

Revival 1361

Chapter 1361 - Leaving Baishui Town

"Run, run quickly."

In a deep and narrow alley of Baishui Town, a few young people were desperately sprinting for their lives, too scared to look back, for there they encountered the most terrifying thing in their lives.

A vengeful ghost.

And the ghost had already set its sights on them and started killing.

Originally, they weren't so few in number, but due to the ghost's attacks, only a handful managed to survive.

The reason they survived was because they were young and could run faster.

"Ah! No!"

A harrowing scream echoed through the silent alley as one of the young people was attacked by the ghost. He suddenly tripped during his rapid run, clutching his head in pain, and then his head shattered like it was struck by something heavy.

Blood splattered, the young man convulsed twice before falling silent.

The individuals left behind grew increasingly terrified, frantically trying to escape from the alley, distancing themselves from the menacing invisible ghost.

"Faster, hurry! Once we get out of this alley, we'll scatter and flee; surely, we have a chance to survive!" a man at the front shouted loudly.

Though he was terrified, he remained somewhat rational, knowing what might give them a chance.

However, there were fewer and fewer survivors behind him, each person desperately running forward, with only one thought in their minds: to overtake the person in front.

Because only then would the next death not be theirs, even though this would only briefly delay their own deaths. But even an extra few seconds of life was precious.

Nobody wanted to die, nor did anyone want to be killed by the ghost behind.

Fear drove these people, granting them extraordinary stamina and speed.

Yet no matter how fast they ran, the ghost relentlessly pursued them.

"Don't block my way, get out of my way!"

In the face of despair, human nature's darker side emerged. A man suddenly reached forward, grabbed a woman's hair, and yanked hard.

Exhausted from running, the young woman let out a painful cry and stumbled to the ground.

The man who acted didn't pause for a second, leaping over the woman and rushing toward the alley's exit.

Evidently, he intended to use the woman's life to delay the approaching ghost, ensuring his own escape.

"Zhao Zhixin, you bastard!" The woman struggled to stand up, both shocked and furious, cursing uncontrollably.

It was clear that the woman knew the man.

But no one dared stop to help the fallen woman because everyone understood that falling meant death, and several people secretly felt relieved that it wasn't them who had fallen to their doom at this moment.

The fallen woman still wanted to flee, but just as she stood up, she fell again. Her fall was so severe earlier, it seemed her leg was broken; she struggled even to walk, let alone run. In despair, she couldn't help but cry.

So close to escaping, only to be sabotaged and injured, left her only to await death—this was something she found hard to accept.

"Almost out!"

The survivor at the front was delighted, sensing he was almost out of the silent alley. Once out, he believed the ghost wouldn't follow, and he would survive.

But at that moment.

Suddenly.

The alley's exit suddenly dimmed, as a person appeared out of nowhere, standing there. His face was pale, his body exuding cold, holding a peculiar long spear that split at the tip. On his forehead, a bizarre eyeball restlessly turned, and he said nothing.

"Is this a person or a ghost?" The man at the front slowed his steps, puzzled and unsure.

"These should be the last batch of survivors trapped in the paranormal site." Yang Jian spoke, his voice cold and echoing in the alley.

He lifted his foot and, holding the split spear, walked forward decisively.

"It's a living person."

The front survivor was overjoyed upon hearing Yang Jian's voice, speeding up and quickly brushing past Yang Jian.

But that brief brush with him left him feeling a chill, as if this person was even more terrifying than the ghost chasing behind.

"Was it an illusion?" The survivor didn't hesitate, fleeing the alley with this doubt in his mind.

Soon after, a few other survivors also bypassed Yang Jian and escaped.

"Get out of the way, kid, don't block the path." Another man, panicked and angry, dashed toward him, not wanting to waste time detouring around Yang Jian, wanting nothing more than to knock him away.

Yang Jian said nothing, merely sidestepping close to the wall, leaving a path open.

But in the next moment, the running man suddenly cried out, his body sprawling heavily on the ground, breaking several teeth, his face bloodied, and cried out in pain.

Yang Jian slowly retracted his outstretched leg, "How does it feel to trip?"

"You dare trip me? I'll kill you..." The man's anger flared, his eyes red, ready to fight Yang Jian.

"Get lost,"

Not interested in dealing with him, Yang Jian kicked him, sending the man flying, tumbling along the ground before he landed on the road at the alley's exit, howling in pain, clearly suffering significant injuries, but his cries indicated they weren't life-threatening.

"Are you the last survivor? There shouldn't be any more living behind you."

His steps paused, looking at the unfamiliar woman on the ground.

"Who, who are you?" She asked fearfully.

Yang Jian didn't answer, instead, he picked her up and turned away.

"Hurry, the ghost is catching up," she urged, not wanting to waste time and unwilling to die.

"Just an ordinary ghost, afraid to come closer," Yang Jian glanced briefly.

The Ghost Flame ignited, engulfing the entire silent alley.

Instantly, a strange shriek echoed from the fiery alley, not a sound a living person could make, and then a blurry figure twisted and twitched within the flames as if severely injured.

Too afraid to advance, the ghost retreated rapidly from the flames.

The twisted silhouette in the fire gradually faded.

The woman, still held in his hand, was stunned by the spectacle that shattered her understanding anew.

This world had not only ghosts but also people capable of dealing with them.

Moments later, Yang Jian exited the alley, tossing the woman into a crowd.

Several survivors hurriedly caught her, helping her up.

She looked around and realized that the area was filled with residents of Baishui Town, many of whom were familiar faces.

"Aunt, Uncle, Uncle Wang... you're all safe, thank goodness," For more chapters visit [novelfire\(.\)net](http://novelfire(.)net)

"Bai Mei, is that you? Thank God, I thought you were dead, but I see you again." A relative approached, hugged, and cried.

This situation was something Yang Jian had seen many times, remaining unmoved as he opened his ghost eye to scan the surroundings.

At this moment.

Liu Qi also approached with a large group of survivors, crossing the road to join them, "Yang Jian, this is the last group, we couldn't find anyone else. Perhaps a few slipped through, but they're beyond our capacity to save; we're truly helpless."

"It's already enough. There's no such thing as a supernatural event without casualties. Achieving this much is already quite good," Yang Jian glanced at the time; it was already 5:50.

Only ten minutes remained until six o'clock.

Nearly two hours of searching, Yang Jian and Liu Qi truly exerted themselves, leaving no room for laziness or looseness, even venturing into some dangerous supernatural areas to rescue survivors as best as they could.

Liu Qi nodded in agreement and didn't continue searching.

In the remaining ten minutes, Yang Jian did nothing but wait for time, yet the black-clad figures he created using supernatural abilities were still active in Baishui Town, searching for any stragglers.

However, after nearly two hours, the casualties among the hundred black-clad figures were substantial; now there were only a little over one hundred and forty.

Yang Jian didn't feel distressed about the loss of the black-clad figures because these puppets could be created in abundance if he wished.

Time slowly passed.

In the last ten minutes, the black-clad figures brought a few more survivors, after which no more survivors appeared.

"That's about it. Time's up. We can't wait any longer. It's time to leave this ghostly place. Missing this timing might bring unexpected trouble," Yang Jian said, then his Ghost Domain expanded to encompass everyone.

Six in the morning.

Reality and the supernatural converged, causing abnormalities to manifest in Baishui Town. All the neon signboards along the road flickered momentarily before extinguishing completely. The dimness enveloping the entire city dissipated; the sky seemed to brighten instantly, and the pervasive chill in the air disappeared.

Even some supernatural phenomena ceased to exist.

The entire eerie atmosphere of Baishui Town seemed to have settled at this moment.

"It's now."

The moment when the supernatural influence subsided in Baishui Town marked the lowest impact on reality, allowing an easy escape from this supernatural zone; missing this timing would mean those trapped here could only wait until the next day.

Although Yang Jian could leave anytime via the Ghost Lake, it's inconvenient for so many ordinary people to do the same.

Ghost Domain broke through the supernatural limitations, directly pulling everyone back into reality.

At this moment.

Everyone returned to the real town.

The eerie atmosphere was gone, replaced by glaring sunshine overhead, and brightness everywhere.

"We're out, we escaped, it's so wonderful."

"Finally left that ghostly place, it wasn't easy."

"Haha, I didn't die."

Many survivors began to get excited; unable to suppress their inner joy any longer, they started shouting and cheering.

Yet the woman named Bai Mei merely widened her eyes, continuously observing Yang Jian, who stood in the sunlight not far away.

She was curious about this man's identity and very grateful that he saved her life.

She intended to utter a few words of gratitude but dared not approach him.

All she felt was an inexplicable reverence towards Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's cold gaze swept past, and the excited crowd instantly fell silent. Faced with Yang Jian's gaze, one by one, they flinched in fear, avoiding his eyes, even the person Yang Jian had kicked earlier merely bowed his head, trembling slightly.

Clearly, the person was very afraid, realizing how foolish their behavior was upon regaining sanity.

Dealing with ghosts, facing a mere ordinary person would be a piece of cake.

"Returning to reality doesn't mean it's safe. Next, I will take you beyond Baishui Town's boundaries. From now on, you are forbidden to return here. Anyone who disregards the warning to venture here, I will have them immediately executed," Yang Jian said coldly.

The voice was not loud, yet it seemed to resonate throughout the world, like an undeniable command.

No one dared to speak, nor did they dare to argue, merely acquiescing to Yang Jian's words.

"No objections? Good. Then let's start moving; there are people nearby to assist you, so you don't need to worry about any follow-up issues," Yang Jian said.

He utilized the Ghost Domain once again, transferring these people to a safe location, seeing Liu Xiaoyu and others with many staff ready to receive and settle survivors at a nearby town.

As for Baishui Town now, it had been sealed off.

"You've done well, knowing to send people for support."

Yang Jian appeared at the settlement location with Liu Qi and Wang Shanshan.

The settlement location was currently overseen by Liu Xiaoyu, Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, and staff from nearby cities.

"A small town disappearing suddenly, combined with your and Liu Qi's, and Seow Yang's disappearance, this matter forced the headquarters to pay attention. You don't need to worry; the others from Baishui Town have been relocated. Now the town is an empty city, and this group is the last batch of town residents you brought," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"That's good, I'm quite confident in your work," Yang Jian nodded, then looked at Feng Quan.

"Yang Jian, what's up?" Feng Quan asked curiously.

Yang Jian said, "You shouldn't be here now. You should visit the Ghost Post Office; Wei Jing has a problem and needs your help. The specifics will be explained by Sun Rui from the Ghost Post Office."

"The Ghost Post Office? Okay, I understand. Once handling matters here is done, I'll set off," Feng Quan nodded, evidently realizing this issue is more important than handling Baishui Town's aftermath.

"Yang team, seems like Seow Yang died; he didn't come out with you."

Huang Ziya glanced around, not spotting the unfamiliar leader.

Yang Jian didn't elaborate, merely said, "Liu Qi will compile a report later; you can look at the report then. This situation was special; Baishui Town's sealing needs to be strict. If its supernatural spreads, the impact will be massive, and the ghosts inside are very dangerous, likely forming an S-level supernatural incident."

These words made those present tense up.

"Looks like another forbidden zone will appear."

Huang Ziya sighed, "The previous Caesar Grand Hotel was already headache-inducing, and now there's Baishui Town."

"You still have the mood for sighing; it seems your recent state is good. In that case, stay behind to assist Liu Xiaoyu with the aftermath; I will return to Dachang City. Contact me if needed."

Yang Jian had no intention to linger, having already done everything he could. He was unwilling to deal with remaining trivial matters.

"You're the boss; you make the call, I follow your lead," Huang Ziya said indifferently.

Liu Qi said, "Yang Jian, I'll stay temporarily to handle Seow Yang's posthumous affairs."

"Since you've decided, that's fine. Return to Dachang City after handling it, don't forget the class reunion," Yang Jian nodded, taking a corpse from the Ghost Lake to hand it to him.

"Of course," Liu Qi said.

Feeling guilty about Seow Yang, he stayed to handle posthumous affairs to ease his remorse.

Yang Jian left with Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child, heading outside the settlement point, intending to use the Ghost Domain to return to Dachang City.

At this moment.

A survivor from the settlement limped out, loudly shouting, "My name is Bai Mei. Thank you for saving me, saving Baishui Town. Can you tell me your name, so I might have the chance to repay you?"

"She's not afraid of you," Wang Shanshan smiled and said.

Yang Jian merely turned his head to look at the woman calmly, his voice still placid, "My name is Yang Jian."

Having spoken, he disappeared along with Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child.

The survivor named Bai Mei looked at where Yang Jian disappeared, stunned for a moment, then said nothing, yet firmly remembered this name.

Chapter 1362 - Growing Once Again

"Get some rest and don't overthink. The incident in Baishui Town is over, and I'll handle the rest. The Ghost Child will stay with me for the next few days. I'll see if I can find a way to help the Ghost Child grow further; it can no longer play a crucial role as it is now."

Yang Jian returned to Dachang City and safely escorted Wang Shanshan to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"I'm sorry for causing you trouble this time," Wang Shanshan apologized again.

Yang Jian said, "It's okay. The supernatural incidents I handle come with plenty of risks. This one is no different. I'm leaving."

