

Revival 1001

Chapter 1001 The Erased Path

Yang Jian sat on the black Taishi Chair, with another chair directly opposite him.

Through this method, they trapped the recipient between these two chairs, unable to leave. After waiting for a while, the eerie and mysterious recipient finally emerged.

It was a vague figure, but it could still be discerned that the figure was sitting directly opposite Yang Jian, sitting upright.

This vague figure could only be seen by him; others couldn't see it at all because they didn't have the black Taishi Chair as a medium. Besides, this vague figure was becoming clearer, as if seeping over through the chair from some unknown supernatural place, or perhaps Yang Jian himself was also influenced.

Maybe it wasn't the recipient who appeared. To the recipient, the one who appeared might be Yang Jian.

Entities that do not exist in reality seemed to intersect at this moment.

Yang Jian stared at the figure in front of him.

The blurry silhouette became increasingly real, and gradually the person's appearance, facial features started to emerge.

Even before it fully revealed itself, Yang Jian could be sure that the recipient should not be a ghost.

Because the face looked somewhat familiar, as if he had seen it somewhere before. He was recalling, digging through past memories, seemingly trying to remember this small detail.

Where exactly had he seen this person before?

No.

To be precise, where had he seen this somewhat familiar face?

"Is it one of the portraits on the tombstones among the five old graves in Old Lin?" Yang Jian pondered, but quickly dismissed the thought.

Although there were indeed a few unfamiliar faces in the photos on the tombstones, none of them matched the person in front of him. To be more direct, none of the portraits on the tombstones looked as perfect as the person in front of him.

Yes.

Perfect.

To put it better, handsome.

This was a very handsome man, but his face was pale, as if devoid of blood, and his eyes conveyed a strange numbness. This numbness wasn't the kind of emotionless void but seemed like numbness after enduring immense torment, suggesting that this recipient had undergone tremendous suffering.

"That's right, I remember now."

Yang Jian continued to gaze at the increasingly clear person in front of him, with more and more things resurfacing in his mind, until a flash of insight confirmed a memory fragment.

He hadn't met this person, but he had seen this person's portrait.

This person's portrait had appeared on the wall of the living room in Apartment 31 of Dachuan City.

It was an oil painting portrait or perhaps a photograph from the Republic of China Period, depicting a handsome young man dressed elegantly.

"That person should be dead, so why would he appear here?" Yang Jian's mind was filled with confusion and puzzlement.

The figure that emerged was now almost in a real state but seemed to be subjected to interference and obstruction, with incomplete presentation in some parts of his body, the missing places remaining vague.

"There is no such man among the ownerless graves, so is this man the seventh person of this mansion?"

"Then what is his relationship with that old lady in Apartment 31?"

A mystery surfaced.

There seemed to be some connections; this ancient mansion, Apartment 301, and the Ghost Post Office were all intertwined, stirring stories of ghost tamers from the Republic of China Period.

This thought had barely emerged in Yang Jian's mind before he quickly suppressed it.

Thinking about these things was meaningless.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian immediately took out the red letter and attempted to place it in the recipient's hand.

As long as the delivery was successful, this task would be complete, and the rest would be simple.

However, the recipient's numb eyes slightly turned, staring at the red letter in Yang Jian's hand, and did not reach out to take it. Those hands never lifted, yet after a moment of silence, a light sigh was uttered, a sigh filled with loneliness, helplessness, and a sense of relief.

"He can see my letter."

"But he doesn't want to receive this letter."

"His sigh indicates that the content of the letter is unimportant; the red letter is more like a signal, a means of communication for ghost tamers from the Republic of China Period."

"The moment the signal appears, he understands everything."

Yang Jian observed the expression changes on the face in front of him. A sigh and a look could analyze a lot of information.

It was evident that this delivery task was simply to convey a signal.

As soon as the red letter appeared in front of this recipient, the Ghost Post Office's goal had already been achieved.

Yang Jian didn't care much, whether this person wanted the letter or not.

He immediately placed the red letter into the hand of the person in front of him.

The moment the letter left his hand.

The Ghost Post Office's delivery task was complete.

"The red letter disappeared."

Yet, in the eyes of others, the red letter Yang Jian was holding eerily vanished from view after leaving his hand.

As if taken by an invisible person.

"It's successful. The delivery task is complete," said Leuk Qingqing.

"Thrills with no danger, truly wonderful," Yang Xiaohua breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that she survived this delivery task.

Unbelievable that an ordinary person like her could even possibly reach the fifth floor of the post office.

"Is that all?" Zhou Deng glanced around, finding the conclusion of this matter disappointingly anticlimactic, expecting something unexpected to happen.

It turned out to be safer than the past few days, with the delivery process virtually hazard-free.

However, when the letter reached the hand of the person opposite Yang Jian.

An unexpected terrifying scene unfolded.

The person in front began to undergo a bizarre transformation. His body started aging, as if time sped up on him, with the skin beginning to wrinkle, spots appearing, and hair falling off... The once youthful, mysterious man now seemed like an aging, decaying corpse.

Moreover, the face underwent an unimaginable change.

That face was no longer youthful but resembled an old man's, causing Yang Jian to feel a jolt of horror.

Because this old man was the exact person he had buried the day before yesterday.

The two of them were the same person.

One was the youthful version, and the other, an old deceased version.

It's unknown why, but the elderly died, while the young one became the recipient, wandering in this mansion in a state of inconceivable existence.

Soon.

The young man completely vanished, leaving only the decayed old man on the opposing Taishi Chair.

The stench of decay permeated the air, a chilling aura spread.

A corpse of an old man suddenly emerged, clutching that red letter in its hand, but now, that red letter appeared as though it had been preserved for many years, with even the envelope slightly aged and faded.

No longer vibrant.

"Yang Jian, what's going on?" Zhou Deng was startled, stepping back repeatedly.

He also saw the corpse on the black Taishi Chair.

That was clearly the old man's corpse from the coffin.

Why.

Why did the old man's corpse suddenly appear right in front of us, could it be that the recipient was it?

"Didn't I bury this corpse earlier? How did it end up here?"

Leuk Qingqing and Yang Xiaohua's eyes also widened in terror, instinctively taking several steps back, not daring to approach the old man's corpse.

They couldn't comprehend the situation.

Just as Zhou Deng had said, they had together buried the old man in the coffin yesterday, burying it deep, and the old man in the coffin was very still, not moving.

How did it get out today?

Or perhaps, as soon as we left, the old man had already returned as a fierce ghost and climbed out of the coffin, now returning to the old mansion.

Is this what is meant by the Night of the Returning Spirit?

Not only were they shocked.

Yang Jian, having witnessed all these changes personally, was also very shocked. He felt that this letter seemed to have signaled something significant; otherwise, how could a mere letter cause a handsome, mysterious man to instantly become a wrinkled, deathly still old man's corpse?

"Captain, let's leave quickly. We've delivered the letter successfully, and there's no need to linger here any longer," Li Yang hurriedly shouted.

This old man's corpse is very dangerous.

If it turns into a fierce ghost, it will be the fiercest of them all.

So the best method after completing the letter delivery is to get away, leave this place far behind, and never return.

"Go."

Yang Jian didn't dare to stay either; he thought this letter delivery task was very complicated and broadly connected.

Thus, he quickly bypassed the old man's corpse sitting on the black Taishi Chair in front of him and rapidly distanced himself.

He went to the main hall, directly grabbed Li Yang, carried him on his back, and said to the others, "Follow me."

The others dared not hesitate, quickly following him.

They left the main hall, followed the courtyard, and went to the front yard, attempting to leave. They didn't dare run straight outside because there were fierce ghosts in the Old Lin outside as well.

Now that the letter delivery task was completed, leaving alive became crucial.

"Burn the letter paper and see if we can return to the post office directly," said Yang Jian.

Yang Xiaohua had prepared the letters in advance. She immediately lit one black letter paper with a flame.

The black letter paper burned like a black incense stick, and a plume of smoke wafted and gathered together, making a bizarre winding path appear. At the end of this path stood an old building, and from afar, neon lights of various colors could be seen lit up in front of the building.

"The post office's path appeared. We really succeeded in delivering the letter," Yang Xiaohua said excitedly.

Previously, they had worried that the post office path wouldn't open after a successful delivery, but now it appeared the path did appear.

The post office's retreat method was indeed effective even in such a place.

"Path? What path? I don't see any," Zhou Deng suddenly said.

He couldn't see the path to the post office,

because he wasn't a messenger, unable to use this road to get to the post office.

"No time to care about that," Leuk Qingqing said, quickly stepping onto the path, trying to make her way back to the post office.

But then a terrifying scene unfolded.

The path to the post office in the distance began to disappear, like something was affecting it, making it impossible for the road to stay intact.

From nearby, it felt as though the entire path was being wiped away by something.

"What's happening?" Leuk Qingqing frightenedly stepped back.

Since the road ahead had broken and vanished, she feared if she continued, she might disappear too.

"That thing's coming," Yang Jian said cautiously, his face immediately turning somber.

He recognized this paranormal erasure ability.

It came from that old man's body.

Now.

The old man was likely really returning as a fierce ghost.

"Bang! Bang!"

Two loud sounds came from within the old mansion, as if the black Taishi Chair had collided and fallen to the ground with a thud.

The chair moved.

This indicated that the old man's corpse on the chair also moved.

"The Night of the Returning Spirit is here; surely the old man has returned as a fierce ghost. But no matter how much I guessed, I never thought he would return this way," Yang Jian took a deep breath.

"Let's leave this old mansion first. Worse comes to worst; we can catch a paranormal bus on that road," Zhou Deng suggested.

He also felt things were turning for the worse.

He tried to open the front door,

only to find that the door, which once opened easily, was stuck as if jammed and wouldn't budge an inch.

"The front door won't open," Zhou Deng looked at Yang Jian, showing a hint of shock.

"What about climbing over the wall? The wall isn't high," Yang Xiaohua proposed.

Li Yang replied, "Climb the wall? You think that's a good idea? If the door won't open, climbing over the wall won't get us out. This whole mansion is already affected by the paranormal. You might just climb from the front hall to the main hall; if you don't believe me, I'll show you."

Saying this, he casually tossed a small item from his body.

The object flew over the courtyard wall, but instead of making a sound outside, it echoed from inside the old mansion behind them.

"Did you hear that? The thing I threw didn't land outside; instead, it landed inside the mansion. In other words, we're all trapped now," Li Yang explained.

He had experienced many paranormal events, so he wasn't surprised by such occurrences.

In such places, everything was chaotic.

"No matter how bizarre a place is, there's always an exit. Finding it means leaving," Zhou Deng said, rubbing his chin. "This is a paranormal loophole. I understand."

Yang Jian gave him a surprised look.

Although Zhou Deng's explanation wasn't very clear, he was right.

All paranormal places have a gap connecting them to reality, but this gap is very hard to find. Rather, it's nearly impossible to find, and ordinary people would be trapped forever.

"The courtyard, we can leave through the courtyard," suddenly, Leuk Qingqing spoke, her voice unfamiliar.

Yang Jian looked at her.

Leuk Qingqing appeared confused, "Did I just speak?"

"Are you losing control again?"

Yang Jian frowned; the voice just now seemed peculiar, not like Leuk Qingqing's own, but rather like that of a Republic of China Period woman.

Chapter 1002 Floating Crowd

At this moment, everyone had only one thought, which was to evacuate this old mansion and leave here alive.

The letter delivery task is already completed, the recipient received the red letter, and the previously lit letter paper revealing the post office road is the best proof.

In a mail delivery task, only after completing the task can the letter paper be burned.

Otherwise, if the delivery is not completed, burning the letter paper is useless, and the road that connects to the Ghost Post Office will not appear.

The old mansion's main door is tightly shut.

The not-so-high walls, however, blocked everyone's path. It seemed like they could be climbed over, but after climbing over the walls, one was still inside the mansion.

Supernatural Power is affecting this mansion, and it's as if it is sealed off; all seeming exits have been blocked.

But a sentence from Leuk Qingqing directly informed everyone of the exit's location.

Courtyard!

Indeed.

The courtyard connects the mansion with the outside, and there's nothing obstructing the top of the courtyard.

"Is the courtyard really useful?" Zhou Deng expressed doubt.

"It is."

Li Yang recalled, "Do you remember that ghost that turned my hands and feet into shadows left on the ground?"

"The ghost shadow on the wall didn't leave the mansion through the main door or the back door, it exited from the courtyard."

A detail he noticed.

He saw the path the ghost took to leave earlier.

"A ghost left through the courtyard, which means the courtyard is useful. Captain, I think it's worth trying." After speaking, Li Yang looked at Yang Jian.

"Then let's not hesitate, retreat from the courtyard, and everything else will be resolved once we leave the mansion." Yang Jian didn't suspect Leuk Qingqing's words.

Because it wasn't Leuk Qingqing speaking just now, but the voice of that Republican era woman.

This indicates.

The woman from the Republican era is still influencing Leuk Qingqing, and her consciousness hasn't completely dissipated, just lying dormant within Leuk Qingqing's body.

"The black Taishi Chair inside the mansion just fell to the ground, and that old man's corpse has started to move, so now there's only one ghost left in this mansion. The risk of going back is very high, so we must move quickly." Yang Jian said.

The others agreed.

"Then let's act."

Since there were no objections, they immediately chose to turn back.

The area of the mansion isn't very large.

They just needed to pass through a corridor from the front yard, which didn't seem very difficult.

But as soon as they turned and moved forward, the mansion ahead suddenly became especially dark, with a haze seemingly enveloping the surroundings. Although it wasn't completely dark, their vision was greatly affected.

This feeling was like when they had previously entered the old woods outside.

In some way, the two were somewhat similar.

It's unknown whether the old woods affected the mansion after it became unbalanced, or if the revived old man's corpse is influencing everything.

But none of this mattered.

The group's speed in retracing their steps was swift, and shortly they re-entered the main hall.

The Supernatural Power affected the mansion, yet it seemingly hadn't changed the layout; the courtyard was still there. Looking up, there was still faint light shining down, dispersing some of the surrounding darkness.

"The Ghost Domain is being affected again." Yang Jian's face darkened.

His ghost eye's vision was affected, with a feeling that it wanted to close and he couldn't use Ghost Domain.

This mansion seems to already be within the coverage range of a Ghost Domain.

"The paranormal suppression is becoming more severe, just like when we were on the bus. I knew this mansion could suppress the ghost rider's ghost revival, and it turns out it's that old thing causing trouble." Zhou Deng suddenly exclaimed.

It's not just Yang Jian.

The ghost within his body was also being affected.

Li Yang also felt the ghost in his body falling into a dormant state, he said, "When the ghost invaded the mansion during the mourning day, the corpse in the coffin merely sat up and blocked all ghost invasions, achieving a delicate balance. That's exactly why we survived the mourning day."

