

## Revival 1061

### Chapter 1061 Leaving the Apartment

The old Ghost Post Office has become history, and all the mail carriers are liberated today. They no longer need to deliver letters or suffer from curses.

In its place stands a brand new five-story apartment building, and outside the entrance of this building, there's still a

Although this is a supernatural site, no supernatural incidents are occurring here.

However, some lingering threats remain.

For example, the female corpse on the fifth floor, the person in room 502, and the malicious ghost buried deep within this place, as well as the third manager, Zhang Xiangguang.....

It's impossible to solve all these lingering problems at once; they can only be left to deal with slowly in the future.

"Now that the post office issue is gone, what do we plan to do next?" Wang Yong asked at this moment.

At this moment, Ye Zhen walked over again, unusually serious, and said, "Yang Jian, since we've met again this time, I think we should take this rare opportunity to have a good talk."

"Talk about what?" Yang Jian asked.

"Naturally about the future." Ye Zhen said.

Yang Jian was somewhat surprised, "You're actually interested in this? I thought you only knew how to stay in Dahai City and read manga every day. But I'd like to hear what your version of the future is."

"If you and I join forces, the world can be at peace. Those few captains at headquarters won't last three rounds before us. By then, we can control the north and south, and manage the major affairs of the world, wouldn't that be delightful?"

Ye Zhen said, "If we do it, we do it to be the strongest."

"..."

Yang Jian thought he was careless, not expecting Ye Zhen to say anything good. This guy's head is full of strange ideas, if not to be the strongest, then to dominate and claim the first place.

"You should find someone else. Maybe others are interested in this plan of yours."

He refused without hesitation.

"No matter, the great waves of the era will push us forward. As someone standing atop the waves, it is destined to be radiant." Ye Zhen continued.

"Alright, alright, I'm really grateful for your help this time. The favor you owed me last time is settled. If there's nothing else, you should return to Dahai City early. I fear your issues at Fushou Garden aren't resolved yet." Yang Jian hoped Ye Zhen would leave quickly.

However, Ye Zhen didn't think this way. Not high on EQ, he still said, "Just a Fushou Garden, it's already become my private garden. When I'm bored, I stroll there, deal with a few unruly malicious ghosts, stretch my muscles. To cause chaos in Dahai City? Impossible."

"But I did hear that there's been some trouble at headquarters recently."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, "Trouble at headquarters? I haven't heard any news on that."

"My intelligence network is not just for show. I know all about headquarters' every move. Recently, some high-level supernatural incidents have been happening frequently. Several captains have been dispatched too often, leading to a shortage of personnel, causing some disturbances. In my view, headquarters' crisis is approaching." Ye Zhen said very arrogantly.

Yang Jian fell silent for a moment. He indeed hadn't paid much attention to the movements at headquarters recently, only knowing that headquarters had previously mandated each captain must handle an A-level supernatural incident in the short term. He was not clear on how things were progressing, and planned to ask Liu Xiaoyu later.

But Liu Xiaoyu's level is too low, just a liaison with limited authority, knowing not much. Likely lesser than Ye Zhen's self-praised intelligence network.

"I won't speculate too much until things happen."

Yang Jian said, "I'm just a nominal captain, responsible for Dachang City, nothing more matters to me."

He didn't ask what crisis headquarters might have; a problem not landing on him isn't a problem.

"Staying in Dachang City? Then wouldn't your top-notch combat power be wasted, Yang Wudi?" Ye Zhen looked at him.

"..."

Yang Jian felt it was always oddly unsettling talking with Ye Zhen.

"That ghost thing is still watching me." Ye Zhen said suddenly, then looked up at the female corpse in the fifth-floor corridor.

The pale, chilling female corpse stood there all along, motionless. If it weren't for the boldness of those present, anyone else being stared at for so long by such a corpse might have long fled from here.

"I really want to slay this ghost thing before leaving."

He couldn't help but touch the sword at his waist, eager to make a move. But since he'd promised Yang Jian not to harm this ghost thing, he managed to suppress the urge.

Sun Rui came limping over, "That female corpse is certainly the second manager of the post office, therefore it can't leave the post office, so it won't pose a danger outside. But the state of this female corpse is very strange, neither like a ghost nor like a living person. When I have time, I will study it slowly and thoroughly understand all the situations here."

Yang Jian said, "Check the situation in room 502, too."

"I will stay here for a long time, understanding all situations, and I'll notify you, Captain Yang, once there's progress." Sun Rui said.

"That's good." Yang Jian nodded.

Leaving the remaining issues for Sun Rui to handle is quite reasonable. He is the manager, with the time and ability to investigate all supernatural threats here, so he doesn't need to linger around.

He has more important matters to attend to, which is to find a way to bring the ghost painting back to the Ghost Post Office, now to be called Hell Apartment.

"Since this female corpse cannot be moved, it seems meaningless for me to stay here. But I'm not yet satisfied, the ghost in the heavy clothing ran off; who knows where it went. If you get any news, inform me immediately, at any time, and tell me the location. I, Ye Zhen, will definitely arrive first to take that ghost thing's head."

Ye Zhen huffed lightly, clearly discontent with Sister Hong's existence.

How can someone walk away halfway through a fight?

He wants both to determine superiority and life and death.

"Driving Sister Hong away was a good thing. Her existence is quite special. If you hadn't driven her away, who knows what special impact she might have caused." Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen's biggest help this time was dealing with the threat of Sister Hong. Otherwise, tearing the black letter with Sister Hong reappearing would make it hard for him to control the situation.

Ye Zhen's eyes turned, saying, "Since we're free today, how about another spar to see who truly is the number one in Asia?"

In front of Yang Jian, he was still fearless, wanting to challenge again to reclaim what he had lost.

"You want to fight me?" Yang Jian said.

"Naturally, the invincible spirit of Ye Zhen still stands, naturally needing to rise tougher through setbacks, aiming for the top." Ye Zhen said, speaking more bewildering words.

Yang Jian said, "I'm not interested in fighting you, but I can recommend an opponent who is quite formidable, someone I can't even guarantee to defeat."

"Oh? There is such a thing." Ye Zhen's interest piqued immediately, quite concerned, "Tell me who it is, I will head over to challenge them right away."

"The person in charge of Dadong City, Wang Chaling." Yang Jian said expressionlessly, casually selling out Wang Chaling to Ye Zhen.

"That Wang Chaling is quite unusual, with at least four ghosts around him."

Ye Zhen laughed, "Interesting, in that case, I've decided, I will battle Wang Chaling first. Our duel can wait until later as I'm not in peak condition now, and if I don't give it my all, it wouldn't do you justice."

"Another day instead of today."

"Very well, I will go to Dadong City and take a look now."

He is a man of action, intending to proceed immediately, wasting no time, and turned to leave at once.

Yang Jian didn't stop him, inwardly hoping Ye Zhen would leave quickly, just in case he wants to fight later.

Watching Ye Zhen walk away and disappear on the street outside, he finally felt relieved.

"Sun Rui, I'll leave the matters here to you for now. By the way, investigate some information about a Fifth Floor Messenger, see if there are any clues. That messenger is a captain from headquarters, Captain Yinzi, suspected to be missing in a delivery mission..." Yang Jian suddenly remembered this matter.

"I will." Sun Rui nodded.

"Information would be best, but no information is also fine. The messenger's curse no longer exists, if they're still alive, they must have left the post office as well."

Yang Jian said, "I can't stay here indefinitely; I must leave and return to Dachang City. There are matters waiting for me to address."

"Okay, I'll also start investigating here immediately." Sun Rui said.

Though he has become the manager, being new, much about here remains unclear to him. The extent of a manager's permissions is also unknown, requiring some time to explore.

After a brief exchange.

Checking the time, it was already the afternoon.

"We'll leave now," Yang Jian said.

Li Yang and Wang Yong nodded,

Soon after.

The three walked out of the door, entering a deserted, cordoned-off street in Dahan City.

"Captain, shouldn't we ask more about the post office's past? It seems there are many unsolved mysteries." Li Yang suddenly questioned.

Yang Jian said, "It's not important, now that both the post office and the messengers are gone, let everything be buried. The major hidden threat posed by this supernatural site has been largely eliminated, and the remaining messengers survived, thanks to us. So, there's no need to pursue unnecessary things."

#### Chapter 1062 Incomplete Existence

With the appearance of the black letters, Sun Rui became the new manager, and the curse of the post office was declared over.

However, the terror and supernatural still remained, ever-present.

Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Wang Yong left Dahan City and returned to Dachang City.

With the curse of the post office gone, many supernatural rules changed. They couldn't return the way they came, and the black letter paper lost its effect, turning to dust once they left the post office, so they had to make the journey back.

At the same time.

In the Ghost Post Office, no, now known as Hell Apartment.

The bright, empty hall was left with only Sun Rui.

If nothing unexpected happened, he would be here alone for a long, long time—dozens, even tens of years—until the balance failed or he was close to dying of old age, making arrangements.

The shovel in Sun Rui's hand had been returned to Yang Jian before, so he had nothing to lean on now, making his walk a bit awkward. But as the manager, he could appear anywhere in this place.

The next moment.

Sun Rui appeared on the fifth floor.

In front of him was the eerie female corpse covered with black letter papers.

"Second manager Tian Xiaoyue? You shouldn't be dead, as managers won't die inside the post office, only outside, like the first manager who fell from the fifth floor and died. So you must still be alive... I just don't know if your consciousness is lucid. If you're still like this, I'm sorry, I'll have to deal with you."

"Because there can't be a second manager here. My change here is to show that the post office era is over. How this place is used in the future is for us to decide. You are obsolete."

Sun Rui was cold; he didn't want the old era's manager to influence the present because he feared that one day he wouldn't be able to suppress this thing, losing the position of the manager and causing the post office to resurrect again.

Whether she heard Sun Rui's words,

In front of him, the ghastly white, cold yet intact female corpse slowly turned around, her eyes numb, hollow, and devoid of brilliance. She seemed to have some remnants, as if her consciousness had been peeled away or her memory severely damaged, becoming such a walking corpse.

Unable to die from the ghost's revival, yet unable to be as conscious as the living.

At this moment, the female corpse moved her mouth as if she wanted to speak, but when she opened it, a black paper ball was stuffed inside.

It seemed this paper ball had been in her mouth for a long time, unnoticed by anyone.

"Huh?"

Sun Rui immediately walked over, not fearing, as he was now the manager, not worried about being killed inside the post office, so he boldly reached out and quickly extracted the paper ball.

The paper ball was wet, with a stench, but it wasn't damaged.

Because it was a letter sheet imbued with supernatural power, it wouldn't be damaged no matter how much time passed.

After opening, words were written on the black letter paper.

The words were also black, though not very clear, but Sun Rui could still identify them. The writing was elegant and consistent with the style of the words "Tian Xiaoyue" previously written in the notebook.

"Is this the message left back then?" Sun Rui spread out the letter paper and adjusted the angle to decipher the information on it.

"Beware of Zhang Xiangguang, and..... find a way to kill him."

The content that could be written on the letter paper wasn't much; Sun Rui only saw such a sentence.

"Zhang Xiangguang again?" Sun Rui stared at the words and frowned, looking at the female corpse before him.

The female corpse remained in a strange state, trying to open her mouth but still unable to speak, her eyes also lacking brilliance.

"It seems this female corpse left a bit of information and warning before her death, but unfortunately, it is of little use. Zhang Xiangguang isn't in the post office at all. It seems there were significant conflicts and clashes between the second and third managers; one was dismembered, and the other vanished. But the problem is, how did Zhang Xiangguang, as the manager, leave the ghost post office?"

Sun Rui was puzzled.

But now he solved one mystery.

The black letter paper that appeared in the Ghost Post Office at night came from this female corpse, the second manager Tian Xiaoyue; this was her trace left in the post office.

