

Revival 1221

Chapter 1221 A Place You Can't Leave

Yang Jian and Li Yang carefully inspected the third floor, collecting what had not been burned in the ashes and putting them together.

The burnt corpses numbered two, and there was one intact corpse.

One burnt corpse still had fire burning inside it, the other was curled up and completely lifeless.

The unburned corpse was the one nailed down by Yang Jian's Coffin Nail.

This was the ghost of the third floor. Yang Jian thought one of the burnt corpses and the ghost of the third floor were the same, just carried by different corpses.

Besides, there was a piece of bone still flaming.

The bone was pale, never charred, peculiar and eerie. Yang Jian forcibly extracted it from the furnace.

"Xiang Lan and Zhu Jian's bodies have disappeared, along with the ghosts they controlled, leaving no trace." Yang Jian came near the haunted elevator, searched around but couldn't find the familiar corpses.

Logically, although they died, since they also controlled powerful ghosts, the bodies should have remained.

But the fact was not.

"That tall, rotting male corpse seems to be gone as well. There is no Corpse Wrapping Cloth on these burnt corpses, so it's possible the ghost has already left here and didn't linger." Li Yang said.

Yang Jian nodded: "I see that too, none of the corpses match that male corpse, so it's not here."

"While we have time, I want to change the layout here, hide this golden door, tidy up and prepare to leave here. We have delayed for several days, we can't continue to waste time."

Then, Yang Jian activated the Ghost Domain.

He couldn't affect the position of the door but could change the layout of the third floor.

Very quickly.

A wall abruptly appeared covering the golden door, merging with the surroundings.

Covered by wall skin, the existence of the golden door was completely hidden. Unless one intentionally searched, it would be hard to find.

"What about these corpses? Should we imprison them or just leave them here?" Li Yang pointed at the burnt corpses.

These are ghosts, currently in lifeless states, but it won't be long before these powerful ghosts resurrect, becoming extremely dangerous.

Yang Jian's expression turned cold: "Don't imprison them. Leave the ghosts on the third floor. We probably won't come back here, so it's necessary to leave the ghosts to prevent anyone trapped here from finding the door and escaping."

Li Yang understood Yang Jian's approach.

The plan was to use the danger of ghosts to protect the door, preventing it from being easily opened.

"However, the furnace is peculiar and may be of help to me in the future." Yang Jian then looked at the furnace in the distance.

This thing can counter Ghost Lake, keeping oneself balanced.

If his ghost powers resurrect in the future, the furnace might be the key to regaining balance.

But he didn't dare take the furnace because it easily goes out of control, posing high risks.

This loss of control isn't because Yang Jian can't imprison the furnace, but there are too many uncertainties while using it. He doesn't want it to suddenly unleash a raging fire, burning down a city.

"Forget it, leaving the furnace on the third floor is fine. If I really need it someday, I can come back, though the ghosts on the third floor are fierce, they're not entirely unmanageable to me." Yang Jian then dismissed the idea of taking the furnace.

"I won't take the furnace, but the flaming bone can be used."

Yang Jian then focused on a flaming bone.

Being part of the furnace, this bone is like a small puzzle piece, of minimal danger and unlikely to go out of control if mastered.

"Just take it," pointing at the bone.

Li Yang nodded, took out a prepared bag, walked over and placed the bone inside.

The bag was made of gold, capable of isolating supernatural powers.

Even with flames dancing on the bone, once inside the bag, no heat could be felt, everything silent, without any anomalies.

"Alright, it's time to leave." Yang Jian's Ghost Eye scanned again to ensure nothing was missed, then prepared to leave.

He and Li Yang returned to the side of the door.

At this moment, the golden door seemed unimpressive, covered with wall skin. Without careful observation, one wouldn't notice it as a door, only a wall.

Squeak!

The door opened once more.

Yang Jian raised his cracked long spear, preparing to fling the corpse out and then pull back.

Suddenly.

His expression moved, looking in a direction.

It was the staircase entrance.

"Something's up." Li Yang also perked his ears, hearing a sound.

It was the rapid footsteps of someone descending the stairs, constantly echoing from the steps.

"Even if it's a ghost, once we leave, it can't catch up to us." Li Yang whispered.

Yang Jian shone his flashlight over: "No, it's not a ghost, the footsteps are too hurried and erratic, it must be a person."

"Those five people from before? Have they been resurrected and found their way here? Then we must kill them before leaving, otherwise, as soon as we close this door, it'll make a noise, leaving traces. Though it may not be discovered, we can't risk it." Li Yang said.

"Makes sense." Yang Jian didn't deny this suggestion, he halted his steps, ready to see.

Very quickly.

The hurried footsteps down the stairs stopped, and then a person appeared in the beam of a strong flashlight.

The person was panting, looking anxious, as if he had rushed over on purpose.

"Wang Genquan?" Yang Jian stared at the person, recognizing him immediately.

It had only been less than two days, yet the resurrected Wang Genquan had come here once again.

In the dim environment, the flashlight illuminated the way for Wang Genquan, who composed himself and quickly made his way over.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged. His charred ghost hand moved slightly, ready to kill this guy to prevent the location of the door from being exposed.

However, at that moment, Wang Genquan spoke urgently while walking: "Yang Jian, give me a chance, how about not making a move first?"

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression tightened: "You actually didn't lose your memory?"

"No, I indeed resurrected once, and my memory was lost, but before I came to the third floor, I left a backup plan to prevent things from developing like this. I'm not sure if you are Yang Jian, so I tried calling out. It seems the information I left was correct."

Wang Genquan said at this moment.

He was actually prepared in advance, leaving behind information early on, and this time, he discovered that information in a normal human state, managing to track it down here just in time.

"You knew you couldn't win that fight, so you made a backup plan early on? But it's already too late, this place will soon be sealed off, you will die, and you will forget the door's location, you cannot escape from here," Yang Jian stated a harsh fact.

Wang Genquan was silent for a moment, his expression changing unpredictably. He wasn't stupid; combining Yang Jian's words with the previously left information was enough to deduce the situation to some extent.

"I know, this is the price we pay for losing, but I really want to see the outside, can you give me a chance? Even if you kill me after I get out, I'll accept it."

He was very candid, making a small request after recognizing his fate.

"What good is seeing the outside if you'll just die and forget everything, starting again like a headless fly searching for an exit," Yang Jian said.

"I just want to know if we truly can be free if we really find the exit and leave," Wang Genquan said.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment and then said, "Since you want to see the outside world desperately, fine, I agree, come over here."

"You're really taking him out of here?" Li Yang said in surprise.

Yang Jian gestured with his hand to indicate it was okay: "It's alright, let him take a look. I had previously speculated that the people trapped here couldn't leave Kaiser Hotel. Now there's a chance to prove that, and if my speculation is incorrect and Wang Genquan survives, I will personally end him."

Li Yang nodded and didn't say anything more.

Wang Genquan was a bit excited at the moment, he ran over: "Thank you so much."

"No problem," Yang Jian said nonchalantly, "Come with us."

Soon, they walked inside that door,

and before closing it, Yang Jian flung out the corpse nailed by the coffin nail, throwing it heavily onto the third floor's ground.

Without the restraint of the coffin nail, the corpse that hit the ground suddenly sat up straight, emitting a chilling aura, and a darkness rapidly spread around, engulfing everything on the third floor.

The vengeful spirit reawakened.

And the only response was a loud bang.

That was the heavy door closing.

The ghost turned its mechanical head toward the sound but soon turned its head again, slowly standing up to roam aimlessly.

At this moment.

Yang Jian and Li Yang led Wang Genquan toward the outside of Kaiser Hotel.

"Yang Jian, you are not a bad person."

On the way, Wang Genquan earnestly said, "Although I don't know why that conflict arose, I still appreciate you giving me this opportunity, and I understand why you need to seal this place and kill anyone who knows. This place is indeed dangerous, if it gets out of control, the consequences are unimaginable..."

Yang Jian said nothing, just paused his steps, suddenly looking at him.

Li Yang also frowned and looked at Wang Genquan.

"What? Did I say something wrong?" Wang Genquan said.

Yang Jian said, "You didn't say anything wrong, it's just that my assumption was correct. You can't leave Kaiser Hotel after all."

At this moment, Wang Genquan noticed some changes in himself; he touched his head, and a lot of hair kept falling out, turning from black to white, and his skin was visibly wrinkling, drying up.

"This is..." His eyes widened.

But everything happened too fast, Wang Genquan's body was decaying, collapsing, it seemed no force could reverse it.

Wang Genquan quickly calmed down, giving a bitter smile: "So this is the truth? We never successfully left, but die each time we try."

"Seems like it," Yang Jian nodded.

Wang Genquan looked around yet didn't see a window: "It's a pity, I couldn't even see the sky outside..."

Before this sentence was finished, he fell directly to the ground, becoming a long-decayed corpse, completely losing the breath of life.

The dead him will resurrect, but about this harsh truth, he will not remember.

"He exists in the past, unable to stand in the present, the curse's power protects his consciousness but deprives him of life, unless he becomes a complete anomaly, he can't fight this curse, to leave Kaiser Hotel alive," Yang Jian seriously examined Wang Genquan's corpse, then came to a conclusion.

"Captain, do you think, in these decades, has anyone really walked out of Kaiser Hotel alive? Previously, according to our speculation, there were ten cursed individuals, and we've only seen five," Li Yang said.

Yang Jian said, "Not sure, but it's possible someone could make it out. If so, that person wouldn't be an obscure existence, at the very least they'd be at the captain level, and also an anomaly, but so far, I haven't heard of anyone being associated with Kaiser Hotel."

Chapter 1222 - Maintaining the Self

Walking out of the Kaiser Hotel, Yang Jian did not rush to leave.

Although the door leading outside was hidden by him, the door leading inside still remained.

Once he leaves, there's no guarantee that someone won't wander into the Kaiser Hotel.

A golden door standing there on the fourth floor, anyone whose eyes aren't blind can see it. If someone from outside opens it, releasing the ghost inside, it would be a huge hidden danger.

"Change the layout of the Kaiser Hotel, completely hiding that door."

Yang Jian slightly raised his head to look at the five-story tall hotel in front of him.

The position of the door can't be changed, but the layout of the hotel can be.

So Yang Jian doesn't need to move the door, he just needs to modify the entire layout of the Kaiser Hotel, and the door's position will naturally be hidden.

Immediately.

He opened his ghost eye.

The Ghost Domain covered the Kaiser Hotel.

Without any supernatural influence, an ordinary building was moved and modified at will within Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

Various designs, buildings, layouts, and memories appeared in Yang Jian's mind.

Soon, the Kaiser Hotel was modified in an instant.

All debris inside the hotel was cleared out, the remaining corpses were completely transferred and buried, and traces left by the supernatural were wiped away entirely.

However, strangely, the fourth floor of the hotel, with its golden door, disappeared.