Without lingering, he turned to leave with the Ghost Child.

After leaving, Yang Jian did not rest but headed to the safe house at Guanjiang Residential Complex One.

This safe house is where Yang Jian usually stores supernatural artifacts and imprisons malevolent spirits; no one else comes here.

"Although there weren't any benefits from Baishui Town, the experience taught me about my shortcomings, especially the growth of the Ghost Child, which opened my eyes. We can no longer suppress the Ghost Child's growth; consuming the next powerful spirit is imperative."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, focusing on the row of gold boxes placed inside the safe house.

Each box labeled with tags describing characteristics of some malevolent spirits.

The most special one among these boxes is particularly large, sealed for a long time, with only three words written on its label: Door Knocking Ghost.

Back then, Yang Jian personally imprisoned the Door Knocking Ghost and hacked off one of its arms with a Firewood Knife, dismembering part of its supernatural nature for Li Yang to inherit. Despite that, the Door Knocking Ghost still harbors fearsome supernatural powers.

"Who knows how much supernatural power the Door Knocking Ghost still possesses; feeding it to the Ghost Child is not a prudent choice."

Yang Jian pondered briefly, then glanced at other boxes' tags, finding no suitable malevolent spirit.

It's also his fault; he rarely imprisoned malevolent spirits after dealing with supernatural incidents, resulting in a lack of suitable options.

"Does the headquarters have any suitable malevolent spirits?" He considered the idea of retrieving from headquarters.

Yang Jian now serves as the Enforcement Captain, giving him the authority to access malevolent spirits imprisoned by headquarters, without needing anyone's consent.

In fact, headquarters has a substantial number of imprisoned spirits, and you'd surely find one suitable for the Ghost Child's supernatural power control.

However, something suddenly crossed Yang Jian's mind—a certain supernatural power perfect for the current Ghost Child.

But that spirit is not in anyone's hands, as it hasn't been imprisoned, still forming an A-level supernatural incident known as: Silent.

"I remember there was residual water at the site of the Silent supernatural incident. Whenever I wish, I can reach there," Yang Jian recalled the experience.

After a short contemplation, Yang Jian decided to address the Silent supernatural incident, and the malevolent spirit should be fed to the Ghost Child.

"Put this on before departure."

Suddenly, Yang Jian grabbed a small box from the shelf inside the safe house, opened it to reveal an old pair of red embroidered shoes.

The embroidered shoes appear tiny, reminiscent of the ancient three-inch golden lilies, yet as soon he opened it, the old embroidered shoes seemingly tried to escape from the box.

"With clothes, they need shoes too. This way, even without a Ghost Domain, movement capacity increases."

Yang Jian extended his charred Ghost Hand, picked up the embroidered shoes, and tossed them in front of the Ghost Child, ordering it to wear them.

The Ghost Child accepted the command and immediately put the embroidered shoes on its bruised-looking feet.

The eerie embroidered shoes fit perfectly, as if tailor-made.

Yang Jian looked keenly at the Ghost Child's reactions upon wearing the embroidered shoes, recalling their eerie ability: silent walking, floating above ground, leaving no footprints—the most unique aspect is the ability to freely enter and exit a malevolent spirit's Ghost Domain, even a Ghost Envoy's domain.

It is estimated conservatively that wearing these embroidered shoes should bypass the influence of five layers of Ghost Domain. The ultimate limit remains unknown, requiring the Ghost Child itself to test.

After a moment of observation, Yang Jian confirmed that the embroidered shoes temporarily had no adverse effect on the Ghost Child. Whether prolonged wear would have other reactions is uncertain, but currently, the Ghost Child moves more eerily, able to traverse and wander freely.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian quickly set off again, taking the Ghost Child away from the safe house, returning home.

Within the swimming pool upstairs at home lies a connection to various parts of Ghost Lake, a point for entering or exiting. When Yang Jian and the Ghost Child swiftly submerged into the pool, they soon disappeared from Dachang City.

Their reappearance was in a quiet small county.

This county lacks the dangers of Baishui Town; however, due to the supernatural incident here, it had to be sealed, and previously, both Yang Jian and Cao Yang couldn't imprison this malevolent spirit. Now, it requires utilizing the Ghost Child's Hungry Ghost-like supernatural capability.

Otherwise, Yang Jian alone wouldn't be able to achieve it.

"Ghost, come out," Yang Jian calmly said.

This is the killing rule of Silent; one must not utter the word 'ghost.' Once said, a real ghost will appear to attack.

As his words echoed, shortly thereafter,

In broad daylight, a cold aura emerged, eventually revealing an eerie little girl, standing mysteriously on the nearby street, devoid of facial features, marking Yang Jian as her target.

However, before the spirit could act,

A crack appeared as a long spear shot through the air, piercing the eerie little girl completely.

The fierce ghost was nailed in place, unable to move.

However, the supernatural presence in this county town did not disappear. As soon as Yang Jian uttered another 'ghost' word, other ghosts would appear to attack him.

This was an idealistic fierce ghost that ghost tamers couldn't resist; only things of the same idealistic nature could counter it.

"Eat it."

Yang Jian, expressionless, instructed the ghost child to devour the fierce ghost nailed by the coffin nail.

Very quickly.

The ghost child complied, and without any suspense, under the suppression of the coffin nail, the fierce ghost was swallowed alive by the ghost child.

The highly raised belly signified that the ghost child was now full.

But very soon.

The bulging belly rapidly flattened, and simultaneously, the ghost child's body began to turn blurry and transparent.

A new supernatural influence affected the ghost child, causing it to undergo a new transformation.

But this behavior seemed to anger the fierce ghost here.

The next moment.

On the silent town, shadows of many eerie little girls emerged, their numbers reaching an unimaginable level.

"The real confrontation with the supernatural is now beginning." Yang Jian glanced, taking a step back, as the Ghost Domain expanded, directly leaving this small town.

He left the stage to the ghost child.

At this moment, only the ghost child, who shares the same idealistic supernatural nature and possesses the characteristics of the hungry ghost, could suppress this fierce ghost.

As Yang Jian leaves.

The next moment.

The place where the ghost child was soon got overwhelmed by the numerous eerie little girls, and from the very start, the ghost child was at an absolute disadvantage.

However, Yang Jian was not anxious, casually sitting down, then picking up a bottle of Coke he had casually brought from the county town and opened it to drink.

"With the protection of the ghost shroud, the fierce ghost cannot kill the ghost child. Even though the ghost child now occupies little of the idealistic supernatural, this bit of the supernatural allows the ghost child to qualify to harm the fierce ghost. Coupled with the characteristics of the hungry ghost, at most in half an hour, this supernatural event will be settled."

Yang Jian drank his Coke, estimating the progress in his mind.

In fact, the process was as he had anticipated.

The ghost child engulfed by numerous eerie little girls did not die. It opened its pitch-black mouth, like an abyss, devouring the second ghost nearby, and after the second ghost was swallowed, a second ghost child appeared nearby. Then, the two ghost children continued to eat ghosts, and their number increased to four.....

In just a moment, the situation had reversed, with the number of ghost children evolving from one at the start to a group, turning from an absolute disadvantage initially to parity, and finally to an overwhelming advantage.

The supernatural in the county town dissipated quickly and silently.

However, the dissipating fierce ghost wasn't truly dead; it transformed into a new ghost child.

With a can of Coke finished.

Yang Jian casually tossed the bottle into a nearby trash bin and then stood up: "It's over, we can go back now."

He wasn't interested in the outcome of this supernatural confrontation.

The result was already determined, so he didn't want to stay here any longer and turned to leave.

Returning once again to Dachang City, Yang Jian felt that the ghost child's growth at this stage could stop here. It shouldn't be fed any further, or it might get out of control, leading to problems easily.

Calculating the time.

The supernatural confrontation should have ended, so Yang Jian decided to test whether the ghost child had really met his expectations.

He casually shouted: "Ghost child, come out."

The ghost child, which had become an idealistic presence, indeed appeared out of thin air nearby at this moment. It wore a ghost shroud, and beneath it was a pair of embroidered shoes, still as eerie and cold as before, but covered with several bruises, traces left by controlling the new supernatural.

"Indeed, it succeeded."

Yang Jian called out to the ghost child a few more times, and the number of ghost children appearing nearby increased again.

"The accumulation of numbers, coupled with the ghost child's ghost call, deadly supernatural attacks layered upon each other, making it possible for it to kill a captain-level ghost tamer with just a word. Combined with the idealistic presence, unable to be dealt with, as well as the protection of the ghost shroud, the ghost child now is exceptionally dangerous."

Yang Jian drew all this inspiration from his supernatural experience three years ago in Baishui Town.

The ghost tamers from the Republic of China period were each so terrifying for a very crucial reason: those old things knew how to use the supernatural to stack supernatural attacks, elevating already terrifying supernatural attacks to an unimaginably high degree.

And now, the ghost child possessed this trait as well.

Chapter 1363 - The Castle Guardian

The experience with the Ghost Child in Baishui Town made Yang Jian realize that its ability was already insufficient to face some dangerous supernatural events. However, it's not that the Ghost Child lacks potential, but rather Yang Jian intentionally suppresses its growth. Nevertheless, Yang Jian believes that after this growth, the Ghost Child will definitely not disappoint.

"Raising ghosts is a taboo in the supernatural circle. The growth of the Ghost Child cannot be too indulgent. At least ensure that if the Ghost Child loses control, it can still be dealt with. But this trip to Baishui Town also made me understand that it has the potential to overturn everything. Feed it the skin paper, and its growth will be unrestricted. In a very short time, it can grow to a level enough to confront those old monsters from the Republic era."

Yang Jian thought to himself as he stared at the Ghost Child in front of him.

It was precisely because he understood this that he was particularly cautious.

"Leave here and return to Wang Shanshan. She needs your protection more than I need you now," Yang Jian commanded again.

The Ghost Child in front of him quickly stepped towards Wang Shanshan's direction. Wearing eerie embroidered shoes, the Ghost Child took only a few steps before its figure reached a hundred meters away, becoming increasingly phantom-like, and finally, it vanished into thin air and directly disappeared.

After acquiring the ability from the Silent event, the Ghost Child could freely switch between reality and idealism. It seems that whenever Yang Jian calls the Ghost Child, it would appear next to him regardless of the distance.

It's the same as triggering the killing pattern of the Silent event, having the effect of being targeted by the ghost.

However, the ghost in the Silent event has a sensing range, covering only a town. Once you leave this range, even if you trigger its killing pattern, you won't be targeted by the ghost.

But Yang Jian's calling can cross cities, ignoring the impact of distance.

Yang Jian suspected this was due to the connection between him and the Ghost Child; it's a unique situation. Others cannot do this; only he possesses such ability. He wonders if Wang Shanshan also has the power to call the Ghost Child remotely; this could be tested in the future.

After handling the Ghost Child's matter, Yang Jian could finally rest and breathe a sigh of relief for a while.

He returned home, took a shower, and used the Ghost Necklace to recover his body from the supernatural erosion. Then he lay on the bed and fell asleep.

In his current state, Yang Jian could go without rest for twenty-four hours a day, but he didn't want to do so. Sleeping was important to him because, in his dreams, he could escape the supernatural influence

on his emotions, allowing himself to have normal human emotions. This helps him resist the supernatural erosion of his spirit.

Moreover, Yang Jian needs to walk the dogs in his dreams to strengthen the bond between him and the Evil Hound, lest it becomes unfamiliar.

Although controlling the Evil Hound provides Yang Jian significant help, similarly, his life is now in the hands of the Evil Hound. If the Evil Hound turns and bites him to death in his sleep, Yang Jian would have no chance of survival.

This is the risk.

Acquiring any supernatural power is not as simple and easy as imagined; the danger always exists.

In his sleep.

Yang Jian returned to the familiar village in his memory, but the village in his dream was empty and silent, with only an Evil Hound roaming around.

Of course, he could make it livelier by pulling more people into the dream, but there's no point in that.

Accompanied by the Evil Hound.

Yang Jian wandered in the dream world, not out of boredom, but because some places needed his inspection.

He took the Evil Hound to the outskirts of the village, where a winding path leads far off. And there, in the distance, stands an old European-style castle, incongruous near the village, as if it doesn't belong to this world.

Yang Jian stared at the castle for a while, then approached along the path. He entered the courtyard, and through a window, he saw that the interior of the castle was incomplete, with traces left by the Evil Hound's biting and impacts. This castle looked on the verge of collapse.

"Ghost Dream versus Nightmare, yet after so many days, no winner has been decided?" Yang Jian frowned.

Under normal circumstances, the Evil Hound should have dismantled this castle, and the ghost master hiding in the castle would have to be bitten to death by the Evil Hound. But as time passed, everything in the castle seemed halted. The Evil Hound's advance and invasion didn't have the expected effect.

During his routine inspection, he discovered clues.

With some caution, Yang Jian approached the castle again. He did not enter inside, as going into the castle meant entering the Nightmare World. Although protected by the Evil Hound, the castle is ultimately someone else's domain, and it's best not to wander unnecessarily to avoid unexpected incidents.

"The number of dogs in the castle has decreased significantly."

