

Revival 771

Chapter 771

Click.

A sound of metal breaking echoed as the iron chain on the abandoned building's enclosing gate was cut short; the rust-covered iron gate now opened.

Spotlights had already been lit nearby, and all the light converged inside the building, thoroughly dispelling the surrounding dimness, making it even brighter than daylight. Aside from that, the nearby security preparations were complete. From this point on, other than Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Sun Rui, no one else could enter this place.

"President Sun, we've confirmed that there's no one else inside," a person reported.

"Good, you're responsible for standing guard. Leave the rest to us. Remember, no one is allowed past this fence, don't trust any phone calls or messages unless I come out and give the order. Also, you haven't forgotten the instructions from Captain Yang, have you?"

Sun Rui spoke again with a heavy voice, "Without permission, if anyone tries to break in here and doesn't heed warnings, take them down immediately. I don't want any accidents."

"Rest assured, President Sun, we'll ensure it's done."

Sun Rui nodded. He gestured and said, "Captain Yang, after you."

Yang Jian didn't stand on ceremony and strode in, with Li Yang and Sun Rui following behind.

The land around the abandoned building was an open field overgrown with weeds and cluttered with construction debris that hadn't been cleared for many years.

He only glanced briefly before heading straight for the abandoned building.

"Just before, to avoid some troubles, I bought this building. It is now my private property, and Yang Jian can handle it however he sees fit," Sun Rui, limping with his cane, followed behind while giving a reminder.

In the past few hours, he hadn't been doing nothing.

Most of his time was spent looking through Yang Jian's information.

Especially the incident where he fought with his circle of friends, it was said that he wiped out several floors of the Ping'an Tower.

That is to say, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain could now interfere with reality.

This was a rather terrifying discovery.

"Your arrangements are even more thorough than mine, it seems there's a reason headquarters appointed you as the person in charge of this city," Yang Jian praised.

Sun Rui laughed, "Luck, pure luck."

"By the way, do you know a person named Pei Dong?" Yang Jian suddenly asked about a rather unfamiliar name.

"Pei Dong?" Sun Rui's gaze shifted, "I know him, how could I not? He was in the same batch of heads as me. I heard he's already dead."

"Not dead yet. He suffered from a Pendulum Clock curse. To break the curse, he attacked Feng Quan. If you get any information about him in the future, let me know; I might as well take out that guy when I get a chance," Yang Jian continued walking into the abandoned building as he spoke.

The interior of the building was dark and damp, and the air was thick with a musty smell. Many places on the ground even had standing water. Despite the spotlights outside, there were still areas the light didn't reach. As they walked, the echo of their footsteps filled the empty floors, creating an indescribable sense of oppression.

"Certainly, certainly," Sun Rui chuckled awkwardly.

He understood in his heart that this was Yang Jian warning him not to try anything foolish; otherwise, Yang Jian wouldn't hesitate to take him down.

Pei Dong's situation was merely a pretext, the real intention was not the stated one.

However, the more this was the case, the more at ease Sun Rui felt because it meant Yang Jian had no real designs on him; it was just a precaution.

"There are no doors here, Captain Yang; I'm of little use," Li Yang whispered.

Yang Jian calmly said, "There will be doors. Don't worry, just follow my orders."

Li Yang nodded and did not speak further.

The three seemed rather silent, with Yang Jian leading the way in the dim environment. His Ghost Eye surveyed everything, no corner could escape his observation.

However, despite being dark and damp, the abandoned building appeared to have no issues.

In fact, this was expected.

If it were so easy to find a problem, the building would likely never have been constructed since construction sites are certainly bustling with activity.

"It's very normal, isn't it? I've looked into the records for this place. Other than a few construction workers who died from falls during the building phase, nothing strange has happened. Also, before this operation, I had people come in to scout," Sun Rui said.

"You sent people to scout?" Yang Jian stopped in his tracks.

Sun Rui nodded, "Of course."

"If ordinary people could find the problem, we wouldn't need the likes of us," Yang Jian said, his eyes shifting slightly before he suddenly reached out and grabbed the wall beside him.

His hand, black and stiff, bizarrely penetrated the wall. When he pulled it back out, there was something in his palm.

"Take a look, what's this?"

In Yang Jian's hand lay a gleaming golden ring.

"A gold ring?" Li Yang was taken aback. "But why would it be in the wall? Could it be that a construction worker accidentally left it behind?"

"Accidentally left behind?" Yang Jian looked away and moved to the other side, crouching down to grab something from the cement floor.

He pulled out a women's gold necklace.

Then he looked up at the ceiling.

An old-fashioned gold bracelet suddenly fell from the ceiling onto the floor.

"Do I need to find more things for you?" Yang Jian asked.

Sun Rui's morbid, deathly pallor grew even more gloomy, "Gold is not affected by supernatural powers, so the only thing that can go missing is the people themselves, their gold jewelry couldn't possibly disappear, thus it is left behind... This is the scene of the incident, those missing people have been here."

"So you're saying, there must be ghosts in this abandoned building."

He touched the cane in his hand and came to this reasoning and speculation.

Li Yang's face underwent a sudden change, as if he could already envision the scene of a fierce ghost wandering this derelict building.

Yang Jian casually threw the gold ring he was holding to one side, producing a dull sound, then slowly said, "Wrong, the ghost isn't in the abandoned building, it's just that the building was coincidentally constructed on a site where it never should have been."

"Why do you say that?" Sun Rui asked.

Yang Jian walked back and then said, "I've had this suspicion before, that the appearance of ghosts seems to seep into the real world from some Ghost Domain, not truly appearing out of nowhere, and if a Ghost Domain can hold up for a while, it can overlap with reality, yet without intersecting with it."

"It's like two spotlights shining on the same place at the same time, the beams overlap but do not affect each other."

"Therefore, this building intersects with a Ghost Domain, and although it is not affected, if there are fierce ghosts inside that Ghost Domain, they will certainly affect reality and gradually seep out, perhaps that is why this abandoned building keeps having accidents and cannot be completed successfully."

Yang Jian stopped in his tracks; he had come to the outside of the abandoned building.

"An incredible hypothesis," Li Yang exclaimed in amazement.

"So, Yang Captain, what do you plan to do?" Sun Rui asked slowly, leaning on his cane.

Yang Jian calmly said, "It's true that a Ghost Domain can block out the influence from reality, but if someone also possesses a Ghost Domain, they can use this supernatural power to counter-invade it."

"Now, I'll show you what this abandoned building really looks like."

Having said that.

His ghostly eyes suddenly snapped open.

In an instant, the sky around was dyed a bloody crimson, the nearby floodlights also turned red, and the building in front was drenched in a red glow.

However.

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes overlaid again.

This time, the third layer of the Ghost Domain opened.

The building before him quickly became blurry and started disappearing from sight.

"The building is gone?" Sun Rui gripped his cane anxiously.

"Not enough," Yang Jian said coldly.

The fourth layer of the Ghost Domain overlaid.

At that moment, something unbelievable happened.

In place of the disappeared abandoned building, suddenly, an old piece of architecture appeared out of nowhere, five or six stories high, not of modern style but of the Republic of China Period, with a dim and ominous atmosphere, as if shrouded in a layer of fog, with only a general outline visible and not very clear, like a mirage.

"This is a building from the Republic of China Period," Sun Rui's eyes widened.

Yang Jian's guess was correct; the reason this abandoned building couldn't be completed was indeed due to an overlap with a spooky location.

"Even the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain can't invade this building? It would take the fifth layer to potentially counter-invade it, which is on the same level as the Ghost Coffin, this place would be extremely dangerous if there were ghosts," he pondered with a flicker in his eyes, hesitating.

"Sun Rui, Li Yang, get ready, if I deepen my Ghost Domain, we'll be able to counter-invade it, and there are definitely ghosts inside that Republic architecture, I can feel it."

"Damn it, we're really going in? Captain Yang, won't you reconsider?" Sun Rui felt his hair stand on end in an instant.

That old and eerie building, could they really enter it and come out alive?

The moment Yang Jian issued the warning, he had already made up his mind.

The fifth layer of the Ghost Domain opened.

In an instant.

The red world collided with that mist-enshrouded Republic of China Period building.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain began to invade, tearing through the fog, and everything before them finally came completely into view.

It was a five or six-story Republic of China style building, with windows and a door.

Above the door, a plaque hung with traditional characters "Ghost Post Office," beside it, neon lights of various colors shone brightly, as if afraid of not being conspicuous enough.

"Let's go." Yang Jian's Ghost Domain had already invaded, and with a low shout, he disappeared with the two others from the spot.

And in the instant, he attempted to break into the "Ghost Post Office."

On the very top floor of the building, the fifth floor, no, actually just above the fifth floor at a window, the window was suddenly flung open with a bang.

An eerie shadow stood there, like a living person, yet also like a cold, lifeless puppet, but it was vaguely visible that a piece of a vintage black long coat fluttered at the window.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!"

Footsteps sounded from the top floor as if a corpse was stepping on wooden boards.

Some terrifying spectral presence seemed to have been disturbed by the intrusion of Yang Jian and the others.

Chapter 772 Inside the Building

This was an old building from the Republic of China Period, which under normal circumstances, should have been demolished long ago, but due to the influence of some supernatural power, the building had always stood next to the streets of Dahan City. Although it existed, it never intersected with reality.

Because it was situated within the Ghost Domain, an independent Supernatural Space.

Although the building was old and covered in moss, with dim and darkened walls exuding an unceasingly cold breath, its overall structure was well-preserved, without any signs of damage or destruction.

There was even a circle of neon lights surrounding the sign next to the main entrance, with red and green lights illuminating the three characters "Ghost Post Office".

This was indeed a genuine post office building, but the addition of the word "Ghost" beside the signboard suddenly made the atmosphere around it turn sinister.

But today,

this incomprehensible and eerie place was forcibly entered by Yang Jian, who also brought along Li Yang and Sun Rui.

"Bang!"

The entrance to the Ghost Post Office had been invaded by the Ghost Domain. At this moment, before anyone appeared, the door was slammed open by a tremendous force. Such a powerful force should have sent the door flying, yet the door of the post office merely creaked and swung in the air for a moment before closing slowly again.

Below the dim, yellowed light, three unexpected figures arrived in the lobby of this floor.

A glance around revealed the old style and architecture of the Republic of China Period everywhere, with the floorboards beneath them so worn out and cracked that they seemed nearly rotten.

Beyond that, large black and white portraits of people hung on the nearby walls, not of celebrities but of very unfamiliar individuals, men and women alike, dressed in various styles: there were old-fashioned long gowns, cheongsams, and newer suits, floral dresses...

"This is the inside of the Ghost Post Office?" Yang Jian frowned; he felt his ghost eye being somewhat suppressed. The suppression was not severe enough to completely affect him, but he could feel it.

He couldn't use any forces below the fourth level of the Ghost Domain.

He could only ignore such suppression at the fifth level of the Ghost Domain.

In other words, this place could, to a certain extent, suppress ghosts, of course, provided that the Terror Level of the ghost was not high.

"Unbelievable, we actually made it in," murmured Sun Rui, uneasily touching the rod in his hand, his gaze very solemn. He could sense the oddity of this place.