"But her situation reminds me, managers aren't unbeatable. If powerful enough, they can be dismembered and buried, so the first manager, the old man surnamed Luo, was killed, and the entire source of the matter centers on Zhang Xiangguang."

"Previously, when talking with Yang Jian, Zhang Xiangguang's oil painting was left in the post office. The figure in the oil painting hasn't disappeared, indicating that someone outside still remembers Zhang Xiangguang. If we can follow this clue, maybe many problems can be solved."

Sun Rui began to slowly unearth some past stories and secrets.

Anyway, he had nothing to do, understanding everything was a good thing.

Soon after, Sun Rui decided to go check rooms 501 and 502, probing them thoroughly in his capacity as a manager.

Alone, he limped towards room 501.

But as he moved, the female corpse beside him also followed.

"Huh?"

Sun Rui's expression changed slightly; he temporarily left the fifth floor and went to the second floor. When he appeared there, the female corpse also followed him to the second floor.

The distance between them was neither too far nor too close, subtly spaced.

"Did it latch onto me? And it seems it also has management permissions, otherwise, how could it know when I transferred to the second floor?" Sun Rui was somewhat surprised.

He seemed to discover some important information.

That is, each manager has the same permissions, no distinction.

Even the second manager Tian Xiaoyue, already just a corpse, her permissions still worked for her. Fortunately, she wasn't a revived ghost; otherwise, she would have turned into the most terrifying ghost here.

To solve this problem, the only way is... if the manager dies outside.

Sun Rui tried to shake off the female corpse's entanglement, but to no avail.

Where he was, she was, except she couldn't leave, and Sun Rui wasn't sure he could kill this female corpse.

In the end, he had no choice but to ignore her; after all, they couldn't do anything to each other.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian had already arrived in Dachang City and returned to his workplace at Shangtong Tower.

Trailing after, Wang Yong was surprised because he didn't expect Yang Jian to indeed hold such a high status, erasing the little doubt lingering in his heart.

"How about it, joining us, you don't lose out." Li Yang smiled, "We ghost handlers who deal with supernatural events aren't typically in the spotlight, but captain-level figures are different. They can oversee a city or an area openly."

"Of course, the supervision is limited, only confined to where supernatural events occur."

Yang Jian said at this moment: "Li Yang, contact headquarters, report this matter, and let him join our team to fill the vacancy left by the deceased Zhang Han."

"I'll do it now." Li Yang nodded.

A team member's death is inevitable; Zhang Han died, and allowing a newcomer to fill in wasn't improper.

After giving his orders, Yang Jian headed to Liu Xiaoyu's office.

Liu Xiaoyu saw Yang Jian's sudden return and wasn't surprised, only saying, "You're back. How was the business trip? Everything went smoothly?"

"It was okay. The Ghost Post Office matter has ended. You can report it; I won't provide the archive info. Have the operator ask the Dahan City manager Sun Rui; it's uncertain if he can be contacted these days." Yang Jian said.

"As long as it ended." Liu Xiaoyu was somewhat happy.

Because the Ghost Post Office was defined as level A at the headquarters.

Now that it's over, it means Yang Jian's task was completed ahead of schedule.

"And what about the supernatural bus?" Liu Xiaoyu asked next.

Yang Jian said, "That situation hasn't been resolved; declare the operation a failure. The Ghost Post Office timing covers us, so headquarters will have nothing to say. By the way, check if something recently happened at headquarters that's a bit off."

"Did you receive some inside information from somewhere?" Liu Xiaoyu asked curiously.

"A captain's permissions allow knowing anything." Yang Jian stated.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "Alright, I'll use your permissions to check."

"Work hard, I'm leaving." Yang Jian said.

"Dinner tonight?" Liu Xiaoyu suddenly blurted out.

Yang Jian stopped in his tracks and looked back, "A gathering?"

"No, just the two of us."

Liu Xiaoyu said, suddenly becoming a little shy, "Don't get me wrong. I just thought that since I've come to work here, I should treat you to a meal. You've been busy before, so I didn't mention it. Now that you just returned, you probably won't have tasks in the short term."

"Alright, contact me tonight." Yang Jian didn't refuse and agreed.

After saying that, he left.

And Liu Xiaoyu, with her face slightly flushed, became a little excited.

Chapter 1063 The Arm That Was Attached

"Yo, isn't that Xiao Yang? You're back, huh? Finished your business so quickly. Hey, why are you feeling so cold? Bet you got taken out again."

"Sure enough, without my Daddy Xiong's help, you'd easily suffer outside, but don't worry, I won't spread the word about your mishaps. With the internet so developed, if it got out, it'd harm your reputation. I'll keep it a secret for you."

When Yang Jian returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex in the afternoon, he happened to run into Xiong Wenwen, who was strolling around the complex.

This little rascal started off with a wave of mockery.

"You know, if it were someone else talking to me like this, the grass on their grave would've grown this high by now." Yang Jian gestured, roughly the same height as Xiong Wenwen.

"Heh, you think I scare easily? My Daddy Xiong has seen all kinds of scenes. Besides, if you feel cold, what does that have to do with me?" Xiong Wenwen said with a disdainful look.

Yang Jian said, "You must've finished your homework today; otherwise, you wouldn't dare speak so boldly."

"Isn't it because of your great deeds, insisting my mom give me more homework?" Xiong Wenwen said irritably.

Yang Jian said, "I don't want to deal with you. I'm heading back."

"Wait, Xiao Yang, don't go yet." Xiong Wenwen ran over, "Didn't you promise me something that you haven't done yet?"

"What did I promise you?" Yang Jian asked with a bit of doubt.

Xiong Wenwen immediately said, "Before you took me to the supernatural event with the black umbrella, what did you say? You promised after things were done, you'd go on a date with my mom. Are you trying to renege?"

"Oh, I remember now, there was indeed such a thing. But why are you, a kid, so anxious about it? We'll talk about it later." Yang Jian realized indeed there was such a matter.

However, having just escaped the Ghost Post Office incident, he wasn't in the mood to mess around with Xiong Wenwen.

"Trying to leave?"

Seeing Yang Jian leaving, Xiong Wenwen immediately blocked him, "Ghost knows where you'd run off next time. I think it should be now, simply today, yes, today. Settled, I'll go notify my mom."

But before Yang Jian could speak, this rascal quickly ran off.

"Seems like I promised Liu Xiaoyu dinner tonight?" Yang Jian thought, "If it doesn't work out, I'll invite them all together, save the trouble of socializing with each one."

Hmm.

This idea isn't bad, solving two troublesome matters at once.

Returning home.

Since Zhang Liqin was still at the company, the house was empty. Jiang Yan was still in her hometown building a house, constructing a safe house, and wouldn't be returning to Dachang City quickly.

Yang Jian took a shower at home, rested for a bit, and then went to the safe house to place the shovel he brought back, to avoid leaving it around and causing any accidents.

"The Ghost Cabinet is still there."

When he returned to his room to take a break, he noticed the red Ghost Cabinet still sitting in the corner of his room through the Ghost Eye's vision, seemingly unmoved.

But the last deal had already ended.

Yang Jian hadn't made a new request, so he wasn't cursed by the Ghost Cabinet. Yet, the cabinet continued to follow him, inescapable.

But he was used to it.

He temporarily ignored this matter.

Meanwhile.

In the villas of Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Li Yang had just returned from the company to the complex, but his already grim face turned even worse. He felt a loss of self-control, painfully collapsing to the ground as if some Supernatural Power inside him was controlling him, dragging him along the floor.

In the end, he was forcibly pulled into a room.

"Bang!"

The door shuddered and slammed shut violently.

However, Li Yang, dragged into the room, was not well. His body bizarrely stuck to the door, motionless, as if glued there.

"The ghost is reviving..." Li Yang felt the agony of being corroded.

The pain was terrifying. His body no longer belonged to him, being consumed bit by bit by something alien, the pain seeping into his bones.

Clearly.

Li Yang had controlled a ghost to enter the Ghost Post Office, and later revived another ghost to maintain a certain balance. But on the fifth floor of the post office, he fought with Wang Yong, and again on the first floor, he blocked a ghost invading the post office for a while, and eventually failed, as the ghost broke in.

All things considered, he had used his Supernatural Power excessively, which caused the balance he had by controlling two ghosts to break again shortly after.

Li Yang struggled to detach from the door, but in no time, another Supernatural Power pulled him back, sticking him to the door again.

Rotting marks began to appear on his legs, arms, and face, exuding a stench of decay all over his body.

All the rotting marks connected together, vaguely forming a humanoid silhouette.

It was a ghost, hidden within his body.

But that's not all.

Li Yang's clothes were torn apart, and beneath his skin, a human face struggled, its mouth open, as if trying to break free.

That was the second fierce ghost.

But clearly, this fierce ghost could not stop the body's decay from continuing, and the second ghost was suppressed.

The supernatural traces of the Door-blocking Ghost continued to spread.

"I thought this time the ghost resurrection wouldn't happen so quickly, at least it would take a month or so, but now it seems I miscalculated. This situation mostly happened because of some suppression in the Ghost Post Office. Now that the Ghost Post Office is completely gone, that suppression has failed, and my condition is deteriorating rapidly."

Li Yang was drenched in cold sweat, feeling as if he was about to completely rot away.

Moreover, the ghost struggling beneath the skin of his chest seemed to be getting weaker, unable to fight against the Door-blocking Ghost.

Once it's completely suppressed.

The balance would completely fail, and the fierce ghost would resurrect, turning the room into the same one where the Door-blocking Ghost once resided, and he would just be a trapped soul, with even his body controlled by the fierce ghost.

"I need to harness a third ghost to overcome this issue." Li Yang struggled to move one arm and took out a strange limb from his clothing.

It was a withered, old arm.

The arm was just a vessel.

What was truly terrifying was that the arm hid a fierce ghost inside, which Yang Jian had dubbed the Door-Opening Ghost.

Although this elderly arm had been quiet during its time away from the post office, it showed signs of resurrection and activity. At this moment, as soon as it was taken out, the dead arm suddenly grabbed Li Yang's wrist, and he couldn't break free.

Yet, after being grabbed by this eerie arm, Li Yang's body regained its ability to move, no longer stuck to the door.

A supernatural force countered the resurrection of the Door-blocking Ghost, giving him a moment to catch his breath.

"The Captain's judgment wasn't wrong. The opportunity to harness the third ghost lies in this arm. This arm is the key to unlocking doors; the Door-blocking Ghost blocks a door entirely; the conflicting rules can form some kind of balance. With luck, it can even make the fierce ghost freeze." Li Yang was both startled and delighted at this moment.

Even though he was terrified, fearing losing control and dying here, he was thrilled that if he could just get through this hurdle, he would become one of the top ghost handlers, and for a considerable time, wouldn't have to worry about ghost resurrection issues.

At the moment when half his body could move, he seized the opportunity, breaking free from the door's clutches, dashing into the room, and finding an ordinary fruit knife.

As soon as he grasped the knife, the supernatural force of the Door-blocking Ghost dragged him back, pinning him to the door again.

Li Yang glanced at the knife in his hand and then at the arm pinned to the door, unable to move. Gritting his teeth, he swung the knife, cutting into the arm.

Sweat poured down as his whole body trembled.

Bit by bit, he painfully dismembered his arm with the knife.

The blood pooling in the room was enough to make someone faint from shock, yet Li Yang remained conscious, on the edge of ghost resurrection. The supernatural forces kept him alive and clear-headed.

After discarding the blood-soaked arm, Li Yang took needle and thread and sewed the strange, withered arm onto his wound.

The moment the eerie arm touched him, even with just a few stitches, he felt another supernatural force creeping into his body.

The terrifying supernatural power of the Door-Opening Ghost manifested.

