be the real world of the living."

The elderly man articulated a hypothesis that was utterly astonishing.

His words left Yang Jian momentarily stunned.

Our reality is an eerie realm?

"But aside from these two, there is a third hypothesis."

The elderly man, seeing Yang Jian's pondering, continued speaking.

Yang Jian immediately set aside his thoughts, listening attentively.

Compared to Sister Hong, this elderly man was more willing to share the truths and experiences he knew without any intention of withholding information.

"The third hypothesis is that perhaps our world is not a normal one. There are issues with it, like in stories where there is a human realm and a hell. We always believed we live in the human realm when in fact, perhaps we are in hell itself, where vengeful spirits naturally exist. It's not that there are ghosts in the world, but perhaps there shouldn't have been living people in this world at all," the elderly man remarked.

"A human realm like prison?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted, showing signs of disbelief.

Such thoughts on the source of the supernatural from the previous generation of ghost practitioners were indeed unexpected.

The blind old man shook his head again and said, "Actually, it doesn't matter which speculation is correct. What matters is how to survive in this supernatural world, how to blaze a never-before-traveled path on the road of taming ghosts. Even if only one person succeeds on this path, it will signify the end of supernatural events."

"Hope is sometimes really important. Although my eyes are blind, my mind is clear, and I can still see things clearly."

This old man appeared lifeless, yet when he mentioned the word "hope," a burst of vitality surged through him.

He was desperate to see that glimmer of hope appear, so much so that he could die peacefully afterward.

"There are just a few paths to taming ghosts: balance, shutdown, curse, anomaly... but each path has its flaws."

Yang Jian stared at the old man and said, "If someone like you from the Republic of China Period, who tames ghosts, is not considered successful, then the modern young ghost tamers who haven't even solved the problem of ghost resurrection have even less chance of success."

"No, you're wrong. The road for our generation has come to an end, and there's no possibility of moving forward. Even if you succeed by learning from us, you'll only be like the top batch of people who barely drag on for a century. For ghosts that can't be killed, this time is too short, only enough to barely maintain peace, unable to go further."

The old man said this as he picked up the steaming teacup beside him and took a sip: "So, what we need isn't successors; we need pioneers. In the collision of each supernatural event, we seek some unforeseeable special transformation, nurturing the strongest and most unique ghost tamer of an era. One who doesn't need to worry about ghost resurrection or be constrained by the lifespan of their body, and is even less worried about their mind being eroded by the supernatural."

"That's why you don't interfere with later ghost tamers and don't leave methods for taming ghosts but hope this generation explores instead, thereby creating some exceptions."

Yang Jian said, with fewer doubts in his heart.

It now seems that Wang Xiaoming's idea was correct.

Dwelling on the past has no meaning; instead, it keeps you trapped in it, unable to forge a new path forward.

"If your generation doesn't produce an exception, then when you age and are close to death, I believe you'll do the same as us. Even if you solve the supernatural events, the supernatural will still resurrect in a few decades," the old man said.

"Like a cycle, continuously repeating the same tragic events, causing the deaths of batch after batch of innocent people."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian also fell silent.

The old man wasn't wrong; if a special ghost tamer can't appear, then the captains of the headquarters are merely makeshift fixes, no different from the previous generation. The final result is still failure.

"Young man, there are some things you know too early, which isn't necessarily good for you. Learning about this world's despair in advance can easily destroy a person's will," the old man sighed again.

Yang Jian turned and said, "I'm not that fragile, and knowing some things early is, after all, beneficial. But what I'd like to know is why your traditional medicine shop helps those ghost tamers solve the problem of ghost resurrection. You must be aware that because of you, many ghost tamers have wreaked havoc outside, causing great destruction."

"Ghost resurrection is a disease, and diseases need treatment. I only care about saving people; the rest is not my concern. Whatever they do outside, no matter how big the disturbance they cause, has nothing to do with me. I only hope they can live a little longer, and only by living long enough can there be a greater probability of nurturing that hope."

The old man expressed his stance, stating that saving people wasn't out of any other intention, merely helping ghost tamers indiscriminately.

"I don't solve ghost resurrection; I only delay it. Their ability to survive is more an outcome of their own efforts," the old man added.

"I roughly understand what you mean. You want ghost tamers to live a bit longer when faced with ghost resurrection so that they can burst out with all their energy within that limited time, thus giving birth to that hope you mentioned," Yang Jian nodded.

"Unfortunately, I haven't seen this hope appear in my whole life," the old man shook his head, looking very disappointed.

Seeing this, Yang Jian asked a few other questions.

This old man truly held nothing back, sincerely sharing all he knew, resolving many of Yang Jian's doubts.

"What kind of method can extend the time of ghost resurrection? If you don't mind, could you share a little?" Yang Jian then asked.

"Yang Jian, you've asked too many questions today; there are some questions we don't want to answer." At this time, the mature woman named Xiao Ru beside interrupted, trying to stop him.

However, the old man waved his hand, indicating he didn't mind: "To others, perhaps I wouldn't say so much, but to you, I'm willing to honestly tell you everything I know, because you are the future."

He gestured to Xiao Ru as he spoke.

Xiao Ru's eyes shifted; she glanced at Yang Jian and finally turned to a nearby box of medicinal herbs, taking out a small yellow paper packet, which looked like a packet of herbs at first glance.

Yet Yang Jian felt a strong supernatural aura emanating from it.

"This is a special traditional medicine."

The old man said, "Currently, in the supernatural circle, I am the only one who can make it. If you want to know how to delay the problem of ghost resurrection, you can personally try drinking a dose of the medicine. Only by experiencing it yourself will you truly understand."

Looking at that small packet of special medicine, Yang Jian didn't have the confidence to consume it since who knows what might be inside.

"Coward, this is good stuff that can save lives, and yet you disdain it. In the past, ghost tamers would fight at the door for a packet like this," Xiao Ru sneered sarcastically, then put the packet away again.

Yang Jian gave her a cold glare: "I have my way to solve the problem of ghost resurrection. Honestly, I don't trust your packet of medicine."

Chapter 1304 - Leaving the Apothecary

Yang Jian couldn't trust such a bizarre packet of traditional Chinese medicine.

Although the old man in front of him said this stuff could extend the resurgence time of a vengeful ghost, most things involving the supernatural come at a cost. This packet of medicine might be life-saving for someone facing the resurgence of a ghost, but for Yang Jian, it could be poison; after all, he is not like ordinary ghost handlers.

This mature woman named Xiao Ru might be used to seeing ghost handlers coming in meekly and humbly asking for medicine, so naturally, she was very averse and even disgusted by a ghost handler like Yang Jian, who came in wanting to set fire to the shop with a lawless demeanor.

But the old man in the pharmacy did not dislike Yang Jian.

Because over the years, Yang Jian was the youngest and most outstanding ghost handler he had ever seen, with no equal. He once helped some promising young people, but unfortunately, they didn't achieve the expected accomplishments.

If this person in front of him doesn't die unexpectedly, his lowest achievement in the future would be at the level of his current generation.

"Perhaps you won't need this kind of medicine, but it's always a good thing to have it," the old man said.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and agreed, "What price do I have to pay?"

The old man said, "You don't need to pay anything, just consider it a gift from an elder to a junior."

Xiao Ru didn't speak, but handed the packet of medicine to Yang Jian.

The old man added, "Xiao Ru, get two more packets; one is too few."

Xiao Ru was a bit surprised, but she didn't say anything, just nodded, turned around, and fetched two more packets.

"Take them." She looked at Yang Jian and said.

Yang Jian didn't stand on ceremony with the three packets of medicine. He said directly, "Maybe my friends could use this stuff, but thank you for your kindness anyway."

"It's no big deal. Anyway, I don't have long to live. Meeting you at the end of my life is a fortune; at least there is someone to carry on in this generation. The future may be cruel, but it's not hopeless," the old man sighed.

"If a person like you dies, it will cause a horrifying supernatural incident. I hope you're prepared," Yang Jian said seriously.

The old man laughed, "I've prepared a coffin and found a suitable burial place; there will be no trouble. Xiao Ru will take care of my affairs. After I die, this traditional medicine shop will disappear, and all traces will be erased to avoid causing unnecessary trouble for the next generation."

"That's good." Yang Jian added, "I've seen coffins that can bury ghost handlers. Did you buy it at the Coffin Shop in Taiping Ancient Town?"

"Indeed, you have experienced a lot, even visited Ghost Street in Taiping Ancient Town."

The old man was not surprised but nodded: "The coffins there can lock down the supernatural, best suited to handle last affairs. Just a bit expensive and hard to afford. If you have the chance, you should also prepare a few early. After all, Ghost Street in Taiping Ancient Town is also declining. How long the Coffin Shop can operate is unknown."

"A coffin costs eighteen pieces of ghost money, and it's hard to find ghost money in the supernatural circle now," Yang Jian said.

"After all, the bank collapsed very early, ghost money circulation decreased, indeed hard to find. If it doesn't work out, you can only rob the Coffin Shop," the old man chuckled, giving Yang Jian another idea.

Yang Jian nodded, finding it reasonable.

If ghost money cannot be found, trade can't be done, so go rob it.

As long as one's own strength is strong enough, the supernatural in the Coffin Shop would not be a problem for him. He doesn't believe the owner of the Coffin Shop is still alive.