The air seemed to be filled with a cold and gloomy presence.

Li Yang appeared very uneasy, looking around. He felt a strange sensation within the building.

It was like a cage, sealing away something dreadful.

It was also like a suffocating coffin, trapping people inside with no way out.

"I'll go take a look first. If anything unexpected happens, you two turn around and leave immediately. Don't worry about me," Yang Jian said calmly.

Even if his ghost eye wasn't completely suppressed, he could retreat at any moment.

"Be careful, Yang. This place is full of strangeness and is not simple," Sun Rui warned, also worried that Yang Jian might come to harm.

After all, this was Dahan City, his turf, and if something happened to Yang Jian, he would be in trouble too.

"I think you'd better worry about yourselves first," Yang Jian replied.

Then he slowly walked deeper into the building.

The situation on the first floor wasn't complicated; the somewhat empty lobby, the dim yellow light from the glass lamps above could not fully illuminate the place, making it look gloomy and oppressive, while the wooden floor beneath was slightly soft, suggesting that the wood inside was mostly rotten, and a musty smell lingered.

Continuing to walk a short distance forward, Yang Jian saw a courtyard in the shape of the Chinese character "回", with a room on each corner of the ground floor. The doors were made of wood, equally old and mottled, with copper house numbers nailed on them, numbered 11, 12, 13... These numbers weren't hard to figure out.

The first digit in 11 signified the floor, and the second 1 was the room number.

Glancing upwards,

the building had a total of five floors, each floor's structure was essentially similar, and the corridors and room doors above could be clearly seen.

"There are seven rooms on the first floor, so thirty-five rooms in total on all five floors," Yang Jian calculated in his mind.

Thirty-five.

There was nothing special about the number, but if one more was added to make it thirty-six, it would be a different story because the number thirty-six corresponded to another supernatural event.

The Supernatural Bus.

That Supernatural Bus had thirty-six seats, no, to be precise, it had thirty-five seats; the extra one was the driver's seat.

"Coincidence, or is there some deeper connection?"

Yang Jian squinted slightly, observing the rooms, "Moreover, the style of these room doors, along with the design of the door numbers, are strikingly similar to those in Caesar Hotel, but it's probably just a coincidence, as they are all products of the same period."

Of course, that was what he thought, but he didn't rule out that there might be a connection between them.

"Only one floor but no stairs leading to the second floor? It's a strange layout, as if the first and the second floors were purposely separated, forbidding people from the first floor to go upstairs. But then, why would there be rooms on the second floor?"

He paid attention to these details while trying to deduce something from them.

However, deduction wasn't Yang Jian's strong suit; he preferred more direct methods.

"Creak!"

However, just then,

suddenly, a room door on the first floor opened. The sound of the door opening echoed in the silent post office, sounding unusually distinct.

"Hm?" Yang Jian's gaze sharply turned toward that direction.

It wasn't just him; Sun Rui and Li Yang, who were standing at the door, also heard the noise. They followed the sound and looked over.

Under such circumstances, any little movement was worth paying attention to.

The door that opened was number eleven.

Which was the first room on the first floor.

At that moment, a man with a gaunt face, a wilted expression, and a gloomy gaze walked out of the room. He was not heading in Yang Jian's direction but in the opposite direction, seemingly towards the other rooms.

But then the man abruptly stopped in his tracks, having noticed Yang Jian standing not far away. His menacing gaze fixed on Yang Jian for a moment.

There was an unexpected hint of coldness in his surprise.

Yet, his reaction to Yang Jian's sudden appearance was not one of surprise, which was unusual, because normally anyone would be shocked to suddenly discover another stranger standing there looking at them.

"A new guy? Hehe, another unlucky fool," the man sneered, unperturbed, and turned to leave.

But before he could take two steps, Yang Jian's indifferent voice rang out, "Stop, or I'll personally put you down."

His temper flared again; he couldn't stand the insults and mockery.

Of course, the most important reason was that he needed to detain this person to clear up the situation.

Because Yang Jian was certain that this person was a living human, not a ghost, nor a ghost controller.

"Are you talking to me?"

The man stopped by the door of room thirteen, turned slightly, and looked at him with eyes full of warning and threat.

Yang Jian's face remained calm, "Otherwise, who do you think I'm talking to? Don't you know that just based on your last remark, I could consider it a provocation and it wouldn't be an exaggeration to kill you for it?"

"Hehe, not old, but you talk tough. Which gang are you from? By your tone, you don't sound like a good person," the man sneered back, his voice somewhat hoarse, "Too bad, no matter how tough you were outside, once you're here, you have to lie low or you won't live long."

"It seems you indeed know something about this place. Good, it saves me a lot of trouble," Yang Jian nodded and walked towards him with firm steps.

"Looking for a fight? Since you don't want to live, I might as well oblige and send you on your way. You're dead sooner or later anyway," the man immediately pulled out a handgun from his clothes and aimed it directly at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged, and he kept walking without a pause.

This stuff had long since become useless against him, not to mention ordinary guns, even that special gun he'd encountered back home was of no use to him. This wasn't bravado, but a fact tested.

"This guy isn't afraid of guns?" The gaunt-cheeked man's expression changed slightly when he saw Yang Jian's reaction.

A regular person would have been scared stiff on the spot, and might even have collapsed to the ground.

Since when did firearms no longer intimidate newcomers?

"If you're looking for death, don't blame me then." The next moment, the gun in the gaunt-cheeked man's hand fired.

Bang!

The sound was loud, echoing in the silent and eerie post office building.

At such a close distance, even someone who had never practiced with firearms couldn't possibly miss.

But the next moment.

The gaunt-cheeked man saw the stranger in front of him sway slightly, and then he rushed forward, closing the distance between them with big strides.

A darkened hand firmly grasped his neck.

The hand was stiff and ice-cold, as if it was being squeezed by a dead person, and its strength was alarmingly strong, a level an ordinary living person could not achieve.

"How is this possible..."

The man felt his breath cut off instantly and even faintly heard the sound of his own spine cracking, threatening to shatter.

"This was your doing first, Sun Rui, keep an eye on this guy."

Yang Jian's eyes locked onto him, flickering with a faint red glow.

Before the gaunt-cheeked man could react, a massive force lifted him from the ground and flung him backwards, crashing face-down onto the rotten wooden boards, his body tumbling several times before coming to a stop.

The man's nose bled profusely, and several of his teeth had been smashed.

But he didn't pass out from the fall, he grunted and tried to get up in haste.

However, the next moment,

A golden cane pressed against his eye socket, heavy and domineering as if about to burst his eyeball.

"Lie still and don't move. Struggle again, and this thing will pierce into your brain."

Sun Rui held the cane with narrowed eyes, his face as numb and sickly as that of a corpse several days dead, ghastly and horrific.

The tone and appearance made it clear beyond doubt, he was capable of killing the man in front of him ruthlessly.

"Any other newcomers?"

The gaunt-cheeked man was covered in blood, the one remaining eye he had was barely able to make out the person in front of him.

Sun Rui didn't speak, but took out his phone and snapped a photo of the man before saying, "State your name."

"Wan... Wan Xing." The gaunt-cheeked man gritted his teeth and said.

"I hope you're telling the truth because if it's fake, I will definitely kill you. I am a man of my word, I keep my promises." Sun Rui took a photo and got a name to have his assistant check this person's file and information.

With his position as the person in charge, he could unearth the ancestry of anyone up to three generations.

"Damn it, no signal again, it's useless at critical times like this."

Sun Rui looked at the satellite phone in his hand, unable to contact the outside, but he could connect it to Li Yang's satellite phone.

"Wan Xing, what's happened?"

However, just at that moment, another person emerged from the previously opened Room 11. She was a disheveled woman with unkempt hair and clothes in disarray, appearing to be in her mid-twenties. Despite her heavy makeup, it couldn't hide the unease and panic in her eyes, and her face was covered in exhaustion.

Yang Jian then fixed his gaze on this woman, "Come out, stand over there. You don't want me to get physical, do you?"

"Don't mess with these people, just do as they say," Wan Xing roared.

He was already scared at this moment.

The people in front of him were simply not normal. One wasn't afraid of guns at all, another came straight for his head with a stabbing motion, and yet another did not even blink an eye at this scene.

Since when did new guys become this twisted?

The woman paused, confused, but obediently walked out of the room nonetheless.

"Another living person?"

Sun Rui looked up and said, "It seems your guess wasn't wrong, Yang. The missing people have all run off to this place. Although I haven't found their records, it is most likely correct."

"Just a bunch of ordinary people involved in a supernatural incident, just as unlucky as me," Li Yang remarked sarcastically.

"However, what does this place want with these ordinary people?" Sun Rui wondered right after.

Ghosts killing people is irrational. If there were ghosts here, logically they should have already died long ago. But judging by their appearance, they seemed to have been in this place for some time, otherwise, they would not have thought Yang Jian was a new guy.

"Messengers. If I'm not mistaken, they must be the messengers of the Ghost Post Office, responsible for delivering messages. I've encountered such people before; one was a guy named Li Yue, who is probably dead by now. I've also investigated someone called Guo Tao, who is suspected to be a messenger. These people have been active all over the country," Yang Jian slowly approached.

"Although their numbers are not many, they have already posed a great threat. I have reason to believe that what they are doing is related to supernatural incidents."

"So that's why you've traced it here, Yang? You've found this Ghost Post Office?" Sun Rui said.

"If it were only that, it wouldn't be enough to bring me here. I have my reasons," Yang Jian said, waving his hand to dismiss the golden cane, then casually letting a bullet fall onto the man's body.

"Do you think this thing can kill me?"

Wan Xing, seeing the bullet fall onto him, stiffened.

A sudden, inexplicable fear overtook him.

Yang Jian continued, "Tell me everything you know, and I might consider not killing you. If you hide anything, today you can die,"

Wan Xing's color of fear abated slightly, but he still didn't dare to get up from the ground, simply nodding and saying, "As long as you let me go, I'll tell you anything."

"Of course, I've always been true to my word. Even though my methods are a bit violent, I can't deny that I am a good person. Despite some people maliciously slander me, those are just rumors, not to be trusted," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui nodded, "Yang is indeed trustworthy and definitely a good person. You're lucky to have run into him. If it had been me just now, your head would've already been smashed."

He tapped the ground, and the golden cane made a dull sound.

This wasn't flattery, but the truth.

What kind of supervisor has a good temper? Not to mention this guy dared to shoot at the supervisor.

In anyone's hands, this guy would have been a corpse already.

"Whatever you want to know, I absolutely won't hide anything I know," Wan Xing said as cold sweat streamed down, fearing that the cane next to him would come crashing down on his forehead.

As for these guys being good people?

He wouldn't believe it even if his life depended on it.

He himself wasn't a good person, and these people were even more ruthless than he was.

Moreover, they didn't seem like newcomers, knowing about the messengers and even having had contact with other messengers.

This was an entirely impossible scenario.

Chapter 773 The Post Office with Lights Out

From the mouth of this person named Wan Xing, Yang Jian roughly understood what being a messenger entailed, which wasn't very different from what he had expected.

