

Revival 1381

Chapter 1381 - Forced Seizure

Stepping into the cold, accumulated water, although it wasn't deep, looking down it felt like an abyss, bottomless. Even floating within the water were many frightening corpses, seemingly alive, eyes eerily open, staring at the people above the water.

It was as if these corpses could rush up and drag people into the bottomless waters, erasing them entirely from this world.

"This is the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake." Liu Qi's heart raced with fear as he observed.

Despite being somewhat prepared, witnessing the Ghost Lake that enveloped most of Dachang City still filled him with terror.

If Yang Jian willed it, this Ghost Lake could completely submerge the city, not to mention the ordinary people living here.

But at this moment, the Ghost Lake covering the city was merely to deal with one ghost.

Though the Wishing Ghost couldn't be seen, if it came in contact with the Ghost Lake, it would certainly manifest within the water; this is a characteristic of the Ghost Lake, reflecting entities not present in reality.

However, the intrusion of the Ghost Lake into reality was too slow; unless you were prepared in advance, it was hard to find an opportunity in the process of combating the supernatural.

"Yang Jian, at this speed, about how long before we can make a move?" Liu Qi asked.

"Ten minutes." Yang Jian answered directly, without concealment, not fearing the ghost hearing him.

Such a commotion, the Wishing Ghost must have sensed it long ago, but the ghost first succumbed to the constraints of the game rules. Even knowing what Yang Jian was doing, it couldn't stop it, as long as Yang Jian's Ghost Lake didn't invade the front Peace Hotel.

"It's currently eleven forty, which means Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan and the others need to hold on for another ten minutes. This won't be easy. I've already heard gunshots from inside, they must have already collided with the ghost. I don't know the casualties yet, hope they're all okay." Liu Qi frowned, very worried.

But he couldn't help now, worry was futile.

"We should have faith in them; after all, they've survived so much, they won't die easily here. Plus, today's matter must be resolved, or the hidden danger is great." Yang Jian said calmly.

Liu Qi nodded, resigned to quietly waiting.

Ten minutes seemed very short, but for the people inside the Peace Hotel, it was excruciatingly long.

As time passed, the ghost would grow more ferocious, its attacks more frequent, anyone might die with a single misstep.

At this moment.

After the earlier clash, Eagle and Wang Shanshan understood some of the ghost's characteristics, gradually gaining a little confidence. They gathered with Zhang Wei, not wandering around, remaining in the empty hall.

"The ghost could appear anytime in the nearby darkness, the entire Peace Hotel is essentially within the horror ghost's Ghost Domain. But there's a sign before the ghost appears. First, the surrounding air will become exceptionally cold, then a human-like silhouette appears in the darkness. I calculated the time, from appearance to attack, the ghost needs about three seconds."

Eagle shared his observations: "Those three seconds are our time to counterattack, but the ghost won't die. Even if Zhang Wei knocks down the first one, a second ghost will appear in succession, continuing the game. So, we can only buy time. Of course, if there's a chance, it's best to seize that red wooden stick from the horror ghost."

"However, even if we successfully steal the ghost's weapon, we mustn't be careless. Once the ghost gets close, it can easily break your necks. This eerie game isn't fraught with danger everywhere; some safe zones exist, like this place now. Because the windows outside allow light in, the ghost won't appear directly from within the light."

"I understand, you've been very thorough." Wang Shanshan nodded.

Experienced people really make a difference, analyzing most of the ghost's information in a few minutes, even determining safe zones.

Eagle stared at the light coming in through the windows, "But don't rejoice too soon. Based on my estimations, the safe zone will gradually disappear due to various circumstances. The closer it gets to midnight, the less lightened areas will become..."

Before he could finish.

Perhaps coincidentally, or by some paranormal influence, the lit area around them suddenly dimmed.

Outside, a cloud drifted, blocking the light.

Yet Yang Jian, observing from outside the hotel, didn't see any cloud masking the light.

The view inside and outside the hotel was entirely different.

"The light has disappeared; change the safe zone immediately." Eagle commanded.

In front, there was a faintly lit area; taking about ten meters ahead would provide temporary safety, but they knew the ghost lurked around, ready to attack at any moment.

"What's to fear? I have an oil lamp, it can provide light when lit." Zhang Wei said carelessly, pulling out a golden oil lamp with his other hand.

This was the Corpse Oil Lamp Yang Jian had given him earlier.

Eagle hastily advised, "Better not do that. Lighting the Corpse Oil Lamp might reveal the horror ghost, but it also raises the game's difficulty. The ghost's terrifying level will certainly change. The lamp doesn't help us much; it won't be decisive. As long as we're careful, we can pinpoint the ghost in the darkness."

"The trade of a bit of light for increased ghost terror isn't worth it."

"Are you kidding me? Such a good item can't be used?" Zhang Wei complained but heeded Eagle's advice and refrained from lighting it.

He didn't want to endanger his teammates.

"Move out."

Eagle took the lead into the darkness, taking charge of the path.

Wang Shanshan followed immediately, Zhang Wei bringing up the rear.

They quickly advanced in the darkness, heading toward the lighted area.

Only after two steps, Eagle suddenly halted. He sensed an icy aura enveloping them, as if a humanoid silhouette lay silently in waiting within the darkness.

"Not good."

Eagle's face changed, unable to see ahead. Relying on instinct and experience, he dodged to the side reflexively.

The evasive action saved his life.

He felt something swiftly pass by in the dark, stirring a chill breeze, as if something sliced through the air.

Unclear what happened, Eagle realized he'd just narrowly evaded a ghost attack, brushing past death.

"Can't see the ghost's attack at all, barely dodged this time. Next time, I might not be so lucky. The ghost can easily kill us, but we have means to counterattack. This eerie game is still playable," Eagle thought silently.

Not daring to be reckless, he continued forward. Yet the route changed, not proceeding straight to the light, but detouring.

"Follow me, don't go straight; detour a bit. The ghost awaits us upfront for a trap, no footsteps to reveal its spot now." Eagle called out loudly.

Wang Shanshan, realizing the gravity, quickly changed direction, zigzagged to make her path unpredictable, though keeping to the general course.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of that thing." Zhang Wei brandished an axe, swaggering through the darkness, eyes wide, trying to spot the horror ghost.

But he found nothing.

He doesn't have Ghost Eye, so he can't see through this darkness.

"That was a close call." At this moment, Eagle breathed a sigh of relief, standing in the area bathed in light, temporarily safe for a moment.

With his success, Wang Shanshan quickly circled around from another direction and walked into the light.

"I wasn't attacked. The ghost should be targeting you and Zhang Wei this time. To the ghost, the biggest threat is you two." She deduced the ghost's actions based on her situation.

"Zhang Wei hasn't shown up. The ghost's target is him." Eagle's face fell.

But there's nothing else they could do. Three people moving, the ghost blocks the way, forcing them to separate and detour. Then the ghost waits to strike the last person who ends up alone. If successful, they're immediately at a loss.

"Zhang Wei can't die. He has a supernatural weapon that can counter the ghost. You stay here, I'll go find him." Eagle said.

"No need to help, I'm not afraid of this ghost's sneak attack. Today, I'll give this ghost a real lesson, let it see what years of training have made my reaction speed into." Zhang Wei's voice came from the darkness. He heard the conversation between the two and expressed he didn't need help—he can handle it.

Wang Shanshan said, "Zhang Wei, don't act tough. If it doesn't work out, light the Corpse Oil Lamp and get past this stage first."

"No, can't light the lamp now."

Eagle shook his head and said, "Lighting the lamp now would affect Zhang Wei's counterattack. Once the ghost attacks, he's doomed. This time Zhang Wei is right—reacting alongside the ghost, and as long as he senses the cold aura, locates the ghost's position, he can strike first and win."

"You're right, don't worry about me all the time. I'm way tougher than you all."

Zhang Wei responded, stopping his movements and instead raising his ears to listen to the surroundings.

Listening to pinpoint positions is his basic skill.

As Zhang Wei remains motionless, the ghost in the darkness stands waiting for him to fall into its trap.

In a moment of silence.

The ghost standing a few meters from Zhang Wei vanished once more, and then a blurry figure gradually appeared behind him.

Zhang Wei remained still, ears perked up, listening to any sounds.

The ghost's outline became clearer, but in this darkness, an ordinary person wouldn't see it. Zhang Wei didn't notice, as the ghost moved without footsteps, totally silent.

After the ghost fully appeared, it raised the red wooden stick in its hand.

Before it could strike.

The motion of raising the stick seemed to produce a slight noise.

The next moment.

A red axe sliced through the darkness, striking accurately at the ghost's forehead.

"Bang!"

The ghost, severely injured, fell rigidly to the ground.

"I hit it! Quick, search the body, search the body." Zhang Wei exclaimed excitedly.

At this moment, hearing the commotion, Eagle didn't wait for Zhang Wei to speak, he was already rushing out. The distance between the two wasn't far, Eagle quickly got there, stepping on the cold body lying on the ground, immediately reaching to search.

A piece of red wood in the darkness was caught by Eagle.

But just as Eagle's heart lifted with joy, preparing to take it away, the other end of the wood was grabbed by something with terrifying strength, nearly snatching it back.

"A third ghost has appeared, cut it, right ahead!" Eagle urgently shouted.

"Don't worry, I've heard it." Zhang Wei was increasingly confident, once again chopping forward towards the source of the commotion.

Soon, the pulling force in the dark disappeared instantly.

"Success, hurry, retreat!"

Eagle successfully snatched the red wooden piece from the ghost's hand. He didn't have time to celebrate, pulling Zhang Wei towards the light where Wang Shanshan was.

Soon.

The two successfully exited the dark area, arriving at a temporarily safe place.

"Your performance really surprised me, our chance of winning this supernatural game is getting bigger." Eagle weighed the piece of red wood in his hand.

Zhang Wei boasted, "Of course, this game is no challenge for me. One chop and that thing's done, pathetically weak."

"Don't celebrate too early, the supernatural game isn't over yet." Wang Shanshan calmly said.

Eagle said, "Without this thing, the ghost can't instantly kill anymore. Even if it tries to strangle someone, it leaves a reaction time. At that point, we can counterattack; from now on, as long as we don't scatter and persist till midnight, it shouldn't be hard."

Despite saying so, he knew if not for Zhang Wei's extraordinary performance, the game would already be lost.

After all, during the game, Zhang Wei struck the ghost three times altogether.

If Eagle couldn't seize the opportunity with such a performance, then he, as the former courier, should jump to his death.

"The three of us now have two weapons, while the opponent is barehanded. Isn't it like easy winnings? Never thought I, Ah Wei, could be the MVP one day, haha."

Zhang Wei let out a creepy laugh, already imagining in his mind that he'd become a well-known figure in the supernatural circle like Brother Tui, being respected as Ah Wei wherever he goes.

"But we still gotta be cautious of the ghost's counterattack. The game should be in its latter stages, and its attack frequency will be higher than before. Be careful not to trip at the end." Eagle wasn't overly joyous, remaining calm.

"You're right, the ghost is coming again." Wang Shanshan looked up.

The window light began fading again.

This time, it's not just the window where they are; all window lights in the hotel began disappearing.

Soon, there will be no safe zones here.

"Stay close together, no matter what happens, don't move." Eagle weighed the wooden stick in his hand solemnly.

This thing can be used by the ghost to attack humans, he can certainly use it to hit the ghost.

Chapter 1382 - Collision of Restarts

"Almost done."

As time passed, Yang Jian's preparation was complete. The water under his feet spread to every corner of Dachang City, soaking the entire city in cold lake water.

Although the water wasn't deep, it was sufficient. As long as this shallow water could lock onto the ghost's location, Yang Jian could immediately take action to trap the Wishing Ghost into Ghost Lake, keeping it trapped forever.

"Ready to proceed. Liu Qi, you'll protect Miao Xiaoshan later, while I deal with this ghost," Yang Jian said at this moment.

"Don't worry, I'll be careful," Liu Qi nodded.

After Yang Jian's warning, he immediately began to take action.

According to the rules set by the ghost earlier, no one was allowed to interfere with the supernatural game inside the Peace Hotel, so instead of immediately invading the hotel, he chose to gradually encircle the building with Ghost Lake.

The supernatural power of Ghost Lake could easily affect the display.

Immediately.

The nearby ground began to sink, being gradually swallowed by a layer of unobtrusive water, and with it, the entire Peace Hotel began to sink.

However, the water did not seep into the Peace Hotel, so these changes were not considered a violation.

As the ground sank deeper, the building continuously subsided, eventually plunging into a deep pit, on the verge of being buried.

"It requires flooding this building in the shortest possible moment, then using Ghost Domain to pull Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan, and Brother Tui out, ending this supernatural game. Using Ghost Lake water to flood the building, seal the entire Dachang City, and block the ghost completely in one go, leaving it no way out."

"By then, the ghost is sure to reboot at the last moment, but if it can reboot, I can reboot too. Even if my reboot time is short, I can still interrupt the ghost's reboot and in that instant, directly pin and imprison it, completely ending this supernatural event."

A cracked spear emerged from the water beneath Yang Jian's feet.

This time, he must give his all and achieve perfection, absolutely preventing this ghost from escaping, and stopping it from successfully rebooting a second time.

The water of Ghost Lake brewed and churned, the surrounding water level growing deeper, initially just over the ankles, but now past the knees.

"Miao Xiaoshan, let's leave here and go to the roof of a nearby building. Yang Jian is going to flood the Peace Hotel and imprison the ghost; staying here will get us affected," Liu Qi said, immediately taking Miao Xiaoshan away to find a higher place, avoiding being submerged by Ghost Lake.

Miao Xiaoshan did not refuse and immediately followed Liu Qi to withdraw from here.

As the surrounding lake water grew deeper, time gradually reached 11:50 PM.

There were only the last ten minutes left before this game ended.

