

## Revival 471

### Chapter 471 A Pair of Embroidered Shoes

Qian Yi, as one of the survivors who had lived through this supernatural event, died due to his severe injuries, which was admittedly a somewhat stifling way to die for a necromancer.

Others were either killed by the resurrection of powerful ghosts or murdered by ghosts, and it was rare to see someone die from injuries.

But his death was within Yang Jian's expectations.

After all, he had been lying on the ground bleeding continuously, so it would have been strange if he had survived; the fact that he hadn't been killed by that ghost on the spot was already fortunate.

At this moment, Yang Jian was staring at Qian Yi's corpse.

The others also noticed his gaze and turned to look at the body on the ground.

"Qian Yi is dead?" Huang Ziya seemed somewhat surprised, as Qian Yi had still been alive when she had used the Ghost Candle to lure away the Ghost Rope.

She hadn't expected this man to die after the supernatural event was over.

"Dead is dead, will there be a shortage of deaths today? If this guy hadn't tricked us once, we wouldn't have had to take that risk earlier." Zhang Lei glanced over, he had been the one to persuade Yang Jian to set aside their differences temporarily and join forces with Qian Yi for the greater good.

Now that the supernatural event was over, this person's life or death was no longer important.

A person willing to harm even his teammates, who would sooner or later become a scourge possessing two ghosts, was someone he looked down upon, so he wouldn't say anything good even in death.

Wang Jiang said beside them, "Wait, if this person is dead, doesn't that mean it is very likely that the ghost inside his body could appear?"

"You're right, that's a good reminder." Zhang Lei was suddenly startled.

At this moment, the corpse of Qian Yi, already dead, began to convulse, and then his legs eerily stood up, but his upper body was bent over as if broken and fell backwards like a snapped sapling, his once peaceful, dead face now eerily facing the crowd.

"Not good, the ghost in his body is indeed trying to escape. What's in his file? Does anyone remember? We need to handle this quickly," another necromancer said urgently upon seeing this.

"I haven't seen his file, so how could anyone going through the training be expected to look at each person's file." Zhang Lei looked solemn, carefully retreating back, as in his current state he was not fit for direct contact with ghosts.

"Yang Jian, should we just leave it? We probably don't have the capacity to handle another supernatural event right now, do we?"

Huang Ziya and Wang Jiang, as well, who each controlled a ghost, were not in a good state after the supernatural event and started to get nervous.

Yang Jian glanced over and spoke slowly, "This is just the most common supernatural event. Qian Yi did not die from the resurrection of a fierce ghost. This ghost can still be controlled, even an ordinary person could handle it. Don't worry, I'll deal with it."

He walked over boldly, not showing any fear.

Just the presence of the Headless Ghost Shadow could fully suppress the ghost inside Qian Yi's body, as he had already tried it before.

However, the eerily standing Qian Yi seemed not too keen on letting Yang Jian approach, his legs as if controlled, quickly walked forward, taking just a few steps before his body appeared more than a hundred meters away.

"What the hell?" The others saw this scene and were immediately shocked.

The corpse had just been here, so how had it gotten so far away after just a few steps?

"Similar to the abilities of the Ghost Domain, but not the same, able to traverse distances without concern?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed. He took a step forward and appeared right in front of Qian Yi's body, over a hundred meters away.

Underneath the Headless Ghost Shadow, Qian Yi's body immediately lost some mysterious force and collapsed to the ground.

Yang Jian's gaze turned to the pair of shoes on Qian Yi's body.

They were a pair of ordinary leather shoes.

However, this was his Ghost Domain, real supernatural phenomena couldn't escape his eyes. Yang Jian crouched down and took off the leather shoes from Qian Yi's legs.

The true supernatural revealed its face.

Inside the leather shoes, Qian Yi's feet were wearing a pair of red embroidered shoes.

They resembled the style from the Republic of China Period but were somewhat worn. The red pattern was slightly eerie, giving off an unpleasant feeling.

Moreover, the shoes were very small, a man couldn't possibly fit into them, but Qian Yi had, his large feet twisted and deformed, clearly having been forcibly put on.

"A woman with bound feet would be the right fit for controlling these ghostly things, men better not even try," Yang Jian said as he took off the red embroidered shoes.

In his hands, the pair of shoes seemed to have lost their supernatural aura and had become just an ordinary item.

That was the result of suppression.

He took the embroidered shoes back to where he had been, then found a golden box in his suitcase, placed the shoes inside, and locked it.

"Just a pair of shoes?" Zhang Lei asked, slightly surprised.

Yang Jian said, "They're an oddity, and they might be useful."

He reflected on the situation before; these shoes could move freely within his Ghost Domain. If they were revived, they might even force their way out of his Ghost Domain, or possibly even do something more formidable.

Yang Jian hadn't encountered many such peculiar items. So far, he had only come into contact with a few, such as mortuary clothes, the Ghost Cabinet, and the Ghost Rope...

Moreover, these types of items were different from ordinary ghosts. To some extent, if you could control them, they could play a very important role, and you wouldn't have to worry about the resurrection of fierce ghosts, as when he had previously controlled the Ghost Rope.

A revived ghost had been forcefully used as a tool to restrict other ghosts, which was both handy and convenient.

Unfortunately... the item was now taken away by the ghost in the coffin, and it was uncertain whether there would be a chance to retrieve it in the future.