Firstly, Wan Xing, as well as the group of Li Yue and others who appeared in his hometown, and even a person named Zhang Tao whom he had investigated before, were all messengers; this much was certain. However, before they became messengers, they were all ordinary people.

The reason they were chosen to be messengers was because of an accidental letter.

A yellow paper envelope without a signature or seal.

Each person became a messenger after opening that letter and then arrived at this post office in an incomprehensible manner.

Once they entered the post office, their task was to deliver the mail.

The letters that appeared in the post office were irregular, but as soon as they did appear, the messengers would be brought into the post office and had to deliver the letters to a designated location within a set time.

The task was very simple.

As simple as a regular courier—receive a package and deliver it, and that's it, the task was complete.

However, this seemingly simple task hid many terrible things, as well as some rules that weren't clearly reminded of.

For example, they couldn't tear up the letters, or else they would suffer attacks from vicious ghosts.

For messengers, being attacked by a vicious ghost once could be fatal. But if they could withstand that attack, it meant they had rejected the delivery task. However, this act of tearing up letters couldn't be repeated, as the ghosts that appeared would become more terrifying each time.

When Yang Jian was at his hometown, he encountered Li Yue and his group. He tore up a letter once, which indirectly completed a delivery task for them, but it resulted in a ghost invading one of their bodies.

Secondly, there was a time limit for delivering the letters. If the letters weren't delivered within the designated time, all messengers on that floor would die.

No exceptions.

In other words, if you couldn't complete the delivery task, your only choice was to tear up the letter.

"How many times have you delivered letters?" Yang Jian asked coldly.

Wan Xing still lay on the ground, his chest pinned by a golden cane that Sun Rui held. Wiping the blood from his face, he said, "I've delivered twice, and I'm about to do it for the third time. That's why I came to this post office to wait for the letter to appear. That woman, Qian Rong, she appeared in the post office with me at the beginning. But most of the people from the same group are already dead. These seven rooms aren't filled, but there's still one more person."

"I don't know his name; I just know he lives in room number seven."

"Just the three of you on this floor?" Yang Jian frowned.

"The others died during the last delivery. Normally, there should be new people joining now... to replenish the deceased messengers," Wan Xing explained.

Sun Rui spoke at this moment, "Just the three of you in the entire building? I don't believe it. What's going on upstairs?"

"Messengers are also upstairs. After delivering letters three times, you will appear on the second floor and become a second-floor messenger. In the same vein, messengers from the second floor go to the third after three deliveries, and so on," Wan Xing said.

His gaze shifted, "I also heard this from others; whether it's true or not, I can't be certain."

He didn't dare to speak too definitively, lest they think he was deceiving them and end up getting killed in confusion.

"Delivering three times to move up a floor, and there are five floors in total, with seven people on each floor, seems like a team," Yang Jian mused with a contemplative look. "Sort of like a selection mechanism? Eliminate the useless messengers and keep the elite, select through each layer, and the messengers who make it to the fifth floor must be the ones with top mental acuity and intellect."

"Without solid skills, they simply wouldn't survive more than a dozen delivery tasks."

At this moment, Sun Rui asked again, "What's the benefit of going upstairs?"

"I—I don't know. I only know that each floor has different delivery times. I've heard that the higher the floor the messenger is on, the longer the delivery time and the longer the intervals between tasks, which in turn means greater personal safety and a longer period of safety," Wan Xing continued.

"For example, I generally have a delivery task about once a week," he added.

"The number of disappearances doesn't match the frequency of deaths," Sun Rui frowned.

He had been investigating Dahan City, where approximately nine or ten people disappeared every day, and it happened daily. If there was a delivery task once a week, at the shortest, it should take seven days to kill off a group of people. Moreover, not every time would result in total annihilation; surely some people would survive.

"That's all I know for now. I'm not clear on other information. If you all go upstairs, the messengers there will definitely know more," Wan Xing said again.

Sun Rui gave a heavy thump against his chest, nearly breaking his ribs, "Heh, you want to deceive us into going upstairs so we'll let you go, right? You've got quite the mind there, but we're different from you losers. You're just unlucky ordinary people; we're professionals who deal with these ghostly things."

"What we see as upstairs isn't, in the traditional sense, upstairs—it's a twisted Ghost Domain," Yang Jian said, looking up at the floors above.

His Ghost Eye was peering.

Within the Ghost Eye's view was pitch darkness, shrouded in blackness, with no second, third, fourth, or fifth floor—those were mere illusions, or rather, those floors didn't exist where one could see, but in another Supernatural Space.

It was like... a Ghost Domain within the Ghost Domain.

Layer upon layer, overlapping and twisting.

Yang Jian's expression grew grave. If this were true, he wouldn't dare to rashly invade, for who knew if he'd end up on the second or third floor, or get lost within the Ghost Domain instead.

Thus, the safest method was to be pulled into the second floor.

"The person who built this Ghost Post Office is definitely not ordinary, all the loopholes are plugged, and the selection mechanism for messengers is surely for some purpose. Otherwise, messengers wouldn't be made to ascend floor by floor. What I'm curious about is, whether there are any messengers actually on the fifth floor?"

Yang Jian looked at the highest level of the building.

Undoubtedly, the messenger on that floor was the one closest to the secrets of the Ghost Post Office.

The Door Knocking Ghost had fallen to his death from the fifth floor when he was alive.

Does that mean the Door Knocking Ghost was a messenger on the fifth floor before he died?

"I need to find a way to check out the fifth floor of this building," Yang Jian decided in his heart.

But then his doubts emerged.

If his Ghost Eye's powers couldn't forcefully invade the fifth floor of this post office, what methods could he use to go up?

Delivering mail?

Don't joke.

Sending one letter every seven days, how long would that take?

Yang Jian didn't want to be a wage worker, laboring for half a year or a full year, faithfully delivering a dozen or so letters to slowly move up floor by floor.

At this moment, Li Yang came over, his face very somber as he spoke. "Team Yang, I feel there's something not simple about this building. I can sense a very terrifying ghost in one of the rooms."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian immediately became alert: "Are you sure?"

Li Yang said, "There's no mistake, I can sense what's behind the doors. It's just that this place is strange, and it affects me, so I can't identify the exact location. But I'm still certain that in one of the rooms upstairs there must be a fierce ghost, definitely not just an ordinary living messenger."

Sun Rui squinted his eyes: "So you mean, among the thirty-five rooms, ghosts have already infiltrated? That's interesting now, messengers and ghosts delivering mail together, how is one supposed to play this game? Team Yang, what do you think?"

"No, that's impossible."

Suddenly, Wan Xing became agitated: "These rooms are for messengers to live in. Once a person dies, the room will be cleared out and restored to its original state. It's impossible for ghosts to sneak in. If there were ghosts, they would disappear along with the clearing of the room, which is why it's the safest place."

"Oh, so you, a first floor messenger, know this so clearly?" Sun Rui took a look and said: "And you say you haven't hidden anything?"

"No, no, no, don't misunderstand, I never intended to hide anything. This is information passed down from the messengers above, everyone is certain of it, it's an ironclad rule, there can be no mistake," Wan Xing said.

Yang Jian calmly said, "Perhaps you're not mistaken, but that's predicated on the normal operation of the post office. But what if this place has already lost control? What if some places have developed breaches, then it's not impossible for ghosts to mix in. Moreover, having encountered the supernatural and still being so naive, to trust this place so much... "

"The inherently unreasonable rules of the Ghost Post Office are nothing but self-deceptive tricks."

"Makes sense, if one needs to tear open an envelope to enter here as a messenger, then our very presence has already broken that rule," Sun Rui said, nodding: "Nothing in this ghost place deserves trust; the more you trust, the faster you die."

Yang Jian agreed with his viewpoint.

Trust the rules of a supernatural place?

This reminded him of the human skin parchment and the Ghost Cabinet.

They too had similar rules; while the parchment told the truth, it concealed terrible traps, and trading with the Ghost Cabinet bound the trader to a curse they couldn't escape.

Anything to do with the supernatural couldn't be pure and harmless.

"But dealing with this ghostly place won't be easy with just the three of us. Blow it up? If there are ghosts in the building, they could escape. But if we leave it be, this place is bound to continue to spiral out of control. By then, I guess I'll have to take charge, which is just another headache to deal with," he pondered.

Cane in hand, Sun Rui limped forward.

"Moreover, since this Ghost Post Office is already involved with the Ghost Domain, even if we did blow it up, it definitely wouldn't work. Team Yang, you're in charge of this investigation, so make a decision," he said.

Yang Jian's gaze carried a hint of contemplation.

Indeed, this Ghost Post Office was very special, and dealing with it was almost unrealistic.

"I want to go to the fifth floor and have a look," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Go to the fifth floor? That means delivering letters, but when would that end? I'm not up for this, Team Leader Yang, it's not that I'm afraid of death, it's just that this is too troublesome," Sun Rui paused, then shook his head.

Yang Jian said, "I know, but the important information is hidden upstairs. On the first floor, asking these newcomers won't yield anything."

He glanced at Wan Xing.

Having delivered letters just twice, still a first-floor messenger, he indeed counted as a newcomer.

Wan Xing's complexion changed, and he dared not respond.

At this moment, he could somewhat see that these three were not newcomers brought in by the Ghost Post Office, but were purposefully targeting the post office for an investigation.

They were specifically dealing with this issue.

"Who exactly are you?" Wan Xing couldn't help asking.

"Hey, not so arrogant now, huh?"

Sun Rui smirked teasingly, "I am Sun Rui, the head of Dahan City, and this is Yang Jian, the head of Dachang City, one of the captains at headquarters, specially in charge of supernatural events. Did you really think you could bully us as ordinary folks? Even daring to use a gun, you'd be dead ten times over if you did this outside, just like Team Leader Yang said."

He finished speaking, and lightly lifted his cane to tap on Wan Xing's gaunt cheek.

"Cooperate honestly with us, and perhaps you will have a way to survive. Don't deliver letters; you might not die, but if you offend us, death is certain."

"With two heads visiting the post office, it seems this place has finally caught the attention of the outside world. You want to go to the fifth floor? I have a way that doesn't follow the post office's rules and can quickly get us to the fifth floor, but it comes with significant risks. I don't know if you'd dare to take them," said Wan Xing.

Suddenly,

another voice abruptly rose.

Unnoticed, room 17's door had opened, and a youth who looked no more than twenty, even a year or two younger than Yang Jian, stood at the door, calmly watching them.

"Are you the messenger from room number seven that Wan Xing mentioned? What's your name? It seems you know a bit about the supernatural circle," Yang Jian immediately turned to look at him.

The youth said, "My name is Wang Shan. Before coming here, I was a student, still in high school. Due to some people, I had entered the supernatural circle and learned a few things, but not much. Later, I was unfortunate enough to be brought to this damn place by a letter and became a messenger. However, I arrived a bit earlier than him and have only delivered two letters so far, just one more and I can go to the second floor."

"I may not know you all, but I am aware of the status and position of a head."

"A high school student, coming to this cursed place and remaining so calm, and successfully delivering two letters, you are stronger than many," Yang Jian stared at him.

This man's mental state was very good.

Wan Xing's face was gaunt, and his nasty and ruthless nature was clearly due to severe mental torment, after all, not everyone has a big enough heart to ignore the impact of supernatural events.

