

Revival 801

Chapter 801 Victory Determined in Three Seconds

Right when Yang Jian and Ye Zhen began to fight.

Sun Rui swiftly arrived at the Mingzhu Building where the Supernatural Forum was located, and happened to run into some key members of the forum as they were about to rush to the scene.

"Sun Rui?"

The leading manager halted his steps, immediately signaling everyone to pause: "What are you doing here?"

He was very vigilant.

Instantly, he suspected Sun Rui had infiltrated the building with ill intent while the boss Ye Zhen was away, or perhaps it was a ploy by Yang Jian to draw the tiger from the mountain, pretending to fight with Ye Zhen while actually sending someone to steal from home.

Although a myriad of conspiracies and tricks flashed through his mind, he did not show it.

Leaning on his golden cane, Sun Rui tapped the ground: "Are you all oblivious to the fact that you are in grave danger? Right now, your boss Ye Zhen and Yang Jian, the leading captain from headquarters, have

started fighting outside. It's causing a huge commotion, and if you had any brains, you should persuade Ye Zhen to stop, to not continue fighting."

His expression was grim and his attitude was forceful.

He couldn't afford to kowtow before these ordinary members; doing so would only lead to contempt.

"This is a matter of the Supernatural Forum, it's none of your business," the manager dismissed casually.

Sun Rui scoffed: "None of my business? If Yang Jian kills Ye Zhen here, I'm afraid the members of your Supernatural Forum will be wiped out in one fell swoop, just like what happened with Fang Shiming's friends before."

"Impossible, our boss will never lose to Yang Jian."

Ah Wu, standing by, also stared down Sun Rui as he spoke.

"Fine then, conversely, if Ye Zhen kills Yang Jian, eliminating one of the top captains from headquarters, and the situation becomes widely known, stirring up international uproar, what do you think the headquarters will do about your so-called Supernatural Forum?" Sun Rui laid out the situation.

"The cooperation between headquarters and you is based on Ye Zhen's compliance and boundary-respecting behavior, which is a red line, not a condition. Once you cross this line, there's no need for the Supernatural Forum to exist."

"Publicly killing a captain from headquarters, in the past, that would have been considered rebellion. You all would be criminals, globally wanted. Do you think you could sit here peacefully, suited and booted?"

At these words, the complexions of many members of the Supernatural Forum changed.

The manager's expression was dark, and he did not reply.

Actually, he had considered this, and he was going to persuade Ye Zhen not to be reckless. After all, fight outcomes can be unpredictable, and it's not always possible to stop when one wants to.

Killing Yang Jian would indeed have terrifying consequences.

From a strategic standpoint, considering his identity and value, Yang Jian was vital, and even if one wanted to kill him, it would require careful deliberation.

To act against Yang Jian would be equivalent to turning against headquarters.

"I understand what you mean; I will persuade our boss," said the manager, nodding.

Sun Rui stated, "Then hurry, they are fighting fiercely, and a victor will soon be determined."

"Ah Wu, use the Ghost Domain to get there quickly." The manager felt they could not delay any longer, abandoning the plan to take a car at the entrance, and directly ordered the use of the Ghost Domain.

"Alright."

Ah Wu, the man referred to, glanced at Sun Rui and immediately employed the Ghost Domain.

The lights in the lobby flickered off and on, and as they flashed, everything plunged into darkness. When they returned, the members of the Supernatural Forum had vanished instantly.

The lights came back on.

Only Sun Rui remained, still leaning on his cane, his eyes shifted slightly as he sighed inwardly.

He could only try his best to persuade them; he wasn't confident it would be effective.

Meanwhile.

Inside the headquarters' emergency meeting room.

A group of people were intently watching the giant electronic screen in the room.

The screen displayed satellite imagery.

The image was so clear that even an inconspicuous trash bag on the streets of Dahai City was visible.

Clearly, this satellite wasn't for civilian use.

And in front of the conference table.

A young man in his twenties, frivolous with a hint of mischief, was frowning at the three items before him.

An old pair of scissors, wrapped in the hair of the dead, eerie and chilling.

Two photographs.

One of Yang Jian, one of Ye Zhen.

"You're not going to have me take him out secretly, to stealthily finish off Yang Jian, are you?" Cao Yang said with a light smile, turning to look at Cao Yanhua.

"It's just a precaution. Yang Jian is unpredictable, although young and composed, he tends to act on impulse, never considering the consequences of his actions."

Cao Yanhua said solemnly, "But the likelihood of acting against him is slim unless he makes too much of a mess in Dahai City. So, this time the focus is mainly on Ye Zhen."

"At the critical moment, you can cooperate with Yang Jian to take down that Ye Zhen. Although this guy stays in Dahai City without wandering around, he's still a lawless fellow. Li Yang's report stated that after dealing with an incident, Yang Jian was tracking another event related to some Republic of China Period affairs."

"Although I don't know what he's up to, it's a good thing as long as he's solving it. The headquarters should be supporting him, assisting him, rather than obstructing."

Between the two, Cao Yanhua leaned more towards Yang Jian.

After all, Yang Jian is one of the headquarters', having a foundation of past cooperation.

Although Ye Zhen has also cooperated, he has never been involved in any major incident, lacking sincerity.

Cao Yang's gaze shifted, and he smiled.

He understood Cao Yanhua's "just in case", probably fearing that if Yang Jian couldn't beat Ye Zhen, then later he would need to help Ye Zhen dismember Yang Jian's body, to mitigate the harm caused and manage the aftermath.

And in Dahai City, this rivalry was still ongoing.

After a few probes, Ye Zhen had almost figured out Yang Jian's abilities.

He believed that in front of himself, Yang Jian couldn't possibly have any more trump cards left, be it the little ghost that suddenly tried to bite him to death, or that old Firewood Knife, both had shown that Yang Jian was out of options.

Thus, Ye Zhen could fully unleash his strength.

I, Ye Zhen, shall suppress all dissent.

"Let's fight, Xiao Yang..." Ye Zhen shouted, falling from the sky, with his fists swinging directly towards him.

Yang Jian stood still, his gaze unnervingly calm as he tightly gripped the rust-streaked Coffin Nail, six Ghost Eyes already wide open.

Six Ghost Eyes layered on top of each other, the Ghost Domain unfolding layer by layer.

The red light around his body was spreading outwards.

In the areas covered by the red light, something unbelievable happened; a piece of paper floating around Yang Jian suddenly stopped in mid-air, neither continuing to fly nor falling down.

"Hm?"

Ye Zhen was momentarily startled by this scene.

But the next moment it was already too late.

The six layers of Ghost Domain were activated.

The red light instantaneously covered the entire plaza; everyone from the onlooking citizens to Yang Jian, including the attacking Ye Zhen, were all frozen in this moment.

In this level of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian could even stop real fierce ghosts from moving, and Ye Zhen was no exception.

However, Yang Jian himself was also unable to move.

For this stasis did not discriminate.

The only thing unaffected was the Ghost Eyes, which continued to spin eerily, scrutinizing everything around.

"What... kind of joke is this?" Ye Zhen's eyes were wide; he wanted to move but it was extremely sluggish.

Even blinking seemed to require an eternity.

Yet, his mind remained active, not completely stilled.

There were too many ghosts within him.

The more terrifying the ghost's supernatural power, the less they were affected by this level of the Ghost Domain. Conversely, if it were an ordinary person, even their thoughts would be stilled, indistinct from a statue.

"Enough."

Yang Jian still stood his ground, his Ghost Eyes observing that Ye Zhen showed signs of movement, albeit very slowly, he was indeed moving.

This was fundamentally different from when Fang Shiming was completely immobilized.

If this continues, Ye Zhen will soon break free from this immobilizing suppression.

One second.

This duration was very brief, merely one second.

The Coffin Nail in Yang Jian's hand disappeared.

This was not simply thrown away, but rather transferred into Ye Zhen's body using the Ghost Domain.

The second second

The rusty Coffin Nail appeared on Ye Zhen's forehead.

Within the six layers of Ghost Domain, Ye Zhen couldn't resist.

His Ghost Domain was also strong, probably also taking some ghost's power to its limit, but the upper limit of the Ghost Eye was even higher than that of his ghost.

Just like the time when the Hungry Ghost was nailed to death.

Ye Zhen suffered the same treatment.

The third second.

The Ghost Eye immediately shut, and the six-layered Ghost Domain disappeared in an instant.

"Thump!"

Ye Zhen, still mid-air at this point with a rusty Coffin Nail embedded in his forehead, fell powerlessly to the ground, landing face-first with blood all over, his spine twisted and deformed. He lay on the ground in a strange position, with his buttocks upturned, like a dead dog.

"Truly courting death... I didn't want to fight you, but you insisted on troubling me."

Yang Jian took big strides towards Ye Zhen, who had fallen to the ground, preparing to confirm the situation.

But after just a few steps.

He stopped in his tracks.

The agitation of the ghost's revival appeared.

The Ghost Eye restlessly writhed within his body, as if it wanted to tear itself free, a severe pain emerged, and at the same time, control of the Ghost Eye greatly weakened. He could feel that he could no longer freely control these eyes.

The ghost had its own thoughts, its own direction of action.

Like a fierce beast caged, it had awakened.

"Only a few seconds and it's already too much to bear? No, it's not just that reason, but also because I used the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain several times before. Repeated usage of a ghost's power will, in a short amount of time, greatly stimulate its revival," Yang Jian's expression changed.

The shadow behind him gradually receded, disappearing into his body.

The Headless Ghost Shadow returned to the body, intensifying the suppression over the Ghost Eye.

Under no circumstances could he let the Ghost Eye lose control.

Otherwise, he would die a miserable death.

But it was still not enough.

As the Ghost Shadow returned to his body, Yang Jian only felt the pain vanish and the tearing sensation disappear, but the Ghost Eye continued to be restless.

The final eye seemed as if it was about to emerge.

"But all this is within my calculations," he took a deep breath.

After that, under his skin emerged the contours of palm after palm, as if many eerie hands had invaded his body.

The eyes hidden within his flesh were grasped by the Ghost Hand, restraining their movement.

This moment, Yang Jian's body was being ravaged by the conflict of three ghosts.

This was not just physical torment; the mental devastation was equally horrendous.

He even had the thought of decapitating himself, swapping to a different body, and abandoning it all.

But occasionally, he also had the urge to strangle himself to death.

The ghost's instincts were influencing his own thoughts.

If this continues, he will go mad, then commit suicide, and subsequently revive... just like most ghost controllers.

Fortunately, this state did not last long.

The suppression by the Ghost Hand and Ghost Shadow contained the revival of the Ghost Eye.

Yang Jian's rationality gradually gained the upper hand, and he slowly recovered.

However.

His eyes were no longer the original black, but were blood-red, emitting a faint red glow, particularly conspicuous in the dim night.

The Ghost Eye's erosion was too deep, already affecting his physical traits.

"This guy had a Scapegoat Ghost, fighting him was too disadvantageous, but in the end, I was the victor," Yang Jian's expression was icy as he, having regained his rationality, looked towards Ye Zhen again.

Ye Zhen made no movement.

He lay there like a corpse, even the ghost within his body quieted down.

But that's to be expected.

If an S-class Hungry Ghost could be nailed to death, what made Ye Zhen think he could survive it?

Meanwhile.

The surroundings were engulfed in darkness, the nearby street lights flickered as if disturbed.

The next moment.

A portion of the members from the Supernatural Power Forum hurried over.

The middle-aged manager leading them originally intended to persuade Ye Zhen to stop, but upon arriving and seeing the scene before him, he was shocked.

The boss of the Supernatural Power Forum, who prided himself on an undefeated life, lay on the ground like a dead dog at this moment, without any sign of life, motionless.

And Yang Jian stood beside, his eyes emitting a red glow looking in this direction.

One glance.

Made him unconsciously take a step back.

"Ye Zhen lost?"

The manager's mind churned with turmoil, his entire body suddenly felt ice-cold.

He had thought of Ye Zhen winning, even of Yang Jian dying, but he never considered Ye Zhen losing.

But now, the worst-case scenario had occurred.

With Ye Zhen's defeat, what the Supernatural Power Forum might face next could well be Yang Jian's retribution.

Just moments.

The manager was already breaking out in cold sweat.

Now it seemed as though they had not come to break up the fight, but rather as if marching to their own deaths.

"People from the Supernatural Power Forum?" Yang Jian stared at these people, recognizing that guy named Ah Wu among them.

He had met him once on Sun Rui's private plane and remembered a bit.

However, at this moment, the whole Ah Wu was staring blankly at Ye Zhen lying on the ground, his complexion changing uncertainly, obviously, he too was unable to accept the fact at this moment.

"Are we still fighting?" Yang Jian's expression was calm, his voice cold.

He no longer felt confident because his condition was so bad that he couldn't misuse the ghost's power anymore.

Moreover, now that the Coffin Nail had been used, he had neither Ghost Porcelain nor a Scapegoat Doll in his hands, only a Firewood Knife.

But that thing was cursed; using it would kill him.

Yet, at this time, he could not show weakness; he had to appear strong, to intimidate these people.

If he couldn't intimidate them.

Today, he might truly die here.

Chapter 802 The Bluff in the Game

As Ye Zhen was defeated, Yang Jian emerged victorious.

The struggle briefly calmed down, but things were far from over.

Other members of the Supernatural Forum arrived.

Yang Jian was now in poor condition, so poor that he couldn't recklessly use his ghostly powers, and could only bluff to intimidate the people before him. However, he wasn't entirely without means of resistance; he still had a tactic that was neither strong nor weak.

The Ghost Child was still nearby.

But if the struggle were to break out again, the Ghost Child wouldn't be able to protect itself.

However, even though Yang Jian was bluffing, the other members of the Supernatural Forum were also feeling insecure.

"Boss lost, what do we do now?"

"Is the boss dead since he's lying there motionless?"

"No, not right, look at what's stuck on the boss's head... a large iron nail? No, that's wrong, it's a Coffin Nail."

Suddenly, someone noticed something alarming and exclaimed in shock.

The existence of the Coffin Nail was discovered.

But it was obvious, after all, it was impossible to hide.

"What? A Coffin Nail?" After taking a closer look, the manager's face changed immediately.

Indeed.

The reason for Ye Zhen's devastating defeat was found; it was because of the Coffin Nail. This nail had resolved the Hungry Ghost incident before, and it was then reclaimed by headquarters, disappearing for over half a year. Recently, during headquarters' handling of a ghost painting incident, a breach occurred, someone used the Ghost Domain to infiltrate the headquarters and stole the Hungry Ghost.