The fourth floor didn't disappear, nor was it covered by the supernatural; Yang Jian simply used spatial manipulation to hide that floor, with just a little increase in height to the first, second, third, and fifth floors, making the fourth floor disappear perfectly, and the door was hidden in a layer between the floors.

But the disappearance of one floor will hardly escape notice, as most residents of this city know that the Kaiser Hotel has five floors.

However, Yang Jian's solution is simple: to build a sixth floor, turning the sixth floor into the fifth.

With supernatural influence on reality, a new Kaiser Hotel was formed like this.

Nothing has changed much, yet everything has changed.

Unless you live in the Kaiser Hotel for years, it's unlikely anyone could spot the flaw.

Of course.

If a ghost rider with a Ghost Domain deliberately investigates, the location of the door will still be discovered.

But there's no way around it; no matter how well you hide, it won't block supernatural probing.

"Alright, the matters here are finished, we should go now." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang at this time put down his phone, saying: "Captain, the hospital just called me, and just now Tong Qian has woken up."

"Is it? I thought he'd be in a coma for quite a long time, didn't expect him to wake up so soon, how's his condition? Never mind, no need to ask, we'll see when we get to the hospital." Yang Jian said.

The two immediately left.

In the next moment, they appeared in the hospital in this city.

At this moment, Tong Qian in the hospital's intensive care unit had woken up, he was sitting there, looking somewhat dazed, like he'd lost his soul, with no light in his eyes.

"Tong Qian, how are you feeling? Any better?" Li Yang asked, approaching cautiously.

At this time, Tong Qian posed a certain danger, as no one could guarantee whether this was really Tong Qian waking up or an evil ghost resuscitating.

The doctors merely watched through the ICU camera, and did not come to the ward to observe.

After all, dealing with ghost riders, ordinary people should step back.

Tong Qian didn't speak, just sat there blankly as if he hadn't heard.

Yang Jian stood aside observing, his ghost eye slightly rotating, trying to see some clues.

"Everything's normal, he has no problems and hasn't been replaced by the supernatural, just that his consciousness seems to have changed somewhat from before."

His gaze rested on Tong Qian's ghost face.

It was a face that perpetually wore a ghostly smile, unrecognizable as male or female, usually cold and terrifying, but at this moment it showed expressions beyond the smile.

At times slightly furrowed brows, at times showing a bit of contemplation.

The expressions became more diverse.

"What's happening here?" A slight doubt arose in Yang Jian's heart.

Supernatural changes are never without cause, there must be a reason, it just hasn't been detected yet.

"Tong Qian, did you hear me? If you did, hope you can answer." Li Yang continued to ask, always maintaining a bit of caution.

Suddenly.

Tong Qian's neck twisted, his ghostly smiling face turned towards Li Yang.

Li Yang was startled, thinking it was a supernatural attack, and instinctively raised his withered hand.

But soon, the ghostly smiling face spoke: "I'm fine, I just feel a bit strange."

"Strange how?" Yang Jian asked.

Tong Qian said: "Before, I could clearly feel my own face was in charge, could control my smiling face and crying face, but after waking up this time, I've found I've become the ghost face, my consciousness lingering on the ghost face, unable to go back, for me this smiling face seems to have become my original face."

"Seems your consciousness had a problem, the supernatural attack probably targeted your consciousness but seems blocked by the ghost face, causing the attack to fail, so in the supernatural conflict your consciousness might have shifted to the ghost face, you should recall that you turned your head at that time."

Yang Jian immediately began recalling past events, reasoning and analyzing.

"You controlled the ghost face to turn, consciousness was controlling the ghost face, then suffered a ghost attack erasing consciousness, under such circumstances the ghost couldn't erase ghost face consciousness, so your consciousness stayed on the ghost face. However, I can't be certain if your condition is temporary or permanent, if permanent, congratulations, perhaps you've become an anomaly."

"I don't know how long this state can last, but I feel it's not a good thing, I seem to have lost a lot of things... feels very different now."

Tong Qian's ghostly face coldly eerie, even speaking, the sound was enough to make one's skin crawl.

Yang Jian said: "Lost a lot of emotions, right? Thought process changed too, suddenly becoming unfamiliar with yourself, as if turning into someone else."

"Yes." Tong Qian said.

"That's not a bad thing, just get used to it gradually." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang at this time said: "Captain, if what you said is true, then Tong Qian's consciousness still has a moment it disappears, or gets twisted by ghost face influence, eventually turning into an extremely dangerous existence..."

"Harnessing the supernatural always comes at a cost, it depends if you can bear that cost, but now Tong Qian's ghost face is always in a dead state, impacting his consciousness very little, the only concern is

when a person possesses supernatural power and lacks human emotions, how their character will twist."

"Maybe eventually become a monster, indistinguishable from an evil ghost, maybe shed human flaws, transcending both living and ghost, becoming a pure existence."

Yang Jian proposed two possibilities.

Li Yang understood, he nodded: "So it's what they call falling and retaining self?"

"You've summarized it well, a ghost rider without emotions ultimately becomes what's dependent on self-control, despite ghost attacks, ghost killing instincts remain, this instinct lurking inside and even able to influence ghost rider actions."

"Like what?" Tong Qian continued to ask.

"Some things are hard to describe in words, I'll do an experiment for you to see."

Yang Jian walked a few steps away, suddenly deliberately let out several laughs.

In the next moment.

Tong Qian's head suddenly turned, a smiling face directed at Yang Jian, at that moment it seemed as if the ghost's laughter was about to echo in this ward.

Clearly, Yang Jian deliberately triggered the ghost face's killing pattern.

Chapter 1223 - Curse and Corrosion

At this moment, Tong Qian almost uncontrollably wanted to burst into laughter.

But the laughter of the ghost face was deadly. Even if Yang Jian could withstand it, it would still affect everyone in the hospital. If not stopped in time, everyone could be killed by this laughter in an instant.

Fortunately, Tong Qian realized she was losing control and forcefully prevented this from happening.

She didn't laugh out loud and forcibly suppressed a murderous impulse.

Yang Jian slowly retracted his smile at this moment, his face calm as he said, "You don't want to turn your head, right? But the moment I smiled, it triggered the killing pattern of the ghost face. This potential instinct influenced you, causing you to uncontrollably turn toward me. At this moment, I think you even wanted to emit that ghost's laughter. If you can't control this degree, the ghost's instinct will continuously magnify in your heart until you are swallowed by it, becoming a new ghost."

"This is the resurrection of a ghost, even anomalies can't completely avoid it."

Tong Qian's face showed some suspicion because Yang Jian's words were correct. At that moment, she really lost control, no, it wasn't even losing control; it was instinctively turning her head.

Like her own instinct, not the killing pattern of a ghost.

"Captain, what should we do in this situation?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian said, "I've had this feeling before, my body being eroded by the supernatural causing decay, so when I see a fresh body, I have the impulse to replace it. But the ghost necklace can repair my body, keeping it healthy, so this instinct has never been triggered, allowing me to live normally until now. And if you want to avoid this situation, the best way is not to let laughter or crying appear around you."

"Even if you hear crying or laughter, you must control it, making that control an instinct, keeping the strings in your heart tight. Only in this way can you not lose control. If you fail to control it the first time and the ghost kills someone, there will be a second time, a third time... Eventually, your control will continue to weaken, like an addiction to smoking."

Tong Qian listened, was silent for a moment, then solemnly nodded, "I understand, I will control myself."

"That's really dangerous enough." Li Yang couldn't help but lament after listening.

Yang Jian said, "Confronting ghosts is a lifetime matter. Once you walk the path of a ghost tamer, there's no turning back, unless you're willing to die once and resurrect with the ghost mirror to be an ordinary person."

"Some things must always be done by someone, I won't evade."

Tong Qian said, "So I won't leave my image on the ghost mirror."

He had long been aware and thought that resurrecting with the ghost mirror to live as a normal person was a very disgraceful thing.

Because in this world, as long as there are ghosts, there must be ghost tamers, and someone must resist the ghosts. If he abandons the identity of a ghost tamer to choose a normal life, it means someone else has to take on his duties and choose to fight against ghosts.

Therefore, Tong Qian hopes that the person fighting against ghosts is himself. After all, he has experience and has persevered for so long, and the ones coming after him may not necessarily do better.

"Yes, some things must always be done by someone." Li Yang looked at his own emaciated arm and sighed.

"Observe your condition again, if there is no problem, we will return to Dachang City. The situation here has been temporarily dealt with. For quite a long time in the future, the Kaiser Hotel will not haunt again, but how long this period will last, I don't know. I can only tell you, on some future day, the terrifying Kaiser Hotel will appear again. It's an inevitable dangerous place like Fushou Garden in Dahai City that graves ghosts."

Yang Jian said.

"Doing this much is already pretty good; who can predict the future?" Tong Qian said.

"Then take a good rest, confirm there's no problem, and get discharged. Li Yang and I will roam around this city to see if there are any missed areas." Yang Jian said.

After speaking, he and Li Yang left the ward, giving Tong Qian some time to reconcile his state.

After the two left.

Tong Qian lay in bed for a long time, suddenly turned slightly, and glanced behind him.

A cold, eerie dead man stood stiffly behind him, as if following him, watching him.

"Is the ghost still here?"

Tong Qian quickly turned his head back, but the ghost's figure behind him quickly disappeared from sight.

This is a ghost that can be seen as soon as you turn your head.

But Tong Qian always turns back with the ghost face, and the ghost face doesn't trigger the ghost's killing pattern, so he can safely observe the situation behind him every time.

"Being followed by such a ghost is not a good thing." Tong Qian's eyes slightly moved.

However, now he doesn't have much energy to think about this matter. He must quickly adapt to his current state.

Always facing everything with the ghost face profile.

His face now is likely just a decoration, for him to occasionally look at, to remember his former appearance.

Yang Jian and Li Yang fulfilled their responsibilities, patrolling the city once. Only after confirming there were no residual supernatural incidents did they feel relieved. After all, he didn't want to leave with things unfinished, and upon leaving, have ghost killings occur in the city, having to come back again.

Even though he only bears responsibility for Dachang City.

But this city is Tong Qian's hometown, and he hasn't abandoned it, so there's no new person in charge here. Therefore, Yang Jian's team has to look after it as well.

But that's also a good thing.

At least the Caesar Hotel can be controlled by Yang Jian himself, so it doesn't get messed up by some ghost handlers who don't know the height of the sky, leading to an unmanageable situation in the end.

"Tong Qian is almost recovered, we can return to Dachang City." Afterwards, Li Yang received the message from Tong Qian.

Yang Jian, at this moment, was speaking with the city's liaison: "The blockade of the Caesar Hotel must continue, and it must be long-term. That area should not be ventured into, as it concerns the safety of this city. As for other matters, I have already settled them, and supernatural events will not happen again. You can temporarily put your mind at ease. Today, I will return to Dachang City, so from now on it will be your responsibility."