"The matter is over, it's time to leave the training base, as it's not very safe here; moreover, I might need to visit Professor Wang's laboratory," Yang Jian said as he packed his belongings and looked back.

It was time for him to carry out the final clean-up.

He opened his three Ghost Eyes, and then superimposed them with no suspense. In an instant, he opened three layers of the Ghost Domain.

To ensure there were no supernatural threats around him, and also to determine whether the ghost that had been released from the bottle was lingering nearby.

After opening the three layers of the Ghost Domain, he didn't feel any resurgence of fierce ghosts. His Ghost Eyes were calm, as if they had crashed. The Coffin Nail that had merged with his hand and the three ghosts within him had reached a perfect balance. He felt unusually good, like he had become an ordinary person with supernatural abilities.

After three seconds of opening the three layers of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian retracted them.

Those three seconds were enough for him to ascertain the situation around him.

"No discoveries."

Yang Jian frowned; "Even in the three layers of the Ghost Domain, I didn't see any ghosts around. Did the ghost from the bottle run away, or was it taken by the Ghost Coffin?"

He felt it was more likely taken by the Ghost Coffin.

Since it was confirmed to be safe, that was all that mattered.

Immediately, he picked up his luggage bag and turned to walk out of the training base.

"Yang Jian, where are you going now?" Others saw Yang Jian preparing to leave and hurriedly followed.

Among the few remaining people, it seemed that Yang Jian had become the sole pillar.

Yang Jian said, "I'm planning to go back to the hotel for a bath, then rest for a bit."

"Didn't headquarters say we're not supposed to go back to J city for the time being?" Huang Ziya said in surprise.

Yang Jian replied, "Headquarters is concerned about your conditions, afraid that, like our classmate Wang Jiang, you might suddenly have a ghostly resurgence in Ping'an Hotel. Although I don't know if you'll have a ghost resurgence, I definitely won't, so it's best to heed headquarters' order, agree superficially to save face for them, but after hanging up the phone, you do as you please."

"Would headquarters really trouble you over such a trivial matter? Don't be naive. Right now, headquarters is still busy dealing with the recent supernatural incident."

"We may have survived, but the supernatural event isn't over; that ghost is still out there. In the face of such a big issue, our movements won't be of concern as long as we don't cause trouble."

Wang Jiang paused, "That makes sense, in which case I'll also go back to the hotel to rest."

Yang Jian said, "Being willful is only okay if you know your limits. Decide for yourself."

With that, he left without looking back.

He had already cleared up everything in the training base. The corpse of the ghost controller, the bodies of the victims, were all placed on the ground, ready for collection. Moreover, he had confirmed that there were no more supernatural events occurring within the entire training base.

Who else could do such a thorough job?

Chapter 472 Overenthusiastic

Yang Jian returned to Ping'an Hotel. His training program had barely begun a day before it was abruptly terminated, and he himself had nearly died at the base. If he hadn't been cautious and brought enough lifesaving items, he would have now been a part of the Ghost Coffin, unable to come out alive.

As for the ghost now heading to the laboratory, he didn't care.

What about Wang Xiaoming? He surely wasn't lacking protection, and besides, the ghost now had an additional restraint upon it.

With this restraint in place, other ghost controllers should be safe.

"Wait, if the ghost now believes it can suppress zero ghosts, it's safe for ghost controllers because they control at least one ghost, but for ordinary people, it remains a nightmare... Ordinary people don't have ghosts within them, and in the eyes of the ghost, they might still be seen as alone," Yang Jian thought of another outcome that could arise from the ghost's transformation while he was in the shower.

That would be the ghost not killing ghost controllers, but specifically targeting humans.

Had the rules changed?

What person could withstand an entity that could endlessly restart without decompression, which had been suppressing six ghosts, if it began to kill people deliberately?

"I need to pay attention to this ghost's movements, and cannot completely disregard it; otherwise, the consequences it causes will be no less severe than the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City," Yang Jian furrowed his brows. He washed his body twice, sniffing himself.

The smell of corpse decay and blood seemed to be gone.

He detested this feeling, as it made him feel like a corpse, more like a ghost.

"I should call Liu Xiaoyu again to inquire about the situation."

Although he did not want to deal with the Ghost Coffin incident anymore, he felt that if headquarters were to handle it, he could provide some informational support. After all, if the ghost could be completely confined, that would be a good thing. If it continued to wander unchecked as he suspected, the consequences could be vast,

even affecting his own Dachang City. Who could guarantee that the ghostly entity wouldn't decide to visit Dachang City one day?

Stepping out of the bathroom, he prepared to pick up the satellite phone and contact Liu Xiaoyu.

However, at this moment, a knock came from outside.

"Who is it?" Yang Jian called out.

"It's me, Huang Ziya." A woman's voice came from outside the door; it was Huang Ziya, who had returned to Ping'an Hotel with him.

Yang Jian walked over to open the door and said, "What's the matter?"

Huang Ziya, who had also just taken a shower and was dressed in a bathrobe, her hair still wet, smiled and said, "Can't I find you if there's nothing wrong? I haven't properly thanked you for earlier. If it weren't for you, I definitely would have died at the training base."

"No need to thank me. I was merely trying to survive, and the rules of the fierce ghost coincidentally required teammates; otherwise, I would have run by myself long ago," Yang Jian said.

"But you still saved us. Won't you invite me to sit inside?" Huang Ziya said.

"Then come in and sit for a while, but I still have some things to deal with. If you have something to say, get on with it. I'm not fond of beating around the bush," Yang Jian said.