"Now, I'm afraid this suppression has started to fall on us, and our number is just so few, making it impossible to resist such suppression."

"In this situation, how will we leave through the courtyard? I can't fly." Zhou Deng said.

Fly?

Upon hearing this, Li Yang, Yang Jian, and Leuk Qingqing immediately looked at Yang Xiaohua.

More accurately, at the red balloon in her hand.

They had already learned the rough purpose of this red balloon when they left the Ghost Post Office.

It appeared to be a small balloon but could lift a grown person into the air.

"Maybe this balloon is for use at this time." Yang Xiaohua also realized this: "This balloon can lift all of us out of this courtyard."

"Four people, can it really fly?" Zhou Deng was skeptical.

Yang Jian said, "If it doesn't work, I can walk along the wall all the way, but I'm not sure if walking would allow a smooth exit through the courtyard, as there's a chance of getting lost midway. But using the balloon method is the best because once blocked, the balloon can't fly upwards, eliminating the possibility of getting lost."

The red balloon itself is a supernatural object, with a very low chance of interference.

"The red balloon needs to be tied to one person, and it must be a ghost rider, who among you?" Yang Jian then asked.

He decided to use the red balloon, as it was more secure.

Besides, he believed that since the Ghost Post Office provided the red balloon, it meant that escape was already planned. This planned escape route was more reliable than making decisions on their own.

After all, if this escape route were useless, the messenger would be eliminated, and killing a successful messenger would conflict with the Ghost Post Office's purpose, not aligning with their operations.

"Let me, I just want to try it." Zhou Deng was very curious.

He seemed eager to experience what effect this red balloon had, and why Yang Xiaohua kept it firmly in her hand all these days.

However, Zhou Deng was sure that holding this red balloon shouldn't pose any danger.

"Alright, give him the balloon." Yang Jian didn't hesitate and immediately selected Zhou Deng.

Yang Xiaohua promptly handed the red balloon over.

Zhou Deng's eyes brightened, he excitedly grabbed it, but as soon as he did, the color changed, and he saw the red balloon's thin string wrap directly around his arm. Then the supernatural power within him seemed to disappear, and the speed of disappearance was fast.

It seemed he was transforming into an ordinary person.

Meanwhile, he felt somewhat weightless, his whole body began to slowly lift off the ground and float.

Soon.

Zhou Deng indeed floated up, with the ghost within him under restriction, and he was losing consciousness, unable to move.

"Damn."

He opened his eyes wide, like a corpse suspended in mid-air, continuously floating upward.

"Grab him, let Zhou Deng take us away together." Yang Jian carried Li Yang on his back, grabbing Zhou Deng with one hand.

Yang Xiaohua didn't hesitate and hugged Zhou Deng tightly, even Leuk Qingqing put one hand on Zhou Deng's shoulder, although her weight was very light, because she had few living body parts.

Even with so many people hanging onto Zhou Deng's body, the red balloon still showed no sign of descending, instead, it continued to float upwards.

Yang Xiaohua, being an ordinary person, also floated upwards, because she did not touch the red balloon but was lifted by Zhou Deng's body.

"A balloon that can carry so many people's weight." Li Yang said, "Sure enough, supernatural items are completely unreasonable existences."

However, the speed of the red balloon floating is a bit slow, not because of any influence, but simply because that's how the balloon is, slow in speed, but if given enough time, who knows where it might end up floating.

At this moment.

Heavy footsteps echoed in the dim and silent ancient mansion; a terrifying figure slowly approached from the hall position, seemingly coming toward this side.

"That old man is coming this way." Li Yang felt dread in his heart, his eyes suddenly narrowing.

He also saw the blurry figure in that dim environment.

Moreover, as it approached, the shape of the ghost became clearer.

No mistake.

It was that old man, face full of wrinkles, covered in corpse spots, body gaunt, carrying a rotting corpse odor, like it had been resting in a tomb for days then crawled back out from a coffin.

The red balloon continued to float upwards, already surpassing the eaves, about to leave through the courtyard.

This was good news.

Because the red balloon not stopping meant the courtyard above was real.

Everyone was tense, hoping to leave the ancient mansion smoothly before the ghost found them.

"Seems like there is enough time to leave." Li Yang kept looking back, they had already been carried to fly out the courtyard by the red balloon.

This height was nearly departing from the ancient mansion.

The ghost in the ancient mansion showed no movement, but the terrifying figure was still standing motionless beside the mansion's courtyard, apparently because there was no one left in the mansion to attack, thus the revived ghost stayed there without moving.

"Quite a scare but we were lucky." Leuk Qingqing breathed a sigh of relief.

At this moment.

They had already gone several meters past the rooftop, reaching above the ancient mansion.

Yang Jian remained silent, not speaking; his Ghost Eye opened again, the interference and suppression of the supernatural within the mansion lost its effect, showing they were out of the mansion's influence range.

Considered completely leaving the mansion's area.

Yet at this instant.

Yang Jian's eyelids twitched suddenly, an inexplicable sense of crisis welled up from within, the Ghost Eye warning, some dangerous signals appearing.

"Captain."

Li Yang had the same feeling, but just as he spoke, he found the mourning clothes he was wearing rapidly decaying and disappearing.

Not only him, but also the color of Leuk Qingqing's cheongsam faded, her arm blurring, as if about to disappear, her face becoming hazy.

"That ghost is targeting us." Yang Jian was both shocked and angry.

Because in his Ghost Eye's vision, the old man's corpse was now standing at the courtyard, waving towards them.

Like in farewell.

In reality, it was the old man's most horrifying means, this ghost could erase other supernatural entities.

The mourners' clothes worn by them were the first to be erased, but they could only offer momentary resistance, clearly unable to withstand such ghostly attack, so all the mourners' clothes disappeared in an instant, even Leuk Qingqing's cheongsam color dimmed.

Soon after, people started disappearing.

No.

There was already one person less around.

Yang Xiaohua was gone.

She, being an ordinary person, couldn't withstand such terrifying attacks that could even erase the supernatural, practically disappearing before the mourners' clothes vanished.

Leaving no trace.

Not even a scream of terror was heard.

Silent as if never existing.

Yang Jian had no time to think more, immediately the Ghost Shadow flashed, directly covering everyone.

He couldn't believe this old man could completely erase even true ghosts; he felt the old man could only erase supernatural power, unable to completely erase ghosts.

The Ghost Shadow also began fading, the black shadow rapidly dimming.

But the bodies that were almost disappearing stopped further deteriorating.

Finally.

The erased supernatural power vanished.

It seemed they had gone too far from the ancient mansion, the old man couldn't affect here.

No.

No.

This wasn't above the ancient mansion.

Yang Jian suddenly realized, he seemed to be floating in the high sky above a city.

Nearby, there were skyscrapers, lights, roads appearing.

They had left the supernatural domain, directly floating into a city.

"What, how can we be in a city? Captain, is the ghost not attacking us anymore?" Li Yang urgently asked, feeling the situation seemed better.

Yang Jian paused, then said: "Now we aren't within the mansion's range anymore, the balloon has taken us into the sky, clearly out of the supernatural zone, that place should be in this city, just the supernatural space doesn't belong to reality, thus never being discovered."

"Yang Xiaohua disappeared." Leuk Qingqing suddenly said.

"I know, she got erased, in just an instant, disappearing from this world without time to react, we ghost handlers seemed to collectively resist that erasing ability just a bit."

"The mourning clothes were also key, without those clothes, the body would've disappeared long ago."

Yang Jian also felt a heartbeat of fear.

That situation was too dangerous.

Just delayed a few more seconds, and they would've struggled to leave alive.

"So in the end, just us three survived?" Li Yang then noticed Yang Xiaohua was missing, feeling a bit sad.

Sad not just for her death.

But for so many dying in this delivery mission, nearly all couriers were buried in that mansion.

Chapter 1003 Return

In the high sky, the red balloon floated silently upward.

Beneath, a city gleamed with dazzling lights.

Nearby skyscrapers stood tall, and the cool breeze between the tall buildings blew, swaying the bodies of several people. Although it felt slightly cold, it dispelled the fear in everyone's hearts.

The red balloon carried Zhou Deng, Li Yang, Yang Jian, and Leuk Qingqing away from that eerie supernatural place and directly back to reality.

The Ghost Post Office provided this red balloon as an escape route.

Luckily, this red balloon remained until the end. Otherwise, it would have been difficult for the remaining people to leave alive at the last moment.

"We've really returned, back to reality. The satellite positioning phone in my hand can pinpoint our location accurately. We're in... Dazhou City."

At this moment, Li Yang confirmed his location directly through the satellite positioning phone.

Indeed, they had escaped the supernatural realm.

"Looks like it was a close call. We almost got killed by the ghosts in that ancient house."

Leuk Qingqing's eyes moved: "Since we've left, I'll be heading off first. The next time we meet will be on the fifth floor of the post office."

After speaking, she let go and began falling from hundreds of meters high.

"The task of delivering the letter is over. When we meet on the fifth floor, I will kill you. I hope you are prepared." Yang Jian looked at her.

Falling down, Leuk Qingqing didn't speak. She showed a smile, a smile that was strange and unfamiliar.

Soon.

Leuk Qingqing landed somewhere in the city and disappeared from sight.

Yang Jian chose not to act at this moment. He thought that the grievances between couriers should be resolved within the post office, and since the task just ended, he didn't want to stir anything further.

"Captain, Zhou Deng is still floating upwards. We need to find a way to bring him down." Li Yang said.

"The red balloon can only be held by an ordinary person. Someone needs to take the balloon down." Yang Jian glanced at a nearby building.

Through the thick glass window, he could see a man in his thirties, dressed in a suit, who looked like a company executive, holding a cup of coffee with eyes wide open, as if witnessing the most unbelievable thing, staring at the few people floating in mid-air outside.

He even saw the scene where Leuk Qingqing fell earlier.

"What is happening?" The man's mind was filled with wonder and disbelief.

"A red balloon, making so many people float? Who is this joke on?"

In an instant, many reasonable explanations flashed through his mind: magic show, reality TV, and extreme sports...

But the next moment, something happened that again shattered the man's perception of reality.

After the woman let go and fell, another young man, carrying a severely injured person, also let go. But he didn't fall; instead, he stood in the air and walked toward them step by step.

Yes,

That's right.

He really walked over in mid-air without any safety measures. He wasn't carrying a glider or parachute but holding a long gun full of cracks in his hand.

The man in the suit rubbed his eyes, wondering if working overtime had made him start hallucinating.

"Zzi! Zzi!"

The lights in his private office flickered, as if the electrical circuits were being interfered with, not connecting properly.

Subsequently,

The two people outside disappeared, but the red balloon still continued to float gently upwards with the last remaining person.

"Hey there, mind doing me a favor?" A cold voice suddenly echoed in the office.

The suit-clad man shivered violently, his hair standing on end. He turned around quickly.

Only to see the man who lost both legs and an arm sitting on the sofa. But what caught his attention more was the young man next to him, holding a cracked long gun, eyes slightly emitting a red glow.

With years in the corporate world, he instinctively judged that this person was extremely dangerous.

A threat beyond normal human comprehension.

"Okay, sure, no problem, as long as it's something I can manage to do, I can help you."

The suit-clad man set down his coffee and took a deep breath, calming down.

Could he afford not to help?

If not, he might end up mysteriously dead tonight.

"Very good, not many sensible people left these days."

Yang Jian walked over in strides, grabbed him firmly, then the ghost eye turned, looking directly at Zhou Deng floating in the air.

The next moment, he disappeared from the office and, when he reappeared, had already brought the suited man into the air.

The red balloon still floated upwards, but the speed was slowing down. It seemed that if it flew a bit further, the balloon would stop, floating at a certain height and remain still.

The fierce wind howled.

The suit-clad man's body shuddered, expression suddenly turning to horror. He thought he would fall, but as it turned out, he stood in the air unharmed, with nothing under his feet, yet he would not fall.

"Grab the thin line beneath this red balloon, don't let go. If you do, you'll lose your life." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"Okay, okay."

The suit-clad man, though panicking, hadn't lost his mind. He tightly grasped the thin line beneath the red balloon, not daring to let go.

Yang Jian raised the Firewood Knife in his hand and directly cut the line wrapped around Zhou Deng's arm.

Disengaging Zhou Deng from the red balloon.

Once disengaged,

Zhou Deng suddenly opened his eyes, and his numb body regained movement.

"Looks like you're fine too," Yang Jian said, glancing over.

"This red balloon is too wicked. I felt like a corpse, just hanging mid-air, with no sensation whatsoever. Had it not been for my conscious mind, I might've thought I was dead."

Zhou Deng moved his body a bit and spoke immediately.

"This isn't the place to talk; let's get out of here first."

Yang Jian, with him and the suited man, transferred through the Ghost Domain.

Returning once again to the same office.

"Where's Leuk Qingqing? I don't see her here now. Didn't she exit with us? Or did she stay behind in that haunted place?"

Zhou Deng only saw Li Yang in the office, but not the others.

"She's fine, she didn't die, she left after coming out," Yang Jian said.

Zhou Deng said, "Really? That's a bit of a shame, but it seems someone is missing here."

"Yang Xiaohua died, was erased, just vanished. It seems that when your body lost consciousness, you couldn't see or hear anything and were completely unaware of the situation that happened before," Yang Jian said.

"I truly don't know. However, judging from the reduction in numbers, we must have encountered great danger when evacuating earlier, probably ran into the ghost in the ancient mansion. But it seems unimportant now, as we still managed to come out alive without being left behind."

Zhou Deng looked out the window, "By the way, where are we now?"

"Dazhou City," Li Yang added.

"Back to reality? That's nice. I remember I traveled to this city before. So many people lost during this event, even the person in charge, Fan Xing, was lost in the ancient mansion, and this incident involves quite a lot. Have you thought about how to write the report?" Zhou Deng asked.

Yang Jian said, "You report this matter to headquarters; I'm not interested. I have other things to do."

"Alright then, regarding Fan Xing's report, I'll make sure it's beautifully written," Zhou Deng said, "Is there anything that needs to be concealed aside from that?"

"Don't report on Leuk Qingqing. Her situation is very special, other than that, anything is fine," Yang Jian said.

"Understood."

"Yang Team, is there anything else? If not, I'll be heading off first. After all, I've been out for quite a while now, and I have a large pile of things to handle back there."

Zhou Deng said, seeming unwilling to stay longer, eager to leave.

Yang Jian said, "There's no other matter. If you have something, just go first, I'm also planning to return to Dachang City later."

"Alright, we'll be in contact later if there's time. Headquarters has my contact information." Zhou Deng said.

