

Revival 481

Chapter 481

Wang Xiaoming and his group were unaware that the person coming to their aid was Yang Jian, and they could not have imagined that Yang Jian was now in the midst of counter-invading the Ghost Domain.

If he were to succeed in his invasion, it would mean that Yang Jian could easily escape the next time he faced the Ghost Coffin, or at the very least, he would not be in mortal danger. It was a trial, a very necessary one, as he also wanted to confirm what would happen if his own Ghost Domain kept stacking up, what it would eventually become.

Would he be able to discover the source of the supernatural events, would he be able to uncover the truth behind his doubts?

But the terror in the darkness continued to unfold.

Because the ghost known as the Ghost Envoy was in this darkness.

At this moment, Wang Xiaoming, Tong Qian, Li Jun, Feng Quan, and the others had bravely endured numerous supernatural assaults and were now close to the vicinity of the Ghost Coffin.

In front of them, a human silhouette was hidden in the darkness, standing still like a corpse, facing them. Beneath that human outline was an object shaped like a coffin, seemingly fused together with it, creating an especially eerie and unsettling sight.

As the group drew nearer, the ghost in front seemed to have no reaction at all, as if it lost its ability to move, posing no threat whatsoever.

But such naive thinking was obviously impossible,

This ghost was not immobile, although it remained stationary for most of the time, its posture changed every so often.

When Wang Xiaoming first lured the ghost into the Ghost Coffin, it was lying inside the coffin, with a black coffin lid formed by the Ghost Domain pressing down on top of it.

After that, the coffin lid disappeared, turning back into a Ghost Domain that began to erode everything around it.

The ghost was no longer lying down, but had sat up as if raised from the dead, half of its body exposed outside of the coffin lid, stiff and straight, its head not facing Wang Xiaoming and the others, but the front of the coffin.

By now... the ghost sitting in the coffin had stood up and was now facing them.

It, as if waiting for the rest to draw closer.

"It's just ahead, about eight meters away."

Wang Xiaoming's voice remained calm, facing such a supernatural phenomenon as an ordinary person, he showed no sign of shrinking back in fear.

The others also saw the silhouette in the darkness, looking extremely solemn.

The true source of terror was right here; to retrieve the Ghost Coffin, they must make direct contact with such a ghost, or else they could only watch helplessly as it fully revived.

"I'll take the lead," Li Jun said solemnly at this moment. "I'll deal with that ghost and get it out of the Ghost Coffin, Feng Quan, you're responsible for retrieving it, Tong Qian, you and the others help me withstand the ghost attacks. If I die, you all take Professor Wang and withdraw."

Not much was said, but it was simple and clear.

There was no need for further explanation; if even he were to fall, it would mean that the ghost had become unmanageable, and no one else should think about retrieving the Ghost Coffin. It would be good enough if they could just save themselves and escape.

"Can you withstand it?"

Feng Quan took a look: "Things could go badly, and you could die. According to Yang Jian's analysis, this thing should still be able to suppress the power of six ghosts. At least three people who have mastered two ghosts each would be needed to avoid being attacked. Why not go together, we can just die here together."

"The risk is too high, I refuse," Li Jun said; "We can't stake everyone's lives on one chance."

"Wait a minute," suddenly, Wang Xiaoming stopped walking and signaled everyone else to halt.

"What's wrong?" someone asked.

Wang Xiaoming frowned: "Something's not right. From the moment we got close to the Ghost Coffin until now, we haven't suffered a single supernatural attack, the previously revived supernatural beings have disappeared."

"Don't feel that, we just withstood an attack," Feng Quan said, amazed.

"How can you not feel it? According to the frequency of the previous attacks, this time it's been at least five seconds without one attacking us, you guys really didn't notice such a big change?" Wang Xiaoming said.

Five seconds?

Who has the mind to count that?

This thought crossed everyone's mind.

"Act now, all together," suddenly, Wang Xiaoming uttered this sentence.

Huh?

Wasn't it Li Jun taking the lead?

Everyone was again puzzled.

However, before they could finish their thoughts, one of the ghost tamers next to them suddenly cried out in horror, apparently seized by something and then suddenly fell to the ground, a terrible force dragging him rapidly towards the ghost's location.

"Be careful," Feng Quan exclaimed, reaching out to grab him in a hurry.

But he had hardly touched the person before his grip slipped.

Tong Qian also reacted, and as she turned her face, she saw a ghost face that wanted to cry like that of a peaceful dead person, but the ghost face moved, and it couldn't seem to cry anymore.

Was it suppressed?

This idea popped into Tong Qian's mind.

This inescapable ability to suppress ghost tamers was not something they had encountered for the first time. They had felt it during previous encounters, an inescapable eerie power, which was why they had chosen to act as a team. This way, if one person's abilities got suppressed, the others could compensate.

It was because of this that they had been able to walk back and forth twice in this terrifying Ghost Domain without incident.

The rescue attempt by the two people failed, and Li Jun's Ghost Domain extended over the attacked ghost tamer, attempting to bring him back with the Ghost Domain.

However, the Ghost Domain had covered him, but the rescue failed.

The person cried out in horror, then disappeared into the darkness, and it was vaguely visible that the companion had just struggled and fallen into the Ghost Coffin.

"What was that thing just now?" someone called out frantically.

"I didn't see it coming; it just suddenly appeared and attacked us," Feng Quan said with a hint of tension in his voice. "When I came into contact with it, my ghostly abilities were suppressed, and it also underwent changes. Even though we weren't alone anymore, according to previous patterns, it shouldn't have been possible for it to attack a ghost controller."

"It wasn't that thing that attacked us; it was something else. A Ghost Envoy controlled something as a medium, breaking through the distance restriction." Wang Xiaoming's gaze flickered. "Didn't you say before that the state of not being alone has a certain distance limitation? If a ghost can break this restriction, then its attack pattern would change."

"It is learning and growing, and even faster than the Hungry Ghost. This change occurred after it returned to the Ghost Coffin. We must stop it from continuing to occupy the Ghost Coffin."

The thing I feared the most has still happened.

Unfortunately, our preparations were inadequate at the beginning, and we didn't secure it quickly enough; otherwise, even if this ghost fully revived, I wouldn't be worried. After all, once it's contained, the Ghost Coffin wouldn't just appear out of nowhere; it would be sealed off forever.

"Let's do it together." Li Jun now realized why Wang Xiaoming had wanted everyone to act together earlier.

He had guessed that the pattern might change, that being attacked was possible even if they weren't alone. So, he wanted to snatch away the Ghost Coffin before the ghost could act.

However, the others hesitated, showing they didn't understand.

Of course, this was not their fault. After all, everyone had been cautious and safe, and changing the plan all of a sudden was not something everyone could accept. Each ghost controller has their own thoughts; it is not like on Wang Xiaoming's word everyone would rush forward without blinking.

But the death of this one teammate shocked them awake.

At this moment, everyone realized that the team was not safe, that the ghost had broken this rule. Now everyone's lives were in danger, and at this point, there was no turning back. They had to bite the bullet and retrieve the Ghost Coffin. If they did not do this, not only would they not be able to leave alive, but they would also have to watch helplessly as the ghost continued to revive.