The old man suddenly said, "What do you think of my apprentice?"

"Not much, same as before, can't see the situation, easy to die," Yang Jian glanced over and said.

"You...." The woman named Xiao Ru immediately felt upset.

"After all, she has stayed by my side for too long, hasn't experienced the harsh supernatural, has a high spirit, is normal to be impulsive. But if you don't mind, I will let this apprentice follow you, you can hone her, maybe in the future she can be your helper."

The old man actually said this.

Obviously, he was seeking a way out for this woman named Xiao Ru.

Yang Jian's expression moved slightly.

However, that woman named Xiao Ru seriously said, "Master, he does not meet my criteria, following him must be a wrong decision."

"What do you know, I've seen countless people, many promising young ones, he is the most special one, follow him, and you might witness the future, follow others and you'll die in a supernatural event sooner or later, won't live long, sometimes when judging a person, don't just listen to what he says, look at what he does," the old man gently shook his head.

Yang Jian directly said, "Everyone has their own ambitions, you should not force it. But today you gave me three packets of medicine and answered some of my questions. After you die, if I have the chance, I will look after your apprentice a bit, as a repayment for your kindness."

"That's all one can hope for," the old man sighed again, apparently disappointed with Xiao Ru's choice.

The young one named Yang Jian is right; Xiao Ru's perception and ambition are too high, unsuited for surviving in the supernatural circle. If she finds the right person, she might have a better future, follow the wrong one, or venture on her own, she won't live long, will die quickly.

The old man didn't persuade much, after all, he was used to seeing death.

"Alright, I've got the answers to my questions this trip, it's time to leave. I will make sure no one disturbs this traditional medicine shop, you can continue till the moment of your death. If there's a chance, I'll come back and visit, I hope you won't refuse," Yang Jian said as he stood up.

The old man smiled, "I hope you come back while I'm still alive. But I should manage for another year or two."

"That's good, see you next time then."

After saying this, Yang Jian turned to leave, but when he reached the door, he said, "By the way, Zhang Xiangguang and the group including Chen Qiaoyang, who used to come here often, are dead. I killed them."

After saying this, Yang Jian disappeared at the door.

"Impossible, how could he kill Zhang Xiangguang?"

Xiao Ru was shocked; she knew Zhang Xiangguang and was very aware of Zhang Xiangguang's strength.

Perhaps in the eyes of the older generation, Zhang Xiangguang was not top-notch, but in the current supernatural circle, Zhang Xiangguang was definitely the first.

"Zhang Xiangguang is dead? That's truly terrible news."

The old man's face twitched as he recalled the time when he met Zhang Xiangguang.

Also a very promising young man, like today when he first met Yang Jian.

Unexpectedly, he wasn't dead yet, but Zhang Xiangguang already was.

Beside him, Xiao Ru's expression was volatile; from her master's expression and tone, it was clear the young man named Yang Jian was not lying.

What's happened to this era?

A ghost handler who looked around twenty could take down Zhang Xiangguang? You should know Zhang Xiangguang was no small fry, previously top-notch in the supernatural circle.

"No wonder so arrogant, with such strength indeed has the capital to be arrogant," Xiao Ru thought to herself, feeling she had underestimated this man before.

If she truly met this guy outside, she believed she would be killed by him.

After leaving the traditional medicine shop, Yang Jian did not rush to leave but left traces of Ghost Lake's water in a remote part of the city, knowing he would return soon, as long as the old man was alive; this place would be very important.

After all, it's rare to find an old man willing to answer questions and solve your doubts.

And through this conversation, Yang Jian also understood why Zhang Xiangguang wanted to carry out the Peach Blossom Fountain Plan.

The three speculations the old man mentioned all had one thing in common: there was a problem with this world.

Zhang Xiangguang's Peach Blossom Fountain Plan was to construct a world without problems; even a supernatural world was better than a life in this uncertain world where one could be swallowed by the supernatural at any moment.

At least the supernatural in ghost paintings is controllable.

But the top ghost handlers of the Republic of China Period apparently did not choose this path but wanted to completely end the supernatural. To achieve this, a different path for ghost handlers had to be found.

This path does not exist and needs to be created.

As such, they placed their hopes on the uncertainties generated by the collision between supernatural events rather than driving the supernatural in an orderly manner.

After all, as long as there is a chance for survival, ghost handlers will not take risks, only thinking of living precariously. Only when the problem of ghost resurgence is unsolved will ghost handlers keep seeking breakthroughs.

"To both harness the supernatural and possess the power of ghosts, yet not be consumed by the supernatural and live long, is indeed very difficult. If there's really someone in the supernatural circle who can do it, then over time, the supernatural will surely end, at least a correct path will be left to guide all ghost handlers forward." Yang Jian thought silently.

With these thoughts clarified, Yang Jian left the city.

Chapter 1305 - The Vanished Supernatural Conflict

Leaving the traditional Chinese medicine shop, Yang Jian checked the time—it was already evening.

Too many things had happened today, from the headquarters meeting, to Zhang Xiangguang's ghost painting plan, and then the conversation with the elderly man from the Republic of China era. He had been busy all day and decided to return to Dachang City for some sleep.

The major issues had been dealt with, and he had no mind for the remaining trivial matters.

As for the still unfinished headquarters meeting, Yang Jian felt there was no need to continue it.

After all, most of the captains were busy with their own issues.

At Guanjiang Residential Complex, in a five-story villa with its lights on, there was an indoor swimming pool on the third floor. The water in this pool was cold and deep, as if connected to an unknown abyss.

Soon.

In the clear pool water, a human figure emerged, accompanied by the sound of splashing water, as Yang Jian slowly walked out of the pool.

Water splattered everywhere, but soon the water flowed back into the pool, converging at one point, and the rippling pool quickly returned to its previously still state.

This swimming pool was no longer just an ordinary pool but a small Ghost Lake.

If an ordinary person fell in, they would immediately sink to the bottom and never come up again.

Not to mention that there were many eerie corpses floating and drifting in the pool.

"Putting the Ghost Lake at home is not a good choice. Although I've managed to control part of it, there's no guarantee that nothing unexpected will happen."

Yang Jian glanced at it and decided to find some time to relocate the Ghost Lake elsewhere. At the very least, it couldn't stay at home anymore.

The third floor's door was locked to prevent anyone from accidentally entering.

However, this didn't affect Yang Jian; he headed to the first-floor living room.

The living room was brilliantly lit, and even though many areas didn't need light, all the lights were turned on.

Clearly, this was Jiang Yan's habit.

She had post-traumatic symptoms from supernatural incidents, habitually turning on all the lights at night, fearing something eerie might appear in the darkness. Although this seemed a bit wasteful, at times, this practice was useful.

Because supernatural occurrences would inevitably affect the surrounding environment, and the circuits could be disrupted.

So, typically, light serves as a good warning.

At this moment.

Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin were sitting on the sofa, watching TV and playing on their phones, completely unaware of Yang Jian's arrival.

"You two are still as leisurely as ever. I really envy you."

Yang Jian stood at the staircase entrance, observing for a while before speaking slowly.

The two were startled and immediately looked towards the direction of the voice.

"Yang Jian."

"President Yang."

The two of them showed a bit of joy, knowing that seeing Yang Jian return safely meant that the business trip wasn't too dangerous. Otherwise, things at Shangtong Tower wouldn't be so calm.

"Come upstairs with me; record today's file data. We need to go early to the company tomorrow."

Yang Jian spoke expressionlessly and then turned to walk up the stairs.

"Wait for me."

Jiang Yan giggled and followed, holding Yang Jian's hand, still showing such intimacy.

Soon.

In Yang Jian's room, he recounted everything that had happened today, in detail and truthfully.

Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan both took responsibility for recording.

"It wasn't a supernatural event?" As the events were being recorded, Jiang Yan was somewhat surprised.

She thought this time would be another supernatural incident to handle, but it turned out to be attending a headquarters meeting and having a fight.

But as the events reached Zhang Xiangguang's Peach Blossom Fountain plan, both Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin showed looks of shock.

It was surprising that there were such crazy people in the supernatural circle, wanting to pull everyone in the city into the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting world.

Luckily, it failed.

Otherwise, even staying in Dachang City wouldn't be safe; eventually, they'd also end up in the world of ghost painting.

As for the ghost painting issue, both of them were well aware, as the ghost painting incident was also recorded in the notebook, and Li Yang escaped alive from the ghost painting world.

"We almost met our end today."

Jiang Yan exchanged glances with Zhang Liqin beside her, and they could see the panic and unease in each other's eyes.

"Sometimes knowing the truth isn't a good thing. The more you know, the more you understand the despair of this world, which is why supernatural incidents need to be covered up. Even if the means of covering up are crude, as long as they fool most ordinary people, that's enough. Otherwise, the world would fall into chaos."

Yang Jian slowly spoke.

"Is He Yuelian really that beautiful?" Jiang Yan commented with a strange look, reading the description on the notebook.

Yang Jian nodded: "Very beautiful, flawless. But nothing in this world is flawless, especially not people. The more perfect something is, the more terrifying it can be. She is stunning at first glance, but upon closer inspection, she seems eerie. He Yuelian is a product of the supernatural, and now she has mastered incredible supernatural powers, making her very dangerous."