Could it be, the person who infiltrated the headquarters was Yang Jian?

Thinking carefully, it wasn't impossible because both the Hungry Ghost and Coffin Nail had been handled by Yang Jian before. It's reasonable for him to reclaim them during a lapse in the headquarters' security.

"President Ye is most likely not dead, just constrained by the Coffin Nail. If we could remove the Coffin Nail, President Ye would most likely resurrect. Once President Ye wakes up and reclaims the Coffin Nail, Yang Jian would definitely be no match for him."

The manager, with flickering eyes and in a hushed voice, said: "And now that Yang Jian and President Ye have had a fight, his condition must be very bad."

"So we must not retreat today no matter what, we must rescue President Ye, or else once Yang Jian catches his breath, our Supernatural Forum will be settled, and I'm not being alarmist. Yang Jian has purged friends before, there's precedent."

With these words spoken, the others were resolute and immediately came up with ideas.

That's right.

Ye Zhen cannot die.

If he dies, the balance will be lost and the Supernatural Forum will face the risk of being purged, and they will be in big trouble too.

On the other hand, if Ye Zhen wakes up, with the boss's dominance, by reclaiming the Coffin Nail and repulsing Yang Jian, the power could swing back to the hands of the Supernatural Forum instantly.

"Yang Jian, can you still fight like this? Ghosts are almost reviving, right? Your eyes are turning red, which is a sign of ghostly corruption,"

At that moment, a man named Ah Wu stepped out coldly: "If it weren't for that sneak attack with the Coffin Nail, there's no way the boss would lose to you. But today's incident has been big enough, give us our boss back and we'll consider this never happened. If you try anything on our boss again, every admin of our Supernatural Forum will fight you to the death."

"You definitely won't be able to walk out of Dahai City alive."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, fixing his eyes on the middle-aged man in a suit.

He knew this man was speaking, but he was speaking so quietly it was a bit unclear. It seemed that those words had given the Supernatural Forum members a do-or-die courage, and he was somewhat unable to suppress them now.

"If Ye Zhen returns to the hands of the Supernatural Forum, and they remove the Coffin Nail, it's very likely Ye Zhen would wake up again. Of course, there's also a chance he might not wake up, but I can't gamble on that. Otherwise, Ye Zhen with the Coffin Nail would truly be invincible."

A combination of the Coffin Nail and Scapegoat Ghost, Ye Zhen, is simply catastrophe level.

If he kills me then and takes this eerie Firewood Knife... I truly will be invincible by then."

"Fight me to death? You also qualify?" Yang Jian, expressionless, with his eyes glowing red, eerily scrutinized these people.

"My condition indeed isn't too good, but with a burst of effort, wiping you wastes out is still possible, after all, the gap between us is too large, it would only take seconds to decide the outcome. The only reason I haven't done so is because I don't have the energy to deal with the aftermath of your ghostly resurrections."

"No matter what, I am the person in charge of Dachang City, a Captain at headquarters, I have to consider some influence,"

"But if you really push my limit, I don't care, at worst I'll write a report later."

Yang Jian wasn't blindly bluffing, which could potentially reveal his inner weakness. He admitted his bad condition, but also showed he still had the capability to fight these people to death,

Half truth, half bluff.

Ah Wu's expression darkened, and his gaze hesitated.

If Yang Jian still had the capability to fight, indeed, with his ability to defeat the boss, a few seconds would be enough to clean up his own people.

The gap isn't so easy to bridge.

But he couldn't retreat.

If he retreated, the Supernatural Forum would be doomed, the manager was right. Once Yang Jian caught his breath, he would definitely purge these people, and then who could withstand a strike from Ghost Eye Yang Jian?

"No matter what, the boss cannot be harmed. Let's do this, you pull out the Coffin Nail, leave Dahai City, and we won't stop you. Then today's incident will be considered as never happened, and we will also compensate you later. Just give us a price, consider it as buying the boss from you," Ah Wu coldly stepped forward.

He needed to show his stance.

But this step, this very step made him sweat in fear, his legs seemed to tremble.

Because once Yang Jian made a move, he would be done for. Ah Wu's cold sweat dripped down his forehead.

Was Yang Jian not just bluffing? He was truly unafraid of them taking action.

"What should we do now?"

The others also fell into hesitation.

No one could fathom Yang Jian's current state, and they didn't dare to act recklessly.

At this moment, the manager's eyes flickered as he observed Yang Jian, rapidly analyzing the situation. He was certain that Yang Jian's condition must be poor; otherwise, he wouldn't be wasting time talking here. From what he remembered about Yang Jian's profile, he was not someone who liked to talk unnecessarily.

Excessive talking indicated that he no longer could suppress everyone with his strength alone.

This was indeed a sign of worsened condition.

Furthermore, Yang Jian mentioned that he still had the capability to fight, which probably wasn't false.

If he had no ability to fight, he likely wouldn't be able to talk like a normal person here, as he would have been affected by the resurrection of the Hungry Ghost, showing some noticeable traits already.

He had seen the condition of a ghost controller before the resurrection of their Hungry Ghost: madness, stupor, muttering to themselves, even self-harm, and wailing...

But they also couldn't back down.

The aftermath of Yang Jian catching his breath would be equally terrifying; only by regaining Ye Zhen now and controlling the discourse could they calm the current situation.

After thinking for a moment.

The manager took a big step forward and said, "Captain Yang, everything is negotiable if you return Ye Zhen, but if Captain Yang is adamant about taking our leader, then we'll have no choice but to fight desperately to take our leader back. After all, without Ye Zhen, there is no need for the supernatural forum to exist anymore, right?"

His short statement revealed two crucial pieces of information.

First, reminding everyone not to clash directly with Yang Jian, as they would be overpowered and could all die instantly, so they should focus on Ye Zhen, who lay on the ground like a dead dog.

Saving Ye Zhen would then turn everything around.

Second, he warned Yang Jian that if he forcibly took Ye Zhen, the entire supernatural forum would go down fighting.

"Captain Yang, please don't delay any longer, I hope you can give me an answer immediately, otherwise, in ten seconds, everyone from the supernatural forum will start to rescue him," the manager stepped past Ah Wu, walking towards Ye Zhen.

He saw that Ye Zhen was covered in blood all over.

If they continued to delay, Ye Zhen might not be saved even if they removed the Coffin Nail, as he still had a breath left in him.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes slightly, staring at this middle-aged manager in a suit.

This was an ordinary person.

From his prior behavior, his status within the supernatural forum seemed to be quite high, likely some kind of military advisor close to Ye Zhen.

But indeed, this man was a talent, with both courage and brains to boot.

Ye Zhen, with his juvenile delusions, indeed needed such a person to help him manage, otherwise Ye Zhen alone could not possibly sustain such a force.

Not intimidated, huh?

Seeing this, Yang Jian's heart sank even more.

Things did not go as he had expected. Instead of scattering upon Ye Zhen's downfall, these people were unexpectedly united and determined to rescue Ye Zhen fiercely.

If he were in good condition, it wouldn't matter.

But now...

Yang Jian also disagreed with this outcome. Even if he retrieved the Coffin Nail and let Ye Zhen go, once Ye Zhen was resurrected and they had to fight again, he would definitely die.

But not letting go.

The members of the supernatural forum were ready to fight him to the death.

"He really was bluffing," the manager saw Yang Jian hesitate, and his confidence surged.

This was also a kind of probing.

Though it involved a gamble, there was no doubt he gambled right.

Yang Jian did not dare to strike first, his condition was worse than expected, and he would definitely die if a real fight ensued, otherwise, he would not be able to stand here and talk.

"A mere ordinary man dares to press me? Very well, then why are you waiting, attack now, today while Ye Zhen is nailed to the ground, let's get rid of you trash directly, to avoid future troubles," Yang Jian's face changed, filled with murderous intent.

He strode toward where Ye Zhen was, staring directly at these members of the supernatural forum.

This was an advance as a means of retreat.

It was also a form of gambit.

"This is bad."

The manager's face instantly turned pale, and the brief joy he felt vanished.

Yang Jian had been angered by him and, even though in poor shape, was determined to strike with his last breath.

He had overlooked an important point.

That is the disparity in status and identity.

He was just a minor character, while Yang Jian was a Captain Level, one of the top ghost controllers globally, and possessed extraordinary powers far beyond normal human imagination.

Even in his current state, he was not someone an ordinary person could provoke.

Using a phrase from their boss Ye Zhen: The powerful should not be insulted.

Chapter 803 Timely Mediation

Just as Yang Jian and the members of the supernatural forum were playing their strategic games and probing each other.

Everything happening here had already been transmitted back to headquarters through the satellite imagery in space.

After all, when Yang Jian acted just now, he didn't use the Ghost Domain to alter the reality, because at that moment he really couldn't spare the effort to perform these fancy maneuvers, so his fight with Ye Zhen was not only witnessed by ordinary people, but also captured by the satellites.

It can be said that he was always in the midst of a live broadcast.

"Incredible, Ye Zhen actually lost, what, what does this mean? Did the footage just seem to pause for a moment, and then Ye Zhen was down?" In the headquarters' meeting room.

Shen Liang looked at the screen with a somewhat shocked expression.

Ye Zhen is a long-famous top ghost manipulator in the circle, and although he didn't participate in any S-ranked supernatural events, he has handled quite a few, at least all the supernatural events near Dahai City have been resolved by the supernatural forum members.

If that weren't the case, why would headquarters have allowed the supernatural forum to grow stronger?

"Ye Zhen can be said to have lost utterly this time, but that's also good. Yang Jian's intervention, even if it was not voluntary, at least he won, and as long as he won, it would enhance the credibility of headquarters, preventing those messy organizations from popping up one after another." Cao Yanhua sighed with relief, nodding to indicate he could accept this outcome.

Just like when Yang Jian and Fang Shiming started fighting.

As the deputy head, he was not willing to see the captain of the headquarters defeated.

If he lost, the impact would be terrible in all respects.

"Something's off. Switch the satellite image to Ye Zhen and then maximize the image."

Suddenly, at this moment, Cao Yang in the meeting room had a sharp gaze and instructed the technicians.

Very quickly.

The image on the electronic screen flashed and then expanded.

Ye Zhen, sticking his butt out and lying on the ground like a dead dog, appeared on the screen.

This scene could be called iconic, now captured by the satellite, and would probably spread all over the world very soon.

However, what Cao Yang cared about was not this, but the half piece of black object sticking out of Ye Zhen's head, which didn't look very conspicuous, like a black mark, but upon zooming in, they realized that this black object should be half a nail.

The rest of it was embedded in Ye Zhen's head.

"Coffin Nail? How is this possible."

Cao Yang's eyes widened as he muttered to himself, somewhat disbelieving.

"What?" Cao Yanhua also noticed this very important detail.

Shen Liang frowned and said, "Could it be a mistake? How could a Coffin Nail be in Yang Jian's possession? After he resolved the Hungry Ghost incident six months ago, the Coffin Nail and the Hungry Ghost were both shipped back to headquarters, and it was Li Jun personally handling them. You were also there at the time, and Yang Jian cleared himself of the suspicion last time, as he didn't leave Dachang City."

Cao Yang said, "You can see for yourselves. The reason Ye Zhen is lying on the ground unable to move is not because Yang Jian beat him to death, but because his head was pierced by a Coffin Nail, pinning him to the ground. Whether Yang Jian is related to the theft of the Hungry Ghost, I do not know, but I can be certain, this thing is the Coffin Nail."

"I have seen the nail that was stuck in the forehead of the Hungry Ghost with my own eyes; I couldn't possibly misidentify it, it's an exact match."

"Could it be the second one? When Yang Jian obtained the Coffin Nail, he might have kept a trump card up his sleeve and concealed some information, after all, only Yang Jian had been to that supernatural land," Shen Liang said in a suppressed voice, audible to Cao Yanhua nearby.

This was intentionally said for Cao Yanhua to hear.

Fearing that people higher up would suspect that it was Yang Jian who stole the Hungry Ghost.

Cao Yang nodded slightly: "It's possible that this is a second nail. If Yang Jian intended to steal the Coffin Nail, he wouldn't have handed it over so easily back then. Given his nature of not being at a loss, he would definitely have clamored for the Coffin Nail later on, so his casual and indifferent attitude implies he probably still has more in his possession."

"But so far, there haven't been any supernatural objects that are the same," said Cao Yanhua, his brows deeply furrowed at this moment.

"Perhaps this is the first case."

Cao Yang said, "Aren't Ghost Candles still capable of being continuously produced? Although it's difficult and slow to make them, they can still be churned out, the two are of the same nature."

Shen Liang remained silent as he looked at Cao Yanhua.

He was somewhat worried that the deputy minister would question Yang Jian about this issue at this time, especially since Cao Yanhua had borne considerable responsibility and pressure from the Hungry Ghost theft incident.

"Ye Zhen cannot die," Cao Yanhua pondered for a moment before suddenly stating such a sentence.

Cao Yang was taken aback, then gave a self-deprecating laugh: "So it's about maintaining balance? Afraid that Yang Jian's clan will become too powerful?"

"In the past, Fang Shiming from the social circles and Ye Zhen from the Supernatural Forum maintained a balance of power among the civilians. Now that the social circles are gone, if Ye Zhen were to be taken out as well, and the people at the Captain Level from headquarters can't counterbalance Yang Jian, then in the future, everybody might have to act according to his wishes, which is unacceptable," explained Cao Yanhua.

"Moreover, if Ye Zhen were gone, the group under his command would likely fall into chaos. At this critical juncture, it's not worth expending energy on this front."

"So, what does the deputy minister plan to do to stop Yang Jian now?" asked Cao Yang.

Stop Yang Jian from within the office?

That would be somewhat difficult.

Cao Yanhua said solemnly, "Offer some compensation, try to persuade him, and strive for an attempt. Yang Jian is also not in a right state now; there is hope. The headquarters intervening as a mediator, I believe the people of the Supernatural Forum will also show respect."

He still had a keen grasp of the situation and could see that Yang Jian was having difficulty wrapping things up, now in a standoff with the people from the Supernatural Forum.

This would be an effective time to mediate.

"That's going to cost a fair bit," Cao Yang stated.

Cao Yanhua looked at the old pair of scissors in front of Cao Yang: "Yang Jian has always wanted to reclaim the Ghost Shears from Fang Shiming's possession. If we proactively return them now, I believe Yang Jian will consider it, as long as you have no objections."