Li Jun was not afraid; he was the first to charge over, his body covered in a layer of strange, greenish light, flickering like a Ghost Flame in the darkness.

The others were just a step slower but did not hesitate nonetheless.

This was not their first time dealing with a mysterious phenomenon. They knew full well that when the time came to fight with all their might, they had to do just that.

But at that moment,

a dull thud came from within the Ghost Coffin, a sound not loud but enough to make the Ghost Coffin tremble.

Standing inside the Ghost Coffin, the ghost moved again at this time. Its stiff body shook slightly as one leg stepped out of the Ghost Coffin and onto the outside.

From the beginning until now, the ghost had finally taken one step out of the coffin.

Yet, its other foot was still inside the Ghost Coffin.

Despite that, an unpredictable horror was escalating.

Just then, the others had already approached the Ghost Coffin.

They were less than a meter apart.

"You get the Ghost Coffin," Li Jun roared lowly as he reached his hand out toward the ghost that had stepped out of the Ghost Coffin.

The greenish light dispersed the darkness around him, burning vigorously like an intense Ghost Flame, and so was almost half of his body, from which a burnt stench exuded, the smell resembling that of a cadaver incinerator burning a body.

Pain contorted Li Jun's face.

His Ghost Domain actually came from a Ghost Flame; the light of the greenish Ghost Domain was the light of the Ghost Flame.

If Li Jun overused this power of his Ghost Domain, the Ghost Flame would burn him into a dried corpse, and his desiccated corpse, after death, would become the vessel for the revival of the Ghost Flame, turning into a terrifying ghost.

That's why he seldom squandered his ghostly ability.

But now, it didn't matter anymore, since if they didn't fight to win this time, everyone would die.

Trusting Li Jun, the others headed straight for the Ghost Coffin while also ensuring that Li Jun wasn't attacked by other supernatural entities.

However, just as Li Jun's hand touched the ghost,

the ghost rebooted.

But this reboot was different from before; it underwent some kind of irreversible, terrifying change. The ghost that Li Jun had grabbed did not vanish and remained standing in the Ghost Coffin, but the rebooting power didn't stop there.

Near the Ghost Coffin, suddenly another Ghost Coffin appeared, identical to the one they were next to. However, that wasn't the main point. The main point was that there was also a ghost standing inside this new coffin, its face towards them. Under the illumination of the Ghost Flame, the dark, expressionless face of the dead appeared exceptionally eerie.

"How can this be?" Feng Quan, who was about to take the Ghost Coffin, gave a start.

But his shock was just beginning.

Subsequently, a third Ghost Coffin appeared, with another ghost standing inside it. This seemed to open some dreadful source, and soon a fourth Ghost Coffin, a fifth... until very quickly, they were surrounded by numerous coffins, with each one standing a ghost, all seemingly staring at them.

Seeing this scene, everyone froze.

Even Wang Xiaoming narrowed his eyes as if witnessing something utterly unbelievable. He had considered what changes there might be after the ghost in the Ghost Coffin fully revived, but he never expected this.

"Hey, hey, you're joking, right?"

A ghost controller's voice trembled upon seeing this scene.

Tong Qian and Feng Quan were also stunned, both standing still, at a loss for what to do next, as the number of ghosts was no longer just one.

As they looked around, hundreds of Ghost Coffins surrounded them, meaning there were at least hundreds of ghosts nearby. Moreover, the ghosts standing in these coffins were not just for show.

They saw that several nearby coffins' ghosts had started to move, stepping out of the coffins with stiff and sluggish movements as if they were about to surround them.

Soon, dozens, hundreds of the coffins' ghosts stirred; all of them were on the move.

"It's over."

At this moment, thoughts of fighting, struggling, surviving—all disappeared from everyone's minds, leaving only a deep sense of despair.

The sight before them made it clear what a truly unsolvable supernatural event was.

Chapter 482 A Wisp of Red Light

In a world as silent as death.

Coffins were laid out on the ground, densely packed and extending in all directions, turning this world into a world of coffins, a world of ghosts.

Because within each coffin stood a ghost.

They were not illusions, but truly existed, as at this very moment some ghosts had already stepped one foot out of their coffins, apparently wanting to approach those trapped here, like Wang Xiaoming and Li Jun.

It was only after facing the Ghost Envoy that Wang Xiaoming, Li Jun, Tong Qian, and Feng Quan, these people, truly understood why this S-class supernatural event was so terrifying. The supernatural was simply not something ordinary ghost masters could handle. You might control two ghosts, or even three, but in the end, the result was only death.

The ghost's restarting ability didn't bring another round of attacks, it increased their numbers.

It was like playing a game with cheats, capable of making one cry, yet forbidding you from quitting.

But now, even if they wanted to cry, they couldn't.

Everyone was sweating with fear, their pupils constricted, engulfed by terror, and this terror was less from the supernatural itself than a profound sense of despair.

They were among the top ghost masters in the country, having dealt with supernatural events more than once or twice. As long as there was hope, as long as there was a chance, they wouldn't give up, clutching at the last straw to turn the situation around.

But this scene made them deeply understand that there was no chance, no hope, no possibility of turning the dire situation around.

The inescapable Ghost Domain, an unseizable Ghost Officer, infinitely restarting ferocious ghosts... All of these elements converged into an overwhelming despair.

The morbid light from the Ghost Flame burning on Li Jun's body flickered like a Remnant Candle in the wind, about to be extinguished at any moment.

"Am I a step too late?" Wang Xiaoming muttered to himself, head slightly lowered, as his intelligence couldn't conjure any method to survive.

Because he no longer held any cards that could change their situation.

Although he still had the life-replacing dolls and Ghost Candles... they were useless. These things were too powerless; even if he were to light a Ghost Candle, it would likely burn out within seconds, and releasing a life-replacing doll would only extend their survival by a mere ten seconds or so.

"Professor, what do we do now?" Li Jun was also sweating profusely, looking back at Wang Xiaoming with a hint of horror, hoping for a plan that could change their situation.

Wang Xiaoming didn't respond to him, only muttering to himself, "If we die, what then? Who will deal with this supernatural event?"

He could die, but who was going to resolve this S-class supernatural event, codenamed Ghost Envoy?

This wasn't an event that could be handled by numbers, and even if several of the country's top ghost masters were summoned, they wouldn't be able to handle it.

Ghosts could restart and increase in number, and even the most skillful ghost masters would fall eventually.

"Jang Shangbai's plan might have been right." Wang Xiaoming was reflecting on his own mistakes.

He thought back to the plan Jang Shangbai proposed in the previous meeting, to take out the Coffin Nail from the Hungry Ghost and use it on this Ghost Envoy, which might permanently resolve this supernatural event, just like in Dachang City.

The Hungry Ghost had previously had the ability to restart, resetting the time in a place to half an hour earlier.

But after being nailed with the Coffin Nail, it lost its ability to move.

The others, seeing Wang Xiaoming looking dejected at this moment, became even more anxious. It seemed that Professor Wang couldn't think of any viable solution given the situation was too dire, and even the most intelligent person, without the corresponding means, was without any options.