"You're probably not very good with people, do you always talk like this?" Huang Ziya walked in, smiling as she looked at Yang Jian,

"Is socializing important to people like us? Politeness, hypocrisy, smooth-talking, what's the use? Ghosts won't spare you from death just because you're polite. The world is changing, I can feel it. In the future, top ghost controllers will influence the whole world's evolution, so what we need to think about now is how to stay alive," Yang Jian said offhandedly.

He believed that interpersonal relationships were not important. Instead of spending time studying them, it was better to consider how to solve one's own problems.

Huang Ziya sat on the sofa and nodded slightly, "You really are a unique existence, the fabled Ghost Eye Yang Jian."

A look of admiration appeared in her eyes before she continued,

"By the way, I heard from Zhang Lei that a beauty had stayed here before?"

"What do you want to know about that for?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly; she must be referring to Li Yao.

Huang Ziya smoothed the hair beside her ear and revealed a touching smile, "Does this mean that you still have feelings for women? That's already better than most ghost masters. I am a woman, after all, if you need, I can stay and keep you company for a few days."

"You're getting the wrong idea, it's just pure relaxation and venting, I won't interfere with your private life."

Yang Jian paused for a moment.

It was his first time encountering such a situation.

What's this?

Was he being hit on?

"What? You're not actually being shy, are you? Or do you think I don't have a good figure, and you're not into me?" Huang Ziya laughed, her eyes roaming over Yang Jian.

She felt no shame; after all, when you don't even know how long you'll live, what's there to lose?

If she could become closer friends with Yang Jian, then she would have the care of a top-tier ghost master in the future.

"No, I just think you're being a bit too enthusiastic," Yang Jian said calmly.

Huang Ziya stood up and walked towards Yang Jian, "An enthusiastic woman is more popular, right? We're all adults here, no need to be so uptight."

Yang Jian thought for a moment, then declined, "Let's not, I'm really not in the mood at the moment."

"You won't even consider it when I'm offering myself so readily? You wouldn't make me go back just like that, would you?" Huang Ziya said with a smile.

"Not in the mood," Yang Jian shook his head, "I've got other things to deal with."

"Alright then, when you feel like it, just contact me. It would be a pity if I accidentally died one of these days." Seeing that Yang Jian truly was not interested, Huang Ziya extinguished that thought and left her phone number.

"Here's my number, call me if you need anything."

Yang Jian said, "Okay, I'll call you if I need to, and by the way, please shut the door on your way out."

Bang!

The door closed, and Huang Ziya seemed somewhat disappointed as she left.

As she prepared to return to her place, at the corner of the corridor, Zhang Lei and Wang Jiang were leaning against the wall.

"I told you he's not interested in you," Zhang Lei's rigid face displayed a strange smile, "Wang Jiang, you've lost, remember to treat me to a meal tomorrow."

Wang Jiang muttered, "I thought I had this one in the bag."

"How come you two jerks didn't die in the training base?" Huang Ziya's face darkened, and with a toss of her head, she left.

After she was gone, Zhang Lei said, "Speaking of which, why does she go for Yang Jian and not come to me? I can also... you know."

"Go for you? You'd scare someone to death if you took off your clothes," Wang Jiang said, "Who would be interested in someone with a human head growing out of their chest?"

"That's true, and I don't have Yang Jian's ability to turn the tides either. Otherwise, even with three heads, there'd be beauties chasing after me," Zhang Lei shrugged, "Let's go, the show's over, time to sleep."

And after they left.

Inside the suite.

Yang Jian turned on the satellite positioning phone, "Liu Xiaoyu, it's me, Yang Jian. How's the situation over at the lab? Have Wang Xiaoming and his crew encountered the ghost yet?"

Chapter 473 Infinite Reboot

On the outskirts of J City, outside an experimental base.

There was something strange about the scenery here. Everywhere else was bathed in bright sunshine, warm and comfortable with beautiful landscapes, but this area was enveloped in darkness.

It was as if a localized rain shower had been forecasted.

Here, it was partly cloudy turning overcast.

However, the darkness enveloping this place was eerily frightening, as dense as ink. It was like a thick haze or a black wall blocking roads in every direction.

If one were to look down from high above, they would notice that this darkness wasn't drifting chaotically; instead, it was fixed in one place, not dissipating, and it took the shape of a coffin.

Only, this black coffin was rather large, covering several miles.

Inside this dark expanse, a group of people had the misfortune of being swept up in it.

No, perhaps it wouldn't be accurate to call them unfortunate, as this darkness seemed to be targeting them specifically. If they had chosen to leave earlier, they certainly could have.

"Have you reported back to headquarters?" On a hillside outside the darkness, several ghost hunters frowned deeply and stared ahead with solemn expressions.

"We've notified headquarters, but the chance of getting support is slim. After all, J City's top experts are all here already. If they go down, all hell will break loose. Don't worry, each of those guys is very brave. They would have avoided this supernatural event early on if they intended to; it's the captain's plan that is being initiated now," someone replied.

"If we can solve an S-class supernatural event, we can almost guarantee our say in future matters," another person added with a laugh.

These individuals had not been engulfed by the darkness; they had chosen to leave earlier, taking responsibility for monitoring the situation from the outside, and also because they had given up hopes of competing for the team captain's position, not wanting to get dragged into this struggle.