Then he glanced around, picked up the unfinished cup of coffee on the table, drank it in one go, grabbed an expensive pen, and swiftly pushed the office door open and left quickly.

The man in a suit standing nearby was stunned by this scene.

He seemed to want to say something but stopped himself.

Drinking coffee is fine, but why take away the pen worth tens of thousands?

"Captain, we should leave too. When we were in Dachang City last time, we seemed to have encountered something terribly dangerous, and we need to check it out now," Li Yang said.

"Indeed we need to go back and have a look, but it's not urgent at this moment."

Yang Jian glanced at the man in a suit, then walked to the office desk, picked up a ballpoint pen from the pen holder and wrote an address on a file folder: Shangtong Tower, Dachang City...

"This red balloon will fly away as soon as you let go. If you can deliver it to this address, I can fulfill one reasonable request for you."

Li Yang said, "We can take this person directly back to Dachang City."

"Let's put aside the matter of the post office for now," Yang Jian said.

The man in a suit looked at the address on the file folder, then at the brightly colored red balloon in his hand, and began to quickly think about the situation.

Should he accept this request?

If he accepts, what kind of request should he make?

However, with his rich business experience, he instinctively felt that this is an opportunity he shouldn't miss.

"Can I really make a request and you'll help me? Just not sure specifically in which area?" the man in a suit tentatively asked.

"Any area is fine," Yang Jian said.

The man in a suit thought quickly and came up with a request that wasn't too much but maximized his benefit. He said, "Next month, the company will appoint a deputy general manager among the executives in various departments. I am far from being qualified in terms of seniority and performance; can you help me?"

"Promotion and raise? Your request is really modest," Yang Jian said, "Not being greedy is good, there's no problem with this matter."

The next moment.

The lights on the entire floor flickered and then went out suddenly, but after about ten seconds, they were restored immediately.

When the lights came back on, the man in a suit saw that the two people in front of him were already nowhere to be found, as if they had never been there.

But the address on the file folder on his office desk was clearly left behind: Shangtong Tower, Dachang City.

And the red balloon in his hand.

It all proved that the event just transpired was indeed real, he wasn't dreaming, nor was it an illusion from overworking.

Yang Jian left with Li Yang.

The Ghost Domain shifted; he didn't waste too much time. As for whether the red balloon can be safely delivered to Dachang City, he wasn't concerned. Anyway, the red balloon won't be lost and ghost riders

can't handle it; ordinary people have no use for it. It will only play its greatest role in specific occasions and specific times.

Since there's no time now, it's okay to temporarily store it here, come back for it later when there's time.

Under the influence of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian quickly crossed two places and returned to Dachang City again.

He arrived at his office in Shangtong Tower.

At this time, most people in the company had already finished work, only those on night shift duties remained.

Upon arriving in Dachang City, Yang Jian immediately used the ghost eyes to survey the entire city, looking to see if there were any supernatural incidents happening during his absence. When he boarded the haunted bus days ago, a ghost indeed got off the bus.

It was an evil spirit with a Black Umbrella.

The danger level is very high.

Messing up could cause a very dangerous supernatural incident.

"The ghost is not in Dachang City," Yang Jian frowned, "Either it has been resolved or lured away?"

His worries were temporarily alleviated.

As long as no supernatural incident occurs in Dachang City, everything is manageable. As for the specific situation, he needed to ask Feng Quan and Tong Qian.

"Captain, what's the situation here?" Li Yang asked:

"No incidents occurred; the previous worries were unnecessary. We should trust other team members that even if I'm not here, others can handle the danger well. Don't forget Feng Quan's experience is even older than mine; he has his own way of dealing with supernatural incidents." Yang Jian said.

"Let's first go find Huang Ziya and get your body restored. The matter on the fifth floor of the post office will be considered some days later."

After speaking, he took Li Yang and left Shangtong Tower, returning to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

In a villa within the complex, Yang Jian and Li Yang found Huang Ziya.

Late at night, Huang Ziya wasn't sleeping but was rather combing her long, lush black hair in front of a huge floor mirror.

"Hmm?" Huang Ziya saw Yang Jian's figure appearing behind her in the mirror and was suddenly startled, turning around quickly.

"Your alertness is relatively low," Yang Jian said.

Huang Ziya breathed a sigh of relief, "Captain, I was just combing my hair and was planning to rest. Suddenly appearing in my home at this time without a heads-up, who can react to that? I don't have a Ghost Domain to fend off your invasion."

"Give me the necklace," Yang Jian looked at the crystal necklace on Huang Ziya's neck.

"Li Yang got injured? It's quite serious, with hands and feet gone," Huang Ziya exclaimed, "Looks like he encountered a very frightening danger."

Chapter 1004 Death and Resurrection

Li Yang indeed looked a bit miserable, he was almost dragged into the ground by a fierce ghost to become a silhouette. If he hadn't actively abandoned his hands and feet and been brought into the Ghost Domain by Yang Jian at that time, he would probably be gone by now.

But surviving is a blessing.

Physical defects can be restored.

Yang Jian took the crystal necklace from Huang Ziya's hands and then handed it to Li Yang.

Li Yang held the necklace, closed his eyes, and began to use the ability of the fierce ghost sealed within the necklace.

A chilling aura began to disperse within the villa, and the lights flickered around.

Soon.

The hands and feet of Li Yang that had disappeared gradually reappeared, turning from blurry to clear, and finally becoming indistinguishable from a real person.

This is the supernatural power of the ghost with the code name Deceiving Ghost.

It can directly influence real-world objects, including living human bodies, but it is limited to ordinary things. If there is a supernatural involvement, it cannot be influenced, so this thing currently can only be used as a tool for restoring the body.

"All done, Captain." Li Yang stood up again, moved his hands and feet, nothing abnormal, seemed even healthier than before.

Yang Jian nodded, he took back the necklace, and he also repaired his body a bit.

Although he seemed normal, he was actually scarred all over due to the marks left by using the Firewood Knife.

Ghost Shadow can only patch wounds, but cannot completely repair them, the scars would remain, plus Yang Jian's current body had already died, with no life signs, emitting a faint smell of corpse, continuing like this would be detrimental to Ghost Shadow occupying him.

Therefore, whether it's daily activities or for considering his own supernatural balance, a healthy, normal body is very necessary.

After all, no one wants to have a rotten, smelly body.

"I'll take the necklace back temporarily, you seldom have a chance to use it in Dachang City, and you don't need it to maintain balance now as you're managing two ghosts simultaneously. Li Yang and I have things to deal with next, perhaps we might use this."

After restoring his body, Yang Jian did not return the necklace to Huang Ziya, intending to take it temporarily.

After all, at that time it was only temporarily lent to Huang Ziya, there was never a clear intention of giving it to her.

"If you need it, Captain, just take it. I'm quite satisfied with myself in all aspects now, indeed I've not used this necklace for a long time." Huang Ziya said.

Yang Jian asked again: "Days ago when I boarded the bus, there was a fierce ghost with a black umbrella getting off the bus, how did you handle it?"

He emphasized this question again.

Huang Ziya replied promptly: "After that ghost got off the bus, the whole city started acting strangely, gloomy as if it's going to rain lightly, and the area affected by the ghost was large, comparable to the area sealed by Hungry Ghost before, the only fortunate thing is, that overcast weather wasn't a Ghost Domain, ordinary people could still freely enter and exit the city."

"Feng Quan thought it was a massive crisis, so he and Tong Qian decided to lure the ghost away."

"Fortunately, there were still quite a few white Ghost Candles left, Feng Quan actively lit the white Ghost Candle to lure the fierce ghost away, out to an uninhabited suburb outside Dachang City, then through our observation afterwards, that area had continuous rain, up till now hasn't stopped."

Li Yang said: "Does that mean the ghost is still there?"

"What about Feng Quan? How is he? Using white Ghost Candle to lure fierce ghosts is a very dangerous thing, not everyone can easily try it." Yang Jian said.

The white Ghost Candle is the negative counterpart of the red Ghost Candle, every use has a high risk, easily causing a terrifying chain reaction.

"Feng Quan is fine, after staying in that eerie rainy place for several days, he finally got out, seemingly encountering dangerous troubles, but he didn't say much, only mentioned this matter should be discussed when you return. However, Feng Quan's own opinion is to leave it alone for now." Huang Ziya said.

"He said the ghost was too terrifying, extremely dangerous, for now if forcing a resolution the squad would surely face casualties."

"By the way, Feng Quan also established a file at the headquarters, code name Black Umbrella, supernatural danger level directly evaluated as A, if not for the ghost's absence in the city, the danger level evaluation might have reached S level directly."

Huang Ziya didn't know much information, only a general situation.

After all, she didn't participate in that operation, it was Feng Quan who took the lead in making the decision.

"Another supernatural event with S-level potential? But before boarding, I also saw that fierce ghost, really dangerous, I intended to handle it first, but things were urgent, Li Yang and I were getting on the bus, no time, luckily didn't lead to greater harm."

Yang Jian fell into deep thought, he felt that the supernatural event code-named Black Umbrella must be dealt with sooner.

This is a fierce ghost descended from a bus, meaning it's a surviving ghost from a supernatural location, appearing in the real world through the supernatural bus.

But the matter of the fifth floor post office is also urgent.

"Fortunately there's no supernatural event in Dachang City now, otherwise Feng Quan wouldn't have easily lit Ghost Candle to lure that fierce ghost." Li Yang said.

"Discuss this at the company tomorrow, it's very late now, most people aren't around, and nothing can be planned out, so let's leave this matter for now, given the post office matter just ended, take a day's break before continuing."

Yang Jian wasn't in a hurry to investigate this matter.

Anyway, so many days had passed, a day or two wouldn't matter.

"Alright, then Captain, I'm heading back for a rest first, see you at the company tomorrow." Li Yang said.

"Alright, rest early."

Yang Jian said: "I won't disturb you, continue grooming, help notify the others later, have them come to the company for a meeting tomorrow."

"Okay, Captain."

After Huang Ziya finished speaking, she blinked: "Do you want to sleep here tonight? Let me give Captain a taste of the world's top beauty's charm, rare chance."

"Not interested, ask someone else, maybe others are." Yang Jian said then left immediately.

Li Yang also quickly slipped away seeing this.

"Am I that scary?" Huang Ziya touched her flawless face, and looked in the mirror.

So stunningly beautiful, looking not like a normal human, but a carefully edited picture.

It's just that within that perfection, there's always a trace of unsettling eeriness.

After all, a person parasitized by two fierce ghosts, no matter how beautiful, how perfectly maintained the body, who dares to touch.

Just like Leuk Qingqing, equally enchanting, only can be observed from distance, truly getting close to take a careful look would reveal that it's not a normal person's body.

After leaving here Yang Jian didn't return to his residence, but went to Safe House No. 1 first.

This safe house was modified by him into a place for storing supernatural items.

Imprisoned fierce ghosts were also placed here.

Yang Jian put down the old puppet doll he carried.

The puppet doll helped him block an attack from a fierce ghost last time, was highly effective, but also very dangerous, once eyes meet any individual would be attacked by it, so unsuitable to carry around long-term.

He entered the room and placed the puppet doll properly, then found an empty gold box.

Yang Jian placed a bizarre dead hand inside.

This hand came from the scary ghost behind the black Taishi chair in the ancient house, he dismembered it with Firewood Knife, this hand remained peaceful after being dismembered, not resurrecting or acting unusually.

Perhaps it's due to insufficient time, maybe a single hand couldn't trigger its killing pattern, thus this hand fell into slumber.

According to his previous thoughts.

This hand is unsuitable for Ghost Shadow's patchwork on the body, suitable for transforming into a supernatural object, but to do so comprehension of this hand's killing pattern is necessary.

Recalling that ghost's killing method behind the black Taishi chair, Yang Jian had some clues in his mind.

But confirmation requires experiments.

"Why not today, after all, nothing else on hand, I have some things needing verification."

Yang Jian raised his hand to look at the crystal necklace.

The necklace isn't key.

Key is the water drop-shaped crystal pendant on the necklace.

This pendant is quite cheap, not something precious, but inside there's a mass of pitch-black matter squirming, sometimes resembling a bizarre human face, sometimes a twisted little figure.

The malevolent spirit codenamed Deceiving Ghost is attempting to resurrect.

But it's useless.

Once there are signs of resurrection, Yang Jian will immediately confine it using the five layers of the Ghost Domain, preventing the malevolent spirit from escaping.

At this moment.

Yang Jian holds the crystal in his hand and begins to use the supernatural power of the Deceiving Ghost again.

This time he doesn't use this supernatural power to affect himself, but rather creates a living human body out of thin air.

A body gradually takes shape in front of Yang Jian, initially just an outline, then a blurred figure, and finally this blurred figure gradually becomes clear, and a man's body thus abruptly appears.

But it's merely a body; although it is fresh and alive, it cannot wake up, like the dead.

This crystal necklace can only create a living human body, unable to create a living person's consciousness.

Yang Jian can understand it as being a vegetative person without any memory.

"Body plus memory equals a person. With the conditions and factors for resurrection mastered, I can reverse life and death to resurrect the dead."

Yang Jian decides to attempt this forbidden kind of supernatural experiment.

Once the idea in his mind becomes reality, the events in the future are bound to become very interesting.

Yang Jian holds the crystal necklace, continuing to affect the body of the man in front of him.

The man's facial features changed, transforming into a familiar person.

This person was the Eagle who was previously cursed to death by the Eight-Tone Music Box.

"My Ghost Shadow stole his memory while in the ancient mansion, not just Eagle's, but I have stolen the memories of other messengers as well."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly; as long as they've stepped onto the Ghost Shadow, their memories will be stolen by him.

Of course, this only applies to messengers whose powers are not strong.

Yang Jian couldn't steal Leuk Qingqing's memories.

Because that red cheongsam and the eerie Puppet People all resisted the invasion of the Ghost Shadow.

The next moment.

A tall dark shadow behind Yang Jian invaded the memory-less living body in front of him, rewriting the memory, embedding Eagle's memory into it.

Just like copying and pasting on a computer.

This process is very fast.

Transferring an ordinary person's memory is not difficult for Yang Jian, even somewhat easy.

"Will it work?"

Yang Jian waited for the result after doing all this; he looked at the body created by the supernatural power in front of him, expecting it to awaken.

The conditions of memory plus body have been achieved.

If it doesn't work, it indicates that resurrecting a person is not as simple as imagined.

Ten seconds passed, thirty seconds... a minute.....

The "Eagle" in front of him still hasn't awakened; he remains standing there motionless.

"Did it fail?" Yang Jian frowned, a thought surfaced in his mind.

But just as this thought appeared.

Eagle's body moved, and upon moving, he immediately lost his balance and toppled sideways.

Suddenly.