Were they really going to die here?

They hesitated, bewildered, and desperate, but the ghosts wouldn't stop just because they weren't moving.

Soon.

A nearby ghost, after pausing for a short while, finally stepped its other foot out of the coffin, and afterwards, other ghosts also began to successively step out of their coffins.

This action seemed to foretell that the ghosts had completely lost the shackles of the Ghost Coffin and were about to regain their ability to move.

However, the ghost standing in the coffin in front of everyone had not moved; it still maintained the action of stepping one foot out of the Ghost Coffin, as if it were suppressed by Li Jun.

In fact, it wasn't Li Jun who suppressed the ghost, but the previous patterns that were still influencing it.

"Is it coming?"

The others felt as if their scalps were exploding; they could only watch helplessly as one ghost after another stepped out of their coffins and approached them.

"We're definitely going to die this time." Someone already spoke with a tremble in their voice, as if mourning.

Li Jun looked at Wang Xiaoming again, his lips revealing bitterness and helplessness. Considering he was about to die like other ghost hunters in a spiritual incident today, it seemed this was the fate of people like him, doomed to be killed by ghosts eventually. His own death was one thing, but if Professor Wang were to die here, then a glimmer of future hope would be extinguished, after all, he had already discovered a new research direction.

Just give him a little time, and the living conditions of the ghost hunters would improve once again.

Yet, at this moment, Tong Qian still wasn't willing to give up. She was a person who had been revived, not wanting to die here doing nothing. However, she wanted to laugh but could not, wanted to cry but also could not.

Ghost Face was suppressed.

This ghost's abilities were too indefensible; every ghost would be suppressed, or else she wouldn't be so passive.

The ghosts were getting closer.

Right then, even the ghost that Li Jun was holding onto started to stir.

The rigid and darkened corpse began to move mechanically, its body trembling slightly as one foot tried to lift and step out of the coffin.

The Ghost Flame on Li Jun's body gradually extinguished, half of his body already charred as if burned to a crisp.

In this moment of despair, everyone fell silent, seemingly accepting their fate, quietly waiting for death to arrive, or perhaps they still hadn't given up, desperately thinking of various ways to survive.

But it didn't matter anymore.

The ghost arrived as expected, alongside an encroaching darkness.

In the darkness, numerous heavy footsteps echoed, as if trampling on everyone's hearts, the oppressive weight making it difficult to breathe.

Just as everyone faced imminent annihilation, a bizarre scene occurred.

In the midst of the darkness, a thin red line suddenly appeared.

It was like a glow stick waved in the distance at night,

and then the thin red line rapidly changed, growing brighter and thicker, like a bloody gash, or an eye in the darkness, tearing open the otherwise impenetrable abyss of night.

Following that, a pale hand without a trace of blood reached out from the slash.

Almost at the same time.

Wang Xiaoming, Li Jun, Tong Qian, Feng Quan, and the others all felt a cold, stiff hand grasp their shoulders, and on the back of each hand was a bizarre, bright red eye.

The eyes emitted a red light that enveloped each person held by the Ghost Hand.

This red light could not be eroded by darkness, could not be covered because it was no longer a realm of the fierce ghosts.

"What is this?"

Wang Xiaoming initially only felt something on his shoulder; he thought he had been attacked by a ghost. But at last, in the red light, he saw the hand on his shoulder and, even more so, saw the eye growing on the back of the hand, an eye he was very familiar with.

"Don't resist, I will take you all out of here," a voice seemed to come from the red crack in the darkness.

Yang Jian?

Upon hearing this voice, everyone couldn't help but shudder.

The next moment, the Ghost Hand in the red light disappeared.

At the same time, the people grasped by the Ghost Hand also vanished.

In just an instant, everyone in the darkness was gone, and the red slash that tore through the darkness quickly closed up. But before it vanished, a hand grabbed the Ghost Coffin nearby.

The next moment, the Ghost Coffin was gone, too.

In the entire expanse of darkness, a group of ghosts suddenly stopped moving.

The ghosts had lost their target.

In this Ghost Domain, there were no more objects for the ghosts to attack, so they halted.

Then the other ghosts, as well as the Ghost Coffin, began to disappear... until only a silhouette stood tall in the darkness.

And all the while, the entity known as the Ghost Envoy, on the other hand, had not managed to step out of the Ghost Coffin; its resurrection wasn't completely finished—it was just one step away.

Chapter 483

"No movement so far, has Yang Jian failed in his action?"

On a nearby hillside, several people who were lingering kept their attention on the laboratory vicinity, which was still shrouded in darkness like a thick haze that could not be dispersed, and there had been no change from the beginning until now, at least to those on the outside.

The Ghost Domain had not moved, no one had come out, and even the shadow of a ghost was not visible.

Moreover, Yang Jian had disappeared into that darkness for quite some time already.

For an exorcist, dealing with such thorny matters usually resulted in a quick outcome: success meant success, failure meant downfall.

"Let's wait a bit longer. Headquarters gave a time limit just now. In another five minutes, if there is no movement from Yang Jian, then Headquarters will send over more people. We can't put the entire rescue mission on this Yang Jian. After all, he is just a newcomer who has just emerged. If not for the Hungry Ghost event in Dachang City, who would recognize him?"

Among the observers, the exorcist named Zong Shan squatted on the ground, smoking a cigarette while frowning.

"A newcomer? After this, he won't be considered one. The Deputy Minister thought of Yang Jian first, which shows he already has a decent stature within Headquarters. Although I do hope he meets his downfall in some incident, unfortunately, this guy is very lucky. Even the Ghost Envoy event at the training facility did not kill him." Jang Shangbai felt the pressure from Yang Jian.

Zong Shan said, "It's not about luck; Yang Jian really has the skills. His growth trajectory is different from other exorcists. Most of them accidentally stumbled into some kind of dormant supernatural incident and became exorcists, gradually discovering the ability of malevolent spirits, while Yang Jian is different. His first encounter with a supernatural event was an A-level event, codenamed Ghost Door Knocker."

"Heh, an A-level event. At that time, even I didn't dare to claim I could survive it, and he, a High School Senior with no social experience, not only didn't die in the Ghost Door Knocker incident but also became an exorcist and saved six classmates."

Zong Shan continued smoking and said, "An entire school, and only the seven of them survived. This is not something an ordinary person can do."

"What are you trying to say?" Jang Shangbai glanced over and said, "Prove that he's something special?"

"No, no, no, that's not what I mean. My point is, Yang Jian's starting point is too high. Just surviving an A-level supernatural event is enough to far exceed other exorcists. While others gradually encounter various supernatural events, starting from C-level ones... He is different."

"There are so many supernatural events globally, and the number of exorcists combined is not insignificant. It's not surprising for there to be a few people like Yang Jian." Jang Shangbai said.

"It's not surprising."

Zong Shan said, "But it's not common to live until now. I think this kid is naturally cut out for handling supernatural events. Before Zhao Jianguo resigned, he highly regarded him. If Yang Jian succeeds in his operation this time, in the future we'll probably have to call him Captain Yang."