This ghost was equally terrifying, unable to be controlled in the normal way. If an ordinary person dared to directly replace an arm with this, they would die instantly.

But Li Yang did not, because the Door-blocking Ghost was battling this deadly curse of the Door-Opening Ghost.

Supernatural against supernatural.

This was the key to surviving.

The woman's blurred face beneath the skin on Li Yang's chest reappeared, showing that during the supernatural struggle, the third ghost emerged without suppression.

The outline of the woman beneath his skin also struggled to tear Li Yang's body apart.

If successful, Li Yang might not survive long enough for the new balance to complete before dying.

This was the terrifying aspect of harnessing a third ghost; not only did one have to balance two ghosts, but a third one had to be managed as well.

"Ah!"

A wail echoed endlessly from the room, sending shivers down one's spine.

But the villa area was quite spread out, with few occupants nearby. Moreover, the supernatural power of the Door-blocking Ghost only let fragments of the sound escape, and it was so faint that no one noticed anything unusual.

Even Yang Jian had no idea that at this moment, Li Yang was suffering from a ghost resurrection.

So Li Yang had to endure everything on his own.

Thankfully, Yang Jian had previously pointed him in a direction; otherwise, in such a critical scenario, Li Yang might have inexplicably died alone in the room, discovered only a day or two later, when the body had decomposed, making any form of rescue impossible.

But now, though Li Yang was wailing, he was still alive, struggling on the brink of death, and with the Door-Opening Ghost at his command, he stood a chance of overcoming the ghost resurrection and surviving.

Time passed bit by bit.

The wailing in the room did not cease, but a new balance was slowly forming.

Chapter 1064 - Yang Jian's Date

"Finally off work."

Inside Shangtong Tower, Liu Xiaoyu was anxiously waiting for the end of her shift.

As soon as it hit five o'clock, she dashed out of the office.

No need to punch out, nor to report to anyone; only Yang Jian, as the team leader, could control her. As long as Yang Jian didn't speak, she could easily give herself a vacation.

However, as a dedicated liaison officer trained professionally, Liu Xiaoyu was still very punctual. Even when there was nothing to do, she worked precisely on time, with her phone on standby 24/7. If a task came up, she'd get up and work even if she was sleeping.

However, there were many staff in Shangtong Tower, so Liu Xiaoyu's job was quite relaxed.

"Liu Xiaoyu, is something happening today? Why are you leaving work so early?"

As she left, Liu Xiaoyu ran into Tong Qian, who was taking the elevator upstairs, and they greeted each other.

"I have dinner plans with Yang Jian, so I need to rush home and change clothes," Liu Xiaoyu said with a giggle.

Tong Qian looked somewhat surprised: "You actually managed to arrange a meal with Yang Jian? Well, good luck. I hope you have a pleasant evening."

Although he had a man's body, he thought like a woman and could naturally see the subtle dynamic between Liu Xiaoyu and Yang Jian. Unfortunately, Yang Jian was a ghost controller, emotionally indifferent, making any progress between them quite difficult.

"I'm heading back now, Elder Sister Tong Qian, bye-bye." Liu Xiaoyu waved and departed via the private elevator.

"Hopefully, she won't be too disappointed." Tong Qian shook her head slightly.

Soon.

Liu Xiaoyu drove back to Guanjiang Residential Complex. She now had her own apartment, assigned by the company, so she didn't need to temporarily stay at Wang Shanshan's anymore.

At home, Liu Xiaoyu showered, styled her hair, and changed clothes.

A girl with twin ponytails, wearing a dress and looking very cute, appeared in front of the mirror, completely different from her work uniform appearance.

This image wasn't self-designed but created by headquarters.

Headquarters thought Yang Jian liked this look, so for public relations purposes, they specifically designed this image for Liu Xiaoyu.

However, there was a misunderstanding.

When headquarters investigated Yang Jian's preferences, they hacked into his computer, only to find that the stored information reflected Zhang Wei's hidden interests...

So this was Zhang Wei's preference, not Yang Jian's.

"Perfect."

Liu Xiaoyu nodded in satisfaction, completely unaware that her misunderstanding persisted.

She glanced at the time.

It was almost six o'clock.

After hesitating, Liu Xiaoyu took out her work phone and dialed.

The call connected quickly, greeted by a cold voice: "Hello? Who is this?"

"Yang Jian, it's me, Liu Xiaoyu. Where are you?" Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian replied: "In the safe house, why? Is there something going on?"

Safe house?

Liu Xiaoyu immediately recalled that Safe House No. 1 was now Yang Jian's private use, storing some imprisoned ghosts as well as supernatural items. Without his permission, no one dared to enter that place lightly.

"Busy now?"

The reply came: "Not too busy, just checking some situations. Supernatural items, imprisoned ghosts, they all need regular inspections to avoid any incidents."

"We agreed to have dinner together tonight before, are you planning not to show up?" Liu Xiaoyu mentioned.

The phone fell silent for a moment.

Within seconds.

A red light suddenly flashed in Liu Xiaoyu's room, quickly disappearing, and Yang Jian walked out, expressionless. Though his body was no longer cold and regained a living person's physique, his demeanor remained chillingly cold, which was quite unsettling.

This was the aura from frequent encounters with supernatural entities, and Yang Jian even housed a ghost within him, making this cold feeling linger relentlessly.

Yang Jian emerged from the room: "You invite me to dine, aren't you supposed to pick a place first and wait for me? But now you're still at home; call me after you reach the restaurant and order the dishes. In Dachang City, I can appear wherever."

Liu Xiaoyu puffed up her cheeks: "What do you mean by that, you're suddenly showing up in my room. Luckily, I finished my shower; if I were showering and you appeared, it wouldn't be fair."

"What's there to see on your body?" Yang Jian's ghost eye swiveled, scanning around.

"Nothing remarkable."

Liu Xiaoyu blushed and hugged her chest: "What did your ghost eye just see? Wait, close your ghost eye and stop looking around."

"Do you think there's anything worth seeing on you?"

Yang Jian remained expressionless, his eyes devoid of any emotion: "The entire Dachang City is transparent to me, no secrets. I'm not bored enough to stare at a single person."

"Alright, alright, stop talking; it's embarrassing to reveal too much, you know? People don't say it directly." Liu Xiaoyu quickly waved, hinting for Yang Jian not to break it down.

In front of ghost eyes, ordinary people indeed have no secrets.

Liu Xiaoyu knew Yang Jian's dossiers, so she usually pretended not to know, but being exposed like this was indeed embarrassing.

"Let's go, let's go, take me to dinner. You're in charge of Dachang City; you must know the best places to eat better than me. You pick the place, I treat, no issue, right?"

Liu Xiaoyu raised her head with a playful smile, her twin ponytails swinging, then she hurriedly approached Yang Jian, hanging onto his arm.

"If you're not against it, that's settled then, let's hit the road."

Yang Jian didn't respond; instead, red light enveloped the whole room again.

Along with the red light's flash, he and Liu Xiaoyu vanished from the room.

In the next moment, they appeared in front of a closed, abandoned school.

"Where is this?" Liu Xiaoyu was momentarily stunned.

Yang Jian said, "This is the high school I used to attend."

Liu Xiaoyu's eyes flickered, "The place where the knocking incident occurred? Why did you bring me here?"

"There's a snack street nearby."

Yang Jian said, "We can go there to eat something. I used to go there a lot with Zhang Wei, Zhao Lei, and Miao Xiaoshan, though Zhang Wei always treated us."

"I know, Zhang Wei is the foolish son of a wealthy family. He has money," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"No, I had to help him copy homework, but I couldn't do it, so I'd have to copy from Miao Xiaoshan. She was a top student, much better than us. Even though she took a break from school early due to a supernatural incident, she still got into a prestigious university."

Yang Jian said, recalling some past memories in his mind.

Speaking of the past.

It wasn't really that long ago; just last year, they were still studying here, eating snacks.

But now, some are dead, some scattered, everything's changed.

Even the snack street next to the school has become quiet. Most of the shops have closed, only a few remain open, but business isn't good, just enough to cover basic expenses.

Yang Jian and Liu Xiaoyu walked on this street, feeling a bit out of place.

Still, they went into a very ordinary small shop and sat down.

"Where's the menu? There's not even a menu," Liu Xiaoyu wanted to order food.

Yang Jian said, "No menu, you just call out what you want, as long as they have it."

"..."

Liu Xiaoyu felt something was off about Yang Jian.

"Boss, two bowls of fried noodles, with eggs, thanks," Yang Jian called out.

"Just a moment."

A voice came from the back kitchen.

"Why did you bring me here for a meal? Is there some special meaning?" Liu Xiaoyu curiously asked.

Yang Jian said, "No special meaning, I'm just familiar with this place, and you suddenly asked me to choose a place to eat, I didn't know where to go."

Liu Xiaoyu was silent for a moment.

She just remembered that Yang Jian was previously a high school senior, and after becoming a ghost handler, he had almost no way to entertain himself. Things like shopping, eating out, dating were unrelated to him.

When not dealing with supernatural events, he was on the way to deal with supernatural events, hardly any downtime.

"I think this place is nice, really nice," Liu Xiaoyu suddenly laughed, "In the future, bring me here to eat when you have time."

"There won't be a future, I'll be closing the shop next month."

The owner came out with two bowls of fried noodles at this moment.

"..."

Liu Xiaoyu was a bit embarrassed, then said, "Surely other shops on this street have delicious food too."

"They're all closing. We shop owners all agreed," the owner added, "No business, we all have to change careers."

"Eat the noodles."

Yang Jian was very calm, eating the noodles bite by bite.

He used to really like eating the fried noodles here, but now he realizes he doesn't like them as much.

Liu Xiaoyu looked at Yang Jian, wanting to start a conversation, but found herself too awkward to speak up.

It was a bit of a cold atmosphere, hard to communicate.

But just then, Yang Jian's phone rang, and after answering, Xiong Wenwen's voice shouted from the other end: "I went to your house to find you but you're not there. Xiao Yang, where did you go? Come back quickly."

"Having a meal."

Yang Jian said, "Let's talk after I finish eating."

"Eating? Okay, you just stay there and don't move, Daddy Xiong will be there soon."

Xiong Wenwen finished speaking and hung up the phone.

"It seems Xiong Wenwen forgot to ask where you're eating,"

Liu Xiaoyu suddenly laughed, "He'll definitely call again."

Yang Jian said, "No, he can foresee, determining someone's location is a very simple thing for him."

"Is that possible?" Liu Xiaoyu was very surprised.

Yang Jian said, "What's not possible? Xiong Wenwen can even predict lottery numbers accurately. Don't underestimate supernatural powers, they're beyond reason."

Liu Xiaoyu nodded thoughtfully.

Meanwhile, at Yang Jian's residence, Xiong Wenwen was so angry he nearly threw his phone: "Damn Xiao Yang, stood Daddy Xiong up, later I'm blocking his toilet."

"Better let it go, Captain Yang must have something come up suddenly, don't disturb him, maybe another day."

Chen Shumei, standing beside him, tucked hair behind her ear. Although she wore a very plain dress, she still presented a graceful, mature silhouette.

Just standing there, she was a beautiful sight.

"Mom, you don't know, Xiao Yang almost knelt on the ground begging me just now, wanting me to agree to go on a date with you, and I refused dozens of times, finally agreeing only because he pestered me too much."

Xiong Wenwen's eyes shifted as he spoke, "This can't just be let go. Let's go find him now, Xiao Yang must be hiding something from me."

Saying this, he pulled Chen Shumei along and set off by car.

Chapter 1065 - Certain Death for Opening the Door.

"Survived, did we?"

Inside a room within a villa at the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

The stench of blood, mingled with the odor of decay, filled the space, and the agonized wailing that had once echoed through the room had now subsided.

Li Yang lay weakly on the ground, his bones somewhat twisted and deformed, influenced by supernatural powers that nearly dismembered and tore apart his body.