"Yang, team leader, rest assured, we will do our job well." The liaison had no objections.

"Very good."

Yang Jian believed that those who served as liaisons should have the necessary awareness, so he didn't say much more. He and Li Yang then immediately disappeared from the original spot and returned to the hospital to take Tong Qian directly to Dachang City.

Dachang City was not far from here.

Under Ghost Domain's speed, they arrived at the familiar Guanjiang Residential Complex within a minute.

"The business trip is over, you all go back and rest first, I'll handle the remaining matters." Yang Jian said.

"Alright, if there's nothing else, I'll go back and rest first."

Li Yang handed over the bag containing the burning bones.

Yang Jian took it and then looked at Tong Qian: "You still have a ghost following you, until this problem is resolved you must be cautious in your outings, make sure you do not lose control. Also, frequently check your back to ensure the ghost remains close and hasn't vanished when you turn around. This is Dachang City, there cannot be disorder, I hope you understand."

"I know, I will take responsibility for myself." Tong Qian nodded.

There are uncontrollable factors on him, so he naturally must be more vigilant.

"That's good." Yang Jian nodded.

He and Tong Qian are ghost handlers from the same era, they've known each other for a long time, they are not novices. What needs doing, they certainly can do well, he felt assured.

After Yang Jian and Li Yang parted ways from Tong Qian, he arrived at the safe house, stored the burning bones, and tidied up his belongings.

Looking at his charred Ghost Hand, he thought for a moment and put on the gold glove he hadn't used for a while.

The eerie flames continued to burn within the Ghost Hand, and the scorched stench lingered. To prevent supernatural influences on the surroundings, he had no choice but to wear the glove again.

"Some supernatural situations this time have worsened my state of being corroded by the Ghost Lake."

Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, he knew he'd soon have to find a way to face the new resurrection of supernatural events.

What is troublesome is not the supernatural furnace fire of the burning bones, but the constantly eroding Ghost Lake Water.

He glanced down slightly.

The place where he stood left a damp footprint.

The moisture on him was heavy.

If it weren't for the flames still burning on the Ghost Hand, he probably would've been dripping water by now.

However, Yang Jian was not particularly worried, because although the situation was serious this time, it wasn't as perilous as previous ones. He was confident he could resolve it, as he still had extreme measures in the Ghost Cabinet and the human skin paper.

He casually gripped the Ghost Scissors.

The curse on him presented itself.

Yang Jian glanced at a corner, where the red wooden cabinet stood eerily, but in front of the cabinet, a terrifying yet blurred ghostly figure blocked the way.

That was also a terrifying ghost, capable of fulfilling a living person's wish, but at the cost that a relative would die.

"Still in a standoff, huh?" Yang Jian put down the Ghost Scissors, thought to himself.

This Ghost Cabinet curse was indeed vexing; whether he terminated the transaction or chopped the Ghost Cabinet with a Firewood Knife, this thing stuck with him.

In the end, he temporarily dealt with the curse by using a Wish Sticker to make conflicting wishes with the Ghost Cabinet.

Though he wasn't sure how long it would last.

He only knew the Ghost Cabinet's curse hadn't appeared yet.

To the accustomed Yang Jian, he wasn't troubled by this matter. He stepped out of the safe house, paused a bit in the complex, and suddenly looked in one direction of the complex.

That was Wang Shanshan's residence

There was also a golden door there

Chapter 1224 - An Unexpected Visitor

At this moment, Yang Jian returned to the Guanjiang Residential Complex and only then remembered that there was also a Huang Family Gate at Wang Shanshan's residence.

That place was not originally part of the complex; it was a Republic of China-period building that wasn't demolished when the Guanjiang Residential Complex was established. The Ghost Mirror and the Ghost Cabinet previously came from two rooms there, and he didn't know what was in the third room.

Because that door was made of gold.

An entire building from the Republic of China period used gold to make a door. The contents inside were likely very terrifying, so he suppressed his curiosity and didn't try to open it.

However, this trip to the Caesar Hotel gave Yang Jian a new suspicion.

Because he also erected a gold door there.

Could there be some commonality between the two?

The doors might not be meant to imprison some terrifying ghost but could lead somewhere.

Because the method of imprisoning ghosts during the Republic of China period was different from now. During that time, people used the supernatural to confine the supernatural. A sudden gold door here must be something special.

If it were merely to imprison a ghost, that would be too extravagant.

Yang Jian gazed from afar, his eyes piercing through the building, ignoring the courtyard walls, and finally resting on the second floor of that building.

The golden door in his gaze remained intact.

Yet a thick coat of paint on the door made it inconspicuous.

After a moment, Yang Jian withdrew his gaze.

"Now is not the time to attempt opening that door. I can't even handle the Caesar Hotel situation properly; if behind that door is indeed another supernatural place, then I have no way to deal with it."

Yang Jian felt he still needed to grow and progress further down the road of being a ghost-wielder. Only then would he have the confidence to learn more.

Soon.

He turned and left, returning home.

As per his usual habit, he wanted to document this experience, and the person responsible for recording it must not be himself—it could only be ordinary people untouched by the supernatural.

Thus, the task always fell to Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan, who were beside Yang Jian.

The two kept the notebook's contents strictly confidential and would not even peek at parts that didn't belong to their records because they knew that knowing too much about such supernatural matters was not a good thing.

The current time was afternoon.

Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan were still working at Shangtong Tower; there was no one at home, and it seemed his mother, Zhang Fen, had also returned to their hometown again.

"Let's check out the company then."

Yang Jian didn't linger; after throwing the cracked spear into the swimming pool on the fourth floor of his house, he prepared to leave.

However, at that moment, the doorbell on the first floor suddenly rang.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression shifted, and he looked in the direction of the sound, using his ghost eye to see through the walls and view the situation outside the door.

Standing outside was a woman wearing sunglasses and a trench coat, with an elegant figure.

"Is it her?"

Yang Jian frowned but still went downstairs and opened the door.

"Hello, Mister Yang. I didn't expect us to meet again so soon."

The woman took off her sunglasses, revealing an almost flawless face, with a faint smile that instantly reminded Yang Jian of an eerie painting.

"He Yuelian."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, "You actually found me here from Da'ao City. That's not simple."

He Yuelian said, "Mister Yang is so famous, everyone knows you live in Dachang City. But Mister Yang seems to lack privacy regarding personal information—a lot of people in the complex are keeping an eye

on you. I just spent a little money to easily confirm Mister Yang's whereabouts. I think Mister Yang should replace the complex's manager with someone else to manage this place."

"However, before that, Mister Yang, aren't you going to invite me in for a chat?"

"Come in." Yang Jian gestured.

He Yuelian walked in; she glanced around the living room slightly, then said, "I didn't expect Yang, the head of Dachang City, to live so simply, even less than an average wealthy businessman."

"I don't welcome strangers here. If you came to find me just to say some useless things, you can leave now."

Yang Jian sat on the sofa, looking cold and resolute, with a firm attitude without any courtesy.

"Don't forget, your life has always been in my hands. If I wished, I wouldn't even need to lift a finger, and you would commit suicide yourself. When facing someone who can control your life, it's best to lower your posture a bit. This isn't Da'ao City, and I'm not one of your suitors. Your continued survival isn't because of your looks or wealth, but just because you have a familiar face."

"I understand."

He Yuelian smiled slightly, "That's exactly why I came. I've bought an apartment in this complex and moved here, so I can stay a bit closer to Mister Yang."

"You're unable to stay in Da'ao City and came here seeking shelter, right?"

Yang Jian remarked indifferently, "Someone like you, without the protection of power and status, could easily be torn apart by those you've offended in the past."

"Mister Yang, please don't say that. At least I still have some value to Mister Yang. For someone with value, I'm sure Mister Yang wouldn't mind my proximity."

He Yuelian said, "Moreover, I'm very willing to cooperate with Mister Yang in solving the mystery of my appearance."

"If I were interested in your secret, I would've brought you to Dachang City when I left Da'ao City, but I didn't. Do you know why?" Yang Jian asked.

He Yuelian pretended to think, "Is it because I might bring unforeseen and terrifying supernatural events?"

"Seems like you have some self-awareness."

Yang Jian stared at her, "You're a pitiful person; your birth, your growth, your appearance, even your death, are beyond your control. You're someone's pawn; everything about you is manipulated. Anyone rashly approaching you might suffer misfortune. I don't want to get involved in your affair for the time being, which is why I don't want you to stay in Dachang City—because potential trouble is always trouble."

He Yuelian's eyes shifted slightly. She understood her situation well. But as a smart woman, she was unwilling to be manipulated this way. Her only chance to break free was to rely on one of the top ghost-wielders in the supernatural circle.

And amongst the people she knew, who could compare to Dachang City's ghost-eyed Yang Jian?

So she came.

Came with enough sincerity and awareness.

"So is Captain Yang trying to chase me away?" He Yuelian asked.

"Your sudden arrival has left me unsure how to handle you. Maybe I'll kill you, maybe I'll chase you away, maybe I'll keep you."

Yang Jian bluntly laid out his three considerations.

Now when he speaks and acts, he doesn't need to beat around the bush or hold back.

Because he doesn't need to cater to anyone, rather everyone needs to cater to him.

"Seems I'm not completely without hope."

He Yuelian laughed, happily, as her almost eerily perfect face relaxed, enough to make any man infatuated.

This is a face like a siren's.

But to Yang Jian, it's an ominous sign.

"I remember you should be twenty-five years old this year, right?" Yang Jian's expression suddenly shifted, as he asked an irrelevant question.

"Yes, I'm twenty-five already, but those are nominal years. I actually have my twenty-fifth birthday next month." He Yuelian seriously answered the irrelevant question.

She can be flirty but would never dare ignore Yang Jian's inquiries.

Not even a minor question.

Yang Jian said: "There is a painting where the woman looks just like you. How old do you think she was when the painting was made? Twenty-five or twenty-six?"

On hearing this, He Yuelian's expression changed dramatically: "Do you think when my age matches the age of the woman in the painting, that's when certain things will happen?"

"Other than that, I can't think of any other possibility, unless you are a failed work, and your existence isn't that important." Yang Jian said as he looked at her.

Talking to smart people indeed saves effort; with a word He Yuelian realized her predicament.

Age, no, but rather a predetermined time.

Once that predetermined time arrives, perhaps some inconceivable things will happen.

"Mister Yang, your conjecture is indeed very reasonable. That day may really soon come." He Yuelian took several deep breaths: "What should I do then?"

"No need to be so euphemistic. What could a normal person like you do? Instead, just directly ask, what can I help you with?"

Yang Jian said: "I've mentioned someone named Zhang Xiangguang to you before. You've probably investigated him recently, right? He appeared in Da'ao City in the past, did you find any clues?"