Yet within these last ten minutes, Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan, and Brother Tui in the Peace Hotel faced frequent and terrifying attacks from the ghost.

At this moment, there was no light anywhere, only darkness, with normal vision seeing nothing; everything relied solely on feeling.

The ghost in the game was wandering around the three of them, even though it had lost its weapon, it still dominated within the game because the ghost couldn't be killed. Even if Zhang Wei's axe struck it, a new ghost would appear, continuing the supernatural game.

Though the game tried to be fair, the greatest unfairness was that people could die, the ghost could not.

"Here it comes."

An eerie chill gathered silently nearby; only those sensitive to the supernatural and very calm could locate the correct direction in darkness; otherwise, once panic set in, attention and perception diminished, overlooking these subtle changes, making determining the ghost's direction impossible.

And from the ghost's appearance to attack, there were only three seconds, necessitating decisive action.

Brother Tui decisively moved, swinging the redwood piece in his hand at the darkness beside him.

"Bang!"

A muffled sound echoed, as if the wood struck a corpse.

But the unexpected happened.

A cold outline newly emerging in the darkness was struck fiercely, actually being flung away; the sound of a body tumbling could be heard in the darkness, rolling somewhere far away until all sounds vanished.

"This redwood hit the ghost and can knock it away," Brother Tui was surprised.

Although he swung hard, it was nowhere near enough to fling a heavy corpse ten-plus meters.

The only possibility was that the redwood possessed some supernatural power, ugly as it looked, but undeniably a supernatural weapon.

However, when the ghost was knocked away, the surrounding chilling air did not dissipate but continued to gather.

A hidden cold outline in the darkness began to form.

The previous ghost attack failed, but a new one is about to arrive. If we don't defend well, one of the three of us will die immediately.

"I'll do it."

Zhang Wei reacted swiftly, noticing the anomaly. He raised his hand and slashed fiercely at that spot.

There was no sound from the darkness, but Zhang Wei felt he hit something—it seemed he succeeded.

However, the next moment.

A cold hand suddenly reached out from the darkness, grabbing Zhang Wei's neck, and a terrifying force made his neck crackle as if his bones were about to break.

Clearly, Zhang Wei's axe did not kill the ghost, allowing it space to counterattack.

Just as Zhang Wei was about to be strangled to death, the eagle's attack followed closely.

The ghost flew off with a bang, disappearing into the nearby darkness.

"Cough, cough." Zhang Wei rubbed his neck, his face flushed, showing a look of pain.

"One axe didn't kill that thing, just badly injured it, almost got counter-killed. Damn, couldn't see clearly earlier. Otherwise, how could I lose."

The eagle calmly said, "Don't be careless. Even if we have weapons, there's still a chance we could die here."

"The frequency of ghost attacks is increasing. Passive defense will eventually cause trouble. Let Zhang Wei light the lamp; once it's lit, we'll be able to see the ghost. By then, with two paranormal weapons, we can completely oppose the ghost. There's not much time left, we can't afford to screw up at the last moment," Wang Shanshan suggested.

"Once the lamp is lit, the ghost's terror level will rise again. I mentioned this before."

The eagle said gravely, "But your suggestion makes sense. With such high-frequency attacks from the ghost, it won't be long before one succeeds. Without vision, we're too passive. How much time is left now?"

"Ten minutes left," Zhang Wei said, his watch glowing, visible even in darkness.

"Ten minutes of continuous attacks; indeed, it's hard for us to hold on." The eagle assessed the danger level.

He thought the game could be won, but within ten minutes, the probability of losing members was high. The only way to avoid losing members was to ignite the corpse oil lamp and illuminate the ghost. Yet, he worried the ghost might change because of this, completely destabilizing the temporarily stable situation.

Choosing in a paranormal event like this is challenging, as no one can predict what will happen next or whether maintaining the status quo or making changes would be better.

"Light the lamp. Wang Shanshan is right. With two paranormal weapons, we should take the chance. We can't keep stumbling in the dark anymore. In this dark environment, we can't play to our strengths, while the ghost attacks smoothly. At the end, we must take control." The eagle made a decision after a brief consideration.

Once he finished speaking.

A flame quickly lit up in the darkness, followed by the ignition of a dim oil lamp.

This oil lamp dispelled the surrounding darkness, bringing light while revealing the ghost hidden nearby.

However, the light range of the oil lamp was limited, unlike a normal oil lamp. But for the eagle, this range was sufficient.

Once the lamp lit.

A gloomy silhouette appeared in the nearby darkness, suddenly standing there facing them, staring bizarrely at the three people.

The eagle was startled, and Zhang Wei instinctively wanted to move.

But the ghost retreated, leaving the light range, and finally vanished into the darkness.

"This isn't the ghost in the game; this is the Wishing Ghost. It has been watching us all along, and the oil lamp revealed it," Wang Shanshan's expression slightly changed, feeling a sense of fear.

Unexpectedly, the ghost Yang Jian was dealing with was hidden right next to them.

"This ghost has bad intentions, hovering close to us, likely planning to take action at the last moment to kill us and win the game." The eagle speculated.

Zhang Wei said, surprised, "It didn't allow Brother Tui to take action earlier, yet now it's lurking here. Isn't this cheating?"

"Not really cheating. As long as it precisely times it, it can end the game at midnight while also killing us, precisely winning the game," the eagle replied.

"Isn't this still cheating?" Zhang Wei widened his eyes.

The eagle smiled and said, "Just mutual gameplay. You don't think Yang Jian would honestly play games with the ghost, right? The rules are set by the ghost; Yang Jian will certainly not rely on a game set by a ghost for victory. I believe this game's outcome isn't within the game but outside it."

"We just need to hold on now and trust Yang Jian's actions will soon surface."

"Then why did Brother Tui have us play this game?" Zhang Wei asked, puzzled.

The eagle said, "Without playing, how do we use the game's rules to restrain the ghost? Although I don't know what Yang Jian plans to do, he must have his considerations. We just need to trust him. Hence, we can win this game."

Although everything remained unchanged, his words greatly boosted Zhang Wei and Wang Shanshan's confidence.

And confidence is the key to sustaining them through the haunted events.

However, at this moment, new changes were starting again.

The cold, eerie figures appearing in the surrounding darkness increased, no longer just one, but three in total.

Three figures lingered outside the glow of the oil lamp, looming and flickering back and forth.

"The number has increased? Seems the danger of lighting the oil lamp is showing, but this is still within the range bearable. Although the number of ghosts increased to three, we have visibility; we can see them clearly."

The eagle, seeing this scene, felt slightly relieved.

Even in such circumstances, the advantage is slightly greater than before.

The three ghosts hidden in the darkness moved forward together, their pale skin reflected in the dim light, resembling three walking corpses.

"I'm ready, eagle, you just handle one, leave the others to me." Zhang Wei spat twice, tightened the red axe in his hand.

"Don't be reckless," said the eagle.

The ghost first approached slowly, then the steps quickened, finally sprinting in an odd posture, frighteningly fast.

But just at this moment.

Wang Shanshan suddenly looked up at the ceiling.

A drop of water unexpectedly dripped down from above, landing on her forehead.

Leakage?

She felt it, indeed it was water, but the droplet squirmed like a living thing, then slid off her hand to the ground and gathered to the side.

Unnoticed, a large pool of accumulated water had appeared around them.

The water was accumulating, leaking everywhere.

The appearance of accumulated water broke the game rules inside Peace Hotel.

Just ready to act, Zhang Wei paused, because he saw in the nearby darkness, ghosts appearing one after another, not just three but densely packed.

"Eagle, let me change; I'll handle one, you take the rest since your ability is stronger." Zhang Wei swallowed and said.

The eagle's face immediately darkened.

Facing such numbers clearly meant death.

However, as soon as the ghost made a move.

The nearby darkness was suddenly flooded with a strong light, then the three of them instantly vanished within the brightness.

After their disappearance, massive volumes of water surged in from all directions, submerging the building completely.

From the darkness, came bizarre sounds, seemingly the wailing and roaring of the vengeful ghosts, appearing furious at Yang Jian's defiance.

Yet ghosts have no emotions; they won't truly feel, only struggle then drown in the icy waters.

Outside, Yang Jian watched everything unfold, his attack relentless, giving the vengeful ghosts no chance to react or breathe, even if they have the Ghost Domain, they can't escape from Ghost Lake, the only concern is if the vengeful ghost restarts absurdly.

"This attack was flawless, almost perfect, after all the preparation for such a long time, no chance for mistakes."

Yang Jian stood very calmly above the water watching the quickly filled pit by the lake.

At this moment, he saw, at the deepest part of the accumulated water, a terrifying figure emerging, trying to escape confinement, break free from the water.

That seemed to be the Wish Ghost concealed within Peace Hotel.

As soon as Yang Jian saw the vengeful ghost's figure appear, he immediately felt dizziness, his consciousness blurred at this moment.

"It's starting, the restart of the Wish Ghost..."

With previous experiences, although his consciousness was blurry at this moment, he was already prepared mentally.

The Ghost Eye suddenly opened, overlapping Ghost Domain activated directly to the eighth layer.

This area was shrouded in the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, also entering the restart phase.

Wish Ghost can restart for forty minutes, extremely long, exceeding the clock restart time in Wang Family's ancient house, Yang Jian's large-scale restart time is very brief, can only persist for several minutes, excessively concerned about Ghost Eye losing control.

At this moment.

The ghost wanted to return to forty minutes ago, restart everything, challenge Yang Jian for a third time, but Yang Jian didn't want to return to forty minutes ago, he only wanted to return to a few seconds ago,

because a few seconds ago his advantage was still there, the ghost still couldn't change being swallowed by Ghost Lake.

Two types of supernatural restarts clashed together.

This is currently unheard of in the supernatural circle, none can predict what result such clash would produce.

"No need to defeat the vengeful ghost, just intervene its restart." Yang Jian's thought was simple, with very low requirements, no great expectations.

Under the fearsome supernatural disturbance, reality distorted, then occurred deviation, overlap, and twisted again...

Everything fell into chaos, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye couldn't view the surroundings clearly at that moment, his sight was losing, consciousness sometimes blur, sometimes clear.

Thought only a few seconds of restart would soon bring Yang Jian down, but in reality, it wasn't like that at all.

Under the influence of Wish Ghost's restart, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye hardly had a limit, constantly staying in restart mode, because whenever Ghost Eye couldn't hold up, the ghost's restart would reel it back into the Ghost Eye's status, so the Ghost Eye continuously maintained the state of Eight Layer Ghost Domain, without worried about ghost resurrection.

It's extremely similar to the unlimited restart of dual Ghost Eyes in Baishui Town before.

Wish Ghost didn't have a limit at the moment; it's a vengeful ghost; it can constantly restart, without worries of ghost resurrection.

The clash between the two was escalating and continuous.

At this moment, time seemed to stop, yet it appeared to have gone through a lengthy period in this instant.

Yang Jian got lost amid restart, and Wish Ghost sunk into oblivion during restarting; the result became unpredictable now, no one could foresee how this confrontation would end.

But the supernatural clash won't last indefinitely without result; if it truly ends without outcome, then something will happen after a long duration.

That being the ghost crashing, just like Tong Qian's smiling and crying faces back then.

It seemed the reality was indeed developing in this direction.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye was gradually slipping into crashing amid unending restart conflict.

One Ghost Eye plunged into silence at this moment, no longer restlessly swirling like before.

Then, the second Ghost Eye also went tranquil.

After quite a while, the third Ghost Eye fell quiet as well...

Yang Jian, always fearing ghost resurrection, longing for Ghost Eye crash, didn't expect to encounter such opportunity today, completely beyond his anticipation.

But this might be a good thing.

Yang Jian now hopes very much for Wish Ghost to endure, not crash, otherwise the restarting clash would cease at once, interrupting his Ghost Eye crashing path.

Three Ghost Eyes crashing means he can use the three-layer Ghost Domain without cost, although he previously could too, but that was thanks to Ghost Shadow restraint, now Ghost Shadow doesn't need to suppress the three Ghost Eyes any longer, implying Yang Jian's upper limit increased.

Originally capable of large-scale restart for perhaps just three minutes, now it can do so for five minutes.

As the restarting clash continues.

Yang Jian's fourth Ghost Eye fell into dead silence, showing no resurrection signs.

Wish Ghost didn't reach its limit yet, still restarting.

"Great, keep holding on." Yang Jian felt somewhat excited inside at the moment.

If all nine Ghost Eyes crash, it means he could use the nine-layer Ghost Domain without cost, reaching a new height directly.

Yet this is just thinking, Yang Jian knows very well inside, Wish Ghost won't hold on until all nine Ghost Eyes crash before it will retreat, so now he only wants to crash as many Ghost Eyes as possible.

After the fourth Ghost Eye crash, after lengthy confrontation, only the fifth Ghost Eye gradually showed crashing signs.

Following another stretch of supernatural confrontation.

The fifth Ghost Eye ceased moving, fell into the crashing state, the ghost's instincts vanished, completely mastered by Yang Jian.

The restarting clash persisted.

Wish Ghost hadn't reached its limit yet.

Chapter 1383 - Crashed Person

"Did I see it wrong, or is there really a problem over there? How can reality be distorted like this?"

From a nearby building, Miao Xiaoshan looked in shock at the changes near the Peace Hotel, a bit skeptical of her own eyes.

"The collision of the supernatural affected reality. Yang Jian is confronting that ghost," Liu Qi also focused intently on the scene not far away, not wanting to miss a single detail.

At this moment, in their view, reality was already distorted and overlapping. Sometimes, countless identical buildings filled the area; sometimes all constructions were upside down, and sometimes the same thing appeared innumerably, continuously overlapping together.

Both the ghost's and Yang Jian's figures had long vanished within, buried under countless twisted realities, impossible to glimpse.