"It would be perfect if we could detain this 'Ghost Envoy.' I'm just worried we might not be able to... If we lose our top ghost hunters at this critical moment, those of us who are uninvolved won't fare much better. Without them on the frontline, our days of peace are numbered," the previously speaking person said in a deep voice.

He was more rational, believing that losing any of the top ghost hunters would be a grave loss.

"Don't worry, Professor Wang will find a way. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been chosen to confront this 'Ghost Envoy' head-on," someone nearby expressed confidence.

At that moment within the domain of the so-called Ghost Envoy.

An irritable yet frantic voice arose: "Are you kidding me? It restarted again. We had just managed to restrain this thing, nearly ready to contain it, and then in the blink of an eye it reappeared."

Following Yang Jian's example, this group of top ghost hunters made a bold decision.

They assembled everyone to confront the Ghost Envoy head-on in an attempt to incarcerate it.

After all, they had already come all this way. It would be unacceptable to leave without doing anything and simply flee with their tails between their legs, especially since the supernatural event occurred in J City, and many of them felt obliged to handle it. They had not offered support earlier because the situation arose so suddenly, they were understaffed, and they couldn't intervene directly.

"If we don't find a solution, even with our numbers, we'll be slowly drained to death here. A ghost has infinite energy. Even if we control two or three ghosts, we can't withstand these repeated attacks," a young man in a suit said darkly, standing there with his gaze flickering, constantly scanning the surrounding darkness.

Just before, they had received a notification from headquarters: the supernatural event at the training base had concluded. The ghost wasn't contained, but rather, it changed its area of activity, moving towards the laboratory.

Upon receiving the notification, everyone immediately left the laboratory, preparing to depart.

But then, they discovered that after approaching the laboratory, the ghost immediately began heading towards Wang Xiaoming, who they were all protecting.

Under normal circumstances, Li Jun would certainly have taken Xiao Ming and run to ensure Professor Wang's safety.

However, Wang Xiaoming refused and said, "We can leave, we can run, but the ordinary people near J City can't. Instead of letting this Ghost Envoy roam freely, it's better to resolve it here. We've gathered the country's top ghost hunters, many of whom are nominated for the team captain's plan. If you all can't solve this supernatural event together, then there's no point in having the plan at all."

His proposal was backed by Li Jun, Tong Qian, and several other ghost hunters.

The supernatural event had to be resolved sooner or later. Now that they were well-prepared and had enough manpower, they were fully capable of handling it.

Additionally, they now understood the ghost's pattern of killing; it only killed people who were alone.

The combined number of ghosts under the control of the ghost hunters present exceeded twenty. Even if everyone at the training base were wiped out with none left alive, they would not be in a position of being alone.

Since they could remain unharmed in front of the ghost, there was naturally no need to run. They might as well work together to deal with it.

However, upon engaging with the supernatural, they realized that something was very wrong.

First, they confirmed that they could not leave the ghost domain. Even those who used special methods failed to escape.

Then they found that the ghost's killing pattern seemed to have changed.

Though they were still not within the range of the ghost's attacks, the ghost specifically targeted Wang Xiaoming every time, as if determined to kill him there.

From start to finish, they had already faced three waves of attacks.

But each had been dealt with smoothly. They had the advantage in numbers and knew the pattern in advance. Even the Ghost Envoy couldn't outmaneuver this top group of national ghost hunters. They had completely overpowered the ghost, easily restraining it.

However, the problem was here.

They resisted the first wave of attacks. As long as the ghost had the slightest bit of mobility, it would attack Wang Xiaoming. Helpless, they could only constrain it.

After successfully restraining it, the ghost restarted, and a second wave followed.

Then they changed their strategy and encased the ghost in a specially constructed box.

But the ghost restarted yet again.

During the third wave of attacks, they altered their approach, attempting to dismember and contain parts of it, thinking that by imprisoning it in parts, they could perhaps grind the ghost's power down to a minimum and then completely eliminate it.

But they failed again.

The malevolent spirit once again chose to restart, and they were unable to imprison any part of the ghost's paranormal essence.

Three consecutive times, each action could be described as very systematic, any other supernatural event would have been resolved by now, but this ghost, dubbed the Ghost Envoy, publicly slapped them in the face.

Once overpowered, the ghost wouldn't hesitate to choose restart and attempt the same approach again.

"The ghost's pattern of behavior has indeed changed," said Wang Xiaoming, standing calmly in the midst of the crowd. "According to previous information, the ghost wouldn't attack us. Our side has far more ghosts than the Ghost Envoy, not fitting the ghost's attack profile, but now after multiple restarts, the target has always been me, as if it desperately wants to kill me."

"If that's the case, then we should be even more resolved to deal with this entity. Even if we can't completely resolve it, we must confine it to a certain place. Otherwise, if this ghost wanders freely, it will bring about a massive disaster, which is unacceptable," Wang Xiaoming continued, glancing at the coffin behind him.

"Yang Jian has survived. He didn't die at the training base, and he even saved quite a number of people, preserving several spirit hunters. Perhaps he has some new information," a spirit hunter from Zong Shan said with a frown.

"Li Jun, consult with headquarters, but I have another suspicion, and that is the ghost is targeting this Ghost Coffin." Wang Xiaoming looked back at the coffin.

He had brought it out from the lab because, considering the lab's failure and the seriousness of the Ghost Coffin, he decided it should be sealed and dealt with.