Captain Yang?

Jang Shangbai's expression darkened instantly; this meant Yang Jian couldn't be suppressed any longer.

And while they were talking.

Suddenly.

A red glow unexpectedly enveloped a nearby open space. This red light came abruptly but disappeared just as quickly, like someone had quickly flipped a light switch on and off.

Those who were keenly aware of the surroundings immediately noticed.

When they looked towards the open space, they unexpectedly found that a group of people had appeared out of thin air.

It was Wang Xiaoming, Li Jun, Feng Quan, and the others.

"Did he really manage to rescue the people?" Seeing this scene, Zong Shan was startled, dropping his cigarette and standing up abruptly.

He previously didn't hold much hope for Yang Jian, having been involved in the incident himself, though he fled in panic, but that didn't affect his judgment of the supernatural event.

Under those circumstances, it was almost impossible to leave alive.

"No, there are losses, fewer people." Jang Shangbai looked more carefully and noticed that the number of people in the crowd was less than before.

Undoubtedly, those missing had died in that darkness.

Although those people weren't especially famous exorcists, those dispatched by Headquarters were all capable of commanding at least two ghosts, not top-notch but first-class; still, those who were meant to fall, fell this time.

"Did he come out?"

At this moment, Wang Xiaoming stood on the ground, glanced around, and finally rested his gaze on Yang Jian behind him: "Headquarters' support came a bit late. In another minute, all of us would have been annihilated inside."

"It seems you're not at all surprised, Wang Xiaoming."

Yang Jian approached, enveloped in a layer of red light that made him appear somewhat ethereal, and beside him, a coffin without a lid lay silently at his feet.

"I was indeed a bit surprised when I saw your Ghost Domain. I thought Headquarters would dispatch someone else, not expecting it to be you." Wang Xiaoming seemed to be sizing him up: "Back at the training facility, you couldn't even make it out of this Ghost Domain, but now you can counter-invade into the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain. Seems like you've undergone some new changes."

"Is it helping you?"

Wang Xiaoming's intentions were sharp as he directly took aim at the human skin scroll.

Yang Jian said, "I think at this point, you no longer have the qualifications to make a deal with me, after all, you've lost your bargaining chip."

"Bargaining chips, I have plenty of those. It just depends on whether you're willing to make a deal with me." Wang Xiaoming wasn't bothered about having lost the Coffin Nail he had made.

But before Yang Jian could respond, Tong Qian and Feng Quan were already looking at him with some delight.

"Damn, Brother Tui, it really was you. You just scared the hell out of me; I thought we were attacked by a ghost, never expecting you'd be the one to lead us out. How did you manage it?" Feng Quan approached with a surprised laugh and hugged Yang Jian: "The feeling of escaping from death is really something. I thought you were going to fall at the training facility."

"Indeed, Brother Tui is truly Brother Tui, with thighs both thick and strong; even in a situation where death was certain, you managed to turn it around."

Using a certain extreme method, it was actually luck," Yang Jian replied calmly, glancing at his own stiff and pale palm.

He hadn't completely invaded that particular Ghost Domain. That Ghost Domain was very unique... so in the end, only one hand had entered.

This Ghost Hand had a Ghost Eye, which is why it was able to lead people out.

"Thank you. If it hadn't been for you this time, we would have certainly died."

Tong Qian at this moment was disheveled, looking a bit haggard, with two eerie faces still visible beneath her hair. Yet, she still looked at Yang Jian with immense gratitude.

"Someone had to save you, and if I hadn't come, the headquarters would have sent someone else," said Yang Jian nonchalantly.

"Don't be modest, Brother Tui. If someone else had been sent by the headquarters, we might well be corpses now," Feng Quan shook his head: "They wouldn't have been as decisive as you; I'm very clear about your character."

"Indeed, if anyone else had hesitated even for a moment, or if the support arrived just a bit late, we would've been done for. The reputation of the 'Ghost Eye Yang Jian' isn't just for show. A tough guy who's handled even S-rank supernatural events is no ordinary person; I hope you'll look after us more in

the future," a Spirit Manipulator, whom they didn't know too well, said with a smile brimming with gratitude.

Yet, this smile seemed forced, with more lingering fear on the face than anything else.

Yang Jian nodded, acknowledging that they had made eye contact.

"Cough cough."

However, at that moment, a weak cough sounded. Li Jun, whose body was half charred, helplessly collapsed to the ground, his breath growing somewhat rapid.

"What's the matter with Li Jun?" Yang Jian glanced over and asked.

Seeing this, Wang Xiaoming didn't approach, but observed from a distance: "There's a problem with his body. He overused the ghost's power, but don't worry, he won't die. Give him some time, and he'll recover."

"That's good," said Yang Jian, looking at Li Jun's body, which had turned to charcoal.

It was hard to imagine that under such circumstances the body could recover.

His other ghostly power seemed to ensure its host would not die, just like Wang Xiaoqiang before.

Even when reduced to nothing but skin and bones, they could still come back to life.

"It's great to see Professor Wang safe. However, this doesn't seem like the right place to talk. Shall we leave first? Although we are temporarily safe, we can't guarantee that something over there won't set its sights on us," said Jang Shangbai as he and Zong Shan, among others, approached.

"You're right; we've already brought the Ghost Coffin out, and everyone is safe. Although the containment operation failed, what needed to be done was done. We should head back to recover and then discuss how to handle the Ghost Envoy incident," someone said, nodding in agreement.

Yang Jian looked over at Wang Xiaoming.

Wang Xiaoming, with a somewhat downcast mood, merely said calmly, "You take care of it."

This time, his containment operation failed, and several Spirit Manipulators were lost. Although he had anticipated various possible outcomes and made preparations accordingly during the operation, it was futile because he realized his biggest shortcoming.

That was his inability to make others act as he had anticipated.

People are not computer programs; they have personal emotions and personal judgments. Wang Xiaoming couldn't integrate these, so often, one mistake lead to another, with each step failing, resulting in a complete mess.

Therefore, he wasn't suitable for leading a team in handling supernatural events.

And the loss of personnel this time was greatly related to his stubbornness.

"Since I'm handling this, let's take some emergency measures and then leave," Yang Jian said, turning to look at the darkness: "I don't know if it will help, but at least it will give us some peace of mind."

After he spoke, the Ghost Eye on his forehead immediately opened.

A red light characteristic of the Ghost Domain enveloped the dark area nearby.

The next moment, a stunned, unbelievable scene occurred.

The surrounding landscape began to change.

The ground sank, hills rose, and a valley materialized before everyone's eyes, encircled on all sides, visible only from the air. In the center of the valley, the darkness persisted, unyielding, not dissipating.

To the ordinary people, however, this place was invisible, even inaccessible.

"This can only provide concealment. If the ghost wants to come out, it still can," Yang Jian said.

But others looked at him as if they had seen a ghost, their eyes wide with amazement.

Can the Ghost Domain be used like this?

Even the terrain has changed.

"Why are you all staring at me like that?" Yang Jian, touching his chin, asked with some puzzlement.