Yang Jian observed and found that the number of Evil Hounds in the castle wasn't as many as before. This was the reason why the Evil Hound's invasion had slowed down.

"Evil Hounds don't decrease for no reason unless systematically eliminated... While in the dream world, Evil Hounds are extremely fierce, they can still be killed. However, each time one is killed, it reappears the next day. If someone with another type of supernatural power also invaded the Nightmare World and chose to help the ghost master in the castle, the Evil Hound's advantage would not be particularly obvious."

While deep in thought.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian sensed something, swiftly glancing at a second-floor window of the castle.

In that window stood an adult foreign man clad in European medieval armor, wearing a helmet, and covered in blood. He held a large sword, resembling movie knights.

The two locked eyes, each seeing a murderous intent in the other's gaze.

The next moment.

An Evil Hound suddenly rushed out from the side, pouncing directly at the armored foreign man standing in the window.

Sounds of biting ensued, but they quickly ceased.

The armored foreign man stood up again, covered in blood, holding a bloody dog head, and threw it in Yang Jian's direction while making a thumbs-down gesture.

Clearly, he had dispatched an Evil Hound in short order.

"Wearing armor and wielding cold weapons, this guy specializes in hunting Evil Hounds in the castle. These foreigners are not stupid; they quickly found a way to deal with it. Before the Nightmare Castle completely falls, they brought in fully armed individuals, making it hard for the Evil Hound to kill them."

Yang Jian immediately saw how this man's appearance impeded the Evil Hound's invasion.

Moreover, the weapons held weren't from the Ghost Dream World. If they were, the Evil Hound could alter the dream to make them disappear. But since the castle wasn't yet fallen, these weapons belonged to the Nightmare World, and the Evil Hound couldn't interfere, allowing the man to possess armor and weapons.

With the enhancement of armor and weapons, the Evil Hound couldn't easily kill the man, and was instead easily killed.

Although killing Evil Hounds repeatedly doesn't work, this person isn't aiming to fight the Evil Hound, but to defend the Nightmare Castle, blocking the Evil Hound's supernatural encroachment.

"This is merely opportunistic, finding a method to let the crumbling Nightmare Castle survive, yet they dare to mock me, how arrogant."

Yang Jian thought to himself, then narrowed his eyes and shouted at the man, "I advise you to promptly abandon this castle, or else next time we meet, I'll ensure none of you leave the dream alive."

The man at the window on the second floor laughed mockingly.

Yang Jian stated coldly, "Bringing people into the dream isn't just your privilege. I can also bring others in, ten, a hundred, a thousand, any number. Don't forget, I'm the headquarters' Enforcement Captain. If I wish, I can mobilize thousands of special personnel to kill in the dream without issue. You think your dilapidated castle can withstand such a siege?"

"In numbers, cold weaponry, combat techniques, we surpass you in every aspect. I really don't know why you're sitting there grinning foolishly."

Perhaps his words roused the man.

Instantly, the armored man's laughter ceased. If his face weren't covered by the helmet, one could imagine it now being very grim.

Because Yang Jian was truthful; he could indeed accomplish this. If enacted, the castle would inevitably fall.

"Want to survive, then get out of the castle now, or my predictions will soon become reality. This is your final warning; regardless of the circumstances next meeting, I'll take down the castle. Continue to resist if you wish, I want to see if you're truly unafraid of death."

After speaking, Yang Jian didn't linger but turned and left.

This matter can't be resolved for now, it will take some time, gather people, and pull them into the dream to completely take down this Nightmare Castle.

But if possible, it would be best to scare these people into voluntarily giving up defending the castle, which would reduce some unnecessary trouble.

"Stop."

Just as Yang Jian was about to leave the courtyard of the ancient castle, a voice stopped him.

The foreign man, who was previously on the second floor wearing armor and covered in blood, now appeared at the gateway of the ancient castle. Like Yang Jian, he didn't dare to casually step into the other side's territory, because once you step outside, it would be the world of the Ghost Dream, and death would be certain.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian slightly turned his head to take a glance.

"Do you dare to settle the ownership of this castle through a duel? If I win, you leave the castle; if I lose, the castle is yours." The foreign man said in slightly awkward Chinese.

Yang Jian laughed: "Do you take me for a fool? This Nightmare Castle is already destined to be mine, even if you defend it, how long can you hold it? My Evil Hound is endless, you can't stay here forever, and even if I win, what then? You all would just cut your losses and leave early. But if you win, not only can you kill me, but you can also reclaim the castle. This deal is too unfair."

"You're not qualified to challenge me to a duel; let the person hiding in the castle come out. Only then will I accept the challenge."

He squinted his eyes and waited for a response.

In fact, the duel doesn't matter. What's important is to lure out the ghost handler hiding in the castle. If the opponent shows up, then Yang Jian would immediately, without regard for honor, gather all the Evil Hounds to kill the opponent.

"She won't appear in front of you." The armored foreign man replied after a moment of silence.

It was clear, the opponent wasn't stupid and didn't fall for it.

"Then there's nothing to talk about." Yang Jian continued to turn and leave.

The foreign man standing at the castle gate shouted again: "If you think it's unfair, you can choose someone to replace you in the duel with me."

Yang Jian still ignored him and walked further away.

"Coward without courage."

The foreign man cursed angrily.

He desperately hoped Yang Jian would agree, as that would be their only chance to turn the tables. Otherwise, as Yang Jian said, next time, if he brought thousands of people into the dream, this Nightmare Castle would definitely not stand a chance.

"Your people are all a bunch of cowards, never daring to confront us face to face, always using some tricks behind our backs."

"..."

This person continued to hurl insults, trying to provoke Yang Jian.

Yang Jian couldn't listen anymore, just feeling that this person was extremely annoying, wishing he could disappear from sight right then.

Without hesitation, he stopped again and said, "Since you want to die so badly today, I'll help you. I'll agree to your request. In five minutes, I'll have someone duel you, with the castle as the stake."

"Hope you keep your promise," the foreign man replied, his tone revealing joy.

"See you in five minutes."

Yang Jian said no more, just led the dog further and further away, eventually leaving the ancient castle and returning to the silent village.

He began to ponder at this moment.

Who should he send to kill the man inside the castle for him?

Soon.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted towards an old school near the village.

Zhang Xiangguang, he's the one.

No one suited the requirement better than him, even though Zhang Xiangguang was currently imprisoned by him, he was still an extremely dangerous individual.

At once, Yang Jian headed towards that school with the Evil Hound.

It didn't take long before he stood at the doorway of a classroom.

He pushed the door open.

On the classroom's platform, a man stood there motionless, with his mouth open teaching a class. And his only student was Zhao Xiaoya.

Although Zhao Xiaoya outwardly appeared as a young girl, her real age was only about six or seven years old.

Yang Jian's arrival cut the lecture short.

"You interrupted my class. If you want to come in, you'd better knock first," Zhang Xiangguang said flatly.

Yang Jian asked, "How's the teaching going?"

"Not very well, it will take some more time. What, are you impatient to use Zhao Xiaoya, or did you come specifically to get rid of me this time?"

Zhang Xiangguang said, while looking at the large knife in Yang Jian's hand that appeared at some unknown time.

Yang Jian tossed the large knife over, landing in front of Zhang Xiangguang.

"I'm not here to kill you, on the contrary, I need you to help me kill someone."

Zhang Xiangguang smiled: "Are you willing to let me out? Once I escape, it won't be easy to contain me again." Follow current novels on Nov3lFire.net

"It's not outside, it's here," Yang Jian said.

"In the Ghost Dream World you're in charge, is there really someone you can't kill?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

Yang Jian said: "In the Ghost Dream, Evil Hounds have recently been invading a castle in the Nightmare World. Initially, the invasion was going smoothly, but then they pulled people into the castle, stopping my Evil Hounds. Kill him, take the castle, and I can let you move freely in this classroom."

Finishing his sentence, he let the Evil Hound remove the restraints on Zhang Xiangguang.

Zhang Xiangguang immediately regained his movement, flexing his stiff body and glancing at the large knife on the ground.

The large knife wasn't a supernatural item, just an ordinary cold weapon, but its shape was similar to the knife he used before and quite handy.

"I don't like killing, especially helping others to kill someone inconsequential." Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Jian replied: "He's a foreigner."

"Foreigners are people too, they can also be kind, innocent," Zhang Xiangguang stated.

Yang Jian said: "That foreigner called everyone in our country cowards."

"What are we waiting for, let's go." Zhang Xiangguang immediately picked up the large knife from the ground.

Chapter 1364 - Duel

Yang Jian walked with Zhang Xiangguang through the dream world, slowly approaching an old European-style castle in the distance.

Beside him, the Evil Hound followed closely, always on guard against Zhang Xiangguang, who had regained his ability to move.

Even in this dream world, Yang Jian remained vigilant, giving Zhang Xiangguang no chance to get close. He didn't want the knife in Zhang Xiangguang's hand to suddenly be turned on him.

Zhang Xiangguang was well aware of Yang Jian's caution, so he didn't try to get too close, maintaining a mutual understanding to keep a certain distance.

"How's He Yuelian doing now?" Zhang Xiangguang asked as they walked.

"She's doing well. She's familiarizing herself with her supernatural power. If all goes well, headquarters will have another female captain," Yang Jian said calmly.

Zhang Xiangguang smiled and said, "Are you really comfortable with her? You know she's likely to implement the Peach Blossom Fountain plan again. As long as she's alive, there's always a chance for the plan to restart. If you don't want to see that happen, I suggest you get rid of her to eliminate the threat completely."

"Do you think your scheme would work on me?" Yang Jian glanced over and said, "Stop thinking about your plan. You failed before, and now it's even less likely to succeed."

"Since you don't want to talk about it, let's move on," said Zhang Xiangguang, changing the subject. "Let's talk about that castle."

Yang Jian said, "There's not much to say about Nightmare Castle. Once you defeat the opponent, everything will be over."

"The foreign group is getting restless, aren't they?"

Zhang Xiangguang said, "The presence of the supernatural nightmare here indicates that you've been attacked before, and the foreign group even wants to kill your headquarters' captain. Their purpose must not be simple. It looks like their malicious intent has risen again. Can you handle it with your limited forces?"

"You've gone up against us before. What do you think?" Yang Jian replied.

"Do you want the truth?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

"Is there any point in lying?" Yang Jian responded.

Zhang Xiangguang chuckled and said, "They have numbers and aren't weak as a whole. If they join forces, the captains at your headquarters won't be able to hold against them. Besides, they plan to strike first and defeat each of you one by one. You're likely the breakthrough point, but fortunately, you held your ground. Not only that, but you also left their supernatural nightmare power here."

"I've got a plan. Want to hear it?"

"You have another plan?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "The opponent is clearly unwilling to relinquish Nightmare Castle. Since that's the case, you should slow the invasion and draw them in to eliminate them slowly—kind of a siege to rescue strategy."

"I'm not interested," Yang Jian promptly refused.

"You've pointed out that the opponent doesn't want to give up the supernatural nightmare power, which proves its value. Why not control this power for yourself? Once the Evil Hound consumes the nightmare, it will become the opponent's nightmare."

"I don't want to give the enemy hope, even false hope. I only want to give them despair."

"You're young but have quite the temper," Zhang Xiangguang chuckled, almost sounding like a compliment.

"We've arrived."

Quickly.

Yang Jian, with the Evil Hound and Zhang Xiangguang, returned to the gates of the old European-style castle.

The doors were open, and standing there were not just one but a dozen foreigners wearing armor and wielding cold weapons. These men were tall and muscular, clearly formidable even in reality. While such a physique is of no use in the supernatural circles, it actually provides an advantage in the Nightmare World.

"The opponent is trying to play dirty," Zhang Xiangguang remarked after a glance.

Yang Jian said, "I see their strategy. After I agreed to the duel, they swiftly rearranged their lineup, bringing 'experts' into the Nightmare World while the ghost tamers stayed hidden, unwilling to risk their lives here."

"Do you think you can handle it now?"

Zhang Xiangguang, holding his large blade, said, "If a group of them charges, I can't guarantee anything. But one-on-one? They're just sending themselves to their deaths. Let's finish this quickly. I need to get back and teach."

"Captain Yang, you're truly a man of your word. This is the helper you've chosen, but we've decided to substitute another person for the duel with the one you've chosen. Rest assured, the prior promise still stands. If my associate loses, we'll leave and never return."

A foreign man emerged wearing a helmet that obscured his face.

"You cowardly creature, afraid to show your face. Are you hiding in case I trace you overseas afterward?" Yang Jian gave a cold glance.

The foreign man wasn't offended; instead, he laughed and said, "Captain Yang, let's remain calm. We have no direct conflict. Let's proceed with the duel so my associate, who is growing impatient, may swiftly clinch victory and end this nightmare."

"The fight can start now, but either have your man remove his armor or I'll suspect you're trying to delay," Yang Jian stated, eyeing the quietly stilling castle.

Worried that the Evil Hound might be eliminated, losing control of the Nightmare World.

"Of course."

The foreign man walked over, patting the shoulder of an armored man nearby: "Buddy, do your best. Win against this person, and I'll give you a million US dollars. But if you don't, you know my methods."

The tall man said nothing, just removing the heavy armor that bound him.