But ultimately, it hadn't reached that point.

He survived, mastering the third ghost, finding a new balance.

Li Yang panted, turning his head to look to his right.

An eerie, unnaturally thin and blemished arm not belonging to him was haphazardly sewn onto him with twisted stitches, the junction a raw, blackened, stinking mess, as if it had decayed for days. No matter how one looked, such stitching couldn't possibly revive this arm.

Yet, the eerie arm's fingers twitched slightly, persistently in a state of motion, refusing to die entirely.

Li Yang was acclimating to this ghastly ghost hand.

It required time, and gradually mastering the new supernatural power.

With effort, he sat up.

The twisted body crackled, the sound of bones dislocating and grinding against each other, but Li Yang only twitched his mouth a few times; he was numb to the pain.

No supernatural force could corrode his will, and no physical pain could possibly defeat him.

If he hadn't such a firm belief in survival, he would have crumbled long ago in the world of ghost drawing.

"Feeling surprisingly good, all the ghostly resurrections' disruptions have vanished, as if fallen into slumber. I wonder if in my situation, the ghosts have crashed or it's just a temporary balance, with a possibility of revival later?"

Li Yang couldn't accurately assess his condition.

But at least, he felt that for at least a year, even with multiple uses of supernatural powers, there wouldn't be a risk of resurrection.

Of course, the premise was not to confront overly terrifying ghosts.

He stood up, weak and feeble, with an exceptionally unpleasant complexion, dark, sallow, devoid of luster, like a corpse dead for days suddenly crawling out of a coffin, a complete ghostly visage.

Yet, Li Yang did not care.

As long as the Deceiving Ghost remained, parts of him could revert to a normal appearance.

Though not very useful, at least it didn't frighten people as much when going outside.

"The hand seems usable, but full, flexible control is nearly impossible." Li Yang lifted the horrifying ghost arm.

It could move, but wasn't flexible, stiff, sluggish.

But that was sufficient.

Because it proved that Li Yang could already control the Door-Opening Ghost. The day this arm went out of control would mean the balance failed, and the ghost would revive once more.

Li Yang glanced around the house, dirty and foul-smelling, frowning as he decided to open the door for some air.

The withered hand touched the door.

"Bang!"

Instantly, the wooden door shattered, reduced to splinters, not a single piece intact.

"A simple door couldn't withstand even a trace of supernatural power?" Li Yang instantly understood and wasn't surprised.

He moved to the main entrance.

The high-strength steel security door, bulletproof, clearly wasn't skimped on by Zhang Xiang's renovation company, using the best materials.

Li Yang eyed the door, extending the stiff, eerie arm again, the hand like a withered tree grasping the handle.

The next moment.

"Creak! Creak!"

The heavy door, influenced by an unseen supernatural force, metal twisting, deforming, emitting a tooth-aching sound.

The security door unfolded like soft cloth, twisted, torn, finally succumbing to metal fatigue with a bang, leaving metal fragments scattered.

The door was effortlessly shredded apart with a mere touch.

And that's not all.

The lights in front of the villa began to flicker, one by one, until they all went out. It seemed as if a terrifying curse was spreading, halting only thirty meters away.

"This is the supernatural curse of the Door-Opening Ghost. Luckily, the place I live is somewhat secluded, with no other inhabitants. Otherwise, they would all have died."

Li Yang felt a chill in his heart, relaxing a little only after confirming that no one inhabited the nearby villas.

Otherwise, with just this attempt, he would have inadvertently killed many people.

"The supernatural power of the third ghost is too terrifying. No wonder when I, the captain, and Sun Rui encountered that Door-Opening Ghost on the first floor of the post office, it took all three of us to fend off and drive away the ghost. Fortunately, that ghost lingered within the Ghost Post Office without leaving. Otherwise, it would have been another supernatural event of the same scale as the Door Knocking Ghost incident."

Li Yang felt a strange chill in his heart.

Such a terrifying curse is merely a part of that ghost's body, and even the Door-Opening Ghost itself could be a puzzle piece disassembled from Luo Wensong's body.

"Those things from the Republic of China period are truly frightening. No wonder the captain is so wary of Sister Hong. These remnants from that era restrained themselves while alive, but once dead, and a vengeful ghost revives, it would be nothing short of a catastrophe."

Li Yang thought to himself, looking at the thoroughly damaged security door, and had a general understanding of the frightening extent of his supernatural power.

Aside from gold-made doors or certain supernatural objects, any ordinary door in the world, no matter how sturdy, would be torn apart by this ghost's door-opening supernatural power.

He pondered for a long while.

Li Yang came back to his senses, quietly turned around, went back into the house, and began tidying up the room, then contacted someone to reinstall two doors.

And no one knew what had taken place here earlier, not even Yang Jian, who was responsible for Dachang City, could keep an eye out for ghosts every day.

At this moment, Yang Jian was still eating noodles at the old street food lane.

After finishing a bowl of fried noodles, he didn't feel full, as if he could continue eating, indicating his body was already very hungry.

However, Yang Jian did not feel hunger.

If possible, he would prefer not to eat or drink for an extended period, until his body starved to death.

But even so, after starving to death, Yang Jian could still function normally.

"I'm so full, I can't eat another bite. The portions at this place are just too large," Liu Xiaoyu said, taking a satisfied sip of water and feeling a bit stuffed.

"That's why I used to come here to eat. Let's settle the bill; I think I should head back," Yang Jian said.

"Why leave so early? Won't you take me around? Since coming to Dachang City, I haven't had the chance to explore. As the person in charge of Dachang City, won't you show me around? I read online that there's a place with a musical fountain."

"Will you take me to see it?" Liu Xiaoyu asked with a playful smile.

Since she finally managed to pull Yang Jian out, there was no way she would let him go back after just one bowl of fried noodles. Who knows when she'd get another chance to ask him out?

Yang Jian said, "If I don't go back soon, I'm afraid of trouble."

"Are you actually afraid of trouble? Back at headquarters, I might believe you would be afraid of trouble, but now this is your territory. Is there any trouble you can't handle?" Liu Xiaoyu said.

"There are some things even I can't handle," Yang Jian said, "Do you think I'm omnipotent?"

"I think you're pretty close to being omnipotent," Liu Xiaoyu said, carrying a hint of admiration for Yang Jian.

However, right then, a private car suddenly drove into the food street.

This street was supposed to be pedestrian-only, but now it was desolate and empty; occasionally, some vehicles ignored traffic rules and took shortcuts through it.

The private car stopped in front of the shop.

The door opened, and Xiong Wenwen jumped out of the car: "Xiao Yang, don't think you can hide here where I can't find you. It's useless; Daddy Xiong can foresee your location."

"Rush hour, ten minutes, ten thousand yuan. You promised, don't back out on me. Although Old Wang hasn't driven a taxi in a long time and switched to running a convenience store, my driving skills are not to be underestimated. Itchy to get out now and then for a part-time gig. Consider yourself lucky you found me. Do you know how many shortcuts I took just now?"

The taxi driver poked half his head out, babbling nonstop.

"Driver, I've transferred the fare, thank you very much." In the car, Chen Shumei paid the fare before getting out.

"A quick pay from a beautiful lady, remember to call Old Wang if you're ever in urgent need and the store is not busy. I'm always available, just add more to the payment, but it's worth it for my car,"

Old Wang said, continuing to ramble about his new car, its 400 horsepower, V6 engine, acceleration, and loan details — some incomprehensible stuff.

While babbling, he drove away.

Left behind were only Xiong Wenwen, Chen Shumei, Yang Jian, and Liu Xiaoyu.

The four of them just stared at each other, creating a slightly awkward scene.

Chapter 1066 - The Sound of Water by the River

Yang Jian wasn't surprised by Xiong Wenwen's visit; he was just a bit taken aback that Xiong Wenwen had dragged his mother, Chen Shumei, over.

This kid's brain is really something.

Liu Xiaoyu was momentarily stunned. Her instinctive reaction was wondering if Xiong Wenwen had something urgent to discuss with Yang Jian. But seeing Chen Shumei by his side, she felt somewhat suspicious.

Chen Shumei felt slightly embarrassed. As a mature woman, she could clearly see that Liu Xiaoyu and Yang Jian were likely not meeting for work, but rather for a date. After all, they were not that different in age, and Liu Xiaoyu's outfit clearly appealed to young people.

"Xiao Yang, what are you doing here?" Xiong Wenwen asked.

Yang Jian, still expressionless, replied, "Eating noodles."

"You actually have the mood to eat noodles here, breaking your promise? Even lying to a child, are you human?" Xiong Wenwen said angrily.

"But my Daddy Xiong doesn't want to argue with you now. I brought my mom to you, so you need to take responsibility. Also, Liu Xiaoyu, what are you doing here? Hurry up and leave with me, don't be a third wheel."

"??"

Liu Xiaoyu was confused for quite a while before she realized what was happening. It seemed Yang Jian had arranged to meet not only her but also Chen Shumei.

"So that's how it is."

Liu Xiaoyu stared at Yang Jian with an expression that said she hadn't thought he was that kind of person.

Then she glanced at Chen Shumei, admitting to herself that she truly was a beautiful woman, someone even she found appealing, not to mention men.

"I'm really in a tough spot."

Liu Xiaoyu sighed inwardly, feeling helpless.

But before she could speak, Xiong Wenwen came over and grabbed her, pulling her away.

Though Xiong Wenwen had the body of a paper person, his strength was immense, and Liu Xiaoyu couldn't break free.

"Wenwen, don't bully Xiaoyu, let go of her immediately."

Chen Shumei began scolding, though she did not appear fierce, more gentle instead.

Xiong Wenwen was so frightened that he immediately let go, then said, "I'm not bullying her. I'm just taking her away from here, so they don't interrupt your date with Xiao Yang."

Chen Shumei's face instantly turned red. She cast a glance at Yang Jian, suddenly at a loss.

Yang Jian remained composed, his gaze steady without any sign of disturbance. He stood up and said, "Since nobody has anything to do, let me take you around Dachang City. Aunt Chen is also new to Dachang City and unfamiliar with it, and so is Liu Xiaoyu. Today is a good day for a tour together."

"Hmm?" Liu Xiaoyu looked at Yang Jian, her expression odd.

"You don't want to leave?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu said, "No, no."

"What about Aunt Chen?" Yang Jian inquired again.

Chen Shumei awkwardly said, "I'll go along with Yang's arrangements."

"Since that's the case, let's go." Yang Jian said as he led the group away.

Liu Xiaoyu felt complicated; it seemed her first date with Yang Jian was ruined, turning into a gathering instead. Judging by Yang Jian's demeanor, he probably had no thoughts about Chen Shumei, acting entirely professional.

Yang Jian truly approached it like a mission, taking Liu Xiaoyu, Chen Shumei, and Xiong Wenwen to various places in Dachang City.

With the Ghost Domain in effect, they could instantly travel anywhere in this city without a need to walk.

Initially, both Chen Shumei and Liu Xiaoyu felt a bit awkward.

But soon, the two got to know each other well, chatting and laughing along the way, while Xiong Wenwen often held his head, squatting on the ground, looking rather uninterested.

"Xiao Yang is really a failure. I've helped him so much, yet he can't handle my mom. It's exhausting." Xiong Wenwen lamented.

Feeling he had worried so much at such a young age, yet remained misunderstood.

However, he quickly realized that this was precisely the greatness of Daddy Xiong.

At ten o'clock in the evening.

Three to four hours of play had drained Liu Xiaoyu and Chen Shumei's energy. They were ordinary people, not ghost handlers, so they were feeling very tired and decided to sit by the river, rest a bit, enjoy the breeze, and then head back.

Liu Xiaoyu and Chen Shumei sat together, chatting.