"Unfortunately, I didn't find any clues."

He Yuelian shook her head and said: "Even Mister Yang with your abilities couldn't find this person, how could an ordinary person like me have such skill."

"I'll give you a place, go find someone named Sun Rui there, and mention this name, maybe you can get some answers." Yang Jian picked up a pen and paper at the table and wrote down an address.

That's the address of the Ghost Post Office.

Though the Ghost Post Office no longer exists, Sun Rui is still there, all previous things remain.

"Dahan City?" He Yuelian took the address, showing some confusion.

"Mister Yang, won't you go together?"

Yang Jian said: "I'll appear naturally when it's time for me to appear."

"If so, I'll head to Dahan City today." He Yuelian understood Yang Jian's arrangement for her at this moment.

Which is to chase her away.

But Yang Jian also gave He Yuelian a direction, so she's not entirely without a target.

"You should set off now." Yang Jian said.

"Alright, I understand. I'll set off now." He Yuelian stood up immediately.

"No need to see you off."

Yang Jian gestured slightly, not even standing up.

He Yuelian smiled: "Mister Yang is really indifferent, I hope I can survive the return trip this time, then I'll come ask Mister Yang for tea."

She understood that this journey wouldn't be smooth sailing; there would definitely be danger.

So she was prepared for death.

But she had to go because she didn't want to wait for that fated day to arrive, she had to fight, even if the chances were slim.

"If you can come back safely, I might consider giving you a job. My company still lacks a receptionist, and your face is very suitable for that position." Yang Jian calmly said.

"That's quite a nice job indeed." He Yuelian said with some anticipation.

Receptionist is the face of the company, which means if she can come back alive, she can enter Yang Jian's circle and gain protection.

But currently, she does not have this qualification.

So He Yuelian didn't waste any more time, she immediately got up and set off.

Yang Jian watched her leave and couldn't help but ponder.

Sun Rui now manages the Ghost Post Office, renamed Hell Apartment; there is still a painting of Zhang Xiangguang there. He wants to know what will happen when Zhang Xiangguang sees He Yuelian at that time?

However, he isn't worried about any accidents occurring.

After all, the post office now has a manager, he just needs to wait for news to come in.

If there's really something unmanageable, Sun Rui will naturally contact him.

After thinking for a while, Yang Jian temporarily put this matter aside, he moved towards Shangtong Tower to see if anything else had happened in recent days.

Chapter 1225 - Searching

After He Yuelian left the Guanjiang Residential Complex, she did not make any stops and bought the earliest plane ticket she could, immediately setting off for Dahan City.

On the way, she called her half-brother, He Long.

"Little sister, it's not that I don't want to help you. It's just that we are not part of that circle. As for information related to Dahan City, I am truly powerless. The information I currently have is very limited. All I know is that the person in charge of Dahan City is a ghost handler named Sun Rui, and he's been missing for a long time. As for the reason for his disappearance and what exactly happened in Dahan City, I cannot investigate."

He Long's voice came through the phone.

He Yuelian said, "I've already met Yang Jian and have made a connection with him. If I can successfully return from Dahan City, I'll be able to join Yang Jian's company. If you want to invest, now is the time."

"Little sister, I understand the weight of a captain, but most of the intelligence in the mainland is confidential. If Lok Sheng were still around, he could have helped learn more information about other cities. Unfortunately, Lok Sheng is no longer with us. Plus, last time Yang Jian dealt with many ghost handlers in Da'ao City, and with father's passing... So I hope you understand my difficulties; some things can't be solved with money."

He Long lamented over the phone, expressing his helplessness.

"Forget it, I'll handle this matter myself." He Yuelian decided not to pressure He Long further.

She knew that He Long surely wanted to help her, especially since he was eager to make a connection with Yang Jian. If he wasn't offering help now, it was because he truly couldn't. Begging any further was unnecessary.

However, this call was not entirely without use.

At the very least, He Yuelian heard a name, Sun Rui.

This information matched what Yang Jian had revealed.

With this, He Yuelian felt assured that the information and address Yang Jian gave her were genuine and useful, not perfunctory, nor was he sending her to a haunted place to die.

"So, I indeed have a chance to come back alive successfully," He Yuelian thought to herself.

Around six in the evening.

He Yuelian's flight landed in Dahan City, and she hailed a taxi, intending to head directly to the address Yang Jian had given her.

However, the taxi driver was surprised when he heard the address: "Jianshe Road in Dahan City? You want to go there?"

"What's wrong, is there a problem?"

Wearing sunglasses, He Yuelian's expression was unreadable, but her tone revealed a hint of nervousness.

The taxi driver said, "There's no problem, it's just that Jianshe Road has been closed for a long time, only recently opened, but few people go there because it's said to be unsafe."

"Unsafe? What makes it unsafe?" He Yuelian asked.

The taxi driver replied, "I don't know. Some say there's a gas leak, others talk about bacteria or viruses, and some even claim it's haunted... There are all sorts of rumors, messy and mixed up."

He Yuelian was momentarily startled upon hearing the mention of haunting.

Just as suspected.

That location indeed had issues.

"Miss, if you're concerned, perhaps you should choose another address," the taxi driver suggested.

"No, I'll go there," He Yuelian replied firmly.

The taxi driver didn't say anything more and drove into Dahan City, eventually arriving at the long-closed Jianshe Road.

Quickly, He Yuelian paid and got out of the car.

She slightly removed her sunglasses, checking the address on the piece of paper repeatedly.

"This is an unfinished building."

Staring at the unfinished building at the intersection, He Yuelian hesitated for a moment.

"I've come this far; I have no choice now."

Finally, she bit her lip and walked towards the unfinished building.

The building was initially secured, but it had recently been opened. However, security guards were still patrolling and standing guard nearby, prohibiting any strangers from entering. Additionally, a thick high wall had been built around the building, equipped with a power grid and surveillance.

One might think there was something extremely valuable inside the unfinished building.

The front gate of the building was not closed and was open continuously.

He Yuelian attempted to go inside, but was stopped by a security guard.

"No approaching allowed here," the security guard said sincerely and seriously.

He Yuelian took off her sunglasses and smiled slightly: "Sorry, a scarf of mine just got blown inside by the wind. I'd like to go retrieve it. Could you make an exception this once, brother?"

She pleaded with a hint of coquettishness, clearly employing charm.

The security guard appeared momentarily entranced, astonished by He Yuelian's beauty, surpassing any television, movie, or enhanced celebrity beauty photos, giving off an impeccable appearance.

"I'm really sorry, but you can't go in."

But soon, the security guard regained his composure and immediately refused He Yuelian's request.

"If you dropped something inside, I can have my colleague help retrieve it. You can wait here for a moment." Having said that, the security guard planned to contact a colleague.

He Yuelian hadn't expected the security guard to be so uncompromising, and so she said, "It's too much trouble for your colleague. I'll just go in to grab it and come right out. Could you help me out?"

She pleaded again, with a sincere and polite attitude that made it hard to refuse.

But the security guard still refused, "I'm sorry, you're not allowed in here."

Seeing this, He Yuelian realized that the person on guard here was definitely not an ordinary security guard, but possibly some special staff disguised as one.

Otherwise, why would they be so dutifully guarding a ruined building?

"Looks like I'll have to think of another way." He Yuelian had no choice but to prepare to leave for now.

However, at this moment, the security guard suddenly changed his attitude, "Wait, don't go, you can go in."

"Hmm?" He Yuelian was immediately puzzled.

Why did he change his mind so quickly after being so firm just now?

"Thank you, big brother." She didn't ask why, thanked him, and walked in.

The security guard stepped aside and no longer obstructed her, only seeing He Yuelian off into the ruined building.

"Was this arranged by Yang Jian?" He Yuelian pondered as she walked.

She believed Yang Jian had arranged it via a phone call; the security guard must have received some command, otherwise, he wouldn't have let her in.

Yet, as she was considering this, the moment she unwittingly stepped into the ruined building, an unimaginable change occurred in front of her eyes.

The originally abandoned building disappeared, and everything around her took on a new appearance.

A five-story building flashing with neon lights bizarrely stood in front of her eyes, everything around it was dim, endless, and exuded an unexplainable chilly aura.

"Hell Apartment?" He Yuelian's heart raced. She looked at the words flashing on the neon lights and instantly understood.

This is the place Yang Jian wanted her to come to.

"What's your name, who sent you here? Ordinary people shouldn't know about this place's existence."

A cold voice suddenly came from the lobby behind the revolving door.

"My name is He Yuelian, Yang Jian sent me here. He asked me to find someone named Sun Rui. Are you Sun Rui?" He Yuelian steadied herself and called into the lobby.

Right after she finished speaking.

The revolving door opened, and the lights in the lobby lit up.

"Come in." Sun Rui's voice came from inside.

As the manager here, he had seen He Yuelian lingering outside, not coming for the ruined building but looking for something with intent.

So he informed the security to let He Yuelian in.

He Yuelian gathered her courage and cautiously stepped over the door, walking into this eerie building.

Inside was resplendent, the lights were dazzling, not scary at all, just exceptionally quiet and empty.

On the sofa in the lobby, a man in casual attire was sitting there with a cane, his gaze cold and face serious.

Upon seeing this man, He Yuelian could already deduce that this person was Sun Rui, the manager of Dahan City.

"Were you recommended by Yang Jian? What did he ask you to come here for?" Sun Rui tapped his cane.

The door slammed shut with a bang.

The surrounding lights moved, focusing on He Yuelian as if trying to thoroughly scrutinize her inside and out.

"Yang Jian told me to come here to find you. He didn't say the exact reason." He Yuelian said immediately.

"An ordinary person?"

Sun Rui squinted slightly, "But you have an extraordinary appearance, no, your appearance is nearly flawless, it's impossible for a living person to look like this,"

"He said I look exactly like a woman in a painting." He Yuelian said.

"Yang Jian spoke of the ghost painting, but very few have seen it because most who did are dead. It is an unsolvable supernatural event, so even I don't know what the woman in the ghost painting actually looks like, but seeing you, I think it's not impossible for the ghost painting to resemble you."

Sun Rui said, "Now that you're here, there's no need to beat around the bush. Yang Jian isn't someone who talks in riddles, he must have given you some information."

"He asked me to find someone named Zhang Xiangguang." He Yuelian said.

Zhang Xiangguang?

Sun Rui immediately frowned.

This is not a simple person; he has been investigating Zhang Xiangguang for a while, and so far, he has only obtained three pieces of information.

First, Zhang Xiangguang was once the manager of the post office but somehow managed to leave and escape from there.

Second, Zhang Xiangguang is still alive in this world, and he has completed the Ghost Post Office's letter delivery mission twice.

Third, the second manager, Tian Xiaoyue, was dismembered and preserved in a bottle; although resurrected, she became neither human nor ghost, and all this is related to Zhang Xiangguang.