"Whatever, it doesn't matter to me," Cao Yang shrugged.

He was just temporarily holding them for fun.

But this thing was too dangerous; Cao Yang felt it wasn't something he could use, and returning it to Yang Jian was no issue.

After all, if one day Yang Jian came for it, he would still have to give it up, right?

"Then let's proceed that way. Shen Liang, go contact Li Yang," Cao Yanhua instructed.

"Alright. No problem."

A temporary mediation plan from headquarters took shape.

But now.

In Dahai City, the clash between Yang Jian and the people of the Supernatural Forum had just begun.

At this moment.

Yang Jian, with a cold expression, strode toward Ye Zhen lying on the ground, ignoring the warnings of others, with an intention to forcibly take Ye Zhen away that seemed unstoppable.

The manager of the Supernatural Forum turned pale when he saw this scene.

He had not expected Yang Jian to initiate an attack, without any concern for the others present.

"Are we going to fight?" asked Ah Wu under his breath, his body tense and covered in cold sweat.

It seemed likely that a real battle to the death was imminent.

Despite Yang Jian's frail and youthful appearance at the moment, if he flipped and started fighting, he might be able to kill him in just a few seconds.

The scent of death seemed almost tangible.

The manager's heart was also racing at this moment, as he watched Yang Jian walking over decisively, the man was on the verge of collapse.

Because he, too, was afraid of death.

Moreover, not only would he die if he lost today, but he would also be labeled as the perpetrator behind the attack, disgraced among relatives, friends, and family, with even his own children feeling ashamed of him.

"Wey Yun, take action, hold Yang Jian back." Gritting his teeth, the manager suddenly shouted out a name.

The next moment.

A tall, skinny, and bizarre man surged forward from the group of people on the Supernatural forum.

The man was wrapped up in a trench coat, but he was so thin that his bones seemed to protrude through his skin, resembling a dried-up corpse that had been lying in a morgue for a long time. His haggard eyes, bloodshot, were fixed on Yang Jian without the slightest hesitation as he rushed towards him.

He moved with a stagger, his tall and skinny body swaying as if he would tumble to the ground at any moment.

Clearly, this man named Wey Yun was a ghost manipulator, though what kind of ghost he had under his control, Yang Jian did not know.

But he would not let an unimportant person probe out the fact that he was not in a good condition right now.

"Kill him." Yang Jian continued walking without pause, speaking coldly.

The next moment.

From an inconspicuous corner nearby, a child wearing the shroud that belonged to a corpse, with a blue-black complexion akin to that of a stillborn, ran out barefoot, his red eyes without pupils conveying a heart-thumping viciousness as they locked onto the man named Wey Yun.

The Ghost Child immediately pounced on him.

"There's a backup plan?" The manager was taken aback internally.

He thought Yang Jian had run out of tricks, and although he was still capable of fighting, if Wey Yun could delay him for just a bit, there was still a chance for a turnaround.

However, Yang Jian did not act personally, but controlled some terrifying supernatural entity to do so.

"What?" The ghost manipulator named Wey Yun became panic-stricken.

The Ghost Child had already struck him.

The soaking wet Ghost Child clung onto his skinny legs and began to climb up, and where it crawled by, it left behind black marks like water stains, yet they made him feel as if something was eroding his body.

His body seemed about to decay.

And that wasn't all.

Wey Yun tried to get rid of the little ghost's entanglement, only to realize he was powerless; the little ghost's strength was terrifying, gripping him tightly as if rooted, and the little ghost itself seemed able to nullify the opposition of supernatural powers.

His own uniqueness was rendered useless in front of this little ghost.

"Is that... a Hungry Ghost?" Ah Wu's eyes suddenly narrowed as he witnessed this scene.

He recognized it.

It was clearly a Second Stage Hungry Ghost, just like the one he had seen in that file, the image of the Hungry Ghost etched in his mind.

"Everyone, attack together, retrieve the boss. If need be, let's all die here," the manager shouted loudly.

He was ready to go down fighting.

Despite being a normal person, he didn't shrink back an inch.

It was like a battle between two armies; to retreat meant complete failure, only by fighting was there a slim chance of survival.

"This is really troublesome." Looking at Ye Zhen, who was less than five meters away, Yang Jian's heart skipped a beat.

He couldn't fool these people from the Supernatural forum.

Ye Zhen's men dared to fight desperately against him, each one acting as if they weren't afraid to die, even an ordinary person daring to confront him.

"Hiss! Hiss!"

The nearby lights flickered, disrupted by some supernatural power, and the surrounding light suddenly dimmed significantly.

And at the same time.

An electronic screen was glowing with a strange light, constantly flickering as if the ghastly apparition of a terrifying ghost was becoming gradually clearer, and the brightness from the screen projecting towards the direction where Yang Jian was.

Not only that.

The air nearby began to suddenly turn moist, clouds shrouded the sky, and a cold, sparse rain started to fall.

.....

Various terrifying supernatural phenomena appeared around.

The members of the Spirit forum were taking action.

At this moment, Yang Jian realized that it was impossible to suppress these people and take Ye Zhen away; on the contrary, he had to fight for his life again.

But the peril this time was far greater than before.

If he wasn't careful, he could die from the ghost's revival.

"I should have brought the Eight-Tone Music Box with me, so I could have fought one more time." Yang Jian took several deep breaths, regretting but not dwelling too much on it.

He had to release the suppression of the Ghost Eye and use the Ghost Domain once more.

Not to confront them, but to escape.

Fleeing with Ye Zhen's corpse and the Coffin Nail, as long as everything went smoothly, and if he was fast enough, it should prevent an immediate revival.

But there was the risk of a gamble.

After all, Yang Jian wasn't sure if it was really feasible, and if he exceeded the limit, he would be doomed.

Right now, there was no choice but to gamble.

However, just at this moment, a sudden strange, sharp, ghostly wailing sound echoed around.

"Stop all actions."

The appearance of this sound momentarily made Yang Jian feel as if his head was empty, instinctively stopping what he was doing.

All other supernatural phenomena around were affected, the cold rain in the sky stopped, not falling any longer, the extinguished lights lit up again, and the terrifying ghost figure that had become clear on the electronic screen once more became blurred, the screen continuing to jump and flicker...

All the supernatural phenomena were pacified by just one sentence.

However, this pacification was only temporary and couldn't last long.

"Was that Lin Luomei's Ghost Sound?" Yang Jian instantly reacted.

"Lin Luomei?"

The other members of the Spirit forum were also very familiar with the ghost she controlled. At this moment, they all looked in her direction.

Lin Luomei was running over this way, her expression panicked, and her body covered in mud, looking extremely disheveled. She did not care about anything else and hurriedly used a megaphone to broadcast a message: "Fushou Garden is out of control, many fierce ghosts have woken from their graves."

"Captain Yang, a call from headquarters."

At this time, Li Yang seized the gap, hurried over, and handed over a phone with a trembling heart.

He dared not get involved in such a battle, instead, he had been watching from not too far away.

Wanting to stop it, but powerless to do so.

"Members of the Spirit forum, give me some face, and let's end this conflict here," Sun Rui also arrived, limping and walking quickly with a cane, his face grim.

He had not expected the situation to become so serious.

Ye Zhen had been defeated, and the remaining people in the Spirit forum wanted to snatch the corpse from Yang Jian's hands.

Chapter 804 Ye Zhen's Awakening

The Fushou Garden incident spiraled out of control.

Li Yang received a call from headquarters.

Sun Rui intervened to mediate.

A series of events almost happened simultaneously, all preventing Yang Jian and the members of the supernatural forum from continuing their fight.

It was not just a matter of urgency, but the situation did not allow them to fight recklessly without limits.

Yang Jian, with his eyes glowing red, glanced at the others, halted his actions, and then took the phone from Li Yang.

"Captain Yang, it's me, Shen Liang." It was Shen Liang on the other side of the phone.

"Speak." Yang Jian's voice was cold.

Shen Liang quickly said, "Captain Yang, continuing the fight isn't good for either side. What do you think about headquarters intervening in this matter? I've already had Sun Rui work on this. Of course, we won't let you suffer losses, Captain Yang—three Ghost Candles as compensation, and headquarters has already had Cao Yang successfully retrieve the Ghost Scissors from Fang Shiming's possession."

"I'll have all these things sent to Captain Yang later."

Yang Jian said, "Do I have no room to refuse?"

"Captain Yang, continuing this is good for no one. Ye Zhen and the friend circle are different; he holds value and can negotiate, not the type to be reckless. Moreover, headquarters doesn't want to see something happen to you."

Shen Liang hurriedly explained, not expecting Yang Jian to speak so bluntly.

"And headquarters can guarantee that after this matter, Ye Zhen won't trouble you again."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered; to be honest, he didn't trust the headquarters' guarantees, but the current situation was indeed very bad for him.

Despite appearing strong, it was only a facade, easily seen through once a fight began, leaving him without the strength to fight back.

The others might have guessed his poor condition, but probably hadn't imagined it to be this severe.

"Do you think Ye Zhen will listen to you?" Yang Jian asked again.

This time, Shen Liang toughened up, his voice stern, "Rest assured about that; if Ye Zhen still insists on acting and refuses to listen, headquarters will take him down."

"I have given him the code name Scapegoat Ghost Ye Zhen; he has the ability to substitute death, which makes him hard to deal with," Yang Jian stated.

"Wei Jing has come back to life," Shen Liang revealed a crucial piece of information.

Wei Jing?

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly; he remembered that the last time he saw Wei Jing, he had already lost control, his body invaded by a ruthless ghost, unconscious, and it was unexpected that Wang Xiaoming had saved him.

Wei Jing is an anomaly produced in the Ghost Envoy incident, possessing abilities like a Ghost Envoy.

To put it simply, he is like a human-shaped Coffin Nail.

"If Wei Jing is willing to appear, then let's end today's matter," Yang Jian said.

The headquarters were mediating behind the scenes, also revealing some subtle information.

For instance, Cao Yang holding the Ghost Scissors, possibly ready to strike at any moment, and the code-named Ghost Envoy Wei Jing still being alive, seemingly possessing abilities to counter Ye Zhen.

These were all potential deterrents.

Yang Jian could no longer continue causing trouble; moreover, he was originally just bluffing, so he had to seize the opportunity to back down.

"Alright, I'll send Wei Jing over, hand the phone to Li Yang," Shen Liang immediately said.

Yang Jian expressionlessly handed the phone back to Li Yang.

After Li Yang took the phone, he immediately rushed to the front of a nearby store, then found a door.

He closed the door, and immediately the store was plunged into darkness.

Subsequently, footsteps could be heard inside the store.

The door opened.

A man with a dark complexion and a numb expression walked out.

"Wei, Captain Wei Jing," Li Yang paused, then promptly said.

Wei Jing nodded slightly, indicating his consciousness was clear, not revived by a malevolent ghost.

"He really came?" Yang Jian looked towards Wei Jing, his heart sinking.

After Wei Jing came out, the store behind him returned to normal; the darkness receded, and the lights turned on again.

"It's time to stop, Yang Jian."

Wei Jing paused, looked over, and said, "You are in bad shape."

"You're actually still alive? Unbelievable, you were already invaded by a fierce ghost," Yang Jian observed him, trying to spot any clues, and staunchly not mentioning his own poor condition.

Wei Jing remained silent, just calmly looking at Yang Jian and Ye Zhen lying on the ground like a dead dog.

Meanwhile,

Lin Luomei was reporting to the manager about the ongoing events in Fushou Garden, and the tragic death of Luo Su Yi.

Sun Rui was very firm in persuading others, "As you can see, headquarters' Wei Jing has arrived, another Captain Level spirit controller; he alone could take all of you down. If you insist on attacking now, you won't even be able to touch the hem of Yang Jian's garment; he won't allow you to attack a person in charge."

"However, headquarters also intends to mediate. They want Yang Jian to forgive Ye Zhen, and you guys to apologize and compensate afterwards; then this matter will be considered resolved."

"Let's put the Fushou Garden matter on hold for now."

The manager's face changed, then he came over and said, "Sun Rui, if Yang Jian is willing to forgive Ye Zhen, we can agree to any terms."

"Good,"

Sun Rui, leaning on his cane, nodded, "Then I'll go and talk to Captain Yang; you better not be deceitful, otherwise not only will Yang Jian not forgive you, headquarters won't agree either, and I, Sun Rui, care about my reputation."

"We won't, I stake my life on it," the manager said.

Sun Rui remained silent, instead he walked over and said to Yang Jian, "Captain Yang, look, the headquarters have intervened to mediate, let's just stop here. There isn't any deep hatred involved, it was just a fight with Ye Zhen, and now that Wei Jing is here, if we really will forcefully take Ye Zhen away, I can't be certain whether the headquarters will step in or not."

"Just now, Lin Luomei mentioned that the situation in Fushou Garden is spiraling out of control, our main task is to investigate the existence of the Ghost Post Office, not to waste energy on this. Additionally, the members of the supernatural forum are willing to offer compensation, treat it as if Ye Zhen's incident was a minor fart, what do you think?"

"You need to make a decision quickly, Ye Zhen's condition is so severe that I don't know if he can survive, and if he dies, it would complicate things again."

Yang Jian said, "If we can't finish Ye Zhen off this time, it will be more difficult next time... Fine, I will grant you this favor just this once, but only this once, convey this message to Shen Liang too."

He patted Sun Rui on the shoulder.

Then he gave Wei Jing a warning look before he walked towards where Ye Zhen was.

Sun Rui felt uneasy inside, praying that Ye Zhen would never again fight with Yang Jian, otherwise as the meditator, he would be accountable, and might even be killed by Yang Jian.

"I really don't know why the headquarters would go to such great lengths to protect you." Yang Jian looked at Ye Zhen at his feet.

He knew that his victory over this guy wasn't because he was stronger, but because Ye Zhen liked to pretend, and got carelessly nailed by the Coffin Nail, otherwise, he would have definitely lost today.

Soon.

Yang Jian crouched down and pulled out the Coffin Nail.

Ye Zhen's head bled profusely, critically wounded and close to death, with no one knowing if he could survive.

However, as the Coffin Nail was removed.

Ye Zhen, lying on the ground, suddenly opened his eyes and woke up, roaring into the sky, "I, Ye Zhen, have been invincible all my life, how could I possibly lose?"

He stood tall in the sky once more.

The cape of justice fluttered loudly in the wind again.