"Just luck, compared to you heads, I'm really nothing," Wang Shan smiled, becoming very modest.

Yang Jian said, "Let's not waste time, tell us your method."

"Now's not the time to talk, six o'clock is almost here. After six in the evening, the post office will turn off the lights, and if anyone lingers in the post office without returning to their room, they'll be killed by the ghosts wandering inside." Wang Shan reminded them.

"Ghosts wandering inside the post office? Didn't he say there were no ghosts?" Yang Jian frowned and glanced at Wang Xing.

Wang Shan said, "I suspect they exist, but they aren't like what that brother said before. This ghost has always been present in the post office, not hiding in any room, and it only moves after the lights go out, continuing until six o'clock the next morning."

"The only safe place is your room."

"You know all this so clearly?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Shan said, "I've also come into contact with messengers from upstairs, so I know this. There are only ten minutes left. Perhaps some things would be better discussed tomorrow?"

As if to confirm his words,

inside the old post office, where the lighting was already yellowing, the lights began to flicker, and appeared even dimmer, about to go out. In addition, where one could usually see the balcony of the fifth floor by looking up, now it was entirely shrouded in darkness, no longer visible.

The darkness spread down from the upper floors, engulfing the fifth floor before shrouding the fourth, and it was quickly approaching the third floor.

At this rate, this place was about to plunge into a completely eerie darkness.

"Team Leader Yang, it's better to leave here for now. There are many inexplicable mysteries in this place, and since we're not messengers, there's no need to stay and risk unnecessary dangers," Sun Rui suggested in a low voice.

"Safety first is indeed correct, but I have a purpose for coming here. I don't want to leave without finding the answer. And with the three of us joining forces, if we really get attacked by a ghost, does it mean we're certain to die? You are too timid. We'll stay here tonight and decide what to do tomorrow."

Yang Jian made a decision to stay.

He was fully prepared and had a certain level of confidence.

Moreover, he believed that although this place was mysterious, the level of danger was definitely limited; after all, ordinary people could survive here.

Additionally, the purpose of the post office was definitely not just senseless murder.

If they really wanted to kill, why would they bother creating a messenger for delivering letters?

"Alright, you're the leader, you make the decision," Sun Rui said, shrugging his shoulders, not arguing with Yang Jian.

Better not to argue and end up fighting, and in the midst of fighting, end up dead.

When he thought about it, what a wrongful death that would be.

"We forced our way into this post office without having received any letters, so it's best for the three of us to stay in one room to ensure we can deal with any emergencies that arise," Yang Jian said, his gaze shifting.

"Tonight, the three of us will stay in your room," he directed at Wang Shan.

Wang Shan's complexion changed slightly, and he hurriedly said, "This, this won't do, gentlemen. It's not that I'm refusing you, but it's best to have only one person in a room. If there are more people, some horrifying things are said to happen. When I first arrived here, I heard that if two people stayed overnight in the same room, one of them would die mysteriously the next day, as if something unclean in the room was causing trouble."

"It's decided like this."

Yang Jian said flatly, "If something bad happens, we'll deal with it, and it's none of your concern."

He was adamant, leaving no room for refusal.

Wang Shan did not speak further; he knew he had no say before these few decision-makers.

In the time this discussion was going on,

The ten minutes were almost up.

The darkness had already invaded the second floor and was creeping towards the first floor. The lights inside the post office had dimmed to the verge of going out, and around them, only some wall outlines and architectural features were visible. Any darker, and it would truly be pitch-black.

"The lights are about to go out, hurry, gentlemen, I don't want to be targeted by the ghosts wandering in the post office," Wang Shan said anxiously.

Yang Jian didn't say a word, just gestured.

The three of them immediately headed for Room 7.

As for the blood-covered Wan Xing and the girl named Qian Rong, who stood by, not knowing what to do, they hurried to their respective rooms as soon as they realized what was happening.

"Bang!"

With the sound of the door closing, it took less than a minute for the lights in the post office to completely go out.

Darkness enveloped the entire post office, and all five floors fell into a deathly silence.

Even the neon sign next to the entrance went dark.

However, at that moment,

An eerily quiet post office echoed with the dull thud of footsteps.

It was the sound of a corpse stepping on wooden planks, one after another, creaking, drifting over, faint yet distinct, and the sound was strange. When it was on the fourth floor, it echoed only there, while not a hint of movement was heard below, even if one strained their ears.

But occasionally, the footsteps would appear on the second floor, skipping an entire floor directly as if materializing out of thin air.

In the end, those dull footsteps emerged on the first floor.

Elusive and incomprehensible,

It seemed that just as Wang Shan had mentioned, there existed a malevolent spirit in the post office that roamed the darkness, appearing only after the lights went out at six in the evening.

Chapter 774

Upon entering room number seven, Yang Jian's expression immediately darkened.

The decor was styled after the Republic of China Period, with old-fashioned tiles, chandeliers, and the somewhat faded furniture, the whole room was imbued with a gloomy aesthetic, making it quite uncomfortable.

But this wasn't the main issue.

The main point was that the layout of this room was exactly the same as the mysterious corridor room in the Caesar Hotel.

He had been there twice and had entered several of the rooms; there was no mistake, the similarity in layout and decoration style was striking. Except for some individual pieces of furniture that were slightly different, almost everything else was the same.

"The two are indeed connected..." Yang Jian thought to himself.

The Ghost Post Office and that eerie hotel were products of the same era.

"There are four men in the room, all grown men at that, and there's only one bed. How are we going to sleep tonight? If word gets out, we'll be the laughingstock," Sun Rui couldn't help but knock on the wooden bed with his golden cane as he stared at it.

Li Yang said, "Let's just make do for one night. I have a bad feeling about this place, especially after the lights went out."

After speaking, he glanced toward the door.

The old wooden door was somewhat warped so that, even when closed, it wasn't secure. There were gaps as thick as fingers, and through those gaps, he could clearly see the pitch black outside. This darkness seemed to have taken on a substance of its own, even seeping in a little.

"Your perception is much stronger than mine," Sun Rui commented, glancing at him.

"Mine is just a bit special. As long as I'm inside a building with rooms, my perception is quite sharp. But outside, I can't sense anything," Li Yang explained.

Sun Rui nodded and said, "I've done research on this and even wrote a paper. I believe that a ghost controller's perception of fierce ghosts is, in fact, just the triggering of the ghost's murderous habits, and since we, the ghost controllers, suppress these murderous instincts in our bodies, it results in an indescribable sensation."

"It's like walking down the street and seeing a beautiful woman. Even if that woman is a stranger and not your type, as a man, you can't help but take a glance, but then you restrain yourself and look away."

"This is the conflict between instinct and reason, leading to behavior you can't control."

"Fierce ghosts are instinct, ghost controllers are restraint, and in the clash between the two, that's when perception arises. Unfortunately, my paper wasn't accepted by the headquarters; they thought I lacked the necessary evidence, that it was all conjecture and supposition. To put it bluntly, they basically thought I was talking nonsense and did not find it suitable for publication," he added, sighing deeply with regret.

"I never thought you were such a man of culture," Yang Jian approached and remarked, somewhat surprised.

Sun Rui smiled and said, "I was even planning to write a book called 'I am the Responsible Man of the Great Han', and I've already contacted a publishing house. I was planning an initial print of a few million

copies, certain it would be a bestseller. Unfortunately, I haven't finished writing it. Yang, you might not guess, but I'm a college graduate. I used to submit manuscripts to publishers frequently. How about I write an autobiography for you one day? I promise it will be thrilling."

"We can call it 'That Man Comes From.....'"

Before Sun Rui could finish, Yang Jian cut him off, "Enough, enough, save it for another time. Today has brought enough events already, and right now, we're in the Ghost Post Office. Moreover, we have intruded here directly. Whether this will bring any negative consequences, no one can be sure."

"I'll keep watch tonight. You all find somewhere to rest. Tomorrow, I want to go to the fifth floor. You're called Wang Shan, right? You said you have a way to the fifth floor. Aren't you going to share it? I hope your method is viable, and not just some unrealistic talk. I'm not one to be fobbed off easily," he said, his attention now shifting to the young man who looked to be about nineteen or twenty.

Wang Shan gave a slight smile, "I'm not Wan Xing. Of course, I have a workable method. Besides, my reason for agreeing to help you guys is that I want to leave this place alive too, and I have no ulterior motives."

"Some couriers upstairs have said, though I'm not sure if it's true, that there's a staircase on the fifth floor of this post office that leads outside. Anyone who leaves via that staircase can shed their courier identity, no longer have to deliver mail, escape this curse and gain freedom. I think I have no choice but to take a gamble."

"But my abilities are limited, and trying to reach the upper floors by delivering mail would surely get me killed, so while I'm helping you three, I'm also hoping you'll give me a hand when the time comes."

He laid it all out honestly, hoping to alleviate any doubts Yang Jian and the others might have.

As an ordinary person, Wang Shan was acutely aware of the danger these individuals posed—one wrong move and they could easily dispose of him, and that was no joke.

"Is that so? There's a staircase on the fifth floor that leads out of here?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered, but he did not fully believe these words.

"Let's talk about that later. So what's the quick method of ascending floors you were talking about?"

"Please take a seat, let me explain slowly. We have plenty of time at the moment; there's no rush, is there?" Wang Shan said with a smile.

Yang Jian casually sat down and said, "Indeed, tonight we have plenty of time to talk."

Wang Shan seemed to be organizing his thoughts for a moment, then he began, "The task of a messenger may seem to be just delivering letters, but in fact, there are many unspoken rules that are not explained. These unspoken rules are like hidden loopholes, waiting for each messenger to discover and try. Such attempts require boldness and the risk of great danger."

"Take tearing up letters, for example. The post office doesn't explicitly state that you can tear up letters, but some people have done it and still survived. Consequently, such an unspoken rule has been passed down among messengers."

"However, that's just one of the unspoken rules."

Yang Jian nodded and said, "Makes sense, go on."

"In the time that I've been a messenger, I've carefully reasoned and studied, and I've found a loophole in climbing floors. Well, it's not exactly a loophole; it's a rather special method of ascending. Ordinary people can't do it—they would die horribly. Only those who are special have the ability to do it."

Wang Shan was very calm; this mature composure did not match his young age at all.

"All messengers know that after delivering their third letter, everyone moves up a floor. But with each floor, newcomers join, and this creates a strange phenomenon. Some have already delivered two letters, while others haven't delivered a single one. This discrepancy leads to the phenomenon of newcomers and veterans staying on the same floor."

"At first, I thought it was so that veterans could guide newcomers, increasing their survival rates and avoiding detours. Later, I changed my mind."

"The post office isn't so humanitarian as to care about a newcomer's fate, so I believe this situation is designed to allow newcomers to rise more quickly."

"Therefore, moving up isn't about the number of letters delivered, but the key letter for ascending."
Wang Shan said earnestly: "The third letter in everyone's hands is the one for climbing floors. If you can

snatch it and deliver it yourself, and succeed, then there's a good chance you'll replace the original messenger and move up successfully."

"As a consequence, the original messenger may have their delivery count reset to zero and need to start over, delivering three more letters."