Chapter 1226 People We Meet

In the former Ghost Post Office, now the Hell Apartment.

Sun Rui sat on a sofa in the empty first-floor lobby, resting on a cane, calmly staring at the woman in front of him.

She was a woman of almost perfect appearance, extraordinarily beautiful, any man who saw her would find her stunning and captivating.

But Sun Rui wouldn't feel that way.

Sun Rui was a ghost-handler, his body and mind eroded by the supernatural, he no longer had the emotions of a normal person, no matter how beautiful the woman sitting in front of him, he wouldn't be moved in the slightest.

"So, Yang Jian sent you to me because he first wants you to meet Zhang Xiangguang and then solve the mystery of your appearance?"

After a brief conversation, Sun Rui roughly understood why He Yuelian had come.

"That should be it, Mister Sun."

He Yuelian said, "I just don't know whether that Zhang Xiangguang you're talking about is also here? If possible, I hope Mister Sun could arrange for me to meet that Mister Zhang."

Saying this, she glanced around here with slight curiosity.

There were five floors in total, connected by two elevators.

Every floor seemed to have seven rooms, but those rooms were all with doors closed, presumably unoccupied.

What was that?

Suddenly.

He Yuelian saw a woman appear in the corridor on the third floor, with long hair and wearing a floral dress, walking aimlessly like a stiff corpse.

At this moment, Sun Rui knocked on his cane, pulling He Yuelian's attention back.

"Zhang Xiangguang is not here."

"Not here? Then when can he come back?" He Yuelian asked instead.

Sun Rui smiled, coldly: "I think you misunderstood something, the real Zhang Xiangguang was never here, there has always been only me."

"Mister Sun, you're joking, surely there isn't only you here, I just saw a woman on the third floor a moment ago." He Yuelian smiled slightly, but when she looked up at the third floor again, the smile on her face froze instantly.

The woman on the third floor had disappeared.

Moreover, she wasn't on the fourth floor, nor the second floor... as if she vanished.

Sun Rui said: "Sometimes the people you see may not be human, don't forget what this place is, this is hell."

He Yuelian shuddered immediately, cold sweat broke out on her back.

Could it be that the woman she saw just now wasn't alive at all, but a ghost?

There are actually ghosts here.....

At this moment, Sun Rui slowly stood up from the sofa: "The Zhang Xiangguang you wish to see is no longer here, I can only take you to see another Zhang Xiangguang, the purpose Yang Jian sent you here should be this, though you're an ordinary person venturing into supernatural places, touching things you shouldn't, what you'll become in the end, I won't be responsible for."

"Follow me."

Speaking, he walked towards a direction in the lobby.

He Yuelian dared not hesitate, she didn't even dare to stay here alone, she quickly followed up.

This Sun Rui, though appearing strange, at least it could be confirmed he was a living person, and also the person in charge of Dahan City, a positive figure.

Such a person is somewhat worthy of trust.

Actually, Sun Rui was unwilling to bother with this He Yuelian, but he was too bored alone here, having some things to do to pass time was still quite nice, and He Yuelian's arrival was also guided by Yang Jian, so he tried to see if he could unravel the secrets hidden on this woman.

Soon.

Sun Rui came to a wall.

There was nothing on the wall, only a few lights illuminating it.

But the next moment.

Bang!

A sound of something hitting the ground was heard, a large oil painting fell from somewhere unknown, landing right in front.

The oil painting was somewhat old, depicting a building.

It was an old building from the Republic of China Period, at the entrance of the building was written three words: Ghost Post Office.

"The person you are looking for is inside this oil painting." Sun Rui said, "If you have the courage, go inside and find Zhang Xiangguang yourself."

"This painting, you can enter?" He Yuelian found it inconceivable, as if hearing a fairy tale.

Sun Rui said: "You'll know if you can enter by trying."

Although He Yuelian was nervous and uneasy, she thought she'd come this far, met Sun Rui, she absolutely couldn't back down now.

"Alright, I'll try."

He Yuelian cautiously reached out her hand and touched the oil painting in front of her.

Upon contact, something unbelievable happened, her hand gradually sank into the painting, and a hand appeared on the painting, only it seemed to be painted, not quite real.

"So, this is how it is." He Yuelian was at a loss, yet she understood what was happening.

At that moment, she took a step forward with gritted teeth.

Her body was quickly engulfed by the massive oil painting in front of her.

Soon, He Yuelian disappeared, successfully entering the painting.

This is the Ghost Post Office inside the Oil Painting World.

Although not as dangerous as the real Ghost Post Office, Sun Rui knew that within the world of the painting, not only were the portraits left by former couriers, but there were also vengeful spirits imprisoned in the paintings.

For He Yuelian, being an ordinary person, entering was extremely perilous.

But Sun Rui cared somewhat, so he chose the safest painting for her, not opting for the one belonging to Zhang Xiangguang.

Because he couldn't let He Yuelian see Zhang Xiangguang alone.

Who knows what Zhang Xiangguang might do upon seeing He Yuelian, what if he acted immediately?

Hence, he arranged for He Yuelian to meet in the oil painting's Ghost Post Office, where there were other couriers as well, not just Zhang Xiangguang alone.

He Yuelian arrived at the entrance of the Ghost Post Office in the Oil Painting World.

"This place looks exactly like the building outside, just with a different style of decoration, looks like this should be the true face of this place, but it's really incredible, I've actually entered the world inside a painting." He Yuelian's body trembled slightly, whether from fear or excitement was unclear.

Because now He Yuelian had begun to encounter the spooky scenes of the supernatural circle, which had long overturned her understanding.

"An ordinary person can actually come here, it seems the outside has become much more peaceful after changing the administrator, hey, young lady, what are you doing here?" a voice suddenly rang out.

He Yuelian was startled, she looked toward the voice, seeing a man in old clothes with a sunken-eyed dead face walking numbly toward her.

The world of the paintings was interconnected.

This was a person from another painting.

This person was obviously also a courier portrait left by the Ghost Post Office in the past.

"I... I'm here to find someone, someone named Zhang Xiangguang, are you Zhang Xiangguang?" He Yuelian cautiously asked.

"Zhang Xiangguang? Heh, no wonder that guy clings to life, turns out there's still a young lady outside who remembers him." The man with the dead face sneered.

In the world of paintings, one's existence isn't permanent, once forgotten by the outside, they'll disappear, dying out completely.

"That guy is inside, you can go in." the man pointed, doing nothing to He Yuelian.

"Thank you."

He Yuelian dared not stay long, nor did she dare say much to this person who looked like a dead body, thanking quickly and entering the Ghost Post Office in the Painting World at once.

Upon entering.

In the lobby of the Ghost Post Office, there were quite a few people looking at her.

"An ordinary woman? Who is she, how did she get here?"

"Ordinary woman? Are you blind, this person looks exceptional, nearly flawless, no living person could achieve that, this one is a product of the supernatural."

"The Ghost Post Office is now freely accessible to ordinary people?"

"She seems to be looking for someone, is she someone's descendant come seeking lost relatives? Does anyone recognize her, come out and catch up?"

A group from the old era of couriers chatting one after another.

"She's here to find Zhang Xiangguang." At this time, the man with a dead face from outside came in and added.

At once.

Everyone's gaze turned toward one side.

There was a small table, two people sitting at it, playing chess seriously.

One was dressed in a Chinese tunic suit, exuding scholarly air, like a teacher, the other... looked seven to eight parts similar to Yang Jian.

"Yang Jian, Mister Yang, you are? You're here too." He Yuelian said, slightly excited.

The man who looked seven to eight parts like Yang Jian didn't raise his head, speaking slowly: "I'm not Yang Jian."

Meanwhile, Zhang Xiangguang beside him immediately showed a bit of astonishment, staring at He Yuelian fiercely.

Clearly, he recognized He Yuelian.

No.

He recognized her face.

Chapter 1227 - The New Lamp

When He Yuelian entered the Hell Apartment, Yang Jian was relatively relaxed, staying in Shangtong Tower, listening to the reports from the past few days.

Zhang Liqin was fulfilling her secretarial duties, holding a notebook: "The people from the Japan Exorcism Club are still here, wanting to meet with President Yang. After rejecting them last time, they don't seem to have given up."

Yang Jian sipped his cola while listening to the report: "Why are the people from the Exorcism Club lingering around?"

"They didn't say, they want to discuss something with President Yang face to face," Zhang Liqin replied.

Beside her, Jiang Yan, who was filing her nails, sneered: "It can't be anything good. Those people look sneaky, not decent at all. I think we should just send them away directly."

"Leaving them hanging isn't a solution either. Arrange a time to meet them later."

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said casually.

"Alright, President Yang."

Zhang Liqin continued, "Doctor Chen's research has yielded results. He hopes President Yang can spare some time to take a look."

"Oh, really? Results so soon? It seems people who can work with Wang Xiaoming aren't ordinary,"

Yang Jian nodded: "I'll head over to see Doctor Chen later."

A few days ago, when he left Dachang City, he assigned Doctor Chen a task to study a bottle of Corpse Oil.

It was obtained from a vengeful spirit and possessed certain supernatural abilities. However, since he wasn't a research expert, he couldn't utilize it properly, so he handed the task to Doctor Chen and also arranged for Wang Yong to assist with the research. He didn't expect Doctor Chen to make progress so quickly.

Zhang Liqin then said, "Zhang Wei wants to organize a class reunion and hopes you can set a date."

"Class reunion?"

Yang Jian showed a trace of reminiscence.

Indeed, it's been a year since the last class reunion. Although a lot has happened in between, those who survived must continue living.

However, after that event, a few classmates from No. 7 Middle School died, like Zhao Lei and Sun Ren. The remaining ones are Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan, Miao Xiaoshan, and someone named Liu Qi.

"Let Zhang Wei decide about the reunion. If he wants to, he can set the time himself." Yang Jian said.

After noting it down, Zhang Liqin continued, "Liu Xiaoyu said that headquarters might hold a meeting soon and hopes you can attend."

"Another meeting?"

Yang Jian frowned: "Although there have been some disagreements with headquarters over certain matters, some extremely important issues still need our attention. Just let Liu Xiaoyu notify me when the meeting is set. Is there anything else? How's the paranormal incident involving the Black Umbrella? Has it spiraled out of control?"

"Currently, Feng Quan is keeping an eye on it. It hasn't gone out of control yet," Zhang Liqin replied.

"And Wang Shanshan? She's been out of Dachang City for some time with the Ghost Child. Did she mention when she's coming back?" Yang Jian asked again.

Zhang Liqin answered, "I asked Wang Bin, President Wang. He said Wang Shanshan went to her grandmother's house and will return in a bit."

"To her grandmother's house?"

Yang Jian said, "Going to her grandmother's house shouldn't require taking the Ghost Child along. It seems she's headed to a place rumored for paranormal events, probably taking the Ghost Child just in case. Never mind, if she doesn't want to talk about it, I won't ask. If she encounters an unsolvable issue, she'll naturally get in touch."