His injuries were recovering, no, they were disappearing.

All his injuries vanished in seconds, and he was back to his full strength, he revived completely, as if he had activated a cheat code in a game, directly full recovery.

The formidable power of the Scapegoat Ghost was displayed once again.

Even with a single breath left, Ye Zhen could revive.

"He really resurrected." Envy and jealousy gnawed at Yang Jian's heart.

Why the Scapegoat Ghost powers were wielded by Ye Zhen.

Honestly, the reason he wanted to take Ye Zhen away was to see if he could disassemble the Scapegoat Ghost in him and control it himself.

However, the situation spoke, Yang Jian realized he couldn't do it.

"Boss."

The manager, Ah Wu, Wey Yun, Lin Luomei, and other members of the supernatural forum were all delighted.

Ye Zhen awakened.

The authority of the supernatural forum returned.

"Have I already lost..."

Afterwards Ye Zhen began to look around, coming to his senses and also recalling what had happened before.

He remembered being invaded by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, then losing the ability to move, falling from the sky flat on the ground like a dead dog...

"Yang Jian."

Ye Zhen suddenly shouted loudly.

Yang Jian's face stiffened, he watched him warily: "You want to fight me again?"

Wei Jing stepped forward a few steps, his face darkened and his expression numb as he stared at Ye Zhen, ready to join forces with Yang Jian to finish him off here if Ye Zhen dared to make a move.

The headquarters' mediation wasn't capital for Ye Zhen to act recklessly.

"No more fighting, Yang Jian. I, Ye Zhen, have lost this time. I am not a sore loser. I hand over the title of the strongest to you, but rest assured, I will take it back someday. For now on, I, Ye Zhen, will acknowledge you as the strongest."

Ye Zhen exclaimed.

In front of everyone.

Even some passersby, stuck in shock, took out their phones and captured this embarrassing moment.

The strongest?

The strongest what?

The strongest in juvenile arrogance?

Yang Jian certainly didn't have such a thick face.

"I spared you, not to hear you bluffing here. I want to ask you, what kind of compensation should your supernatural forum provide me?"

He seized the opportunity to demand benefits.

And also made it clear that he still had confidence, to prevent Ye Zhen from impulsively rushing forward again.

"Captain Yang, about the compensation, rest assured, I will find a suitable time to personally visit you for negotiations, but there is another more important matter that needs handling right now... Lin Luomei mentioned that the situation in Fushou Garden has gone out of control, there's a fierce ghost reviving, the situation is very serious."

The manager of the supernatural forum hurriedly spoke up.

"I had a premonition about this. It's you who insisted on fighting me. Otherwise, why would I come to Dahai City? Just to stroll around?" Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen said, "I will handle this matter, I, Ye Zhen, take responsibility for it."

"That would be best." Yang Jian looked at him with a glance.

He already had no strength to deal with the anomaly in Fushou Garden, this Ye Zhen still looked energetic, probably able to handle it.

Chapter 805 The Cemetery That Invaded Reality

The headquarters sent Wei Jing to mediate.

The conflict between Yang Jian and Ye Zhen can be said to be over now. Even if it didn't stop, it wouldn't work. Yang Jian is simply unable to take Ye Zhen's body away in front of the supernatural forum and Wei Jing.

Besides, his current condition is indeed terrible.

Failing even to defeat Ye Zhen's subordinates, he could only think of ways to escape.

Rather than fleeing in total disarray, it's better to stop while ahead gracefully, and take away the Coffin Nail on the way, to avoid any further problems later and keep the losses from expanding.

"This fight is truly inexplicable, but unavoidably necessary," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Seeing Ye Zhen so full of life, still showing off, Yang Jian felt a bit unbalanced in his heart.

He himself is a person who has reached the three-ghost equilibrium, thwarting Ghost Shadow's death. Normal ghost controllers would either die against him or be depleted until a powerful ghost revives. Yet, this Ye Zhen is even more exceptional than him.

It seems like the fight didn't affect him at all.

There might be an impact, but it's not significant enough.

Either way, Ye Zhen's condition is now far better than Yang Jian's.

At this moment, Ye Zhen is still standing midair, his gaze directed towards Fushou Garden, seemingly already sensing the seriousness of the events unfolding there, with a somewhat solemn expression.

"That cemetery indeed has its quirks, but for someone like me, Ye, these are not issues. I'll go take a look first. For the others, follow the usual protocol—evacuate those who should be evacuated and seal off what needs to be sealed."

He was sending orders to other members of another forum.

Then, Ye Zhen turned to look at Yang Jian: "What I didn't expect is that you really do have the Coffin Nail in your possession. I have to admit, it's a well-deserved loss for me this time, but next time I will definitely find a way to counter it. So, Yang Jian, don't you fall midway, because the path to invincibility is a lonely one."

"Without your presence, even if I were to stand high above this sky, it would lose much of its color."

He could also see that Yang Jian was not in good shape currently.

Although Ye Zhen is chuunibyou, he still has the necessary judgement.

"I won't fight a meaningless fight, so if you still want to fight me next time, you'd better have your will written and testament prepared, because if you lose, I won't let anyone wake up again. This time the headquarters intervened to mediate, otherwise, your supernatural forum would have disappeared today," Yang Jian said coldly, although his words were boastful, they were also very forceful.

"Haha, I appreciate that confidence. You are indeed the man who defeated me," Ye Zhen laughed and said: "But I, Ye, am not famous for nothing. You will witness that one day."

Although he lost, he still felt somewhat unreconciled in his heart.

That's because Ye Zhen felt that half the reason he lost to Yang Jian was because of the Coffin Nail.

If he could overcome this problem, he believed he would definitely not lose to Yang Jian next time.

Having said that.

Ye Zhen disappeared in an instant.

He went to Fushou Garden.

"Team Yang, are you okay?" Sun Rui asked at this moment.

"It's nothing serious, just not in the best state," Yang Jian said calmly: "After all, it's impossible not to lose strength after a fight with this guy. I have to say Ye Zhen is indeed a very dangerous man."

"Indeed, the boss of the supernatural forum, a longstanding reputation, it's not easy for Team Yang to win against him," Sun Rui said.

He had always thought that Yang Jian wouldn't be able to beat Ye Zhen.

Unexpectedly, when it came to a real fight, Ye Zhen was nailed down to the ground in a moment. The events of today, once they spread out, the supernatural circle will be shaken again.

At this moment, Wei Jing came over with a numb expression: "Since I'm already here, why not check out the situation at the cemetery? You've been to that place before and should have some information. Teaming up would reduce the risks a bit. Ye Zhen tends to be overconfident, it's better to be safe than sorry."

Yang Jian's expression flickered slightly: "If Ye Zhen didn't interfere, maybe the issue would have been resolved already. But going for a look is good too, I also want to know what exactly is happening within Fushou Garden now."

Although his state wasn't the best, he needed to investigate the Ghost Post Office and understand the secret behind those deliveries.

"Then let's go together." Wei Jing said, and everything around was quickly stained by a layer of darkness.

This darkness was so intense that it swallowed up Yang Jian, Sun Rui, Li Yang, and the Ghost Child hiding in the shadows.

Afterwards, the darkness disappeared as quickly as it had come.

The figures of those present had already vanished from the spot, all taken away by Wei Jing's Ghost Domain.

"It seems that today's affairs have come to a satisfactory end, what's left is to see how President Ye and Wei Jing, along with Yang Jian, handle the anomaly at Fushou Garden," said the manager of the supernatural forum, heaving a sigh of relief. His whole body was soaked with sweat, almost collapsing from exhaustion.

Ah Wu beside him couldn't help but wipe the cold sweat from his forehead: "Just now, we were really on the verge of a fight. I had a feeling that if it really came to blows, our chances of getting the boss back were slim; we would most likely have been annihilated. Fortunately, Lin Luomei stepped in to stop it in time, and at the same time, the headquarters dispatched Wei Jing to mediate."

"Ghost Envoy Wei Jing, just as terrifying as President Ye."

The manager's expression was grave: "I'm just worried that after Yang Jian releases President Ye, President Ye would still want to fight. In that case, Wei Jing would not hesitate to take action, and we would really be facing a catastrophe."

"Thankfully, President Ye was relatively rational and didn't act impulsively. But what I don't understand is why Yang Jian has a Coffin Nail? Although the Hungry Ghost that went missing from headquarters was related to Yang Jian, logically speaking, Yang Jian wouldn't commit such reckless acts."

Despite seeing Yang Jian controlling a minor ghost and the Coffin Nail in his hands, it could almost replay the incident with the Hungry Ghost.

But analyzing the situation and weighing the pros and cons.

Yang Jian had no motive to steal the Hungry Ghost and take the Coffin Nail.

So even if there was suspicion, it was based on a lack of clues.

"Manager, there is something I feel I need to say, that Coffin Nail isn't from the headquarters actually, Yang Jian found it in the cemetery," suddenly, a member of the supernatural forum hesitated and then spoke.

"How do you know that?" the manager asked in surprise and doubt.

The person spoke: "I saw with my own eyes Yang Jian forcibly taking it from a ghost hand inside the cemetery. Not only did I see it, a few colleagues who survived also saw it. The ghost was using that Coffin Nail to carve inscriptions in the cemetery, and Luo Su Yi was killed by that ghost."

"The second one? Isn't this too coincidental?" The manager's eyes flickered uncertainly.

No, perhaps President Ye was just too unlucky.

Yang Jian might have come to Fushou Garden specifically because he received intelligence on the Coffin Nails, and took the trip on purpose; it's just that President Ye was too impulsive and rushed in headlong.

And now, look where that got him.

Yang Jian successfully retrieved the second Coffin Nail, which was followed by a fight between the two of them.

"Forget it, let's not worry about that for now. I'll sort out this intelligence later. Let's focus on the task at hand. Also, Wey Yun, are you okay?" the manager said, turning to look at another spiritual practitioner.

That spiritual practitioner called Wey Yun, towering nearly two meters tall and as emaciated as a stick, with only skin and bones and a drenched body, bore marks of being gnawed on and emitted a foul, fishy stench all over.

"No, no major issues. That little ghost raised by Yang Jian is terrifying, hardly different from a real fierce ghost. Luckily, the entanglement was brief, or I wouldn't have been able to hold on," Wey Yun said with a lingering fear in his voice.

He felt that if the struggle had continued for just a moment longer, he would have been eaten alive by that little ghost.

And he had no power to resist.

After all, ghosts cannot be killed.

That little ghost was completely unafraid of his counterattack, no, his counterattack was utterly ineffective.

"It's good that you're fine. After all, we're dealing with 'Ghost Eye' Yang Jian. No one knows how many cards he has up his sleeve. But it's also good that this fight happened; at least we can confirm a lot of information about him," the manager said gravely.

However, the scene that unfolded here didn't just involve the members of the supernatural online forum.

Many citizens walking in the plaza earlier had witnessed the entire incident from start to finish.

They were now recording everything on their cell phones, with some even going to the extreme of starting live streams.

Because what had just happened exceeded their understanding, touching upon a strange and terrifying world hidden right beside them.

"Boom, boom, boom..."

The building that was torn apart by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain is still collapsing, with large amounts of construction material falling down. The building, having held out for a moment, can no longer bear it and is now completely collapsing.

What's strange is,

The collapse of a building has resulted in no casualties.

At some point, the building had already been emptied, mysteriously vanishing from sight.

However, the collapsing building is bound to significantly impact the surroundings.

"Ah Wu, take care of that building. Everyone else, collect all of these people's cell phones," the manager took a deep breath, preparing to first contain the spread of the incident.

A young man realized something was off and quickly tried to pocket his cell phone and run, but was stopped by a member of the supernatural forum.

"What, what do you want to do?"

The member of the supernatural forum didn't waste words, snatched the cell phone directly from him, handed him ten thousand yuan, and warned, "I'm buying your phone. You're not allowed to speak of today's business, or the consequences will be severe."

The same scenario repeated itself.

The collection of cell phones went smoothly; no one dared to confront the members of the supernatural forum, but of course, there were some who slipped through the net.

Seeing this, some people hurriedly sent out the video and didn't worry even after their phones were taken.

"This is truly terrifying. The fight between those two people was really fierce. What on earth is happening to this world? I just saw a flash of red, and a building was torn apart."

"Are those people really human? I think I just saw a little ghost running past me."

"Yes, the man just now looked exactly like a corpse. I accidentally touched his hand. It was horrifyingly cold."

...

Tonight, many people in Dahai City are destined to have insomnia.

However, as the videos are being uploaded, the fight between Yang Jian and Ye Zhen will quickly become widely known.

"How did Fushou Garden become like this?"

Meanwhile,

Of course, when Wei Jing and others came back to the entrance of Fushou Garden, they were immediately taken aback.

The archway of Fushou Garden had suddenly aged, as if it had faced decades of wind and rain, and the paths inside had also disappeared without a trace. In their place was an endless graveyard that seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, not initially a part of the cemetery grounds.

Moreover,

Yang Jian actually saw several eerie figures wandering inside the cemetery, like lingering ghosts.

"Wait, the Ghost Domain inside the graveyard is gone..."

Suddenly, he noticed a detail.

The cemetery itself used to exist within the Ghost Domain, but now the Ghost Domain was gone, and all the strangeness within had invaded the realm of reality, merging perfectly with it to form a truly terrifying and dangerous place of horror.

"There are ghosts in the graveyard... and not just a few." Wei Jing spoke numbly.

He seemed to sense the danger and then took an old hemp rope from his waist.

That was the Ghost Rope.

Wei Jing walked into the graveyard with the Ghost Rope in hand.

"Little ghosts dare to strut in front of me, Ye Zhen? Today, you will witness my horror," at the same time, Ye Zhen's voice, which made one cringe, echoed within the cemetery.

Clearly,

Ye Zhen had encountered a fierce ghost inside, and now he was choosing to confront it head-on,

One couldn't tell if he was out of his mind or if he truly had the capital to stand against a fierce ghost, making him so fearless.

"The situation is indeed serious," Yang Jian also frowned deeply.

Chapter 806 Efficiency Handling

"Captain Yang, are we not participating?" Li Yang looked at the dim and terrifying graveyard, feeling uneasy.

But he was unable to judge the situation, uncertain whether he should join forces with Ye Zhen and Wei Jing to handle it, thus he hesitated.