"I really didn't expect that such people exist in this world." Zhang Liqin softly sighed.

"After the records are done, put the notebook away, as per usual. Keep these matters confidential. Of course, feel free to spread them if you like, but you'll be responsible for any danger that comes."

"I'd never talk about it everywhere," Jiang Yan declared with confidence.

She's timid but not foolish; saying such confidential matters would be courting death.

Zhang Liqin also wasn't someone who lacked sense; otherwise, she wouldn't have survived until now. The supernatural files she knew in her head would never be disclosed.

"Alright, it's getting late; you should go rest."

"No, I'm sleeping here tonight."

Jiang Yan blinked, refusing outright.

"What about you?" Yang Jian looked at Zhang Liqin beside him.

"Huh?"

Zhang Liqin was taken aback, then smoothed her hair, her gaze flickering as she whispered softly: "It's already late outside; going back alone feels a bit..."

Silence filled the room for a moment.

"Doesn't matter, as long as you don't disturb me."

Yang Jian maintained a blank expression as he spoke; both his body and mind were cold, devoid of a living person's warmth. Even with the most beautiful woman beside him, he had no thoughts whatsoever.

Soon.

Yang Jian slept alone, entering into a dream.

Only in dreams could he feel emotions change, live as a normal person.

So, dreaming was his best form of rest and his way of maintaining humanity.

Otherwise, keeping the mindset of a ghost master for too long could lead to distorted personality.

"Already asleep so fast?"

Jiang Yan, however, widened her eyes, waving her hand before Yang Jian's face. He was immobile like a corpse, with even his body feeling cold.

"Get some rest early, you have work tomorrow," Zhang Liqin smiled and curled up next to him to sleep.

Although nothing happened tonight, at least she could get a restful sleep.

The next day, Yang Jian awoke from a night of dreams.

In the dream.

He was walking the dog, strolling, and chatted with Zhang Xiangguang for a while, though the conversation was minor. The main purpose was to see if the guy had managed to escape from the dream world.

The result was obvious.

Zhang Xiangguang remained motionless in that private school.

"This guy is indeed trying to scare me, wanting me to kill him," Yang Jian was completely convinced of Zhang Xiangguang's intentions.

But the more this was the case, the more he had to keep him around.

Maybe he'll be useful in the future.

Upon awakening, Yang Jian didn't have much to do, so he drove around Dachang City early.

Compared to before, the city's vitality seemed to have increased recently, regaining some of its bustling and lively atmosphere.

It seems that as long as the city is stable, the influence of supernatural events will gradually fade, leaving no trace behind.

"Everything is normal, no problems."

After driving around Dachang City, Yang Jian returned to Shangtong Tower.

As soon as he got out of the car.

His appearance caught the attention of many people near the tower.

Yang Jian was used to it; he walked into the company with Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin.

"Good morning, Jian-kun."

At the front desk, a sweet-looking girl bowed and greeted Yang Jian warmly with a hint of delight.

"Keiko?"

Seeing this girl, Yang Jian remembered he had arranged for Keiko to work at the front desk.

Although it's somewhat underutilizing her talents, this was the best choice for Keiko. Otherwise, she could never escape the influence of the Exorcism Club in Japan.

"Are you getting used to working here?" Yang Jian asked.

Keiko replied happily, "With Jian-kun's support, I feel very free here. Not only can I earn a high salary, but I also have a spacious and safe residence. Keiko plans to bring her family to immigrate and settle permanently in Dachang City."

"The Exorcism Club in Japan has problems, so having your family immigrate is a good thing," Yang Jian commented casually.

But the speaker was careless, while the listener took it to heart.

Those words immediately fortified Keiko's decision to immigrate, not only bringing her family but also inviting close relatives and friends to move here.

"Well, continue your work. Contact me if anything comes up," Yang Jian said.

"I wish Jian-kun success at work," Keiko bowed again.

Following beside him, Jiang Yan stared at the front of Keiko, harboring deep hostility.

"Clearly so young, how can she have such a good figure," she thought, glancing at Zhang Liqin again.

Arriving at the top office of Shangtong Tower.

As usual, Zhang Liqin reported the work situation of the past few days.

The business trip was short, and there wasn't much happening in the company. The only thing noteworthy for Yang Jian was that Zhang Wei decided to hold a class reunion in a few days and asked Yang Jian when he would be free.

"Reply to Zhang Wei that I'm available in the next three days; there's someone I want to meet and chat with," Yang Jian said.

"Understood, President Yang," Zhang Liqin nodded, taking note of it.

At this time, Liu Xiaoyu, working downstairs, walked into the office, saying, "Yang Jian, I have something to report."

"You have something too? What's it about?" Yang Jian replied.

"Feng Quan returned to Dachang City this morning, accompanied by Liu Qi, whom you should have met at the headquarters meeting; he's your classmate," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian said, "Liu Qi is quite proactive; he came right over after the meeting, seemingly to discuss something with me. Just as well, I'll meet him at the class reunion."

"Additionally, there's a recent suspected paranormal case in Dachang City currently being investigated by Li Yang. I think it's necessary to inform you; here is the relevant file," Liu Xiaoyu said, handing over a file.

"I patrolled Dachang City earlier; everything was normal, and no paranormal incidents occurred," Yang Jian frowned, taking the document.

He flipped through it and got a rough understanding.

Recently, people have been disappearing one after another in Dachang City. The disappearances are random; some happened at work, others while sleeping at home, and even some while walking on the street... but the number isn't large, only about a dozen missing cases.

"What's the result of Li Yang's investigation?" Yang Jian asked.

"No clues whatsoever."

Liu Xiaoyu shook her head, "But after ruling out possibilities, it's confirmed not to be human-caused, nor were there traces of a ghost controller, so it's preliminarily determined as a supernatural event."

"I see, I'll check it out today," Yang Jian said.

Since the incident occurred in Dachang City, it gets his attention, and whether it's a supernatural event or not, he intends to solve it.

However, the impact isn't significant; in a city with so many people, a dozen disappearances are really negligible.

"Also, you need to find time to resolve the Black Umbrella paranormal incident. Although it hasn't caused casualties, it has already had a considerable impact," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"I understand, but that situation is very complex; going there without assurance is like walking into death," Yang Jian replied.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "I'm worried the missing case is related to this incident."

"Is there any direct evidence?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, it's just a hunch. After all, there's only this one paranormal incident out of control near Dachang City, ah, no, there's another one, the Blood Pool near the suburban highway..."

Liu Xiaoyu quickly added; she's been working for days and knows Dachang City's situation well.

Yang Jian was about to say something when he suddenly sensed something, directing his gaze to an inconspicuous corner of the office.

Some time had passed, and an old-fashioned red cabinet was placed there.

If not careful, he almost overlooked it.

"The Ghost Cabinet? How did this... where's the ghost that was in front of the Ghost Cabinet?"

Yang Jian's expression tensed; he hadn't forgotten that dealing with the Ghost Cabinet required letting the terrifying Wishing Ghost and the Ghost Cabinet create a supernatural conflict, solving two problems at once.

Now the Ghost Cabinet was intact and appeared beside him, yet the Wishing Ghost was missing.

Does this mean the supernatural conflict is over?

Moreover, the Ghost Cabinet seemed to undergo some changes, no longer appearing in Yang Jian's vision as a curse but placed inconspicuously around, as if reverting to its prior state.

Such changes, does it indicate that the Ghost Cabinet's trading curse has restarted?

"Liu Xiaoyu, help me contact someone named Liu Siyue, accompanied by a girl named Zhao Xiaoya, whom I arranged to come to Dachang City recently," Yang Jian instructed immediately.

If the Ghost Cabinet appeared beside him, then that terrifying ghost should have returned to Zhao Xiaoya's side.

Perhaps the missing cases are linked to this ghost.

Chapter 1306 - The Strange Connection

Unexpectedly, right after attending the headquarters meeting, I encountered such a headache-inducing situation upon starting work.

The supernatural conflict between the Ghost Cabinet and the Wishing Ghost ended silently without my knowledge, which means I now have to face the curse of the Ghost Cabinet that was so difficult to resolve before.

Although Yang Jian's transaction with the Ghost Cabinet has already been terminated,

the Ghost Cabinet still appeared next to him. This indicates that the deal between him and the Ghost Cabinet isn't something he can just end as he wishes.

"With the supernatural powers I currently possess, I'm not worried about the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet, nor the curse of the Ghost Cabinet. The truly frightening aspect is not only its ability to affect me, but also those around me," Yang Jian thought as he sat in his office, his eyes fixed on the Ghost Cabinet in the corner.

This supernatural object is visible only to him; others can't see it.

Very soon.

Liu Xiaoyu found the relevant information, contacted Liu Siyue, and confirmed the address.

"Yang Jian, Liu Siyue has indeed arrived in Dachang City. She has a girl named Zhao Xiaoya with her, and they are currently residing in Sunshine Community."

For Liu Xiaoyu, finding an ordinary person in Dachang City is far too easy.

Of course, Yang Jian could also find them. He only needs to cover the city with the Ghost Domain to quickly determine Liu Siyue's location.

However, there is no need for him to handle such a minor task personally since someone else can take care of it.

"I understand. I'll head over there now to see how things are." Yang Jian stood up at this moment, ready to set off.