In reality, only a short moment passed, but deep within that supernatural collision, a long time had already elapsed.

The collision had ended.

The distorted reality returned to its original state, and the Peace Hotel reappeared in view.

Yang Jian was now standing in front of the hotel's main entrance, motionless as if he had fallen into a slumber. Even the ghost eye on his forehead had stopped turning, becoming somewhat dazed.

"Let's go over and take a look." Seeing the matter concluded, Liu Qi immediately led Miao Xiaoshan away from the building.

They weren't the only ones.

Not far away on the street, Wang Shanshan, Zhang Wei, and Brother Eagle were also quickly approaching. They too wanted to ascertain Yang Jian's condition.

"Be careful, the ghost might still be nearby. There were significant changes around here. The red piece of wood I was holding earlier broke for no reason, seemingly losing its supernatural power," Brother Eagle cautioned, advising them not to be careless.

Soon enough.

The group gathered but did not dare approach Yang Jian immediately, as they weren't sure if it was safe yet and needed to observe carefully.

"Brother Tui, how are you? Are you alright?" Zhang Wei shouted loudly.

At this moment, Yang Jian wasn't asleep; he had just fallen into confusion during multiple restarts and collisions, but now that the restarts had ended, his befuddled consciousness was rapidly recovering, though it would take some time.

After a while.

He regained clarity and gradually opened his eyes.

"What a fleeting yet endless period." Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he sensed changes within himself.

Through multiple supernatural collisions, his ghost eye fell into a dead state, though not all ghost eyes were out; six had gone dead, and the remaining three still required other supernatural powers to balance and suppress them.

"It seems the limits of the Wishing Ghost are only this much. Just six ghost eyes went dead—this didn't reach my expectations. Given this ghost's terrifying level, I thought it should have made the seventh ghost eye enter a complete dead state," Yang Jian pondered silently, then glanced at the pool of water on the ground.

"Perhaps it's the Ghost Lake affecting the Wishing Ghost, as the presence of this lake water suppressed part of the Wishing Ghost's supernatural power, thus reducing its horror level."

He remembered.

The ghost was confronting him under the suppression of Ghost Lake, not in its best state.

"But it's enough. Six ghost eyes dead mean I can use the Six Layer Ghost Domain freely, use the Seventh Layer Ghost Domain to restart myself at will, and even extend the restart time of the Eight Layer Ghost Domain to about twenty minutes or more, approaching the ghost eye's limit. If I face danger again, I can attempt to activate the Ninth Layer Ghost Domain, without worrying about the ghost eye's revival as before."

Yang Jian silently calculated in his mind, feeling this upgrade was significant.

"Yang Jian, are you alright?" At this point, being a ghost handler, Liu Qi cautiously approached and asked again.

Yang Jian snapped back to reality and said, "I'm fine. I just had some disorientation during the fight with the ghost, but I'm recovered now."

"That's good," Liu Qi sighed in relief and then asked, "What was the result? What about the ghost?"

"The ghost is still inside the Peace Hotel, but now it's quiet. This supernatural event is essentially over," Yang Jian said, looking at the Peace Hotel before him.

Throughout the process of multiple restarts, the Peace Hotel also returned to its original state, without damage, and with all the lights now on, in the absence of supernatural interference. Everything was normal except that there was no one inside it remaining.

"Brother Tui, what are we waiting for then? Let's go into the hotel and settle it while it's down, don't give it a chance to recover. I'll go first, you guys catch up," Zhang Wei said urgently, holding an axe, and ran into the hotel.

Liu Qi took a look and said, "Yang Jian, should we stop him?"

"No need, the ghost poses no threat anymore," Yang Jian said calmly.

His ghost eyes had six dead; the ghost was also not in good shape, caught in a dead state.

The repeated restarts and collisions didn't seem as simple as those outside perceived. Yang Jian himself couldn't count how many times he had fought against the ghost during that timeframe.

The ghost eye moved.

He checked the time, it was now twelve o'clock one minute past midnight.

The final deadline had passed too. If the ghost had really won, it would have appeared before Yang Jian according to their deal, but now everything was calm, with no ghost in sight.

"You all did a good job this time, delaying enough time. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been such an easy win," Yang Jian stated.

"If we lose and all die, what are you going to do?" Wang Shanshan came over and asked at this moment.

Yang Jian replied, "I never planned to carry out this game with the Ghost General completely. If the ghost wins prematurely and kills you all, I will intervene to reverse life and death and bring you all back."

He can activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain to restart on a large scale, which is the equivalent supernatural power to the Wishing Ghost.

The Wishing Ghost cheats, so he will cheat too.

"No wonder you're willing to let them take risks, you've been prepared all along. I worried for nothing," Liu Qi laughed.

"Let's go in and take a look, I'm thinking about how to handle this ghostly thing," Yang Jian said.

Everyone, with a bit of curiosity, walked into the Peace Hotel again.

The hotel's lights were dazzling; although empty, it had lost that eerie chilling feeling.

Upon entering.

In the middle of the hotel lobby stood a strange object, something like a red cabinet, yet appeared in a humanoid outline, you could even see those blurred sunken features, at first glance it looked like a wooden red figure with eyes closed as if sleeping.

Though this red wooden figure appeared normal at the moment, getting closer, one could clearly feel an indescribable sinister vibe.

"Bang!"

In the next step came Zhang Wei, carrying an axe, actually cleaving toward this red wooden figure.

The wooden figure stood firmly in place, didn't move an inch, taking a solid axe hit.

"So hard?" Zhang Wei retracted the axe, his hands numb from the shock, looking at the wooden figure with some surprise.

However, the red axe still left a mark on it.

From that split opening, scarlet blood continuously flowed out, as if this wooden figure was a living person.

"Zhang Wei, don't chop randomly, Yang Jian has already put this ghost into a crash state, if you chop recklessly, what if you wake the ghost?"

Liu Qi walked over, hurriedly used his gloved hand to pull Zhang Wei back, stopping his reckless behavior.

The ghost is crashed, not dead, it still has the possibility of waking again in the future.

"Sure enough, the Wishing Ghost and the Ghost Cabinet merged into one, it used the Ghost Cabinet as its body." Yang Jian stared at the wooden figure for a moment, finding it somewhat unbelievable.

Perhaps to the Wishing Ghost, the Ghost Cabinet wasn't its best vessel, but it had a supernatural conflict with the Ghost Cabinet, the Wishing Ghost had no choice but to either control the Ghost Cabinet or be controlled by it.

As a result, the Wishing Ghost won, it controlled the Ghost Cabinet, possessed the supernatural of the Ghost Cabinet, while also being influenced by the Ghost Cabinet's rules, although it freed itself from Zhao Xiaoya's restraint, it fell into an even larger constraint.

"Brother Tui, what do you plan to do with this thing? Put it at home as a figurine or chop it for firewood?" Zhang Wei tapped the unmoving wooden figure and asked.

Wang Shanshan glanced, "It's a ghost, not a toy, would you dare put it in your room?"

"Why wouldn't I dare? I don't believe it dares to come and hit me suddenly when I'm asleep," Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian said, "There's no box big enough to fit it for now, I plan to put this thing in the safe house and deal with it later."

Shortly.

Water appeared beneath the wooden figure's feet, then it sank into the water, completely disappearing from sight.

Upon seeing the wooden figure disappear, everyone was assured that today's paranormal incident ended without danger.

"Since it's all clear now, Yang Jian, I'll head out first, contact me if anything comes up," the eagle was rather unrestrained, left immediately after the matter was settled, without lingering.

"Hey, don't rush off, we had a lot of fun just now, stay and join us," Zhang Wei shouted.

The eagle waved his hand as he walked away, disappearing through the door without turning back.

Yang Jian said, "The gathering's over, let's rest a bit and leave later."

"There's always something unusual happening at every gathering," Wang Shanshan said.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "This time was just bad luck, don't take it too hard, after all, everyone's safe and sound."

"Encountering a supernatural event is inevitable, we should still gather," Liu Qi also said.

Wang Shanshan said, "None of us who survived from No. 7 Middle School are lucky, Yang Jian is right, too much contact with the supernatural only brings misfortune, and this misfortune seems to follow for life, never to be rid of."

"You're overthinking it, many ordinary people also encounter supernatural events, they're just unlucky, meet their end the first time and never have a chance for a second," Liu Qi said.

"I'll check the Peace Hotel and Dachang City, you guys rest here for a while." Yang Jian at this moment still needed to clean up.

He needs to restore everything, erase the traces left by the ghost, while checking for any errors.

Chapter 1384 - The Red Weapon

A class reunion ended with a supernatural incident caused by the Wishing Ghost, though there were dangers, everyone remained unharmed.

Late night.

Everyone left the Safe Restaurant and returned to rest.

Yang Jian left early, as he still had his own matters to attend to, not having the leisure to stay.

After patrolling Dachang City, he dispersed the accumulated water submerging the city, lifted the alert, and then returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex, entering Safe House Number One.

He opened the door.

Despite being extremely sleepy, Jiang Yan, Zhang Liqin, and her mother Zhang Fen still hadn't fallen asleep. After all, the outside situation was unclear to them, making them anxious and unable to sleep.

"The matter is finished, no more troubles will come," Yang Jian immediately said upon entering the safe house.

"Yang Jian? Everything's alright now? That's great, I knew it was just a false alarm," Jiang Yan suddenly became spirited and joyful.

Zhang Liqin said, "Can we go home to sleep now? Staying up doesn't bother Jiang Yan and me, but Aunt is very tired, though she insisted on waiting for you to return without sleeping."

"You can go home to sleep, your homes are safe," Yang Jian said.

"I'll go call Auntie out," Zhang Liqin turned and headed to one of the rooms in the safe house.

Safe House Number One is small, with only one room made of gold to isolate ghosts; other rooms are storerooms for storing supplies and equipment rooms to maintain the safe house's operations. But within Guanjiang Residential Complex, there's also a Safe House Number Two, which is much larger.

Safe House Number Two is communal, not just for Yang Jian; many living in Guanjiang Residential Complex can enter, whereas Safe House Number One is his private property.

Soon.

Zhang Liqin brought the sleepy Zhang Fen out from the room. Once seeing Yang Jian, Zhang Fen showed concern, quickly inquiring if Yang Jian was alright, if he was hurt.

"Mom, I'm fine, just minor issues that I've already handled, but I still have some follow-up work and reports to do. You go rest first; I'll continue to work and sleep a bit later," Yang Jian said.

He then instructed Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan to take her mother home to rest.

"Finish your work soon and come to rest, we'll wait in your room, don't be too late," Jiang Yan said quietly.

"I'll stay in the safe house for a while; if it's too late, matters can be logged in the morning; you can rest first," Yang Jian spoke.

"Alright then," Jiang Yan pouted.

After seeing the three off, the safe house became vacant with only him remaining.

Then.

Water started seeping from beneath Yang Jian's feet, penetrating the sturdy cement ground, a strong supernatural interference occurring inside the safe house.

As long as one does not enter the room isolated by gold, the supernatural can still invade the rooms outside.

As the water accumulated, a wooden figure lifted by corpses began emerging from the water and finally appeared before Yang Jian.

The wooden figure was the Wishing Ghost that's gone into a deadlock.

Such a terrifying ghost plus the Ghost Cabinet, if not bound too strictly by rules, this ghost could never be so easily imprisoned.

"The ability to realize people's wishes, combined with the ability to satisfy all transactional rules, is now in my hands; it's too wasteful not to use it. If I can use it reasonably and control it, it would be a great help to me."

Yang Jian, unable to wait even a day, immediately pondered how to utilize this red wooden figure before him.

The simplest method is to find someone to control it, perfectly seizing the ghost's ability.

For instance, drape Li Jun's human skin over it and have Ah Hong draw the person, thus creating a top-tier ghost handler. However, the human skin carrying Li Jun's consciousness is already determined to use Chen Qiaoyang's corpse as the carrier, so there's no need to rely on the Wishing Ghost.

"Or have someone around me control it?" Yang Jian reconsidered, thinking about whether anyone around was suitable to handle this ghost.

Li Yang, Xiong Wenwen, Feng Quan, these three are certainly unsuitable.

Huang Ziya, Tong Qian, Wang Yong, these three don't seem suitable either. If picking someone from his teammates, perhaps Huang Ziya is more suitable.

"Forget it, no need to forcibly upset the balance. Controlling such a terrifying ghost, since this ghost is in a deadlock, might as well make it a supernatural item that fulfills wishes," Yang Jian had this thought.

The more he thought about it, the more correct he felt this idea was.

Even if the Wishing Ghost was controlled, it might awaken from the deadlock at any time; once awake, the ghost handler will inevitably die, unable to combat the awakened Wishing Ghost.

Conversely, if made into a supernatural item, one can both obtain the ghost's ability and guard against the ghost's awakening, avoiding personal risks.

After all, a terrifying ghost in deadlock is extremely rare, warranting serious consideration on its use.

"Before thinking about how to use this Wishing Ghost, I must first understand how to utilize the ghost's ability while it's in a deadlock," Yang Jian thought to himself.

This is unlike the Deceiving Ghost's necklace, which simply requires holding it to use.

The specific methods require constant study and experimentation.

Yang Jian doesn't intend to give it to Doctor Chen for slow research; he plans to take a shortcut, directly retrieving a mysterious piece of human skin paper from the water below.

"This is your time to show value, you better cooperate; after Baishui Town, my patience with you is at its lowest, and I constantly think of permanently imprisoning you, as you can only be a bonus to me in my current state."

He stared at the human skin paper earnestly and said.

After leaving Baishui Town, Yang Jian occasionally thought of how to deal with this human skin paper.

This thing has become increasingly sinister, nearly controlling the Ghost Child through inducing Wang Shanshan, then successfully reversing the situation.