A robust foreign giant, standing over two meters tall, was revealed.

This foreign giant was bald, covered in tattoos, and his skin was lined with scars, showing he wasn't the product of a gym but had extensive battle experience.

In this era, finding someone so formidable with cold weapon combat experience is a rare feat.

The giant stared at Zhang Xiangguang with murderous intent, wielding only a large sword as he stepped out of the castle.

"Use whatever method necessary to win against him," the foreign man inside the castle instructed earnestly.

"Interesting," Zhang Xiangguang commented, eyeing the foreign giant and his weapon, sensing danger.

The giant was clearly no brute. He was cautious, with a slight crouch and a spring-like tension, always ready to take down an opponent. His broad sword, long and heavy, offered a clear advantage in reach and weight.

Anyone facing this man would likely be cleaved in two before getting close. Even if lucky enough to dodge, upon closing in, the giant's physical advantage would lead to abandoning the weapon for hand-to-hand combat, where he'd likely snap one's neck with ease.

Even if you can wound him, without a killing blow, he'd sacrifice an injury to take your life.

"There's no room for a second strike against someone like him. Victory must come after the first clash," Zhang Xiangguang remarked, his gaze eerily calm.

Immediately.

He sprang into action.

Zhang Xiangguang gripped the knife handle with one hand and swiftly rushed towards this burly man, his seemingly frail body displayed unimaginable speed and strength at this moment, he mobilized all bodily functions, creating an extraordinary burst of force.

"Luo'en, that guy's coming, get rid of him." Someone shouted inside the castle, cheering for the burly man.

The burly man named Luo'en faced Zhang Xiangguang, who was dragging a knife and charging swiftly, without panic, calmly standing in place, tightly gripping the large sword with intentions of a defensive stance, ready to meet this man's peculiar move.

"This is building power while dragging the knife."

Upon observing Zhang Xiangguang's motion, Yang Jian promptly searched his mind for related memories.

This method is very extreme; it's only used when one's explosive power and stamina are inferior. In ancient times, generals generally built power on horseback, ultimately using the horse's strength for a blow that leaves the opponent defenseless, finishing them with a single strike. However, Zhang Xiangguang couldn't ride a horse; he could only employ the short-range sprint method to build power.

"Zhang Xiangguang is gambling that the foreigners don't understand this move and betting that the big guy named Luo'en is overly cautious, fearing to decide life and death upon first contact." Yang Jian squinted his eyes and thought to himself.

As long as the opponent hesitates to exert full force with the first strike, then the first collision must leave them at a disadvantage, and in traditional cold weapon combat, being suppressed in the first clash allows Zhang Xiangguang the advantage to strike first in the second.

This first strike in the second blow is often fatal.

So it is not just a battle of skills but also a battle of courage.

Here he comes!

After a short sprint, Zhang Xiangguang reached the foreign burly man named Luo'en, abruptly stopping, channeling all his body's power through the built-up force of the knife in his hand.

Luo'en's muscles tightened, his strong physique endowed him with enormous strength, and his arm veins bulged as he chose to block this blade with the large sword.

In his view, once this knife is blocked, he can discard the weapon, pin this frail man down onto the ground, and with a few punches, easily secure victory in this confrontation.

Therefore, he spared some effort in the block, preparing for a counterattack.

"Clash!"

The moment the sound of impact echoed, unexpected events unfolded rapidly; almost in a blink, the large sword in Luo'en's hand could not withstand Zhang Xiangguang's single strike, directly falling headlong onto the ground. This prompted Luo'en to clutch the sword hilt, barely preventing the weapon from being jarred away.

"How can this guy have such strength... bad."

Luo'en quickly reacted, knowing it was too late to adjust his weapon, he swiftly released the large sword, intending to fight hand-to-hand, tackle Zhang Xiangguang to the ground, force the opponent to abandon his weapon, and prevent any chance of retaliation.

But it was already too late.

Zhang Xiangguang would not give him that opportunity, with the machete in hand immediately adjusted, turning the blade to strike diagonally upwards at Luo'en's neck from the lower right.

The skull was too hard, not confident about splitting the opponent's head without building power. Choosing the neck was the correct decision.

Squelch!

Without any suspense, the machete slashed into Luo'en's neck, yet only halfway, stuck within the bone crevice as the power depleted, unable to further sever the head.

Indeed, without supernatural power, beheading becomes inefficient.

Zhang Xiangguang did not hesitate, quickly abandoned the knife and retreated, pulling away.

Blood continuously spurted out along the knife stuck in the neck. Luo'en reached out, attempting to grab Zhang Xiangguang, but felt strength within his body seemed drained, losing balance and collapsing onto the ground.

"Damn it."

Others inside the castle, witnessing this scene, immediately grew angry and frustrated, clearly unable to accept this outcome.

The mighty Luo'en was slain by the opponent upon first contact.

His death was not of concern, yet it caused them to lose the bet.

"We've won." Yang Jian smiled faintly.

Indeed, amidst life-and-death combat, Zhang Xiangguang emerged victorious; although the opponent's overall strength surpassed him, the lack of all-or-nothing courage from the burly man proved fatal. Such a large man is unbeatable in a ring but this was no ring.

Seeing Luo'en collapse to the ground, Zhang Xiangguang walked over with no expression, grabbing the machete stuck in his neck, and directly pulling it out.

Luo'en's body convulsed, without response.

Zhang Xiangguang was not merciful, lifted the machete again, striking over the blood-spurting neck of the strong man.

After a strike, a bald head with a tattoo rolled down, the struggling body completely still.

"I won this duel, now leave, vacate this castle." Yang Jian stepped forward and said.

"Captain Yang, I'll remember you," the foreign man gritted his teeth and said.

Reluctant to give up the Nightmare Castle, they had no choice, this duel was the last chance and they didn't even have the right to cheat.

"If dissatisfied, name a place, and I'll fly abroad for another match," Yang Jian sneered.

"No need, we'll definitely meet again in the future." The foreign man said angrily: "We're leaving here, abandoning this castle."

Others said nothing, glaring at Yang Jian before turning and heading deeper into the castle.

Soon, a large crowd disappeared from sight.

"You have five minutes to withdraw, when time's up, I'll clear the castle, anyone left behind dies," Yang Jian shouted into the castle.

There was no response from the castle, though the Evil Hound's movements clearly increased.

Clearly, they were indeed retreating.

"Since we're here, might as well seize the castle this time, saving trouble next time," Zhang Xiangguang flicked the blood off the blade.

"I think the same, wait ten minutes, I'll go with you to check it out," Yang Jian said.

Chapter 1365 - A New Place

Ten minutes later.

Yang Jian and Zhang Xiangguang stepped into the old European-style castle.

The castle was silent and empty, except for the occasional roaming Evil Hound. It seemed those who lost the previous battle truly kept their promise, withdrew from the Nightmare Castle, and gave up reclaiming it.

However, Yang Jian didn't trust these foreigners much. He needed to investigate personally and eliminate the ruler of this Nightmare Castle.

Only then, the Evil Hound could completely end this confrontation within the dream.

"You seem to have practiced martial arts, and you're quite good at it. This is rare in the supernatural circle," Yang Jian said as he inspected the old and damaged castle.

Zhang Xiangguang casually replied, "It's not the first time I've killed in a dream. Without some martial arts skills, it's impossible to survive in the Ghost Dream World. If you have time, I suggest you practise too, it's never a harm to be prepared."

It was obvious he had previously dealt with supernatural events related to Ghost Dream, which is why he was prepared for such encounters.

"I see, but I will heed your advice. I'll train myself whenever I have the chance; at least I should be able to surpass you," Yang Jian thought it wouldn't affect him much to practice martial arts in a dream, furthermore, he had plenty of memories for it in his mind.

"I've already failed, so there's no need to challenge me," Zhang Xiangguang said, "Sometimes I find it quite nice to live in this dream world. It's intimate, and during this time, I have regained many lost emotions. Honestly, I've started to like it here."

"After all, you can't leave," Yang Jian calmly stated, "Let me ask you something."

"What is it?" Zhang Xiangguang replied.

"There's a certain town. When night falls, neon signs flicker, and countless wandering souls roam the streets. These souls will transform into the people closest to you and cling to you... Do you know of such a place?"

Yang Jian inquired.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "I've taken the supernatural bus to many places. I've been to the town you mentioned, which I call Dead City. But I didn't explore much there because it's extremely dangerous. Even the strongest ghost handlers wouldn't dare live in that Dead City for long."

"Of course, I've also studied the wandering souls on that road. You're right. If you succeed in bringing one out, it will become the relative you most wish to resurrect. I've tried and succeeded; I resurrected my deceased mother," Zhang Xiangguang said calmly, revealing a shocking fact.

He actually managed to bring out a wandering soul from the Wandering Soul Road.

"And what happened?" Yang Jian asked, somewhat surprised.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "It's indeed the image of the relative from your memory, but there's a time limit; it doesn't last long. As time passes, their behavior becomes increasingly strange—insomnia in the dead of night, wandering in dark rooms, burning hands while cooking without feeling pain, starting to eat raw meat..."

"I couldn't tolerate these changes, so I personally sent the soul back."

"What's the time limit?" asked Yang Jian.

"Six months," Zhang Xiangguang replied, "But if you can endure those bizarre behaviors, it might last longer. However, it's meaningless. Fake is still fake. If you want to resurrect the dead, I advise against it. I have a better method."

"There's another method?" Yang Jian asked with slight surprise.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Resurrecting the dead isn't a particularly difficult task in the supernatural circle. I've tried and explored many methods. So far, there's only one method closest to resurrection. But I don't want to tell you because every method has flaws. Pursuing such things is a waste of time. You shouldn't waste your time on this. You have more important things to do, and I'm anticipating your future achievements."

"I don't have anyone I want to resurrect. I just wanted to inquire about Baishui Town," said Yang Jian.

"If you want to know about Baishui Town, I can tell you more. But for now, let's handle things here first. I've rarely ventured out, and I don't want to return without accomplishing anything," said Zhang Xiangguang.

Yang Jian, seeing this situation, didn't continue asking.

After searching around, they finally arrived at the deepest part of the castle, inside a grand hall.

In the center of the hall was a large round table, but it was currently empty, devoid of anyone. No, that's incorrect; there was one person.

An unremarkable foreign woman was sitting in an unnoticed corner of the round table. She was calm, seemingly quietly waiting for Yang Jian's arrival.

Yang Jian stopped, assessing the woman from head to toe.

His intuition told him this woman was likely the ghost handler controlling the supernatural Nightmare.

"My name is Kelly, Mister Yang. I've been waiting here for you for quite some time,"

The foreign woman calmly said, proactively greeting Yang Jian.

"Kill her, and this castle will be completely occupied by the Evil Hound. Another building will be added to the dream world," Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Jian eyed the woman, "Where are your companions? Did they truly abandon you?"

"Mister Yang, isn't this what you've always hoped for?" Kelly, the foreign woman, replied.

Yang Jian chuckled with a hint of coldness, "Don't act all innocent; it's nauseating. Think back, who was it that pulled me into the dream trying to kill me here?"

"Yet you already defeated them, even killed several," said Kelly.

Yang Jian approached boldly, "Defeat? Do you consider this a game or a match? Our conflict isn't settled by wins and losses; it's decided by life and death. You and your team are threats that must be eliminated. However, I'll give you a chance to commit suicide, for when that thing acts, your end will be rather grim."

He glanced at a massive Evil Hound baring its teeth, already near Kelly, eager to make a move and sending shivers down one's spine.

Kelly fell silent, not speaking, just staring at Yang Jian with intense reluctance.

She didn't want to die.

And she believed she had the right to live; no one could take that away.

However, her teammates had given up on her because they knew the Nightmare Castle couldn't be defended. Pulling people into the dream only delayed the inevitable, not secured victory.

"I won't give up easily," Kelly said, slowly standing up from her chair.

"Of course, you have the right to resist, so use whatever means you have." Yang Jian said calmly.

Kelly remained silent, but behind her, the wall flaked away, revealing a suit of armor covered in rust, equipped with a longsword and a helmet. There was no one inside the armor, as the gaps showed it was empty inside. However, eerily, the armor broke free from the wall and began to move.

"A suit of armor that can move? In this dream world, all supernatural phenomena should be ineffective."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, then saw Kelly's body rapidly becoming blurry, seemingly disappearing.

"I see, this armor is the supernatural item where the Nightmare is stored, the source of the supernatural in this castle. You're insane, giving up control of the Nightmare to release a ghost to kill me."

He understood now.

Just like the source of the Ghost Dream World is the Evil Hound, the Nightmare Castle also has its source. Previously, the source was this foreign woman named Kelly, but now, Kelly chose to revive the ghost, losing control over the dream, and the source became this armor inhabited by the ghost.

"This is the best choice. If you're willing to give up, I can stop all of this." Kelly stared at Yang Jian.

"Naive."

Yang Jian remained unmoved: "If you want to die, I won't stop you. Since you've chosen to revive the ghost, just disappear obediently. The rest has nothing to do with you; I'll handle this Nightmare's supernatural phenomenon."

"You'll regret it. It will kill you all." Kelly gritted her teeth, her body becoming increasingly blurred, while the empty armor behind her grew ever more active.