"Sister Chen, do you think Yang Jian is interested in you?" Liu Xiaoyu glanced back at Yang Jian standing not far away and whispered.

Chen Shumei pursed her lips and smiled, "Captain Yang is a wonderful person. He has helped me tremendously and even saved Wenwen. Honestly, I am very grateful to him, and Wenwen keeps pushing for me and Captain Yang. If Captain Yang wants to date me, I wouldn't mind at all. It's just... he doesn't seem to have any other intentions."

"Maybe Liu Xiaoyu, you should seize the opportunity. I think Captain Yang suits you better. You are his liaison, so you ought to be more intimate."

Liu Xiaoyu sighed deeply and said, "I trust Yang Jian just as much as you do, Sister Chen, but he's too special, and it's hard for me to move him. Besides, my work requires confidentiality, and I can't have too much contact with others besides Yang Jian, especially unfamiliar strangers, to prevent leaks."

"I was lucky to come to Dachang City; if I were at the headquarters, I wouldn't even have the opportunity to go out. But I don't regret this job at all. I'm glad to contribute something to society."

She said, standing up from the resting chair, gazing at the riverside, breathing in the cool night breeze, feeling very comfortable: "I like it here, I like this city."

"Me too, this place brings me a sense of calm."

Chen Shumei, tidying her hair messed up by the river breeze, smiled and said.

The two understood each other.

They were both aware they lacked a chance to go further, a chance Yang Jian hadn't given them, not that they didn't want to seize it.

After all, reality posed another problem: they had no choice.

No one dared approach a Captain Level's operator; the headquarters and Yang Jian were two towering mountains blocking the way. Likewise, no one dared welcome a mother of an eerie paper child.

Only Yang Jian could embrace all this.

And in this world, Liu Xiaoyu and Chen Shumei weren't the only ones without a choice; many had none.

Living peacefully was already a luxury.

"Splash!"

Suddenly, at this moment, there came a sound of someone falling into the water from the riverside. The splash was loud, as if someone had jumped into the water, startling Liu Xiaoyu.

"Yang Jian, come quickly and take a look. I think I just saw someone jumping into the water." Liu Xiaoyu called out anxiously.

Yang Jian came over at this point and said, "The order to block the riverside was given by me, and I haven't canceled it yet. All the riversides in Dachang City are empty, except for us."

"No wonder it's so quiet here." Chen Shumei looked around.

Although the lights were on at the riverside plaza, it was deserted. Initially, she thought that no one came here, but now it seems that's not the case.

"But I really seemed to see someone fall into the water just now. Wait, blocking the riverside? That Ghost Lake incident..."

Liu Xiaoyu suddenly realized what was happening, and quickly retreated in fear, grabbing Yang Jian's arm and hiding behind him.

"Does that mean the thing that fell into the water just now wasn't a person?"

When she said this, Liu Xiaoyu's eyes showed panic, and she was a bit frightened.

She was very close to the sound just now.

Chen Shumei also stood up uneasily, quickly moving away from the riverside. She glanced at Xiong Wenwen and quickly waved him over, signaling him to come quickly and not to wander off.

"Relax, nothing will happen. I'm watching closely." Yang Jian said calmly, "Besides, I haven't received any reports of anyone dying from supernatural incidents by the river lately, so I think it's safe here. At least the supernatural influence isn't that significant. I blocked this area just to be cautious."

The source of Ghost Lake is not in Dachang City. The rivers and waters here at most suffer from some supernatural contamination.

"You stay here, and I'll go check it out." Yang Jian patted Liu Xiaoyu's hand, indicating her to let go.

"Be careful." Liu Xiaoyu cautiously released Yang Jian, a bit worried.

Yang Jian nodded and approached the riverside, walking towards where the splash happened.

Quickly.

His steps halted.

On the ground near the water, he saw a series of wet footprints, with toes clearly visible, indicating someone came ashore barefoot from the water.

But the range of footprints was only about a meter from the riverside, unable to extend any further.

Yang Jian's expression subtly changed as he looked at the calm river surface before him.

In the murky water, it seemed something was hidden that even he couldn't see through.

Quickly.

He opened his Ghost Eye.

The river water couldn't block the Ghost Eye's gaze, and finally, Yang Jian saw a corpse deep in the water. That corpse was eerie, neither floating nor sinking to the bottom, but standing in the water, swaying with the flow of the river.

As if walking within the river.

Quickly.

He withdrew his gaze, ignoring the corpse.

Because that corpse wasn't a vengeful spirit, but likely an unfortunate victim.

However, the person who died in the river seems to be tainted by the supernatural, forever trapped in the water. The corpse hadn't decomposed nor was it swollen, just devoid of color, looking extremely pale.

"This corpse should have floated down from upstream." Yang Jian thought to himself.

Such phenomena indicate the influence of Ghost Lake is still expanding.

"Yang Captain, what's the situation over there? If there's nothing wrong, come back quickly to avoid danger." Chen Shumei called out, concerned as Yang Jian stood there for a while.

Hearing this.

Yang Jian snapped out of his thoughts and turned back: "Nothing's wrong, just something unusual in the water. It seems my order to block the riverside was correct. It's getting late. Let me take you home. In the future, avoid getting close to the water when you're alone; it's somewhat dangerous for ordinary people."

"Can this issue be resolved?" Liu Xiaoyu asked.

Yang Jian said, "It's not easy to handle, the range is too large. For now, let's not worry about it. Headquarters will have arrangements."

He temporarily didn't want to deal with the Ghost Lake incident.

It most likely was an S-ranked supernatural incident.

Having just dealt with the Ghost Post Office, he didn't want to get involved in another troublesome matter, so he decided to wait and see. Perhaps after a while, other captains might have already handled it.

Liu Xiaoyu nodded and didn't ask further.

Quickly.

A flash of red light, Yang Jian took them away from the riverside.

But not long after Yang Jian and the others left.

A splash sounded again near the river, a strange figure emerged from the water, attempting to come ashore, but only lingered briefly on the riverbank, leaving a series of wet footprints before plunging back into the river. The surroundings quickly returned to calm.

However, soon the same sound occurred again, only that the spot where it came ashore changed.

Evidently, the ghost was repeatedly trying, seeking an opportunity to come ashore.

Perhaps not only in Dachang City, but in other places, similar occurrences were happening, and in some areas, the ghost might have already succeeded.

Returned to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Liu Xiaoyu, Chen Shumei, and Xiong Wenwen said goodbye and left, as she needed to go to work tomorrow and had to get up early.

Chen Shumei also took Xiong Wenwen home.

Seeing them leave, Yang Jian slightly relaxed. He still had things to do and needed Zhang Liqin to continue documenting the Ghost Post Office incident, both to create a record and to recount his experiences.

Chapter 1067 - The Game

"Rustle~!"

In the room, Zhang Liqin, as usual, was listening to the stories of Yang Jian and recording them in detail in her notebook.

She had been doing this job for a long time, recording time after time those terrifying and eerie supernatural events. The details were so meticulous that Zhang Liqin, with her pen on the paper, could feel the fear emanating through the tip of her pen.

And as the recording time accumulated, Zhang Liqin became more familiar with that supernatural world.

She began to feel somewhat uneasy,

because as an ordinary person, she knew too much. The more she knew, the more awe she had for Yang Jian, to the point that she dared not entertain even the slightest other thoughts.

After all, it was really too easy for Yang Jian to make a regular person disappear.

He could even alter her own memory without her noticing, or kill her and then use the Deceiving Ghost to recreate a new "Zhang Liqin."

Upon realizing this,

Zhang Liqin became increasingly cautious in her work.

"I've finished recording. Take a look. There shouldn't be anything missing."

After writing the last word, Zhang Liqin breathed a sigh of relief, rubbed her sore wrist, and handed the notebook to Yang Jian.

"There's nothing wrong," Yang Jian skimmed through it and nodded. "Put it away. There'll be more things to record later."

Zhang Liqin took back the notebook, glanced at Yang Jian, and curiously asked, "Liu Xiaoyu is a nice person. As a liaison, she could help you better. Why don't you let Liu Xiaoyu move in and live with you? From the notes, I could tell she has a good impression of you."

"I'm somewhat mindful of her origin as a headquarters operator," Yang Jian said.

"You can influence her memory," Zhang Liqin said.

Yang Jian glanced at her and said, "People who get involved with the supernatural don't end up well. Are you hinting at something? Do you think I have you record notes and tell you everything because I modified your memory?"

He was very perceptive and discerned a bit of Zhang Liqin's subtle thoughts.

"If you wanted to modify my memory, I certainly wouldn't mind, as long as you're willing to keep me in the company," Zhang Liqin said.

"I haven't let the supernatural affect you, and the same goes for Jiang Yan. I won't do something that foolish. Supernatural power can be used but not trusted. You've maintained enough purity, so don't worry about it. If you feel you can't continue with this work, I'll call Jiang Yan back to replace you,"

Yang Jian said. He read the unease and a hint of fear in Zhang Liqin's eyes.

This was normal.

After all, he was indeed worthy of awe now.

"No, I can handle it. I'm just a bit worried," Zhang Liqin hurriedly said. "I worry that one day I'll know too much and something bad will happen to me."

She didn't want to hide anything in front of Yang Jian and voiced her inner concerns.

As an ordinary person, she was too fragile, fragile enough to disappear at any moment.

"I see."

Yang Jian nodded, "I understand. It's a normal person's thought, but you don't need to worry about that. Nothing will happen to you."

Zhang Liqin nodded, feeling much relieved inside.

Meanwhile.

In another city.

This was the headquarters' Big J City. Since the last Ghost Painting incident and the Circle of Friends incident ended, the city had returned to normal order. Although it was now ten at night, for this place, nightlife was just beginning.

However, the effects of the Ghost Painting incident were still there, but compared to the entire city, those effects were trivial.

As ordinary people who came into close contact with the Ghost Painting incident and survived,

Miao Xiaoshan and her dormitory roommates were undoubtedly lucky.

After the incident, the school, considering many uncertainties, allowed a batch of students to temporarily suspend their studies. However, life had to go on, and they couldn't abandon their studies due to suspension, so these suspended students gathered together to form a study group.

There were quite a few people in the study group, nearly a hundred. For convenience, a few wealthy students pooled funds to rent several floors of an apartment building in the city to set up the study group.

But it wasn't free; students joining had to pay a fee.

There were specialized teachers for lectures and senior students working part-time as guides.

The learning atmosphere was harmonious.

But people tend to forget the pain once the injury heals.

In a dormitory room,

Miao Xiaoshan had taken a shower, blow-dried her hair, and then took out her phone to check the high school class group. Only Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan, and a classmate named Liu Qi had their avatars lit, while the rest of the dozens of classmates' avatars were all dark. Although Yang Jian was in the group, he was rarely online.

However, she had Yang Jian's personal phone number and could call him.

She had thought several times about calling him, but then reconsidered, worrying that Yang Jian might be busy dealing with a supernatural event, fearing that contacting him rashly would cause trouble.

So occasionally, she would ask Zhang Wei about the situation.

"Ah Wei, what have you and Yang Jian been up to lately?" Miao Xiaoshan sent a private message.

"I've been spending nights at an internet cafe, occasionally leading a group of boys to maintain Dachang City's security. Yang Jian hasn't got much to do, just wandering around. By the way, I heard he went on a date today with a beautiful lady named Liu Xiaoyu. He's not much of a friend, not taking me along for advice on the date. If he doesn't consult me, the date is sure to be a failure," Zhang Wei quickly replied.

Date?

Seeing this message, Miao Xiaoshan felt inexplicably anxious, even a bit aggrieved. She stayed in a daze for a while, wanting to ask Zhang Wei more when suddenly, the dormitory door opened, and her roommates, Liu Zi and Sun Yujia, hurriedly walked in.

"Miao Xiaoshan, quick, come with us," Liu Zi grabbed Miao Xiaoshan's arm anxiously.