Eagle seemed to awaken from a nightmare, his eyes shot open, he became conscious, subconsciously grabbing something beside him, trying to stabilize himself.

"It worked." Seeing this, Yang Jian's eyes lit up, a rare touch of joy arose in his heart.

As long as Eagle is successfully resurrected, it means others can also be resurrected.

Although resurrecting a person through such special means is somewhat controversial, it's not the same for the person themselves.

Because Eagle wouldn't think of himself as dead or as someone else.

The memory that belongs to him is singular.

So his identity can be acknowledged.

"Yang, Captain Yang? This, this place, what is it? Isn't this the ancient mansion, what happened to me?"

Eagle was initially confused, then regained his clarity, he immediately returned to form, examining his surroundings.

He discovered that this was a rather enclosed basement, with modern styled decoration, and lighting.

This proved that here was no longer the ancient mansion.

"Try to remember exactly what happened at the last moment in the ancient mansion." Yang Jian reminded.

"The last happenings in the ancient mansion..." Eagle begins to recall, his memory didn't linger on the day he was cursed and killed by the Eight-Tone Music Box, but rather on the moment he was preparing to confront the Ghost Dice.

Because Yang Jian didn't constantly read his memory, he only read it once at that time.

"I remember the back door of the ancient mansion was invaded by ghosts, in a desperate situation Wang Feng used the Ghost Dice, played a game with ghosts, trying to block the malevolent spirit, but he

failed, died in the game... I was preparing to take over afterwards, I can only remember so much, I should be dead, I have no memory of anything after that."

Eagle immediately realized his situation; he looked at his body.

"Also this is not my body...Yang Jian, you resurrected me?"

"Being able to realize this means your thinking is intact."

Yang Jian said: "Indeed, you died in the ancient mansion, and I resurrected you through certain supernatural means. However, I can't confirm whether you are truly Eagle after the resurrection or something else, which is why I needed to ask questions."

"Resurrecting the dead, is that even possible?" Eagle was shocked looking at Yang Jian.

"Who can truly say anything for certain about supernatural powers."

Yang Jian said: "It's merely resurrecting a dead person, nothing too extraordinary."

"Is that so." Eagle fell into contemplation.

He was determining his identity, affirming his existence.

"I feel there seems to be no problem with myself, just that my memory stops at the moment before my death, this resurrection seems to have really brought me back."

Yang Jian didn't speak.

Eagle's memory didn't truly stop at the moment before death, but at the moment Yang Jian read his memory.

"What happened with the ancient mansion task? Is it completed? It should be done, given that I've been resurrected. If the task failed, I shouldn't have had this chance to revive." Eagle immediately said.

Yang Jian said; "The messenger's letter delivery task no longer concerns you; you have completely freed yourself from the curse of the post office, rid yourself of everything from before and began anew."

"I see, my previous self died, hence the post office's curse vanished, I now have a new body, a new identity, so no longer suffer the control of the post office." Eagle understood his state.

This is the result he has been dreaming of.

Breaking free from the post office, starting anew, returning to the life of an ordinary person.

Chapter 1005 The Second Person to be Resurrected

The resurrection of the eagle proved that Yang Jian's previous speculation was correct. He used the supernatural power of the Deceiving Ghost to create a living body, and combined the Ghost Shadow's power to modify others' memories by implanting a living person's memory within. This method could indeed resurrect a person.

Currently, this method seems to have no side effects, and it's much better than using the Ghost Mirror for resurrection.

Resurrecting someone with the Ghost Mirror requires releasing a malevolent ghost as a price, and the memory only remains at the moment of looking into the mirror. It also requires someone to stay by the Ghost Mirror and pull the resurrected person out of the mirror, otherwise they might be killed by the malevolent ghost in the mirror. In other words, there are severe side effects.

However, Yang Jian can only resurrect people whose memories he has stolen; those whose memories cannot be stolen cannot be resurrected by him.

For example, Feng Quan. Since Feng Quan controls three ghosts, and under his supernatural interference, the Ghost Shadow cannot steal memories, so Yang Jian cannot resurrect Feng Quan.

And Xiong Wenwen, for instance.

Xiong Wenwen is a paper person, equivalent to an anomaly, and his memories cannot be stolen, so Yang Jian also cannot resurrect him.

Additionally, those ghost controllers who can resist the invasion of the Ghost Shadow also cannot be resurrected by Yang Jian.

Therefore, there are still shortcomings and limitations.

But it's already sufficient for now.

At least, Yang Jian can resurrect ordinary people without any concerns, with a cost so small it's negligible. Because he is now an anomaly, as long as he doesn't frequently and excessively use the supernatural power of the Deceiving Ghost, he doesn't have to worry about being affected himself.

"What do you plan to do next after resurrecting me?" The eagle asked calmly after understanding the situation.

"I've currently detached from the control of the post office, and I've essentially lost my eligibility to reach the fifth floor of the post office. I fear I won't be able to help you with the upcoming mail delivery tasks or matters at the post office."

Yang Jian said: "I resurrected you not to have you do anything for me; I was merely attempting this plan to resurrect the dead. Now that the plan has succeeded, that's all there is to it."

"So, I just got an extra life for free?" The eagle said.

Yang Jian nodded: "You could say that. After all, an experiment always needs a subject, and since your performance in the old mansion wasn't bad, I decided to give you the first opportunity for resurrection. If it succeeded, it would be a gift from me. If it failed, it wouldn't matter since you were already dead."

"Indeed, I really must thank you for this."

The eagle said, "I just don't know if you need me to do anything next? If not, I'd like to go out for a walk, make a few calls, and find out what the current situation is."

"Sure, if you don't want to stay here, you can leave now, and I won't stop you."

Yang Jian said: "In the future, if you are free, you can come to Dachang City. I'm the person in charge of this city. If you need work, you can join my company. The address is Shangtong Tower, and since you have experience with supernatural events, you are quite suitable for work at my company."

"Alright, I'll consider it." The eagle nodded.

He wasn't being perfunctory; he truly would consider it. Because after so long in the Ghost Post Office, staying outside for such a long time, even after returning to normal life, he wouldn't know where to start again.

After all, supernatural events do occur in this world.

Perhaps moving to Dachang City and participating in work related to supernatural events would be a good choice. At least, he could understand the direction of supernatural events, determine the source of danger, and acquire information at the earliest opportunity, preventing himself from getting stuck in a supernatural event confused and dying an unclear death.

Yang Jian quickly sent the eagle off from the underground safe house and gave him some money, ensuring he wouldn't find himself in a difficult situation after leaving.

The eagle left very gratefully.

After leaving the Guanjiang Residential Complex, the eagle didn't rush home. He needed to observe his condition to confirm if there was anything unusual about himself after resurrection, and if he was identical to an ordinary person.

He strolled through the streets of Dachang City.

Compared to other cities, Dachang City appeared much quieter. The streets at night had few people, most shops along the roads were closed, with signs for rent, for sale, and other advertisement notes. Only the bustling areas had some crowds.

"Is this the Shangtong Tower?"

The eagle arrived at the bottom of a tower, where it was more lively than in other areas, full of people. Even at night, this tower was still brightly lit.

"The security is tight, at least four to five covert lines watching me." His eyes narrowed as he sensed several unusual glances.

He knew he was already completely locked onto.

If there was anything unusual about himself, it wouldn't take long for someone to come investigate him.

The eagle didn't stay long but turned to leave. He went to a nearby small shop, opened by a middle-aged man, who was telling a customer some strange stories from his past as a taxi driver.

"I want to make a call."

The eagle greeted, picked up the landline, and started dialing a number, but halfway through, his hand stiffened and he stopped, then cleared the number and dialed another number instead.

The phone rang quickly and was answered.

"Hello, who is this?" A woman's slightly indifferent voice came from the other end of the line.

"Sure enough, Leuk Qingqing, you're still alive. It's me, the eagle." The eagle took a deep breath.

"Beep~!" The call was hung up in the next second.

The eagle's eyes moved, but he didn't find it odd, because Leuk Qingqing definitely knew he was already dead. Now that he was resurrected and called her, it would be hard for anyone to accept.

However, he was not giving up and continued to make the call, still from the landline.

The second call was hung up again, but he wasn't in a hurry and continued to make the third and fourth calls.

After dialing seven or eight calls, it finally wasn't hung up and was connected again.

"Leuk Qingqing, this is not a supernatural call. I truly have come back to life." The eagle spoke immediately when the call was answered.

There was a moment of silence on the other end, followed by an astonished tone: "That's impossible, you are already dead, how could you still be alive? I personally carried your body out of the old mansion and buried it in that old forest."

"It's somewhat complicated to explain, and I don't know the specifics. All I know is that the first person I saw when I awoke was Yang Jian. He said he resurrected me; I'll just choose to believe it. I'm calling you to confirm the previous situation and see what's really going on."

"Although I didn't see you during the last delivery mission, according to my guess, you should still be alive. If even you had died, then the rest wouldn't have survived."

"Incredible, you really came back to life."

Leuk Qingqing on the other end seemed to have difficulty accepting the eagle's resurrection.

But the voice and tone on the phone, and the understanding of the situation, without exception, all could prove the eagle's identity.

"The matter of the old mansion just concluded today. I, Yang Jian, Li Yang, and that person named Zhou Deng survived and escaped that supernatural realm. The Yang Xiaohua with the red balloon died, ultimately eliminated by the malevolent ghost resurrected in the old mansion. That's the result." Leuk Qingqing said.

The eagle said: "Around when did I die? Since you survived, you must have participated in the subsequent delivery mission and know my situation."

"You died on the sixth day in the old mansion, the day of your funeral. You died peacefully, as if you just fell asleep." Leuk Qingqing replied.

The sixth day, day of the funeral?

The eagle frowned. He had no memory of this; his last memory was on the second day of vigil.

In other words, there was a four-day memory gap.

Why hadn't Yang Jian told him about this? Was this deliberately concealed, or was the memory gap caused by his resurrection? Or was this memory gap intentionally created by Yang Jian?

"How was Yang Jian's attitude towards me when I died?" The eagle asked.

"It was quite good. It was a normal collaboration. You contributed a lot. Without you holding off the malevolent ghost, things wouldn't have been so smooth. It seems you also have amnesia, which is somewhat similar to my situation. I often forget, and it gets worse over time. I'm worried something will go wrong eventually." Leuk Qingqing replied.

The eagle said: "Since you're still alive and this delivery mission is over, next time you go to the Ghost Post Office, you can go to the fifth floor. By then, you'll have a chance to rid yourself of these supernatural events and still have a chance to survive."

"I hope so..." Leuk Qingqing's voice lacked confidence.

Even if one reached the fifth floor of the post office, three letters still needed to be delivered, and those three letters would not be easy to get through.

The eagle chatted with Leuk Qingqing a little longer, and he roughly understood his situation while Leuk Qingqing believed in his resurrection.

After hanging up the phone,

In another city, Leuk Qingqing still had a look of disbelief on her face. She frowned slightly and murmured, "Reversing life and death? Can Yang Jian really do it? He wasn't lying. I thought he said those things just to selfishly stay alive, but I didn't expect..."

At this moment, she felt a bit of inexplicable regret.

If Yang Jian could truly resurrect, it meant he could also bring back the dead couriers. For those messengers wishing to escape the postal service, the fastest way wasn't delivering letters or reaching the fifth floor of the post office, but simply dying once and having Yang Jian resurrect them. This way, they could directly break free from the post office's curse and return to normal.

Leuk Qingqing looked down at her seemingly beautiful but actually terrifying and supernatural body.

She also wanted to get rid of this outcome.

However... she sighed.

In the ancient house, she and Yang Jian had a falling out over some decisions. Yang Jian couldn't wait to kill her, so how could he possibly help her resurrect?

"If we hadn't fallen out, perhaps he would've likely helped resurrect me," Leuk Qingqing murmured.

In fact, even if they hadn't fallen out, Yang Jian couldn't have helped resurrect her.

Leuk Qingqing was an anomaly, unable to steal memories. The only way to resurrect her was to use the Ghost Mirror, but the cost of the Ghost Mirror was too great, and Yang Jian rarely used its resurrection abilities.

At this moment.

After sending the eagle away, Yang Jian returned to Safe House Number One.

He still had unfinished business.

"Since the eagle is resurrected, why not try resurrecting others?" Yang Jian found the act of resurrecting the dead quite intriguing; resurrecting just one seemed insufficient.

He wanted to try bringing back a few more.

"Who should be the second person to resurrect?" Yang Jian pondered.

The choice of whom to resurrect required careful selection. He couldn't resurrect enemies nor irrelevant people. Although using supernatural power had a low cost, it couldn't be wasted on unrelated people. Thus, the resurrected person had to be valuable, or someone who could assist him.

Soon enough.

The second candidate emerged.

In front of Yang Jian, a blurry figure began to appear, then gradually became clearer and more realistic, eventually forming a living body without memory.

Then, the Ghost Shadow invaded, leaving a memory in this body.

It was exactly the same as when resurrecting the eagle.

Soon enough.

The second person gradually woke up.

It was a woman in her twenties, with a slightly petite figure.

Her name was Yang Xiaohua.

During the escape from the ancient house today, she was accidentally erased. Yang Jian felt Yang Xiaohua had followed his arrangements and that the red balloon indeed saved everyone's life in the end.

Yang Jian decided to give her the second resurrection slot.

Yang Xiaohua, in a daze as if waking from a dream, hadn't opened her eyes yet when she heard a familiar yet indifferent voice by her ear: "You're awake?"

"Yang Jian?" The moment Yang Xiaohua saw Yang Jian, she wasn't surprised; instead, she looked around.

"No need to look, this isn't the ancient house. The message delivery mission is over. I'm sorry, but you died. Think back carefully on the last moment; everything is in your mind."

Yang Jian pointed to his head. When he resurrected Yang Xiaohua, he altered some of her memories, letting her understand the process of her death.

Yang Xiaohua immediately recalled.

At last, when she floated away from the ancient house with the red balloon, the ghost targeted everyone. Her body became blurry and disappeared, then there was no more memory.

"What's happening to me now?" Yang Xiaohua looked at her own body.

"I resurrected you. It's that simple. You are now free from the post office curse, and you regain your freedom," Yang Jian said.

After hearing this news, Yang Xiaohua was stunned for a while.

Yang Jian did not pay attention to her and continued organizing some supernatural items.

He set aside the black and red Ghost Dice, and the blood-stained Ink Jade Bracelet in his hand also seemed peculiar. He planned to take it off and put it away, but after thinking carefully, he realized it might come in handy someday, so he dismissed the idea.

The cracked long spear in his hand was also temporarily unused, just placed in the safe house. If needed, he could invade it using the Ghost Domain and retrieve it within seconds.

After all, the safe house can only prevent paranormal invasions, not ghost handler intrusions.