"No, let's just observe for now. We can't get involved with the situation here; my current condition doesn't allow me to face a supernatural event." Yang Jian spoke calmly: "Let Wei Jing and Ye Zhen handle it. I released Ye Zhen with this consideration in mind. If Ye Zhen refuses to deal with it, he would probably be the first one the headquarters deals with."

"Conversely, if Ye Zhen takes action, I can naturally stay out of it."

"Moreover, we have our own matters to attend to, investigating the Ghost Post Office is the urgent priority."

Sun Rui also nodded on the side: "True, the hidden dangers there are not any less serious than this graveyard, not to mention, at least we have confirmed that there is a very terrifying vengeful ghost wandering within the Ghost Post Office. Once it infiltrates reality, Dahan City will encounter a dreadful supernatural event, and this is unacceptable."

He is the person in charge of Dahan City, naturally, he had to consider his responsibilities.

At this moment, Yang Jian chose to watch and not get involved.

Of course, the headquarters also understood the situation at this time, tacitly allowing his observation.

At this very moment inside the graveyard.

A trace of ferocity appeared on Ye Zhen's handsome face, his eyes were closed tight, with two streams of blood flowing down from the corners, sliding over his face making him look somewhat eerie in the dim environment.

Because just moments ago.

He died once, and his eyes went blind instantly.

The reason was merely because he saw a ghost wandering in the graveyard.

To be precise, the appearance of that ghost.

It was a face caked with mud and filled with cracks, a bizarre visage.

"I underestimated that thing; just by seeing the ghost's appearance, I was killed once, and even went blind... A kind of murderous rule that guarantees death? Moreover, my eyes also seem to have been afflicted by some terrible curse, unable to recover." Ye Zhen was silent.

He forcibly gouged out his own eyes.

The blood-smeared eyeballs were covered in eerie cracks, dull and lifeless, resembling shattered porcelain.

He didn't care, casually tossing down the eyeballs, then opened his eyes again.

A pair of bright eyes returned to normal.

"Ignorant ghostly thing, wait for me to strike again, I will capture and kill it."

Ye Zhen, the hot-blooded youth, got angry. He had suffered a loss and now sought to recover his pride.

He took a few steps forward and instantly disappeared from the spot.

Meanwhile, nearby, a ghost seemingly crawled out from the graves, aimlessly wandering around at this moment, its presence chilling cold, its clothes somewhat rotten as if spoiled by the mud, however, what was most terrifying was its face covered in cracks and caked with grave soil, and as time passed, the soil on the ghost's face was rustling down.

This was the ghost's appearance that Ye Zhen glanced at a moment ago, not only was he instantly killed, but both his eyes also suffered a terrible curse and went necrotic, even the ability to swap death couldn't repair them, thus the eyeballs had to be discarded.

Obviously.

This ghost must not be seen; once its face is seen, whether it's a normal person or a ghost controller, both are undoubtedly doomed to death.

Even a ghost controller of Ye Zhen's level had suffered a great loss.

However, the next moment.

Ye Zhen's figure suddenly appeared behind the ghost.

If the face cannot be seen.

Then attack from behind with a surprise strike.

However, as soon as Ye Zhen appeared, the ghost's steps suddenly halted, its terrifying face slowly turning around trying to face toward Ye Zhen.

"Asking for a beating."

Ye Zhen smashed his fist onto the ghost's head, truly fearless.

The massive force directly caved in the ghost's head, and its neck also snapped with a crack.

The ghost's head limply hung down, that terrifying face nearly sticking to its front.

Ye Zhen, fueled by anger, did not stop his attacks.

One punch after another pummeled the ghost, he didn't seem like a ghost controller, rather like a boxer, treating the ghost before him as a punching bag.

"I, Ye, am also not someone that this ghostly thing can bully? Today, I will beat you till you're barely human-shaped."

While shouting, he continued waving his fists.

He brutally broke the ghost's body, bones shattered, crushed, the body twisted and deformed.

That terrible face was deeply buried inside, sunken into the cracked chest.

This originally see-and-die terrifying ghost, was brutally beaten by Ye Zhen into a ball.

But the ghost was still active.

Its body twisted, struggling, slowly stretching out, trying to recover.

This ghost was clearly very terrifying.

Because even a punch from Ye Zhen's Ghost Shadow took about a minute to recover, yet this ghost was still moving after countless punches.

Suppression, only temporary.

Unable to maintain.

"Good, this ghost is worthy of a swing from me, Ye." Ye Zhen reached out and grabbed through the air, pulling a golf club from somewhere.

He spread his Ghost Domain.

The entire cemetery's airspace was affected.

Ye Zhen's domain of control was not small, but the larger the area, the weaker the intensity of the Ghost Domain. He usually wouldn't perform such an act that reduced his strength.

But at this moment, it didn't matter.

This cemetery had already invaded reality, Ye Zhen didn't need to maintain a high-intensity Ghost Domain.

He swung once, directly striking the ghost as if hitting a golf ball.

With the aid of the Ghost Domain, the vengeful ghost was forcefully sent away.

Meanwhile.

Not far outside.

Many members of the Supernatural Forum started to spring into action, first by bringing over several open boxes to an empty field, each of which was empty inside.

These are the containers for containing fierce ghosts.

They had been custom-made a long time ago and could be brought over immediately upon request.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, a loud noise erupted.

A box was heavily smashed by something.

It was a twisted ghost in a heap.

The ghost was writhing, struggling to awake.

"It's a fierce ghost sent by the boss, lock it up quickly."

Upon seeing this, a member of the Supernatural Forum turned pale with fear and rushed over, quickly covering and sealing the box.

Despite their fear, the members' actions were still very quick.

Although the ghost was awakening, the suppression from Ye Zhen was still in effect, preventing its immediate escape.

Once the lid of the box was placed, the gold isolated the supernatural influence, and although the ghost kept banging against the box, it was to no avail.

This box wasn't a shoddy product; the intensity of the banging wasn't enough to break free.

"It's good now, come over and weld it quickly." The Supernatural Forum member who had covered the box breathed a sigh of relief and immediately called others over to help.

After the lid was placed on the box, it was welded shut as a precaution, ensuring that even if the ghost possessed powers from the Ghost Domain, it could not permeate out.

But they had only just finished dealing with the first box.

After a short while.

In the second box, a body covered in mud and tattered flew over and accurately landed inside.

Frightened, the members of the Supernatural Forum quickly closed it again, and just like the first time, they welded it shut as soon as the box was closed.

Another ten minutes passed.

The third box was also covered...

"It hasn't been long, and the boss has already dealt with three fierce ghosts, the situation in Fushou Garden is indeed serious."

Ah Wu came over at this moment. He had just dealt with the collapsed building and seeing several prepared boxes now filled, his expression turned grave.

"Bring over a few more boxes just in case." the manager suggested, his forehead still covered with cold sweat.

At this moment, he felt very fortunate that the headquarters' mediation was effective, otherwise if the boss had suffered a loss here, the supernatural events of Fushou Garden would definitely spiral out of control and the consequences would be extremely fearful.

With three ghosts already dealt with, Dahai City would definitely be doomed.

Moreover, the situation wasn't over yet; the number of ghosts could be much higher.

Ye Zhen was still searching for wandering ghosts in Fushou Garden. His efficiency in dealing with supernatural events was terrifyingly high, far surpassing the average person in charge, even Yang Jian couldn't compare.

He has already surpassed a Captain Level personality.

After all, his method is simple and brutal; upon seeing a ghost, he rushes forward without a word and beats it until it can't move, and then directly sends the ghost away with a swing of a golf club.

Ghost Domain transfer, directly causing the ghost to fall into the previously prepared box.

In the short term, while Ye Zhen's suppression is still in effect, the ghost can't fully recover, so as long as one acts fast enough, within a minute of closing the box, the ghost's containment is completed.

"This Ye Zhen is truly exceptional."

Yang Jian's eyes emitted a red light, he could see everything that was happening, and was amazed at Ye Zhen's methods.

Action, suppression, then the other members of the Supernatural Forum handle the aftermath safely and contain the ghost.

When did dealing with supernatural events become so simple.

"However, given Ye Zhen's personality, he definitely wouldn't make such a meticulous arrangement, it's probably a plan already set by that manager..." Yang Jian thought to himself.

A top ghost master combined with a precise overall arrangement made dealing with supernatural events seem almost effortless.

Also, the containment of the fierce ghosts is a very important resource; it's also an essential factor in sustaining an organization's operation.

No wonder.

The members of the Supernatural Forum were desperate to save Ye Zhen,

Without Ye Zhen, the Supernatural Forum would simply fall apart, completely unnecessary to exist.

"However, all this is based on Ye Zhen's strength; once he can no longer suppress the fierce ghosts, all this would be meaningless." Yang Jian saw the only flaw in this Supernatural Forum.

But.

This flaw can't really be considered a flaw.

Ye Zhen's ability as a Scapegoat Ghost is too unstoppable.

Unlimited substitutions; unless faced with an S-tier supernatural event where the ghost possesses rebooting abilities, for standard supernatural events, Ye Zhen is absolutely capable of handling them unscathed.

"I hope that no too terrifying ghosts appear in this cemetery, otherwise it would be a considerable trouble."

Although Yang Jian had a poor impression of Ye Zhen, from a bigger perspective, he needed Ye Zhen to stabilize the situation here, otherwise if the supernatural events here spiral out of control, it would definitely be a big issue.

"It's about time, we should leave."

After watching for a while.

Yang Jian prepared to leave.

By now, he could confirm that the Ghost Post Office had a hand behind some supernatural events appearing.

In other words.

The Ghost Post Office shouldn't exist, it should be erased.

All couriers shouldn't exist either.

Yang Jian made such a judgment in his mind.

Chapter 807 Times Have Changed

Yang Jian made a decisive departure from Dahai City.

Despite Wei Jing and Ye Zhen still handling affairs in Fushou Garden, he had already boarded Sun Rui's private jet for the return journey.

Although in poor condition, this was predicated on the use of ghostly powers; without relying on such forces, Yang Jian felt he could still suppress the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

After all, it was the Ghost Hand and Ghost Shadow working together to suppress the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

However, it was impossible for him never to use the power of ghosts again from this point on.

Therefore, besides investigating the Ghost Post Office, another urgent matter had to be considered.

How to deal with the Ghost Eye Resurrection problem.

On the plane.

Yang Jian pondered this tough question.

A most direct plan formed in his mind.

That was to control a fourth ghost.

However, after carefully considering the resources at his disposal,

It was unfortunate.

There wasn't a single ghost suitable for Yang Jian to control because having more ghosts in one's body wasn't better; on the contrary, fewer was preferable, as more would lead to a greater risk of imbalance.

If he hadn't caused Ghost Shadow to crash and turn into an anomaly, at this moment, it wouldn't just be the Ghost Eye that would need resurrecting; probably the Ghost Hand and Ghost Shadow would also start resurrecting together.

"Captain Yang, are you alright?" Sun Rui had been paying attention to Yang Jian's condition, and now he couldn't help asking, breaking the calm within the plane.

From the previous fight with Ye Zhen up to now, he noticed that Yang Jian's eyes were emitting a faint red glow.

This was a sign of ghostly invasion.

And the sign hadn't disappeared yet.

"Nothing serious at the moment," Yang Jian regained his composure and said calmly.

Sun Rui continued, "Should the investigation of the Ghost Post Office still go on?"

He could see that Yang Jian had paid a significant price to defeat Ye Zhen, and his condition had severely deteriorated.

"Continue."

Yang Jian said, "Don't worry about my condition, I will handle my own affairs. Moreover, the matter of the Ghost Post Office is highly complex, seeming to be silently driving the resurrection of ghosts. The phenomenon at Fushou Garden is proof of that. So, in my view, the existence of the messenger identity shouldn't exist at all."

"However, there must be bigger secrets within the Ghost Post Office. If that can be unraveled, perhaps the truth behind the ghost resurrection can be uncovered."

"So, no matter what, this investigation must continue."

Having said that, Yang Jian paused: "Land your private jet in Dachang City first; I plan to return there for a visit. After the next delivery task begins, I will make arrangements. Until then, you don't need to do anything."

"Since Captain Yang has decided, let's arrange it this way. I'll wait for you in Dahan City," Sun Rui nodded and said.

"Fine."

The first delivery mission came to an end.

If it hadn't been for the unwarranted fight with Ye Zhen, this delivery mission would've been technically a breakeven.

Because Yang Jian took a Coffin Nail.

This was his capital to confront any ghost, even in his current poor condition, he wasn't completely powerless against supernatural incidents.

At this moment.

Inside Fushou Garden.

The supernatural confrontation had temporarily come to an end.

Wei Jing walked out of Fushou Garden with a grim expression and a numb look, holding an old straw rope in his hand. The straw rope seemed to be infinitely extended, reaching into the cemetery behind him.

As he walked step by step, the other end of the Ghost Rope was bound to a highly decomposed female corpse, which was broken in half at the waist but entangled with each other in a bizarre manner.

Not just one female corpse.

There were more behind it.

A twisted figure, like a fierce ghost, struggled to break free from the bondage of the straw rope.

There was also a recently buried corpse with something moving under the skin and a pale countenance, the person was Luo Su Yi who had died in the cemetery earlier.

There was also an old, rotten, and thick quilt, apparently wrapping a ghost. Despite being bound by the Ghost Rope, there was still a struggle.

...

Wei Jing, clutching the Ghost Rope, pulled these terrifying things behind him.

Although they were all unknown and terrifying ghosts, they were all suppressed in his hands.

The supernatural was limited.

"Wei Jing, you've done quite well. It's no wonder Yang Wudi gave you the time of day, since the headquarters sent you to mediate, you really do have some skills," Ye Zhen said, sitting leisurely atop a stone pedestal near the archway of Fushou Garden, watching Wei Jing approaching.

"But compared to me, Ye, you're still lacking. If you think my words are amiss, feel free to seek me out for a match. After all, I, Ye, have been invincible my whole life, only defeated once, but that does not affect my indomitable spirit; I am still fearless."

Wei Jing considered his remarks as bragging, emotionlessly responding, "Fushou Garden is a very special place. The situation here can only be temporarily contained and can't be completely eradicated. There are too many old graves, and at any time a ghost might emerge. So from today onwards, you need to be vigilant about this place."

"Where's Yang Jian?"

"He left a long time ago. He seems to be investigating something and seems to have a little secret. However, I'm not interested in that. What interests me is how to overcome the Coffin Nail in his hand next time and defeat him again," Ye Zhen remarked.