Miao Xiaoshan was puzzled, "What's happened? Where are we going this late at night?"

"Here's the thing, some boys downstairs inexplicably gathered to play a game called 'Summoning Spirits.' We need to stop them immediately," Sun Yujia explained.

"What? How could they do this, aren't they afraid of touching such things?" Miao Xiaoshan was surprised.

Because the Ghost Painting incident had just passed not long ago.

Supernatural matters were always taboo, something people at the study group avoided, not even wanting to bring it up in conversation.

Liu Zi said, "Some people are just clueless, thinking they're brave, not believing in the supernatural, and wanting to stir up trouble. Although online stuff like that is fake, it's forbidden here. You have to stop them."

"Shouldn't the president be handling this? I'm just a student; how can I manage them?" Miao Xiaoshan shook her head, feeling helpless.

Liu Zi said, "Why not? Your boyfriend specializes in secretly handling supernatural events. Just a word from you, and these people would all be detained. The president is useless, only good for collecting membership fees and dating female students. Last time, he even had designs on our dorm, and if I hadn't seriously warned him using your name, we'd definitely be harassed."

Sun Yujia added, "Right, you just standing there would make no one dare defy you."

Through Miao Xiaoshan, they had come into contact with Yang Jian, knowing he was very formidable, and no one dared offend him. Although there were quite a few wealthy and influential students in the student union, compared to Miao Xiaoshan's boyfriend, they were mere small fry.

"No, don't say that. Yang Jian is just a high school classmate, not my boyfriend," Miao Xiaoshan said, blushing and feeling slightly embarrassed.

She then thought of the message Zhang Wei had sent about Yang Jian's date, feeling a bit sad again.

"Let's put that issue aside for now. We need to think about everyone's safety and stop those boys from playing that summoning game," Liu Zi said. "If they really end up in an accident, it could be fatal."

"We must stop them," Sun Yujia said firmly.

They had experienced the Ghost Painting incident and had encountered the supernatural, so they dared not be careless. Even though this matter had nothing to do with them, they wouldn't allow those boys to mess around here.

"You're right. If others don't take action, we will," Miao Xiaoshan said.

She also didn't want any tragedy to occur.

Soon,

The three left the dormitory and began to walk downstairs.

But they hadn't gotten far, still within the corridor, when suddenly, the corridor lights flickered a few times before abruptly going out.

Chapter 1068 - Misunderstanding or Coincidence

As the lights in the corridor went out, Liu Zi, Sun Yujia, and Miao Xiaoshan, who had just walked out of their dorm room, were startled in place. Then an inexplicable fear surged from the depths of their hearts.

The three of them instantly quieted down.

Sun Yujia, being a bit more timid, directly covered her mouth to prevent herself from screaming due to excessive fear.

They had previously discussed some emergency measures for dealing with supernatural events.

If ordinary people encounter a supernatural situation, it's best to remain quiet and quickly make one of two choices: either risk leaving the area as soon as possible or choose to stay in one place without moving around.

The silence had hardly lasted.

Miao Xiaoshan heard other girls' terrified screams coming from downstairs.

"No, could it really be that unlucky? Did those guys actually summon something unclean?" Liu Zi said softly and nervously in the corridor.

She and Sun Yujia hugged tightly against Miao Xiaoshan, seeking some sense of security.

"Let's go back first."

Miao Xiaoshan wasn't overly panicked. Instead, she appeared somewhat calm. After calming down and thinking for a moment, she chose not to continue forward and decided not to hurriedly escape from this place but to return to the dorm.

The dorm was also dark, without any lights.

"Turn on the flashlight from your phones and shine it beside me. I need to get something, and then we'll leave here." Miao Xiaoshan said.

"Okay."

Soon, two beams of light appeared, restoring some illumination in the dorm.

Miao Xiaoshan quickly ran into her room and began rummaging through a suitcase.

"What are you looking for? What's so important? I hear chaos downstairs, and it seems they're leaving here too. We should hurry and leave too." Liu Zi said while holding her phone as a flashlight.

"Found it."

Suddenly, Miao Xiaoshan seemed a bit delighted. She dug out an item from the suitcase – a delicate box.

Upon opening it, a candle as vibrant as blood appeared before her.

This candle had not been lit before and was still intact.

"A red candle? We have flashlights; you don't need a candle, right?" Sun Yujia said quietly.

Miao Xiaoshan said nothing. The candle she held was not an ordinary candle but the Ghost Candle that Yang Jian had given her. According to Yang Jian, as long as the Ghost Candle was lit and remained unextinguished, ghosts could not approach within the area illuminated by its flame. It could save lives, but it was extremely valuable.

In the Supernatural Circle, it's considered priceless. Even just one candle, if sold, wouldn't be a matter of tens of thousand, or hundreds of thousands, but rather in the billions.

Many wealthy individuals couldn't buy the Ghost Candle because they lack the right status.

Miao Xiaoshan was very careful and had prepared well. Besides the Ghost Candle, the box also contained a small lighter and a box of matches.

After hesitating for a moment, Miao Xiaoshan gritted her teeth slightly, somewhat reluctantly, and used the lighter to ignite the Ghost Candle.

She couldn't be sure of the situation outside – whether there really was a supernatural invasion in this building – but she didn't dare to gamble because they were all ordinary people. If they encountered a ghost, they might not even have the chance to light the Ghost Candle and could be killed immediately.

So the best course was to light the Ghost Candle first, then carry it to leave.

A flicker of flame rose.

The candle, vibrant red, was lit.

However, the flame on the candle was particularly eerie, surprisingly burning an ominous green.

"Hmm?"

Beside her, Liu Zi and Sun Yujia looked at the Ghost Candle in Miao Xiaoshan's hand, their eyes wide with both shock and fear.

"This is something Yang Jian gave me. It can help us safely leave here. There's not much time to explain now; we need to hurry and leave. With the power out, we can't use the elevator; we have to take the stairs to clear out of here." Miao Xiaoshan quickly said and then started moving.

Liu Zi and Sun Yujia dared not ask too many questions and simply followed obediently behind.

Miao Xiaoshan, who usually appeared gentle and weak, displayed calmness and decisiveness in the face of a supernatural event, and showed great independency, without any hint of panic.

The eerie green candlelight burned, dispelling the surrounding darkness.

But as Miao Xiaoshan walked out, looking at the burning flame, she slightly furrowed her pretty brow because she noticed that this Ghost Candle was burning very slowly, almost without consumption.

Yang Jian had once said that the faster the Ghost Candle burns, the closer the ghosts are. If there are no ghosts nearby, conversely, the candle burns slowly.

"Are there no ghosts around here?"

Miao Xiaoshan pondered this, but she didn't waste time and hurriedly left the place.

The three of them quickly went downstairs.

As they passed other dormitories, some other female students also opened their doors to inquire about the situation outside. However, upon seeing Miao Xiaoshan holding a bizarre red candle emitting green light, they screamed in fright, quickly retreating to their dorms with a slam, and shutting the door.

"They are scared; should we explain?" Sun Yujia asked.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "We can't waste time; we must leave here first, then notify the person in charge of this place. If there's really a situation occurring, staying here is extremely, extremely dangerous. I cannot risk your lives by helping them, and if the time drags, perhaps none of us will be able to leave."

She considered knocking on each dorm room to get the other girls to leave with her.

But glancing at the burning Ghost Candle in her hand, Miao Xiaoshan thought that dragging this on would be too dangerous, so there wasn't time to persuade everyone.

Nonetheless, she would call out to other people she encountered along the way, urging them to leave together, which felt safer.

However, as they descended the stairs, they found a couple pressing close together in the stairwell, nestled in the corner, surprisingly indulging in intimacy.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Liu Zi shouted, startling the couple so much that they nearly jumped up.

Under the eerie candlelight, when they saw Miao Xiaoshan and the others, they thought they had encountered ghosts and almost jumped.

"We're not ghosts, the power went out, and we lit candles to leave. It might be haunted here, so don't stay. Come with us quickly," Miao Xiaoshan reminded.

"Haunted? You guys are more like ghosts," the boy said.

Liu Zi said, "The power suddenly went out, isn't that haunting? Do you want to leave or not? If you don't, you might die here. We're not responsible."

"Power outage? There's no outage. Who said it? Someone deliberately turned off the power to scare people," the boy hurriedly said.

"What did you say, someone turned off the power? Why would they do that?" Liu Zi was instantly angered.

The boy said, "They were playing some sort of ghost summoning game, deliberately turning off the lights to take the opportunity to confess to girls they like... Actually, the ghost summoning game is just an excuse. There's no such game. We're not stupid. After what happened at school last time, who's foolish enough to really play such a game?"

"The people in the dormitory downstairs arranged everything to make it look real."

The boy was really frightened by the mysterious candle held by Miao Xiaoshan, and he revealed everything he knew.

"Terrible, you guys are scaring people,"

Liu Zi grabbed the boy's collar angrily: "I really want to beat you up. Can you joke like this? I almost had Miao Xiaoshan call Yang Jian, and you know what happens if Yang Jian shows up?"

"What would happen?" the boy cautiously glanced at Miao Xiaoshan.

They knew that among the students in this study group, the one they couldn't offend was Miao Xiaoshan, a name recognized by the head of the study group and those second-generation kids.

"If Yang Jian came, he could kill you all." Liu Zi was furious.

"N-no, we're just playing a game, like an escape room. It's not that serious," the boy looked panicked.

Miao Xiaoshan was speechless, not expecting this situation. However, she was still amiable and said, "Luckily it's a misunderstanding, as long as everyone is okay. Liu Zi, don't be mad. We didn't know it would turn out like this. We saw the power go out and heard the boys downstairs playing ghost summoning games, so we mistakenly thought ghosts were summoned."

"Now the misunderstanding is resolved. Luckily, I didn't call Yang Jian, otherwise, it would have been really troublesome."

She felt somewhat relieved.

Since Miao was easygoing, things would be hard to manage if Yang Jian came, as she couldn't stop whatever Yang Jian planned.

"So what do we do now? Leave or go back to the dorm?" Sun Yujia asked.

"Go to the dorm. It's past ten at night, we don't know where to go wearing pajamas and slippers," Miao Xiaoshan said.

Her courage isn't small. Now knowing it's a misunderstanding, she wouldn't hastily leave and would naturally return to the dorm to sleep.

Unfortunately, to be cautious, she had lit the Ghost Candle.

Though it wasn't burning much, she still felt some heartache.

"Let's go back and deal with those people tomorrow. They use such brainless methods just to chase girls," Liu Zi said, gnashing her teeth.

These guys, infatuated like bugs, can really do anything.

Miao Xiaoshan didn't speak, just raised the Ghost Candle, intending to blow it out, then froze. At this moment, the candlelight inexplicably expanded.

Though not overly obvious, it was still different than before.

This change made Miao Xiaoshan stop and not blow out the Ghost Candle.

"The flame is changing, what's going on?" Sun Yujia watched the candle closely, curious and uncertain.

The flame alternated between expanding and contracting.

It was as if breathing.

The situation was unusual, never seen before, and the rhythms varied, sometimes quick, sometimes slow.

"Is there something wrong with the candle?" Liu Zi asked, "Why does it flicker?"

"Impossible, it was fine before, always normal," Miao Xiaoshan shook her head.

She hadn't experienced this much and couldn't understand the situation before her.

"We can't go back to the dorm; we have to leave," Miao Xiaoshan decided it was safer this way after some thought.

She dared not blow out the Ghost Candle, as its condition left her uncertain.

Is there really a ghost here?

The eerie candle flame still danced, sometimes swelling, sometimes shrinking.

"Let's turn on the lights and figure this out," Miao Xiaoshan decided to clear things up to avoid another misunderstanding.

Holding the Ghost Candle ensured safety regardless.