Ghost Child's potential is scary, merely lacking some intelligence. Whether human skin paper controls Ghost Child or Ghost Child consumes the human skin paper, the changes brought about are terrifying.

During the Baishui Town incident, Yang Jian fully realized this.

"My name is Yang Jian. When you read this, I am already dead..." Twisted and eerie handwriting, as usual, appeared.

"I have fortunately survived the Baishui Town incident, but returning to Dachang City, my life is unhappy because I encountered another dangerous supernatural incident during the class reunion."

"Hard to believe, after midnight, I utilized Ghost Lake and the restart method to successfully defeat this terrifying ghost, plunging it into a deadlock."

This time, the human skin paper seemed truly cooperative, or perhaps it understood Yang Jian's current anger over last time's events, planning to behave better; otherwise, it would face permanent imprisonment by Yang Jian, never to appear again.

"Skip the nonsense, tell me how to use the supernatural powers of the deadlocked Wishing Ghost," Yang Jian stared at the human skin paper and directly asked.

This time, it's not life-or-death usage but inquiring about its supernatural usage, so there's no risk of being tricked.

The human skin paper has only two choices: cooperate or not.

If something is hidden, preventing Yang Jian from using the Wishing Ghost's powers, it's as good as not cooperating, and the human skin paper must face repercussions for this behavior.

New words began appearing on the human skin paper: "I stand inside Guanjiang Residential Complex Safe House Number One, staring at the eerie wooden figure, contemplating how to use the ghost's supernatural powers while in a deadlock."

"Through repeated attempts, I found the correct method; when I touch the blood flowing from the Wishing Ghost, I can connect with the ghost through the blood. However, this method has side effects: every time I use the Wishing Ghost's powers, the blood on the wooden figure erodes a part of me."

"Knowing the usage method, I believe this supernatural power must be used very cautiously because the price paid for each wish is a part of my life, and the bigger the wish, the greater the price, until all blood converges onto me, perhaps turning me into a new Wishing Ghost."

Yang Jian read the lines of twisted black characters on the human skin paper, understanding how to use the Wishing Ghost's powers and the costs involved.

"But this should only be one of the supernatural aspects; you haven't mentioned the supernatural transaction of the Ghost Cabinet yet."

However, the writing on the skin paper gradually disappeared, leaving no response.

"Choosing to hide part of it? Or is it that another supernatural aspect is a trap, or perhaps it's too beneficial to me, so it dares not reveal it?" Yang Jian's gaze turned cold.

Nevertheless, the purpose had been achieved this time, and he did not want to continue questioning the skin paper any further.

The remaining supernatural aspects would be explored slowly in the future.

"The cost of using the Wishing Ghost? For me, it essentially doesn't exist. As long as I restart myself in time after each use of the Wishing Ghost's supernatural power, the erosion of the supernatural is directly erased. However, the skin paper is right about one thing: wishes must be restrained, and one must not make too difficult wishes. Otherwise, the cost would be too great, and I could be instantly eroded by the Wishing Ghost."

After a moment of contemplation, Yang Jian decided to add the supernatural power of the Wishing Ghost to the supernatural weapon in his hand.

Immediately.

A cracked long gun emerged from the water pooled at his feet, standing upright before him.

Yang Jian scrutinized this supernatural weapon and glanced at the eerie wooden figure beside him.

Without much thought,

he grabbed the cracked long gun and forcefully broke it at a weak point.

The cracked long gun snapped, and Yang Jian extracted three items from it.

A Firewood Knife, a Coffin Nail, and a peculiar hand, though this hand was now just a layer of skin, seemingly deliberately flattened by someone.

"Let the Wishing Ghost become the new carrier on these supernatural weapons." Yang Jian made a stroke with the Firewood Knife, creating a cut on the wooden figure.

Crimson blood flowed out.

Yang Jian wished directly: "Change your shape, become a new gun body."

In the next moment.

The wooden figure indeed twisted bizarrely; its humanoid outline contracted, and the arms and legs disappeared, eventually forming a red wooden stick.

This wish was insignificant, as the shape of the supernatural was not essential. However, when Yang Jian withdrew his hand, he noticed an extra wisp of crimson blood on his pale palm.

Clearly, a trace of the Wishing Ghost's blood had invaded Yang Jian's body.

Yang Jian immediately rebooted himself.

The wisp of crimson blood on his palm disappeared.

"Indeed, my previous hypothesis was correct. By rebooting myself, I can erase the erosion of the Wishing Ghost from myself," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Then.

He began to craft a new supernatural weapon, though this time it was simple, only needing to embed the Firewood Knife and Coffin Nail.

Before long, a long gun covered in red lacquer, exuding a chilly aura, appeared before him.

This time, Yang Jian completely abandoned gold as a material; the weapon was entirely constructed from the supernatural, with the only effort spent being to embed the Coffin Nail by using a mortise and tenon structure to hold it in the red wood.

Because the red wood is ghostly, it cannot be penetrated by the Coffin Nail. Otherwise, the Wishing Ghost would be nailed down and lose its supernatural power.

A layer of chilling human skin wrapped most of the gun body; this is an untouchable area because it carries a terrifying curse of certain death upon imbalance.

"Done."

Yang Jian reached out to grip this new long gun, giving it a swing, unafraid of it breaking regardless of force.

"Let's go out and try this new attack method."

He took the red long gun and walked out of the safe house, directly using the Ghost Domain to appear on the top floor of the Shangtong Tower.

The cool night breeze blew as Yang Jian stood motionless on the top floor, gazing down at the city. His frozen ghost eyes, following his thoughts, rotated freely, peering into every corner of the city.

Soon.

Yang Jian found a target.

It was a thief prying the lock at the door of a house, attempting to steal.

That house had been unoccupied for a long time; the owner presumably met with an accident during the Hungry Ghost incident. However, quite a few possessions were left behind in the house. This thief seemed to have been eyeing it for some time and chose today to make his move.

"Bad luck for you. Normally, I wouldn't bother with this matter, but today you're a perfect test subject."

Yang Jian raised the red long gun in his hand, exerting slight force with his ghost hand, letting the chilling nails sink into the red wood, and a wisp of crimson blood entwined with him.

He quietly whispered, uttering a curse-like wish: "Let the long gun fly and surely pierce the thief's hand."

Then, the long gun was thrown.

The thief was on the west side of the city, yet Yang Jian threw the long gun towards the east.

The direction was entirely opposite.

The thrown long gun silently vanished into the Black Night, its destination unknown.

Ordinary people could not discern the long gun's trajectory, but Yang Jian's ghost eyes continuously tracked it.

Yang Jian saw the thrown long gun arc in mid-air and then fly straight towards the west side of the city, its speed equivalent to a normal throw.

The ghost eyes' line of sight remained locked and followed its path.

Within seconds, the long gun passed through buildings, broke windows, circumvented walls, and finally, with a loud bang,

"Ah!"

The thief, who had just opened the door, had yet to enter for thievery when he let out a painful cry.

A long gun, origins unknown, pierced through his hand and was firmly nailed to the wall beside him. He dared not struggle, lest the pain in his hand became unbearable.

The loud scream lit up the sound-activated lights within the building.

But at this moment, the lights flickered ominously.

Amidst the flickering, a figure suddenly appeared in the hallway, walking calmly toward him.

"Go to the hospital for treatment. Steal again, and you might lose your life next time." Yang Jian appeared, pulling out the long gun embedded in the wall.

Another scream resounded, the thief fearfully staring at Yang Jian, uncertain of what to do.

Unconcerned, Yang Jian turned and left.

The lights flickered once more, and in the absence of footsteps, he had already vanished.

"Terrifying... What was that just now? A man, or a ghost?"

The thief grew even more terrified, glancing at the direction of Yang Jian's disappearance, then at the opened door, now too frightened to steal. Hastily, he closed the door and fled, clutching his hand.

Chapter 1385 - Unexpected Turn of Events

Yang Jian successfully acquired the supernatural ability of the Wishing Ghost and quickly applied this power to enhance his own abilities.

He is now the Enforcement Captain at headquarters, the top figure in the domestic supernatural circle. While investigating supernatural incidents, he also needs to continuously improve his strength. If he stagnates, he will soon be eliminated from the supernatural circle, especially as the incidents are becoming increasingly violent and will eventually spiral out of control.

When that time comes, Yang Jian hopes to stand up and stabilize the situation, even if it's just part of it.

After midnight, Yang Jian did not continue to stay active in the city.

He returned to the Guanjiang Residential Complex, went to his room to rest.

Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin had already fallen asleep.

Yang Jian didn't make any noise, he just quietly found a place to lie down, then closed his eyes and quickly fell asleep.

The next day, he got up quite late, but so did everyone else.

After having Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin record the previous night's Wishing Ghost incident, he took them and drove to Shangtong Tower.

Even after a supernatural incident ends, there are no vacations; work must continue during working hours.

"Yang Jian, I have to leave today, going back to school." Miao Xiaoshan, who was waiting early in Yang Jian's office, prepared to say goodbye as soon as she saw him.

"When are you leaving?" Yang Jian was startled for a moment, then asked.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "Afternoon flight."

Yang Jian said, "Too much hassle, let me take you, you'll get back quickly."

"No need, too troublesome, I'll just take the flight." Miao Xiaoshan quickly refused, not wanting Yang Jian to use supernatural powers.

"Alright then, this gathering was a bit unfortunate, better to return to studying sooner. You can come back to Dachang City for fun during the holidays," Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan nodded.

"Yang Jian, I should leave too. After all, I'm still in charge of a city and can't leave for too long. There's already some situation I need to handle over there, can't stay here long."

At this moment Liu Qi also came over to say, as he was preparing to leave Dachang City today.

"A city leader indeed can't leave their city for long."

Yang Jian said; "No problem, let's meet again when there's time. If you encounter a tricky supernatural event where you need help, you can contact me."

"Of course, I don't want to go it alone; I'd like to live a couple more years," Liu Qi laughed and said.

Time passed quickly.

After having lunch together in the office, they each left Dachang City.

Although there will be opportunities to meet in the future, gathering all together is likely rare.

Zhang Wei remained optimistic; he was now obsessed with the ax in his hand, polishing and studying it every day, not feeling melancholic about coming together and parting ways.

In the afternoon.

Yang Jian's office returned to being cold and quiet.

Wang Shanshan also returned to the old place in the Guanjiang Residential Complex to stay with the Ghost Child, Zhang Wei took his ax and some underlings somewhere unknown, Jiang Yan returned to her office to start working, and Zhang Liqin was running around the company busy with something.

Everything returned to normal.

"Do we need to establish a new file for the Wishing Ghost incident to be kept at headquarters?"

Liu Xiaoyu came upstairs to inquire about yesterday's happenings, she had heard a rough summary from Eagle, but only Yang Jian knew the specifics.

Yang Jian waved his hand and said: "The hidden danger left by Zhao Kaiming has now been completely resolved. Write a brief file if needed."

"Alright, do you need to review the file after it's written?" Liu Xiaoyu asked.

"No need," Yang Jian said.

Liu Xiaoyu nodded and was about to leave, but hesitated at the office door, stopping to ask: "I heard you're planning to get married recently?"

"Who told you that?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu's eyes flickered slightly: "Just some rumors, is it gossip? If it is, do you need me to clarify?"

"It's not exactly a rumor, just my mom pushing me to go on blind dates. You know, this line of work is very risky; you could die at any moment. Marrying early can at least have someone to handle things for me, taking care of the parents. Thinking carefully, it seems quite good," Yang Jian said casually.

"You are too pessimistic."

Liu Xiaoyu comforted: "You're the Enforcement Captain now, you'll definitely live a long time."

"Who knows in the supernatural circle." Yang Jian said calmly.

Liu Xiaoyu curiously asked: "But you don't even have a girlfriend, who do you plan to marry?"

"That's why I need blind dates. When did you become so inquisitive?" Yang Jian asked.

"Nothing, nothing, I just asked casually, just some work-time chit-chat. If you don't want to talk about it, that's fine. I'll get back downstairs to work." Liu Xiaoyu hurriedly explained.

Yang Jian said: "It's not that I don't want to talk about it, I just thought it was a trivial matter. I didn't expect it to attract so much curiosity, but I don't feel like discussing it today, maybe another day."

"Alright then." Liu Xiaoyu nodded, and without staying longer, returned to the office on the floor below.

"Rest for a few days, then look into the Black Umbrella supernatural incident."

Yang Jian sat on the chair, looking at the cityscape outside the floor-to-ceiling window, planning to live several days as a normal person. He can't be entangled with supernatural incidents every day.

He also needs to maintain a human state,

otherwise, over time, he might lose his humanity to the supernatural.

So, Yang Jian moves in the Ghost Dream World at night, and if not working during the day, he tries to live like an ordinary person to avoid becoming detached from people.

However, just as Yang Jian resolved the Wishing Ghost incident and planned to take a few days off,

another matter was occurring.

Even though it was daytime now, on the other side of the world, it was still night.

This was an ordinary foreign city, in a graffiti-filled alley, the flickering dim lights seem to be disturbed by some mysterious force, and the rats foraging near the trash cans sensed something terrifying and scattered into the sewers.

The alley was a dead end, yet at the end shrouded in darkness, a man wearing a trench coat and cowboy hat suddenly appeared.

He looked as pale as a corpse, his ashen face reflected in the dim light seemed to lower the air temperature by several degrees.

The man appeared quickly from the darkness without lingering and stepped through the puddles on the ground, swiftly heading out of the alley.

Heavy footsteps echoed, revealing a hint of urgency.

However, halfway, the man suddenly stopped in his tracks.

The path leading out of the alley vanished; what seemed to be a short alley was now stretched infinitely, with no end in sight, only an abyss of darkness. On this endless road, a terrifying silhouette was approaching quickly with incomprehensible speed.

In just a few seconds, an old man in an outdated European-style dress suddenly stood before them.