Wei Jing continued, "Don't go after Yang Jian for another fight. If there's a next time, the headquarters will join forces with Yang Jian to take you down. There will only be one mediation, definitely not a second time. I hope you understand."

"Wei Jing, times have changed."

Ye Zhen seemed to take on a rare serious tone, "Kings will stand atop the sky, while the defeated shall wither like fallen leaves."

"What exactly are you talking about?"

Wei Jing's numb expression could not show any emotion, but his tone carried a hint of confusion.

He could not comprehend Ye Zhen's seemingly adolescent rhetoric.

Ye Zhen laughed heartily, "To put it in terms you can understand, who will dominate this world in the future? The continually resurrecting ghosts? The nobility of the old world? Or the newly rising masters of ghosts? Hope, survival, continuation—when everything is subjected to immense pressure and converges at a certain point, something will be born of this age."

"It can bring hope, sustain life, save lives."

"What is it?" Wei Jing asked.

"It's a god."

Pointing to the sky with one hand, Ye Zhen declared, "And I, Ye Zhen, will ascend to godhood, in the name of the strongest."

"Someone told me before I came here that you were not quite right in the head, I didn't quite believe it then, but now I do."

Wei Jing ignored the adolescent, leading several ferocious ghosts forward with the Ghost Rope in hand.

The surroundings were gradually swallowed by a thick darkness.

Wei Jing disappeared into the darkness, and the terrifying ghosts bound by the Ghost Rope were also slowly pulled into it.

As the last segment of the Ghost Rope vanished, the entire expanse of darkness rapidly dissipated, leaving nothing behind nearby.

"Coffin nails like Yang Jian's seem to be found in this cemetery, maybe I should seriously look again, perhaps I could find another one." After Wei Jing left, Ye Zhen pondered as he looked down.

After all, he had just been nailed to the ground in a rather miserable state.

At that thought,

Ye Zhen found a shovel from somewhere and, shouldering it, ran back to Fushou Garden.

To others, a horrifying place to be avoided at all costs seemed to Ye Zhen like a backyard for adventure and treasure-hunting, easy to enter, walk around without a care, never worrying about dying inside and not being able to get out.

However, if he dug around with a shovel aimlessly, it's probably less likely to find a coffin nail and more likely to dig up a fierce ghost.

Following the conclusion of the events in Dahai City.

At night,

Video footage of the fierce battle between Yang Jian and Ye Zhen spread wildly on the internet, while the Supernatural Circle also paid close attention to this matter.

After all, it's rare to see top ghost tamers fight, especially in front of so many common citizens.

An invisible storm was brewing.

But as one of the main characters in the videos and news, Yang Jian had already returned to Dachang City.

He needed to rest and recover.

"According to the first level messenger's delivery task from the Ghost Post Office, the next delivery should be in a few more days. Li Yang, take some rest in these days. This is just the beginning; it's far from over. I hope you're prepared," Yang Jian said, ready to part ways after disembarking from the plane.

"Don't worry, Captain, I'm fine," Li Yang replied, still in good condition, nodding.

However, just as Yang Jian was preparing to leave the airport and take a car home,

Suddenly,

The lights in the hall started flickering, and a strange aura spread.

"Who?"

Yang Jian suddenly stopped and became alert, with Ghost Child appearing behind him.

This strange situation was definitely not caused by a supernatural event; if Dachang City had one, he would have received a report. It must be the presence of another ghost tamer.

Suddenly,

A dense fog surged from one direction in the hall, and a figure emerged from the fog.

"It's me, Feng Quan."

The person who walked out of the Ghost Fog turned out to be Feng Quan: "I heard about your fight with Ye Zhen, so I came to support you. But I had just started my journey when I got the message from headquarters that the conflict between you had been calmed. So, I just headed to Dachang City Airport to wait for you instead."

Other figures appeared within the dense fog.

It was a woman with long, slender legs, an elegant figure, and long black hair, stunningly beautiful to an otherworldly extent.

She is Huang Ziya, codenamed Ghost Hair.

"Ye Zhen is a troublesome guy; the headquarters tried to recruit him before but failed. However, if a real fight breaks out, I will certainly help you," the third figure emerged from the thick Ghost Fog.

This was a person wrapped in a headscarf, with a ponytail, whose expression might be cold but who exuded valiant energy.

That is Ghost Face Tong Qian.

"I thought I was being ambushed by an enemy here. I didn't expect it to be you guys," Yang Jian said, somewhat relieved.

"We just arrived today as well, Captain. You should have called us when you had a conflict with the supernatural forum so we could have helped," said Huang Ziya, her gorgeous face revealing a smile as she approached Yang Jian and circled around him.

As if assessing the situation.

But she quickly noticed the Ghost Child hiding behind Yang Jian.

"This must be that little ghost, right? It looks exactly like you, Captain," Huang Ziya exclaimed, reaching out as if to touch it.

Feng Quan said, "You better not touch it recklessly; this is a Second Stage Hungry Ghost, now an abnormal entity that is neither human nor ghost and quite dangerous."

Hearing the words Hungry Ghost, Huang Ziya hurriedly withdrew her hand.

"This little thing listens so well to the Captain; probably it wouldn't hurt to touch it a bit."

She wasn't reckless, just very curious — surprised that Yang Jian could actually tame a Little Hungry Ghost and even use it as an assistant by his side.

"The matter is over, my conflict with Ye Zhen stops here. The headquarters intervened to mediate, and I had to give them face, otherwise, I couldn't have left Dahai City," Yang Jian said, "I'm truly happy you could support me, but it all happened so suddenly, I figured you wouldn't be able to make it to Dahai City in time, so I didn't consider it."

Although Feng Quan possessed Ghost Domain,

It would be deadly for him to use Ghost Domain to rush to Dahai City as he would likely die from the resurrection of fierce ghosts on the way.

After all, the range of his Ghost Domain is quite small, only enough to cover a small part of a township. To traverse hundreds or even more than a thousand kilometers between places, it's simply not feasible.

"No matter what, it's good that you're okay, otherwise, today's matter definitely wouldn't be over," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian remarked, "Alright, let's not talk about this anymore. It's late, and you've had a long journey from your respective homes. Let's head back now. We can discuss anything else tomorrow."

"Yeah, you must be tired too, Brother Tui. Let's go back and rest for the night," Feng Quan nodded.

Yang Jian gave him another look, with a contemplative expression.

Because Feng Quan's other ghost had some connection to the Grave Soil of Fushou Garden, making him wonder what kind of supernatural events were involved.

Chapter 808 Xiong Wenwen's Existence

The next day, early morning.

Yang Jian returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City and only slept for a few hours before waking up.

Lying in bed, he suddenly opened his eyes the moment he regained consciousness.

The restlessness of the Ghost Eye Resurrection had subsided after a day of suppression, meaning the problem of the ghost's resurgence was under control, provided he refrained from misusing the ghost's powers.

However, if he were to continue investigating the Ghost Post Office, it would clearly be impossible not to use the ghost's powers.

With a mix of complex emotions.

Yang Jian got up and headed to the bathroom.

However, as he looked in the mirror, he saw that his eyes were still a bright red, emitting a faint red glow.

His vision was normal.

But to others, Yang Jian's eyes were obviously not normal.

How could an ordinary person's eyes be bright red and glowing?

"It seems the erosion from the Ghost Eye is irreversible. Even using the Deceiving Ghost in Huang Ziya's possession to restore my body can't reverse it; the Deceiving Ghost's power can't affect areas eroded by supernatural forces," Yang Jian touched his eyes.

Touching his eyeballs didn't bring the expected sensation of stimulation.

Rather, it was cold, numb—as if the eyes were not his own, without any sensation.

If this continues, his eyes will be completely eroded away, turning into a pair of ghost eyes.

In that case, his ghost eyes will have to be in a constantly open state, as even closing his eyes won't block the view.

After all, the eyelids of living beings can't obstruct the vision of ghost eyes.

That step.

Is probably the limit of the resurrection.

"Should I deal with my own situation first or should I push through and continue investigating the Ghost Post Office?"

Yang Jian bathed in hot water, the strange smell was washed away, yet he was planning his next moves in his mind.

"The Eight-Tone Music Box is still in my hands. If I encounter great trouble, I can open the music box to forcefully extend my life once again. Of course, I could also do nothing, stop investigating the Ghost Post

Office, then just stay in Dachang City without causing trouble. As long as I'm conservative, I can maintain this state for a long time."

He slightly closed his eyes.

Now, three paths lay before him.

The first is to continue seeking a method to suppress the ghost resurrection.

The second is to investigate the Ghost Post Office.

The third is to lie low in Dachang City, living as long as possible.

But the third path is definitely not viable. Yang Jian still has the curse of the Ghost Cabinet; he needs to go to that old wooden house within ninety days and open one of its doors.

Therefore, he can't stop moving.

"That means, I can only choose the first and second options," Yang Jian's thinking was clear; the ghost's covert influence on him was minimal.

Only his emotions were lacking, but logic was still there.

"Finding a method to suppress the Ghost Eye Resurrection is difficult. Almost all ghost tamers face this challenge. Although I went to the headquarters to find Wang Xiaoming and achieved some results, he probably can't solve the Ghost Eye Resurrection issue now."

"Especially now, that I need the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box to withstand the Ghost Eye Resurrection, the difficulty is indeed too great."

Yang Jian thought to himself, "Maybe... there are secrets within the Ghost Post Office that can suppress the ghost resurrection. That Door Knocking Ghost has lived from the Republican era to modern times, and if necessary, I can also take that paranormal bus. If things go smoothly, I might complete the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet, and then I can state my own demands."

"The situation is not as severe as I imagined."

Thinking this.

He felt quite relieved, at least now he could live well — much better than before.

"Thump, thump!"

Suddenly.

Someone knocked on the bathroom door, "President Yang, are you in there?"

Outside the door.

Zhang Liqin inquired with a hint of hesitation and nervousness, worrying after hearing noises from upstairs, she hurried over to check.

The security level of the residential complex is very high.

She is not worried about thieves entering, only worried about supernatural occurrences in the house; if that happens, she would immediately run out screaming for help.

"It's me, I'm taking a shower," Yang Jian's voice came through.

Zhang Liqin immediately breathed a sigh of relief, it seemed everything was okay.

"President Yang, do you want me to come in and scrub your back?"

She then chuckled lightly, her tone laced with a hint of seduction.

"No need, you came at just the right time, wait for me in my room, I have a new file to set up, you help me record it."

Yang Jian instructed further; as per routine, he noted down the events, and this time the incidents at Fushou Garden and Ghost Post Office were particularly important.

"Okay then."

Zhang Liqin replied and then left relieved.

After taking a shower.

After Zhang Liqin finished recording the new file, Yang Jian drove her to the company.

"Where is Jiang Yan? It's only been three days and she's gone?"

While driving, he suddenly remembered something and asked about the situation.

"She's at the company. Just yesterday after work, I don't know how but there were dozens of new investments, and the amounts were astonishing, including some from well-known international companies. Because it was all so sudden, Jiang Yan chose to work overtime and stayed at the company."

Zhang Liqin spoke softly from the passenger seat.

She was wearing a knit long dress today, looking mature and charming, her proud figure attractive enough to catch the gaze of any passerby.

However, Zhang Liqin's eyes kept roaming over Yang Jian, as if wishing for him to admire her more.

But Yang Jian only talked about himself, "Last night's? I think I understand what happened."

Last evening was when he had a fight with Ye Zhen.

Based on the timing, these so-called sudden investments must have occurred after his victory.

However, these were just additional benefits, Yang Jian wasn't too concerned.

After all, he was not short of money anymore.

"Contact Li Yang, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, and them. Let them come to my office, oh, include Zhang Han as well." Yang Jian said as he handed over the phone.

"Okay, got it."

Zhang Liqin combed her hair beside her ear and took the phone, nodding in response.

Arriving at Shangtong Tower.

"Greetings, President Yang."

"President Yang."

Employees coming in and out of the company continuously greeted Yang Jian.

The vibrancy in Dachang City had largely recovered, with Shangtong Tower being at the forefront. The office staff here was now considerable, with various departments operating swiftly.

Zhang Liqin followed closely by his side, walking towards the exclusive elevator for the top floors amidst the envious and jealous looks from many young female employees.

Though she was officially Yang Jian's secretary.

But everyone knew that her relationship with Yang Jian was not ordinary.

"President Yang, they said they'll be here in about half an hour,"

In the elevator, Zhang Liqin reported the earlier events.

Yang Jian nodded.

"Oh, President Yang, there's one more thing," suddenly, Zhang Liqin hesitated slightly as she spoke.

"What is it?"

Zhang Liqin looked at Yang Jian, her eyes somewhat strange, as if mixed with a bit of resentment: "A woman came to Shangtong Tower the day before yesterday looking for you, the person you mentioned last time, Chen Shumei, Zang Hua received her, she is currently staying in the tower's apartment."

Chen Shumei?

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

She was Xiong Wenwen's mother.

"She wants to meet me?" Yang Jian asked.

"She has made appointments several times, almost coming to the office every day to wait for you. Zang Hua mentioned that she is involved in some important matters and asked me to take extra care of her, so I dared not be careless and tacitly allowed her behavior. At this point in time, she should be in your office."

Zhang Liqin said.

"If that's the case, then let's meet. Some issues indeed need to be handled urgently," Yang Jian replied.

As the elevator opened, he arrived at the office.

At this moment.

On the office sofa sat a mature, intellectual woman, looking somewhat worn but still beautiful and gentle, a naturally stunning beauty.

But nearly in her thirties, this natural beauty had blossomed into sensuality, charming.

"Aunt Chen, it's been a while, welcome to Dachang City."

Yang Jian greeted her with an expressionless, formal manner.

"Yang, Captain Yang?"

Chen Shumei was initially startled, but upon seeing Yang Jian, her beautiful eyes brightened and she excitedly stood up, straightening her slender waist.

Zhang Liqin watched with envy.

This woman's every gesture exuded beauty, elegance, and charm, not at all vulgar.

It was something innate, something that no surgery or beautification apps could achieve.

Even Yang Jian, who was generally unemotional, admitted in his heart that Xiong Wenwen's mother was indeed a great beauty.

She was the prettiest woman he had seen so far, of course, excluding that Photoshopped anomaly, Huang Ziya.

"Captain Yang, the last time you came to my home, I didn't get to host you properly, I am truly sorry for the inconvenience today," Chen Shumei apologized to Yang Jian with a sense of shame.