At this time, Zhang Liqin said, "President Yang, you haven't had breakfast yet, have you? You should eat first before going."

"No need, you go ahead and eat. This matter is quite unusual; if not handled properly, it could cause significant trouble. Give me the car keys, and I'll drive over myself," Yang Jian said.

"Then be careful,"

Jiang Yan took the car keys out from her handbag and handed them over.

Yang Jian nodded and immediately set off.

Once he left,

the red Ghost Cabinet in the corner of the office also disappeared, indicating that the curse only followed Yang Jian and, for now, didn't seem to affect others around him.

Yang Jian drove and quickly reached Sunshine Community in Dachang City.

This is a rather upscale community, with a good environment, but not many people live here. After the Hungry Ghost incident last time, many people moved out of Dachang City—especially those in good circumstances—unwilling to return to the city, resulting in the Sunshine Community becoming so deserted.

However, a sparsely populated, desolate community is very suitable for Liu Siyue.

She needs to take care of a dangerous little girl, so living in a sparsely populated place is more appropriate. However, since people are social creatures, they require a lot of supporting facilities to live, so it's not good to have no one living around.

"Knock! Knock!"

Yang Jian knocked on the door of a residence within the community.

Very soon,

the door opened, and a young woman with delicate features and a well-behaved look appeared, somewhat surprised to see Yang Jian. But then, her surprise quickly turned into joy.

"Yang Jian, you finally came," Liu Siyue said somewhat excitedly. She appeared slightly haggard, as if she hadn't slept well in the past two days.

"Where is Zhao Xiaoya?" Yang Jian asked directly, without any preamble.

Liu Siyue glanced in the direction of the living room sofa.

Yang Jian immediately walked in and saw a girl sitting on the sofa watching cartoons. No, calling her a little girl is no longer quite accurate; it's more appropriate to say she is a teenager, roughly around sixteen years old.

"She grew up? Previously, there didn't seem to be such a change."

Though he knew Zhao Xiaoya was growing quickly, at an abnormal speed, but after he instigated the supernatural conflict, Zhao Xiaoya's change had stalled for a while.

It was simple because there were no ghosts around her, and the supernatural forces were not affecting her, which is why Zhao Xiaoya's growth paused.

But now...

"Overnight, she changed into this. The ghost... appeared again. Last night while I was sleeping, I could feel something entering the room, but the door clearly wasn't opened. I even vaguely heard footsteps in the living room at night, and the sound of someone taking a knife in the kitchen."

Liu Siyue clutched Yang Jian's arm and said, "The ghost seems to be more aggressive this time. It wasn't like this before, and I'm really scared that one day the ghost might suddenly appear by my bedside and kill me. Even though you resurrected me, I'm willing to help you take care of Zhao Xiaoya and guide her to handle the fierce ghost, but I'm truly afraid."

Her nerves were a bit frayed.

It's not that Liu Siyue was backing out, but the fierce ghost displayed some abnormal behavior, which instilled fear and despair in her.

This feeling is not something Yang Jian can solve by altering memories; it's an emotion that exists deep in everyone's heart.

"Since I'm here, I naturally intend to handle this matter," Yang Jian said.

He then looked towards Zhao Xiaoya.

At this moment, Zhao Xiaoya seemed unaware of Yang Jian's arrival. Her large eyes remained fixed on the TV screen in front of her, sitting on the sofa without moving, like a wooden puppet, maintaining this pose for hours.

The longer it continued, the eerier it felt, sending shivers down one's spine.

Yang Jian observed for a moment, reflecting, "As expected, the Ghost Cabinet has returned to normal. The Wishing Ghost has also returned to Zhao Xiaoya's side. Under the supernatural conflict, it's impossible for the Ghost Cabinet and the Wishing Ghost to be completely unaffected. If the supernatural conflict is unbalanced, it must mean one supernatural force is stronger, thus tipping the scales."

"And the party that fails in a supernatural conflict must bear certain costs, even if it's a fierce ghost, there's no exception. However, judging from the current situation, the Ghost Cabinet hasn't been

damaged, and the Wishing Ghost hasn't changed significantly, the only change is that the Wishing Ghost seems to have become more vicious."

From Liu Siyue's expression, it was clear the fierce ghost beside Zhao Xiaoya was becoming restless.

But this ghost was deeply hidden, even an ordinary Ghost Domain couldn't detect it. Yang Jian needed to open a five-layer Ghost Domain to see the vague outline of that fierce ghost, but even so, he had no way to deal with that ghost.

Although he had the Ghost Scissors, which could see the curse of the fierce ghost.

But the curse of this Wishing Ghost wasn't on him, it was on Zhao Xiaoya.

So the best way was for Zhao Xiaoya to take the Ghost Scissors and cut off her connection with the Wishing Ghost, allowing the Wishing Ghost to reattach to someone else, which could be anyone, but definitely not a child.

Because children are hard to communicate with and easily influenced by the supernatural.

While Yang Jian was contemplating, Zhao Xiaoya, who was watching TV on the sofa, suddenly turned her head at some point, her large eyes eerily staring at him.

The television playing anime was suddenly interfered with by something, turning into a snowy screen, noisily hissing.

Liu Siyue was startled, fearfully stepped back a few paces. She had been taking care of Zhao Xiaoya for a long time but felt extremely terrified at this moment because she sensed that Zhao Xiaoya had completely changed, no longer the simple child she once was, now becoming very dangerous, very frightening, and her thinking had become very strange.

"I've seen you."

Zhao Xiaoya spoke, her girlish appearance giving voice to a childlike immature voice.

"You've seen me, then do you know who I am?" Yang Jian, however, responded as if nothing had happened.

Zhao Xiaoya had another stiff moment sitting on the sofa, a moment later she said, "You are Yang Jian, you caused my dad's death."

Her father's name was Zhao Kaiming, the second person in charge of Dachang City, who personally created the Hungry Ghost incident.

"You're wrong, your father wasn't killed by me, your father committed suicide." Yang Jian calmly said.

"I don't believe you." Zhao Xiaoya said.

Yang Jian said, "You are still young and don't understand many things, but the truth is, your father Zhao Kaiming committed suicide, his death has nothing to do with me."

Zhao Xiaoya didn't speak, once again turning her head to watch the snowy screen of the television.

"She's like this now, very strange, you need to be cautious, that ghost is right beside her." Liu Siyue gathered her courage, cautiously walking over to remind him.

She knew she was resurrected by Yang Jian, if something happened to Yang Jian, she wouldn't survive long.

After watching the snowy screen for a while, Zhao Xiaoya suddenly spoke to herself, "It said that as long as you die, my dad can resurrect and come back to my side..."

Upon saying this, she abruptly turned her head to Yang Jian: "Can you die?"

In a pair of jet-black eyes, there was no trace of a little girl's innocence, only an indescribable coldness and resentment.

These were not eyes that a normal person should have.

Yang Jian frowned, just as he was about to speak, Zhao Xiaoya spoke again: "I hope you can die, if you live, my dad will definitely be unhappy."

"Ah!"

Liu Siyue was startled, widened her eyes, muttering to herself: "Oh no, she just made a wish."

"Made a wish for me to die? Interesting."

Yang Jian, however, had a faint smile on his lips, this smile was cold, devoid of any warmth of a living person.

But in the next moment.

The effect of the wish appeared.

The lights in the living room suddenly went out, and the snowy screen of the television immediately went black, the door to the room not far away slowly opened with a creak.

An eerie cold wind blew into the living room.

The curtains swayed, darkness blanketed the area.

Even in broad daylight, the surroundings were still eerily terrifying,

Yang Jian, at this moment, was not in a hurry. Water seeped out from under his feet, and a pale corpse crawled out from the water, this corpse held an old red pair of scissors, on the handle of the scissors were various kinds of black hair entwining, some of the hair was sticky, black, and emitted a faint rotting smell.

The pale arm raised this pair of Ghost Scissors, handing them over to Yang Jian.

Once Yang Jian took them, the eerie corpse that had crawled out of the water swiftly shrank back, quickly disappearing from sight.

A strand of hair entwined, forming the Ghost Scissors' medium.

Yang Jian's vision changed again.

He saw a line.

A line that was illusory, unrealistic, a manifestation of a curse, representing that Yang Jian was being spiritually spied upon.

However, this line was not connected to Zhao Xiaoya, nor was it connected to the ghost beside Zhao Xiaoya, the thin line extended all the way to a red cabinet at a corner of the balcony.

That was the Ghost Cabinet reappearing around.

"Zhao Xiaoya wished to kill me, but the curse connects to the Ghost Cabinet?" Yang Jian paused, feeling it was strange, even somewhat unbelievable.

Chapter 1307 - Children Need to Be Taught

Yang Jian held the Ghost Scissors, intending to use this supernatural item to locate the Wishing Ghost.

But what surprised him was that Zhao Xiaoya wished for the ghost to kill herself, yet the thread revealed by the Ghost Scissors was connected not to the ghost, but to the Ghost Cabinet.

The Ghost Cabinet appeared in the position of the balcony, not very conspicuous, as if it had been placed there a long time ago.

However, following Zhao Xiaoya's wish, the inconspicuous old-style cabinet at this moment emitted a slight creaking sound.

The cabinet door below surprisingly opened slowly.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian felt somewhat surprised by this change in the Ghost Cabinet.