The old man had a face full of wrinkles marked with age spots, emitting a sense of decay and death, like a corpse dug out from a grave. The black dress she wore was tattered, resembling a burial offering.

"Mister Zhang, don't be in such a hurry to leave. I sincerely hope you'll stay to explain why you are investigating us. Do you have even a shred of trust in friends like us? Now is a dangerous time; those of us with abilities should cooperate. Survival is the most important thing, isn't it?"

A voice echoed above, making it impossible to discern its source, yet it floated around like a ghost.

The person referred to as Mister Zhang was none other than Zhang Jun, the headquarters' only Captain Level operator abroad.

"Hypocrites."

Zhang Jun shouted coldly, "Are you people fit to talk about friendship, cooperation? A bunch of rotten, depraved individuals, the supernatural has already corrupted your minds. To me, you're just fierce ghosts wrapped in human skin; insanity doesn't even begin to describe your King Organization! To fulfill

your desires and interests, you actually plan to execute the Ark Plan; everyone in your organization deserves to die."

As he spoke, he continued to stare at the eerie old woman full of wrinkles before him.

Perhaps the person in front of him wasn't an elderly woman; it was only the supernatural that made her age.

"Since you know about this plan, you should join us," the voice continued to echo.

"Join you? You dare say that when you've lost all humanity? Joining you would be worse than choosing ghost resurgence," Zhang Jun flatly refused, unwilling to pretend even a little.

The voice sighed and said, "The plan isn't ready to be executed yet. Since you're reluctant to join us, we have no choice but to eliminate you. If you leak important information about our King Organization, it could cause us trouble, and now isn't the time for that."

"You never planned to let me go anyway."

With a cold laugh, Zhang Jun said, "How many of your King Organization's key members are here this time? If it's just the two of you, it's uncertain who will kill who."

This strange old woman blocking the way was somewhat known to him, a very terrifying ghost rider. He even suspected she was actually a ghost, barely possessing any living human consciousness.

Though lacking ghost resurgence, this old woman's consciousness had been so deeply eroded by the supernatural that her behavior had approached that of a fierce ghost.

However, such phenomena were not unusual abroad; their veteran ghost riders were many, folks who had done whatever it took to survive at the dawn of supernatural resurgence.

In contrast, within the country, with headquarters' suppression, they even took care of those lawless ghost riders. Many mad individuals couldn't survive domestically, and potential risks were nipped in the bud early.

"Rest assured, we've brought enough people this time." Another voice suddenly emerged, with a foreign accent.

Then, a shadow abruptly appeared on a rooftop beside the alley, shrouded in a layer of dense black fog, obscuring its features.

Not just this person.

A black-and-white figure appeared on the wall near the alley, seemingly projected by an old-fashioned projector, without physical form, merely an image. Yet, the image could impact reality, quite peculiar.

"Four?" Zhang Jun's face darkened.

Clearly, the other side was prepared this time, and he was not unexpectedly exposed as the people dispatched were not ordinary ghost riders but core members of the King Organization, equivalent to Captain Level beings if placed domestically.

"No, not just four, there are more." Zhang Jun felt a strong sense of crisis and unease at this moment.

The ground beneath his feet was rising, writhing.

The next moment,

The damp ground cracked, and a hand resembling a mummy's emerged from the ground, followed by a second hand, a third hand, until the entire ground was covered with dried hands.

"Go."

Zhang Jun originally intended to take out one of the opponents, but at this moment, the number of top ghost riders involved was enough to effortlessly kill him; whether he could escape was still uncertain.

Therefore, he didn't hesitate and escaped immediately.

Zhang Jun's target was clear—to break through the eerie old woman blocking the way and forcefully carve a path.

"Can it be done?" He had doubts in his heart, yet he was still fearless.

"We've gone to great lengths to take you down; do you think you can escape? Move in, kill him right here," that voice continued to echo with a hint of cruelty.

Suddenly.

A red Ghost Candle lit up in Zhang Jun's hand, emitting a sinister glow.

However, in the face of such terrifying supernatural powers, the firelight of one Ghost Candle was too insignificant.

With the firelight's collision, the Ghost Candle burned to ashes in the blink of an eye.

Yet, the instantaneously expanding firelight still hindered the terrifying supernatural attacks around, forcing the eerie old woman a few steps back.

Seizing this gap, Zhang Jun attempted to break out, for he possessed the Ghost Domain; as long as there was a crack, he could slip away.

However, the next moment.

The entire alley suddenly vanished from the city.

The scene shifted.

On a nearby street, a desolate painter resembling a homeless person was painting an oil painting on white paper, depicting a dim alley in the city identical to Zhang Jun's previous location.

Yet, corresponding to the real world.

That alley didn't exist.

As time gradually passed, about half an hour later, several eerie figures appeared beside the desolate painter.

One person held a corpse with a gray complexion, a rust-covered Coffin Nail stuck in its chest.

"Although it took some time, the matter is resolved; Mister Zhang's affair is settled. It's thanks to you; otherwise, he might really have slipped away." A foreign man walked over slowly, dressed like a priest, casually recounting the outcome.

No one knew what had just happened.

But it could be imagined: in just a brief moment, a most unequal yet top-tier supernatural confrontation occurred within the supernatural circle.

This was a struggle between ghost riders.

Regrettably, Zhang Jun lost, becoming a lifeless corpse.

The other side had not only come prepared but also used the Coffin Nail, decisively ending a Captain Level ghost rider's life.

"You took too long; the opponent was just one person." The desolate painter packed up his tools, responding in a low voice.

The priest-like man corrected, "But the opponent was a Captain Level; even with two people appearing, he didn't want to escape. You should know what that implies."

"But there are eleven more like him; we don't have much of an advantage, now that one is resolved, it means we initiated a war. Next time, it won't be so easy to succeed." The desolate painter said.

"That's not your concern," the priest-like man replied.

The desolate painter said nothing more, simply carrying his things as he slowly vanished into the quiet street.

"We shouldn't have killed him; maybe keeping him could have helped us trade back our castle from Yang Jian." Subsequently, a person shrouded in thick black fog spoke.

The priest-like man replied, "That's a good idea, but you suggested it too late. However, we must leave now; there are other matters to attend to."

Chapter 1386 - The Ramming of the Safehouse

The events happening abroad have yet to be reported back domestically; no one cares about the disappearance of a captain. However, such a major event can't be concealed for long; it won't take more than a few days for headquarters to react, and when that happens, an enormous upheaval will undoubtedly occur in the supernatural circles.

The storm is currently brewing.

Early the next morning.

This is domestically, within Ning'an Building in Dadong City.

A man dressed in a suit, wearing glasses, refined, and handsome, is flipping through confidential files at his desk, incessantly jotting down notes.

From 7:30 AM, he worked until 11. Only then did Wang Chaling put his work aside, rub his eyes, make a cup of tea, and prepare for a break.

"I have enough time to slowly study the various supernatural powers emerging in the supernatural circles and then count, integrate, and optimize them to find the best solution. However, this era doesn't allow me to take my time. The situation is changing too rapidly now. I don't know how long I can stay peacefully in Dadong City."

Holding a steaming cup of black tea, he gazes out the window at the bustling city.

As captain and the one responsible for Dadong City, Wang Chaling hasn't had it easy these days. As an ordinary person, he not only has to deal with supernatural events in his surrounding areas but also strives to implement a long-formulated plan.

He has no teammates around him, nor friends, only family members who silently accompany him.

This is Wang Chaling's confidence and motivation.

"It's almost time, just one last step. I must implement the Infinite Restart Plan before Yang Jian comes to Dadong City to take away the clock. I must return to that moment to change the past and the future."
Wang Chaling took a sip of black tea, his gaze unwavering.

After pondering for a moment.

Wang Chaling checked the time and returned to the desk, picking up the phone: "Ah Zhen, prepare the car for me; I need to go out."

Quickly.

A tall, sultry woman in business attire knocked on the office door, then entered and said, "Mister Wang, the car is ready."

"I understand." Wang Chaling put down the still-warm teacup, grabbed his suit, and walked out of the office.

Ah Zhen accompanied Wang Chaling down the elevator. Inside the elevator, Ah Zhen said, "Mister Wang, I would like to request a two-day leave tomorrow."

"What's the reason?" Wang Chaling asked.

"I've been feeling a bit unwell lately and want to go to the hospital for a check-up. Don't worry, Mister Wang, I won't let work get delayed," Ah Zhen replied.

Wang Chaling nodded slightly: "I understand. Take a good rest these days, and if you need any help, you can let me know."

"Thank you, Mister Wang," Ah Zhen responded.

Not long after, Wang Chaling drove alone to a nondescript small house in the city center.

After getting out of the car, Wang Chaling took out a key to unlock the door and walked inside the house.

The house was dark; the windows were deliberately sealed during renovation, and only a dim light in front of an elevator was on.

Wang Chaling seemed familiar with the surroundings here, taking the elevator to the basement.

This was a safe house he had established.

The building above ground was merely a facade.

Coming to this hidden safe house, Wang Chaling didn't intend to do anything or stay long; he was only here for a routine inspection because in this basement safe house, a tremendously terrifying ghost was imprisoned and stored... code name, Hungry Ghost.

The source ghost of an S-level supernatural incident, even though it has been nailed down with a Coffin Nail, Wang Chaling still feels uneasy. Whenever he has time and is not occupied, he comes to inspect.

The elevator stopped.

Upon reaching the basement, Wang Chaling went straight to a special room.

Through a small window on the thick door, he looked inside the room.

This was supposed to be a regular inspection, yet the situation inside the room instantly widened Wang Chaling's eyes.

At this moment, the safe house was completely empty. The Hungry Ghost that had previously been imprisoned and stored in the safe house had mysteriously vanished.

"How could this happen? How could the Hungry Ghost disappear?" At this moment, Wang Chaling was shocked to his core.

He stared intently at every corner of the room, repeatedly confirming.

But the safe house wasn't large, just a few square meters, with walls on all sides, all gold-isolated, visible in one glance, with no blind spots.

"Did someone discover my safe house and steal the Hungry Ghost?"

Wang Chaling's expression changed unpredictably. After a brief shock, he forcibly calmed himself down to analyze the situation at hand.

"The house shows no signs of intrusion. If a ghost handler broke in, they would have to open the safe house door to take away the Hungry Ghost, but the safe house door remains intact and undamaged."

He observed back and forth, finally focusing his attention on the safe house door.

The door showed no issues at all.

Such a situation is quite unreasonable; no matter how powerful the ghost handler, or how formidable the Ghost Domain, it's impossible to rely on supernatural forces to invade the safe house. To enter the safe house, one must be outside to perform human damage first.

"Check the surveillance."

Wang Chaling didn't forget; there were monitors everywhere in the safe house. Although these monitors mostly served no real purpose, they could still provide some level of alert.

"The last time I came to inspect the safe house was two days ago, and everything was normal then."

He went to the safe house's monitoring room and pulled up all the surveillance from the past two days.

The surveillance footage is completely normal, not even the circuits are being interfered with, indicating that there's been no supernatural force invading the house in the past two days.

"The surveillance is fine, everything is normal, so the only possibility is that there's something wrong inside the safe house..."

The moment this thought occurred, a cold sweat broke out on Wang Chaling's back.

Compared to the hungry ghost being stolen, this situation is even more terrifying.

That's a terrifying ghost pinned by a coffin nail from an S-level supernatural event. If any accident happens, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"This is impossible, it shouldn't be. Although I moved the hungry ghost out from the gold box, it has a coffin nail stuck in its head. That's a supernatural item capable of pinning down any ghost. Could it be that there's a problem with the coffin nail, causing the balance to break?"

Cold sweat kept dripping from Wang Chaling's forehead, and he dared not think further.

"I need to take another look, I need to confirm thoroughly."

He hurriedly got up and left the surveillance room, returning once more to the doorway of the previous room.

To ensure a better view, Wang Chaling took a flashlight and shone it through the window.

The intense light completely illuminated the not-so-large safe house.

Wang Chaling stared at the spot where the hungry ghost was previously placed and began to observe carefully.

An inconspicuous detail caught his attention.

On the spot where the hungry ghost was once placed, a small patch of something resembling dirt scattered on the ground.

"That's not dirt, that's rust, rust from the coffin nail." Wang Chaling's heart trembled fiercely, and his face instantly turned extremely grim.

He knew very well that supernatural items cannot be easily destroyed. Though the coffin nail appeared rusty as if it was about to break at any moment, no matter if you used a bomb, you still couldn't destroy it. Only a problem with the coffin nail's supernatural power could lead to the damage of the supernatural item it hosts.

"The hungry ghost has escaped, it's now inside the safe house. The reason I can't see it is because the hungry ghost possesses a ghost domain. What I see through the glass isn't real." Wang Chaling uneasily laid down the flashlight and subconsciously stepped back several paces.

There's only a door between him and the terrifying hungry ghost, which would make anyone's heart tremble.

"What should we do now?" Wang Chaling's expression changed unpredictably; his hands were slightly trembling from excessive nervousness.

He kept thinking, trying to figure out a solution.

Luckily, for now, the hungry ghost is just trapped inside the safe house and hasn't come out yet. He still has the chance to fix this.

Bang!

However, a dull sound startled Wang Chaling from his thoughts.

Bang!

Another loud noise came.

Wang Chaling's eyes narrowed sharply as he looked towards the safe house.

The sound came from inside.

Bang

Bang

The sound kept echoing, each one seeming to slam against Wang Chaling's heart, making him feel suffocated, frightened, and helplessly retreat with the urge to leave.

Even scarier is that cracks began forming on the glass of the safe house door.

The hungry ghost confined inside the safe house is trying to break through the door and get out.

Moreover, under these circumstances, Wang Chaling is powerless to stop it even if he wants to.