Yang Jian looked at him and asked in a deep voice, "That's an interesting guess. Do you have any evidence?"

"No," Wang Shan shook his head with a smile: "But I want to bet on it, bet that you guys can ascend. Soon, I'll be dispatched the third letter, which I could give to you. Wan Xing also has his third letter, which you could snatch. As for that woman named Qian Rong, she's only delivered one letter and isn't a suitable target."

"You're saying that among the three of us, two can obtain that ascending letter and move to the upper floor?" Yang Jian said.

"Yes," Wang Shan nodded.

Yang Jian followed up, "Are you content with giving away your own letter for ascending?"

Wang Shan gave a bitter smile, "It's the best way. Even if I reach the second floor, what then? I have to continue delivering letters anyway. Carrying on this way will definitely lead to a terrible death. So, I have to place all my bets on you guys, betting that when you leave, you might have a way to take me with you."

"This is an unequal trade. All I can trust is your word. If you ignore me, there's nothing I can do about it."

His words came across as rather miserable.

But the fact was that he was just an ordinary person. After carefully calculating, he felt that his chances of surviving all the way to the fifth floor were too slim. The appearance of Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and Li Yang could be a pivotal opportunity.

Uncertain factors can always bring uncertain changes.

Wang Shan was betting on this kind of uncertainty.

"You're a smart man, much smarter than many others. Honestly, I appreciate your ability to face reality; I've met many people, and frankly, most of them aren't nearly as clear-headed as you," Yang Jian said. "Alright, I promise you, if there is a chance, I will take you out with me."

"Thank you, Captain Yang," Wang Shan said gratefully.

"Let's pause our conversation, I want to say something. Has this room always been like this?" Suddenly, Sun Rui pointed towards the direction of the door.

At this moment, darkness from outside the door seeped in, affecting nearly half of the living room as if it was shrouded in a layer of shadow. Moreover, the darkness was intensifying, and the nearby lights kept dimming.

It felt as though there was something outside influencing all of this.

"No, there has never been such a phenomenon before," Wang Shan's face changed dramatically. "It's just not right today. Indeed, one room can only accommodate one person, and too many people will cause some terrible abnormalities to occur."

"Quiet."

Yang Jian suddenly whispered sternly.

Immediately, Wang Shan stopped talking, saying no more.

Sun Rui and Li Yang also stared fixedly at the wooden door.

Without conversation, the surrounding area became silent all of a sudden, without a single noise.

"Thud, thud, thud!"

Suddenly, outside the door, in the ground-floor post office lobby, the sound of footsteps, faint yet distinguishable, emerged. These heavy steps echoed in the darkness outside, gradually approaching closer and the sound grew clearer as the distance shrank.

A set of footsteps echoing in the darkness?

Everyone's heart grew tense.

"It's a ghost," Yang Jian said with a calm face and in a suppressed voice.

"This place is really cursed," Sun Rui muttered under his breath.

Li Yang became extremely nervous: "What should we do now?"

"Don't panic, it might not be headed for us," Yang Jian gestured, and instead of retreating, he approached the door.

Wang Shan, on the side, was sweating profusely. Being just an ordinary person, he was very aware that once targeted by a ghost, death was certain. Therefore, he dared not move rashly, biting his lip and forcing himself to overcome the fear and calm down.

After all, there were three responsible people here.

The sound of footsteps outside became clearer.

Based on the sound, one could determine that whatever it was, it was located in the corridor outside the door. The corridor wasn't large, and with a little mental calculation, one could figure that the footsteps should be around the area of rooms one and two.

Yet the footsteps showed no sign of stopping.

It should now be at room three, room four.

"It's reached room five," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, looking towards the direction from which the footsteps were coming.

The heavy footsteps still showed no sign of stopping.

Room six.

Very close, extremely close now.

It was next door, but the room next door should be unoccupied.

Room six is empty; Wan Xing and Qian Rong are staying in rooms one and three.

"Captain Yang, it looks like it's coming for us," Sun Rui leaned on his cane, narrowing his eyes, his expression extremely solemn.

Can we outfight it?

He was uncertain in his heart, unable to estimate since the ghost outside was completely unknown, and one couldn't judge its level and degree of danger.

It might be weak, or it might be terribly vicious.

"It's stopped."

All of a sudden.

The footsteps outside the door halted, and at that moment Yang Jian could clearly feel that there was something standing right behind that wooden door.

But due to the influence of the environment outside, even an attempt to peer through the door gap failed to reveal what that something was.

Yang Jian had already opened his Ghost Eye.

Inside this Ghost Post Office, his Ghost Eye was suppressed, unless he activated the fifth level of Ghost Domain.

But he hadn't done so.

"The vision of the Ghost Eye is obstructed, it can't see through that door. Indeed, this place is the same as the Caesar Hotel, all the buildings are special, and the Ghost Eye can't see through them," Yang Jian thought to himself. He then signaled, "If that thing wants to attack us, we will confront it head-on. After all, it's very difficult to escape once a ghost has targeted us."

But no sooner had he finished speaking.

An incredible event caused Yang Jian's hair to stand on end instantly, and a chilling horror surged from the depths of his heart.

"Knock, knock, knock."

A heavy, muffled knocking sounded.

This sound was familiar.

Without a doubt.

It was the murder method of the Door Knocking Ghost.

Killing by knocking.

"How is that possible?" Yang Jian's mind was filled with disbelief.

The Door Knocking Ghost had clearly been imprisoned by him personally and was currently being held in Dachang City. How could the Ghost Door Knocker still appear?

Ever since ghosts appeared in this world, there had not been two of the same kind.

"Wait, this isn't the murderous knock. No one inside the room has been attacked by the knocking..."
Yang Jian suddenly realized.

Even Wang Shan, who was just an ordinary person, was still alive.

This was enough to prove that this deadly knocking sound was not the kind he was familiar with.

So what did this knocking sound, identical to the Door Knocking Ghost's, signify?

Chapter 775

Undoubtedly, there was a ghost standing behind the old wooden door mounted on the dilapidated wall, separated from the living inside the room by merely a wall.

Moreover, the most unsettling part was that the ghost was actually knocking on the door.

"Thump, thump-thump!"

The dull, oppressive sound of the knocks seemed to drift in with the darkness outside, and this knocking was all too familiar to Yang Jian.

Without question, these were the knocking sounds of the Door Knocking Ghost.

But...

After the sound of knocking, no one in the room died, not even Wang Shan, who was just a regular person. This was clearly abnormal because ordinarily, someone should die after the knockings, and while a ghost manipulator might withstand one knock, an ordinary person would have no reason to survive this almost certain death rule.

So, this wasn't knock-to-kill.

If the knocking wasn't to kill, what was it for?

Yang Jian's expression changed as he stared intently at the timeworn wooden door.

Whether it was due to some supernatural influence or not, at this moment, the dim and yellowish chandelier in the living room suddenly went out, plunging the already dark place into even deeper darkness. Had it not been for the light from the bedroom and the bathroom shining through, they would have been unable to see their hands in front of them.

"Thump, thump-thump!"

As everyone was briefly lost in thought and startled, the ghost outside seemed to have no intention of stopping, and a second knocking sound began, with the same rhythm, the same manner of knocking.

The sound echoed through the living room, reaching everyone's ears.

Even though it was the same as before, the second round of knocking made Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Sun Rui—the ghost manipulators—feel a threat of death.

Something terrible was about to happen.

If left unchecked, everyone in the room might die tonight.

Despite the rising sense of crisis, nothing happened when the second knocking sound echoed; no one died, and no one was attacked.

Yet there were indeed changes happening in the room.

At some point, the light in the bathroom went out.

The illumination around them dimmed once more.

Now, only the bedroom light remained on. The yellow glow was cast obliquely into the living room, adding a faint sense of security to this eerie environment.

Yang Jian noted this change. His mind raced as he swiftly looked toward the direction of the bathroom and then up at the extinguished ceiling lamp.

Two knocks, two extinguished lamps in Room No. 7?

This was no coincidence but a rule, a pattern in the ghost's method of killing.

"We can't just sit here and wait. Let's just open the door and face whatever's out there head-on. If the three of us work together, we might not be completely outmatched. Just suppress it from the front. If we succeed, we can contain the ghost right here and save ourselves the trouble," Sun Rui's face showed a determined look.

He wasn't the type to sit back and await his fate. In times of crisis, he chose to take proactive action.

"Yang, what should we do?" Li Yang didn't act rashly. He knew that as a novice, he still had much to learn.

In both discernment and agility, he was far behind top-tier ghost manipulators like Yang Jian.

It wasn't a matter of age but of personal skill and experience.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly: "We can't open the door, we must not. I suspect this ghost doesn't just have one method of killing but possibly two, or even three—knocking sounds, the encroaching darkness of the room, footsteps outside, lights going out inside... These phenomena aren't just happening without reason."

"Furthermore, if the ghost really wanted to come in, such a door wouldn't stop it."

How frail is an old wooden door?

Yang Jian reckoned he could kick it down with one kick.

When he encountered the Door Knocking Ghost at school, it had stood at the doorway to the classroom, which didn't even have its door closed.

So the door wasn't important.

What mattered was the terror represented by the knocking behind it.

"Li Yang, block the door."

After a brief exchange, Yang Jian immediately made a decision and began to take action.

"Okay," Li Yang said without a second thought, gritted his teeth, ran forward a few steps, and slammed heavily against the door, using his body to block it.

Actually, there was no need to block the door at that time.

Because the ghost had no intention of entering, generally, the Door-blocking Ghost's ability was used to prevent a ghost from chasing out of a room, not for this kind of situation.

"Thump, thump-thump."

As Li Yang made contact with the aged wooden door, the third knock resounded.

"Fizz! Fizz!"

In the bedroom, the last hanging lamp that was still on began to flicker, dimming almost to the point of going out before brightening again, this time even more so than before.

The fluctuation of the light filled the entire room with an indescribable eeriness.

But in the end, the lamp did not go out.

On the contrary, with Li Yang blocking the door, the light in the bathroom that had been extinguished also came back on, and the living room's chandelier also flickered briefly, regaining its light. Although it remained dim and yellowish, it was much better than before.

...

"The lights are on again?" Wang Shan, being an ordinary person, also noticed this detail.

"Is it blocking the appearance of the ghost?"

After that, his tense nerves slightly relaxed, but his gaze remained anxiously on Li Yang, who was blocking the wooden door.

People cannot block ghosts.

But this person could.

Indeed, each of these three leaders was extraordinary, possessing the ability to face fierce ghosts directly. That person named Sun Rui was even thinking about opening the door to confront the ghost head-on?

This was certainly not reckless, but rather this person might truly have that kind of ability.

If that were the case, just how powerful would Yang Jian, the team captain, be?

Wang Shan pondered quietly to himself.

However, the fact that he could still be lost in thought at this time showed that his mental fortitude was also very strong. If it were an ordinary person, by now their mind would have ceased to work, filled only with fear and despair.

"Captain Yang, something is not right." Suddenly, Li Yang, who was responsible for blocking the door, shouted out.

Sun Rui noticed the change; "The doorknob is moving, the door is shaking... Damn, the ghost wants to come in, it is trying to open this door."