But after hearing that the ghost was heading towards the lab, Wang Xiaoming decided to move the Ghost Coffin to protect it.

And the result proved that the ghost wasn't targeting the lab, but most likely the Ghost Coffin.

Perhaps because of the Ghost Coffin, he was dragged into the malevolent spirit's attack targets... but it doesn't matter. Wang Xiaoming wasn't worried about his own safety; if he were to die here, he wouldn't be afraid. His goal was to use his identity and this opportunity to resolve the Ghost Envoy incident.

"Next, let's try to separate this Ghost Coffin from us and see if the ghost will return to it. If it does, this supernatural event might be resolved with the least effort," Wang Xiaoming said once more.

At this moment, Feng Quan among the crowd spoke up, "Just like before in Huanggang Village?"

"Exactly," replied Wang Xiaoming. "I suspect Yang Jian has done something to this ghost, making some aspect of it change. Otherwise, this situation wouldn't occur."

This situation referred to the ghost repeatedly restarting and relentlessly attacking him.

If not for the crowd holding off several attacks, he would have died here long ago.

Before the fourth wave of attacks, Wang Xiaoming made a change.

He no longer thought about restraining the ghost with sheer numbers but instead actively relinquished the Ghost Coffin, replaying the scenario from Huanggang Village.

He wasn't rushing because he had the advantage on his side. This allowed for a margin of error, and after trying multiple strategies, he could find a way to resolve this paranormal incident.

Meanwhile.

In the Ping'an Hotel of J City.

"What? You've returned to the hotel already and brought others with you, but the order from headquarters was..." In her communication with Yang Jian, Liu Xiaoyu confirmed Yang Jian's location and found to her surprise that he was in J City.

Previously she was well aware that Yang Jian wasn't in good shape, and after the Ghost Envoy incident, the assessment of his condition was quite poor. Considering this, the earlier order had been given for him to stay on the outskirts.

"I have it under control; I'll be fine," Yang Jian said. "How's Wang Xiaoming doing? Didn't you tell me earlier that he went to the lab?"

Liu Xiaoyu immediately swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue. It seemed not the time to pursue the trivial matter of Yang Jian returning to J City for rest.

"To study the source of the Ghost Envoy incident, Professor Wang visited the lab with a group of top spirit hunters from headquarters before dawn. Their purpose was to handle some special items in the lab and to investigate the Ghost Coffin," she explained.

"I'm talking about the current situation. Have they gotten involved in a supernatural event?" Yang Jian inquired.

"Your guess is very accurate. Just earlier, Professor Wang and others decided to deal with the Ghost Envoy incident head-on, and now they are right in the midst of the Ghost Domain," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

"It's pretty much as I thought; Wang Xiaoming isn't likely to run away, probably involving himself in the supernatural event," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes.

With the status of Professor Wang, he could leave easily, surrounded by a group of protectors. It wasn't possible that he'd get involved in a supernatural event with prior warning unless he participated actively.

This fit his personality perfectly; he indeed intended to resolve the Ghost Envoy incident.

Having amassed a group of the top spirit hunters from headquarters, Wang Xiaoming had the confidence to handle the situation.

Only, no matter how clever Wang Xiaoming was, he lacked the firsthand information from Yang Jian's side. His outdated intelligence was no longer sufficient to support him in dealing with the Ghost Envoy incident. Now, he was likely in trouble.

He wouldn't die, not in the short term at least, since he wasn't alone.

But to handle the Ghost Envoy incident, that wasn't possible.

"His progress is probably not going smooth, right?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu said softly, "I don't know the specifics, but the Ghost Domain is still there, so it's probably not resolved yet. However, there's been no news about the death of any spirit hunters."

"Stalemate, huh? But this kind of stalemate is actually disadvantageous for Wang Xiaoming's side. Humans can't outlast ghosts," Yang Jian murmured. "Well, let's leave it at that for now. I'll keep the communication open. If there's any news, you can inform me."

He indeed had some new information and guesses, but he chose not to share them.

If Wang Xiaoming truly needed help, he would naturally come to find him. Right now, Wang Xiaoming was more likely relying on his own abilities to solve the problem, and after all, those spirit hunters wouldn't be in danger.

The only one truly in danger was Wang Xiaoming himself.

#### Chapter 474

Yang Jian was not in a hurry to actively contact Wang Xiaoming; although his information was useful, it wasn't decisive. It could only serve as an inspiration. Besides, he believed that since Wang Xiaoming had organized a group of top ghost masters to handle the Ghost Envoy event, he must have had some confidence in his approach.

He wanted to see what method Wang Xiaoming would come up with to deal with the ghost that couldn't be contained.

So, what Yang Jian needed to do now was to rest and wait, seemingly enjoying the big scene from the sidelines.

However, when he was almost killed by a ghost at the training base, others were also merely bystanders.

Support was non-existent, and it was already quite good to be able to provide some intelligence.

It wasn't much later.

As Yang Jian sat on the sofa, resting with his eyes closed, he heard Liu Xiaoyu's voice coming from the satellite-positioned mobile phone on the coffee table beside him.

"Yang Jian, are you there? Just before, I received a communication from Li Jun, who was asking about the current situation with your supernatural event."

"Connect me to Li Jun's call," Yang Jian said, slightly opening his eyes and speaking to the satellite-positioned phone.

Li Jun?

He had thought Wang Xiaoming would be the one to call personally; it seemed the situation wasn't too bad, at least within manageable limits. If it had been dire, Wang Xiaoming would definitely have called himself.