He waved his hand, indicating Zhang Liqin to continue reading.

Zhang Liqin looked at the notebook and continued to read about the past few days, but the rest were trivial matters, like meeting someone, dance invitations, gift deliveries...

"If there's nothing else, we'll stop here for today. I'll make a trip to Doctor Chen's place."

Yang Jian finished his cola in one gulp and then stood up.

Jiang Yan blinked and said, "I'll go with you."

"No need, you stay here. This matter involves the supernatural and isn't related to you."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, he left with large strides.

Shortly after.

He arrived at another floor of Shangtong Tower and met Doctor Chen in the laboratory.

Doctor Chen was chatting with a few assistants. Upon seeing Yang Jian, he stood up immediately.

"Mister Yang."

"President Yang."

"..."

Yang Jian gestured and then asked, "Doctor Chen, has the research on the bottle of Corpse Oil concluded?"

Doctor Chen promptly replied, "Yes, it has concluded, Yang Team. Look, this is the supernatural item I made using the characteristics of the Corpse Oil."

After speaking, he took out a glass box from a nearby safe. Inside the box was an oil lamp crafted from Gold, its shape resembling a gold lotus bud. Despite its exquisite appearance, the lamp was filled with the terrifying Corpse Oil inside.

"An oil lamp?"

Yang Jian asked, "So, this corpse oil only takes effect when ignited?"

"Yes, this corpse oil lamp is very special. It burns for a long time, and when lit, it hardly consumes any oil, almost like an everlasting lamp, very different from the Ghost Candle."

Doctor Chen, a bit excited, pointed to a small oil lamp in the laboratory.

"That's an experimental lamp. I lit it three days ago, and it hasn't gone out yet, nor has the oil level decreased even a bit. This completely defies logic. If it weren't for supernatural interference, this lamp could probably burn forever."

Yang Jian looked at the oil lamp in the laboratory.

Unlike the flame from the Ghost Candle, the oil lamp emits a dim, yellowish light once lit, not much different from a regular oil lamp.

"The long burning time isn't particularly remarkable; the key is its effectiveness in combating the supernatural," Yang Jian said.

Doctor Chen said, "Although this lamp doesn't have the ability of the Ghost Candle to ward off ghost attacks, it does have another ability."

"What ability?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

"When the oil lamp is lit, its light can reveal hidden ghosts."

Doctor Chen said, "Even some deeply hidden ghosts can be exposed."

"A good ability." Yang Jian nodded.

He had encountered some ghosts that existed entirely as curses or mediums, lacking physical form. If this thing can reveal those ghosts, it could provide immense help at critical times.

"No, there's more than just that."

Doctor Chen added, "The oil lamp can not only reveal ghosts but also prevent the holder from being detected by them. However, due to limited research time and insufficient experimental data, I can't be certain if this concealment blocks the ghosts' perception, disrupts their deadly patterns, or merely hides oneself in a supernatural Ghost Domain..."

Yang Jian pondered, "That's enough. I will experience the specifics myself in a supernatural event. You did a great job, but I want to know, how many of these lamps have you made?"

"A full bottle of corpse oil, minus some experimental losses, is only enough to make one such lamp. Also, I designed an opening to add lamp oil, so if the oil inside decreases, you can refill it for repeated use," Doctor Chen said.

Yang Jian opened the box, picked up the golden oil lamp, weighing it in his hand; it indeed felt substantial.

"Only one lamp from a bottle of corpse oil, that's indeed a bit few."

"Yang Jian, actually, I considered making more, but I was worried that each lamp would contain too little oil, which might lead to excessive consumption in supernatural events, causing them to extinguish. So I made just one; if you require more, I can split the oil to make several," Doctor Chen said.

"Your consideration is fine, but make a few more lamps for contingency. Later, when I obtain more corpse oil, I can have several more made. For now, I'll take this one," Yang Jian said.

"Of course, this was prepared for you," Doctor Chen said.

Yang Jian nodded, "You've done well this time. I'll have my secretary transfer two million as a bonus for you later."

"Thank you, Yang Jian."

Doctor Chen smiled, visibly pleased.

After all, for them, ordinary people, this isn't a small sum.

"I have other matters to attend to now, so I won't stay longer. If you have any other requests or issues, contact my secretary," Yang Jian said.

"You're too kind, it's our privilege to work for you," Doctor Chen said.

He was sincere, not pretentious.

If he hadn't been saved by Yang Jian, he might have lost his freedom, and neither his circle of friends nor the headquarters would allow someone researching ghosts to wander outside.

Yang Jian nodded without saying more, then left with the oil lamp.

At this moment, he had some thoughts.

Back at the Ghost Post Office, Sun Rui once had an oil lamp. However, the oil in that lamp was used up while he guarded the first floor of the post office.

Could there be some connection between the two?

Or perhaps Sun Rui's oil lamp and the one he now held both used the same type of corpse oil.

If true, then the person imprisoning ghosts in the basement of the Da'ao City restaurant must be related to the Ghost Post Office.

"Whether there is a connection to the Ghost Post Office doesn't matter. What matters is that I now have another useful supernatural tool."

Yang Jian thought, looking at the exquisite golden oil lamp in his hand.

However, this can't yet be considered a supernatural item. It's merely a supernatural tool because the corpse oil inside the lamp is consumable, and once used up, it's useless.

Looks like I should find time to go to Da'ao City and take all that remaining corpse oil.

Although it's a bit like stealing, as a captain, Yang Jian has jurisdiction and the right to requisition supernatural items among civilians.

Of course, he must also top the supernatural events when they occur.

Rights and duties are equal.

Chapter 1228 - The Forgotten Plan

At the same time.

Inside the world of the oil painting in Hell Apartment.

He Yuelian was frightened and terrified in front of these eerie people, but now was not the time to be afraid; she had more important things to do.

At this moment.

Her gaze rested on the man wearing a Zhongshan suit, who looked like a scholar.

Instinct told her that this person was Zhang Xiangguang, the person Yang Jian had asked her to find.

"Do you know me?" He Yuelian asked tentatively.

She hadn't forgotten how strange and dangerous these people were; offending them carelessly could easily lead to her death here.

Zhang Xiangguang's expression gradually calmed down. He looked at He Yuelian with a somewhat complicated gaze: "I don't know you, but I'm familiar with your appearance. You look exactly like a

woman in a painting. When I first saw you, I thought for a moment that the woman from that painting had truly appeared here."

"But you're not her; you're a real living person, which makes your existence astonishing to me. I can't believe there's someone in this world who looks exactly like the woman in that painting."

"Yang Jian asked me to come here to find someone named Zhang Xiangguang. He said Zhang Xiangguang might know everything," said He Yuelian.

"That's right, I am Zhang Xiangguang."

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Yang Jian asked you to find me? That might disappoint him a bit. I only know that the painting looks exactly like you. As for anything else, I am not sure."

"Is it that you don't know, or you don't want to say?"

At this moment, before He Yuelian could speak, Yang Xiao smiled and asked.

"You know that painting, the one outside codenamed the ghost painting. It's also our most important painting here. Yang Jian got a derivative of that painting and handed it over to the administrator here, Sun Rui. The woman in that painting looks like this girl here, but her features are blurry except for her hands, which are clear. As a result, even those who have seen the painting can't immediately confirm that she looks exactly like the woman in the painting."

"You've been trapped in the painting with us for so long and have never seen the ghost painting, but you could immediately determine she looks exactly like the woman in the painting."

Yang Xiao continued, "So, have you seen the real ghost painting or perhaps the woman in the painting? If so, could you talk about what lies behind this?"

He finished, with a scrutinizing look in his eyes.

"So that's it; there are holes in the story? Zhang Xiangguang, you've given yourself away. I suggest you stop hiding and tell the truth. Yang Jian already has his eyes on you, and He Yuelian's arrival is a signal. If you don't figure this out, next time when Yang Jian comes personally, it won't be so easy," someone suggested.

"Exactly, first comes decorum, then comes force. You've already been pointed out by name, pretending to know nothing now would be quite insulting."

"I don't think Zhang Xiangguang is being honest; we should interrogate him. Yang Xiao, just make him have a nightmare."

These people, one after another, not only tore through Zhang Xiangguang's disguise but also urged Yang Xiao to directly interrogate him.

Yang Xiao continued, "In this situation, don't you think it would be better to speak up?"

Zhang Xiangguang remained silent; then, slowly he said, "Although I am Zhang Xiangguang, I am merely a supernatural entity left on the fifth floor of the Ghost Post Office. I only have memories up until before, and I have no idea what Zhang Xiangguang did after leaving the Ghost Post Office. So, I'll only tell you what I can know so far."

At this point, he glanced at He Yuelian.

"When I first saw your face, I knew exactly what Zhang Xiangguang was doing after leaving the Ghost Post Office. It was a mad and stunning plan, which I always thought was just a concept, but I didn't expect him to really get started on it."

"What plan? Time holds no meaning for us; you can speak slowly, there's no hurry," Yang Xiao indicated.

These words were actually telling Zhang Xiangguang not to attempt to evade the topic. They had all the time to hear him out, so he'd better focus on the main point.

"Indeed, so I'll keep it short. My aim was to resurrect the woman in the ghost painting."

Zhang Xiangguang didn't hesitate; he directly stated the plan he had in mind.

As soon as these words were out, many people were stunned.

He Yuelian felt a little dumbfounded as she found it incomprehensible, considering she wasn't part of the supernatural circle and knew little about it.

Yang Xiao frowned: "The woman inside the ghost painting is an evil ghost. You want to attempt to resurrect an evil ghost?"

"The woman in the painting is a ghost, but she was not always a ghost. She used to be human, no, in today's terms, a ghost tamer. But later, she died, and the existence of the ghost painting was solely to imprison an evil ghost within her body. The evil ghost was residing in the painting, which is why it presented in her form."

"Besides that painting, there are other things as well, which I don't know about now. Presumably, the version of me that left the Ghost Post Office is out there searching for them."

"Even if you collect all scattered supernatural elements, it's impossible for someone who has already died to come back to life. This plan is doomed to fail. It's certainly mad but not stunning, rather extremely foolish and unintelligent," someone coldly said.

The others voiced their agreement too.

It was a mad and foolish approach, with seemingly no benefits. Could it really just be to satisfy one's own curiosity?

"Not resurrection, but resurgence. He Yuelian is the vessel, and all the details will converge on her."

Zhang Xiangguang then looked at He Yuelian: "She will inherit everything from that woman and resurge, achieving true revival."

Hearing this, He Yuelian's hairs stood on end, and a chill ran through her heart.

So that's the purpose of her existence, merely as a body for a certain evil ghost, to carry everything of someone who died long ago.

If this plan succeeds, then she's definitely doomed.