The destruction of the safe house is irreversible, even resorting to using the Wang family's clock in the ancient house for resetting couldn't affect the gold-crafted safe house. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON Novel-Fire.net

In other words, Wang Chaling can only watch the safe house being broken by the ghost.

Bang...

The sound of the collision continued to echo, and the cracks on the glass window of the door grew more numerous, starting with just a few to now densely patterned like a spider web.

But in Wang Chaling's vision, the safe house remained empty, with nothing happening inside.

Crash!

As a crash sounded again, the sound of breaking glass suddenly came, as the innermost layer of glass inside the safe house shattered.

The suffocating crash sound continued as the terrifying ghost started ramming the second layer of glass.

"The safe house can no longer contain the hungry ghost," Wang Chaling gritted his teeth, forced to accept this harsh reality.

Because it's not just the specially crafted glass that's broken; even the door is starting to loosen after repeated impacts, needing only a small gap for the hungry ghost to escape.

After all, the main function of the safe house is to isolate the supernatural, not imprison it. It can't be built as robust as a bank vault.

"There's no choice, the hungry ghost absolutely cannot be allowed to escape outside. Otherwise, not only will my deed of stealing the hungry ghost be exposed, but Dadong City will also face doom. Since Yang Jian managed to contain it once, I can contain it a second time. I must solve it here."

Wang Chaling took a deep breath, dispelled the various thoughts in his mind, calmed himself down, and prepared to confront the terrifying ghost.

Simultaneously, behind him, four sinister and eerie figures suddenly appeared.

They were Wang Chaling's deceased grandparents and parents.

Chapter 1387 - The Return of the Gloom

Wang Chaling did not expect such a major accident to occur before his plan even started to be executed.

"Bang! Bang!"

The dull sound of impact echoed through the silent, oppressive underground safe house.

The force of the impact was great, causing vibrations that traveled to the ceiling outside, and Wang Chaling even felt dust falling from above.

However, at this moment, Wang Chaling had already abandoned his fantasies and was prepared to face the imminent escape of the Hungry Ghost.

"The intelligence on the Hungry Ghost is already very clear, and the killing pattern is well understood. My chances of winning are not small." Wang Chaling glanced at his grandparents, who looked like memorial photos behind him, gradually gaining confidence.

But to be safe, he still left the information about the Hungry Ghost on his phone.

If he failed, then the information about the Hungry Ghost would be sent to headquarters in twenty minutes, allowing them to understand the situation in Dadong City first.

Afterward, Wang Chaling prepared some life-saving measures to avoid dying muddle-headedly during the supernatural confrontation.

The huge impact sounds continued to ring out.

At this moment, Wang Chaling was in full battle mode, staring intently at the soon-to-be-damaged safe house.

The sounds of impact lasted for about ten minutes, finally stopping abruptly as the door bulged and deformed, creating a crack.

The glass on the door didn't shatter completely, but the door couldn't hold out any longer.

"Zhi! Zhi!"

Then, the lights in the safe house began to flicker, and the surrounding light rapidly disappeared at a visible speed.

A layer of blue-black mist began to leak uncontrollably from the room, spreading rapidly like dense fog throughout the basement, eventually covering the entire space and even expanding outward.

"This is the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain. This ghost's domain is surprisingly large and can easily cover a city." Wang Chaling looked at the mist around him, and it was exactly as the data described.

However, there was no mist around him.

The ghost beside him also possessed a Ghost Domain, even stronger than the Hungry Ghost's domain, so there was no worry about its domain being invaded.

"Since the Ghost Domain has already appeared, it means the Hungry Ghost has likely emerged from the room. In that case, there can be no more hesitation." Wang Chaling felt it was time to act.

He glanced at his grandparents.

"Invade the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain and help me capture that vile ghost."

Wang Chaling issued the command, directing his grandparents who had died many years ago.

After hearing Wang Chaling's words, the old couple's necks stiffly turned, their lifeless eyes gazing into the depths of the blue-black mist, their movements synchronized as they walked forward.

With each step the two elders took, the surrounding mist dissipated slightly.

In front of these terrifying elders, the Hungry Ghost's domain seemed insignificant, and if this continued, the Hungry Ghost's domain would be completely sealed off.

At this moment, the first wave of the Ghost Domain confrontation clearly saw Wang Chaling with the upper hand.

However, as the blue-black mist quickly dissipated and the dark basement was revealed again, a figure emerged, blending with the surroundings. The figure wasn't tall, but was very thin, with a swollen belly like a pregnant woman.

"The Hungry Ghost has appeared." Wang Chaling did not speak; he simply watched from behind his parents.

The Hungry Ghost's killing pattern was terrifying—once heard, seen, or touched, you would be targeted, and even breathing the blue-black mist would lead to spiritual erosion, a truly frightening prospect.

The terrifying elders had already fixed their gaze on the Hungry Ghost and were steadily approaching.

The Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain was shrinking, making it incredibly difficult to hide itself; now it could only stand still, seemingly pressed against the wall by the deceased grandparents of Wang Chaling.

"If all goes smoothly, the Hungry Ghost can be re-imprisoned." Wang Chaling took a deep breath, feeling intensely nervous.

Everything seemed to be proceeding smoothly, but then the Hungry Ghost suddenly made a move—a blue-black arm raised, swiftly lunging forward and seizing hold of one of the elders.

It was Wang Chaling's grandmother, who showed no reaction to the Hungry Ghost's attack.

No, it wasn't that she didn't react; she couldn't react.

Soon after.

The blue-black mist surged again, swallowing the entire basement in an instant, plunging the surroundings back into darkness.

"Not good." Wang Chaling's face changed drastically.

He thought his grandparents could successfully imprison the Hungry Ghost, but hadn't anticipated such a turn of events—the Hungry Ghost seemed more terrifying than the records indicated.

The supernatural confrontation continued.

Wang Chaling had not lost yet—his grandfather was still around, his parents were still present, and there remained a chance for victory.

But as time passed, the greenish-black gloom unknowingly rushed out of the basement, spreading in all directions, and began to rapidly permeate Dadong City.

Obviously, Wang Chaling, who is in charge of Dadong City, even after using the supernatural power of four fierce ghosts, couldn't detain the ghost again. Instead, with the Hungry Ghost breaking free, a terrifying supernatural event is brewing.

These changes happened too quickly, even the headquarters couldn't react immediately.

Yang Jian in Dachang City was still on vacation. He was completely unaware of the huge shifts in the supernatural world within a day and was still planning how to resolve the supernatural event of the Black Umbrella.

However, now he was in the office, playing games on his computer with Zhang Wei from the downstairs office.

It was a rare moment of leisure.

No one disturbed him at this time, and even when some company matters required Yang Jian's attention, Zhang Liqin quietly held them off, reporting to him later.

But Zhang Liqin could fend off all company-related matters, ignore many calls, yet there was one call she paid attention to.

It was a call from Wang Shanshan, residing at the Guanjiang Residential Complex: "I need to speak to Yang Jian, it's something important related to the Ghost Child. Please have Yang Jian take the call."

"Wang Shanshan, please hold on, President Yang is currently busy, I'll go and ask him." Zhang Liqin dared not disregard the call and immediately took the phone to Yang Jian.

At that moment, Yang Jian was focused on the computer screen, engrossed in his game, trying to recapture the feeling from before.

"President Yang, Wang Shanshan wants to speak to you, it's about the Ghost Child," Zhang Liqin whispered.

Yang Jian stopped his hand, turned around immediately, then muted the game volume, saying, "Wang Shanshan, it's me. What happened?"

Wang Shanshan would never call him for no reason. Whenever she reached out, there was definitely something very important.

"There's something wrong with the Ghost Child. A greenish-black Ghost Domain is starting to form around it. This supernatural power shouldn't belong to it. You remember the Hungry Ghost incident, right? I think this is a signal," Wang Shanshan's voice carried a hint of gravity.

Yang Jian's gaze immediately sharpened: "Is there any problem with the Ghost Child now?"

"No problem for now, everything is normal," Wang Shanshan said.

"Your analysis is correct, the greenish-black Ghost Domain belongs to the supernatural power of the Hungry Ghost. Ever since the Hungry Ghost was detained, this supernatural force dissipated. Now that this supernatural trait is reappearing with the Ghost Child, there is only one possibility: the Hungry Ghost incident is likely to re-emerge. I'll investigate this, just keep an eye on the Ghost Child, inform me immediately if there's any development."

With his rich supernatural experience, Yang Jian immediately grasped the situation.

The emergence of the Ghost Child stemmed from the Hungry Ghost. Although eventually freed from its influence, there remains a supernatural connection.

"The Hungry Ghost disappeared ever since it was stolen from the headquarters. Today, this hidden danger has finally surfaced?"

Yang Jian took a deep breath, hung up Wang Shanshan's call, then said into his earpiece, "Ah Wei, something came up, we'll have to stop here for today."

"No worries, how could I mind you ditching me? It's not the first time anyway."

Zhang Wei's voice came through, sounding quite magnanimous, while discreetly feeling for the axe hidden under his desk where Yang Jian couldn't see.

"Let's play again next time."

After Yang Jian finished talking, he turned off the computer, then said, "Have Liu Xiaoyu come up."

"Okay, President Yang."

Zhang Liqin observed the seriousness of the situation and quickly left at a jog.

In the office, Li Yang, who was on duty today, asked, "Captain, what happened? I heard it's related to the Hungry Ghost, has the Hungry Ghost incident surfaced again?"

"Not clear yet. There's a slight anomaly with the Ghost Child. I have to link it to the missing Hungry Ghost from headquarters," Yang Jian said.

"If it really is a Hungry Ghost incident, that would be quite serious." Li Yang pondered.

"I hope I'm overthinking it, but it's safer to investigate anyway," Yang Jian said.

Soon, Liu Xiaoyu arrived in the office at a quick pace and asked, "Yang Jian, what's going on? Your secretary said you urgently need to speak with me."

Yang Jian said, "Immediately contact headquarters, call Cao Yanhua directly, get all the intelligence personnel moving, and check for me. Tell him the Hungry Ghost incident might have re-surfaced, check if any domestic city has an issue."

"Is it that serious?" Liu Xiaoyu's eyes widened in shock.

"I understand, I'll contact headquarters immediately."

With that, Liu Xiaoyu quickly ran back to the downstairs office.

Even though Yang Jian had no direct evidence for anything, his word was command. Everyone must trust the judgment of an Enforcement Captain. Even if it's a misjudgment, if Yang Jian says investigate, then headquarters must cooperate.

"The Hungry Ghost has been stolen for quite some time. Assuming the Hungry Ghost incident is really happening again, who would be so mad to release the Hungry Ghost? Aren't they afraid of becoming a pariah in the supernatural circle? Or did something go wrong with the Hungry Ghost itself, or perhaps the thief couldn't control it, inadvertently causing disaster," Yang Jian pondered, instinctively thinking through worst-case scenarios.

Even now, he wasn't keen on seeing the Hungry Ghost incident unfold, as it is an S-level supernatural event. Even if it can be handled afterward, many lives would still be lost.

Chapter 1388 - Influence

"The Hungry Ghost incident is likely to happen again?"

Headquarters.

Upon receiving this message, Cao Yanhua's expression changed dramatically, because the source of this information was not a city official, but Yang Jian, the enforcement captain of Dachang City.

Given Yang Jian's past experience of personally confining the Hungry Ghost, and his current status, his words carry significant weight. Liu Xiaoyu wouldn't have proactively relayed such information without a valid reason.

"Immediately go and confirm the status of Leuk San and Wang Chaling, and also add Zhou Deng to the list," Cao Yanhua ordered through gritted teeth.

Back when the Hungry Ghost was stolen from headquarters, they didn't sit idle; there had been a covert investigation for quite some time.

Although they couldn't pinpoint the true culprit, the think tank at headquarters unanimously believed that the thief was definitely a city official, and very likely one of the twelve captains. After various screenings, the suspect list was narrowed down to two main individuals.

Leuk San and Wang Chaling.

As for Zhou Deng, though lesser suspected, his notorious behavior invites suspicion.

Initially, the prime suspect wasn't these individuals, but Yang Jian. In fact, after the incident, through various analyses, Cao Yanhua was almost ninety percent sure that Yang Jian had stolen the Hungry Ghost, given Yang Jian had both the motive and ability, and most importantly, he ended up with the Coffin Nail.

However, as various events unfolded and investigations continued at headquarters, Yang Jian's major suspicions were finally cleared.

In the end, headquarters could only shift focus to others.

After thorough examination, only Leuk San and Wang Chaling remained suspicious, but due to the circumstances and lack of hard evidence, the investigations were put on hold.

Because no one dared to confront a captain based on mere speculation.

Sitting in the office, Cao Yanhua's gaze flickered as memories of the initial investigation report replayed in his mind.

As time ticked by, minute by minute.

About ten minutes later, a headquarters staff member hurriedly arrived with a report: "Minister, a cyan-black haze has appeared in Dadong City, suspected to be the Ghost Domain of the Hungry Ghost."

"Dadong City, huh? That's the city under Wang Chaling's charge. So, it really was him who stole the Hungry Ghost? After such a long concealment, he has finally been exposed,"

Cao Yanhua didn't display surprise, but his face turned grim, filled with a peculiar anger.

If a captain had indeed stolen the Hungry Ghost, he wouldn't be too angry, given there were many who desired that Coffin Nail. After the Hungry Ghost's confinement, many officials requested to requisition the Coffin Nail, only to be denied.

Cao Yanhua's true anger stemmed from Wang Chaling stealing the Hungry Ghost and then failing to keep it secured, allowing it to escape yet again.

The last Hungry Ghost incident nearly obliterated Dachang City; if not handled well this time, Dadong City might face destruction.

And once Wang Chaling's deeds come to light, it might provoke Yang Jian to take action.

At that point, confrontation between captains and internal discord might cause headquarters to lose another captain.