"Yang Jian, it's me, Li Jun," a calm, middle-aged man's voice came from the phone.

"I'm listening," Yang Jian said slowly.

Li Jun's voice was very calm as he continued, "The fact that you managed to save several ghost masters from the Ghost Envoy event certainly surprised everyone. According to the previous headquarter's meeting estimation, there was a high probability of your team being wiped out. Considering the event's special nature, we decided not to provide support, hoping you would understand."

"Of course, I understand. After all, everyone's life is precious; there's no need to escalate losses," Yang Jian replied calmly.

"It's good that you understand. Now, Professor Wang and we are considering how to deal with this supernatural event. We've encountered a special situation, and I'd like to consult with you, hoping that your experience in surviving can help to some extent," said Li Jun.

"Just ask directly what you want to know. I can still provide help with information. After all, Professor Wang also provided me with some information, even though it wasn't of much value, but it's like repaying a peach with a plum," said Yang Jian, implying that this was the limit of his assistance and he would offer no help in action.

This Ghost Envoy could not be contained, and he didn't want to face that thing because it could turn disastrous at any moment.

Although Yang Jian had a method to contain ghosts in his mind, it was only a potentially successful plan, and executing it was beyond his capabilities.

"That will be enough," said Li Jun. "Previously we withstood three waves of attacks from the fierce ghost and tried three different methods to contain it, but all attempts failed. It seems that as soon as we suppress the ghost, it resets. Have you encountered this before?"

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

He had also been pondering similar questions. If the ghost currently believed it had a count of zero ghosts, what would happen after it encountered a ghost master?

Now the answer seemed clear.

It was a direct reset.

The ghost had become very sensitive, easily triggering the fierce ghost's reset rule. While the danger level had decreased, the difficulty of dealing with it had increased.

"It's quite natural," Yang Jian began. "The reason I survived is that I changed the ghost's killing rule. Before, the ghost would kill those with fewer ghosts than itself, meaning isolation equaled certain death. But now, due to my influence, the ghost only kills ordinary people and has no interest in ghost masters. In other words, all ghost masters are outside its range."

"Because of this, the ghost left the training base, allowing me and others to survive."

"I see, this information is very useful and matches our current situation," Li Jun stated, not asking Yang Jian how he changed the ghost's killing rules, as it wasn't the focus right now.

He continued, "If we want to contain this ghost, do you have any suggestions or feasible methods?"

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "Perhaps the Ghost Coffin is the key. During the Huanggang Village incident, Feng Quan and I experienced an anomaly that was quelled only when the ghost born from the Ghost Coffin returned to it. If we can achieve that again, maybe we could replicate the previous occurrence."

"Your idea coincides precisely with what Professor Wang previously suggested," Li Jun said. "Thank you for your assistance; now we know what to do."

"Don't mention it, I too hope you will succeed," Yang Jian said calmly.

Soon, the communication ended, and Liu Xiaoyu's voice came through the phone once more.

Yang Jian did not continue speaking. Instead, he stood up and walked to a floor-to-ceiling window, looking out with a piercing gaze, "Bringing the malevolent ghost back to the coffin is a plan yet to be confirmed. I don't doubt Wang Xiaoming can do it, but its success is uncertain. If it fails..."

He had another plan.

If the plan to contain the ghost in the coffin failed, the value of his alternative plan would vastly increase.

A group of top-tier ghost hunters, plus a Wang Xiaoming, the headquarters certainly wouldn't just watch them perish in the Ghost Domain.

Therefore, his plan would become extremely valuable when the time came.

Of course, if Wang Xiaoming's plan succeeded, Yang Jian wouldn't mind either; after all, he wouldn't lose anything,

The answers would soon be revealed, and all he had to do was continue waiting for news.

Within the Ghost Domain.

After hanging up the phone, Li Jun relayed the content of the conversation to everyone.

"Yang Jian is as fierce as ever, forcibly changing the rules of the ghost to survive, tsk tsk, the reputation of 'Yang Jian with Ghost Eyes' really isn't for nothing. To actually do that... I've dealt with paranormal cases and have seen many archives during my spare time; as far as I know, no one has directly changed a ghost's murdering rules," said a ghost hunter named Cao Yang, feeling incredulous and somewhat admiring.

"The aftermath of contact with a ghost is the most dangerous, not to mention that paranormal event came so suddenly that everyone at the training base was unprepared, completely disorganized. Under such circumstances, it's impressive that Yang Jian managed to survive. But that's about it; when it comes to confining a ghost, he simply can't do that. Barely surviving was already a struggle," Jang Shangbai said, his face solemn, unclear whether he was praising or belittling.

"Yang Jian's information is very important. By changing the ghost's killing rules, he has indirectly helped us. Now, ghosts will only kill isolated ordinary people, not ghost hunters. This means, from now on, everyone is safe except for Professor Wang," Feng Quan spoke up from the side.

"The fifth onslaught is approaching" Suddenly, Tong Qian, who was on the lookout, spoke up.

The surrounding darkness surged, with the faint sound of footsteps swiftly approaching from within the dark.

The others immediately quieted down, all eyes turning in that direction.

Despite knowing they were safe, who would dare be certain about ghostly matters?

Not one of the surviving ghost hunters was careless or heedless, as those who were had long since died.