Finally, he started studying the strange severed hand, trying to understand its killing pattern to see if it could be utilized.

The ghost in the ancient house sitting on the black Taishi Chair was extremely terrifying and had a deadly supernatural power. Da Qiang, dressed in mourning clothes, was instantly killed by this ghost without a chance to resist.

But at this moment.

Having recovered and understood the situation, Yang Xiaohua came over and hugged Yang Jian from behind, then said, "Thank you."

"No need to thank me. I promised to let you live and escape the post office, and now I've done it. Others aren't so lucky because resurrecting the dead is taboo. I won't abuse this ability," Yang Jian said without turning his head.

This kind of resurrection could easily cause misunderstandings, or even fear, and isn't allowed in the supernatural circle, potentially inviting trouble.

"I know, I'll keep this a secret for you. Now that I'm free and out of the post office's control, I'd like to follow you from now on, what do you think?" Yang Xiaohua raised her head slightly and said seriously.

Yang Jian was taken aback, then put down the strange severed hand he was studying and turned around: "What are you going to do following me?"

"Shouldn't I follow you? I promised that as long as you let me live, I would belong to you. Don't feel burdened; I won't interfere with your personal life. Of course, if you want, I can also play the role of your temporary girlfriend. It's up to you," Yang Xiaohua said confidently, without feeling any shame.

She felt that in this terrifying world full of paranormal incidents, following Yang Jian was the best choice. Today she escaped the Ghost Post Office; who knows if she might get caught in another supernatural event tomorrow.

Since Yang Jian could even resurrect the dead, being with him was certainly a security assurance.

"I'm not interested in women... or men either. You're a post office messenger and should know how abnormal it is to be invaded by the supernatural," Yang Jian said steadily.

"You seem normal," Yang Xiaohua assessed Yang Jian.

"I can make myself seem abnormal if I want," Yang Jian replied.

Yang Xiaohua said, "I don't care. Since I came back to life, I want to follow you. If you're not interested in me for now, I can join your company and work for you. Just provide me with food; the salary is negotiable."

"Before, I resurrected another person named Eagle. I also invited him to work in my company. People with supernatural experience are rare employees. If you want, you can report to my company tomorrow, just mention my name," Yang Jian considered for a moment and didn't reject this proposal.

Those who have been involved in supernatural events and survived with decent mental states are really scarce.

The post office messengers, as long as they came out from the second floor or higher, are talented and worth keeping.

Many supernatural event records, files, and emergencies require such people for analysis.

Since Yang Jian is in charge of the city, he can't act solo and needs to strengthen the company.

"That's great, as long as you agreed," Yang Xiaohua relaxed. She knew this first step was secure.

As for future matters, take it slowly.

After resurrecting Yang Xiaohua, Yang Jian didn't continue with any more resurrections.

Because there were no suitable candidates.

Chapter 1006 The Immovable Cupboard

Resurrecting two people in a row, Yang Jian can basically confirm that this type of resurrection is temporarily successful.

However, their bodies are all created by the Deceiving Ghost.

That means they still rely on supernatural power to survive; once detached from it, their bodies might disappear from this world.

The Deceiving Ghost in the crystal necklace in Yang Jian's hand is the lifeline for all resurrected people. If the ghost is completely suppressed or nailed by the Coffin Nail, both the eagle and Yang Xiaohua might die instantly.

Moreover.

Yang Jian cannot assure whether the body created by supernatural power can truly survive in this world like normal human bodies.

Perhaps this supernatural power is sustained with a time limit: a few months, a year, ten years. When the power dissipates, the body might vanish.

In conclusion.

Thinking carefully, there are downsides.

But anyway, as long as he continues to control the supernatural power of the Deceiving Ghost, there's no worry about the body having problems.

At this moment.

Yang Jian temporarily set aside the resurrection of the dead plan, and continued to study the hand of the ghost.

The hand appearing dead, with blackened nails, eerie and unsettling.

Compared to the Ghost Hand, this hand induces more unease; after some research, he hasn't triggered the murderous pattern of this hand yet, he feels it needs a test subject.

It needs a living person to try, through various interactions to actively make this hand kill, and then confirm the supernatural power this ghost hand possesses.

However, Yang Jian did not do this.

Using living people for trials is taboo, he is unwilling to do so, though he can resurrect a dead person and then have them probe the ghost's murderous pattern for him.

To put it plainly, a tool person.

Yang Jian contemplated for a while, the identity of this tool person is special, requiring sufficient understanding of supernatural power and the ability to analyze murder patterns.

After thinking about it, he couldn't filter out a suitable person in his mind.

"Right, there's a researcher named Doctor Chen in the company who has worked with Wang Xiaoming. Let him study this ghost's murder pattern for me." Yang Jian felt he'd hit a dead end.

Doing everything personally is very wrong.

He is a captain now, and has some people under his command he can use. Instead of paying them to idle around, it's better to make full use of them.

Thinking of this, Yang Jian put down what he had and planned to go back and rest.

However, at this time, he saw Yang Xiaohua still staying in the safe house, sitting slightly bored on the sofa inside watching TV.

"Why are you still here?" Yang Jian asked in surprise.

"If I'm not here, where else can I go?" Yang Xiaohua put down the remote and said.

Yang Jian said, "You can go home, don't tell me you don't have a home."

Yang Xiaohua said; "I don't want to go back, people involved in supernatural incidents are unlucky, so I've always been alone unless I'm sure I'm safe and haven't touched anything dirty before I dare to go home. Didn't you promise me before to let me join your company?"

"Arrange a place for me to stay, that's not a difficult thing for you right? If necessary, I can stay at your place, I don't mind."

Yang Jian said, "I resurrected you, and you're clinging onto me?"

"What do you mean by clinging onto you, I'm not freeloading." Yang Xiaohua said, "I'm highly capable at work, your company should be quite large, I can set up a private law firm for you, help solve a lot of company troubles. You know how expensive lawyer fees are these days, having me work for you is a bargain."

"Do I look like someone who can't afford lawyer fees?" Yang Jian said; "I can resurrect you, I can also resurrect a lawyer more professional than you, or even a woman ten times more beautiful than you, though you have value to me, you're not irreplaceable."

Yang Xiaohua was taken aback, realizing Yang Jian's words seemed quite reasonable.

If she can be resurrected, then others can too. Ordinary people dying in supernatural incidents, indeed there are those more excellent and beautiful than her, Yang Jian indeed doesn't have to choose her.

"How long can you resurrect someone who's been dead for?" Suddenly, Yang Xiaohua thought of something, curiously asking.

Yang Jian said, "Don't probe my secrets, resurrection is taboo, it's not as simple as you think. Besides, you better not mention it outside, if you're captured for research don't blame me, and I won't easily resurrect someone who has died."

He dismissed Yang Xiaohua's words, refusing to share anything about resurrecting the dead.

"I understand." Yang Xiaohua sensibly stopped asking.

After organizing his things, Yang Jian left the safe house.

Yang Xiaohua followed all the way, seemingly becoming a habit, as she was always following Yang Jian in supernatural incidents to ensure survival, and now resurrected, this behavior evidently hasn't changed, like a tailing shadow.

"Tomorrow I will arrange for you to go to the company, today you can stay here for the night." Yang Jian arrived at Huang Ziya's villa and pressed the doorbell.

"Your place is also here, why not let me go to your place." Yang Xiaohua said.

Yang Jian said, "I have ordinary people at home, whereas you are a resurrected person, there are some uncertain factors, you need observation for a while."

Yang Xiaohua suddenly fell silent.

Soon, the door opened, Huang Ziya appeared at the door in her pajamas, she smiled cheekily: "How come, the captain changed his mind? Pressing my doorbell in the middle of the night, what are you waiting for, come in fast, lest others see."

She was very warm, also quite open, a bit unscrupulous in demeanor.

Yang Jian pointed to the side and said, "Brought someone along, let her stay for a night, take her to the company tomorrow to arrange a position for her."

Huang Ziya immediately scrutinized Yang Xiaohua. Her judgment as a ghost master was not poor, she instantly saw something strange about Yang Xiaohua, that oddness is indescribable, gives the feeling that she's not a normal woman, more like she's purposely created.

Because Yang Xiaohua's skin color tended towards perfection, without a single dark spot, mole, wrinkle, blemish.

"Deceiving Ghost?" Huang Ziya squinted her eyes: "Body shape is not much, if it was up to me, I could make her even more perfect."

Yang Jian didn't feel surprised because Huang Ziya has controlled the supernatural power of Deceiving Ghost the longest, seeing Yang Xiaohua's situation is also normal.

He said, "It's already sufficient, you check her condition again, I'm leaving."

After speaking, not lingering, Yang Jian left, leaving Yang Xiaohua here.

"Previously there wasn't someone like you in Guanjiang Residential Complex, then the captain borrowed the necklace of Deceiving Ghost from me... so you are an anomaly forcibly created by the supernatural?" Huang Ziya's eyes flickered: "No, even if you have a living body, there's no way to act like a normal person."

"You have identity, name, consciousness... wait, you are a resurrected existence by the captain."

She made a bold guess.

And after saying this, even Huang Ziya herself felt astonished.

If it weren't for her having more information and intelligence, she wouldn't dare to make this guess.

"I was resurrected by Yang Jian, previously met him at the post office." Yang Xiaohua's face changed a bit, feeling there's no need to hide it anymore.

"Resurrection of the dead? The captain is indeed unfathomable." Huang Ziya pursed her red lips: "Really want to keep him here overnight."

"Are people now so bold and direct?" Yang Xiaohua said.

Huang Ziya said, "Interest, do you understand? Men are interested in women, and women can also be interested in men. The captain is the person I'm most interested in. He always surprises and astonishes people. I admire him, and as a man admired by me, he probably has some unorthodox thoughts."

"You're so beautiful. Isn't Yang Jian interested in you?" Yang Xiaohua asked.

She thought the woman in front of her was stunning, the most beautiful she had ever seen in her life. The moment she opened the door, she felt an unreal sensation, as if this woman named Huang Ziya had walked out of a movie, an artistic photograph.

Flawless.

"Beauty and ugliness are at his whim. It's not an advantage. Forget it, no need to waste words with you. Come in, and don't touch anything at home. Tomorrow I will arrange for you to move to the company's dormitory," said Huang Ziya.

She could tell that this woman was an ordinary person.

Since she was ordinary, she didn't have the capability to join the ranks of their group, so there was no need to pay too much attention.

Yang Jian returned home at this moment.

Inside, the lights were brightly lit.

Whether there was anyone at home or not, having all the lights on had become a habit.

The reason was simple. Both Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin, who lived at home, had psychological shadows, fearing darkness and ghosts. Therefore, they kept the lights on day and night.

Yang Jian took a shower to remove the strange smell from his body.

With the help of the Deceiving Ghost to restore his body, he seemed normal and healthy once more, but he didn't know how long this time would last.

It seemed that every time he encountered a supernatural event, his body would die, leaving fine and coming back a rotting mess.

The body of an ordinary person was too fragile, unable to withstand even a bit of supernatural influence.

Unless Ghost Shadow could ride a supernatural body, that could change everything.

But a supernatural body would be cold, with no body temperature or heartbeat, which Yang Jian didn't want.

He didn't want to walk around with the body of a dead person.

Upon returning to his bedroom after the shower, he found that the light in his bedroom was off.

This was the only room with the light off in the house.

This was a bit unusual.

As Yang Jian opened the door, his gaze immediately narrowed.

He saw something.

Even at night, with no light in the room, he could still see clearly.

It was in a corner of the room.

A piece of furniture that clashed with the entire room's decor was placed there.

A wooden cabinet with red paint.

Ghost Cabinet!

The Ghost Cabinet, which Yang Jian had previously split with a Firewood Knife, reappeared, right in his room, and it showed no signs of damage. In fact, it looked brand new.

Yang Jian was silent for a moment.

He easily understood this situation.

It seemed that the Ghost Cabinet could not be easily destroyed; there seemed to be something more eerie behind this supernatural item.

He stared at the Ghost Cabinet for a moment.

The cabinet remained motionless.

Now he understood why the light in this room was off; Zhang Liqin probably didn't dare to enter his room after seeing this thing and thus sealed off this floor.

"But I have already completed the Ghost Cabinet's transaction requirements. As long as I don't make new requests, the transaction will be considered interrupted." Yang Jian's eyes flickered.

During the Ancient House letter delivery mission, he opened the locked room.

So he had completed both the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet and the letter delivery task.

Therefore, there was no reason for the Ghost Cabinet to lose control.

"Even if the Ghost Cabinet has appeared, there's no necessity for me to continue trading with it." With this thought, Yang Jian directly approached and moved the Ghost Cabinet, taking it away from here.

He chose to return it to the safe house.

Only the safe house could contain the supernatural aspect of the Ghost Cabinet.

But when Yang Jian returned the Ghost Cabinet to the safe house and came back to his room, an unbelievable thing happened.

In the corner of the room, the Ghost Cabinet was still there.

Yang Jian's brow furrowed tightly; he immediately went to the computer room to check the surveillance footage from the safe house.

A bizarre thing occurred.

Through the surveillance video, Yang Jian saw that the Ghost Cabinet in the safe house was still present.

"Am I being entangled?" His expression became serious.

This Ghost Cabinet seemed more like a curse than just a cabinet; a curse could follow you, and the cabinet was merely a manifestation of that curse, not its source.

Yang Jian feared that even if he imprisoned this Ghost Cabinet dozens of times, it would eventually reappear beside him.

"Behind the red furniture lies the puzzle of a fierce ghost, and the Ghost Cabinet is one piece of that puzzle. Is it tangled with me because I am most likely to help it complete the puzzle?" Yang Jian mused.

In the Ancient House, what that woman from the Republic of China Period said had a degree of credibility.

But that woman from the Republic of China Period only spoke about information, not about methods.

Next time, if there's a chance, he'd better ask her.

The secret lies with Leuk Qingqing.

Yang Jian glanced at the Ghost Cabinet again, not thinking further, and went straight to sleep.

Although the Ghost Cabinet was beside him, Yang Jian didn't believe this thing would lose control, at least not before the puzzle was completed, the Ghost Cabinet didn't have the conditions to lose control.

And indeed, it was just as he predicted.

At night, the Ghost Cabinet showed no abnormalities and did not lose control. Yang Jian kept observing in secret and found nothing out of the ordinary. The Ghost Cabinet was like a supernatural monitor, inserted by his side to secretly watch and pay attention to him.

Or maybe it was more like a temptation.

So there would come a day when Yang Jian would need to utilize the transaction rules of the Ghost Cabinet.

Thus, the Ghost Cabinet kept waiting for the opportunity.

Chapter 1007 Discussion

One night passed.