"Fool, that damned fool Wang Chaling, if you steal something, then keep it hidden properly. Why reveal your tracks? Do you think your troubles aren't big enough? He's courting disaster, I've seen amateur ghost handlers, but never someone as dumb as this," Cao Yanhua grew increasingly furious, slamming the table and standing up.

He paced back and forth in the office, brainstorming ideas, and urgently asked, "How far has the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain spread? What's the range?"

"Here are the latest satellite surveillance images." The staff hurriedly handed over the prepared materials.

After taking a glance, Cao Yanhua said, "Fortunately, it's not particularly severe. The Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain covers less than a five-kilometer radius. This suggests Wang Chaling is still trying to clean up the mess. If everything goes smoothly, he might suppress the outbreak before it happens, allowing headquarters to intervene and have Wang Chaling return the Hungry Ghost and Coffin Nail. This could smoothly prevent conflict between captains..."

At the moment, his priority was the bigger picture, figuring out how to minimize losses.

If things go as he hopes, there's still room for maneuver, as currently Yang Jian merely suspects the occurrence of the Hungry Ghost incident but is unaware of its exact location or the thief's identity.

"Minister, the latest report."

Suddenly, yet another staff member rushed over, holding a report with satellite imagery.

"Hand it over." Cao Yanhua grabbed it instantly, took a look, and compared it with the images in hand.

Upon comparison, he furiously clenched his fist and slammed the table.

"The Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain is expanding. Wang Chaling might not be able to handle the Hungry Ghost; the mess he created can't be managed by himself. There's no time left; a captain must be deployed for support."

"Wei Jing, where's Wei Jing?"

At that instant, Cao Yanhua thought of Wei Jing, as he was the only one who could reach swiftly for rescue.

But after shouting twice, Cao Yanhua suddenly remembered something, causing his voice to abruptly stop.

He recalled that, due to issues arising during the Ghost Painting and Zhang Xiangguang incidents, Wei Jing was buried in Grave Soil and now remains within the Ghost Post Office, his fate unknown.

Then Cao Yanhua thought of Li Jun.

However, Li Jun's situation is not optimal; after the Ghost Painting incident, only a human skin was brought back. Though resurrected successfully, he needs time to adapt to new supernatural powers and can't handle supernatural incidents in the short term.

"Minister, Yang Jian is the enforcement captain; he should be dispatched to Dadong City, he has experience with handling Hungry Ghost incidents," a staff member reminded him.

"You think I don't know Yang Jian? If he goes, Wang Chaling is doomed. Losing a captain now is detrimental to the overall situation, especially a stable captain like Wang Chaling; where can you find that in the supernatural circle? We must unite all forces to survive the turbulent times," Cao Yanhua replied furiously.

"Although stealing the Hungry Ghost is serious, in my view, it doesn't compare to the severity of losing a captain. When I suspected Yang Jian of stealing the Hungry Ghost, why didn't I act? It's because Yang Jian is willing to address supernatural incidents and has a significant role to play."

Having said so much, Cao Yanhua felt something was amiss and forcefully withheld further comments.

"Let's just consider who else can support Wang Chaling at this moment."

He then began to think anxiously again.

"Cao Yang, can he? No, impossible, he's been preoccupied with personal matters and has been missing for several days; he likely won't show up for immediate support. What about Zhou Deng? This guy seems involved in handling supernatural incidents too, making it tough for him to rush to Dadong City."

After considering for a while, Cao Yanhua finally thought of someone, immediately stating, "Connect with Lin Bei, have him rush to Dadong City as quickly as possible to assist Wang Chaling in dealing with the impending Hungry Ghost incident."

"Yes, Minister."

The staff promptly jogged off to deliver the order at the fastest speed.

"It's a pity that Professor Wang is not here, otherwise, he would surely have better solutions," Cao Yanhua felt somewhat helpless.

In the past, headquarters were filled with talents, but after consecutive setbacks, he suddenly realized that headquarters now had no one available. As deputy minister, he had nobody left to rely on, having to personally manage many affairs.

"Lin Bei would likely not refuse this mission; if he acts swiftly, he could minimize the impact and damage caused by the Hungry Ghost incident. Preserving Wang Chaling would still be worthwhile."

Cao Yanhua thought to himself, not worried that Wang Chaling would perish in the Hungry Ghost incident, but concerned he might die by Yang Jian's hand.

A moment later.

Cao Yanhua received a new report.

It was good news; Lin Bei had departed for Dadong City.

"If Lin Bei can't cooperate with Wang Chaling to resolve the supernatural incident within one hour, then Yang Jian must be notified to handle the situation, even if it costs Wang Chaling's life," Cao Yanhua had also made up his mind.

Though wanting to save a captain, he wouldn't show favoritism without limits,

because if the issue isn't resolved in one hour, the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain will inevitably seal Dadong City, turning it into a Dead City in no time.

"Let's hope everything goes smoothly," prayed Cao Yanhua.

Chapter 1389 - Response and Arrangements

"Has the message from headquarters not come through yet?"

Noon.

Yang Jian was in the office having lunch with everyone when he asked Liu Xiaoyu once again about what had happened earlier.

Liu Xiaoyu shook her head and said, "There's still no message from headquarters. I called to inquire earlier, but didn't receive a clear response."

"Interesting." Yang Jian's lips curled into a smile, appearing somewhat cold.

Li Yang, who was focused on eating his steak, spoke casually, "With headquarters' intelligence capabilities, investigating whether the Hungry Ghost event is happening domestically is a simple task. The appearance of the Hungry Ghost event always comes with a large-scale Ghost Domain, so it's impossible not to find it. The lack of information from headquarters only implies that they don't want to tell us about it."

"In other words, headquarters already knows the location of the Hungry Ghost event. If they're willing to take risks to keep it hidden, there's only one possibility."

Liu Xiaoyu asked, "What possibility?"

"Of course, it involves another captain. In fact, the person who initially infiltrated headquarters and stole the Hungry Ghost is likely one of the current captains. Only a captain's status could make headquarters compromise because Cao Yanhua knows very well that if this matter is told to Yang Jian, internal conflict among the captains is inevitable."

Li Yang said while refusing the beef in his mouth, his face expressionless, "Yang Jian is the Enforcement Captain. If we find the person who stole the Hungry Ghost, even if they are other captains, he has the authority to handle them, even to kill."

"Cao Yanhua doesn't want headquarters to lose a captain. The only way is to hide the information from us temporarily, and then let other captains quickly deal with the Hungry Ghost event, mediating afterward, like returning the re-captured Hungry Ghost and that Coffin Nail."

"Only in this way can the contradictions in this matter be reasonably eliminated."

Yang Jian drank his cola and said, "Cao Yanhua is gambling. If things get worse, he won't be able to protect a captain, let alone himself. But at least I've become alert. After this, let Cao Yanhua resign. He's managed headquarters for too long with the same old mindset, and frankly, I don't like it."

"You want Minister Cao to resign?" Liu Xiaoyu said, very surprised.

"I have the right to do so, don't I?" Yang Jian said calmly.

Liu Xiaoyu looked puzzled and said, "But Minister Cao is diligent and responsible with his work, and this matter is also to take care of the overall situation."

"That's his overall situation, not mine. In my view, protecting a captain who stole the Hungry Ghost for the sake of the overall situation is extremely foolish."

Yang Jian coldly stated, "His actions undoubtedly send a wrong signal to other captains, that as long as one becomes a captain, they can act with impunity, indirectly indicating that my position as the Enforcement Captain is meaningless."

"What looks like caring for the overall situation is actually diminishing his authority. If we were in a favorable situation, Cao Yanhua's approach might not be wrong. But in this situation? Without authority, he can't even gather twelve captains. Nobody will respect headquarters."

"When I was brought in as the Enforcement Captain, wasn't the intention to use me to restore headquarters' authority? Wang Xiaoming had the courage to know the old headquarters was no longer working, so he simply swept it aside, reshuffled headquarters' management, then led by me, re-established headquarters. For this, he was even willing to pave a path for me with his own death."

"In the end, the effect is evident. I successfully held the captains' meeting. Now Cao Yanhua is managing headquarters with that old-method style and is even choosing to hide this incident from me. Isn't he worried that I'd throw up my hands, resign from the Enforcement Captain position, and abandon the mess?"

Liu Xiaoyu's face changed unpredictably as she listened, now somewhat understanding that Minister Cao seemed to have indeed done something wrong.

"The captain is very right. Headquarters is not the same as it was before; it's a new headquarters. Based on positions, Cao Yanhua is still below the captains. Not to mention, merely hiding and not reporting the Hungry Ghost event and letting him resign is already very respectful. Of course, Cao Yanhua can refuse to resign, but he can't afford the consequences."

Li Yang nodded, not thinking Yang Jian's approach was wrong; instead, merely having Cao Yanhua resign seemed to let him off easily.

"If Minister Cao resigns, who should be chosen as the new deputy minister of headquarters?" Liu Xiaoyu asked.

Yang Jian said, "Headquarters will never lack talent, especially management talent. I believe there are definitely more outstanding deputy ministers than Cao Yanhua. As to who will fill the position, I don't want to interfere. Let them decide internally because no matter who replaces Cao Yanhua, they will know they can't make the same mistake. The new deputy minister will be very clear that if I can remove Cao Yanhua, I can remove him as well."

"Yang Jian, I've always believed you're right, before and in the future," Liu Xiaoyu said seriously.

Although she respected her superior, Cao Yanhua, the situation was different. She trusted Yang Jian's judgment more, as Yang Jian was the leader in the supernatural field within the country, whereas Cao Yanhua was not. The insider's view surely surpasses that of an outsider unless bias is involved.

"Captain, since it's said, how should the Hungry Ghost matter be resolved?" Li Yang finished a whole steak, then sipped some red wine before asking.

Yang Jian said, "Considering past favors, I will finally give Cao Yanhua a dignified way out. Since he doesn't want me to know, I'll pretend I don't know. If he can resolve this issue smoothly, I'll do as he wished and not hold the person who stole the Hungry Ghost accountable. However, resignation is still unavoidable in the end."

"The first Coffin Nail is likely now in another captain's hands. Do we need to retrieve it afterward?" Li Yang asked.

"Depends on the situation."

Yang Jian didn't continue the conversation. After a few more bites, he said, "Zhang Liqin, these dishes don't suit my taste; go to the restaurant and have them replaced, and Jiang Yan, you go, too."

"Alright, President Yang." Zhang Liqin immediately stood up and left with Jiang Yan.

After they left, Yang Jian continued, "Li Yang, notify the others of a meeting at two o'clock this afternoon. I estimate the aftermath in Baishui Town is completed, and Huang Ziya should have returned. As for Feng Quan, let him stay at the Ghost Post Office for now, as they need him more there."

"Okay, I've finished eating, so I'll go inform them now," Li Yang said, standing up.

Time passes quickly.

After lunch and a short break, it was two o'clock in the afternoon.

By this time, more people had arrived in the office. Li Yang had called Tong Qian, Wang Yong, Xiong Wenwen, and Huang Ziya; everyone had arrived except for Feng Quan.

"Xiao Yang, why do you hold meetings every now and then? I'm very busy, you know, and haven't finished my homework yet."

Xiong Wenwen looked unhappy, having a lot of homework recently because he stayed at the company to watch over Zhao Xiaoya a few days ago.

Tong Qian calmly said, "Is something wrong?"

"It's nothing too important; it's just been a while since we gathered. I thought we could use this time to organize the team. Anyway, we're idle, so let's prepare for a rainy day," Yang Jian said.

"I see," Huang Ziya smiled slightly. "I thought you called me back for your wedding, Captain."

Yang Jian said, "First, bring out the supernatural items you have."

"No problem," Wang Yong said.

Though the others didn't quite understand, they still took out their supernatural items.

A bloodstained dagger, a bamboo tube deciding life and death, a strange hook, an old doorknob, special dice... Supernatural items were laid out one by one. Most of these were obtained by Yang Jian from the supernatural circle, and some were spoils of battle.

"After this, I want to confirm the ownership of the supernatural items once and for all so that any potential conflict can be avoided," Yang Jian said. "Wang Yong, the iron shovel you had is in Feng Quan's hands now. It suits him better, so I've decided to let him keep it. What do you think?"

Wang Yong said, "I have no objection. The cost of using that supernatural item is significant and not quite suitable for me. If I could exchange it for other supernatural items, that would be ideal."

"Some of these supernatural items you've used before, others are new I've brought out. Pick what suits you, and we'll consider the rest later," Yang Jian said.

He also took out some supernatural items he usually doesn't use, ready to distribute to his teammates.

We can't just think about improving ourselves; enhancing the team's strength is also crucial.

"Let Daddy Xiong go first, I want to take back the talisman tube from before, plus these dice." Xiong Wenwen jumped off the sofa immediately, rushed to the coffee table, and took away two supernatural items.

The others looked on without any objections.

The Ghost Talisman and Ghost Dice have too many uncertainties, not suitable for most ghost handlers' use, but Xiong Wenwen has a premonition ability, which makes them perfect for him.

"I want the yellow paper and the doll." Huang Ziya smiled and took a tattered piece of yellow paper and a strange bruised doll.

The strange doll was acquired by Yang Jian from Room 301 in Dachuan City, from the Republican era ghost handler Meng Xiaodong.

"Give me the doorknob and hook, these things suit me better," Li Yang said, taking away two items.

The doorknob is connected to the Ghost Gate; the Ghost Gate is placed in the safe house, and only the doorknob can open it, which fits him well.

Tong Qian said: "I need the Ghost Incense and the ring; these two items are more suitable for me."

The Ghost Incense was obtained from Wang Xiaoming at headquarters, and the ghost ring, resembling polished bone, was handcrafted by Yang Jian as his second supernatural item, which is highly effective. As long as there are three people wearing the ring nearby, it won't be discovered, and can even avoid attacks from fierce ghosts.