Then he looked over at Liu Siyue.

"If the wish succeeded, under normal circumstances, you would die. But you are still alive. This means that the ghost capable of granting wishes has undergone some unpredictable changes."

Liu Siyue widened her eyes, realizing this for the first time.

Indeed.

She hadn't died.

Under normal circumstances, Zhao Xiaoya's wish would result in the death of a family member. If all the family members perished, then the closest person would die, and if all the closest ones died, it would be someone she knew... and so on.

She had been taking care of Zhao Xiaoya for a long period. If another wish led to death, then it would most certainly be her.

But Liu Siyue was still alive, hadn't died.

"This, I don't know either," Liu Siyue didn't know how to explain the situation at this point.

Yang Jian squinted and said, "One possibility is that after I revived you, in the judgment of the ghost, you are not a normal living person, so the ghost skipped you and transferred this curse to another person. Recently, some people in Dachang City have disappeared unexpectedly, perhaps related to Zhao Xiaoya, but this is just a speculation, not yet proven."

"After all, according to the previous wish process, people killed by the curse wouldn't disappear unjustifiedly, their bodies would be left behind, which somewhat doesn't match the current situation."

He now connected previous information, discovering many pieces of information conflicting with each other and couldn't confirm them.

"So what should we do now?" Liu Siyue asked somewhat anxiously.

Although she was supernaturally revived, her mindset was way better than an ordinary person, but after all, she wasn't a ghost handler, couldn't analyze too much.

"This matter doesn't concern you. I will take care of it," Yang Jian waved his hand and said.

Meanwhile.

The position of the balcony, the opened Ghost Cabinet was now seeped in blood, thick and scarlet, creeping consciously along the floor, quickly covering the surrounding area, and this spreading trend hadn't stopped, still expanding.

"The Wishing Ghost doesn't appear, yet the Ghost Cabinet wants to use supernatural power against me? Could it be the Wishing Ghost has controlled the Ghost Cabinet?" Yang Jian frowned.

He grasped the Ghost Scissors, surveying his surroundings.

Yang Jian also saw several obscure threads on his body, some passing through the walls towards distant places where even the ghost eye couldn't see, others connecting to the water underfoot, seemingly involved with the Ghost Lake, while some threads entwined his hand, aimed towards the Caesar Hotel.

The last thread originated from the red jade bracelet on his wrist, also connecting to an unknown distance, perhaps related to Sister Hong.

Upon a closer look, it's clear Yang Jian is tied to quite a few supernatural influences.

However, Yang Jian didn't use the Ghost Scissors to cut these curse threads. Last time he cut off a supernatural attack from the Ghost Lake, the cost was getting tainted with a new supernatural power, seemingly losing more than gaining.

After all, he wasn't afraid of familiar curses, but unknown curses were more worrying.

"So now the situation is, Zhao Xiaoya wished, but the Ghost Cabinet fulfilled the wish intending to kill me? This scenario seems to imply Zhao Xiaoya has controlled the Ghost Cabinet... basically, it could be concluded the previous supernatural confrontation resulted in the Wishing Ghost winning, the Ghost Cabinet failing." Yang Jian pondered.

However, just as he was thinking.

A blood-soaked arm suddenly emerged from the blood pool on the floor, stripped of skin, as if peeled off alive.

The dim living room was filled with a pungent stench of blood.

Soon.

A blood-drenched corpse slowly crawled out of the blood pool.

With the appearance of this corpse, nearby walls began peeling, furniture started fading, and behind the peeled walls, blood seeped through. More eerily, the seeping blood turned from cold cement to slabs of skin-stripped flesh.

As time passed, walls continued peeling, revealing increasingly more flesh, forming a larger skinless Blood Corpse connected seamlessly.

"Is the Ghost Cabinet really intent on killing me?" Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly, a golden ghost eye slowly opened.

Instantly.

The surrounding darkness dispersed, a scorching aura appeared, in just a blink, strands of pale green flames flooded the entire house, igniting the blood on the walls, stick like maggots that can't be shaken off once stained.

"It's painful."

Liu Siyue felt a pricking pain all over, her skin turning red, seemingly about to ignite.

"This fire only burns the supernatural, won't affect ordinary people or items. You're a byproduct of the supernatural. This fire can burn you down to ashes, wait outside temporarily," Yang Jian casually remarked.

Hearing this, Liu Siyue quickly walked out, not daring to remain in the room anymore.

But at the doorway, she glanced at Zhao Xiaoya sitting on the sofa.

Even with the flames burning around her, she wasn't affected at all.

Zhao Xiaoya wasn't an ordinary ghost handler, having no supernatural power on her, so the Ghost Flame's impact on her was very minor, nearly negligible.

But the blood on the ground, the skinless Blood Corpse emerging from the blood pool was different, directly engulfed in flames, and the Ghost Flame used the Blood Corpse as fuel, burning more fiercely.

"Ah!"

A shrill and eerie scream echoed.

This wasn't a sound a living person could make; it was emanating from the Blood Corpse.

Yang Jian's face was expressionless as his ghost eye stared fixedly at the ghost before him.

The surrounding Ghost Flame grew increasingly intense, enveloping the entire living room in flames.

"At such a young age, you already think of killing. Although you're a child, affected by the supernatural and your mind has been distorted, you should know that killing is wrong. If you can't listen and obey, then I won't give you another chance to make mistakes."

Yang Jian walked over through the layers of flames, glaring at Zhao Xiaoya, giving her a warning.

Zhao Xiaoya continued to look at Yang Jian with a numb and eerie expression, seemingly indifferent to his words, and instead replied in a somewhat naive tone, "You're the bad guy. I just want my dad to resurrect. Why can't you help me?"

Yang Jian asked, "So, you hope that I die to help resurrect your father, Zhao Kaiming?"

"Yeah, what's wrong with that?"

Zhao Xiaoya continued in that naive tone.

"But if I help you, I'll die." Yang Jian said.

"Yes, if you're willing to help, you'd surely be willing to die, and it's okay if you die; you're not my dad. As long as my dad resurrects, it's fine. Many people would be willing to die for me, why aren't you? So you're the bad guy." Zhao Xiaoya said.

"..."

Yang Jian was silent for a moment, momentarily at a loss for how to respond.

Indeed, his inability with words left him unable to out-argue even a child.

"Your cognition is indeed problematic; correcting it seems impossible, but I'm still willing to give you a chance, find you a better teacher to change these thoughts. If not, I'll have to make you disappear from this world forever."

"Enter the dream; don't wake up until you're properly taught."

As Yang Jian spoke, a massive Evil Hound suddenly sprang from the amassed water behind him, growling and roaring, ignoring the burning flames, and lunging towards Zhao Xiaoya.

As the Evil Hound attacked, Zhao Xiaoya's numb expression finally showed fear, her tears welled up and she seemed ready to cry.

But immediately.

The Evil Hound vanished, and Zhao Xiaoya's body went limp, falling onto the sofa.

She fell into a deep sleep, entering the world of nightmares.

Yet in the nightmare world, Zhao Xiaoya didn't appear in the quiet village; instead, she was dragged by the Evil Hound into an old private school.

Zhao Xiaoya could not move; her eyes were wide with terror.

The Evil Hound pressed her against the desk of the private school before wagging its tail and leaving.

"How could Yang Jian not spare even such a young girl?"

A voice sounded, and from the podium, Zhang Xiangguang stood there like a puppet, only his eyes and mouth capable of movement. He, having observed countless people, upon seeing Zhao Xiaoya's expression and innocent gaze, understood that she was merely a young girl despite looking like a teenager.

His character typically ignored such young girls, never resorting to action.

"What's this place? I want to go home; I don't want to stay here. You're all bad people, unwilling to die for me, and even let a dog bite me. If you all died, wouldn't that be great? Then my dad could come back and protect me....."

Zhao Xiaoya cried, speaking.

In the world of the Ghost Dream, her emotions returned to normal, no longer so numb and strange.

Listening to Zhao Xiaoya's words, Zhang Xiangguang immediately frowned.

Sorry, I misjudged. How did this young girl say such venomous words with such a naive tone?

"The evil we speak of and the evil in her consciousness are different; she has a problem with cognition."
Zhang Xiangguang observed slightly and concluded.

The girl before him wasn't evil; she simply didn't understand what was evil.

"Did Yang Jian throw this young girl here expecting me to teach her? He really has a big heart. Why would he think I'd teach her? Isn't he worried I'd use this young girl as a breakthrough to escape?"

"It seems he's very confident in himself."

After pondering for a while, Zhang Xiangguang finally sighed, "Well, idle hands are the devil's workshop; teaching is my old trade after all."

He decided to teach this young girl.

If not accomplished, at least make her human.

If unable to teach her, this young girl would eventually be killed by Yang Jian.

Sending her to this private school might be her last chance.

"Don't be afraid; that dog doesn't randomly bite people. My name is Zhang Xiangguang, what's your name?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

"My name is Zhao Xiaoya..."

Meanwhile, in reality.

Under Yang Jian's Ghost Flame burning frantically, the anomalies in the living room began to dissipate. That skinless Blood Corpse burned to a crisp, yet the body still screamed and struggled; however, as the Ghost Flame continued to burn, the body started to melt, flesh dropping off piece by piece.

Finally, the skinless Blood Corpse completely disintegrated into a pool of blood.