The red cabinet in the corner of the room showed no abnormalities. Yang Jian checked it many times, even monitored it for a long period, but the Ghost Cabinet remained calm. The entire room and even the whole house showed no signs of anything amiss.

The next morning.

Yang Jian woke up.

He looked at the Ghost Cabinet again, feeling a bit suspicious.

It's understandable that the Ghost Cabinet is following him, as he had traded with it before, possibly being tainted by some sort of supernatural curse.

However, he had changed locations many times before, yet the Ghost Cabinet had not appeared around him.

"Next time, I'll try switching places," Yang Jian thought to himself. He didn't pay much attention to it and was preparing to go to the company.

Before leaving this floor, he checked the security room's monitoring system and found that the Ghost Cabinet he moved into the security room yesterday had vanished.

Indeed.

Yang Jian wasn't mistaken. He confirmed several times that the Ghost Cabinet in the security room had mysteriously disappeared and no longer existed, even though he clearly remembered moving it in yesterday and confirming its presence.

"Incomprehensible supernatural phenomena," he could only summarize it this way.

Though he had experienced many supernatural events, some phenomena were so bizarre that even he couldn't explain them.

Moreover, these matters weren't worth Yang Jian spending too much time on; he just needed to know that the Ghost Cabinet was already intertwined with him.

Currently, the Ghost Cabinet posed no danger; it was in a relatively stable state, but the risk of losing control existed with supernatural items, which could become a huge latent threat in the future.

Indeed.

The curse of the Ghost Cabinet wasn't as simple as imagined. Breaking the transaction temporarily didn't mean escaping it. Yang Jian even smashed the Ghost Cabinet into pieces, and still encountered such a situation.

Downstairs.

Zhang Liqin was already sitting on the sofa waiting. When she saw Yang Jian coming down, she hurriedly stood up.

"Drive me to the company; I have some matters today," Yang Jian indicated.

Zhang Liqin nodded, immediately grabbed the car keys, went to the garage, and drove out the car.

After Yang Jian got in the car, Zhang Liqin cautiously asked, "President Yang, did you see the cabinet in your room? I didn't see it when I stayed in your room before; it seemed to have suddenly appeared in the past few days. Did you bring it back when you went out midway?"

She had never seen the Ghost Cabinet and was unaware of its existence; Yang Jian always avoided everyone when trading with the Ghost Cabinet previously.

"No, that's a supernatural item involving a curse from a ghost; it seems to have latched onto me," Yang Jian said straightforwardly.

Zhang Liqin's eyes slightly contracted, appearing somewhat tense and uneasy: "Having that thing at home is dangerous, isn't it?"

"I'll keep watch and try to find a way to deal with it. The danger might be minimal, but it won't be threatening for now. If you feel unsafe, you can stay at the company," Yang Jian said calmly.

Zhang Liqin said, "Since there's no danger, I'll stay at home temporarily."

"Suit yourself," Yang Jian also pondered the existence of the Ghost Cabinet.

Firstly, regardless of whether it's dangerous or not, it must be removed from the home.

After all, the Ghost Cabinet had previously released a ghost. With such a thing at home, how could the family live there later? They might be too scared to sleep.

Yang Jian decided to first change locations and evaluate the situation later.

Quickly.

Zhang Liqin drove directly to the entrance of Shangtong Tower.

After getting out of the car, Yang Jian immediately saw someone squatting beside the building's entrance, smoking, with a worried expression.

This person was the Eagle who left yesterday.

Apparently, after a night of consideration, he finally decided to come to Shangtong Tower.

"Yang Team," the Eagle saw Yang Jian appear and immediately flicked away the cigarette butt, then greeted him.

Yang Jian walked over: "Eagle, when did you arrive?"

"Half an hour ago."

Eagle said: "I thought about the suggestion you gave me yesterday. I also roughly understood the identity and responsibility of the person in charge. To be honest, I'm a bit surprised; I didn't expect Dachang City to have such a special position dedicated to dealing with supernatural events, even establishing a specialized department."

"It's normal that if there's unclean things causing trouble, there should be people specially handling it," Yang Jian said: "So, what's your decision?"

"Of course, joining your team, Yang Team."

Eagle smiled: "Though it's a bit dangerous, the salary will surely be high, plus the job is official. After getting used to life as a messenger, I'm afraid I can't endure working for a few days without the impulse to deal with the boss."

"Good, welcome to join us," Yang Jian reached out his hand.

"Hope my presence can be of help to Yang Team," Eagle said.

"Since you've joined my team, I'm too lazy to send someone to investigate you. Follow me; you can attend today's meeting as a listener," Yang Jian said.

He had stolen Eagle's memory and knew everything about him.

So there was nothing worth investigating.

Soon.

The group arrived at the top floor of Shangtong Tower.

There were already people in the office at this time, all familiar faces: Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Li Yang... and Liu Xiaoyu.

"Yang Jian,"

"Captain,"

"Xiao Yang"

...

Everyone greeted Yang Jian one by one, except for Xiong Wenwen, who still acted rebelliously, showing no concern about getting a beating.

"Yang Xiaohua, didn't expect you to be here too," Eagle's expression changed upon seeing Yang Xiaohua, recognizing a familiar face among messengers.

Yang Xiaohua nodded; she knew yesterday that Yang Jian resurrected Eagle, so seeing Eagle wasn't surprising now.

"Let me introduce: Yang Xiaohua and Eagle. They are ordinary people with experience in supernatural events. Considering the manpower issue, they officially joined the company starting today," Yang Jian pointed at the two of them.

"Sure enough, they're newcomers. Quick, call 'Daddy Xiong' for me." Xiong Wenwen immediately jumped out and circled around the hawk and Yang Xiaohua, scrutinizing them.

"This kid..." Yang Xiaohua felt a bit unnerved.

She clearly saw this child named Xiong Wenwen wasn't a normal living person at all, but a paper figure, completely eerie.

Yang Jian walked over and picked up Xiong Wenwen: "Don't mess around. If you don't behave, I'll ask your mom to assign you more homework."

Xiong Wenwen immediately lost his temper, shrank his neck, and dared not speak further.

"Having newcomers is a good thing. Although they're ordinary people, we can't do without them in company operations."

Feng Quan said: "What's the main agenda of the meeting this time? It can't be the supernatural incident codenamed 'Black Umbrella,' right? Huang Ziya should have told you yesterday; this matter is temporarily under control."

"Of course, it's tricky to solve. With the murder pattern unclear, it requires a considerable expense to handle. But you have the Coffin Nail, so it's worth a try."

Tong Qian said: "Why not take action today and directly deal with this supernatural event? Recently, the supernatural event codenamed 'Ghost Lake' is becoming increasingly disruptive. Dachang City has been out of water for several days, now relying on underground water. I'm worried if this continues, even the underground water will be supernaturally polluted, greatly affecting the city."

He was rather anxious, wanting to solve the issue quickly to prevent it from escalating.

"These two supernatural events are indeed urgent—one near Dachang City, the other with wide-ranging impact. But no matter how urgent, things must proceed step by step," Yang Jian said. "Initially, as per our previous plan, I would return with the team to handle the Ghost Lake incident."

"Now, you've seen a fierce ghost coming off the bus, hovering around Dachang City. This must be addressed first."

The others nodded at his words.

Water shortage can be endured for a while, but a fierce ghost roaming near the city cannot be tolerated.

If the ghost enters the city, it would be catastrophic.

"So, is today the day to deal with this supernatural event?" Feng Quan asked.

Yang Jian said: "I still have some personal matters to handle, so let's postpone for three days and then check it out."

Three days?

Feng Quan thought for a moment: "That's alright. Within three days, it shouldn't cause trouble. For now, that area is relatively stable with no signs of ghost movement, and it's under constant surveillance. I'll be notified immediately if any issues arise."

Yang Jian looked at Liu Xiaoyu: "How much do we know about the Ghost Post Office from headquarters? I met Zhou Deng on that bus; he told me a captain is on the fifth floor of the post office? How come I wasn't informed about this beforehand?"

"I'll need to consult the relevant archive at headquarters for this," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Then go ask Cao Yanhua now." Yang Jian said.

Liu Xiaoyu said nothing, immediately turned, and left to contact headquarters.

Soon, the response came.

"Here's the situation: regarding the post office, headquarters doesn't have much information. It's only known that such a special place exists, but specifics like the location are unknown. The address of the post office was confirmed after you and Sun Rui's investigation last time, and the existence of the Messenger has been under investigation at headquarters ever since, also confirmed by Sun Rui."

"As for the captain on the fifth floor of the post office... it was mentioned in a report once, without detailed explanation, and it's been over half a year since this captain's information was confirmed, with no updates during this period. But Zhou Deng says he's seen her, which headquarters is still unaware of."

"For this reason, headquarters has tentatively labeled this captain as missing."

"Missing?"

Yang Jian's expression changed: "A missing person can become a captain? Was there some backdoor maneuvering?"

"No, early in the onset of the supernatural events, this captain handled over thirty various supernatural incidents and earned significant merit, so headquarters designated her as a captain, though she hasn't officially taken the role." Liu Xiaoyu said.

"I see," Yang Jian nodded, understanding.

A Messenger on the fifth floor of the post office chose to contact headquarters half a year ago, diligently resolving over thirty various supernatural incidents, then mysteriously vanished.

Though absent, her meritorious contribution was deemed significant enough for headquarters to allocate a captain's quota.

The eagle commented from the side: "The fifth floor Messenger's delivery cycle is long, one letter per year. It suggests once she completes a delivery task, the next won't be until a year later. She might not be missing but busy delivering letters. However, such fervor in handling supernatural events before delivery implies something's wrong."

"Trying to burn the last bit of life to make some contribution?" Yang Jian looked at the eagle: "So you think this captain is dead?"

"Since Zhou Deng saw her, it indicates the fifth-floor messenger from the post office appeared within the past six months. She might not be dead, merely tasked with delivering letters. Yet, taking so long to deliver a letter is hard to understand... hence, she likely vanished during the delivery process. Leaving a message for Zhou Deng aims to relay a signal through him: the delivery task is challenging, and she lacks confidence in returning alive." The eagle analyzed.

Missing.

In the supernatural realm, missing represents two possibilities: trapped by a fierce ghost in a supernatural place, unable to get free, or dead in a supernatural site.

"No wonder headquarters isn't aware of the post office info, since the master on the fifth floor vanished for over half a year."

Yang Jian pondered: "Many things at headquarters were incomplete back then; it's normal they overlooked this issue."

He assumed there'd be a helper on the fifth floor, but it now seems this fifth-floor expert may struggle to even protect herself.

Post office delivery process disappearance.

The probability of death is high.

"Do you have this captain's dossier? Let me see," Yang Jian asked again.

Liu Xiaoyu handed over a dossier: "Just printed, there's not much info since updates have been scarce."

Yang Jian glanced at it casually, noting the photo of a young woman in her early twenties, with long hair and weary eyes, as if under great mental pressure.

"Indeed, nothing crucial."

He shook his head; aside from name, gender, height, and former nickname, nothing special was in the dossier.

It appears the post office's fifth-floor expert deliberately concealed information about supernatural matters.

Evidently, during her cooperation with headquarters, some details were withheld.

"Can't rely on this fifth-floor expert anymore; merely get acquainted with the dossier info, checking for any encounter opportunities on the fifth floor of the post office later. But chances seem slim; she's been missing for over half a year, likely decomposed by now," Yang Jian handed the dossier to Li Yang.

Li Yang is also a Messenger now, needing attention to such matters.

"A captain-level figure from half a year ago dying during a delivery? That probability seems low." Feng Quan asked.

Yang Jian said: "You mentioned she's an early captain; back then, taming two ghosts was sufficient for captain nomination. The fifth-floor expert became captain early due to resolving over thirty various supernatural incidents, unlike someone like Wang Chaling who relied on terrifying resources."

"And how many early supernatural veterans remain? Feng Quan, you know it well. Headquarters awarded her the captain post considering her early efforts, but now, thirty supernatural incidents combined don't compare to the merit of handling one Hungry Ghost incident by me."

Though his words might sound harsh, it's the reality.

Early on, supernatural resurgence, supernatural events were manageable. Considering Yang Jian's current prowess, if back then, he could've cleared the supernatural event archives at headquarters.

As supernatural resurgence continues, fierce ghosts grow increasingly terrifying.

Now, even a captain cannot guarantee they can handle an A-level supernatural event.

Chapter 1008 The People Who Stay by My Side

There were quite a few topics discussed at the meeting, and they were a bit mixed, but the two most important matters remained.

One was the supernatural event codenamed Black Umbrella.

This matter must be resolved in the near future to prevent the impact from expanding and causing significant damage.

The other matter was investigating the mysterious captain on the fifth floor of the post office. Yang Jian wanted to learn more about the post office by contacting such a person.

The result was disappointing for him.

The mysterious captain on the fifth floor of the post office had disappeared for as long as six months. The old eagle speculated that she might have gone missing during a delivery task, most likely dead, or possibly trapped inside a supernatural place, unable to escape, just like when they were trapped in the old house earlier.

"It seems we can't rely on others. Ultimately, we have to rely on ourselves."

Yang Jian glanced at Li Yang.

Li Yang also slightly shook his head, indicating helplessness.

An important clue on the fifth floor had been lost just like that.

But thinking about it carefully, it made sense.

If the captain-level figure on the fifth floor of the post office was still around, the information of the post office would have already been acquired by the headquarters and wouldn't be as unknown as it is now.

And that missing captain never imparted the post office's information.

She intentionally concealed it.

This concealment led to Yang Jian having to investigate anew; one can't help but wonder what that fifth-floor captain was thinking.

Perhaps she was very confident, wanting to solve the post office issue with her own abilities, hence not willing to let others know the information of the post office.

"This matter is temporarily settled. We will participate in that Black Umbrella supernatural event in three days. This time, the whole team doesn't need to be deployed; Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, and I will suffice," Yang Jian said.

"Captain, what about me?" Li Yang asked in surprise.

Yang said, "You rest. The post office matters are yet to follow. With your current state, you won't withstand continuous supernatural events; after all, you've only harnessed two ghosts and you're still at risk of revival."

Li Yang had not yet harnessed two ghosts for long. Although he frequently used supernatural power, his current state was still manageable.

But compared to him, Huang Ziya, Feng Quan, and Xiong Wenwen were somewhat more leisurely.

This time, naturally, they had to put in some effort.

"Yang Jian, I have more experience than Huang Ziya; I think I can replace her," Tong Qian said.

"Your body is a normal human body; it can't withstand the erosion of the supernatural, unsuitable to enter that rainy supernatural place," Yang Jian said, "It's decided. If any of you are on duty, rotate shifts. This supernatural event won't delay us for long; we can settle it within half a day at most."

"Is it really efficient?" Tong Qian expressed doubt.