"Stop waiting, hurry up and disappear."

Yang Jian was a bit impatient, wishing the foreign woman would just die quickly.

This foreign woman named Kelly chose to revive the ghost, which meant there was no turning back. She couldn't scare Yang Jian into retreat and was ultimately consumed by the supernatural, her consciousness dissipating, and her body entirely departing from the Nightmare Castle.

Though this foreign woman died, she left Yang Jian with a problem.

"It's over, I should go back now." Zhang Xiangguang was clearly not planning to act, as he sheathed his knife and turned to leave.

"You're leaving now?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "They've completely abandoned the Nightmare; they can no longer enter this castle. Taking over here with the Evil Hound is just a matter of time; there's no need to confront a ghost head-on. It's risky if the ghost kills us."

"Makes sense." Yang Jian thought about it and agreed there was no need to fight the ghost to the end. It really would be a loss if the ghost managed to kill them.

"Bite the thing to death and take over this castle."

He ordered the Evil Hound.

At this moment.

With the opponent's interference gone, the Evil Hounds increased in number. In just a moment, six or seven Evil Hounds appeared in the hall, surrounding the armor and lunging at it.

The old armor was not only hard but also moved very flexibly.

The longsword in its hand swung half a circle in the air, slashing through three Evil Hounds at once.

But the remaining Evil Hounds immediately tackled the armor to the ground and began biting violently.

Although the armor was hard, it gradually deformed, showing some effect.

Yet the next moment, the remaining Evil Hounds were killed by the armor.

"This is too slow; I don't want to wait too long." Yang Jian said, "You can shorten the confrontation with the Evil Hounds significantly by giving it a single swipe."

Initially planning to leave, Zhang Xiangguang sighed at this point: "Alright."

Soon, new Evil Hounds appeared and lunged again, and Zhang Xiangguang followed suit.

This time, the Evil Hounds were killed again, but Zhang Xiangguang's slash cut off the arm holding the longsword from the armor.

Without a weapon, the eerie armor became a chew toy for the Evil Hounds, who tore into it mercilessly.

While biting, the armor gradually disassembled and disappeared.

It wouldn't take long before the castle would completely become part of the Ghost Dream World.

"That's good enough."

Seeing this, Yang Jian thought the efficiency was impressive and ceased to pay further attention, sending Zhang Xiangguang away and letting him return to the previous classroom.

"I will keep my promise; you can move freely in the classroom but cannot leave here."

"That's enough."

Zhang Xiangguang said, then threw the long knife he held to Yang Jian.

After Yang Jian took it, he left the Evil Hounds to watch over.

"Better not let Zhao Xiaoya leave here for now. Her thoughts are still dangerous; releasing her could cause trouble." Zhang Xiangguang said.

"I don't need a child's help for now. She'll stay here for a long time, until she returns to normal." Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangguang added, "I'll give you some free advice, collect more Ghost Money if you can. It'll be useful in the future, and the more, the better."

"Ghost Money?" Yang Jian pondered briefly, knowing it was useful, though hard to obtain, still rare in the supernatural circles.

However, he thought he might try his luck at headquarters.

With this thought, he left here alone.

Chapter 1366 - A Simple Breakfast

When Yang Jian woke up from the Ghost Dream, it was already the next morning.

Though it took quite some time, the good news was that he had successfully taken down Nightmare Castle. In a few days, the Evil Hound would harness a new Supernatural Power, which was something worth looking forward to.

"You're awake?"

Beside him, Jiang Yan's voice sounded as she rubbed her eyes, just waking up.

"Why are you in my room?" Yang Jian asked.

"I saw the light in your room on last night and came over to accompany you. Didn't you used to dislike sleeping? Why did you sleep so long this time? I was worried something had happened to you and stayed up half the night worrying, but eventually I fell asleep." Jiang Yan said.

"I had a dream." Yang Jian casually replied.

"What kind of dream?" Jiang Yan blinked her eyes, asking curiously.

Yang Jian said, "Of course, it was a nightmare. If you want to know, bring me my notebook. I need to record what happened in Baishui Town and last night."

"Okay, I'll get it right away."

Jiang Yan excitedly went to the desk drawer in the room and took out a thick notebook.

In this notebook were recorded all of Yang Jian's supernatural experiences, seen by very few people. Only two people had seen it so far: Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin.

The two of them had one thing in common, which was that they were ordinary people.

After recording what happened in Baishui Town and the dream, it was already ten o'clock in the morning.

At this time, Zhang Liqin's voice came from downstairs: "President Yang, breakfast is ready. Come down quickly to eat."

"Elder Sister Qin, wait a moment. We'll be right down."

Jiang Yan replied, then added, "By the way, Aunt just returned from her hometown. She's been wanting to find time to talk to you. But you were away on business and didn't have time, so today I took the liberty of asking Liu Xiaoyu to give you a day off, telling them you won't go to the office today and to rest at home."

"My mom's looking for me?" Yang Jian's expression shifted.

This reminder made him realize that he hadn't had a meal with his mother for quite some time.

Thinking of this, Yang Jian immediately got up, dressed, and asked again, "While I was away, you and Zhang Liqin have been taking good care of my mom, right?"

"Of course, Elder Sister Qin and I often went back to the hometown to visit Aunt. I even used my savings to buy a car just for the convenience of going back." Jiang Yan said proudly, slightly raising her chin.

"How's my mom doing recently?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

Jiang Yan said, "She's doing great. Aunt often chats with relatives in the village, occasionally watches TV, and grows some vegetables. You haven't been back to the hometown for a long time. You really should go see the villa we spent a fortune building back home, and now even the safe house is complete."

"That's good. But I'm too busy with many things in the supernatural circle and at headquarter, I don't have much time to rest." Yang Jian said calmly.

"Actually, I've thought about living a normal life too, but after coming this far, many things are beyond my control, and I can't stop. However, along the way, your help has spared me many worries. You haven't disappointed my trust, and I should thank you for that."

Yang Jian was very aware of Jiang Yan's efforts, which had long exceeded the duties of an accountant.

Jiang Yan blushed slightly, "Don't say that. We're all family, we should help each other. Besides, I like helping you, even if my abilities are limited, often not playing a significant role. As long as you don't mind me."

In Jiang Yan's heart, her feelings for Yang Jian had surpassed a normal male-female relationship. More often, she considered herself part of Yang Jian's family.

But despite Jiang Yan's deep feelings, Yang Jian, as a ghost handler, was emotionally detached, which caused a barrier between them.

"Actually, you're more remarkable than I imagined. If possible, I hope you can always follow me." Yang Jian said, "But sometimes, I think, you're young and pretty, you should have your own life. Getting involved in the supernatural circle isn't a good thing."

"Danger, horror, and even entanglements in the supernatural circle, any little thing could ruin your whole life. So sometimes I thought I might erase your memories while you're asleep, so you could forget everything and return to a normal life. That might be good for you."

"No way, I don't want to live an ordinary life. I just want to live with you." Jiang Yan huffed, immediately refusing. "I knew you'd want to get rid of me. Do you want to be with Elder Sister Qin instead?"

"Zhang Liqin?"

Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, "You're wrong. Destroying you would make me feel regretful, but destroying Zhang Liqin wouldn't. That's why I keep her by my side, after all, I need useful people around me."

"Don't you dare alter my memory. I've chosen you, and I won't regret it. I can jump off a building once for you and a second time as well," Jiang Yan said seriously.

"And what if one day I die?" Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan was taken aback: "How could you die?"

"Everyone dies, and ghost handlers even more so." Yang Jian replied.

"I don't know. I haven't thought about that problem." Jiang Yan said, a little lost.

Yang Jian smiled slightly, "You've managed all my assets. If I die, take my money and live well, and take care of my mom."

"Don't talk nonsense so early in the morning. You'll definitely live well. Alright, enough talk, let's go downstairs for breakfast. Don't keep Aunt waiting." Jiang Yan cut off the topic, pulling Yang Jian's arm and heading out of the room.

A moment later.

Yang Jian and Jiang Yan came downstairs, and at this moment, Yang Jian's mother Zhang Fen and Zhang Liqin were already sitting at the dining table having breakfast.

"President Yang, sorry, we started eating since you two hadn't come down for a long time," Zhang Liqin said somewhat apologetically, her eyes shifting over Yang Jian with a hint of gentleness and a smile.

It seemed Jiang Yan didn't succeed last night either.

"Don't take so long to come down for meals. Don't do this again in the future," Zhang Fen reprimanded a little.

Yang Jian walked over and sat down, saying, "Mom, I heard from Jiang Yan you wanted to see me. What is it about?"

"One thing is about your cousin's case from last time. She's been missing for a long time, and didn't you promise to help look for her last time? How come there's been no news after so long? I wanted to ask about what's really going on," Zhang Fen said.

Yang Jian took a bite of sandwich on the table, then pondered, "This matter is unlikely to be resolved. Too many people go missing these days, but I've already asked headquarters to keep an eye on it. I'll definitely be notified if there's any news."

"Sigh."

Zhang Fen sighed: "I just knew it wouldn't be that easy to find her back. I'm just asking to confirm so that I can give them a clearer answer when I return."

Yang Jian said nothing, just continued eating his sandwich.

Though the supernatural incidents hadn't completely spread out, those who should know already knew. The villagers were also well aware that when it comes to supernatural matters, once someone was gone, they were truly gone—it was almost impossible to find them back. The only consolation was the hope that the person wasn't dead.

"The second thing is about your marriage. I see you aren't likely to go back to school, and you're not young anymore, it's time to find a wife and settle down. What do you think about Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan?" Zhang Fen asked.

"Cough, cough." Zhang Liqin, who was drinking coffee, immediately coughed violently, her face flushing red.

Jiang Yan was burying her head, avoiding eye contact.

The expression on Yang Jian's face was very calm, as if unaffected: "They are both very good. One is mature and sexy, the other young and beautiful, highly educated, smart, and capable. They handle many things for the company."

Zhang Fen, however, smiled and said, "That's good. I asked the two of them before, also consulted with their parents. Both they themselves and their families are very much in favor of being with you. But no matter how excellent a person is, you can only marry one wife. Among them, who do you prefer to choose?"

"If you can decide today, then Mom will take the initiative to finalize things for you."

Yang Jian put down the sandwich in his hand, his eyes moved slightly, and glanced at Zhang Liqin.

Zhang Liqin looked panicked, avoided eye contact, feeling anxious inside.

She knew there was a huge disparity between her status and Yang Jian's. Being able to help Yang Jian with tasks was already very good, she dared not hope for more. But when Aunt asked if she was willing to be with Yang Jian, there was only one answer she could give—to say yes.

However, she might not be entirely without a bit of fantasy.

What if Yang Jian needed a woman to serve as a 'wife' in name? Why couldn't she be the one he needed?

Jiang Yan, on the other hand, had her head so low it almost touched the table, but her ears were already red outside her hair. She felt unsettled, afraid Yang Jian would be angry at this moment.

After all, it seemed like she and Elder Sister Qin had conspired to use Aunt to get a rise.

A secretary, an accountant, trying to use Aunt to rise up and become Yang Jian's wife. If this got out, people would probably curse them to death.

But Yang Jian merely asked, "Even their parents know about this?"

"Such a big matter, of course, it needs to be discussed with their parents," Zhang Fen said as a matter of course.

"So, in saying this, the matter has been made public," Yang Jian calmly said, "This could be a bit troublesome."

"What's so troublesome about it? It's a mutually willing matter, and it's not illegal," Zhang Fen said, puzzled.

Yang Jian replied, "It's not troublesome for me, but for them. Because of my unique status, once it's known I'm going to marry, a huge crowd will rush over, using various methods to associate with and befriend those on the female side to better connect with me."

"Isn't that a good thing?" Zhang Fen still didn't understand.

Yang Jian said, "If it were in the business world, of course, it's a good thing. But I'm in the circle of the supernatural. Attracting people doesn't just involve the wealthy, it would also draw ghost handlers. For ordinary people to come into contact with the supernatural circle—it is a bad thing."

With those words,

Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan's expressions changed immediately. They hadn't considered this point.

Thinking about it now, it truly made sense.

Yang Jian's wife would not be an easy role to assume. Obtaining that identity equates entering the circle of the supernatural, putting the whole family at risk if one is not careful.

"That indeed would have some trouble," Zhang Fen somewhat understood now.

"Let's set this matter aside for now and eat," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Fen said, "But your matter can't be delayed either. What do you think about Wang Shanshan, the child from Wang Bin's family in the community? Mom has seen that girl; she's fair-skinned, tender, and very pretty. Besides, she's your classmate. Speaking of classmates, didn't you use to be very close with a girl named Miao Xiaoshan? Do you still keep in touch with her?"

A hint of helplessness appeared on Yang Jian's calm face.

It seemed he was being pushed to marry again, and urgently at that.

If worse comes to worst, he might just create a woman himself to act as his wife—saving time and effort, with a perfect figure and appearance, someone who could be resurrected after death, without having to worry about loyalty issues.

Chapter 1367 A Reckless Question

After breakfast, Yang Jian did not stay at home. He decided to drive out for a stroll.