"Interesting, so why are you doing this?" Yang Xiao asked.

Zhang Xiangguang hesitated, "I don't know; you don't need to interrogate me. I truly don't know. My memory is incomplete and seems to have gaps. Until now, I hadn't suspected, but at this moment, I've realized there's a problem with my memory. Though my instinct tells me there's something more important hidden beneath this plan, it's not simply about piecing together everything for the woman in the ghost painting to appear again."

"And this hidden thing, I believe, relates to the identity of the woman in the ghost painting."

"Only then would someone exert themselves fully to attempt to revive someone thoroughly."

Yang Xiao squinted and said, "The ghost painting is not just related to a dead woman; crucially, all of us in this Post Office are connected with the ghost painting. Only by utilizing the ghost painting could we appear outside."

"Zhang Xiangguang surely has a larger scheme, and the ghost painting might be a very important part of his plan, as is this young lady here."

"You're speaking of Zhang Xiangguang who left here, not the current me. The current me simply can't comprehend why I would target that painting or why I would want that woman in the painting to resurge," Zhang Xiangguang shook his head, indicating he couldn't deduce further.

Yang Xiao didn't speak, just contemplating.

The information had become quite clear by this point.

Zhang Xiangguang was attempting to collect everything to make the woman within the ghost painting reappear.

Yet, the purpose was unclear, and what he aimed to achieve was also uncertain.

"Zhang Xiangguang would not have remained inside the Ghost Post Office without reason; he intentionally left his supernatural image here. This Zhang Xiangguang is tied to the ghost painting inside, while the one outside targets the ghost painting..."

Yang Xiao grasped some leads; he felt that he was close to a certain truth.

However, he knew that the information he had was insufficient to deduce Zhang Xiangguang's true intentions.

Zhang Xiangguang remained silent, not knowing what he was contemplating.

All other messengers with their portraits left behind started to scrutinize the few of them.

He Yuelian felt cold all over, as she hadn't forgotten what Yang Jian said previously. Once she reached the same age as the woman in the ghost painting, maybe that would be the time when the real Zhang Xiangguang appeared, and all strange things would revolve around her.

At that point, there was no doubt she would die.

Chapter 1229 - The Peril Already Triggered

8 PM at night.

In the top floor office of Shangtong Tower.

Yang Jian sat in a chair, playing with an oil lamp made of Gold in his hand. Although the lamp was not lit, a faint smell of rotting corpse wafted from the black and turbid wick.

He took off his gloves and lightly touched the wick with his charred fingers.

Instantly, the oil lamp was ignited.

"As expected, the furnace fire on the Ghost Hand is still burning continuously, able to ignite this Corpse Oil Lamp. After all, corpse oil is also a kind of supernatural entity."

Yang Jian immediately put on his gloves and then extinguished the flame again.

However, this was just a small experiment in his leisure time.

At this moment, Huang Ziya pushed the door open and walked in: "Captain, the people from the Exorcism Club have arrived."

"Let them in." Yang Jian placed the oil lamp aside and looked up.

"You can come in now."

Huang Ziya glanced behind her, then walked to the sofa and sat down. Her long, thick black hair swayed elegantly with an alternative charm.

Soon.

A group of people walked into the office in a neat formation.

Leading them was a middle-aged man in a suit. Yang Jian had some impression of him, seemed to be called Wang Xin. As for the followers behind him, he had no interest in knowing each one.

"Hello, Yang Captain, we meet again."

Wang Xin immediately smiled and greeted warmly and friendly.

"Hello, Mister Yang."

The six subordinates in suits behind him bowed in unison to show their respect.

Yang Jian waved his hand, gesturing: "No need for such courtesy. How is your President Mishima of the Exorcism Club?"

"Thanks to Mister Yang's blessing, President Mishima is in good health, always diligently managing the affairs of the Exorcism Club," Wang Xin replied.

Yang Jian looked at the time: "I have other matters today, so I don't have much time for you, only ten minutes. So if you have anything to discuss with me, it's best to be brief and not waste time beating around the bush."

"Of course, we wouldn't dare waste Yang Captain's precious time," Wang Xin said.

"This visit to Yang Captain is primarily entrusted by President Mishima to greet you and thank you for solving the Door Knocking Ghost incident in our country back then."

Wang Xin brought up old matters and once again expressed his gratitude for the past incident.

Yang Jian said: "You paid, I did the job; it was a fair deal, no need for thanks. Just last time, I took down quite a few ghost tamers from your Exorcism Club. Hope you don't take it to heart."

"They offended Yang Captain, and being taken down by you was their deserved fate," Wang Xin said.
"The main reason for this visit is to seek another opportunity for cooperation with Yang."

After speaking, he took out a file, respectfully handing it over.

"This is the file of the supernatural incidents happening in our country right now. We hope Yang Captain can provide us some assistance in your spare time. As for the terms, Mister Yang can name them."

Wang Xin bent over, holding the file in his hand, very respectfully.

Yang Jian frowned, took it, and casually flipped through a few pages.

There was no doubt that these were level A supernatural incidents, very dangerous.

This Exorcism Club was once again looking to hire someone to risk their life.

"I don't have any plans to go abroad recently, your Exorcism Club's affairs should be handled by yourselves," Yang Jian said, casually returning the file folder.

Wang Xin seemed to have anticipated Yang Jian's refusal and continued: "Yang Captain can keep the file. I believe there are still opportunities for cooperation between us and Yang. By the way, last time, because we parted in such haste, Miss Keiko still misses Yang Captain. So, Miss Keiko specially came here hoping to meet with Yang Captain, hoping you won't refuse her kind intent."

"Keiko?" Yang Jian remembered the person.

He understood Wang Xin's intention, no more than to use a beauty trap to reasonably insert someone into Shangtong Tower, to maintain contact or understand his movements.

Soon.

The office door opened again, and a cute and pretty girl in a dress, with pigtails, walked in somewhat nervously.

Her eyes lit up when she saw Yang Jian, and a smile appeared on her face: "Jian-kun, Keiko finally got to see you."

Yang Jian's expression was cold and unmoved. He glanced at Wang Xin and slowly said: "You brought her here specifically to make her the Exorcism Club's contact agent here?"

"Nothing can be hidden from Yang Captain. Miss Keiko is smart and gentle, she can surely handle this position. Hope Yang Captain won't refuse," Wang Xin admitted straightforwardly.

"An ordinary person, involved in supernatural events, won't have a good outcome," said Yang Jian.

Wang Xin smiled: "Yang Captain is the top talent in the supernatural circle. It's the best choice for Miss Keiko to follow Yang Captain."

Yang Jian looked at him with a slight flicker in his eyes: "She can stay."

"Thank you, Yang Dui." Wang Xin's smile grew even brighter.

Keiko also looked joyful.

Yang Jian said, "But besides her, that person also needs to stay with me."

After speaking, he pointed with his hand.

Wang Xin was stunned for a moment and looked back, only to see it was one of his subordinates named Xiao Ye, who was quite ordinary without any particular talents, just somewhat loyal.

"Does Yang Dui need my subordinate for something?"

He was very puzzled as to why Yang Jian focused on such an ordinary subordinate of his.

"Everyone is wearing black leather shoes, why is he wearing a pair of brown leather shoes?" Yang Jian said coldly.

Hmm?

Everyone looked in unison at the leather shoes on Xiao Ye's feet.

Indeed, they were brown and somewhat worn.

Huang Ziya, sitting on the sofa, squinted her eyes, observed for a moment, and then said, "Captain, the brown leather shoes this guy is wearing are not cowhide, but human skin. This guy is strange."

"I see it, blended into the crowd with no flaws, but I can sense the supernatural aura from afar," Yang Jian slowly stood up.

"Damn it, Xiao Ye, what stupid thing did you do?" Wang Xin was suddenly filled with anger and walked over, giving the subordinate named Xiao Ye a hard slap across the face.

Slap.

A sound of the slap echoed.

Xiao Ye's expression remained unchanged, without a hint of a smile, as if nothing had happened.

"Wang Xin, it seems your Exorcism Club has been infiltrated by the supernatural, and you didn't even notice such a strange person among you." Yang Jian slowly stood up.

He was certain that Wang Xin didn't know about this happening beside him.

"Yang Dui, I apologize for my negligence. Please give me a chance to make amends." At this moment, Wang Xin also realized there was something abnormal about Xiao Ye.

After one slap, there was no response at all, not even a shout of pain.

Immediately.

Wang Xin signaled to the other subordinates beside him.

At once, the others immediately restrained Xiao Ye and attempted to bind him with specially made steel ropes.

Xiao Ye remained silent and did not resist.

But as the group shook violently, something bizarre happened.

The human head on Xiao Ye's neck detached from the body amidst the jostling and rolled away.

Suddenly, everyone was shocked.

"Not a ghost, but a living person eroded by the supernatural, and very well hidden, indistinguishable from a living person, the body is still fresh."

Huang Ziya slowly stood up, her long black hair behind her swayed uneasily.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes slightly, seeing the headless body and the head rolling on the ground, he recalled an incident in Japan involving a human head balloon and how last time he lost a rotten Dead Man's Head while dealing with a Door Knocking Ghost incident in Japan... and that he had used the Ghost Scissors to cut off the curse of Ghost Lake, thus staining himself with another curse.

That curse was a rotten Dead Man's Head.

In other words, Yang Jian had long triggered the murder pattern of a fierce ghost.

"So far, there are no two identical ghosts in the supernatural circle, so could the curse of the rotten human head and Japan's Dead Man's Head be the same ghost?" Yang Jian couldn't help but speculate.

Having been cursed by the Ghost Scissors, sooner or later, a fierce ghost would find a way to approach and attack him.

It was just that the curse had been inactive for some time, and the ghost hadn't appeared, so Yang Jian relaxed his vigilance a bit.

Unexpectedly, on the first day back at work after returning from the Caesar Hotel, a supernatural incident approached him.

Wang Xin was currently in panic and unease. He looked at the headless Xiao Ye and then at Yang Jian, feeling intensely threatened.

This danger wasn't just from within the Exorcism Club, but from Yang Jian now as well.

If Yang Jian considered him responsible for bringing the supernatural occurrence, then today he was undoubtedly dead.

"Bang!"

The next moment.

The office door closed.

"Until this matter is resolved, all of you will stay here." Yang Jian stood up, walked over to the table, and picked up the golden oil lamp.

He wanted to see if this Corpse Oil Lamp, researched by Doctor Chen, could reveal any potential danger.

Chapter 1230 Hidden Heads

The light emitted by the lit oil lamp wasn't very strong, but strangely enough, it remained unaffected by the surrounding light, existing independently as if a layer of dim yellow mist enveloped the area nearby.

The range wasn't large, only about five or six meters; beyond this range, the light seemed to be abruptly halted, not advancing any further.

The supernatural oil lamp indeed defied common sense in many ways, making it appear strange.