The doorknob on the old wooden door was shaking violently, and from outside the door, a tremendous force was transmitted, as if it wanted to smash the door open. Although it made no sound of impact, the wooden door had already eerily deformed, showing a concave arc bending inward into the room.

The arc was significant, as if the door was about to fall off the wall.

Yet, despite the door twisting to such an extent, it still did not fracture or break.

A certain supernatural power was maintaining this inconceivable phenomenon, continuing to resist.

Ghost Door Blocker.

This was the ghost controlled by Li Yang. As long as he touched the door, it would be impossible for anyone to open it, not even a top-tier ghost master like Yang Jian could break it down.

Moreover, it did more than just block the door; it also isolated anything supernatural.

The darkness in the room dispersed, and the light coming on again was the best proof.

Some terrible event that was about to happen had been forcefully stopped by Li Yang's door-blocking, but after three knocks, with no deaths in the room, the ghost had not left and was instead trying to enter.

"So, knocking is one sort of murderous rule, and opening the door is another?" Yang Jian wondered to himself slightly.

"The door absolutely cannot be opened."

Looking at the distorted wooden door, Yang Jian's feet were motionless, but the Headless Ghost Shadow behind him had stood up and taken a few steps forward.

The Ghost Shadow appeared on the door like a reflection, making a stand, beginning to resist the ghost that was about to open the door.

The deformed concave door was still shaking violently, but due to the Ghost Shadow's presence, the pressure on Li Yang decreased significantly, and the door regained some normalcy. The severity of the shaking also lessened.

But the ghost outside had not retreated.

It was still trying to come in.

At this moment, Li Yang's complexion was dim and blackening, in an obvious state of discomfort. Every silent impact and twist coming from the wooden door felt as if it would shatter his body, tearing his limbs apart.

If the Door-blocking Ghost failed to prevent the external ghost from invading, he would die instantly.

This was because his body had already been invaded by the ghost. If the ghost were suppressed, his physical functions could not be maintained, and death would be inevitable.

This was the drawback of a ghost master—needing a ghost to sustain life.

"Click, click."

Li Yang faintly heard sounds of something cracking near his ear. At first, he thought his own body was breaking apart, but he soon realized it wasn't.

It was like an invisible layer enshrouding his body was shattering.

As fragile as a piece of porcelain.

At the same time.

In a restaurant room near the unfinished building in Dahan City.

A piece of porcelain hidden in a secret corner of the hotel room was cracking continuously, with the fractures spreading along its surface—although not rapidly, the piece would ultimately shatter if this continued.

"Captain Yang, this can't go on, we can't keep contending with the ghost indefinitely," Li Yang called out.

He knew Yang Jian had already made a move.

The tall, dark shadow crouched on the door was proof.

"This place suppresses my Ghost Domain, so I have to grit my teeth and go for it," Yang Jian said with a cold face as he took off his left glove.

A blackened, rigid dead man's hand emerged.

This was his Ghost Hand.

But inside the post office, the four-layer Ghost Domain was suppressed, and the Ghost Hand was only capable of invading the three-layer Ghost Domain, so it was impossible to attack the ghost outside while standing here.

The only way was to make contact in person.

Yang Jian did not hesitate; he walked over quickly, glancing, "Sun Rui, join me in making a move. The suppression must reach its maximum at the same time, or it could easily go wrong."

"No problem," Sun Rui said, squinting his eyes. Although he stood motionless with his cane, he was ready to act.

...

Ghostmasters do not necessarily need to make noticeable movements when they act.

Yang Jian arrived at the warped wooden door.

The curvature of the wooden door formed a gap of about seven or eight centimeters, which was relatively small. At its most distorted peak, it had extended to at least twenty centimeters, which was simply unbelievable because the door would have already broken under such strain.

Through the gap, Yang Jian saw darkness.

Within the darkness, there seemed to be a vague and terrifying figure, yet it also seemed like there was none.

It was impossible to see clearly.

Knowing full well that a ghost stood outside the door, Yang Jian still stretched his hand through the warped door slit, roughly where the doorknob was.

A ghost hand only needs to touch to exert suppressive force.

It could at least instantly disable a ghost's ability to move, even if the ghost was highly complete in its formation, the ghost hand could still suppress it in part.

Yang Jian's ghost hand probed into the darkness, using the position of the doorknob inside as a reference, reaching towards that spot.

Very quickly.

He touched the old doorknob, but at the same time, he touched something else.

A dry, cold, rigid palm.

That palm rested on the doorknob outside the door, and Yang Jian could even feel the long nails on that palm and the raised knuckles between the fingers.

The hand was large and eerie.

Yang Jian couldn't help but think this.

Because he felt that hand's fingers were much longer than those of a normal person.

At the moment of contact between the ghost hand and the ghost outside, Sun Rui also sensed this critical opportunity.

"Cough, cough cough."

He coughed violently like a person on the brink of death, what was chilling was that his cough had an echo. It was clear that only one person was coughing, yet the room resounded with another coughing sound, overlapping with Sun Rui's but not entirely, there was a slight difference.

It was precisely because of this that it felt especially haunting.

At the instant the coughing arose.

It was as if the suppression exceeded the limit the ghost outside the door could bear.

Suddenly.

The strange palm Yang Jian had touched quickly retracted, leaving the door handle.

The vibrating warped door also calmed down immediately at this moment.

"Bang!"

The dented door returned to normal, and with a loud noise, it slammed shut fiercely.

Yang Jian did not manage to withdraw his hand in time, his arm was caught by the closing door, and with a snap, the bones broke, stuck in the door.

Agony surged through him, and Yang Jian's mouth twitched fiercely.

"Yang leader?" Li Yang's face changed, and he quickly spoke.

"It's nothing, just a broken arm," Yang Jian said calmly, he hissed to signal silence.

At this moment,

The footsteps outside the door started up again.

The sound of the footsteps had changed, it seemed as if the ghost was turning to leave, the dull footsteps gradually moved away, starting to leave the vicinity of the great door.

"Is the ghost leaving?"

Wang Shan's eyes widened in shock.

Had the three people, in unison, forcefully repelled the terrifying ghost that roamed the post office?

And even stopped it from entering the door?

"Cough, cough cough." As the ghost departed, there seemed to be a faint cough drifting through the post office hall.

Was the ghost coughing?

Sun Rui squinted, looking significantly more ill, his already deathly pale complexion turned even worse.

At this point,

The room was exceptionally quiet, none of the four people spoke, all were listening to the departing footsteps.

There was no doubt about the confrontation just now, the ghost inside the post office was terrifying.

So terrifying that it required three Ghostmasters to take action in order to push it back openly.

Although no one had exerted their full strength, the collision had already confirmed that this ghost was extremely dangerous—if they were to set up a profile, its level would certainly be A.

As the footsteps outside gradually faded away and completely disappeared, everyone finally began to breathe a little easier.

The post office outside was quiet enough to be terrifying, but the danger had left, and the darkness that tried to invade the room had dissipated.

The yellowed chandelier in the living room was not very bright, but it also had no risk of going out anymore.

After a good while, everyone dared to conclude.

The ghost that roamed the post office had truly left, not even remaining on this floor, and where it went was not important. What mattered was that the danger had been lifted.

Only after Yang Jian was sure that the situation was normal did he slightly open the door to retrieve his severed arm.

"Broken? Needs some treatment, but I've arranged for an ambulance on standby outside. Hold on for now, Captain Yang. It seems we won't be leaving tonight. It's too dangerous outside with ghosts wandering about. We'll have to wait till morning for treatment," Sun Rui said, glancing at the broken arm.

Wang Shan hesitated for a moment and then spoke, "I know some first aid, I can help set your bones, and I have some medical supplies in my room..."

"No need, I am not that fragile," Yang Jian said calmly.

Then, under the gaze of the others, his broken arm began to move on its own as if influenced by some unknown supernatural power, and it reattached itself, returning to normal.

He moved his fingers and flexed his arm. The join was still perfect.

Seeing this, Sun Rui was visibly taken aback. He recalled something Yang Jian had previously told him, which he had thought was a joke. Now it seemed to be true.

Could Yang Jian possess the ability to reattach his body?

"Incredible," Sun Rui exclaimed.

This ability was very useful; it could broadly maintain body functions to prevent severe deterioration after being infected by a ghost.

No wonder Yang Jian appeared to be in such good shape.

"This can't be considered a normal living person anymore, one more bizarre than the next."

Wang Shan fell silent at this moment, witnessing how terrifying the people within the Supernatural Circle could be for the first time.

"Captain Yang, what is the ghost's pattern of killing? Do you have any clue? If we encounter it again, it will be a very troublesome matter," Li Yang asked seriously at this moment.

Sun Rui touched his cane and said, "Without a doubt, opening doors is key. The ghost was so eager to open the door that it bent it like that just now, clearly one of the attack patterns. So, Captain Yang, when you blocked the door, it was a direct confrontation with the ghost's attack, and as you saw, the three of us joined forces and successfully blocked this assault."

"So, next time we encounter that ghostly thing, we must not let it open the door."

"But, I think this ghost is terrifying. There must be more than one trigger for its killing pattern; otherwise, there would be no need to knock before opening doors. This suggests that the knocking is also part of the murder pattern, though it's unclear why it stopped knocking after three times."

Yang Jian glanced over and said, "Your observation is sharp, to guess that there are at least two murder patterns with the ghost outside."

"Heh, after all the time I've spent observing, I should be able to figure out some things, otherwise, I wouldn't deserve to be the leader," Sun Rui laughed.

After a moment of silence, Yang Jian said, "I speculate it's to do with the lights in the room. The first knock, the living room light went out. The second knock, the bathroom light went out. The third knock, the light in the room flickered and was about to go out."

"But Li Yang blocked the door, isolating the supernatural, so the light in the room didn't go out."

"In this room, there are just three lights, corresponding to the three knocks. So, I have reason to suspect that the ghost outside was following a pattern of knocking out the lights, and as soon as a light goes out, the people inside the house are likely all dead."

"As people die like extinguished lights, this is a form of certain-death killing method."

Li Yang exclaimed, "Makes sense, which is why the post office turns off its lights after six o'clock every evening. The lights go out from the first to the fifth floor, and any messenger who hasn't returned to their room dies because the only lights on in the post office are in the rooms."

Sun Rui then asked, "You're Wang Shan, right? Does this room have any light switches?"

Wang Shan said, "There aren't any. The bathroom, the room, the living room—none have light switches. I checked several times already, and I can confirm, but the lights in the room always turn on automatically at six in the evening and go out at six in the morning."

"That's it, no light switches mean the lights aren't controllable by the occupants," Sun Rui nodded; "Captain Yang's analysis is correct."

"Knocking out the lights is the second attack pattern."

"So, this ghost has two ways of killing—killing by turning off the lights and by opening doors. Given the danger level of this ghost, they should both be instant death triggers with no chance of survival."

Thinking this, Sun Rui couldn't help touching his forehead, "It's truly frightening. We were almost wiped out."

"Indeed terrifying, but that's not the most terrifying part. If the Door Knocking Ghost were still here..." Yang Jian said, squinting his eyes.