Perhaps feeling guilty about the urging to marry, Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin chose not to accompany him. They stayed at home, helping pack up utensils and do housework, behaving very obediently.

But the real reason is they are afraid of Yang Jian getting angry.

After all, their ideas of 'moving up' were exposed.

Yang Jian drove through Dachang City, absentmindedly watching the scenery outside the car window while still thinking about the earlier events.

"What my mom said is true. It really is necessary to settle down. Moreover, for me, it doesn't matter who the wife is. She can be Jiang Yan, Zhang Liqin, or anyone else. So what's important is the identity of being a wife. I need someone who can legally and rationally help handle everything and make some decisions when I'm not around."

But upon careful thought, among the people Yang Jian knows, there's truly no one who meets these criteria.

In fact, Wang Shanshan once talked to him about this topic.

At that time, Wang Shanshan was also being urged to marry by her parents. However, she had a special situation and couldn't live a normal life, so the best solution was to be with Yang Jian and form a family. Wang Shanshan's parents would also do their utmost to help maintain the company's operations, even if Yang Jian died, they would continue working.

Thus, those two who are neither entirely human nor ghost are suitable to stay together, and their fates are truly intertwined.

"Unfortunately, Wang Shanshan is not suitable, because if I die, she would die as well, and she can't handle things for me after my death. If I have to get married, it must be to a normal person to fulfill the role of the wife and who must have been exposed to the supernatural circle yet without being corroded by the supernatural. Besides, they must have the ability to manage affairs and be sufficiently loyal."

Yang Jian pondered quietly.

"So, Zhang Liqin is directly ruled out, she was parasitized by the Ghost Infant, which is a hidden danger. Although there's nothing now, who knows what consequences will arise in a few years, ten years. Moreover, she is just a secretary I casually recruited, far from my inner requirements."

Yang Jian continued driving, the wind blowing through the window, his thoughts continued to drift: "Actually Liu Xiaoyu is good. She's my operator, knows me very well, and is from headquarters, with a clear background and correct stance. But sadly, she was also influenced by the supernatural, which might also be a hidden risk."

At this moment, excluding personal sentiment, he reasoned with absolute logic about future candidates who might become his "wife."

Of course, using the supernatural to create a person is best, but this also presents the same problem; which is that if Yang Jian dies, those created supernaturally would end too.

Yang Jian kept thinking, continuing to sift through suitable candidates.

In the end, he only considered two people suitable: one was Jiang Yan, the other was Miao Xiaoshan.

Jiang Yan has been known for a long time, the two have experienced many supernatural events, Yang Jian trusts her a lot, and Jiang Yan is also resolute towards Yang Jian, never showing betrayal behaviors, and has a good ability to manage affairs.

Regarding Miao Xiaoshan, she's almost like a childhood friend carrying emotions from Yang Jian's student days, and her nature is kind, character gentle, but she's weak in managing affairs.

"If it comes to choosing one of the two, who is more suitable?" Yang Jian posed a question to himself.

He doesn't think either would be unwilling, because many people in this era actually don't have many choices. They have been exposed to the supernatural circle and know the horror of this world, so hoping to naively live a normal life is impossible.

After all, no one wants to have a family live comfortably and suddenly face a supernatural event then die despairingly.

Even if not encountering supernatural events, recalling the horror of ghosts after nightfall can't keep life peaceful, right?

The reason these people live relatively well so far is because of Yang Jian.

Faced with horrors, there's a realization that Yang Jian will come to save oneself.

With hope, one can sleep peacefully amidst the Black Night.

In the midst of pondering, Yang Jian's phone suddenly lit up with a message arriving.

"What a coincidence, never thought Miao Xiaoshan has already arrived in Dachang City." He glanced at it and immediately hit the gas pedal.

The vehicle accelerated sharply and then unexpectedly disappeared from the road.

When it reappeared, the vehicle had already appeared on the airport road and was quickly heading towards a plane that had just landed.

Passengers getting off the plane and preparing to leave the airport were taken aback.

Is racing allowed inside the airport?

However, airport staff seeing this car didn't intervene and instead tacitly accepted its presence.

What violation of airport management regulations, what dangerous driving.

None of this concerns them, because in their training, there is a very important rule that some vehicles appearing are not to be stopped. Even if that vehicle halts a plane on the runway, they must cooperate. And coincidentally, Yang Jian's car is one of those vehicles not to be stopped.

After all, this is the car of the person in charge of Dachang City.

Yang Jian wasn't so domineering; he was just picking someone up along the way, not having absurd thoughts of intercepting a plane.

Miao Xiaoshan, queuing to get off the plane, felt a bit embarrassed seeing Yang Jian get off the car.

"Why are you here? I sent a message saying I've arrived in Dachang City and would go to you in a bit, right?"

"I happened to be free and was wandering around, so I came by." Yang Jian said calmly: "Come on, get in the car."

Miao Xiaoshan nodded, didn't hesitate much, and hurriedly got into the car, hoping to leave quickly to avoid inconveniencing other people at the airport.

Yang Jian drove the car, turned around, and headed towards the airport. But when he took a corner to avoid most people's gaze, the car suddenly disappeared.

Next moment.

The vehicle moved normally through the city's streets.

"How many days do you plan to stay in Dachang City this time?" Yang Jian asked.

"I have to leave tomorrow. I came over on leave this time; after all, I'm still in school and don't have much time."

Miao Xiaoshan said helplessly, "Sometimes I really want to drop out, it feels like continuing like this isn't very meaningful. After all, there are supernatural events everywhere, you never know when something might happen again. I'd rather live according to my own wishes, but my parents wouldn't agree. They'd definitely kill me for dropping out after finally getting into a good university."

"There's no future in not studying. Look at Ah Wei and me, aimlessly wandering around, causing trouble. Today if I'm not hitting someone, then someone's coming to hit me tomorrow. Feels like I'll eventually

get hacked to death on the street," Yang Jian said. "Although supernatural events are becoming more and more intense, they'll pass eventually, so you still need to plan for the future."

"Besides, what would you do if you dropped out?"

Miao Xiaoshan squinted and smiled, "I've thought it through, I could work at your company. You'd definitely hire me, right?"

"Although I would hire you, you shouldn't rush to leave school to work. You've got plenty of time to work for the rest of your life, so you should finish your studies well; that's what everyone hopes for, isn't it?" Yang Jian said.

"Yeah, I used to think so too, but recently I've been feeling more and more uneasy." Miao Xiaoshan said.

Yang Jian asked, "What's the reason?"

"I don't know, maybe because after Sun Yujia told me your stories, I felt anxious, or maybe it's because I've been writing a book recently and it's getting on my nerves, always wanting to change my lifestyle," Miao Xiaoshan pondered.

"Anxious? I kind of understand. But I don't have any good solutions either."

Yang Jian didn't say much more; he understood this kind of anxiety.

The more you know about supernatural events, the more it feels like the world is doomed. Ordinary people naturally feel anxious, thinking nothing matters anymore, and would rather do what they want while they're still alive.

"What have you been busy with lately?" Miao Xiaoshan asked.

"Handling supernatural events, of course, but recently my mom has started to pressure me about getting married. She thinks I'm not getting any younger and need to find a girl to marry," Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan was taken aback, then laughed, "Even you have a day where you're pressured to marry! But with your abilities, there must be tons of girls willing to marry you, right? You're the famous Ghost Eye Yang Jian after all. Just put the word out and the line of girls outside your house would stretch for miles."

"But suitable people are very few," Yang Jian said.

"Are there suitable people you've got in mind?" Miao Xiaoshan, sensitive to such matters, asked casually.

Yang Jian replied calmly, "After some serious thought, I currently have two candidates."

"Who are they? It can't be Wang Shanshan, right? I think she'd be a great match for you; after all, she was a renowned beauty in our class with a ton of admirers." Miao Xiaoshan hinted.

"It's not Wang Shanshan, one of them is Jiang Yan," Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan suddenly felt a tightness in her chest. She knew Jiang Yan because she had known Yang Jian for a long time and was living in Yang Jian's house all along...

"She's very good, really admires you. If you choose her, I believe you would get along very well..." She said some pleasant things, but there were traces of tension and unease in her tone.

Yang Jian continued, "And the other person is you."

Miao Xiaoshan stopped mid-sentence, then looked at Yang Jian with wide eyes, appearing very shocked, "Why, why me? I, I only promised to be your girlfriend before, but didn't... this is too fast, and I'm still in school."

For a moment, she waved her hands repeatedly, blushing furiously, and her heart was pounding wildly.

She hadn't expected that after not seeing Yang Jian for a long time, the meeting would dive straight into discussing marriage, catching her completely off guard.

Yang Jian continued driving, his expression still calm, as if they were just discussing a trivial matter.

"But even if I agree to this, I'd have to ask my parents' opinion." Miao Xiaoshan, after a pause, managed to blurt out this embarrassed sentence.

Yang Jian saw her flustered look and suddenly said, "Your parents' opinion actually isn't that important, right? After all, I can handle everything."

Miao Xiaoshan blushed again and fell silent, beginning to seriously think about this matter.

This wasn't a trivial decision.

Because it might affect her entire life.

But no matter what, Miao Xiaoshan's heart was still thrilled and joyful, because she knew that when Yang Jian considered this matter, he included her,

"If you can't decide, don't rush it. It's not something you have to decide right away; I'm just asking." Yang Jian said, "This question of mine was also quite impulsive, bringing up such a topic out of the blue."

"It's okay, I understand you. After all, you're at a high point right now. It can't be like normal people when it comes to matters of the heart. My roommate Liu Zi told me that wealthy and powerful families pay more attention to arranged marriages rather than free love. The fact that you can put aside the interests and consider me makes me very happy," Miao Xiaoshan said with a blush.

"So I'll seriously consider this issue, and no matter what, I'll give you an answer."

Yang Jian nodded and said, "It's good that you understand. Alright, let's leave this matter for now. I'll take you to Shangtong Tower first; the class reunion still needs to be arranged by Zhang Wei. Contact him when you get there; who knows what he's been busy with these past few days."

"Alright," Miao Xiaoshan nodded.

"Also, don't wander around if you have nothing to do. Dachang City hasn't been stable recently; people have been dying successively," Yang Jian added.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "Don't worry, I won't wander around aimlessly."

She looked at Yang Jian who was driving, her heart still filled with joy, feeling that this trip was indeed worthwhile.

Chapter 1368 - Burying Oneself

Yang Jian sent Miao Xiaoshan to Shangtong Tower and settled her down for the time being. As for when the gathering would be, it depended on Zhang Wei. Since Zhang Wei was organizing this, there was no need for Yang Jian to worry much about it.

He originally planned to sit for a while longer, but Li Yang came to him.

"Li Yang, is there something wrong?" Yang Jian came to the meeting room and met with Li Yang, who had been waiting for him.

Li Yang had been staying at the company these days. His tasks were twofold: to protect the company's security and to watch over the comatose Zhao Xiaoya.

Ever since Zhao Xiaoya entered her dream, the invisible Wishing Ghost had been lingering around her, even wandering within the company. Although there was no immediate danger, Li Yang was very concerned about this, and he arranged for both Li Yang and Xiong Wenwen to stay at the company to ensure that no accidents occurred.

"Currently, Shangdong Tower is very secure. In Xiong Wenwen's foresight, the ghost around Zhao Xiaoya hasn't killed anyone, but people are still disappearing in Dachang City. Wang Yong, Eagle, and others are investigating this matter, and they have some clues." Li Yang said.

Wang Yong and Eagle were previously messengers at the Ghost Post Office. After finishing the work at the Ghost Post Office, Yang Jian took in Wang Yong and resurrected Eagle and Yang Xiaohua. They currently work at the company.

"What are the findings?" Yang Jian inquired.

Li Yang said: "It's basically certain that this has nothing to do with our Dachang City. Most likely, other supernatural events are involving us, not the supernatural occurrences surrounding Zhao Xiaoya. But Wang Yong is still investigating, and if no new supernatural phenomena occur, he thinks this matter can be temporarily ignored."

"With a city's population being so large, occasionally losing a few people is not considered serious."

Yang Jian pondered: "So yes, there's still a small probability of a supernatural event? But Wang Yong is doing the right thing; though there's no evidence, we can't eliminate suspicion. This is Dachang City, where we live, and no accidents are tolerated."

He previously suspected the Wishing Ghost might be involved, and if not, the remaining suspicious points were only the Ghost Cabinet and the Black Umbrella.

The Ghost Cabinet is currently involved with the Wishing Ghost, causing some issues and posing a potential risk of losing control.

The Black Umbrella supernatural event is currently happening outside of Dachang City, making the likelihood very small.

"Besides, I've also initiated a new deal with the Ghost Cabinet before, which is to have the Wishing Ghost appear in front of me. But another deal is for the Wishing Ghost not to appear in front of me for three days, creating a conflict to artificially generate supernatural downtime, and today is the third day."

"If the supernatural conflict fails and the Ghost Cabinet completes my transaction, I will suffer a curse again. If the supernatural conflict succeeds, I will not encounter the Wishing Ghost after midnight tonight."

Thinking this, Yang Jian continued, "We'll maintain the status quo for now, and everything will be decided after midnight tonight. If everything remains normal during this period, let Wang Yong abandon his investigation, and you and Xiong Wenwen needn't keep watch over Zhao Xiaoya anymore."