Chapter 484 New Path

Looking at that huge valley that had suddenly appeared, along with the changed landscape nearby, one found it hard to accept what they were seeing, because it was truly paradigm-shattering.

One had to know this was not an illusion created by the Ghost Domain, but real.

"Damn, can ghosts really manipulate things like this?" After a moment of silence, someone couldn't help but curse aloud.

The scene was truly hard to accept.

Amazement?

No, it was more disbelief.

Harnessers could actually achieve this; it was unprecedented.

"Tsk tsk, the power of the Ghost Domain is really unsolvable; it can actually affect reality and alter the landscape. The abilities of Yang Jian with his Ghost Eye are not just empty talk. If only I could exchange my Ghost Eye for yours," said Cao Yang, a Harnesser who looked at Yang Jian with some envy.

He knew the Ghost Domain could influence reality but had not imagined it having such an impact.

However, Jang Shangbai's face darkened as he said, "Don't just say whatever you think. The Ghost Domain simply can't do that. It creates a Supernatural Space which is illusory, fake. Once the Ghost Domain disappears, reality will return to normal, so there won't be any intersection between the Ghost Domain and reality. Although some more powerful Ghost Domains can invade reality and influence some real things, the idea of altering the terrain at will is completely impossible."

"Remember the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City? The Ghost Domain covered the entire city, but when it was all over, didn't the city return to normal? The Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain didn't cause any destruction to Dachang City either."

"Jang Shangbai, your point seems to make sense, but it doesn't withstand the actual slap in the face," said Cao Yang. "This probably just shows the gap between people, eh? If you could also counter-invade a Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain, maybe you could do it too."

Jang Shangbai glared at him and said, "You might as well just say I'm not as good as Yang Jian, why beat around the bush?"

"Brother Tui is still Brother Tui, getting stronger and stronger."

Yet Feng Quan was in utter astonishment: "Sealing a Ghost Envoy with a valley—nobody else has this kind of method. Although it's relatively easy for that thing to get out, I estimate there aren't many in the world who can do what you did."

Being able to influence reality meant one could do many things, far more than just altering the landscape to create a valley.

"With this ability, if you went into real estate development later on, think about how much money you could make demolishing and building houses."

There were also people with odd ideas, thinking of using this ability to get into real estate.

Yang Jian, however, spoke calmly, "Using the Ghost Domain to influence reality isn't that difficult. The Ghost Domain overlaps with reality, creating a Supernatural Space, and then when the Ghost Domain is

retracted, people and reality overlap, naturally influencing it. For example, using the Ghost Domain to pass through walls or to fly follows this principle."

"What, can you fly too?" Cao Yang's eyes widened.

"Using the Ghost Domain to change my position, isn't that just flying? What, is there a problem?" Yang Jian asked, perplexed.

Jang Shangbai's eyes flickered: "But that can only affect a certain area, isn't it a bit unrealistic to fly?"

"What, you want to learn? I can teach you," Yang Jian offered, seeming quite sincere.

"No, that won't be necessary," Jang Shangbai said somberly.

He didn't need to learn; he just needed to try and he would naturally uncover this way of using the Ghost Domain. However, he rarely used his ghostly abilities. Yang Jian had used the Ghost Domain so proficiently, not caring how many times his abilities were unleashed, and amazingly he still hadn't died from a ghostly resurgence.

Sometimes, it's not that Harnessers didn't dig deep enough into their abilities; it was that their lives were too short, and they dared not explore too much.

After all, there were not many like Yang Jian whose own ghost had died; being able to use abilities without any inhibitions naturally allowed for various experiments.

"Jang Shangbai is not wrong; a normal Ghost Domain cannot affect reality. A Supernatural Space exists because of a ghost's existence; once the ghost disappears, the space also disappears," said Wang Xiaoming, his eyes sparkling. "It's just a deeper level of ghostly ability, I've done research in this area before."

"Using the Ghost Domain to fly is just a very common extension of its use, Li Jun can do it too, but to influence reality to that degree, at most you can pull a real area into the Ghost Domain and then alternate between reality and illusion, indirectly affecting reality. For example, take a building, if you use the Ghost Domain to pull one of its floors into the domain and change the location, when the Ghost Domain disappears, the building will lose that floor and collapse."

"But the real object doesn't disappear; that floor is still there, it's just that its location has changed. However, that's enough; the impact on reality is already significant."

Wang Xiaoming looked at Yang Jian, "So what you did was shape the Ghost Domain like a valley and then pull in nearby soil to fill it, thereby directly sculpting the landscape of an area. It's a very flexible application but not difficult to comprehend."

Yang Jian laughed and said, "Professor Wang, you've really researched thoroughly, but what if I said I could make an entire building disappear into thin air?"

"Impossible, when you retract the Ghost Domain, the disappearing floor will reappear," Wang Xiaoming stated, feeling challenged in his authority, his face turning cold: "Being able to pull a real place into a Ghost Domain and change it to that extent is already quite impressive."

"What if I really do it?" Yang Jian couldn't help but smile when he saw how serious he was, "How about we make a bet?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "If you can really influence reality, we can bet on anything."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, "I haven't thought of what to bet on yet; who knows what kind of good stuff you're hiding. How about this, we bet on a condition, a condition within your ability to fulfill. Maybe I'll need your help with something in the future."

"What if you lose?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

He didn't like gambling, but Yang Jian's words revealed a very important piece of information.

If it could be proven that the supernatural can affect reality, then that would be a major discovery; that was what he cared about.

"If I lose, I'll work for you for free one time," Yang Jian said, "provided it's not beyond my abilities."

"That's fair," Wang Xiaoming said, "and I even have the advantage."

His loss would only mean giving a favor, but if Yang Jian lost, Wang Xiaoming could make him handle at least an A-level paranormal event, which was risking his life; so he had the advantage, and even in losing there was a benefit.

"It doesn't matter, I can afford to be generous. Anyway, I will win in the end, so let's decide on that," Yang Jian declared.

"This, we're betting just like that?" Zong Shan was startled.

Yang Jian said, "Zong Shan, do you want to place a bet? I don't mind."

"Ten million that you can't do it, just don't pull any tricks," Jang Shangbai said with a dark face.

"You're that rich to throw around ten million just like that? Although I'm not interested in money now, I don't mind if someone wants to give it to me for free," Yang Jian laughed and said.

Jang Shangbai replied, "Money is just a number to me, it doesn't matter. Just take it as playing a game. I agree with Professor Wang's point of view, it's impossible to do this sort of thing."

"Generous, there aren't many people these days who regard money as dirt."

Yang Jian asked, "Does anyone else want to play?"

"Brother Tui, you know the situation. Although I really want to support you, my, uh, funds are a bit tight recently... and this month's salary hasn't been paid yet," Feng Quan said, somewhat embarrassed, with a smile.

"Yang Jian, stop wasting time," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Alright, but I'm afraid of causing some accident if we mess around here. Let's go somewhere else and talk about it," Yang Jian gestured to the Ghost Coffin beside him.

"Then let's move," they agreed.

The group quickly packed up and wrapped the Ghost Coffin in gold foil, sealing it and preparing some emergency measures. Then, several people carried the coffin quickly away from there.