"Since no one wants this bloody dagger, I'll take it," Wang Yong chose last, taking the dagger reminiscent of a murder weapon.

Yang Jian said: "One supernatural item is too little for you, I'll give you a rope circle, which is a supernatural tool from headquarters."

Then he took out a grass rope circle and handed it to Wang Yong.

Wang Yong, not being shy, accepted it.

Even though he got the least amount of stuff and handed out the shovel covered in grave soil he previously had, he understood that joining the team without making a mark indeed doesn't warrant more resource allocation, so he voluntarily gave way.

"Additionally, the Ghost Mirror is for team use, and the Ghost Taxi is also for public use. This time I'm taking it out too, and now this car will be parked in this safe house here."

Saying this, Yang Jian pointed to the safe house beside him.

"Apart from that, the substitute dolls and red-white Ghost Candles, each of you take one."

Yang Jian took out several substitute dolls and Ghost Candles, distributing one to each person.

"Wow, Xiao Yang, you're quite loaded!" Xiong Wenwen exclaimed in astonishment.

"This is the benefit of being the Enforcement Captain, I just took a bit from headquarters," Yang Jian said casually.

Since he can utilize headquarters resources, why not use them to boost his team's strength?

He had thought of this long ago, but had been too busy to remember it before.

Huang Ziya playing with her dense black hair, laughed and said: "I'm afraid you've emptied your captain's reserves this time, should I thank you tonight?"

"No need," Yang Jian rejected with a cold face.

"That's true, you have Jiang Yan and Huang Ziya by your side, obviously you don't need anyone else," Huang Ziya sighed.

Li Yang said: "How long can your body last? You're no longer alive, who would be interested in you? You can only fool ordinary people with this flesh."

Everyone knows that Huang Ziya's figure and appearance are crafted with the Deceiving Ghost Necklace, which is fake, no matter how stunning, it won't matter to them.

"Shut up," Huang Ziya retorted.

"The preliminary distribution is over now, if you have any objections, speak up now, because after we're done, no more opinions are allowed," Yang Jian glanced at the crowd and said.

"No objections."

"I have no objections either, this distribution is pretty good."

"Same here. No objections."

After everyone expressed no objections, he nodded: "Good, then let's settle this matter. And this box of grave soil cut from Feng Quan's body, leave it here. When he returns next time, whoever is on duty should give it to him, along with the substitute doll and Ghost Candle."

He pointed to the remaining gold box, leaving Feng Quan's share.

After this distribution, Yang Jian's remaining supernatural items are few, aside from the long spear in his hand, there's only the Ghost Scissors and the Deceiving Ghost Necklace, along with an ineffective bracelet that Sister Hong gave him initially, the rest are commonly used items like Ghost Candles, Corpse Oil Lamp, substitute doll, Ghost Money.

Most commonly used items are not supernatural, they're consumable tools.

The meeting continued, and Yang Jian discussed the upcoming Black Umbrella supernatural event with everyone, as he is supposed to handle it soon.

Yet, at this moment, Liu Xiaoyu hurriedly knocked and entered the office downstairs.

"Yang Jian, it's confirmed, the Hungry Ghost incident happened in Dadong City, and the person in charge there is Wang Chaling, one of the captains."

No matter how the headquarters tries to conceal it, the situation must spread, they cannot keep it hidden.

"So it's Wang Chaling, not surprising. This guy always stays hidden. Back then, when I demanded his Wang family's ancestral mansion, he didn't dare to resist, now it seems there might be a guilty conscience involved," Yang Jian smiled coldly, adding: "But the news arrived too late, normally, the Hungry Ghost incident should have been resolved before reaching my ears. Cao Yanhua will try every means to nip it in the bud."

"Looks like Wang Chaling is truly useless, can't guard against the Hungry Ghost, can't solve it either; really makes one wonder why he took such big risks to steal the Hungry Ghost."

Despite the complaint, Yang Jian also felt a bit puzzled inside.

Wang Chaling carries a curse, controlling horrifying ghosts from his deceased parents and grandparents, especially his grandparents are extremely frightening, even Yang Jian himself is wary. Handling the Hungry Ghost shouldn't be too difficult, so why hasn't he succeeded?

"Now that we know who it is, Yang Jian, what will you do next? Are you going to Dadong City?" Liu Xiaoyu curiously asked.

The others also looked at Yang Jian.

Everyone knows Yang Jian personally imprisoned the Hungry Ghost. Had it not been stolen, the Hungry Ghost and Coffin Nail would belong to him, now that the thief's identity is confirmed, surely he won't let it go lightly.

Yang Jian said: "This matter isn't ours to handle; let Cao Yanhua deal with it. Let's keep pretending as if we don't know. There are many other captains at headquarters, none of them are weak, so this matter ultimately can be resolved. It's not as if without us it can't be done. After all, the Hungry Ghost's intelligence has long been known, I plan to settle accounts after everything ends."

"That's pretty good," Li Yang said: "We can't always be the ones to turn to whenever something major happens."

Chapter 1390 - The Person Beneath the Shade

Yang Jian ultimately chose to pretend he was unaware of the reemergence of the Hungry Ghost incident and did not plan to get involved. He merely instructed Liu Xiaoyu to keep an eye on the progress of the matter, deciding that after it concluded, he would step in to retrieve both the Hungry Ghost and the Coffin Nail and then have Cao Yanhua resign, to directly prevent such incidents from recurring in the future.

In the meantime, he took advantage of this free time to reorganize the team, trying to increase everyone's strength as much as possible to face any future supernatural events in a better state.

Afternoon.

Yang Jian left work early and, as usual, drove towards the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

He drove at a leisurely pace on the sparsely traveled roads.

Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin were silent in the car, not daring to disturb him, as they could tell that Yang Jian was not in a good mood because of the reappearance of the Hungry Ghost incident.

The atmosphere inside the car seemed somewhat oppressive.

Yang Jian was not angry, in fact, he was very calm inside and had no other thoughts. It's just that now his status was too high, and even the smallest of his actions would draw attention, especially from the people around him.

"So boring."

Jiang Yan leaned against the car window, yawning as she looked at the scenery in the distance.

But the scenery along the way home was boring to her, nothing special.

But just at that moment.

Under the shade of a large tree on the sidewalk, someone caught Jiang Yan's attention. She blinked and looked over curiously.

Standing under the tree's shade was a woman dressed in a red cheongsam, wearing red high heels. Her slender and tall figure was graceful, her fair and beautiful face showing a slight flirty smile. Even men would be stunned, let alone Jiang Yan, a woman herself, who was momentarily dazed.

The cheongsam-clad woman under the tree's shade seemed to have noticed Jiang Yan as well, raising her hand and smiling while waving, as if greeting her.

"Elder Sister Qin, did you see that?" Jiang Yan said excitedly.

"See what?" Zhang Liqin asked, puzzled.

Jiang Yan pointed backward and said, "Just now, under the shade of a tree by the road, there was a beautiful woman in a red cheongsam, like a star, no, even more beautiful than a star, it really surprised me, and she had great temperament, she waved at me just now. If I weren't driving, I would love to take another look."

"Are you talking about that person there?" Zhang Liqin pointed to the front.

Under the shade of the tree in front of the car, a beautiful woman in a cheongsam seemed to have noticed the people inside the car, smilingly raising her hand to greet them.

"Yes, yes, that's her. Isn't she beautiful?" Jiang Yan said, then suddenly her face changed dramatically:
"No, we just passed that person, so how come she's appearing ahead again?"

"Don't frighten me. Maybe you saw it wrong." Zhang Liqin said.

Jiang Yan confidently declared, "Impossible, how could I have seen wrong, that woman is so distinctive, standing under the tree shade in a red cheongsam, you can see her as soon as you pass by."

Zhang Liqin's eyes moved, she looked at Yang Jian but found Yang Jian did not react, and then said,
"Don't make a fuss, you're probably just tired, just rest well when we get back."

"I'm not tired at all."

Jiang Yan said, then she saw something again and became excited: "Look, look quickly, that woman under the tree shade appears again ahead, this time I definitely didn't see it wrong."

She pointed to the side of the road ahead.

Sure enough.

The woman in a red cheongsam whom they had passed just now appeared in view again, smiling and waving to greet the people inside the car.

Zhang Liqin's face immediately changed, her body instinctively tensed up.

Sure enough, there was something wrong with the woman under the tree shade.

"Yang Jian, did you see that woman under the tree shade?" Jiang Yan asked fearfully.

"I saw it." Yang Jian, who was driving, replied very calmly, as if what happened just now was just a trivial matter, not worth mentioning.

Zhang Liqin's expression changed uncertainly, and then she cautiously asked, "President Yang, if I may say, that woman seems very similar to the one called Sister Hong recorded in the notebook. Could she be coming to find you? This woman is very unusual, if she's appearing in Dachang City now, she might have other purposes."

She was responsible for recording many of Yang Jian's experiences in a notebook, and now recalled a mysterious woman described in it.

Although she had never met her, such a distinctive person was easily remembered.

"Don't meddle." Yang Jian said calmly.

"Mm."

Zhang Liqin responded softly, then looked at Jiang Yan, lightly shaking her head to indicate that Jiang Yan should pretend not to see and refrain from getting involved in such dangerous matters.

The few people in the car were pretending not to know and ignored it.

But uncanny events were still happening.

No matter how Yang Jian drove forward, the car kept moving along the road, and every few distances, the group could see, under the shade of the sidewalk trees, the woman in the red qipao standing there waving.

The vehicle seemed to be circling one spot, unable to smoothly leave this road and return to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Moreover, there were no other vehicles on the road at this time, only this one car driving on it.

However, Yang Jian did not stop the car; he continued to press the gas pedal, neither hurriedly nor slowly, and ignored Sister Hong, who waved at him from the roadside.

Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin were puzzled, but looking at Yang Jian, they dared not ask aloud.

As time gradually passed.

About ten minutes later.

Looking again towards the side of the road, they found that the familiar large tree was gone, and the woman in the red qipao had disappeared.

"Gone?" Jiang Yan glanced and confirmed that the woman was really gone; she immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

But the next moment, Zhang Liqin suddenly hurriedly said: "President Yang, be careful, there's someone on the road ahead."

The woman in the red qipao hadn't vanished; she now appeared in the middle of the road.

Yang Jian did not brake sharply because of the person in front of him. He remained calm and instead floored the pedal; with the roar of the engine, the vehicle accelerated and collided forward.

The imagined scene of flesh and blood did not occur.

The woman standing in the middle of the road disappeared upon being struck, leaving no trace behind.

"Disappeared again?" Jiang Yan was amazed and uncertain; she looked out the window, trying to find traces of the qipao woman.

However, within the cabin, a playful, pleasant laugh sounded: "Haha, don't bother looking, I'm right here."

The unfamiliar voice appeared, horrifying Jiang Yan into a cold sweat in the passenger's seat.

Zhang Liqin, in the back seat, bit her lip, her expression tense; she suddenly saw an unfamiliar woman sitting beside her without knowing when she appeared, a woman dressed in a red qipao exuding a chilling aura, making her shiver.

"Yang Jian, is this how you treat old friends? I greeted you so warmly, yet you didn't even glance at me, standing right in front of you. And you tried to run me over with your car, heartlessly breaking my heart."

Sister Hong sighed softly, seemingly revealing boundless sorrow and resentment.

"You shouldn't appear in Dachang City, nor in front of me," Yang Jian said coldly.

Sister Hong crossed her legs, revealing a fair, long leg; she leaned against her hand and smiled slightly: "You took the Ghost Post Office, forcing me to lose my residence. After wandering outside, I found nowhere to go, so I came looking for you."

"Lived long enough and came to me to die? Believe it or not, I could have you buried in Dachang City today." Yang Jian's tone remained calm, yet his words were edged with sharpness.

Sister Hong touched Zhang Liqin's cheek beside her and smiled, saying: "Acting here, aren't you afraid these two little women might accidentally lose their lives? Such a nice face, surely good at serving people, you have good taste; if she dies, it'd indeed be regrettable."

Zhang Liqin dared not resist; her body tightened, feeling the piercing cold emanating from those few fair fingers.

This Sister Hong was almost like a fresh corpse; she looked beautiful but lacked the slightest warmth.

"Reversing life and death is not a difficult matter for me; if you want to kill them, go ahead, I don't mind." Yang Jian looked at the vehicle, his tone still calm.

Sister Hong withdrew her hand from Zhang Liqin's face slowly, then said: "It's been some time, and you've developed quite a demeanor; I remember when I first saw you, you were quite young and impetuous. Now your change surprises me, but rest assured, I won't bully them."

"Did you come to Dachang City to find me just to say a few pointless words? Actually, I wish you'd come looking for a fight, after all, someone like you is always an unstable factor; who knows when you might lose control and become a real ghost? Moreover, the Republic of China period is long gone; this era doesn't belong to you, Zhang Youhong," Yang Jian said.

"Zhang Youhong? Haven't heard that name in a long time, really nostalgic." Sister Hong lamented.

"But I'm here without hostility, you should know; otherwise, you'd have acted long ago, wouldn't you?"

Yang Jian replied: "I simply don't want to fight within Dachang City, since someone like you, I'm still wary of, and a real battle would affect the surroundings. Tell me why you're approaching me this time, as someone like you wouldn't appear for nothing without something serious."

"I'm a guest, can't you find a place to entertain me a bit? Matters should be discussed slowly, as time is quite ample, no rush." Sister Hong smiled.

Yang Jian glanced at her: "Then come to my house and have a seat."

"Such courage, daring to invite me to your home, aren't you afraid I'll recognize your place and drop by anytime?" Sister Hong said.

"Without my guidance, how wouldn't you recognize my home? Someone like you, where wouldn't you go, few could stop you." Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong laughed: "Looks like to you, I'm a potential threat; no wonder you always want to kill me."