Yet such a lamp could reveal terrifying ghosts that couldn't be seen.

There were some sinister ghosts even Yang Jian's Ghost Eye couldn't perceive.

However, Yang Jian couldn't yet determine if this lamp was truly so miraculous; he needed to try it out.

And the current situation was the best test.

The person called Xiao Ye was dead, without any abnormalities occurring, but Yang Jian didn't believe that having supernatural phenomena approach him would mean nothing would happen; the sign of its appearance indicated danger had arrived.

It's like finding a cockroach at home signifies that there's definitely a group of them in the house.

The supernatural phenomena you notice are likely just the tip of the iceberg.

"Now all of you, stand quietly where you are, no one is allowed to move, if anyone moves, I'll deal with them and don't blame me for not warning you about dying without reason."

Yang Jian walked slowly holding the oil lamp, coldly warning everyone.

"Did you hear? Stand still and follow Captain Yang's orders, anyone who dares to move or tries to escape, I will definitely not let you off,"

Wang Xin loudly scolded his subordinates, ordering them to obey.

"In my opinion, we should just kill them all; who knows if anyone else has been contaminated with something dirty. Even if the Exorcism Club knew about this, they wouldn't say anything, after all, they brought the supernatural incidents, they are responsible for this."

Huang Ziya coldly said at this moment.

As soon as these words were spoken, Wang Xin and the others' expressions changed abruptly, instantly becoming terrified.

The girl named Keiko widened her eyes in panic, very afraid that this would really happen.

"It's a good suggestion, but in a supernatural location, this plan might be more feasible; however, this is Shangtong Tower. If just for suspecting contamination with supernatural phenomena people need to be killed, then many of our employees in Shangtong Tower would also die." Yang Jian didn't think there was anything wrong with Huang Ziya's proposal.

It's just that in this setting, the feasibility of the plan wasn't high.

"You're right, these people have been in Shangtong Tower for some time and have interacted with many people, it is indeed troublesome," Huang Ziya said.

At this moment, Yang Jian walked over with the golden oil lamp: "The oil lamp in my hand can reveal hidden supernatural phenomena and ghosts, it will be clear at a glance if these people really have problems."

As the oil lamp approached.

The dim yellow light gradually enveloped this group of people.

Wang Xin stood in the front, he was the first to be covered by the light, but nothing special appeared on him or around him under the light, in other words, he was normal, not eroded by the supernatural.

Yang Jian took another step forward.

The oil lamp's light covered Keiko.

Keiko was also normal, with no supernatural phenomena appearing on her.

"Captain, there's no change, this new lamp of yours doesn't seem to be very useful," Huang Ziya said.

"It's too early to tell if it's useful, don't rush to conclusions," Yang Jian continued to move forward.

When the light covered a subordinate in a suit behind Wang Xin, an eerie phenomenon appeared immediately. A black shadow appeared next to that subordinate, but the shadow wasn't complete; it had no hands, feet, or body, only a head.

Moreover, a thin black line dangled from beneath that head, entangled around the subordinate as if it were some kind of curse.

"See, didn't a problem appear?" Yang Jian squinted his eyes.

At this moment, Wang Xin was both shocked and furious: "Cheng Tian, I never thought even you..."

"No, no, there's nothing wrong with me, I'm normal, I haven't been contaminated by any supernatural phenomena, please believe me, I can swear," the subordinate called Cheng Tian immediately argued in horror.

Yang Jian said, "Some people are marked by ghosts without realizing it."

As soon as he finished speaking.

In the next moment, Huang Ziya acted.

A few strands of black hair, seemingly appearing from nowhere, fell onto Cheng Tian's body, and these strands of hair quickly grew wildly, soon becoming incredibly dense, enveloping Cheng Tian swiftly.

"Captain Yang, no, please spare my life, I don't want to die!"

Cheng Tian reached out for mercy, pulling at the hair on his body desperately.

But it was to no avail.

How could an ordinary person withstand a supernatural attack? Even a few strands of hair falling from Huang Ziya's body were enough to be lethal.

"Shut up, damn it!"

Wang Xin's face was extremely unpleasant, he had no intention of pleading for mercy; on the contrary, he was very angry that this foolish subordinate had been contaminated with the supernatural and didn't even know it, still bringing trouble to Yang Jian, and now he had the audacity to plead? If he had any shame, he'd immediately disembowel himself to seek the last bit of forgiveness with his death.

Soon.

The dense black hair covered the entire person, forming a massive clump of black hair over him.

But the clump of hair rapidly shrunk at a visible rate.

"Ah!"

A scream was heard from within the dense black hair, accompanied by the sound of bones breaking.

Soon.

The scream disappeared, and the black hair cluster was slightly stained red.

But also disappearing from the ground was the black silhouette of a human head.

Because the shadow of the black head couldn't reside on the ghost hair, Huang Ziya directly used supernatural means to make Cheng Tian disappear completely, leaving no traces.

Only this way could ensure that the supernatural would not linger.

Keiko, witnessing this scene from the side, didn't feel fear; instead, there was an inexplicable sense of security.

Having participated in a supernatural event with Yang Jian before, she wasn't a girl who knew nothing. She knew the vengeful ghosts around her were being purged, which was preferable to previously unknowingly being around them.

"Continue."

Yang Jian glanced at Huang Ziya and gave a slight nod.

"It's been a long time since I used supernatural powers, but I can only deal with these minor roles. If we encounter greater threats, we'll still have to rely on the Captain."

Huang Ziya smiled faintly; although her smile was modest, it appeared devilish and deadly to others.

Yang Jian continued to approach with the oil lamp.

The anomaly appeared once more.

Behind Wang Xin, two more subordinates in suits had bizarre human head shadows at their feet.

"So many people have issues, how... how could this happen?" Wang Xin was terrified at this moment.

Of the six subordinates he brought, adding up to the previously decapitated Xiao Ye, a total of four people had problems, leaving only two normal subordinates.

"It seems there's a big issue within your Exorcism Club, most likely a ghost has infiltrated." Yang Jian squinted and said.

Wang Xin felt a chill in his limbs and looked at Yang Jian in panic, "Captain Yang, is this true? Has a fierce ghost infiltrated the Exorcism Club?"

"They followed you from Japan to Dachang City, and have acquired such terrifying supernatural aura. If it isn't a problem from within, do you mean we have fierce ghosts in Dachang City? Though the truth is harsh, you're smart enough to know where the problem lies. Asking further is somewhat foolish."

Yang Jian advised, "I suggest you quickly investigate internally, or soon your entire Exorcism Club will be controlled by a fierce ghost. By then, without anyone to handle supernatural incidents, your country might be doomed."

Huang Ziya ignored their conversation and focused on the two problematic individuals, making her move again.

"I-I don't want to die, damn it, what should I do?" One of the subordinates couldn't help but start crying.

He was desperate, unsure whether to resist or flee.

Because resistance was useless, and escape was impossible.

The other subordinate shouted, "Don't shame us. At this time, we must have the resolve to sacrifice. Our death is worthwhile, allowing Captain Wang Xin to bring back important clues to save our country. We're heroes; at this time, we should proudly face death, unlike Cheng Tian, who was a coward despised by all."

After speaking, he swiftly drew a dagger from his waist, mercilessly committing suicide before Huang Ziya could act.

He feared he couldn't maintain dignity under a supernatural attack, so he chose suicide to preserve his honor.

The previously crying subordinate seemed inspired, shakily drawing his dagger too.

"Want to commit suicide now? It's too late."

Huang Ziya coldly observed, unwilling to wait for him to complete his suicide attempt lest some supernatural occurrence caused an accident.

In the next instant, bizarre black hair ensnared the individual, wrapping both him and the already deceased into its confines.

Screams echoed.

Soon all returned to silence.

The hair ball gradually shrank, the bodies vanished, leaving only three small black hair balls swaying slightly on the ground.

The black hair ball, as if guided, rolled towards Huang Ziya and disappeared by her side.

"Though tainted by the supernatural didn't affect your subordinates all that much, death is indeed the best outcome."

Yang Jian said expressionlessly, "You never know when the supernatural might surface from them, bringing greater danger."

"I understand, Captain Yang. Thank you for intervening, resolving the lurking supernatural by my side."

Wang Xin expressed deep gratitude, bowing towards Yang Jian without any blame.

"Don't celebrate too soon; if the fierce ghost is after me, ordinary people alone can't tackle it, so danger still looms." Yang Jian moved a few steps forward.

The glow of the oil lamp fully illuminated the area.

At the next moment.

A rotten dead man's head rolled out of nowhere.

Previously unseen in the office, it emerged only under the oil lamp's light.

The rolling head stopped, its decayed flesh revealing eerie white eyes fixed in Yang Jian's direction.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian halted, staring at the rotten dead man's head.

But then, the head's gaze shifted, scanning around, as if searching for a target.

"I'm right in front, yet this fierce ghost can't see me. Is it the oil lamp?" Yang Jian glanced at the oil lamp in his hand.

The oil lamp emitted a rich stench of decay.

The lamp oil had also reduced slightly.

Indeed, the lamp oil also depletes under supernatural assault.

However, its slow depletion allows for a prolonged duration.

"So, that's it." Yang Jian observed a bit more, noticing that no one around had died.

"This rotten head was intended for me. Once targeted, one would instantly die, but this is likely not a real fierce ghost, rather only a portion of its supernatural power. So, this attack can't persist. Likely, it can only be used once, after which the head is probably unusable."

"It's almost like a supernatural artifact crafted by a fierce ghost."

Yang Jian had encountered the rotten dead man's head before.

He understood its killing pattern and attack method.

However, this head differed from the previous: differing in size and shape to some degree.

His Ghost Hand moved slightly.

In the next moment, two charred hands appeared near the rotten head, covering its eerie eyes.

Quickly.

The head began to disintegrate, its flesh rotting completely, bones disassembling until only a charred skull remained, everything else vanishing.

But flames faintly flickered from the remaining charred skull.

The combination of the Ghost Hand's pressure and the furnace flames was enough to destroy the rotten dead man's head.

This confirmed Yang Jian's suspicion.

The head was deliberately crafted, not a true fierce ghost.

"Is it resolved?" Wang Xin sighed slightly, cold sweat on his back as he looked at the vanished rotten head.

Huang Ziya asked, "Captain, if the supernatural hid so deeply, why reveal such an obvious flaw?"

She pointed to the human leather shoes on Xiao Ye's feet.

"That's a point." Yang Jian focused again on those leather shoes.

Under the lamp's glow.

The leather shoes seemed unremarkable, yet an eerie cold aura clung to them.

"For safety, burn it." Yang Jian suggested, his gaze shifting slightly.

The charred Ghost Hand immediately covered Xiao Ye's headless corpse.

The Ghost Hand concealed an unquenchable furnace within, now intending to ignite the corpse, burying all the supernatural within the fire.