"Yang Jian's plan concurs with what I said earlier; leading the vicious ghost back to the coffin is the right approach. What we need to do now is figure out how to get this ghost back into the Ghost Coffin," Wang Xiaoming, unperturbed by the surrounding developments, said to himself.

"So, I have come up with a plan. Next, I will have all of you leave, and then I will lie down inside the Ghost Coffin alone. In doing so, the ghost will necessarily enter the coffin in order to kill me. If the Ghost Domain surrounding us disappears at that moment, the rest of you can take the opportunity to contain it," he continued.

"No, it's too dangerous for you," Li Jun immediately objected.

Wang Xiaoming's expression remained calm, "At a critical moment, I will light a Ghost Candle and then take the chance to get out."

"The Ghost Candle only lasts for a very limited time; you won't make it in time," Li Jun argued.  
"Furthermore, your plan has a significant flaw; there's no need for you to undertake such a risk unless you're seeking death."

He had noticed that since the incident began, Wang Xiaoming's mental state had consistently been off, lacking his usual calm and meticulous nature,

Just like his refusal to leave this place previously.

Resolving the paranormal situation might just be one aspect. But another part could well be a desire to use the incident as a means to commit suicide.

Chapter 475 Solved?

Wang Xiaoming wants to commit suicide?

Upon hearing Li Jun's statement, the others looked incredulously at Wang Xiaoming among the crowd.

The renowned Professor Wang, famous both domestically and internationally, actually harbored thoughts of suicide?

Although these words came from Li Jun, after some careful thought, they still seemed very plausible.

This Ghost Envoy incident was caused by a failed experiment; although it happened not long ago, it resulted in the loss of a training base and the deaths of nearly ten ghost controllers, not to mention the involvement of numerous staff members.

While the death toll wasn't high, the loss of ghost controllers was tremendous, constituting a huge loss.

Was it guilt that led Wang Xiaoming to consider suicide?

No wonder that when the ghost wandered towards the lab, he didn't think about leaving, but was adamant about staying here to deal with it.

Perhaps, in his heart, if he couldn't resolve this supernatural event, he would rather die here.

Having thought about it.

Quite a few people could understand his feelings now.

"Professor Wang, now is not the time for self-reproach. Many experimental projects still need your leadership, and in these days when supernatural events are becoming increasingly severe, the world cannot be without you. Your research on the Ghost Candle, as well as methods for controlling fierce ghosts, Gold's discovery... it can be said that you've influenced the entire world. If you were to take your own life, then in the future, more people will die because of your absence," someone immediately began to persuade.

"That's right, and besides, what supernatural event doesn't result in death? Moreover, you can't be blamed for this incident. You weren't in the lab when the supernatural event occurred; it was purely accidental. Even without the experiment, ghosts would still appear," Zong Shan nodded in agreement.

The others also joined in persuading him.

Regardless of whether it was sincere, they did not want Wang Xiaoming to die.

If he died, to whom would they turn for problems with the resurrection of fierce ghosts? From whom would they obtain the Ghost Candle?

Besides, he always managed to research quite a few useful things, which was a very important assurance for everyone else.

The death of a few ghost controllers was insignificant, but there was only one Wang Xiaoming. His death would be a tremendous loss to anyone.

Li Jun's gaze carried some worry. He knew what Wang Xiaoming really cared about was not that, but rather the fact that he had forcibly taken Wang Xiaoming out of the lab earlier, thus allowing the originally controllable supernatural event to run loose.

That was the real knot in Wang Xiaoming's heart.

"No matter what, Captain's plan is currently underway. Professor Wang, the plan you're leading can't just fail halfway. If your psychological state isn't good, I'll arrange for a psychologist to help you after we deal with this. You can't afford to have problems right now," Jang Shangbai fixed his eyes on him and said.

Wang Xiaoming looked up slightly, and spoke slowly, "My plan won't change. I'm the only one who can lead the fierce ghost back into the coffin. You are not the ghost's target. You can't do this. However, I will make some changes to the plan, but the premise is that you have to trust me."

"So starting now, you need to keep your distance from me. Before the next wave of attacks comes, I must be isolated. I don't want to waste time."

"Will you be in danger?" Li Jun asked gravely.

Wang Xiaoming said, "If I said there was no danger, would you believe me?"

Of course, they didn't believe him.

This was an S-class supernatural event, a horrifying fierce ghost that could not be confined. Although Yang Jian had forcibly altered the ghost's rules, reducing the ghost's degree of horror, given the current situation, if the ghost entered a city, there was no doubt the Dachang City incident would repeat.

Yet another city would fall.

"Looking at your expressions, I know you don't believe me, but the fact is that I truly am not in danger. The rules of this ghost have been figured out so clearly that even a fool knows what to do," Wang Xiaoming spread his hands in a somewhat helpless manner.

"But if you still want to stay here, my plan will never be carried out."

At that moment, Tong Qian said, "The ghost has restarted again. This is already the fifth time. The sixth wave of attacks is going to come soon."

She turned her head around, displaying a smile that was as serene as that of a dead person's, facing everyone with an indescribable eeriness.

"It's really never-ending. The degree of horror of this ghost isn't that high, but it is very persistent, restarting over and over. Is it trying to wear us down to death here?" someone cursed.

"Indeed, up until now, that ghost has not shown any special side," said Jang Shangbai, giving it a glance. He felt as if he were on a tour, not like he was handling a supernatural event.

There was no sense of tension or urgency.

He didn't even need to act; any slight contact with the ghost by anyone would send it into a restart.