Yang Jian replied, "If it can't be settled in half a day, it means the ghost is too terrifying; in that case, we need to escape."

He stated directly.

In supernatural encounters, a few attempts will tell if it can be dealt with. He has the coffin nail at his disposal; if it can't be resolved in half a day, then it's incredibly terrifying, and they must retreat timely.

"Time is not on our side; let's eat first. Zhang Liqin, go to the canteen and bring us our meal," Yang Jian subsequently instructed.

Sitting on the nearby chair, Zhang Liqin stood up: "Alright, President Yang."

She stayed quiet, knowing her place; being a regular person, she had no business participating in such meetings. Thus, she merely accompanied and listened, and once leaving the office, she'd forget everything heard during the meeting.

As she passed by Yang Jian, Zhang Liqin suddenly bent down and said softly: "By the way, President Yang, Zhang Wei seems to be somewhat out of sorts lately. He wanted to see you a few days ago, but you weren't around. He asked me to inform him when you returned. I suspect it has to do with a supernatural event."

"Why didn't you discuss this with others?" Yang Jian furrowed his brow and said, "If it's related to some supernatural event, others in the company can handle it too."

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, and Huang Ziya all have experience dealing with matters.

Zhang Liqin replied, "Zhang Wei seems to only want to discuss this with President Yang."

"Alright, I got it. I'll check with Zhang Wei about the situation later," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin nodded and then left.

Yang Jian understood Zhang Wei's character; this guy was evasive when he had important matters to discuss but would make a big fuss if inviting him to play games or eat.

"Is it about the last time Sun Ren kidnapped him?"

He couldn't help but speculate.

Last time, Sun Ren kidnapped Zhang Wei to obtain a detained ghost. Yang Jian released a detained ghost to ransom Zhang Wei, later issued a warrant for Sun Ren.

Although Sun Ren and Yang Jian were high school classmates and survived the Ghost Door Knocker incident, Yang Jian was not familiar with him. Furthermore, Sun Ren had become somewhat unhinged,

deceiving Zhang Wei into traveling out of town to kidnap him and demanding a detained ghost, evidently involving the supernatural. Yang Jian wouldn't be lenient with such a person.

Unfortunately, Yang Jian couldn't free himself at the time, or he'd have personally dealt with Sun Ren.

"Liu Xiaoyu, what's the result of Sun Ren's kidnapping incident?" Yang Jian asked immediately.

Liu Xiaoyu had taken over Zang Hua's work for some time now and was naturally clear about matters relating to Yang Jian.

"No progress yet; your high school classmate Sun Ren is still missing, but the warrant remains in effect."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly: "A living person, missing for so long and still not found?"

"There are too many supernatural events; it's normal for an invisible fugitive to be overlooked," Liu Xiaoyu explained.

Yang Jian waved his hand, no longer inclined to ask further.

He reckoned Zhang Wei's reason for approaching him wasn't this. After all, a person hiding wouldn't likely run to Dachang City for revenge; that would be walking into a trap.

Soon.

Zhang Liqin brought lunch on a serving cart.

Once everyone finished eating, Yang Jian temporarily left the office, inquired Zhang Wei's whereabouts, and went to look for him.

Zhang Wei was also at Shangtong Tower.

However, not on the top floor, but on the twenty-second floor.

The twenty-second floor is a fireproof level.

Usually unused, it only stores some irrelevant items. However, Zhang Wei had transformed it into a shooting range just for himself.

Even though it was against the rules.

Yang Jian tacitly allowed it, and no one cared about this matter, considering a tiny personal request from the city manager.

When Yang Jian found Zhang Wei, he saw Zhang Wei sitting alone in the middle of the shooting range. His hair was messy, his tie was undone, and stubble covered his chin, making him look very haggard. It seemed like he hadn't had a good rest for some time. It was unclear what he'd been busy with lately to become like this.

"Zhang Wei, what's up? I heard from my secretary that you wanted to see me?"

"Brother Tui, you're just in time. Quick, come over and take a look." Zhang Wei turned around and, upon seeing Yang Jian, excitedly waved his hand eagerly.

As Yang Jian approached, he noticed a spread of photos in front of Zhang Wei. The photos were of various young people, both male and female, and judging by the backgrounds, they seemed to be in Dachang City.

"Why are you looking at these photos?"

Zhang Wei immediately glanced around to ensure no one was listening, then hastily shushed, "Brother Tui, lower your voice. Don't be so loud. Be careful not to let it hear you."

"It? Is someone watching you?" Yang Jian asked.

"I don't know who's watching me. I just know it's right by my side and could very well be in the company right now. I'm afraid to wander outside now. It could be your secretary, a company employee, or even my dad... It could be anyone. I trust no one now, except for you, Brother Tui."

Zhang Wei seemed paranoid, not knowing what kind of stress he had been under.

"Are you sure it's a person? Could it be a ghost?" Yang Jian replied.

"Shush, don't say that word. If it hears, people will die."

Zhang Wei pulled out some more photos and said, "Several of my informants have mysteriously disappeared. They all mentioned that thing to me before vanishing. They disappeared the day after they told me about it."

"It knows someone around me is suspicious of it, so it kills those who suspect. This has been going on for over a week, and I suspect it might have something to do with our last case, where we attracted some unclean things."

He referred to those murder cases in Dachang City.

There were inexplicable deaths, bodies showing signs of dismemberment, with some limbs missing. At the time, Yang Jian had discussed it but didn't take it too seriously, thinking it wasn't a supernatural event. He left it to Liu Xiaoyu to handle and didn't receive any similar reports later, so he didn't pay much attention to it.

After all, Yang Jian was very busy, dealing with more significant supernatural events. The strange deaths of those few people were hardly worth his attention.

"Are you sure there's an issue around you? Not just paranoia?" Yang Jian again asked.

Zhang Wei whispered, "There's no mistake. The first time I sensed it, I was squatting by the roadside eating skewers, and I felt a bit uncomfortable, like someone was watching me from behind. But I wasn't too worried since I had many people around me at the time and just thought someone was eying my butt."

"The second time I was in the bathroom. There was clearly no one outside, yet I saw a shadow standing at the door as if peeping at me. It scared me so much I quickly pulled up my pants, and I was sure someone was targeting my butt."

"And what's it got to do with it?" Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei said, "That was the second time, but the following encounters got weirder. One morning, an informant told me there was something unclean near me. I didn't take it seriously until that night when I was home alone, playing on the computer, you know, and I realized there was a second person in my room."

"How did you find out?" Yang Jian asked in surprise.

"Was it hard for me? You haven't forgotten about the mirror thing last time, have you, Brother Tui?" Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian said, "Last time it was a ghost from the mirror that came out and followed you, but that's over. Looking in the mirror now won't help."

"No, I wasn't looking in a mirror this time. I was looking at a monitor, you know... a man's reflection appeared on that beauty's body on the screen, as if someone was standing in front of my computer watching a movie with me," Zhang Wei said softly.

"Could you have seen it wrong?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Wei said, "Impossible, my eyesight is excellent. I was staring at that beauty, and someone else's reflection on the monitor couldn't possibly go unnoticed."

"I judged right then that there must be a second person in my room, yet I couldn't find anyone."

"He exists, yet seemingly doesn't."

Yang Jian frowned, "Sounds a bit eerie."

"It's indeed bizarre, but that's not the eeriest part. The eeriest part is the next day when my informant vanished. He had told me there was something unclean near me, and then the day after saying it, he disappeared. I couldn't reach him by phone, nor could I find him. I even went to his home; he never returned that night."

"Do you think you have an invisible ghost following you?" Yang Jian made such a guess.

Zhang Wei covered Yang Jian's mouth, "Shush, Brother Tui, you're mistaken. It's not invisible. It's visible, but it's easy to overlook. It's like something inconspicuous right beside us, but none of us notice, especially in crowded situations. That's why I only dare to be alone now."

"A ghost that exists but is easily overlooked?" Yang Jian's expression shifted as he thought of someone familiar.

Li Leping, the person in charge of Dachuan City.

He's someone who can easily be forgotten, extremely unfamiliar, and easy to overlook.

For instance, right now, Yang Jian didn't remember who Li Leping was; he just knew there was this person, a captain, but couldn't recall what he looked like.

But Li Leping was just forgettable. If he were to appear in your room, he'd definitely be noticed. After all, how could you overlook a live person standing there?

Zhang Wei's experience was even more bizarre.

Something seemed to be following him, yet he couldn't see it. It hid around him, possibly being any person around him.

But Zhang Wei was an ordinary person; it's easy for something supernatural to deceive him. If he were a ghost handler, he could resist such interference and possibly discover such a special existence.

"Now I clearly know it's following and looking for me, yet I dare not tell anyone else. Once others know, they might disappear the next day. If I told your secretary, for instance, she'd probably vanish mysteriously too," Zhang Wei explained his reason for secretly meeting with Yang Jian.

"You want me to find that thing and deal with it?" Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei nodded, "I'm trying to eliminate suspects among the people I've recently interacted with. The photos are of everyone I've encountered lately. I think it's hidden among them."

A ground full of photos showed Zhang Wei had been interacting with many people recently.

Yang Jian glanced at the photos but couldn't identify anything special. They were just ordinary people. It's unrealistic to point out issues based on looks alone. He was a ghost handler, not Sherlock Holmes.

"After recent investigations, I think it's hidden among these five photos," Zhang Wei picked out five photos, focusing them on the table.

Yang Jian didn't look but replied, "Can't we use the most direct method? You wander around, and I'll watch in secret. If it shows up, I'll definitely catch it."

"I wouldn't believe anyone else saying this, but I trust you, Brother Tui. I'll use myself as bait to draw it out," Zhang Wei's eyes lit up, encouraged.

Then he handed over the five photos, "It's definitely one among these five. Brother Tui, I'm counting on you this time."

"No problem. I'm also curious to see if something is indeed following you," Yang Jian accepted the photos, puzzled.

Could there really be a ghost lingering around Zhang Wei?

Why didn't Feng Quan or Tong Qian notice anything?

Before he could ponder further, Zhang Wei took action, deciding to go on the offensive, lure that thing out, and work with Yang Jian to capture it.

Yang Jian didn't quite believe there was anything unusual around Zhang Wei, considering both the company and Dachang City, he'd already inspected both.

However, for some reason, he chose to believe Zhang Wei, deciding to observe things around him to confirm.

After all, the last case remained unsolved, and perhaps Zhang Wei did encounter something unclean.

Yang Jian did not follow but opened his ghost eyes to lock onto Zhang Wei, following him with his sight.

If there was something unusual, the ghost eyes would definitely notice it.

Chapter 1009 The Person in Sight

Yang Jian also didn't expect Zhang Wei to inexplicably attract something unclean. According to his thinking, Zhang Wei's activity range hasn't left Dachang City, so it's basically impossible for him to encounter anything paranormal because his team patrols the city and clears up any oddness.

After all, everyone lives in Dachang City, and no one wants some terrifying ghost lurking in the city.

But Zhang Wei's story seemed real enough, so Yang Jian didn't think he was lying. Hence, he decided to observe and see if there was anything unusual around Zhang Wei.

After they agreed on this matter, Zhang Wei immediately regained his spirits.

Now, he wished the ghostly thing following him would appear right away so that he could grab it and deal with it directly.

So, Zhang Wei started wandering around the company. He went to each floor and made an appearance in front of many people, ensuring that the presence was aware of him.

Then he notified his subordinates to gather downstairs at the company.

Initially, Zhang Wei dared not do this because such actions could potentially lead to mysterious disappearances of those around him; two had already vanished before, which is why he chose to hide alone and avoid others.

"Everything seems normal; at least none of the other employees at the company are behaving oddly. If the ghost is following Zhang Wei, it should infiltrate the company, blending in among the employees. Yet, Zhang Wei showed his face everywhere without the employees exhibiting anything unusual."

Yang Jian's gaze followed, observing secretly; everything seemed calm so far.

His biggest concern was a ghost hiding inside the company.

If that's the case, Yang Jian would have to worry about how many people had interacted with the ghost and how many had been affected by the supernatural.

After all, this is an unknown ghost with abilities that are still a mystery.

"However, it can't be ruled out that Zhang Wei may have attracted the attention of a ghost wielder," Yang Jian thought.

Ghost wielders are better at hiding than ghosts; if they want, it's hard to spot them.

But as of now, Yang Jian wasn't in a hurry, as today was free. Spending some time observing was worthwhile to remove a hidden, unstable factor.

Yet, Yang Jian didn't put all his attention on Zhang Wei. There wouldn't be any incidents with the Ghost Eye watching.

During leisure, Yang Jian left the floor and found a rather inconspicuous department within the company.

Research Department,

This department doesn't have many people, just a handful, and usually has nothing to do, often drawing a salary without much work.

But the people in this department are not simple.

The head is Doctor Chen, and the remaining few are his students. They've participated in paranormal research work before and have deep insights into certain matters. Yet, due to circumstantial issues, they opted to join Shangtong Tower.

Though they are typically idle and have no tasks,

They are very content living such a life. For these special personnel, having a peaceful life without danger is rare.

They don't have particularly high demands on salary or benefits either.

Doctor Chen, as usual, sat at his desk, reading, sipping tea, occasionally practicing calligraphy, serene and carefree.

"Doctor Chen, you seem quite free here; would you like me to find something for you to do?" Yang Jian's voice appeared, suddenly in the office.

Doctor Chen was startled but quickly regained composure and looked over: "Captain Yang?"

Before he could say more, Yang Jian produced a cold, claw-like hand with dark nails and tossed it onto Doctor Chen's desk.

Upon seeing the ghostly hand, Doctor Chen's face changed drastically. He immediately knew it was the hand of a scary ghost; if it went berserk, it could create a small-scale supernatural incident.

"This, this thing can't just be left around like that; it must be confined—it's very dangerous," Doctor Chen said, focusing on the hand with caution and seriousness.

He observed that the hand was completely still, indicating it posed no immediate risk of losing control.

"Help me research this thing's killing pattern. It has a certain triggering means for fatality, but I don't want to search slowly alone. You're an expert in this field, so I believe you understand better than I do," Yang Jian stated.

Doctor Chen adjusted his glasses and said slowly: "The killing patterns of incomplete ghost limbs aren't entire; they need specific conditions to trigger them. I've researched this area, and honestly, it's a bit tricky. For instance, I did an experiment involving an incomplete ghost's killing pattern."

"The ghost's pattern was to attack whoever was sitting in a chair. Yet, the ghost was incomplete, and even sitting wouldn't lead to death because it lost half of its body, lacked the Ghost Domain, and hence couldn't kill."

"Later on, I pieced together the ghost's incomplete body, and once the pattern was triggered, it immediately began killing."