With flames covering the blood, the supernatural couldn't spread, and there was no longer any danger.

The origin of all this, the Ghost Cabinet, was also now consumed by flames.

Yet despite the Ghost Flame burning, the Ghost Cabinet remained undamaged. No matter how the flames surged, they couldn't penetrate inside the Ghost Cabinet.

"I refuse to believe there's truly no way to deal with this thing." Yang Jian arrived before the Ghost Cabinet, contemplating how to handle this object.

He didn't need to trade with the Ghost Cabinet anymore, so he must thoroughly resolve the Ghost Cabinet curse.

He had a bad premonition.

Once the conflict between the Wishing Ghost and the Ghost Cabinet ended, some mutation occurred, becoming even more perilous.

Chapter 1308 Torn Before My Eyes

The Ghost Cabinet, though shrouded in Ghost Flame, was not set ablaze.

This thing seemed to be unaffected by the Ghost Flame.

Perhaps it's because the Ghost Cabinet is a curse and not a real ghost in the physical world.

However, the burning of the Ghost Flame was still terrifying. The open cabinet door beneath the Ghost Cabinet no longer exhibited any supernatural activity. The previously appearing ghost had also been suppressed to the extreme by the Ghost Flame. As long as the Ghost Flame continues to burn, the supernatural effects of the Ghost Cabinet will be sealed, unable to cause harm.

"What I want is not to rely on the Ghost Flame to seal the Ghost Cabinet, nor to cut off the connection between the cabinet and myself. I want to thoroughly resolve this supernatural event. Otherwise, it won't just endanger me but others as well. These others lack the ability to control the Ghost Cabinet, and the harm they suffer would far exceed what would happen in my hands."

Yang Jian was still contemplating at this moment.

He had used many methods before to deal with the Ghost Cabinet, such as dismembering it with a Firewood Knife, submerging it in the Ghost Lake, and finally using the Wishing Ghost to create a supernatural conflict to calm it down for a while.

But none of these methods were effective. The supernatural conflict created only maintained for a period and did not solve the problem once and for all.

"With the supernatural methods I possess, there really isn't a good way to deal with the Ghost Cabinet at the moment."

After thinking carefully, Yang Jian realized he had no way to handle this thing.

Although he wasn't worried about the Ghost Cabinet launching a supernatural attack on him, he couldn't be on guard against it twenty-four hours a day.

Even if Yang Jian could defend himself, the Ghost Cabinet had already begun to affect the people around him.

Therefore, this thing had reached a point where it had to be dealt with.

"When I first got involved with the curse of the Ghost Cabinet, I thought my increasing mastery of supernatural abilities would eventually allow me to solve it easily. Now it looks like I understand why the first owner of the Ghost Cabinet failed. Unless I can find new methods, I won't be able to rid myself of the Ghost Cabinet unless I bring in the human skin paper."

Yang Jian had one last resort, which was to consult the human skin paper.

Despite his deep apprehension about the human skin paper, there were times when he had no choice but to use it.

"Wait, I have another supernatural item, perhaps it might be effective against the Ghost Cabinet." Yang Jian suddenly remembered something.

The water beneath his feet churned.

Soon, a cold corpse emerged from the water, holding an old, rusted saber in its arms.

This was the saber from Zhang Xiangguang's hand, his supernatural weapon.

Although he wasn't sure what this supernatural weapon's specific function was, after clashing with it, Yang Jian had a rough understanding of its terrifying power.

"Just in time, I can take this opportunity to harness the supernatural strength of Zhang Xiangguang's saber." Yang Jian thought to himself.

At this moment, the corpse in the water lifted the old saber. Without hesitation, Yang Jian extended his charred Ghost Hand and grasped the hilt.

Immediately.

Yang Jian felt a cold aura invade his body through his palm, and then his entire arm became stiff and numb, a bit unresponsive.

Looking at it, mottled corpse spots appeared on his arm, and a faint corpse stench spread.

It seemed that this arm was about to completely rot away.

"Is this the price of holding this saber? Or was it because I used the wrong method, triggering some kind of supernatural attack?"

Yang Jian frowned, thinking about his rifle, which seemingly simple usage required balancing the holding position. Any imbalance might trigger lethal rules.

Upon recalling Zhang Xiangguang's use of the saber, he realized there actually wasn't any special technique.

"I'll set aside the issue of arm decay for now; I can withstand this level of supernatural erosion at the moment." Yang Jian estimated, holding the saber with his Ghost Hand, experiencing some influence but without any deadly threat.

After grasping the saber, a change occurred before Yang Jian's eyes.

His vision resembled a photograph torn into countless pieces, with cracks appearing criss-cross and in no discernible pattern.

"A torn perspective; apart from this, there's no other change." Yang Jian tried letting go of the saber.

The tearing before his eyes vanished.

It showed that this perspective only appeared when holding the saber.

"Thinking carefully, Zhang Xiangguang swung the saber in a fixed, rigid trajectory. The real target wasn't the person in front of him but the cracks in the vision? These cracks might be a medium, anything appearing within them would be torn. So, Gao Ming wasn't killed by a decapitation; his head was torn off."

"This tearing seems to ignore distance, operating just by sight. If paired with the Ghost Domain, no, if with the sight of the Ghost Eye, then it might tear an enemy dozens of miles away?"

After puzzling over it, Yang Jian discovered this supernatural item actually complemented his Ghost Eye better.

But to confirm, he still needed to test it.

The Ghost Cabinet before him was the best test subject.

Cut along the crack, tearing the object before his eyes...

Yang Jian slowly raised the old saber.

In his vision, a large crack spanned across, slicing through the Ghost Cabinet, and all he needed to do was swing along this established path.

It wasn't difficult at all.

Instantly.

Yang Jian swung the saber precisely along the crack.

A seemingly ordinary strike.

But the next moment.

An unbelievable event unfolded.

Things in reality were indeed torn apart; a hideous crack appeared out of nowhere, slicing the Ghost Cabinet before him into two halves. Not only that, the crack extended, ripping through nearby walls, and even in the distant residential building, cracks appeared.

The entire world seemed to be split into two by a single stroke, affecting not just the supernatural but reality as well.

"Boom!"

The building tilted, on the verge of collapsing.

"Not only can it tear through the supernatural, but it can also rip reality? This is entirely different from the Firewood Knife's dismembering, an opposite extreme." Yang Jian was secretly amazed.

Watching the tilting collapsing building, he swiftly utilized the Ghost Domain to impact reality, restoring the torn building.

But even after restoration, the building's walls continued to crack.

The residual supernatural of the crack remained affecting reality, though this influence would weaken over time until it vanished completely.

However, the torn-in-two Ghost Cabinet did not recover; the crack persisted.

"Back in Shuangqiao Town, my Ghost Shadow was torn open by this saber, and the shadow felt disconnected."

"From this, being struck by this saber, a ghost handler wouldn't die, but their body along with the supernatural would be severed. Once separated, the parts lose touch, becoming two independent entities. Though the effect on ordinary people is negligible, for ghost handlers, it's lethal..."

Yang Jian continued pondering, understanding its terrifying nature.

In strict terms, this saber is more lethal than the Firewood Knife.

The Firewood Knife merely dismembers, after which the supernatural reassembles, recovering to its original state. While it takes time, the threat isn't significant.

But being struck by this saber, a ghost handler's divided parts wouldn't get suppressed or crash; instead, they revive, each becoming an independent entity, disjointed.

In other words, a ghost struck by the saber turns into two ghosts.

Both ghosts possess mobility, though their supernatural power is halved.

But while ghosts can survive this, ghost handlers cannot.

The supernatural within a ghost handler's body is balanced. Once severed, the balance fails, leading to immediate death.

"When Zhang Xiangguang swung the saber then, and didn't kill me, it was because my true self was the Ghost Shadow. Leuk San survived because beneath his paper figure lay a terrifying corpse, which the

saber couldn't sever. But it worked on Li Jun and Wei Jing. Though it didn't kill them outright, tearing a rip forced them out, unable to continue fighting, leaving them collapsed on the ground... And striking Li Leping had an effect, but he used the Forgetful Ghost, forgetting the attack, effectively rebooting."

"Considering now, Zhang Xiangguang's certainty in eliminating several team leaders at headquarters wasn't just bluff. He simply didn't expect that besides Wei Jing and Li Jun, several were immune to cuts, and the rest who feared cuts were protected. By the second round, He Yiner's spirit summon succeeded..."

Yang Jian now understood why Zhang Xiangguang felt unfortunate then.

"So the torn Ghost Cabinet wasn't destroyed by me but became two Ghost Cabinets?"

"So, before the crack vanishes, how should these two Ghost Cabinets be utilized...?"

Yang Jian's gaze fixed on the cabinets, pondering their potential use.

Chapter 1309 - Disappeared Without a Trace

The Ghost Cabinet split into two halves, but as time passed, the crack slowly began to disappear. The Ghost Cabinet was unable to move, so Yang Jian wouldn't wait for the crack to vanish and allow the cabinet to recover. He immediately took action to move it away.

Under the influence of the crack, one half of the Ghost Cabinet was moved aside by Yang Jian, while the other half remained in place.

In this situation, even if the crack disappeared, the Ghost Cabinet wouldn't restore itself.