They first decided to head to the previous training grounds, then take a vehicle from there.

"Yang Jian, it's been over half an hour, when will you prove it? Don't end up saying you tricked us in the end, otherwise this won't be over," Jang Shangbai said gravely.

The crowd walked along the road, carrying the Ghost Coffin on the asphalt road toward the training base.

Yang Jian was in no hurry, and as they walked, he said, "Patience. I still have things on my hands that aren't settled yet, and this gambling matter should be set aside. Matters have their priorities, we can't just do anything rashly. Besides, weren't we earlier close to the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Envoy? I'm worried that if I mess around, I might accidentally provoke that thing. You don't want to go through another Ghost Envoy incident, do you?"

"To be honest, I don't either,"

"It's about time now," Wang Xiaoming, unusually anxious, watched Yang Jian with interest, wondering what he was thinking.

The others also glanced at Yang Jian from time to time, all harboring a question in their hearts.

Can Yang Jian's Ghost Domain truly transform reality completely?

Previously, Professor Wang's theory was only about influence, but if Yang Jian actually made something in reality disappear, then it wouldn't be just influence, but a change.

Such a change was terrifying.

"Since you're all so eager to lose, then there's no helping it. I'll prove it to you now," Yang Jian stopped in his tracks.

This place was quite far from the previous laboratory, and the training base was just ahead. Going any further and being seen by ordinary people wouldn't be good.

Immediately, he pointed to a tree by the road and said, "See that tree there?"

"Yes, that tree is thick and straight, broad and tall," Cao Yang observed.

Yang Jian quipped, "Why did you start singing?"

"Do you want this tree to disappear?" Tong Qian wrapped a headscarf around herself, covering two ghost faces, and asked softly.

"Hmm, let's use this tree as proof," he replied.

Yang Jian glanced at the others; "I'll only demonstrate once, since it involves using the power of ghosts, which I normally wouldn't do. You all know the reason, so if you have doubts, I won't show it a second time."

"Once is enough," Wang Xiaoming said.

"This time, I won't hide my Ghost Domain, so you can get a clearer view," Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as a red glow gradually emitted from his body.

The red glow was his Ghost Domain, enveloping only him.

However, this demonstration wasn't merely about a bet; it was more about displaying capability and strength.

Having strength meant occasionally showing off. Carrying the reputation of the Ghost Eye, being low-profile was impossible. If low-profile was out of reach, then he might as well be high-profile.

Changing reality was something Yang Jian couldn't do before. As Wang Xiaoming had said, affecting it was already quite impressive, but this time he was confident he could achieve more, as he had discovered this ability inadvertently when invading Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain, which required activating the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain.

With the fifth layer of Ghost Domain activated, he could change reality.

Yang Jian gazed at the tree by the road as the red glow on his body grew more intense.

He was activating his Ghost Domain.

There was no need to stretch out hands and feet to overlap anymore; he could be more flexible, stacking the Ghost Eyes within the Ghost Domain.

In other words, there was only one Ghost Eye open on Yang Jian's forehead right now, but if anyone could invade to the third layer of his Ghost Domain, they would discover three Ghost Eyes stacked within, resembling three overlapping shadows.

Placing the Ghost Eye in a deeper layer of the Ghost Domain made things easier, similar to his Ghost Hand.

Of course, this required being in good condition with the Ghost Eye under control, otherwise it wouldn't be so effortless.

The others all stopped and watched the increasingly intense red radiance emanating from Yang Jian.

Those with experience knew that this was the light of the Ghost Domain.

Li Jun's Ghost Domain was cyan-green, the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain was deep black, and the Hungry Ghost from Dachang City had a cyan-black Ghost Domain... Each ghost's Ghost Domain was slightly different.

Yang Jian's red Ghost Domain was well-known to many, and it was one of his trademarks.

Yet before the others could observe more, they saw Yang Jian's Ghost Domain seemingly reach some limit, as the red light suddenly converged upon the Ghost Eye on his forehead.

A beam of red light, condensed to the extreme, flashed past.

This speed was too fast, or perhaps the duration too short, and soon all the eerie scenes vanished.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain had disappeared.

And the tree in front of them disappeared along with it, leaving behind a long trail in the earth extending far into the distance.

Both the tree and the soil had vanished.

Laymen enjoy the show, experts examine the technique.

Although some did not possess a Ghost Domain, it did not impeded with their judgment and understanding.

Therefore, they all were stunned.

"Truly, truly gone?"

Cao Yang couldn't help but exclaim, "Damn, what is this? A laser cannon? One sweep with the Ghost Domain and everything along the road vanishes, if you did this to a person, who could withstand it?"

To do it to a person?

A chill ran through everyone's hearts as they looked at Yang Jian with a strong sense of unease.

Indeed.

If he could make a tree vanish before their eyes, he could make a person disappear; a demon controller probably wouldn't be able to withstand it.

And what was most frightening was that Yang Jian need not even show his face.

Several kilometers away, if something came straight at you like that, you'd disappear without even knowing what happened.

"Back in Dachang City, we used this method to launch the Coffin Nail and nailed the Hungry Ghost to death, right? And before that, the same light had invaded the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Envoy and brought us out," he said.

Wang Xiaoming glanced at him: "You really learn fast."

"Changing the subject? Trying to squirm your way out of this?" Yang Jian said.

"No, I lost," Wang Xiaoming said after examining the traces at the scene. "I never thought the supernatural could really affect reality, but where did the disappearing things go?"

"You're asking me? How should I know?"

Yang Jian continued, "I'm not a scientist, why should I study that much? Either way, whatever disappears is definitely not going to a good place."

With five layers of the Ghost Domain superimposed, he himself didn't know why things were disappearing.

"Can you reverse this phenomenon?" Wang Xiaoming suddenly asked such a question.

"Hm?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly. "Reverse?"

"Suppose a tree disappeared; if you reverse that outcome, doesn't that mean you could create a tree out of thin air? If you can do that, and you change the outcome before the tree is destroyed, twisting reality, it's like having a sort of power that a vengeful ghost has..." Wang Xiaoming proposed an outlandish hypothesis.

Restart?

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Li Jun, and others who had experienced the previous Ghost Envoy incident were all shocked.

If Yang Jian reversed this strange phenomenon, he would possess an extremely frightening ability, akin to that of a true S-class vengeful ghost— the ability to restart.

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment too.

He had never even considered this.

But he caught on quickly, having experienced the time restart with the Hungry Ghost and the restart caused by the Ghost Envoy, he certainly understood what Wang Xiaoming's theory implied.

And this was not impossible, it was very likely.

If ghosts could do it, ghost manipulators, not considering the revival of fierce ghosts, might also be able to do it.

"Professor Wang, we have a lot of things to deal with, now is not the time to discuss this," Yang Jian said.

Jang Shangbai immediately interjected to stop the conversation: "Yang Jian, since Professor Wang has lost, then I will transfer ten million to you later, I won't default on such a small amount of money."

He didn't want the topic to continue, because at that moment, he was experiencing an inexplicable panic at the thought of Yang Jian).