Yang Jian asked, "You're saying incomplete puzzle pieces, incomplete killing patterns require activating and completing them to trigger?"

"That's how it is currently understood, and it explains why the ghostly puzzle has flaws—why some living people can wield the paranormal power. However, this research is only one aspect; ghost wielders controlling ghosts involves much more unknowns to explore slowly," Doctor Chen responded.

Yang Jian acknowledged the reasoning.

His Ghost Shadow could only attack people who turned their backs when incomplete, but once the Ghost Shadow Figure was completed, it began indiscriminate killing, invading and stealing human memories, controlling them.

"I don't care about the process; I care about results. How long will it take you to research the killing patterns of this ghostly hand?" Yang Jian inquired.

Doctor Chen thought for a moment and said, "At least three to five days. If there's related intelligence from those killed by the ghost, it could shorten the time."

"I'll give you five days, and I'll check the results then," Yang Jian said.

Doctor Chen nodded and then produced a golden glass box, saying, "This is a special box I brought before coming to Dachang City. It can isolate supernatural influence. Captain Yang, please put the hand inside; I'll immediately start researching afterward."

Yang Jian walked over, picked up the hand, and placed it in the box.

Doctor Chen, tense, sealed and locked the box securely to prevent any unexpected incidents from the ghostly hand.

Researching paranormal incidents is inherently dangerous.

Many of his former colleagues died in the lab; he survived by being exceedingly cautious and never rushing into experiments, taking them step by step.

However, this caution yielded slow progress in experiments.

After leaving Doctor Chen with the task, Yang Jian departed; he still needed to monitor the anomalies around Zhang Wei and couldn't linger longer.

Meanwhile,

Zhang Wei had arrived at Shangtong Tower's plaza, his gaze sharp and wary. He scrutinized his surroundings intensely, as if there were an elusive pair of eyes watching him, making him want to draw his gun several times.

Dachang Sharpshooter Ah Wei was no mere title.

"Ah Wei, what's up, calling us out like this in broad daylight? Everyone's busy, either way needs sleep to stay up surfing the web at night," a young man in his early twenties appeared, dyed blond hair and dark circles, complaining to Zhang Wei bluntly.

"Ah Fei, you see that person staring at me, right?" Zhang Wei asked suspiciously.

"Who is staring at you? It's broad daylight; you're no beauty."

Ah Fei glanced around. There were a few people, but they were either passing by or sitting and playing on phones, nothing suspicious.

He waved dismissively, "Ah Wei, aren't you pulling too many all-nighters, starting to hallucinate? Have you taken your meds? Should you see a doctor?"

"I have, but the effect isn't obvious. Where are the others? Just you here—they don't want their pay?" Zhang Wei replied.

"They're sleeping; the rest are pulling all-nighters at cyber cafes. Who knows if they've left the café yet?" Ah Fei said.

Zhang Wei immediately asked, "Which cyber cafe? Didn't invite me?"

"Weren't you saying you had business and had to lay low? We saw you busy so didn't call," Ah Fei replied.

"I'm done hiding; I'll go wherever I want. Let's go find them," Ah Wei's eyes gleamed now, seemingly eager for the web rather than anger over being left out.

The previous matters seemed to slip his mind.

As Ah Wei followed Ah Fei away, an inconspicuous person in the Shangtong Tower plaza quietly trailed them.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye kept watch secretly.

He saw everyone, including the one covertly tailing Zhang Wei, but noticed nothing odd, as if the person's presence were entirely plausible.

Even in sight, one wouldn't find them strange.

They could seamlessly blend into their environment.

This is an inexplicably odd influence, unable to be explained, unless the number of people around is reduced to one or two, it might be noticed, but that's only a possibility. Not necessarily discovered as sometimes it's right by you, unnoticed.

Yang Jian's view continued tracking. Even if he found no anomalies, he'd ensure Zhang Wei's safety first.

Chapter 1010 The Third Person

Zhang Wei seemed to have forgotten his current purpose. After arranging a meeting, he immediately ran to the internet café. Just a moment ago, he was extremely cautious, but now he didn't care at all whether anything unclean was following him.

Obviously, he completely trusted Yang Jian because Yang Jian promised to help him deal with that thing beside him.

It was precisely because of this that he could be so at ease.

Yang Jian's gaze followed him. He saw Zhang Wei enter a nearby internet café.

However, when Zhang Wei went inside, the café's door opened three times.

The first was when Zhang Wei and Brother Ah Fei went in together, the second was when someone came out from inside.

And the third time... it seemed like there was no one?

At this moment, Yang Jian was suddenly startled because he subconsciously ignored the person who entered and exited the third time. Even though his eyes had seen it, it just flashed by and wasn't given any attention.

"Something's not right, there's definitely a problem."

The next moment.

Yang Jian left Shangtong Tower and appeared in front of that internet café's entrance.

He furrowed his brow, recalling that bizarre scene earlier; it was still somewhat unbelievable.

"The door opened three times, but there was someone in my sight that wasn't noticed. But I can confirm that person indeed exists. It seems Zhang Wei's previous words were correct; there is indeed something strange following him."

Yang Jian didn't enter the café, but his Ghost Eye was fixed on the café's entrance.

There were quite a few people inside, at least thirty or so were online.

If there was a ghost, then the ghost must be mixed among them, though it wouldn't be easy to identify it.

"Use the process of elimination to remove each one until the final problematic person is found," Yang Jian thought to himself, as his Ghost Domain activated, covering the entire internet café.

The others in the café browsing the web didn't notice they were already entering a Ghost Domain, continuing to surf online.

"I'll cover all the internet fees here today," Zhang Wei shouted loudly as soon as he entered the café.

Many people simultaneously looked up at him.

"Ah Wei's here, where have you been lately? Haven't seen you for days," someone greeted him.

Zhang Wei replied, "Don't mention it, I've been really unlucky lately. I got haunted by a ghost while watching a movie at night and had to hide for several days."

"You must be being paranoid, having hallucinations," someone laughed.

"Do you think I'd get paranoid? Nonsense, do you know my English name? If not, then from now on, please call me Mr. Rock-Solid, here's my business card." Zhang Wei actually handed over a business card after speaking.

It had a strange English name printed on it, along with a Chinese translation below.

"Stop bragging, Ah Wei, are we playing or not? We're only waiting for you," Ah Fei called, inviting Zhang Wei to play a game together.

Zhang Wei jogged over: "Coming, coming."

Soon, he, Ah Fei, and a few other buddies who frequented the café started to play a game.

Not long after, Zhang Wei was cursing: "You guys are terrible, can't you play properly? I used to think Brother Tui was bad enough, but you guys are even worse than him. I'm holding for seven here, who can withstand this?"

However, at this time, the number of people online in the café was unknowingly decreasing rapidly.

The surroundings seemed to be interfered with by something; the lights went out, screens went black, and people vanished.

The areas with light were quickly being devoured, just like a safe zone in a game, shrinking smaller and smaller. Yet, none of these changes were noticed because, in their vision, everything seemed normal, with people still online and computer screens still lit.

This was an illusion.

An illusion generated within the Ghost Domain that normal people couldn't discern with their eyes.

Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain to create the illusion, beginning to screen the entire café for suspicious individuals. He first excluded those who were normally online, then sought the strange presence that wasn't easily discovered.

Soon.

Most parts of the internet café were filtered out by Yang Jian, leaving only the last row where Zhang Wei and others were sitting.

Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly, lingering on the few people around Zhang Wei.

He knew that one of the people here definitely had a problem. That special presence could make people unconsciously overlook it, lacking any sense of presence, even among just a few people it wouldn't easily be noticed.

This was supernatural interference.

An inexplicable existence, like some fierce spirits, standing right in front of you yet you couldn't find it.

This seemed to defy common sense, but within the supernatural circle, it was not surprising.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye could see the person exists, but he couldn't consciously notice it.

"Continue filtering."

Suddenly.

The monitor on the far right dimmed, and a person abruptly vanished. Although such a sudden disappearance would easily catch others' attention, the illusion within the Ghost Domain made it so in Zhang Wei and Ah Fei's vision, the person was still there.

"What's going on? Why are you standing there not moving? Are you trying to mess with me again?"
Zhang Wei was again upset.

"Not this person."

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, then continued the selection.

The second monitor from the right went black, and another person was screened out, leaving his Ghost Domain.

However, the person being screened out had no reaction; whether in the Ghost Domain or not, he couldn't sense it. After all, regular people lacked the ability to sense the supernatural and distinguish illusions, easily being disturbed.

"Also not this person."

Now, only Ah Fei was left beside Zhang Wei.

It seemed very safe here, with nothing unusual, no special strange presence, because Zhang Wei and Ah Fei were fine; Yang Jian could confirm that.

"No, it's not right. Besides Zhang Wei and Ah Fei, there's a third person I can see but can't notice." Yang Jian didn't stop because of this; instead, he became more vigilant.

The next moment.

Ah Fei was also gone.

"Where did everyone go? Not moving or speaking, are you still playing or not?" Zhang Wei looked around, wanting to scold his unreliable teammates.

But quickly, Zhang Wei looked at the silent café and was stunned.

Then he abruptly stood up from his seat.

"Something's not right," Zhang Wei furrowed his brow.

However, just at that moment.

A person abruptly stood in front of a computer on Zhang Wei's far left.

Expressionless and silent, like a shadow beside Zhang Wei, but no one paid attention to him. His appearance at this moment seemed to appear out of thin air. When Ah Fei was here, this person didn't appear; only when Ah Fei disappeared did he finally become visible.

Everything was so eerie.

It seemed he had always been here; you just hadn't noticed. It also seemed like there was no one at that spot before, and only now did a third person suddenly appear.

The next moment.

Zhang Wei also disappeared.

The internet cafe was silent and dim, not a single person was left.

Everyone, including Zhang Wei, was isolated by Yang Jian using the Ghost Domain.

But after everyone disappeared, there was still one person standing in the internet cafe, all alone, with the surroundings empty. All the computer screens were black, all the lights were off.

"Found you." A cold smile appeared on Yang Jian's lips.

He now understood some of the characteristics of this ghostly entity.

This ghost can blend into a crowd. When the number of people around exceeds three, it absolutely won't be discovered, even if seen, it definitely won't be noticed.

It seems to forever appear in your visual blind spot, though it lingers around you, you cannot be aware of it.

And when the number of people around decreases to two, it might be discovered, but it would still be overlooked.

When the number of people around decreases to one, it will reveal itself, and will be discovered.

When there is no one around, it will be completely exposed, and that sense of non-existence and paranormal interference will completely disappear.

It seems to know it has been discovered and started behaving unusually.

It swiftly left the internet area and walked toward the exit of the cafe.

As long as it leaves the cafe and enters outside, it will once again perfectly blend into the crowd, disappear, becoming that eternally unnoticed third person.

"Now you want to leave, it's too late." Yang Jian stood outside the cafe, watching this scene.

He spent quite a bit of effort, opened the Ghost Domain, locked down the cafe, and screened through over thirty people, only to finally catch this entity, how could he possibly let it leave.

Soon.

Yang Jian took off the glove from one hand.

A dark, cold Ghost Hand was revealed.

Immediately.

The person attempting to swiftly leave the cafe suddenly stopped, a stiff, cold hand appeared beneath its feet, firmly grabbing its ankle.

Then more hands appeared.

Another cold, dead hand grabbed its neck, others grabbed its wrists, covered its face... In no time, those eerie hands swarmed over its body like wriggling maggots, tightly sealing it.

The suppressive power of the Ghost Hand had formed, it can directly suppress the movement of a ghost.

It stopped moving, lost its motion, no longer struggling, no longer resisting, standing there like a corpse.

Even without relying on the Firewood Knife and Coffin Nail, Yang Jian dealing with this moderate level of paranormal is quite straightforward and easy.

"Trying to leave after killing someone in my Dachang City?"

"Bang!"

The next moment, the door of the cafe opened, Yang Jian finally walked in with large strides.

The empty internet cafe had only him and the eerie person covered entirely by ghost hands.

"Following around Zhang Wei, killing everyone suspicious of you, this behavior doesn't quite seem like a vengeful spirit, so are you human or ghost?" Yang Jian stopped his steps, asking coldly from several meters away.

The person's body was stiff, without a response.

"It doesn't matter if you don't answer. Whether you are a supernatural being or a ghost, you're destined to be trapped."

After asking without getting a response, he didn't bother wasting more words.

At that moment.

The person had some movement, it struggled to open its mouth, appearing pained and powerless.

Seeing this, Yang Jian allowed the ghost hands covering the person's face to disappear, lessening some of its suppression.

It continued to open its mouth, seemingly trying to speak, but instead made a clicking sound.

"No throat." Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, he saw the person's open mouth was empty, no tongue nor throat.

However, it still kept opening its mouth.

At this moment, its face was tearing open, a crack appeared that seemed to have existed on the skin, only when sewn together the gap was too small to see with the naked eye, only now after tearing did one notice the bottom half and top half of the face didn't quite align, creating a strong sense of disharmony.

It seemed as though the bottom half and top half of the face were taken from two different human faces.

When patched together the disharmony wasn't noticeable, but after tearing it open, the bizarre feeling became particularly obvious.

Yang Jian immediately thought of the previous cases in Dachang City.

In those cases, someone was killed and part of the corpse was missing when found, seeming like it was stolen, but the wound was particularly neat, not man-made, thus suspected to be a paranormal event.

"I see, no wonder I haven't seen you before, you were a patched-up corpse." Yang Jian understood immediately.

His Ghost Hand invaded its body directly.

The person's body was torn piece by piece, cracks appearing all over.

The limbs, the torso, fell apart like building blocks.

But within this disassembled body, there remained someone, a skeleton-thin, curled-up, and blood-covered person.

It was akin to a parasite within the body, now revealed.

"Living person, or vengeful spirit?" Yang Jian directly used his ghost eye to gaze.

Immediately.

He came to a conclusion.

Living person?

Yang Jian's eyelid twitched, discovering this skeleton-thin person had signs of life, was not a dead person.

Having life signs and possessing paranormal power, it could only be a ghost handler.

"Interesting, didn't expect there to be this kind of ghost handler, not using their own body, piecing together a body instead, hiding within that body, no wonder I suspected you of being a vengeful spirit, anyone would suspect this situation."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes: "Can you still speak? If not, then I'm sorry, I can only kill you like this."

The skeleton-thin person painfully straightened its body, bones cracked and snapped, the agony causing it to silently scream.

"He seems to be severely ill, like a congenital disability." Yang Jian observed his body, the spine was twisted, the bones developed haphazardly, couldn't straighten, nor move."

If nobody cared for them, they could only lie in bed waiting to die.

"If you can't move your body, can't speak, then I will help relieve you of your pain."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, the shadow beneath his feet stood up, then walked towards the person.