Since Yang Jian had slashed diagonally, the separated Ghost Cabinet was asymmetrical, but it still barely retained the top and bottom doors of the cabinet.

"Suppose both halves of the Ghost Cabinet retain the supernatural abilities of the original. Both can trade with people, so what kind of trade would cause the two cabinets to conflict and crash again? Or how could I maximize the use of the two cabinets for trading?"

Yang Jian pondered.

"Creating a supernatural conflict isn't hard for me. I just need to make one request to one cabinet and an opposing request to the other, but the problem now is the presence of the Wishing Ghost. This ghost lingers near Zhao Xiaoya, seemingly controlling the cabinet, and now this ghost has reached a point where it can't be ignored."

"Since I need a solution, the split cabinet and the Wishing Ghost must be resolved together. Leaving either one is a hidden threat."

For a moment, Yang Jian couldn't think of a good solution.

However, he felt that if he couldn't resolve both threats simultaneously, he must at least resolve one.

"Let's first try creating a supernatural conflict with the cabinet. If successful, at least the cabinet won't be a concern." Yang Jian decided to take action after a brief consideration.

He found a pen and paper in the room, intending to initiate a new trade.

Yang Jian wrote a trade request on one piece of paper: Have the Wishing Ghost appear before me within three days.

At the same time, he wrote another trade request on a different piece of paper: Have the Wishing Ghost not appear before me within three days.

The two trade requests were diametrically opposed, making it almost impossible for the cabinet to fulfill them.

Of course, if by some accident the Wishing Ghost did appear in front of Yang Jian, he could seize the opportunity to detain the ghost or at least dismember and divide it, either way leaving him at an advantage.

To ensure safety.

Yang Jian inserted both trade requests into the split cabinet halves.

Although the cabinet was broken, it still possessed strong supernatural abilities and could be used.

Soon.

The two pieces of paper each fell into one of the split cabinets.

Yang Jian didn't make any further moves; he merely waited quietly for the result.

If the cabinet wanted to continue trading with him, it must first fulfill Yang Jian's request, which was not at all unreasonable, and could be easily accomplished by the cabinet.

However, at this moment, neither of the split halves of the cabinet showed any response.

It seemed the cabinet was broken, unable to complete trades any longer.

"Was my speculation wrong? Could it be that the split cabinet isn't perfect enough for the curse trade to trigger?" Yang Jian frowned, waiting for a while without any change.

No choice.

He had to close the Ghost Eye and extinguish the Ghost Flame in the living room, as there was no need to maintain it any longer.

As soon as the Ghost Flame disappeared,

all that remained on the ground was a patch of dried blood, which quickly became moist again and began to bleed...

Without the suppression of Ghost Flame, the supernatural effect released by the Ghost Cabinet started to awaken once more.

Yang Jian observed that the congealed blood no longer attacked him but instead split into two portions, each flowing towards the two remnants of the cabinet.

The blood entered the cabinets and vanished.

This phenomenon indicated that the cabinet's attack on Yang Jian had been canceled.

Zhao Xiaoya's wish had not been realized.

But just as he thought this, the two split cabinets in front of him began rapidly fading and aging... the bright red paint disappeared, followed by the wooden doors becoming rotten until, in the end, a complete Ghost Cabinet disintegrated and vanished in front of his eyes.

"Hmm?"

This sudden change left Yang Jian stunned.

He had anticipated many scenarios, but not this one.

"What's going on? Did the supernatural conflict cause the cabinet to completely break?" Yang Jian couldn't comprehend this phenomenon.

Logically, even if he had inserted those two pieces of paper into the cabinet, it shouldn't have rotted; at most, it should have experienced a supernatural crash like before.

"Yang Jian, is everything resolved?"

At this moment, Liu Siyue's voice came from outside the door. She cautiously peeked inside and saw that the situation had calmed down before asking.

"Now that the cabinet is gone, it seems the situation has become even more complicated. Without this thread, the existence of the Wishing Ghost has become more obscure, making it even harder to deal with the ghost," Yang Jian said helplessly.

But he didn't think too much about it.

Maybe there would be a turning point within these three days since he had set the deadline for the cabinet at three days.

"Come in, bring Zhao Xiaoya with you, and let's leave here."

Yang Jian temporarily set aside his thoughts and instructed Liu Siyue at the door.

"Where are we going?"

Liu Siyue walked in and carried the unconscious Zhao Xiaoya from the sofa.

Yang Jian said, "Zhao Xiaoya is unconscious and needs a stable environment to sustain her life. I'm taking you to Shangtong Tower. Your task is simple: accompany Zhao Xiaoya and inform me of any developments."

"Okay, sure."

Liu Siyue nodded, then hesitated a bit: "But what about that ghost?"

"Ignoring it would cause greater harm. There are ghost handlers at Shangtong Tower keeping watch, ready to respond immediately to any disturbances," Yang Jian replied.

Although bringing Zhao Xiaoya back to the company would increase the risk for everyone there,

that risk had to be borne, as it was better than having the ghost wandering outside unchecked.

Soon,

Yang Jian drove Liu Siyue and Zhao Xiaoya back to Shangtong Tower. Upon returning, he arranged accommodation and appropriate medical equipment for Zhao Xiaoya and Liu Siyue to ensure Zhao Xiaoya could remain asleep for an extended period without starving.

Once everything was in place, he returned to his office.

"Captain, where did you go this morning? I thought there was another supernatural event nearby."

In the office, Huang Ziya was lounging on the sofa drinking tea, speaking leisurely.

"I brought back a problem. Call Xiong Wenwen and have him stay on duty in the company these days, and also have Li Yang stay in the company during this time," Yang Jian instructed.

Huang Ziya's expression shifted: "Bringing Li Yang and Xiong Wenwen together means this problem isn't small. Can you tell me more?"

"This matter is related to Dachang City's previous person in charge, Zhao Kaiming. At the time, he was targeted by a ghost that could grant wishes, becoming a special ghost handler. I won't explain the details. Now, that ghost is attached to his daughter, Zhao Xiaoya, whom I've already brought back to the company," Yang Jian briefly explained.

Huang Ziya immediately understood: "So, the ghost also entered the company?"

Clatter!

Hearing this, Zhang Liqin, who was pouring Coke for Yang Jian, became startled, causing her hand to tremble and the cup to topple over.

Yang Jian noticed but wasn't concerned. He replied to Huang Ziya: "You could say that. The ghost is deeply hidden, hovering around Zhao Xiaoya, who is now lying in the company's medical department. The ghost likely followed, but there's no need to panic; this ghost isn't harmful for now. Bringing Li Yang and Xiong Wenwen is just a precaution, to monitor any activity."

"It won't be long. If there's no abnormality confirmed within these days, I'll transfer Zhao Xiaoya to another location."

"I see, you're trying to lure the ghost out? With Xiong Wenwen's foresight, he could spot the ghost faster. Combined with Li Yang's abilities, they might capture the ghost in the company," Huang Ziya surmised, twirling her long, dark hair.

"But the supernatural always comes with some uncertainties, and everyone in the company will still have to bear some risk," Yang Jian noted.

"That's only natural. Isn't that the responsibility of being in charge?"

"True, dealing with these cases is part of our duty, and taking on some risk is normal. I'll notify Xiong Wenwen then," Huang Ziya said with a smile, picking up her phone to contact Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei.

Getting Xiong Wenwen to the company required his mother's consent.

Chapter 1310 - Reunion with an Old Acquaintance

In the office, Yang Jian was arranging some matters while also paying attention to the surrounding situation.

As expected.

The Ghost Cabinet had not appeared again for the time being.

"Xiao Yang, you're really something, can't you let me have a little peace of mind for even one day? Every time something happens, you call Daddy Xiong to come and help. But that's normal. After all, without me, you can't get things done. However, let me make it clear, I'm only staying here for three days. After that, I have to go back and do my homework."

At this moment, Xiong Wenwen pushed open the office door and walked in, still with that arrogant and domineering demeanor.

"The captain asked you to come over, no good news there. A special ghost tamer has joined the company, accompanied by a ghost. Although there's temporarily no danger, who can really say for sure?" Huang Ziya said with a smile.

"Wha, what?"

Xiong Wenwen's face changed drastically: "There's a ghost? Xiao Yang, you're not being fair. Just wait, I'm going to tell my mom on you."

After saying that, he turned to leave.

"Are you chickening out?" Yang Jian asked.

Suddenly, Xiong Wenwen stopped in his tracks, turned around, and said, "What? Xiao Yang, say that again. Am I chickening out?"

"If you're not chickening out, then why are you running?" Yang Jian asked.

"You need to be reasonable when you speak. I'm not running, it's just you're being unfair, so I'm going to tell on you." Xiong Wenwen said righteously.

"Afraid is afraid, don't look for excuses, hurry home and do your homework. Kids are just kids, so cowardly." Yang Jian waved his hand.

Xiong Wenwen immediately got anxious and decided not to leave. He plopped himself on the sofa: "I'm not leaving. Daddy Xiong will stay here these few days. Let's see if I'm really scared."

"Don't sneak away in the middle." Yang Jian added.

"Promise I won't. Daddy Xiong keeps his word." Xiong Wenwen immediately said, seemingly not realizing he had fallen into Yang Jian's trap.

After all, as a kid, he's quite easy to fool.

A while later.