Li Yang nodded: "I hope everything goes smoothly today."

"I hope things don't go smoothly tonight. The Wishing Ghost around Zhao Xiaoya is too dangerous, and it would be best to imprison it, as keeping it is always a hidden danger." Yang Jian said.

The Wishing Ghost falling onto Zhao Xiaoya, allowing a child to wish freely and causing death continuously, cannot be tolerated.

Furthermore, such a malevolent spirit like the Wishing Ghost is not suitable for harnessing; imprisoning it would be ideal.

"Do we need to prepare anything for tonight?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian replied: "No need, let things proceed as they will. I'll handle it. You just need to do your job well. By the way, how are things in Baishui Town? Have you been in contact?"

"I spoke with Huang Ziya before, and nothing has happened on her end. Moreover, Wang Shanshan's grandmother has been successfully rescued. The yellow paper affixed to the old lady's face has been torn off by Huang Ziya, and it's currently in her possession. Also, Feng Quan has successfully arrived at the Ghost Post Office and met with Sun Rui; everything is going smoothly." Li Yang reported on the follow-up situation.

"That's good. What's Tong Qian been up to recently?" Yang Jian nodded.

"She's been on duty as usual, occasionally visiting the city she used to be responsible for. She seems quite uneasy about the situation at the Caesar Hotel, needing to frequently check on it." Li Yang continued.

Yang Jian said: "That's normal, considering that the situation at Caesar Hotel ended, but there are still hidden dangers. Keeping an eye on it is necessary."

After listening to Li Yang's report, Yang Jian had a general understanding of the events happening in the past two days.

For now, everything remains stable.

However, he plans to deal with the Black Umbrella supernatural event after handling the Wishing Ghost's matter, as leaving it unresolved remains a hidden danger.

At this moment.

Feng Quan, who had already arrived at the Ghost Post Office, was crouching in front of a giant soil tomb within the post office, frowning and pondering.

During this period of contemplation, Feng Quan's hand had unknowingly inserted itself into the mound.

The supernatural power of the Grave Soil was shared.

Feng Quan had harnessed the Grave Soil, and what buried Wei Jing was also Grave Soil, despite it not belonging to him; the supernatural power remained the same.

"How's it going? Any new progress?" Suddenly, Sun Rui, leaning on his cane, approached and asked about the situation again.

The Ghost Post Office had become very quiet at this point, and the captains who had gathered here had all left; only He Yuelian remained, as she needed time to adapt to her supernatural power, learning, and mastering it. Sun Rui had taken on the responsibility of guiding He Yuelian.

Apart from that, the condition of Wei Jing buried in the Grave Soil was causing concern.

No one wants Wei Jing to die, as he is a very reliable captain, and losing him would be a significant loss to everyone.

Feng Quan slowly retracted his hand from the Grave Soil and said, "Wei Jing buried in the soil isn't showing any signs of life; it's like he's dead. I've observed him continuously from yesterday to today without any changes. However, I dare not casually dig up the soil, disrupting the balance. But this dilemma can't go on."

"I have an idea, which is for me to personally enter this tomb to determine the situation and then bring Wei Jing out. Of course, this is very risky; it might lead to Wei Jing failing to resurrect and being nothing more than a corpse."

Sun Rui pondered for a moment and said, "I can't make such decisions; it needs approval from headquarters."

"Headquarters? That would be Yang Jian making the decision. I'll call Yang Jian and see what he says." Feng Quan said.

Sun Rui said, "There's no signal for phones here, use my landline instead."

As he spoke, he pointed to a landline phone not far away.

Feng Quan wasted no time and immediately picked up the phone to contact Yang Jian.

At this moment, Yang Jian, who was listening to Li Yang's report, answered the call.

"Yang Jian, it's me, Feng Quan. I'm at the Ghost Post Office now..." Feng Quan briefly explained Wei Jing's situation: "That's the gist of it. What are your thoughts now? Should we rescue him immediately, or wait and see? Anyhow, at present, Wei Jing shows no signs of revival. He's no different from a corpse buried in a grave."

Yang Jian asked, "What about the buried Ghost Envoy? I remember Wei Jing and the Ghost Envoy were buried together."

"No signs of the Ghost Envoy have been found. I suspect the Ghost Envoy has already invaded Wei Jing's body and they have become one. But it's uncertain who is in control now," Feng Quan said.

"This matter is quite troublesome. If Wei Jing comes out without consciousness, it'd be like releasing a Ghost Envoy inside the Ghost Post Office." Yang Jian understood the difficulty of the situation, but he, being in Dachang City, couldn't handle matters at the Ghost Post Office.

"Feng Quan, you make the call on this. I'll back you up if anything goes wrong. I trust you'll make the right decision."

"Alright then, since you say so, I'll handle it," Feng Quan acknowledged.

Soon after, the call between the two ended.

Inside the Ghost Post Office, after Feng Quan put down the phone, he immediately said, "Sun Rui, Yang Jian asked me to decide."

"In that case, you decide. I'll support you," Sun Rui said.

Feng Quan was also contemplating. He hoped to rescue Wei Jing rather than release the Ghost Envoy.

Finally, he said, "I decide to enter the Grave Soil myself and be buried with Wei Jing. It may take some time, so don't let anyone disturb me. I'll see if I can communicate with Wei Jing during this time. If not, I'll extract the supernatural power from the Grave Soil to ensure I can restrain the Ghost Envoy after releasing it."

"Alright, I understand," Sun Rui nodded.

"Then I'll start," Feng Quan said after taking a deep breath.

He was also taking a risk, but he knew that this was not only an opportunity for Wei Jing but also for himself. The Grave Soil supernatural power he could harness was minimal, like a fragmented puzzle. If he could acquire this ancient grave, he could easily bury other fierce ghosts rather than barely managing with the three he currently controls.

With this determination, Feng Quan walked towards the massive old grave.

His footsteps gradually sank into the soil, appearing as though he was being swallowed by the grave.

After just a few steps, most of Feng Quan's body was already submerged in the Grave Soil, with only his head remaining above ground.

Sun Rui watched all of this in silence.

A moment later.

Feng Quan completely disappeared, thoroughly buried in the ancient grave, which remained calm without any anomalies.

However, he was not dead.

Possessing the same supernatural power as the Grave Soil, he could survive within it.

Yet the Grave Soil suppressed a terrifying Ghost Envoy. Even if he could survive within it, any mishap could still lead to his death at the hands of the Ghost Envoy.

Whether it would be growth or death remains a matter for time to determine.

"When can I leave and go out for a walk? I feel like I've almost mastered my supernatural power."

Suddenly, a woman's voice arose. An eerie woman in a red wedding gown, with a red veil over her head, inexplicably stood behind Sun Rui.

This eerie woman was He Yuelian, who harnessed the Ghost Painting.

"Not yet. You're not proficient enough. For an ordinary person, mastering supernatural power is just the beginning. You need to become skilled in using it. You're far from ready, and going outside requires Yang Jian's consent because of your special existence," Sun Rui denied her request.

"I understand. I'll continue practicing then," He Yuelian said and then eerily vanished.

Though she was in the Ghost Post Office, her Ghost Domain could be used unaffected, becoming increasingly proficient.

In truth, no one could stop He Yuelian from leaving the Ghost Post Office. Only her own restraint and her apprehension of Yang Jian held her back.

If He Yuelian wanted to join the headquarters, she must follow orders.

If she recklessly walked out of the Ghost Post Office, it would mean confronting the headquarters.

He Yuelian was aware of this, so she wouldn't leave the Ghost Post Office without permission.

"She won't be constrained here for long. She'll soon leave," Sun Rui thought to himself.

Since ancient times, no cage could restrain a fierce tiger.

The only worry was if He Yuelian, once free, would use her supernatural power for good or ill outside.

Zhang Xiangguang indeed left a huge dilemma for them.

Chapter 1369 - A New Gathering

"I've seen plenty of young people like you. You've read a bit and think you can make it in society, make big bucks, strike it rich and reach the pinnacle of life. The truth is, entering society is a painful process; there are many things you can't do even with a degree. Take you, for example. You want a high income but don't want to fasten screws in a factory, nor do you want to show your face and set up a stall as a vendor. So, how will you live? Even with a degree, you need to eat. Interested in being my underling? You'll earn a high income and bring meaning to your life. Interested?"

"I'm not a pyramid scheme, don't be quick to refuse, consider it first, but make it quick; my underling slots are limited."

On a bustling street in Dachang City, a young man in a suit with slicked-back hair sat at a small table, using a deep voice to persuade a sixteen or seventeen-year-old young man sitting opposite him.

"I just want to find a part-time job and earn some living expenses, I don't want to join any organization." The young man immediately turned away and ran.

"Damn, another underling slipped through my fingers."

Zhang Wei angrily pounded the table, grabbed the cola nearby, and took a big gulp.

"You guys are such useless lot, at least show some use, it's all up to me, the boss, to make things happen. Even though I, Ah Wei, am famously capable, you can't just rely on me for everything. Even recruiting needs me to step in. I really worry that someday when I'm gone, Dachang City's safety will be a mess."

Then he turned around and reprimanded the few underlings behind him.

But the few companions behind him only treated Zhang Wei's words as nonsense, squatting on the ground, playing on their phones, occasionally chatting and laughing.

"Sigh, if it weren't for you guys being orphans without anyone to take care of you, I would have kicked you out of the organization long ago. Eating my food, using my stuff, and you don't even care to call me dad." Zhang Wei said, frustrated.

"Ah Wei, stop rambling, come on, there's business, hurry up and serve." One of the underlings reminded him.

At this moment, a curious young woman in her twenties approached, suspiciously asking, "Monthly salary of twenty thousand, no age or education limit, male or female. Is this recruitment info true or false?"

"Of course it's true."

Zhang Wei immediately sat up straight, rested his chin on his hand, and said in a deep voice, "Young lady, I can see you're young and likely tight on cash, living a cramped life. You have neither family background nor skill, and look, searching for a job even at noon. Is this the life you wish to continue? I think you're fine in every aspect, just missing a chance, right?"

The young woman instinctively nodded.

Zhang Wei's mouth curled into a smile, "Now the chance is here, as long as you seize it, you can turn your life around. Interested in being my underling?"

"Scumbag, pervert, bah."

The young woman immediately stood up, cursed angrily, and ran off.

"..." Zhang Wei's face instantly turned gloomy.

Another underling slipped through his fingers?

He turned around and looked at the recruitment information standing beside him, beginning to doubt whether the salary he offered was too low.

A monthly salary of twenty thousand does seem a bit low, should he increase it? Fifty thousand a month?

"The society's changing rapidly; I fondly remember those school days. Just a few thousand in pocket money and treating everyone to some meals would've gotten Brother Tui to help me copy homework for half a semester. And Brother Tui did it devotedly without complaints. Thinking back now, I was a bastard; Brother Tui treated me as a brother, yet I used money to humiliate him."

Zhang Wei thought of this and couldn't help but slap himself.

"Ah Wei, don't you have something you've forgotten? You mentioned a couple of days ago you wanted to prepare for a class reunion, yet here you are recruiting, aren't you planning to attend the reunion?" At this moment, a young lad named Ah Fei reminded him while playing on his phone.

"..."

Zhang Wei remained silent for a while before standing up and saying, "I think I've really forgotten about it, you're right to remind me. I still need to attend the reunion; here I am wasting my time recruiting with you guys. Lucky I reacted quickly, and there's still time."

Saying this, he immediately picked up his phone and opened the classmates' group to start contacting everyone.

A classmates' group with dozens of people, most of their avatars were black, resembling memorial photos, only a few avatars still lit up.

Zhang Wei quickly began contacting Miao Xiaoshan, Wang Shanshan, Liu Qi, and the others. After these few gathered, he planned to call Brother Tui.

Soon, Miao Xiaoshan replied, saying she'd arrived at Shangtong Tower.

Wang Shanshan also responded, she's at Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Liu Qi replied a bit slowly, saying he could return to Dachang City before six today, currently handling some matters outside the city.

"This is all settled then." Zhang Wei happily said: "Tonight at six, class reunion, don't miss it, location will be shared in the group later."

"OK." Miao Xiaoshan replied.

"Alright." Wang Shanshan remained icy as usual.

"No problem, I'll be on time at six." Liu Qi replied as well.

Zhang Wei nodded his satisfaction and then said, "Today's recruiting is over, have a break, I'm heading to the class reunion. You guys should keep to yourselves, don't stir up any trouble while I'm gone. I've heard recently people have been going missing in Dachang City, the public security gets a bit unstable."

"Stop spouting nonsense and leave already, don't interrupt my gaming."

"Ah, yeah, yeah, you're right about everything."

Zhang Wei left angrily, grumbling, if it weren't for something important to attend to today, he would've wanted to give them a beating.

"First, head back to the office, retrieve my big axe. Last time at the class reunion there was a ghost scare, almost killed Miao Xiaoshan's cousin, can't let such an accident happen again. Although Brother Tui is there, I can't rely on him for everything, since I'm quite competent myself."

Immediately, he headed straight to Shangtong Tower by car.