But this way, a bit of candle wax would be wasted.

Given the circumstances, Miao Xiaoshan couldn't do otherwise.

"Did you hear? Don't stand around. Go turn on the lights, and let's find those guys," Liu Zi pushed the boy, still annoyed.

"Could it really be haunted?" the boy nervously said, "If something happens, we must leave quickly, can't stay."

He's no fool, sensing something unusual here.

"Now you're scared? What were you doing earlier?" Liu Zi said, "Stop finding excuses. Go turn on the lights."

"Let's go together, safer that way," Miao Xiaoshan suggested.

Chapter 1069 - There Really Is a Problem

Miao Xiaoshan and her group quickly found the electrical box and restored power.

Immediately.

The apartment complex lit up instantly, and everything seemed to return to normal. There was no sign of any paranormal event.

"Alright, everything's fine now," Miao Xiaoshan said. "The candle in my hand seems to be normal again."

She took a closer look at the Ghost Candle.

The flame had stopped flickering and returned to its usual state.

However, Miao Xiaoshan was still a bit hesitant because earlier the Ghost Candle indeed emitted some abnormal signals, although not very obvious, it did react.

"Maybe I'm overthinking it," Miao Xiaoshan was reluctant to keep consuming the Ghost Candle with this doubt in mind and finally blew out the candle.

Next to her, Liu Zi said, "We can't just let this go. Let's go find those people and settle the score."

Without any supernatural occurrence she felt emboldened and wanted an explanation.

After all, they were startled for no reason and almost had to call Yang Jian, and Miao Xiaoshan even lit that eerie candle. If you think about it, it's quite a loss.

Soon.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Liu Zi angrily hammered on the dormitory door: "Come out! Everyone inside come out, which idiot came up with the idea to play horror games and scare people? Get out here right now."

"Bang! Bang!"

She knocked on other doors: "You guys stop hiding, come out, acting like turtles now, weren't you brave earlier?"

Soon.

The doors of various apartments opened, and several guys came out, many girls also hid inside the boys' apartments, and some clothes were even disheveled.

"Liu Zi, what are you doing? Playing games is our business, what's it got to do with you?"

"Yeah, do you have any right to interfere? You ruined the atmosphere! That's why the lights suddenly came back on."

"Just because you broke up with your boyfriend doesn't mean we can't find someone."

Quite a few boys started complaining and even began to push back.

They intentionally excluded Liu Zi's apartment from their game because no one was interested in these three girls.

"You people are brain-damaged. The school incident last time hasn't even settled, and you're stirring up trouble again. If you attract those paranormal experts, who's going to take responsibility? I'd say I have nothing to say if anyone has the guts to stand up,"

Liu Zi wasn't scared at all and retorted right back at those boys.

Many immediately felt uneasy.

They were just fooling around. They couldn't handle the consequences of summoning those paranormal experts.

"Liu Zi, don't make it sound so serious. The so-called séance game doesn't even exist. We were just using this as a gimmick,"

A boy walked out from an apartment and said, "Don't try to scare us, none of this can possibly attract those people. Nothing has happened here anyway; it's late so just go back and rest. Stop making noise, lots of people are trying to sleep."

"Wan Hao, I bet I've disturbed your sleep. Who did you trick into your apartment this time? You didn't join this study group with good intentions; I think what happened today was your doing along with that treacherous club president," Liu Zi said disdainfully.

She knew Wan Hao, was a senior a year ahead, also part of the second generation, but she herself was local, paying no heed to these outsiders.

"Why are you being so nasty? I told you it's just a game. If you have nothing better to do, leave and quit making noise like a lunatic, no wonder your boyfriend dumped you,"

"Rubbish, my ex-boyfriend was a coward and got scared away." Liu Zi was so infuriated she nearly exploded.

"And anyway, we deserve an apology because you guys almost made us contact those people with your foolishness. Are you not ashamed to act this shamelessly?" Liu Zi demanded.

Wan Hao impatiently replied, "We didn't do anything wrong, why should we apologize? You should apologize to us instead. You're the one not sleeping in the middle of the night, making a ruckus, completely lacking decency."

"Starting trouble? What are you talking about?" Liu Zi angrily countered.

Seeing they were about to break into an argument, Miao Xiaoshan quickly pulled her back: "Liu Zi, let's just drop it. Figuring out what happened is enough; continuing to quarrel won't mean anything. Nothing has really happened."

Though she knew these people were in the wrong.

But arguing wouldn't solve anything; there's nothing they could do about it.

"We can't just let them off. At the very least, they need to apologize," Liu Zi was unwilling to let them off.

Miao Xiaoshan tugged at her: "Let it go, next time if something like this happens, we'll just ignore it. That way we won't be fooled."

"No way, I can't swallow this," Liu Zi said, insisting on getting Wan Hao and the others to apologize.

Wan Hao didn't want to argue with Liu Zi. He felt arguing with a girl was pointless and decided to ignore her, heading back to his room to rest.

The others also didn't want to fight with Liu Zi in the middle of the night.

"Hey, don't walk away, you guys can't sneak off. I'm telling you, this isn't over!" Liu Zi stomped her foot in frustration.

"Stop causing trouble, people need sleep."

"I just successfully confessed; I don't have time to mess around with you here."

"There's no séance game nonsense; there's no ghost here. You're just making a fuss over nothing, what does it have to do with us?"

"Exactly..."

The male students each made a complaint and paid no attention to her.

Sun Yujia shook her head and said, "Listen to Miao Xiaoshan, let it go. Wanting them to apologize is impossible, and even if they did it would be useless, the misunderstanding is already there."

"If I knew it would turn out like this, I shouldn't have joined this study group. Could've spent some money on private lessons or gone to another school for classes," Liu Zi felt her mood was terrible today, and couldn't swallow the anger.

But there was nowhere to vent, leaving her feeling stifled.

"We can leave now, I checked earlier, there shouldn't be any special situation happening," Miao Xiaoshan said.

Just as everyone was about to disperse.

Suddenly.

A strange phenomenon occurred.

The hallway lights began flickering eerily and then abruptly went out after flashing a few times.

"What happened, who turned the lights off again?"

"Not me, I've been standing here, I didn't turn off anything."

"Me neither, did the power actually go out?"

"Definitely not a blackout, I saw lights on in other floors, only ours went dark it seems."

Discussions erupted quickly.

"Hey, we just passed through there, there's definitely no one, so it shouldn't be anyone turning the lights off," Sun Yujia whispered cautiously, "Could there really be something weird going on?"

That slight unease Miao Xiaoshan felt earlier started growing.

But just based on this situation, it still wasn't enough to confirm anything.

However.

The lights on this floor flickered off for a moment but then came back on, returning to normal.

"Someone must be up to no good." As soon as the lights came on, someone speculated.

"Bang!"

But then.

A loud crash, and the door of an apartment suddenly opened. Then a female classmate ran out in terror, screaming, her clothes stained with blood, not even properly dressed as she desperately rushed outside.

Due to being overly agitated, the girl couldn't keep her balance and fell straight to the ground.

"Dead, dead."

The girl said fearfully.

Only then did everyone see that her hands were covered with blood, and a strong smell of blood wafted out from the apartment.

Seeing this, everyone froze.

Then, they looked incredulously at the open apartment, a terrible guess forming in each of their minds.

No, could someone really have had an accident?

Everyone was stunned.

But this thought had barely surfaced.

"Flickering!"

The lights in the hallway flickered again, as if there was bad contact. After a few flashes, they suddenly went out, just like before, leaving the hallway in darkness.

"This can't be someone playing pranks, deliberately turning off the power."

Some people's minds immediately reacted.

Because if someone really wanted to scare people by turning off the power, all the lights should have gone out suddenly, not after flickering a few times.

Is there really a haunting?

A terrifying thought emerged.

And with its emergence, it seemed everyone else got the same idea.

"Ah!"

A scream, no one knew who made it, but it completely ignited everyone's fear.

Even though everything around was dark, everyone in the apartment hurriedly rushed out, eager to leave at once, unwilling to stay for even a moment.

"Something seems really off, we need to leave quickly." Miao Xiaoshan reacted first, hastily pulling Liu Zi and Sun Yujia to leave.

Though she moved quickly, their speed of leaving was clearly insufficient.

While going downstairs, someone behind accidentally bumped into her, almost making her fall, and although she barely managed to stand, Miao Xiaoshan couldn't help but cry out in pain, spraining her ankle.

"Are you okay? Damn! Who bumped into us? Now they know fear, where did their arrogance go?" Liu Zi first asked with concern, then cursed.

But there was no one to deal with her now, everyone was desperate to leave immediately.

"Don't crowd the stairway, let's give them way first."

Miao Xiaoshan felt the crowd rushing behind her, fearing to walk in front, worried about the risk of a stampede, prudently avoiding the congestion.

But very soon.

"Flickering~!"

The lights came back on suddenly, the surrounding light restored to normal, just like the first time.

However, the students running at the front abruptly halted.

Because lying in the stairwell ahead of them was a person, posed awkwardly as though fallen from the stairs, body leaning against the wall, neck bent at a ninety-degree angle, head on the ground bleeding, eyes wide open as if unwilling to die.

"Looks like Yang Zifeng... wasn't he in the room? How could he appear here?"

Someone held back terror, speaking in a trembling voice.

That person was frightened because, in his impression, Yang Zifeng should be in his room or dating some girl, definitely not here.

Yet, an abnormal event happened.

Most crucially, the person was dead.

The body was like a wall blocking their way, those in the front hesitated to cross over and run downstairs.

But lingering here wouldn't help.

A male student mustered up courage, carefully trying to skirt the corpse to escape.

But when he stepped down the last stair, reaching the stairwell.

Yang Zifeng, with the twisted neck and head on the ground, suddenly twitched, a groaning sound came from the mouth, blood oozed, lifeless eyes rotated slightly.

The scene scared everyone into screaming, daring not to bypass, immediately turning back and running.

"Why are they running back again?" Sun Yujia leaned towards Miao Xiaoshan, stunned by the scene.

"Perhaps something really happened." Miao Xiaoshan said.

The scene seemed familiar to her.

Back in high school when encountering the Door Knocking Ghost event, the class had fled like mad.

"Flickering!"

At the same time, the lights that had just lit up flickered again, about four or five times, then all the lights suddenly went out.

It was the third blackout.

It seemed every blackout led to someone's accidental death.

If this was truly a paranormal occurrence, then the ghost had started killing.

Among those like headless flies running randomly, Miao Xiaoshan remained calm, neither running nor screaming, just stood by the wall waiting for them to flee, not following them, nor yelling indiscriminately.

Soon.

Everyone turned back running.

The hallway became empty again, leaving only the three of them.

"Earlier, when they ran, someone seemed to say there was a dead person downstairs, dead in the stairwell, so no one dared to pass."

Liu Zi became tense at this moment; "The person seemed to fall to death, died on the floor below us, how could such a thing suddenly happen without warning?"

Miao Xiaoshan remained silent, merely lighting the Ghost Candle once more with some resignation.

The eerie green candlelight flickered.

But at that moment, the flame suddenly seemed to stoke the fire, swelling abruptly, followed by hurried footsteps vanishing into the dim staircase, the steps accompanying those students fleeing, soon disappeared.

Then the candlelight reverted to normal.

"No doubt, there's really a ghost here, just now the ghost seemed to pass by us."

Miao Xiaoshan froze in place, reaching a serious and cautious conclusion.

Her words made Liu Zi and Sun Yujia's hearts jump instantly, a cold sensation enveloped their bodies.

The previous joke now seemed to become a reality.

It was not a misunderstanding, something was truly amiss here.

Chapter 1070 - Selfish People

If it were only the lighting on these few floors being affected, it couldn't be definitively considered a supernatural event.

But now.