If the Door Knocking Ghost was still inside the post office and wandered together with the other ghost, it would be an insolvable death trap, with the terror level straight to S-grade, an Unsolvable Level supernatural event.

Death on knocking, death on light out, death on door opening.

Now that the Door Knocking Ghost was gone, as long as the door was blocked and the supernatural was isolated to prevent the lights from going out, there was still a way to survive.

"Luckily, this time Captain Yang brought Li Yang over. He's very suitable for dealing with the murderous ghosts with patterns," Sun Rui said.

Wang Shan watched as these few people analyzed, his pupils slightly contracting.

Were these people all monsters?

To withstand the ghost's attack and then quickly analyze its killing method afterward was no mere speculation, but linking together various subtle changes logically and reasonably.

The ghost was being progressively decoded...

"So, under these circumstances, how should we handle the ghost?" Sun Rui tapped his cane, looking towards Yang Jian.

Upon hearing this, Wang Shan was even more startled.

What a joke, were these people actually planning to deal with the ghost that had just left?

Am I really from the same world as them?

The gap... is too vast.

And it's not something that can be bridged by effort alone.

Chapter 776 Red Letter

Night had fallen, and the moment of immediate crisis had passed.

The ghosts that loitered inside the post office hadn't shown up again after their failed attack—an encouraging sign. At least they weren't constantly watching them; otherwise, the cost would have been much more than a single attempt.

Three people sat on the sofa in Room No. 7, each deep in thought.

Wang Shan, an ordinary person, didn't dare to join in on such a topic and remained silent in the room.

"To imprison this ghost is very difficult. First, we can't possibly go out after six in the evening. No one can be sure whether this will trigger the deadly rule of lights out; it's quite possible that the moment we step outside, we could be dead. Therefore, we can't take that risk," Yang Jian answered Sun Rui's earlier question.

"Since we can't go out at night, we can only act during the day when the lights inside the post office are on, using this rule to avoid death by the lights being turned off."

"But the problem is, ghosts won't appear during the day."

Li Yang immediately added, "So, it seems we can only find and detain the ghost during daylight. At night, it's impossible to deal with the ghost."

"The ghost isn't on the first floor. It might be on the second or third, or even as high as the fifth," Yang Jian spoke calmly. "It is hiding somewhere in this post office, but I personally speculate that it's most likely on the fifth floor."

The old man known as the Door Knocking Ghost had died falling from the fifth floor before.

This was a clue.

It suggested that the secret lay within the fifth floor of the post office.

The ghost might have wandered down from the fifth floor; it was just their bad luck on the first floor, or perhaps to the post office, they were regarded as invaders, hence the ghost targeted them.

Sun Rui pondered, "Indeed, to detain this ghost, we need to locate it during the day. But the post office is large, with thirty-five rooms, and each floor is segmented from the others. It's not something we can do easily, going up or down; the difficulty of imprisonment is great."

"At night we are at a disadvantage, as if bravely withstanding the ghost's method of killing. We'd suffer too much, and it could easily lead to a team wipeout."

"Going upstairs is key," said Yang Jian. "For now, the ghost can be disregarded; it can't handle all three of us."

"But going upstairs requires sending letters. The three letters alone are not enough. Only Wang Shan and Wan Xing from another room have two letters, indicating that once we reach the second floor, we will be forced to split up," Sun Rui added.

Yang Jian then looked around the room, "Wang Shan, is there no other way to go upstairs apart from this method?"

Wang Shan in the room hurriedly replied, "There might be, but the only method I know that's more reasonable and faster is stealing letters. The messengers upstairs should know more than me—they might have a better way."

The task of sending letters seems simple, yet it's filled with various eerie changes.

It's up to the messengers themselves to uncover these mysteries.

Some insights, gleaned through experience, are passed down by word of mouth among messengers, whereas others remain undiscovered.

"The messengers on the first floor have sent too few letters, and being mostly newcomers with a high mortality rate, the information they get is indeed limited. Even if there is some information, it's quickly taken upstairs and unlikely to remain. Therefore, the older messengers who have survived longer know much more. To truly understand and find shortcuts, we must go upstairs," Yang Jian conjectured, shaking his head slightly.

He felt he couldn't afford to waste time staying on the first floor; he at least had to see what the second floor was like.

After all, the second floor was occupied by those who had successfully delivered letters at least three times, moving beyond the category of newcomers.

"Let's leave it here for today. We'll see how things are tomorrow; none of us should sleep tonight. Who knows if the ghosts roaming around the post office will reappear," Yang Jian continued.

"That's true. The post office is somewhat safer during the day. It's too dangerous at night; we can't do anything but stay in our room," Sun Rui sighed and said.

Outside was pitch-dark, and with ghosts wandering about, who would dare to go out?

In the following period, the three of them sat idly in room number seven, each of them not daring to rest, needing to keep an ear out for any sounds outside the door.

No one could be sure whether the ghost that had failed its attack and left just now would attack a second time.

However, during his spare time, Yang Jian also took the chance to explore the room a bit to see if he could discover any clues or anything unusual.

"Captain Yang, this room is very normal, so normal it's almost inconceivable. There's nothing strange about it, which is in itself the strangest thing, because normally, after the previous messenger stayed here, they would leave something behind. Accumulating over time, it's impossible for there to be no trace at all."

Wang Shan hadn't slept either; watching Yang Jian wander around the room, he spoke up, "When I first came here, I had the same idea as you, Captain Yang, to see if I could find any clues. But, unfortunately."

"There are no clues, the room is very clean, as if not a single human trace has been left behind."

"Can't make sense of it, can you?" Yang Jian stopped, looked at him and said, "Now that you mention it, I pretty much understand the characteristics of this room."

"It's a kind of restart mechanism, at a certain specific time, or perhaps when the person staying in the room dies, the room will reset to a certain moment in the past, and any traces left by other people will be completely erased. So no matter what the people before us left behind, the room won't keep it."

"So that's how it is." Wang Shan pondered and felt that this explanation made a lot of sense.

Yang Jian then said, "It seems I don't need to waste any more time, and just wait peacefully for daylight. When will your third letter probably come out?"

"Maybe tomorrow, maybe the day after, within these two days. It's precisely because the letter is coming soon that I came to this post office ahead of time. But it's said that the messengers upstairs can come back to the post office anytime and anywhere, unlike us who are forced to appear here," Wang Shan said.

"Good, I hope to see your letter tomorrow."

Having said this, he didn't continue his search and simply sat on the sofa in the living room, closed his eyes, and started to rest.

Li Yang, on the other hand, was very bold; he leaned directly against the wooden door, always on guard for the appearance of ghosts.

Sun Rui didn't speak but was holding a notebook, recording something unknown, perhaps establishing a file or analyzing the entire situation; in any case, he wasn't idle either.

Time passed bit by bit.

The post office was so quiet there wasn't a single noise, and the three of them sat in different places without speaking a word.

The night was long and arduous, but it would eventually pass.

Twelve hours went by.

At six o'clock in the morning.

The darkness in the post office dissipated, light seeped in from outside the door, and at the same time, the room's lights turned off very punctually.

As the lights went out.

Everyone in the room was simultaneously startled, fearful of some unforeseen accident occurring.

But then they realized it was dawn, and the reason for the automatic lights turning off inside the room was part of the normal changes within the post office and posed no danger.

"Time's up," said Yang Jian, who had been sitting with eyes closed on the sofa, now speaking up.

He hadn't slept, just tried to conserve as much energy and remain as cautious as possible.

Even though he could go several days without eating, drinking, or sleeping, in such a special environment, he still needed to be sparing and meticulous.

"Li Yang, open the door; let's go out and take a look." Sun Rui slowly stood up, supporting himself on a golden palm as he walked forward.

"I leaned against the door all night long and didn't sense any danger; the ghost shouldn't appear on the first floor anymore." Li Yang nodded and took the initiative to open the door.

Though it was daytime, the inside of the post office wasn't much different from the night. It was still dimly lit; the only difference was that the lights were on during the day, so it seemed slightly less oppressive and dark.

They all walked out.

Nothing had changed; the post office was exactly the same as when they had arrived the day before.

Yang Jian glanced back at the wooden door.

There were a few fine scratches on the doorknob, marks left by fingernails that had yet to disappear.

There was no doubt these were caused by the ghost hastily retracting its hand the night before.

The ghost had inflicted some damage to the wooden door.

That was unusual.

Keep in mind, the door had been twisted out of shape the night before but hadn't shattered. Things in this place resided because of the supernatural and weren't easily destroyed.

"Creak!"

The sound of doors opening came as the doors of the two adjacent rooms opened as well.

The emaciated man named Wan Xing touched his bruised face, his complexion sour as he stepped out. When he saw Yang Jian and the rest, he paused then quickly averted his gaze in fear.

At the first-door entrance, a woman named Qian Rong looked haggard and at a loss, standing at the doorstep. She was lonely and helpless, seemingly having given up all hope.

That's because she used to depend a bit on Wan Xing, dating each other, helping one another.

But with Yang Jian's arrival, Wan Xing had become unreliable, and these few people were even more dangerous; she didn't dare approach them, fearing she might meet an untimely death.

"Did you receive any letters?" At that moment, Wang Shan finally walked out of his room and asked.

"No, no letters," Wan Xing replied reluctantly, responding hastily under Yang Jian's gaze.

Qian Rong also replied, "I haven't received any either."

"Team Leader Yang, something strange is happening. Normally, there would be letters in the morning, but none of us three has received a single letter today," Wang Shan frowned, "This is different from before."

"Where do the letters generally appear?" Yang Jian inquired.

Wang Shan explained, "Typically, they can be found in three places: on the nightstand inside the post office rooms, pinned to the doors of the rooms we stay in, and there is one more place... the counter."

"Different locations suggest different methods of delivering the letters. Letters on the nightstand are personal tasks, letters on the doors are tasks for all the messengers in that room, and as for the letters on the counter, I can't judge, but I assume they are tasks for all the messengers on that floor."

"Similar to this, the three methods of delivering letters also increase in danger accordingly. This is something I've gathered from interacting with the messengers upstairs."

"The counter is over there."

Sun Rui's gaze shifted as he looked toward an old counter set in the lobby.

The counter was vintage, covered in dust, clearly having not been wiped for a long time.

But unexpectedly, an unsealed envelope, neatly arranged, had found its way onto it at some unknown time.

However, what was different this time was that the envelope was not the yellow kind Yang Jian had encountered before, but rather a blood-red one.

This was a red-letter envelope.

Yang Jian also noticed the noticeably distinct red letter on the counter.

"A red letter?" Wang Shan was taken aback.

He had never encountered such a situation before. In the previous two deliveries and what he had learned from others, there had never been any mention of red letters.

Though he was witnessing it for the first time, it was clear that since the letter was placed on the counter, it meant that it was a task for all the messengers on the floor to act together.

And the red envelope obviously hinted at something unusual.

"The difficulty of delivering the letter has increased," Wang Shan immediately thought.

Yang Jian walked over, staring at the red letter in front of him, "There's no writing on it, not even an address. How can we deliver it?"

"The address should appear once you pick up the letter, but the way it appears is a bit special," Wang Shan hurried over and cautioned.