If Yang Jian truly achieved a restart like a vengeful ghost, he clearly understood what that implied.

Whenever he mastered this incomprehensible and bizarre ability, from then on, he would be the only one calling the shots in Asia.

By then, the team captain plan would be obsolete.

Because he would be the captain of everyone.

"Are you kidding? There's no way I can do that, I don't even understand it, it's like asking me to create a car out of thin air, am I Jesus? Nobody has that kind of power," Yang Jian shook his head, finding the idea quite absurd.

Although the theory was tempting, he was clear about his own limitations.

Having said this, he didn't pay them any more attention and strode forward.

The others watched Yang Jian's retreating figure with different thoughts in their minds.

Even though it was only a theory of Professor Wang's, at the very least, it let the others know that Yang Jian had come further in controlling ghosts than they had.

Professor Wang, not minding Yang Jian's departure, looked at the vanished tree next to him, and the long trench in the ground that extended far beyond the tree.

That was the mark left by Yang Jian's Ghost Eye.

This mark was like a road, a road with no end in sight, but once you set foot on it, the path ahead would be smooth.

Yet, the only thing standing in front of this road was just half a tree stump.

"He will do it, and he should do it..." Wang Xiaoming retracted his gaze, murmuring thoughtfully.

Chapter 485 Familiar Person

The group of survivors who lived through the ordeal took some time to recuperate at the training base, especially after the Ghost Coffin was sealed away, did they truly breathe a sigh of relief.

Although the supernatural incident had not been resolved, at least at this stage there was no other choice, containment was the priority, and it seemed that the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Envoy had come under control. At the very least, there had been no other disturbances in the past hour or two. Surveillance confirmed that the darkness remained contained within the valley created by Yang Jian.

The next step was to seal off that area and then consider a response strategy.

However, what came after had nothing to do with Yang Jian; his mission from headquarters had been completed.

"Yang Jian, where are you going?" Tong Qian noticed Yang Jian trying to sneak off alone from the training base and immediately called out.

"The affair is over, I'm of course going back to sleep," Yang Jian said.

Tong Qian said, "There are still many lingering issues that have not been dealt with. Aren't you staying? There should be a meeting at headquarters afterward as well."

"Lingering issues? How can that be a problem? Inform me about the meeting later," Yang Jian replied.

"Brother Tui, where are you planning to rest? Going back to the hotel? Isn't it a bit early for that?" Feng Quan walked over and asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Staying here is more troublesome, who knows if there will be another mission later. I don't want to deal with supernatural incidents anymore; these last few days of wiping butts has already been exhausting enough. Right now, I keep feeling like someone will set me up, so it's better for me to leave early, I'd like to live a couple more years, don't want to die so young."

Uh...

Feng Quan and Tong Qian were stunned for a moment.

But after thinking it over, what he said made sense. During the Ghost Envoy incident, Yang Jian had really bad luck, getting dragged into it unwittingly. He might have had a leisurely week at the training base, but now he had to fight desperately just to survive.

"Taking a break is good, otherwise people indeed can't handle it," Tong Qian nodded in agreement. "The number of tasks you've undertaken is indeed higher than average, and that's hard for most people to bear."

"Who told you to be Brother Tui? Headquarters always has you step in whenever there's trouble. Without you this time, we probably would've faced annihilation," Feng Quan sighed.

Just then, Jang Shangbai approached and said, "Although Yang Jian has indeed been of great help this time, it's not as though we would face certain annihilation without him. There are more than one person ready to provide support from headquarters. I believe you took on this mission voluntarily, otherwise, given your character, you absolutely wouldn't have made this trip."

"Right, who are you?" Yang Jian was taken aback and asked.

Jang Shangbai's face darkened, "You actually don't know me?"

"I don't know you, ah. You haven't introduced yourself. I only know you owe me ten million," Yang Jian thought for a moment and said.

"He's Jang Shangbai, the one who controls three ghosts, one of the top Ghost Controllers at headquarters," Cao Yang grinned and helped with the introduction. "But his track record isn't impressive; he's handled fewer supernatural incidents."

"Handled fewer supernatural incidents, yet controls three ghosts?" Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, "So, he's a product of experimentation?"

A Ghost Controller not born by accident, most likely created artificially through experimentation.

"Cao Yang, if you don't speak, no one will think you're mute. Always so nonchalant, if you continue like this, you'll die tragically," Jang Shangbai glanced at him and said.

"As if our kind could lead a happy, fulfilling life until the end. Won't we all die tragically sooner or later? Either killed in a supernatural incident or by the revival of a malevolent spirit," Cao Yang said indifferently. "Anyway, I've even prepared my gravestone, arranged everything for after I'm gone; living another day is earning another day."

"That you've lived until now is truly a miracle," Jang Shangbai hummed lightly.

"Are the top Ghost Controllers at headquarters that impressive?" Yang Jian asked curiously.

Cao Yang laughed, "Well, let me put it this way, a person who controls one ghost is considered an ordinary Ghost Controller, those who control two are considered first-class, that's people like us. Those controlling three or more are deemed top-notch. But there are some anomalies; even if one controls only a single ghost, they can be incredibly powerful, like that Zhang Lei."

"Ghost Eater Zhang Lei, you must have seen him; he's also part of this batch of trainees. This guy is said to be able to eat ghosts. I've seen his file, and he easily solved two supernatural incidents, with each case taking him no more than ten minutes on average."

"Actually, before at Ping'an Hotel, that Lin Shan who died because of a fierce ghost's resurrection wasn't bad either, it's just a shame, his mind wasn't quite there, died due to a fierce ghost's resurrection. Oh right, this beauty Tong Qian is also ferocious, her Ghost Face ability is unsolvable. If it weren't for the encounter with the Ghost Envoy this time, she would have been able to hold her ground too."

Tong Qian's eyes moved slightly, but she said nothing, since her Ghost Face was given to her by Yang Jian; otherwise, she would have died long ago.

"Is the Ghost Envoy with three ghosts considered top-notch?" Yang Jian looked at Jang Shangbai.

"He can only be considered half top-notch because he lacks experience. He can't compare to us who have survived one supernatural event after another." Cao Yang said, "it's like the difference between a domesticated animal and a wild one; he's inferior in every aspect."

Yang Jian felt there was some truth to this.

Handling supernatural events often isn't about the strength of your abilities, but about whether you can make the right decisions.

Sometimes a single misstep can lead to death, and even your abilities can't make up for it; after all, no matter how strong you are, you can't withstand an assault from the supernatural.

"Is experience useful? Abilities are more important. As long as your abilities are strong enough to ensure your own safety, supernatural incidents won't be scary anymore." Jang Shangbai said, "Your conclusion is wrong."

"Forget it, I won't discuss this with you any longer; I'm leaving first, you guys can continue chatting."

Yang Jian felt that arguing about this wasn't interesting. He thought he should find a time to head back to Dachang City after things were mostly settled.

Staying in J City seemed to bring him no benefits and would only drag him into more and more troublesome matters. It would be better to extricate himself sooner rather than later to align with his own goals.