Li Yang also received the message and rushed over to the company.

"Captain." He greeted.

Yang Jian nodded: "How's the recent investigation into the disappearance case going? Any new findings?"

Li Yang shook his head: "No progress. Some people disappeared out of thin air, with no warning signs or traces of supernatural activities. However, it can be preliminarily determined that it has nothing to do with the Black Umbrella incident and wasn't caused by a ghost tamer. But I think it's linked to a supernatural event. There's a possibility that the supernatural event doesn't originate in Dachang City but elsewhere."

"A supernatural event occurring elsewhere but people disappearing in Dachang City..."

Yang Jian's expression shifted: "Such a thing does exist. Some supernatural events are global, and the location of the event and the location of the victim do not coincide."

He previously suspected the Wishing Ghost was behind it, but Li Yang's deduction gave this matter a new direction.

"I browsed the ghost tamer website, and a few new supernatural events have surfaced. I'll keep an eye on them to see if there's any connection." Li Yang said.

Yang Jian said: "Stay in the company these few days. I brought someone rather special here. You and Xiong Wenwen need to observe the situation in the company, see if any supernatural occurrences happen."

He then briefly explained Zhao Xiaoya's situation.

"Zhao Kaiming's daughter, Zhao Xiaoya? Didn't expect that Wishing Ghost to get entangled with a little girl."

Li Yang frowned, also feeling this ghost wasn't simple and indeed should be taken seriously.

"We'll monitor Zhao Xiaoya for three days. If all is well within three days, I'll transfer Zhao Xiaoya to a better sanatorium in the suburbs for care." Yang Jian said.

The transaction period with the Ghost Cabinet was three days.

If there was no effect in three days, he would have to give up.

"Three days, huh? That's not long."

Li Yang nodded: "I'll stay at the company these days, specially focusing on this matter."

Yang Jian said: "During these few days, Zhao Xiaoya will remain in a comatose state, unable to make wishes, so there's no need to worry too much about danger. If the ghost does appear, it's most likely to come for me, since Zhao Xiaoya's last wish was to kill me."

"Letting a ghost follow such a young girl is indeed unstable; can't we switch to someone else?" Li Yang asked.

"Anyone in the company is better than a little girl."

"Things aren't that simple. The Wishing Ghost following Zhao Xiaoya is dangerous, but it's also restrained. If this host no longer exists, the Wishing Ghost is essentially unbound. Who becomes the new host isn't up to us—more likely determined by the ghost. I definitely don't want another Zhao Kaiming situation." Yang Jian said. Google search novel(F)ire.net

Li Yang thought for a moment and found it made sense.

As a child, Zhao Xiaoya might be unstable, but at least she has no ambitions. If the next host is an ambitious adult, the impact would surely be greater.

In a controllable situation, it's best not to act recklessly.

"Alright, let's end the discussion here. Li Yang, take Xiong Wenwen to check on Zhao Xiaoya, and scout around the company whenever you can." Yang Jian said.

"I'll go check it out right now."

Li Yang, without taking a break, was ready to start working again. He called out: "Xiong Wenwen, come with me."

"Xiao Li, you go ahead, Daddy Xiong will come over later." Xiong Wenwen's eyes darted around, trying to avoid it.

Li Yang walked over and grabbed Xiong Wenwen: "Don't waste time, use your foresight to assess the situation first. If nothing's wrong, you can go play wherever you want."

Xiong Wenwen couldn't resist and was taken away by Li Yang.

After arranging everything, Yang Jian idly sat in the office for a while, drank a Coke, browsed the ghost tamer website, and killed some time.

Near noon, Zhang Liqin received a call at the front desk.

After hanging up the phone, she immediately conveyed the message to Yang Jian: "President Yang, Zhang Wei is downstairs, asking you to come down."

"Zhang Wei? Did he mention what it's about?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Liqin said, "He said Liu Qi wants to see you, to treat you to a meal and have a get-together."

"Liu Qi? He acts really fast. He just arrived in Dachang City this morning, and now he's already found Zhang Wei, asking him to arrange a meeting with me. He must be worried he won't be able to see me if he's at Shangtong Tower alone. Tell Zhang Wei I'll be down right away, and have him wait a moment." Yang Jian said.

"Okay." Zhang Liqin nodded and began to reply.

Yang Jian stood up at this moment, ready to meet Liu Qi.

This Liu Qi was his high school classmate. After the Door Knocking Ghost incident ended, they hadn't met again. Once, during a class reunion, Zhang Wei invited him, but he didn't show up, said a family member had passed away, so he couldn't make it.

Counting the time, it's exactly a year since the last reunion.

In just one year, Liu Qi is no longer an ordinary person; he's a ghost handler and joined the headquarters, becoming a candidate for team leader.

Even though he doesn't know what Liu Qi has been through, it is imaginable that for an ordinary person to reach such a level within a year is absolutely extraordinary.

Yang Jian felt the need to get to know this classmate better.

He had had this idea before during the team leader meeting at headquarters, but Zhang Xiangguang's appearance interrupted the meeting, and many things were left unfinished.

With this thought in mind, Yang Jian took the elevator to the lobby on the first floor.

At this moment, in the lobby, Zhang Wei is enthusiastically telling Liu Qi about recent events.

"Liu Qi, you wouldn't believe what we went through after escaping from No. 7 Middle School. Luckily, you went back to your hometown. Otherwise, it's uncertain if you would have survived until now. Only someone like me, with enough capability, barely survived. Others would've died countless times already."

Zhang Wei was bragging, recounting some of his glorious achievements, conveniently forgetting most of the instances where he got beaten up.

Liu Qi smiled and didn't say much, but he was surveying the Shangtong Tower.

"Yang Jian's office is quite ordinary, not at all like what an Enforcement Captain's place should be. It seems he's as low-key as ever."

"What? Enforcement Captain, Brother Tui got promoted again? Damn, if I had known, I would've joined that headquarters too. With my abilities, getting promoted and raising salary would be a piece of cake." Zhang Wei said somewhat indignantly; he initially wasn't interested in the headquarters.

But hearing that Liu Qi joined the headquarters, Zhang Wei was immediately tempted.

After all, with two classmates at headquarters, not joining felt a bit embarrassing to him.

"You better not join the headquarters. The paranormal circle is not a good place. Yang Jian and I are involuntarily stuck here. To be honest, even I envy you, being a carefree and worry-free rich second generation." Liu Qi expressed some emotional feelings, with a tinge of maturity beyond his years.

"Yeah, you're right, being a rich second generation is quite nice."

Zhang Wei outwardly agreed, but internally he sneered: you definitely wouldn't expect, I go by another nickname, Dual-wielding Gunslinger. I stream during the day, and at night, I maintain the peace in Dachang City. My intelligence network stretches across the streets and alleys of Dachang City, even Brother Tui is impressed."

"Didn't you mention in the group chat you wanted a class reunion? Didn't the other classmates come to Dachang City?" Liu Qi asked again.

"Other classmates? There aren't any others. Back when we escaped from No. 7 Middle School, there were only seven of us, and over the years, they've mostly died one after another. Only Wang Shanshan, Miao Xiaoshan, Yang Jian, you, and I are left. However, Miao Xiaoshan is flying back tomorrow, and as for Wang Shanshan, she's visiting her grandmother's house, hasn't been in touch. I left her several messages, but she hasn't replied to any."

Zhang Wei continued, "You should be careful, don't suddenly end up dead."

"?" Liu Qi looked at him, slightly puzzled: "Why would I accidentally end up dead?"

"You look like someone who could die easily," Zhang Wei said.

"From where do I look like someone who could die easily?" Liu Qi asked.

Zhang Wei said, "You don't breathe when you talk, and you cast no shadow when you walk. Isn't that a sign of death? I'm pretty good at judging people."

"..."

Liu Qi didn't know whether to say Zhang Wei was observant or just making things up?

Being a ghost handler, having some paranormal traits physically was normal. Not every ghost handler can appear the same as normal people.

"Don't worry, I'm sure I can live a long life."

Liu Qi said, but while saying this, he felt inexplicably a lack of confidence, as if not very sure.

After all, ghost handlers have short lives.

Even Yang Jian wouldn't dare to say he could live long.

"President Yang."

"Hello, President Yang."

Suddenly, at this moment, a series of respectful voices echoed in the lobby.

Passing employees greeted Yang Jian with a questioning look.

The person hadn't arrived, but the voice had.

Liu Qi turned his head, immediately seeing Yang Jian, who had just walked out of the elevator, striding toward them.

"Brother Tui, it's me, Ah Wei." Zhang Wei waved, calling out loudly.

"No need to shout, I heard you." Yang Jian said, "Why are you and Liu Qi at the company today?"

"I'm quite busy every day. Mainly, Liu Qi wanted to find me, said he wanted to meet with you, didn't know how to reach you, so I brought him here," Zhang Wei said, "Just right, this guy's treating, let's go have lunch."

"Hello, Yang Jian." Liu Qi seemed a bit pleased to see Yang Jian, though somewhat reserved.

Yang Jian nodded: "Let's go, find a place to sit, and we'll talk about anything later."

Since Liu Qi joined the headquarters, there wouldn't be any major conflict, at least not like with Sun Ren, who kidnapped Zhang Wei, extorted a detained fierce ghost, and tried to kill me.