The big axe Zhang Wei mentioned was indeed the supernatural axe he picked up at the abandoned No. 7 Middle School a couple of days ago.

However, this supernatural axe was still in Doctor Chen's possession for research, attempting to figure out the supernatural power on that axe. Judging by the progress, it couldn't be clarified in these short two days.

But Zhang Wei couldn't wait any longer.

He found Doctor Chen and forcibly took the axe away.

Doctor Chen didn't resist much. He only advised Zhang Wei not to lose it and to return it after use since the research wasn't finished.

Of course, Zhang Wei agreed without hesitation.

"Doctor, would letting Zhang Wei take the axe result in any adverse consequences?" the assistant inquired.

Doctor Chen said, "I have used the axe also. This supernatural item is quite stable and very suitable for ordinary people to use, because the stronger a person's supernatural power is, the heavier the axe feels, and it doesn't carry any curse. For now, there shouldn't be any problem, let him take it, after all, the item originally belonged to him."

While he spoke, he was also very curious inside since he had never seen such a special supernatural item.

If it weren't for some unique properties, he'd even suspect it was just an ordinary axe.

It seems the best way to confirm the axe's supernatural ability is through personal experimentation.

"But this information should still be reported to Officer Yang, so he's aware." Doctor Chen added later.

Shortly afterward, Yang Jian learned of this matter, but he didn't say anything and simply consented to Zhang Wei's action.

At that moment, Yang Jian had other things to attend to. He found a quiet spot to review the archives of supernatural items at headquarters. He wanted to determine what resources were available there, for convenient future use.

"z0327, z0512..... Bring these numbered items to me, I want to call them up." Yang Jian picked up the phone and contacted headquarters.

"Okay, Officer Yang."

The person in charge at headquarters was very courteous and did not refuse Yang Jian's request.

The items represented by these numbers in the archival records were all bizarrely colorful ghost money.

Indeed.

There was ghost money in the stockpile at headquarters, including three-yuan notes, seven-yuan notes, in substantial quantities. These were acquired by various officials from supernatural events without knowing their purpose, eventually handing them over to headquarters for safekeeping.

Now it's a boon for Yang Jian.

"Zhang Xiangguang advised me to prepare more ghost money, and earlier, the elderly from the herbal shop suggested collecting some ghost money when free. Clearly, this stuff is very valuable; hence, before other captains notice, I should take all the paper money from headquarters first."

Yang Jian thought quietly to himself.

Though he was the Enforcement Captain, other captains also had the right to call up supernatural items from headquarters, so it was a matter of who acted first would benefit.

He calculated.

If he could take all the ghost money from headquarters, Yang Jian would have as much as fifty yuan, a significant sum.

This amount would be enough to buy two coffins on Ghost Street and several pieces of clothing in Baishui Town.

"Officer Yang, the item with the number z0512 is no longer available." Suddenly, headquarters staff reported.

"Who took it?" Yang Jian's expression slightly changed.

The staff replied: "Captain Cao Yang requisitioned it a few days ago."

"Got it, bring me all the remaining ones." Yang Jian said.

"Alright, they'll be retrieved in ten minutes. Not sure when Officer Yang needs them." Headquarters staff responded.

Yang Jian said: "I'll collect them immediately once they're retrieved."

"Understood, Officer Yang."

Yang Jian realized that Cao Yang must have discovered the utility of ghost money and started using it.

He was not surprised about this.

These captains are quite well-informed about supernatural events, so discovering ghost money's purpose is quite normal.

Fortunately, he acted quickly enough, otherwise, if delayed by a few months, all those ghost money at headquarters would be called up.

Chapter 1370 - Meeting Again

"Hey, Brother Tui, it's me, Ah Wei. Come join the class reunion at six tonight. I've chosen the venue, it's at Ping'an Grand Hotel. Remember to arrive early."

A phone call rang out.

Yang Jian, who was collecting ghost money at the headquarters, received a call from Zhang Wei: "Okay, I got it, I'll be there by six."

After hanging up, Yang Jian had almost finished what he was doing.

He looked at the pile of multicolored ghost money in front of him and sorted it out; it was not more, not less, exactly forty yuan.

This was all the stock that headquarters had; not another piece of ghost money could be found.

"The old man at the pharmacy said that the bank responsible for printing ghost money is no longer around. These things will become scarcer, and the only way to get them is by occasionally encountering them in supernatural incidents. So, this forty yuan should be the last big sum I can get for now. Although I don't need this money at the moment, having it is still a precaution."

Yang Jian organized this ghost money well and then put it away.

He believed that this money would definitely be useful in the future because, whether it was Baishui Town or Ghost Street, they all needed ghost money, and this ghost money could be effective even when facing fierce ghosts in supernatural incidents.

After finishing this task, he melted into the puddle under his feet and reappeared at the swimming pool in his home through the Ghost Lake.

Back home, Yang Jian decided to put aside his current matters and go to today's class reunion.

Soon enough, after tidying up a bit, he drove out.

He glanced at the time.

It was already after five in the afternoon.

Leisurely time passes quickly, and unknowingly today was almost over.

"Hope the remaining hours are still peaceful without incident," Yang Jian thought as he drove.

He looked at the cars on the road and the pedestrians on the sides, feeling quite serene, as this indicated that the city was safe and nothing unusual was happening.

After spending time in supernatural places, seeing the normal world is a kind of enjoyment.

However, even so, Yang Jian still carried a trace of vigilance because he hadn't forgotten today was the last day for the Ghost Cabinet transaction.

Before midnight, accidents could still happen.

Yang Jian didn't immediately head to the Peace Hotel mentioned by Zhang Wei. He specifically drove around Dachang City once, confirmed everything was normal and problem-free, and then drove toward the reunion venue.

Because the last time at the class reunion there was a Ghost Mirror supernatural incident, this time he did not wish a Ghost Cabinet incident to occur.

Though the timing of this reunion seemed a bit delicate, Yang Jian tried to prevent any unexpected events as much as possible.

After all, supernatural events involve fatalities, and he did not wish for anyone to suddenly die at a good class reunion.

Not long after.

Yang Jian's car arrived at the entrance of Ping'an Grand Hotel. He got out of the car, handed the car keys to the hotel valet, and went inside.

"Zhang Wei picked a good place; he has indeed grown a bit."

He inadvertently opened his ghost eye and glanced at the hotel.

The hotel was grand, spacious, with few people, and away from the city center, indeed very suitable for a class reunion. Because if a supernatural event did happen here, it wouldn't have much impact, and fewer people would be affected.

Although no supernatural events would happen, it was clear Zhang Wei had learned his lesson and took precautions.

As Yang Jian entered the hotel, a service staff immediately came up to him: "President Yang, hello. Are you here for the reunion? We've already arranged everything, please follow me."

Yang Jian waved his hand: "No need to guide me; I'll go by myself."

"Then I won't disturb President Yang any further." The service staff left politely.

He had already glimpsed Zhang Wei and the others' location with his ghost eye just now, and everyone was already there; he was the last to arrive.

In reality, he was not late because it wasn't even six yet.

But for this class reunion, others took it very seriously, arriving at the Peace Hotel long in advance.

The reunion was on the third floor of the hotel.

This entire floor was booked by Zhang Wei, and there were no other guests except those related to the reunion, but such a thing was inconsequential for Zhang Wei's financial capabilities.

Just arriving on the third floor.

A beautiful woman in a white dress with snow-white skin, carrying a cold face, stood motionless as if waiting there for a long time.

"Wang Shanshan, were you waiting for me?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Shanshan's face was as calm and indifferent as usual: "Yang Jian, I noticed the Ghost Child seems to have changed significantly. Did you do something to the Ghost Child?"

The first sentence she spoke was an inquiry about the Ghost Child's situation.

Yang Jian didn't hide it and directly replied: "The Ghost Child needs to grow. It was too weak before, couldn't protect you, couldn't protect Guanjiang Residential Complex, and couldn't manage on its own. So I let it devour a ghost, put on a pair of embroidered shoes, increasing its supernatural power."

"But it disappeared," Wang Shanshan said.

Although her tone was still calm, Yang Jian could see that Wang Shanshan was concerned about the Ghost Child.

Though Wang Shanshan appeared cold, she was not a ghost-master; she had normal human emotions, just seemed indifferent on the surface.

"You've likely found, if you just call once, the Ghost Child naturally appears. Isn't that better?" Yang Jian said, while glancing at Wang Shanshan's side.

The cold ghost child has unknowingly appeared, wearing a strange funeral gown with red embroidered shoes, looking somewhat incongruous.

"I just want to ask about the ghost child's situation, and I'm trying my best to adapt to the new ghost child," Wang Shanshan said.

"I know, you've been taking care of the ghost child for a long time. Some changes I should have told you beforehand, but now is not the right time. Let's go, today is the class reunion, let's not discuss supernatural matters to avoid triggering any unpleasant memories, don't you think?"

Yang Jian came striding over and gestured.

"I heard you've been contemplating marriage recently," Wang Shanshan suddenly shifted the topic.

"In my situation, with an uncertain future, it's quite normal to consider marriage. After all, the family assets need someone to inherit, parents need someone to care for them, and I have no choice but to think about future matters. However, this isn't a big deal, just some trivial matters. How about it, are you interested in this?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan's gaze shifted slightly as she looked at him: "Just curious about what kind of person you would choose with your identity and status. After all, suitable candidates for you aren't many, but from your mother's attitude, it seems you're leaning towards people outside the supernatural circle."

"Ordinary people may be fragile, but they live longer. Those who encounter supernatural events might understand the world better, but supernatural factors are ultimately unstable," Yang Jian said.

"I understand," Wang Shanshan said, not continuing the topic.

Yang Jian looked at her: "But who can really predict the future?"

Wang Shanshan nodded: "No matter what, I want to help you, whether it's supernatural matters or personal ones, as long as I can do it."

"I understand," Yang Jian said. "If I need your help, I won't be shy about asking."

"Hmm," Wang Shanshan responded.

Soon.

The two of them walked into the hall on the third floor of the hotel.

At this moment, the hall was already arranged and prepared, with self-service gourmet food and cozy scenes, and artists invited to enliven the atmosphere with performances.

It was clear Zhang Wei had put effort into it, and it didn't look like it was hurriedly prepared, but rather planned in advance.

"Brother Tui, over here." Ah Wei smiled, waving his arms enthusiastically not far away.

Others noticed and looked over at Yang Jian, especially the few second-tier celebrity artists invited by Zhang Wei, showing expressions of curiosity and amazement.

Because the name Yang Jian is taboo at the top of many industries.

And the more taboo a character is, the more they arouse curiosity and exploration.

"Why did you invite so many people for a class reunion?" Yang Jian asked as he walked.

But Zhang Wei laughed heartily, "What are you talking about, they're just a few company employees. Those beauties are from the company's advertising department, and I've heard some are second-tier celebrities. I don't know them, just heard they're good at singing and dancing, so I got them to liven things up. Brother Tui, you know, our classmates have dwindled to just these few left. If I didn't invite people, it'd be so quiet."

"So that's how it is." Yang Jian scrutinized one of the beauties preparing to go on stage to sing, feeling a bit familiar.

"Hello, President Yang." The beauty hurriedly came over and said respectfully.

"I think I've seen you before," Yang Jian said.

The beauty smiled and said, "President Yang does have a poor memory; I sat beside you last time when President Yang and President Wan of Wan Delu were drinking."

"I seem to recall," Yang Jian immediately had some impression; indeed, there was such an incident.

It was during his first business trip to headquarters on the airplane when handling the Ghost Hand incident and saving many people, including Wan Delu, a businessman, who thanked him by treating him to a meal.

"Giving up being a star to work as a regular employee at my company, quite a waste of talent." Yang Jian said.

The beauty smiled and said, "President Yang is kidding. It's my honor to work for President Yang, so please take care of me in the future."

"You go ahead with your work," Yang Jian waved his hand, unconcerned about this so-called celebrity.

"Thank you, President Yang." The beauty also left happily.

Evidently, she knew Yang Jian had tacitly allowed her to stay in the company.

"Hey, you're busy talking to a star and didn't greet me, really now." At this moment, Miao Xiaoshan walked over with a disgruntled face.

Yang Jian said, "I needed to confirm her identity since she looked familiar, to avoid unwelcome individuals slipping in." This content belongs to novel·fire·net

"So that's it; I thought you were captivated by her," Miao Xiaoshan laughed with squinted eyes.

"Captivated? Was the person just now very beautiful?" Yang Jian questioned.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Miao Xiaoshan asked.

"I don't think so."

Yang Jian calmly said, "After all, I can alter other people's appearance at will; beauty and ugliness don't mean much to me."

"Brother Tui, why didn't you say you have this ability sooner? Quick, make me more handsome and give me an eight-pack abs," Zhang Wei's eyes lit up upon hearing this.

"There are side effects," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei asked, "What side effects?"

"Like kidney deficiency and becoming indifferent, just like Wang Shanshan," Yang Jian said.

"Then I'd better forget it, I'm already quite handsome, missing a few abs is no big deal," Zhang Wei glanced at Wang Shanshan beside him and instantly lost interest.

Wang Shanshan's face remained calm, and she just looked at Yang Jian peculiarly.