Yang Jian said, "It doesn't matter, I didn't mind such a small thing. Are you getting accustomed to living in Dachang City?"

"Yes."

Chen Shumei nodded, "The environment here is good; thank you Captain Yang for your care and also thanks to Miss Zhang for looking after me these past few days."

Zhang Liqin smiled gently, "I was just following President Yang's orders, it's what I should do. Honestly, I was worried that I wasn't taking good enough care of you these past few days, as Miss Chen is a very important guest of President Yang, and I dare not neglect her."

"Please, have a seat."

Yang Jian gestured, then sat down on the opposite sofa.

"Captain Yang, it's like this, I contacted Minister Cao using your contact details you left. He told me that you have a way to save Wenwen, is that true?"

Chen Shumei just took a seat and immediately opened the conversation urgently.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment and said, "The matter with Xiong Wenwen is rather special, even somewhat complex, not something that can be explained in a few words, it involves a supernatural event."

"I don't understand those confidential matters, I just want to know if Wenwen can still be saved? Minister Cao said that Wenwen is not dead and is now with you, Captain Yang. I just want to see Wenwen, to see how he is doing now, Captain Yang, please let me see Wenwen,"

she pleaded with Yang Jian, almost begging.

Yang Jian sighed softly, "Cao Yanhua is indeed capable, sending you to find me and passing the problem to me."

"Xiong Wenwen is indeed with me, but seeing him in his current state won't do you any good. Alright, I won't hide things anymore, this matter indeed needs to be handled today. It's not good to delay any longer; come with me."

He stood up and headed towards a partition in the office.

In the partition was a door, resembling a bank vault door, very thick.

This door didn't use a key but a mechanical combination because electronic codes could fail, making mechanical more reliable.

After spending some time to open the door, inside was a not-so-large room.

This was a temporary safe house.

If there was an urgent matter, this safe house could shelter a dozen people.

At this moment, the room seemed somewhat empty.

"Wenwen."

Suddenly, Chen Shumei saw a child, about ten years old, standing motionless in a corner.

Though she couldn't see clearly, she felt it was her son, Xiong Wenwen.

However, as she excitedly and joyfully approached to embrace him, the room's lights were turned on by Yang Jian.

The appearance of the child standing in the dimness was fully revealed.

It was not a human at all.

But a paper figure that looked exactly like Xiong Wenwen.

The paper figure was vividly lifelike, except for its slightly abnormal skin color, it seemed no different from an ordinary person.

"Ah!"

Chen Shumei was startled, she instinctively stepped back and bumped into Yang Jian.

Yang Jian, expressionless, steadied her and said, "This is a very special paper figure, a product of the supernatural, made in the likeness of Xiong Wenwen. However, this matter has nothing to do with me; it involves some arrangements made by the headquarters, about which I'm not at liberty to say more."

He picked up a gold box from a nearby shelf.

After opening it, there was a black-and-white photograph inside.

In the photograph, Xiong Wenwen looked terrified and afraid, as if experiencing something horribly frightening at the moment the picture was taken.

"Here you go."

Yang Jian handed the photograph to Chen Shumei: "This is your son, Xiong Wenwen."

Chen Shumei subconsciously took it and glanced at it: "This, this is just Wenwen's photo."

"It is a photo indeed, but Xiong Wenwen is currently in this photo," Yang Jian revealed a cruel truth.

"What?"

Chen Shumei was initially stunned, then realizing something, her face turned pale, she felt dizzy and appeared unable to withstand the huge shock, nearly fainting.

"Miss Chen."

Zhang Liqin hurried to assist her to sit down at the side.

Regardless of whether Chen Shumei could accept it or not, Yang Jian continued, "Previously, Li Jun recruited Xiong Wenwen for the Ghost Painting event, where Xiong Wenwen used a bizarre camera designed for ghost use, but there was a possibility of malfunction. Because of the malfunction of that supernatural item, Xiong Wenwen was trapped inside the photo, which resulted in his current state."

"Later, the headquarters suggested that this eerie photo of Xiong Wenwen should be handed to me because they believed I might have a way to resurrect Xiong Wenwen again."

"However, bringing the dead back to life carries certain risks, and I didn't act immediately. It's not only that I needed to observe for a while, but I also needed to seek your opinion."

"After all, you are Xiong Wenwen's mother, and I think it's necessary to get your consent. Now that you're in Dachang City, Aunt Chen, I think it's about time you make a decision about Xiong Wenwen's situation."

"President Yang, isn't it inappropriate to talk about this now, Miss Chen seems unable to take such a big shock."

Zhang Liqin felt Chen Shumei trembling all over.

She didn't know if it was fear, grief, or despair.

"She's not as fragile as you think."

Yang Jian calmly said, "Don't underestimate a mother's strength, you wouldn't understand since you've never had children."

He could see it.

What truly terrified Chen Shumei was not the supernatural itself, but losing Xiong Wenwen.

"Yang, Captain Yang, what should I do? Please help me, please save Wenwen, no matter what, as long as there's a sliver of hope, I want Wenwen to live again. The last incident was my fault; I shouldn't have let Wenwen leave with Li Jun, otherwise things wouldn't have ended up like this."

She was crying, pleading, and blaming herself.

Her emotions were complex, showing extreme pain.

Zhang Liqin couldn't help but comfort her: "Miss Chen, don't worry, it will get better, don't be too sad, everything is up to President Yang, he will handle things well, you must believe in President Yang....."

While comforting, Zhang Liqin didn't know why she felt an immense sense of relief.

As a common person victimized in a supernatural event, if it weren't for Yang Jian, she would have died long ago, dying in fear and torment.

Even if she hadn't died at that time and had survived by luck, she would have broken down, gone mad afterward.

Because there was no hope in sight, no sense of safety around her.

Only after being with Yang Jian was Zhang Liqin gradually able to overcome those terrifying shadows and slowly return to normal.

"Brother Tui, are you there? We've arrived. Where are you?" At that moment.

From outside in the office, the voice of Feng Quan was heard.

At the same time, Li Yang, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, and Zhang Han also arrived.

"I'm over here."

Yang Jian went out to greet the newly arrived teammates.

Chapter 809 Team of 7 People

Today.

The office on the top floor of Shangtong Tower is relatively lively.

Yang Jian, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Li Yang, Huang Ziya, Zhang Han, a total of six Ghost Eaters gathered together, such a number and personnel configuration are an immense force that cannot be ignored anywhere.

Ghost Eaters are not as common as cabbages on the streets.

They are a rare existence.

Even on Ye Zhen's supernatural forum, there are at most around ten administrators.

Not every Ghost Eater is qualified; some ordinary people become Ghost Eaters by luck, but lack the quality and capability, usually dying quickly, or if not, their sanity eroded by fierce spirits, becoming abnormal, unable to function as team members.

So, the Ghost Eaters who survive and possess both ability and quality are not many.

"Just now, I thought I heard a woman crying in the next room. Captain, you weren't doing something bad, were you?" Huang Ziya's flawless face showed a meaningful smile.

"Oh, does Brother Tui have such interests? Share it with us?" Feng Quan, the seasoned trickster, chimed in from the side.

Tong Qian scoffed lightly: "Boring, it's all ghosts now, who would be interested in that stuff."

"Elder Sister Tong Qian, don't say that, actually, if you want, I can help you get back your previous body, guaranteed to make men's hearts flutter and women jealous."

Huang Ziya played with the dark crystal pendant hanging on her neck.

A very cheap item, at most ten yuan each if bought outside.

But the crystal pendant imprisoned a fierce spirit.

A fierce spirit that can impact real objects.

Including the bodies of the living.

"No need, I've gotten used to this, and it's pretty good, sparing me from some disgusting men's thoughts."

Tong Qian actually refused the proposal to restore her normal body.

"Elder Sister Tong Qian, it's a pity for you not to live as a beautiful woman."

Huang Ziya said: "Look at me, just walking around the building a while ago, I don't know how many people were stunned."

Her finger gently traced in front of her.

An astonishing and perfect curve emerged, akin to a ghost in movies, mesmerizingly beautiful.

However, none of the people present were interested in her.

After all, most of them had seen Huang Ziya's real appearance, just a common woman tormented by a fierce spirit, now she was like wearing a mask, the beauty was temporary, and if the problem of ghost resurrection couldn't be resolved, becoming ugly again was just a matter of time.

Tong Qian didn't respond, but the crying from the next room concerned her, she stood up and said, "I'll go check it out."

After speaking, she glanced suspiciously at Yang Jian.

"You didn't really do something excessive, did you?"

"Don't look at me like that, I, Yang Jian, am pure and flawless in my life, never bullying others with power, if there are any bad rumors outside, they must be someone spending money on paid trolls to spread them," said Yang Jian.

At this time, Li Yang said, "Captain Yang, the one crying inside should be Xiong Wenwen's mother, I saw her this morning, last time Leuk San left a paper figure for Xiong Wenwen, most likely for this matter."

"Leuk San's paper figure? That guy is very mysterious, I heard about him when I was in charge of Dachang City, he's a Ghost Eater who has lived for a long time," Feng Quan said.

His term 'lived for a long time' means at least more than a year.

In the world of Ghost Eaters, that's considered quite long.

"The situation is like this..."

Yang Jian briefly explained the situation about the ghost drawing and Xiong Wenwen's matter to the others so that everyone understood the whole story.

"So, Captain, you want to resurrect Xiong Wenwen?" Huang Ziya understood and her expression became a bit somber.

After all, reviving the dead carries taboos.

This is especially true in the supernatural community, because you don't know if the resurrected person is really the same person.

Feng Quan said, "There are certain risks, but the conditions for resurrection are all met, truly worth a try, HQ has considered it thoroughly, we have the methods, just waiting for Brother Tui's approval, just didn't expect Brother Tui you would delay until now, if it were me, I would have tried last time."

"Out of respect, we still need to consult Xiong Wenwen's mother Chen Shumei's opinion, after all, once there's any anomaly in Xiong Wenwen's resurrection, I will have to step in to detain him, and also, using a paper figure left by Leuk San as the body for resurrection, it's uncertain whether there will be any hidden issues."

"Of course, Chen Shumei also has to accept the harsh reality that her son has become a paper figure."

"This is indeed cruel for a mother, if the attachment isn't that strong, letting her child rest in peace might not be a bad thing," Zhang Han remarked from the other side.

His child is only one year old.

If his child became like this, he might not choose to save him.

It's not that I don't want to.

But living as a paper effigy is too cruel for a child.

Rather than living a life neither human nor ghostly, it's better to rest in peace.

Yang Jian said, "That's why I can't make decisions for Xiong Wenwen, the choice is in Chen Shumei's hands, and that's what we were just discussing."

"Seeing one's own son turn into a photograph, that's indeed devastating," Huang Ziya idly played with her thick, black hair, thoughtfully speaking.

Yang Jian said, "This isn't urgent, let Chen Shumei think it over. The reason I called everyone today is to discuss forming a team."

"Although I am the team leader, at headquarters I'm merely a name. In actuality, it's no different from having resigned. Currently, I'm only responsible for the safety of this city of Dachang City and some surrounding towns and villages. My jurisdiction isn't large, so I don't have many team formation slots."

"Just seven."

Team slots are crucial. Without them at Yang Jian's disposal, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Li Yang, headquarters would've ordered their reassignment.

Because most of the members are under the name of headquarters.

With these slots, as long as Yang Jian is capable, he could directly recruit up to seven members, and headquarters would turn a blind eye.

"Brother Tui, does that mean our team can only have these few people?" Feng Quan asked.

Huang Ziya said, "This number of people is enough. An overseas ghost control team generally consists of about five people, a seven-person team isn't small."

"Team Leader Yang, it looks like we don't even have seven people yet, we're not at full strength."

Li Yang counted the numbers, including himself, Tong Qian, Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, Zhang Han, and Yang Jian, that makes six.

"For now, it's just us. We'll fill the remaining slots gradually. I've considered Zhang Lei before, he's quite unique, but his condition seems rather bad, so I've tasked him with solving the ghost resurrection issue. Not sure if he can handle it. Of course, I'm also considering Xiong Wenwen, assuming he truly can be resurrected."

As Yang Jian spoke, he glanced again in the direction of the safe house.

Chen Shumei's crying had stopped, her emotions should have recovered quite a bit.

"That Zhang Lei, code-named Ghost Eater?"

Feng Quan pondered and said, "Indeed, he is a very special person, but he's too prone to ghost resurrection, obviously the ghosts he controls are terrifying. If we don't solve this problem, adding him to the team might disrupt stability, which would rather be a bad thing."

"Xiong Wenwen is good, his Premonition Ability is very important, it's worth fighting for."

Yang Jian said, "I'm working on this, so let's tentatively settle on these team members for now. Also, I will arrange for you all to move into Guanjiang Residential Complex, and of course, your families, relatives, and friends can move there too. I'll have my secretary arrange the houses."

"Is it free?" Li Yang asked.

"Of course, one villa per person, plus usage rights to a safe house. As for relatives and friends, they won't have it as good, only ordinary apartments will be given," Yang Jian stated.

"That's enough, people like us don't even know how long we'll live, having too much is pointless," Feng Quan said, not as a hedonist, but as someone with ideals and ambitions.

Yang Jian continued, "That's why the aftermath needs to be well arranged. Besides, I will have my secretary provide each of you with a share transfer document later, one-tenth of the company's shares per person. If someone happens to die, these shares can serve as an inheritance, to be inherited by parents and offspring."

"Can I ask roughly how much it is?" Li Yang curiously asked.

"I'm not sure, at least over ten billion per share, though it's not comparable to those global top 500 listed companies, but ensuring that your families and relatives live well is no issue. However, you can only receive dividends annually from the shares, they are not for sale. I hope you understand, I wouldn't want the company's shares to be bought and sold until it collapses eventually, after all, everyone must be considered," Yang Jian articulated earnestly, earlier he had discussed this issue with Zhang Liqin who had been working at the company and had gained ample knowledge; it was her idea.

"Brother Tui, you've really struck it rich, so generous," Feng Quan joked with a smile.

"These are just minor details," Yang Jian casually said, waving his hand and continuing, "Let's continue discussing the team issues. Every team needs a leader, a Boss. Naturally, the first team leader will be me, but everyone has the possibility of dying, so if I die, who will be the second team leader?"

"I definitely don't want to be the team leader," Huang Ziya stated bluntly.

She believed she lacked such ability.

"It should be between me and Elder Sister Tong Qian," Feng Quan considered for a moment before stepping forward.