A mysterious death has occurred, and the Ghost Candle's reaction is particularly intense.

This iron-clad fact told Miao Xiaoshan that a supernatural event was indeed happening here. Moreover, the ghost seemed to have just passed by her because, at that moment, the Ghost Candle's flame swelled, almost singing her hair.

After reaching this conclusion, Liu Zi and Sun Yujia were dumbfounded, staring blankly at Miao Xiaoshan.

At this moment, their thoughts seemed to have stalled, not knowing if it was out of fear or because the statement that a ghost just passed by them shocked them.

"The ghost has already left and is getting farther away. The Ghost Candle is returning to normal."

Miao Xiaoshan muttered again, "How could this happen? Those people didn't play any summoning games; everything should have been normal, so how could the ghost just show up? This is too much of a coincidence."

She was a little puzzled, feeling that things weren't that simple.

Ghosts don't just appear because they're supposed to.

Unless they were really unlucky and just happened to bump into a supernatural event.

But the probability of such a coincidence is too small.

"Unless someone intentionally led the ghost here." Miao Xiaoshan thought of this possibility.

Just like when Yang Jian was once targeted by the Ghost Door Knocker, a supernatural event broke out suddenly. Although the person involved didn't know it at the time, analyzing afterward provided clarity on how they could have died.

"Hurry, stop thinking so much. Someone has already died, and the matter is almost confirmed to be a supernatural event without a doubt. Quickly call your boyfriend, have Yang Jian come over to take a look. Let's leave here first; I don't want to be inexplicably killed by a ghost."

At this moment, Liu Zi was almost in tears.

She grabbed Miao Xiaoshan's hand, eager to pick up Miao Xiaoshan's phone and call Yang Jian directly.

"Not everything needs to trouble Yang Jian. He's busy. We can leave; don't worry, nothing will happen. The candle I have will last us at least half an hour, which is plenty of time to get out of here."

"You saw it yourself earlier. Even if a ghost passed by us, it wouldn't attack us. This thing is very effective."

Miao Xiaoshan wasn't that panicked. Although she appeared soft and weak, she was actually quite brave.

She probably grew stronger after experiencing the Ghost Door Knocker and the Ghost Painting incidents.

"We'll go down the stairs, leave here, and then I'll report the incident and notify the person in charge."

Miao Xiaoshan said, reluctant to inconvenience Yang Jian.

Because Yang Jian was still in Dachang City, this far away, by the time he came to assist, she'd likely have already safely evacuated.

"Then, let's hurry up and leave."

Liu Zi didn't argue, and with Sun Yujia supporting Miao Xiaoshan, they quickly left.

Miao Xiaoshan frowned as she limped; her foot had been twisted, making movement somewhat difficult, but it wasn't serious. Although it was a bit of a hindrance, leaving the place wasn't a problem.

Although the eerie green flame of the Ghost Candle looked strange, it provided a sense of security.

The two others edged closer to Miao Xiaoshan, hoping to be nearer to the flame.

They descended one level.

However, strangely, they did not find the corpse that had scared everyone away in the stairwell below, only a pool of blood on the ground.

"Where's the body? It seems like the corpse those people mentioned before... it's gone."

Sun Yujia spoke tremblingly while looking at the pool of blood.

"Shut up," Liu Zi murmured, "Just keep moving and pretend nothing happened."

She also realized the body had mysteriously disappeared but dared not dwell on it. They just wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. Despite the fear, they had to muster the courage to act and not succumb to panic.

Any small disturbance now could swallow their last shred of courage, pushing them into collapse.

Miao Xiaoshan said nothing, acting as if she didn't see the pool of blood, ensuring only that the Ghost Candle in her hand remained lit as she continued heading downstairs.

That corpse indeed wasn't there anymore.

It was on the other side.

Each floor had two fire escapes, one on the left and one on the right. The frightened crowd had turned around and were now running towards the other stairwell, hoping there wouldn't be any incidents and they could leave safely.

But when they arrived, they were met with an unbelievable sight.

The same scenario at a different location.

The body of the student named Yang Zifeng lay eerily in the stairwell, maintaining the same posture it had before, with its neck broken at an impossible angle. Its hollow, gray eyes stared toward the group, as if an evil spirit was watching them, refusing to let them leave.

"It's Yang Zifeng again. How can he be here? Wasn't he lying in the stairwell over there before?"

The student leading the way was instantly dumbstruck, consumed by terror, unable to move or think.

"The body moved; it ran from over there to here. It's a ghost, it has to be a ghost. Run, or we'll be killed by the ghost. I don't want to die!"

Someone screamed in a panicked state, their mind blank, only wanting to escape like a headless fly.

The reappearance of the corpse halted everyone's advance; some turned back, others fled in all directions, while some collapsed on the ground in fear.

For a time, chaos erupted.

Yet some kind of supernatural phenomenon didn't stop, as the lights flickered on again, only to go out shortly after.

In the dimness, their fears magnified infinitely, making it feel like there were ghosts everywhere, ready to kill them if they weren't careful. They all wanted to escape but didn't know where to go.

The elevator was out of service, and the stairway was blocked by the corpse. Nobody dared to rush past, fearing that approaching would get them killed by the ghost.

Yet amidst the fright and screams, not everyone was irrational.

"There's only one way to get out of here now, and that's to follow Miao Xiaoshan. She knows someone special who can navigate haunted places and survive."

Wan Hao and a group of boys huddled together, figuring out their next move. During this critical moment, the idea popped into Wan Hao's mind.

While it wasn't the best idea, many were in such a panic that independent thinking was out of their reach. At this moment, even scaling down the building might seem like a good idea to some.

"I ran into Miao Xiaoshan earlier. They were coming down the stairs before the haunting began, and Miao Xiaoshan was holding a candle with a strange green glow. It startled me. I overheard Miao Xiaoshan talking— that candle seemed to repel ghosts."

A male student quickly shared what he knew.

"Then what are we waiting for? Find her! Miao Xiaoshan might have already left if we delay any longer," Wan Hao urged.

Immediately, the group hurriedly turned around, hoping to quickly find Miao Xiaoshan and ask her to lead them out of the haunted area.

Once they had a clear direction, they moved swiftly. Some girls couldn't keep up and were left behind.

Someone cried, pleading them to wait.

But no one responded. This was a critical moment for survival, with no room to worry about others.

Forget girlfriends; even siblings might be disregarded in such a situation.

Even though going back and forth wasted a lot of time.

But when they returned to the stairwell again, it was really strange; the eerie corpse did not appear, leaving only a pool of blood, and Miao Xiaoshan was not far away, just downstairs, because that eerie green candlelight was still flickering, such a light was particularly striking in the dark environment.

"Miao Xiaoshan, wait for us, take us with you as you leave here." Wan Hao shouted.

"Please help me too, I'm begging you."

"Take me away as well, this place is haunted, I don't want to be killed by a ghost."

A group of people begged, hoping Miao Xiaoshan would stop and take them away.

However, despite their shouting, they didn't stop and hurriedly caught up.

Miao Xiaoshan had a sprained foot, so her speed down the stairs wasn't fast, and they did catch up with her. Soon, the group reunited.

"Wan Hao, how come you're not dead yet?"

Liu Zi gritted her teeth in anger, wishing that the ghost would kill this guy.

Wan Hao panted and said, "Sister Liu Zi, is this really the time to hold grudges? This building is haunted, we might lose our lives. Miao Xiaoshan, thank you, thank you for taking us with you. Once we're safely outside, I will definitely repay you all."

He was expressing endless gratitude towards Miao Xiaoshan, almost kneeling down to kowtow.

"Weren't you so tough before? Now you're scared?" Liu Zi said.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "Stop arguing, it's foolish to waste time now. Let's get downstairs and leave here quickly. If you want to leave together, then let's go together."

She didn't mind taking these people along, after all, staying here was indeed dangerous, and the Ghost Candle was already lit, rescuing people in passing was also a good deed.

Many people looked at Miao Xiaoshan with gratitude, feeling a sense of relief inside.

"Let's go quickly, don't bother with these people, if they want to follow, let them follow." Liu Zi supported Miao Xiaoshan to continue forward.

"I hope everything will turn out okay," Miao Xiaoshan thought to herself.

She looked back and felt something was wrong because the candlelight's range couldn't cover everyone, which meant those following behind weren't safe, and instead slowed down the pace, unable to leave here quickly.

"You people at the back, hurry forward, don't just follow behind, it's very dangerous."

Miao Xiaoshan reminded them.

But no one listened to her, nor did anyone move.

In times of danger, who would dare leave the group alone, you might run into a ghost ahead.

Seeing her words were useless, Miao Xiaoshan had no choice but to endure the pain in her leg, quickening her pace, hoping to leave here before danger struck.

However, they were on high floors, the tenth, eleventh, twelfth floor.

Leaving this building would take some time.

But at this moment.

The corridor lights suddenly came on again, as before, turning off and on in a pattern.

"When a ghost kills, it affects nearby lights, then the lights go out, and someone dies....."

Miao Xiaoshan, although rushing downstairs, didn't forget to pay attention to this situation.

Understanding the ghost's killing pattern could mean survival.

She like Yang Jian had also attended Zhou Zheng's class, so it was somewhat useful, and she was trying to learn from Yang Jian, analyzing the situation.

But in supernatural events, the hardest part isn't analyzing the killing pattern, but time is limited.

Even though the lights were on.

However, the candlelight from the Ghost Candle in Miao Xiaoshan's hand was slowly growing bigger, bigger,... as if indicating a fierce ghost was approaching.

And it was approaching steadily.

"The flame is getting bigger," Sun Yujia quickly reported.

"This means the ghost has followed us," Miao Xiaoshan said, "The more people, the higher the chance of being targeted by the ghost. I'm afraid this Ghost Candle won't support us for long, unable to safely get everyone out."

"Liu Zi, you hold the Ghost Candle, I'll notify Yang Jian, at this point we can only bother him, hopefully, he won't mind being disturbed."

After speaking, she handed the Ghost Candle to Liu Zi, then took out her phone to send a message.

Not making a call because there's no need to say much, she just sent a location and said, "I'm in danger."

"Liu Zi, I'll help you hold this candle, you just need to support Miao Xiaoshan properly."

Wan Hao took the opportunity to grab the Ghost Candle directly from Liu Zi.

Even a fool could see that this eerie candle was the key to survival, better in his hands rather than theirs.

When it comes to surviving, nothing else matters.

"You..."

Liu Zi couldn't do anything, and was instead pushed to the ground by Wan Hao.

"Wan Hao, return the candle."

"Don't worry, I won't take it from you; I'll return it once we're out. I mean what I say, but right now we can't waste time; let's go quickly, don't just sit there, get up."

Wan Hao said, then ignoring others, rushed downstairs.

The others immediately followed in a swarm, leaving Miao Xiaoshan, Liu Zi, and Sun Yujia behind.

"You bastard." Liu Zi genuinely wanted to kill Wan Hao at that moment.

Sun Yujia was also stunned, caught off guard by this change.

Miao Xiaoshan gritted her teeth, feeling things were spiraling out of control.

She underestimated the selfishness and darkness of human nature at this moment.

Taking a deep breath.

Miao Xiaoshan knew that the three girls had no way to retrieve the Ghost Candle, and there was more pressing matter to attend to, so she quickly covered Liu Zi's mouth and gestured for Sun Yujia to stay quiet.

"Don't speak now, the ghost is approaching, it might have followed us from upstairs. Without the Ghost Candle, if targeted by the ghost, we'll be killed."

Sure enough.

Just as she finished speaking, heavy footsteps sounded from upstairs, rapidly descending.

But the terrifying thing was, although the lights were on, no person was visible from upstairs.

Liu Zi and Sun Yujia shivered all over, their bodies tensed, fear drowned them in an instant, leaving them with only one thought in their minds.

The ghost really came.