The others lost interest in carrying on the conversation the moment Yang Jian decided to leave.

Before leaving, Cao Yang said with a smile, "If Yang Jian becomes the captain, I have no objections. His abilities are evident. How many spots can your friend circle take?"

"That's our business, none of your concern, and anyway, your hopes are slim." Jang Shangbai said.

"Heard your friend circle has already made contact with Yang Jian ahead of time?" Cao Yang said with a gleam in his eye; "Was the contact process not very satisfying?"

"You've grown more and more fond of meddling in others' affairs."

Cao Yang laughed: "Do I need to meddle? It's obvious even from a guess; you made contact with Yang Jian too early. Initially, you definitely rejected him, and I'm sure the contact process wasn't very friendly. Now that Yang Jian has demonstrated such strong abilities, it's made you apprehensive, so you're regretting it now? Lucky for you, Yang Jian doesn't know you're from the friend circle, otherwise, he could easily dispose of you here, and nobody would know."

Jang Shangbai's face darkened.

Although Cao Yang's words were harsh, they were true.

Indeed, the people from their friend circle hadn't taken Yang Jian seriously, seeing him as a thorn in their side for occupying a captain's spot. If they couldn't win him over, they thought he should be removed.

But no one expected that during this Ghost Envoy incident, Yang Jian's performance was too impressive.

What was most important was that Yang Jian's personal abilities were getting closer and closer to those of a real ghost. With such capabilities in handling supernatural events, he would surely be even more formidable dealing with people in the future.

So, Jang Shangbai was indeed in a difficult position now, unsure of how to handle his relationship with Yang Jian.

If it were up to him, he would neither court nor offend Yang Jian. It was worth giving up a captain's spot, not worth continuing the strife over it, because Yang Jian was just too dangerous, not inferior to a fierce ghost at all.

But the friend circle wasn't something he could decide on his own.

After leaving the training base, Yang Jian returned to J City alone.

He didn't go back to his room at Ping'an Hotel to sleep, instead, he wandered in this bustling, lively metropolis, letting the flow of people carry him forward.

No direction was needed, nor a destination.

He felt himself gradually falling off track from normal life, the normal world. Even amidst a crowd, there was an unreal feeling, as if he didn't fit in with ordinary people. There was an indescribable barrier, as though he had become another kind of being altogether.

Perhaps it was because Yang Jian had been encountering more and more supernatural events, or maybe it was that his body housed an increasing number of ghosts.

Even though he appeared human, he was scarcely any different from a ghost now.

If he continued to live like this, there were bound to be problems eventually.

It was an imperceptive change, and sometimes Yang Jian himself didn't know what he would ultimately become.

"The problem with the revival of my ghost has been temporarily resolved, but the deterioration of my body continues," Yang Jian murmured with a frown.

This was an unavoidable phenomenon. He could never have a normal body—not while it was influenced by the ghost within him, which was to be expected. Other ghost controllers were probably not faring any better than he was.

However, this deterioration wouldn't cause any issues within a year, but it was unsustainable over a longer period.

"Forget it, I'll think of a way to solve this issue later," he said, shaking his head, not dwelling on it for too long.

Just being alive was lucky enough; he could tolerate some minor side effects.

He had no idea how long he had walked the streets of J City, nor where he had ended up. Eventually, feeling tired, Yang Jian found a bench nearby and sat down to rest.

For him, moments without worry about supernatural events offered a tremendous relief.

Bored and wanting to pass the time, he took out his phone, intending to check out Zhang Wei's recent livestream.

But as soon as he turned on his phone, the screen flickered as if it was malfunctioning, probably due to a poor connection, and then the entire phone went dark.

Broken?

Yang Jian's mouth twitched as he looked at his pale, slightly stiff palm.

Could the Ghost Hand inadvertently affect real-world objects?

"I need to be careful in the future; I can't just touch things randomly," Yang Jian realized the danger of the Ghost Hand. Its abilities, still being explored, had to be guarded against.

Otherwise, he might accidentally cause harm next time.

"Forget it, let's head back. I probably have a meeting tomorrow," he checked the time, planning to grab something to eat and then return to the hotel.

Just as he was about to stand up

in front of him, a pair of slender, fair legs caught his attention.

Hmm?

"Yang Jian? It really is you; I thought I was seeing things," a joyful and pleasing voice spoke up. In front of him, seemingly out of nowhere, stood a petite, sweet-looking, and adorable girl.

She wore a dress, her bright eyes wandering over him.

A few female companions stood by her side, appearing to be friends.

"Miao Xiaoshan?"

When Yang Jian looked up and saw her clearly, he was momentarily taken aback, "Why are you in J City?"

"Didn't I tell you before? I transferred schools to take the college entrance exams. Now that I've finished them, I'm here for school. Did Zhang Wei not tell you? I talked about it in his livestream," Miao Xiaoshan said with a sweet smile.

Yang Jian responded, "I've been pretty busy recently; haven't had the time to contact Zhang Wei. I actually wanted to check his livestream just now, but my phone broke."

"Your phone broke? How about I give you one?" Miao Xiaoshan immediately offered.

"No need, if you gave me one it would just break too; it has to be specially made," Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan looked happy to see Yang Jian. She sat down and asked, "So, what brings you to J City? Is there something you need to do?"

"Nothing special. I just came to work in J City for a while; I'll be going back soon," Yang Jian said without any trace of joy or excitement upon seeing her. He was merely somewhat astonished.

He hadn't expected to bump into someone while aimlessly wandering the streets; it really was quite a coincidence.

Working?

Miao Xiaoshan's eyes widened; she couldn't believe someone like Yang Jian would actually work a regular job.

He must be brushing her off; he was certainly here on some secret mission.

Could it be that J City had experienced a supernatural event as well?

Miao Xiaoshan's mind raced with numerous thoughts.

"No way, you dropped out of high school to work in J City? Why not continue your education? It must be quite difficult to find a job with your credentials," one of the pretty women acted surprised.

"Giggle, sorry, I didn't mean to offend you. You just look like you haven't found a job yet, so I thought I'd kindly remind you," she said before laughing lightly.

Yang Jian looked up at her briefly, "You're right, it's important to read more. But it's getting late now, and if you don't need anything else, Miao Xiaoshan, I'll be going."

He didn't want to affect Miao Xiaoshan's trajectory in life.

Her normal schooling, university entrance, and graduation... that was all very good.

More contact with him could only bring about something terribly wrong; so he avoided people he knew, including family members.

"Don't go," Miao Xiaoshan suddenly blocked Yang Jian's path, boldly standing in his way.

"How can you just leave when we've met so unexpectedly in J City?"

Yang Jian scratched his head, "I need to go back and rest. Why are you stopping me? You should be with your friends."

"You're lying; you're not even tired," Miao Xiaoshan stared at him, "And what's wrong with your hand?"

Yang Jian lowered his pale palm, which stood out against his own skin tone, and replied casually, "Nothing, just a little accident."

Miao Xiaoshan looked at the unfamiliar hand, then grabbed Yang Jian's other arm, saying, "Since you're not busy right now, come with me for some shopping. I need to buy some daily necessities."