The team members were still too inexperienced, Li Yang, Huang Ziya, and Zhang Han could only be considered newcomers. The capable ones were only Elder Sister Tong Qian and himself.

"If no one else objects, the second team leader will be Feng Quan, the third will be Tong Qian... and so on down the line, whoever is still alive is responsible for this team," Yang Jian declared.

"Let's continue discussing other issues..."

The emergence of a team isn't just about coming together; it requires tying interests as well as establishing rules.

It's also to ensure that if someone suddenly dies, the team can still continue.

Because the existence of this team isn't just for dealing with supernatural events, but rather for survival in unity,

according to Yang Jian's ideology.

Even if several team members die, as long as this team exists, their parents, family members, and siblings will have enough benefits to avoid being deserted when in need.

Chapter 810 Bizarre

After a thorough discussion.

Yang Jian's team has initially taken shape smoothly, with no conflicts or disagreements; what remains is for members to familiarize with each other and gradually adjust.

"Let's tentatively settle the team matters like this for now, and we can discuss the remaining issues slowly later. It's getting late, let's have a meal first, and in the afternoon I will show you around Dachang City and arrange for your accommodation in Guanjiang Residential Complex."

He glanced at the time and did not continue.

"Zhang Liqin." Afterwards, Yang Jian called out again.

"President Yang, what's the matter?"

Zhang Liqin hurriedly came out from the adjacent safe house.

Yang Jian said, "Help me get the meals from the cafeteria, we will eat here later."

"Okay." Zhang Liqin immediately turned around and left.

"By the way, Brother Tui, I heard you and Li Yang are investigating a supernatural incident recently; can you talk about it? If help is needed, we can all take action together." Suddenly, Feng Quan asked.

"It's about the Ghost Post Office in Dahan City, involving some artifacts from the Republic of China Period. It has just started and currently does not require assistance, but if needed, we will ask for your help," Yang Jian spoke, not intending to hide anything.

Feng Quan continued, "I've also been investigating the recent matter involving Pei Dong, who has suffered from the Pendulum Clock Curse. I plan to identify the location of this curse, which might solve the problem of ghost resurrection. Pei Dong has lived a long time through this curse; although it's risky, it's worth a try."

"That matter could use some time to follow up with."

Yang Jian nodded: "You alone might not be enough, see if Tong Qian has time to accompany you there."

"I will ask her shortly," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian mentioned, "If it gets dangerous, just contact us, or you could delay it until I finish investigating the Ghost Post Office matter, then take action."

"Don't worry, Brother Tui, I am cautious now, having learned from the last lesson," Feng Quan said.

During their conversation.

At this moment, Tong Qian walked in with Chen Shumei, looking at Yang Jian, and directly spoke, "Miss Chen has made a decision, asking for your help in resurrecting Xiong Wenwen. What do you think?"

Yang Jian set aside the previous topic and looked towards Chen Shumei.

Chen Shumei was no longer crying; her emotions had stabilized. She said, "Captain Yang, I plead with you."

Yang Jian gestured and said, "For me, it's just a minor effort. But Aunt Chen you should be aware that after resurrection, Xiong Wenwen will no longer be a living human. He won't have the body of a living person. Did you see that paper figure in the room earlier? That's the body prepared by the association headquarters for Xiong Wenwen. He will be resurrected in that paper figure."

"Moreover, unless unforeseen, Xiong Wenwen will stay like that for life, and won't be able to return to being a normal person."

"I, I understand."

Chen Shumei bit her lip, struggling and in pain internally. Yet despite this, she still didn't want to lose Xiong Wenwen.

"That's just one aspect; resurrecting Xiong Wenwen might carry risks. If the resurrection fails, or if the wrong entity is resurrected, all of us will take action to deal with it immediately. Even if you, Aunt Chen, want to stop it, we won't agree," Yang Jian added.

"I understand this as well," Chen Shumei nodded, prepared to take the gamble.

"Captain, actually I could arrange a living body for Xiong Wenwen. Wouldn't that solve the problem?"

On the sofa, Huang Ziya ran her fingers over a crystal pendant at her neck and added a reminder.

Depending on the Deceiving Ghost to alter reality.

Maybe a body could be created out of thin air.

"It's not that simple. When Xiong Wenwen was trapped in the photo, he was already in the stage of ghost resurrection. It was just that the Ghost Camera went out of control and forcibly interrupted the process. Thus, an ordinary human body cannot host Xiong Wenwen; a special body is needed, otherwise, the moment of resurrection might invite ghost possession," Yang Jian explained.

"The headquarters' solution is to use Leuk San's paper figure. This paper figure possesses supernatural power and should be able to counteract the ghost within Xiong Wenwen's body. Of course, failure is still a possibility."

"It's just a higher probability than with an ordinary body."

Yang Jian explained the reasons,

"I see," Huang Ziya realized upon hearing this.

Yang Jian said again, "Since Aunt Chen has made up her mind, let it be this way, we will resurrect Xiong Wenwen this afternoon."

"I entrust everything to Captain Yang." Chen Shumei was somewhat excited, but more nervous and uneasy.

"I have conditions too. If Xiong Wenwen is successfully resurrected, she must join my team, and you cannot interfere with how I use her."

Yang Jian then looked at her and said, "After all, we must keep matters separate. I hope you can understand that. If you can't, reject it now."

Chen Shumei's eyes hesitated slightly, understanding that Captain Yang was willing to spend time finding a way to save Xiong Wenwen not because of her pleas, but because of Wenwen's value.

After all, her beauty has no appeal in front of this Captain Yang.

"I, I agree to Captain Yang. If Wenwen successfully comes back to life, I will let her join your team, Captain Yang, and I won't interfere."

Chen Shumei struggled inwardly and had no room to refuse, only able to agree.

"He is still a child, isn't reuniting with his family a good thing? Why drag him into the supernatural circle?" Tong Qian helped to interject.

Yang Jian calmly said, "Because Xiong Wenwen is a ghost master, it's just that simple."

"Being a supernatural being, how could she possibly live a peaceful life with ordinary people."

Tong Qian paused for a moment, thought of her own experiences, and that of her presence making her family and relatives really fearful of her.

Sometimes they even trembled when talking to her.

With a helpless sigh in her heart, she didn't say anything further.

At this time, Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan pushed in the food cart filled with a variety of exquisite, fresh food, clearly not the employee meals from the canteen but specially prepared by the head chef of the cafeteria arranged by Zhang Liqin.

"It's time to eat, everyone, I hope the food here meets everyone's taste," said Zhang Liqin with a smile.

At that moment, Jiang Yan left the food cart and came over, giggling and sat down beside Yang Jian, clinging to his arm, coquettishly asking, "Haven't seen me for a few days, did you miss me?"

"No," Yang Jian replied truthfully.

"I don't believe that, Elder Sister Qin told me you asked where I went as soon as you arrived."

Jiang Yan squinted her eyes, smiling even happier, "By the way, guess how much investment I brought in for you yesterday?"

After speaking, she tilted her head back slightly, appearing as if waiting for praise.

"Not interested," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan suddenly pouted and kept staring at Yang Jian.

"Captain, she's not your girlfriend, is she? She looks plain, nothing special, her figure isn't good, neither is her height, not to mention her chest... tsk tsk," Huang Ziya remarked, glancing over Jiang Yan with a mocking laugh.

Jiang Yan immediately got infuriated like a provoked hen and immediately turned her head to look over.

She hadn't paid attention earlier.

Now taking a closer look, she noticed a woman of perfect figure and unbelievable beauty sitting across on the couch.

Long thick black hair hanging down to her pert buttocks, a slender waist as if drawn from an anime, so perfect it was almost unbelievable, with a stunning chest that could rival Elder Sister Qin's, no, by estimation, about the same.

"Damn, what does this girl eat to grow up like that, not gaining weight anywhere else?" A jealous cry echoed inside Jiang Yan's heart.

She felt defeated the very first moment their eyes met.

This is a woman that even women would be envious of.

Thus, Jiang Yan's momentum was instantly suppressed, she meekly muttered, "It's none of your business, after all, I am Yang Jian's girlfriend, and I can go back to Yang Jian's hometown to meet relatives during the New Year."

"She doesn't seem too smart and from any perspective, does not match up to you, Captain. Why not consider breaking up with her and try dating me? Just give me a nod, Captain, and I could be yours tonight. The strongest captain deserves the first beauty of the supernatural circle, that's a match," Huang Ziya teased with a raised eyebrow and a light laugh.

At these words, Jiang Yan suddenly became inexplicably panicked and uneasy, feeling a huge threat.

Her heart suddenly became chaotic.

For a moment, she felt totally out of place, as if she was about to be abandoned and left behind.

The gentle smile on Zhang Liqin's face next to her also stiffened.

She had never imagined that this exceptionally beautiful woman had been harboring feelings for Yang Jian and was so brazen about it, daring to speak such words in front of so many people.

"She wouldn't really accept, right?" Zhang Liqin's heart was also pounding.

If Jiang Yan were to be broken up with, her position as a secretary wouldn't fare much better; resignation wouldn't be far off.

When a new person rises, the old ones must exit.

If it were someone else, it wouldn't have come to this.

But this woman named Huang Ziya was too dazzling, with such beauty and figure, it was as if she was created by computer editing, flawless, a temptation no man could resist.

Jiang Yan couldn't dare to speak by this point, her eyes brimming with tears as she looked up at Yang Jian.

Her expression was like that of a little wife about to be abandoned, pitiful and helpless.

On the other hand, Li Yang, Feng Quan, and Tong Qian simply didn't care about this affair, calmly continuing to eat.

Zhang Han paused for a moment as he looked up, but soon he buried his head back in his food and drink, thinking to himself: What a messy circle.

"You are stirring up trouble. If you do this again next time, I will expose your true form," Yang Jian said calmly.

Huang Ziya's gaze shrank, and she said with a scoff, "No, no, you're the team leader, you call the shots. I take back my words from earlier, I will absolutely not say them in front of your little girlfriend again."

She definitely didn't want to revert to her original form.

Although her previous appearance wasn't ugly, she couldn't accept it now.

It's hard to transition from extravagance to frugality.

"Brother Tui will not be interested in you, you might as well give up. You are just a pretty shell, but who dares to touch you? Maybe at night while sleeping, one might accidentally be strangled to death by your hair. Even if not strangled, waking up to see your true form one day might scare someone to death."

"That's nothing compared to others who are youthful, cute, and full of vitality," Feng Quan commented while eating.

Huang Ziya was still full of confidence: "That's why the team leader fits my criteria better."

Feng Quan didn't bother with her anymore, as long as she didn't pester him, let Brother Tui deal with the headache.

Seeing this, Jiang Yan breathed a slight sigh of relief, but the crisis was far from over; she still watched Huang Ziya with full alertness, as if viewing a rival in love.

Yang Jian did not waste more time on this issue, instead turning to say, "After we finish eating, we will return to Guanjiang Residential Complex in the afternoon to prepare for the resurrection of Xiong Wenwen."

"Thank you, Team Yang," said Chen Shumei, who had been silent and graceful.

Yang Jian waved his hand to indicate, no more words, and began to eat.

"Is there another one?"

Jiang Yan stared sharply at Chen Shumei for a long time.

Damn it.

Another beauty more gorgeous than me.

Where did all these people come from? How come there was no hint of them before?

"Bang, bang bang."

During the meal, a dull thumping sound came from the room next door, oppressive and eerie.

Tong Qian put down her chopsticks and looked over: "What's inside that coffin in your safe house?"

She was sensitive to sounds, immediately identifying the source of the noise.

A coffin?

Jiang Yan's face tightened instantly, and she stealthily looked at Yang Jian, not daring to speak recklessly.

She knew the reason; the coffin had been brought from Yang Jian's hometown, and it contained a corpse... and also a ghost.

The others became alert instantly.

"Don't be nervous, this is just some normal noise that happens occasionally," Yang Jian said composedly as he stood up and walked into the adjacent safe room.

He took out the paper figurine, then closed the safe room.

"I keep the coffin inside for safety regularly, but it wouldn't be a problem even if I left it outside casually, as it houses a ghost, which is currently in a particular state."

"A ghost? Isn't that very dangerous?" Feng Quan asked in amazement.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment; "Yes, it would indeed be very dangerous if it revived. If we really faced it, all of us together might end up annihilated."

"An S-class fierce ghost?" Li Yang widened his eyes.

"In a sense, yes. But don't worry, I am trying to control that ghost. If successful, whether domestically or abroad, we will become the strongest team of ghost controllers," Yang Jian said.

"Right now, it is just a nascent aberration," added Yang Jian.

"What kind of aberration?" Tong Qian asked. "Like me?"

She was an aberration created by Yang Jian.

Yang Jian shook his head: "No, you are an aberration among the ghost controllers, but this thing is an aberration among the ghosts. If it needs a name, I think it should be called... a Ghoul."

"Ghoul? How so?" Tong Qian frowned.

Yang Jian explained, "It's not human, nor is it a ghost, but a monster similar to a ghost. I think this term is more fitting."

Tong Qian nodded, not asking any further.

"What are the chances it's controllable?" Feng Quan asked curiously.

If it's a controllable aberration, that would be a good thing.

Everyone had seen the Ghost Child next to Yang Jian; well-controlled, a great assistant, and with enormous potential.

In supernatural incidents, such an entity is often more useful than a ghost controller.

Yang Jian thought for a moment: "The first stage is already completed; now it's in the Second Stage, and the chances are quite high. As for what the final product will be like, I don't know either. It involves some old, sensitive issues, but I can't discuss these right now; you will understand once the results come out."

"That really is something to look forward to," Feng Quan remarked wistfully.

Of course, it was worth the anticipation.

Yang Jian was also very much looking forward to it.

That was a legacy left by his deceased father.

Unable to inherit rural fish ponds and fields, inheriting a ghost wasn't bad either.

"Captain, you talk about such confidential matters so casually; aren't you worried about leaks?" Huang Ziya remarked.

Yang Jian smiled, "Even I don't know the method to control this ghost. If anyone wants to try, they can go ahead, but don't blame me if they end up dead."

That was a Ghost Dream.

An unsolvable fierce ghost capable of entering dreams to kill.

Any other ghost controller daring to eye this ghostly entity would unknowingly be courting death.

Hearing this, everyone shivered, their curiosity instantly washed completely clean.

An unknown, uncontrollable fierce ghost.

Who would dare to open the coffin to take a look?