What they didn't know was that the most terrifying ability of the ghost had been desperately limited by Yang Jian; otherwise, they would undoubtedly regret getting involved in this supernatural event.

"Don't waste any more time. Leave my side before the seventh wave of attacks begins," Wang Xiaoming said sternly at that time.

His urgency was actually motivated by another concern.

In this endless ghost restarting, a terrible and unpredictable mutation might occur. If that were the case, this operation would become extremely dangerous.

Others might underestimate this supernatural event, but he wouldn't, because this terror was created by him.

Li Jun stared at Wang Xiaoming for a moment. He didn't know if Wang Xiaoming genuinely wanted to deal with the event or he wanted to commit suicide.

After pondering for a brief moment, he still spoke up, "Let's do as Professor Wang says, and temporarily leave this place."

"Since it's decided, then I too can only agree to this plan."

The others had no objections, after all, this operation was entrusted to Wang Xiaoming's command, and it also appeared to be the best method available.

Soon, the others began to leave Wang Xiaoming's side, leaving only him and a damaged Ghost Coffin remaining in place.

The reason why the Ghost Coffin was damaged was that the lid had cracked and could no longer seal perfectly as before. Whether this would become a hidden danger, no one knew.

Although the others didn't move far away, in the dim environment, just a few meters of separation made it seem as if everyone had disappeared, with the darkness and eeriness all around as if fierce ghosts could appear at any moment, sending chills down the spine.

Wang Xiaoming's expression was very calm; he seemed to have not a trace of fear, just standing silently in place, motionless, waiting.

He had neither actively stepped into the Ghost Coffin to lure the vengeful ghost, nor prepared a Ghost Candle, bracing for a possible attack.

But just because he was doing nothing didn't mean nothing would happen around him.

Soon, darkness crept in from one direction, turning the already dim environment into pitch blackness in an instant.

It was so dark that one couldn't see their own hand in front of their face, and even sound seemed to be cut off. Even if there were spirit manipulators standing all around, their figures had already disappeared.

The seventh attack had begun.

This time was different from before. Wang Xiaoming had no protection near him, he was just one person, completely isolated. There were no ghosts in him either, so if a ghost appeared, it would only head towards him.

Just as planned.

In the darkness, Wang Xiaoming remained unnervingly calm, his mental fortitude seemingly stronger than that of even the top spirit manipulators.

Perhaps it was because he had spent years researching supernatural events and had become accustomed to ghosts, or maybe he had come to terms with life and death. Those who do not care for their own life, naturally wouldn't care for fear either.

Wang Xiaoming seemed to be timing something.

He had observed the previous attacks, the direction from which the ghost would emerge after restarting, the time it would appear before everyone, and approximately when it would attack him... These were all data.

His data had become incredibly precise after the previous restarts.

Even with his eyes closed, he knew when the ghost would come close to him.

"It's here."

Suddenly, Wang Xiaoming murmured quietly in the darkness.

The next moment.

A clear footstep sound came from the darkness ahead; it was stiff and heavy, as if a dead person was walking in the Black Night.

Only then did Wang Xiaoming start to act, pulling out a box from his person. It was made of Gold.

Inside was a cloth doll.

It was the decoy doll previously given to Huang Ziya by Yang Jian.

With his level of access, he naturally could request to use it.

Wang Xiaoming didn't open the box. Instead, he fired a shot at a specific spot on it.

"Bang!"

The sound of the gunshot rang out, and the not-so-thick box was immediately pierced through.

A gunshot?

Hearing this, Li Jun's face changed drastically in the darkness.

He thought Wang Xiaoming had shot himself.

"Don't come over, I'm fine." However, it seemed Wang Xiaoming had anticipated Li Jun's reaction. His voice carried through the darkness, assuring them he was still alive.

Upon hearing this, Li Jun finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Having pierced the box, Wang Xiaoming did nothing but drip a few drops of blood into it.

The blood seeped through the hole and onto the cloth doll inside.

By now, the footsteps in the darkness had become very close.

Wang Xiaoming could even feel the cold chill gradually approaching. He remained composed, casually throwing the box into a nearby coffin.

Immediately.

The cold chill that had been drawing closer in the darkness changed course, heading towards the Ghost Coffin.

He had changed the vengeful ghost's target with the cloth doll, which meant he didn't need to lie inside the Ghost Coffin himself; a cloth doll was enough to act as a substitute.

The reason he pierced the box instead of releasing the doll was that he considered a running doll would mess up his plan and because the doll, kept inside the box, was less likely to be "killed." After all, it would take the ghost some time to penetrate the box through the bullet hole.

"Thud!"

A muffled collision sound came from nearby as if something was slamming against the side of the coffin.

"Has the vengeful ghost returned to the coffin?" Wang Xiaoming wondered with a flicker in his gaze.

He knew his plan had succeeded.

But he wasn't sure if the plan was effective, seeing as the ghost had changed several times already. Whether returning to the coffin would resolve the supernatural event was still an unknown.

However, the situation appeared to be better than expected.

The thick darkness around them began to dissipate, and the Ghost Domain seemed to be fading away.

"Did it work?" Feng Quan, who was the first to realize, was stunned.

This scene was exactly like the incident at Huanggang Village.

The darkness receded, and the surroundings grew gradually brighter.

"No way, did Professor Wang resolve this supernatural event all by himself?" A spirit manipulator named Cao Yang was flabbergasted.