Yang Jian reached out to take it, but Sun Rui interjected, "This could be a curse; it's better not to touch it. I think we should just leave it here and ignore it."

"Please, don't do that. If we don't take the envelope today, by tonight, everyone on the first floor might die."

Wang Shan promptly warned, "I've seen newcomers refuse to deliver letters, but the next day, I found one of them dead on his bed, clutching the letter tightly, his face twisted in horror... The cost of refusing to deliver a letter is even greater than that of tearing it up. If you're unsure, you can tear up the envelope."

"But I've never seen this red letter before, and I don't know what the cost of tearing it would be. Perhaps it would directly kill everyone on the first floor, or perhaps it would summon an even more terrifying ghost."

Sun Rui stroked his chin, "Sounds like a lot of trouble."

"Don't worry, even if it's a curse, I can bear it alone," Yang Jian declared undeterred, extending his left hand to pick up the red letter.

As soon as the letter was picked up,

A cold breeze arose from the counter, blowing away the dust and revealing a crooked line of writing that formed a sentence.

It was an address denoting a strange and foreign location.

Deliver the letter to the owner of Fushou Garden No. 78.

Deadline: Seven days.

Clearly, it was a messenger's task.

While there was no specific recipient named, nor were the consequences of failure outlined, and of course, no reward was mentioned,

It was simply a straightforward letter delivery task.

However, everyone there—Wang Shan, Wan Xing, and Qian Rong—knew that if the letter wasn't delivered successfully, it would surely lead to death.

The cost was simple and didn't even need to be explicitly stated.

As for the reward... since there was no precedence, no one knew what to expect.

Chapter 777 Address

"This letter is very special."

The red letter in hand gave off an unsettling feeling, and Yang Jian could feel the eerie aura emanating from it.

"Maybe we shouldn't deliver this letter; it feels like it might be a trap. Let's just tear it up. They couldn't take us down last night, what makes them think they can kill us by tearing up a letter?" Sun Rui came over, leaning on his cane, speaking with a lot of confidence.

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "Maybe tearing it up is the trap?"

"Uh... that actually makes sense." Sun Rui hesitated.

"Captain, so do we deliver it or not?" Li Yang asked.

Wan Xing and Qian Rong, who were standing by, broke out in cold sweats listening to their conversation—the thought of tearing up the letter and refusing to deliver this red letter.

Perhaps they would be unharmed, but others might end up dead because this courier task was a collective mission for the couriers on the first floor.

However, in the presence of Yang Jian and the rest, they hardly had any say in deciding whether the red letter should be delivered or not.

At that moment, Yang Jian was also pondering and hesitating.

The key to the assessment was simple: whether he could bear the consequences of tearing up the letter.

If he could bear it,

then tearing up the red letter was undoubtedly the best choice.

But if the cost was too great, delivering the letter was also an option. After all, with their abilities, delivering a letter was an easy task, and their chances of success were much higher than those of ordinary people.

"There's no need to provoke a malicious spirit's attack by tearing up the letter. The difficulty of delivering it isn't that great, at least not for me," Yang Jian said with a flicker in his eyes. "If a ghost does appear during the mission, we should first determine the level of danger it presents before deciding whether to continue. We should prioritize safety."

"Even though the three of us are very strong together, we can't just act recklessly."

Sun Rui said, "So have we decided to deliver the letter?"

"Of course. At the same time, I want to ascertain whether delivering the letter will indeed trigger supernatural events, and thus determine whether the couriers' job is to aid malevolent spirits or to

suppress supernatural occurrences... If it's the latter, all's well, but if it's the former, then there's no need for couriers to exist in this post office," Yang Jian said, his eyes harboring a hint of murderous intent. "I won't allow this world to be one where people are living by doing the bidding of ghosts."

"You make a lot of sense; you've thought this through more than I have. Since that's the case, I'll accompany Captain Yang to deliver this letter," Sun Rui nodded in agreement.

It was indeed essential to determine the nature of the Ghost Post Office,

since it would influence the direction of their next moves, and going upstairs was also something that had to be done.

"However, there's no signal here; I can't check where this address is. We need to go outside to confirm that," Sun Rui shook his head as he looked at the distorted letters formed by dust on the counter.

Fushou Garden?

What kind of place was that? It sounded like a garden in Jiangnan.

It also resembled the name of a scenic spot.

"Now that we've decided, let's not waste any more time. Let's set off and try to settle this letter within a day. We'll leave the post office matters aside for now, and after completing the delivery, we'll be better

positioned to uncover the secrets of this place once we get to the second floor," Yang Jian decided to take action immediately.

Sun Rui and Li Yang nodded.

With the letter in hand, the three of them immediately walked towards the post office's main doors, ready to leave the place.

Wang Shan, Wan Xing, and the woman named Qian Rong looked at each other at that moment, unsure of what to do.

Should they follow, or should they not get involved?

"Captain Yang, this matter concerns me too, I have to go," Wang Shan said through gritted teeth, deciding to follow.

"Wan Xing, what do we do?" the woman named Qian Rong asked cautiously.

Wan Xing, with his gaunt cheeks and a pale face, obviously didn't like the situation, but circumstances were stronger than he was. An old-timer who had delivered two letters was no match for Yang Jian and his group; these people were too scary, and it was a mystery where they had come from.

"The delivery mission concerns us too. If we don't go and the mission ends up being successful without counting us in, what then?"

"We only have one life; we can't gamble. We have no choice but to follow."

Although he didn't want to go and had even thought of letting Yang Jian and the others take care of it while he waited for news here,

But Wan Xing felt he couldn't exploit such an obvious loophole.

What if he lost his life in the process and didn't even have the chance to regret it?

So, to be safe, he followed them.

This woman named Qian Rong had no choice but to follow as everyone else did.

A group of six people left the Ghost Post Office one after another.

However, as soon as they stepped out, the Ghost Post Office had vanished behind them, replaced by an unfinished building, and Yang Jian stood in front of this unfinished structure, looking at the surrounding skyscrapers.

Without a doubt, Yang Jian had returned.

He was back in Dahan City.

"Indeed, after we opened the door, we left that ghastly place and returned to the real world," Yang Jian looked back to confirm his situation.

"It's a very strange phenomenon; the reality and the Ghost Domain intertwined without affecting each other is one thing, but to be able to instantly break away without us ghost controllers feeling anything raises questions," Sun Rui furrowed his brow, "Now I'm curious about how the Ghost Post Office will pull us back in after we successfully deliver the letter."

"We'll talk about it after we succeed. Check the address of Fushou Garden and the owner of what's called number 78. The letter needs to be delivered into that person's hands, which sounds somewhat unbelievable," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui immediately contacted his assistant, "Alright, I'll investigate."

As the person in charge, he had access to the intelligence information from headquarters and could look into many things.

Soon enough, he had the information.

"There's a result, but it seems not too promising," Sun Rui said in a low voice, "Fushou Garden is the name of a cemetery, and the so-called number 78 is likely the 78th grave."

"A cemetery?" Yang Jian's expression slightly changed, "So the letter is not for the living?"

He had weathered many storms, so he wasn't that surprised,

"Very likely," Sun Rui nodded, "However, the location of Fushou Garden might be troublesome."

"Where exactly is it?" Yang Jian asked.

Sun Rui hesitated for a moment before saying, "In Dahai City... people in the circle know, Dahai City is the territory of the spiritual forum's Ye Zhen, and he doesn't like people from headquarters to go on business trips there. Moreover, headquarters has very little control over Ye Zhen. If we go there, a lot of things might get interfered with."

"Everyone knows Ye Zhen is a bit off his rocker, and things could get dangerous if a conflict arises."

Ye Zhen?

Yang Jian had heard of this man many times and had even been in touch via phone, but never met him face to face.

"I've already got the letter in hand; how could we not make the trip? Don't worry; I have no grudges with him, and delivering this letter merely involves a visit to a graveyard there, a very small range. The chances of being targeted by Ye Zhen aren't very high. Besides, it's his territory, sure, but that doesn't mean he won't let anyone pass through, right?"

"That makes sense, but we should still be cautious, after all, he isn't from headquarters," Sun Rui said with a hint of wariness.

After all, Ye Zhen was among the top ghost controllers in the domestic circle, a long-established name. Even before Yang Jian became a ghost controller, Ye Zhen was already ranked among the very best. Some people could hold Ye Zhen down back then, but after more than half a year, with some dead and others missing, the circle had de facto acknowledged him as the top presence.

Besides, the spiritual forum's influence was substantial; previously, it was on par with that of friends' circles.

Yang Jian waved his hand dismissively, "Stop talking about these pointless things, let's book a flight and get going."

Sun Rui smiled, "No need for that, I have a private jet. We can fly directly to Dahai City. But if we make such a show of it, the airport there will definitely get the news, and so will Ye Zhen. After all, it's difficult to hide anything from him there."

"It doesn't matter; he's not going to bomb your plane on the way," Yang Jian said.

"That, he probably won't do," Sun Rui replied.

At this point, Li Yang turned back and said, "Captain Yang, that Wang Shan, and Wan Xing from before, don't seem to be here. I recall they were also heading towards the door."

"Hmm? That's odd," Yang Jian turned to look and indeed didn't see the three of them.

After thinking for a moment, he said, "Don't worry about it; those three are just ordinary people, not crucial. They agreed to go simply because they feared not completing the task. And since they know the address, they will go if they want."

Yang Jian speculated that the door of the Ghost Post Office should return one to wherever they entered from.

Wang Shan might not be from Dahan City, so when he opened the door, he probably went back to a previous place, not the original spot.

Chapter 778 The Strong Presence of the Paranormal Forum

Delivering this red letter was indeed a bit troublesome.

Not only was the place where the letter was to be sent eerie, actually a graveyard, but the destination was also troublesome, going to Ye Zhen's Dahai City, which wasn't within headquarters' jurisdiction. This

was headquarters conceding to the supernatural forum, essentially acknowledging Ye Zhen as the person in charge of Dahai City.

If such a situation had occurred now, it wouldn't be an issue; after all, supernatural incidents were on the rise, and the situation was starting to spiral out of control, so it was normal for headquarters to give ground.

But it's worth noting that before Yang Jian became a ghost master, Ye Zhen had already been the boss of Dahai City, when headquarters' control was still in effect.

So, this experience alone was enough to make people wary.

However, at this very moment.

At Dahan City's airport, a private plane had already taken off, currently en route to Dahai City.

Inside the aircraft cabin.

Sun Rui held a golden cane, his expression solemn as he glanced out the window, "As soon as the plane moves, the travel information has been sent to Dahai City's airport. They definitely know about my private plane there, so before we reach Dahai City, people from the supernatural forum will receive the news and make contact with us."

"Of course, my influence is not enough to make Ye Zhen care, but his subordinates are also tough to deal with. I'm not confident that we can make it to Dahai City smoothly."

"After all, people from the supernatural forum are very resistant to headquarters' officials."

Unlike social circles, the supernatural forum is a private force and rarely cooperates with headquarters, so it's a bit harder to deal with.

"Surely we won't start fighting upon meeting. Three officials are here, would the supernatural forum dare to strike? If they really dare, it would mean a fallout with headquarters."

Yang Jian's expression remained calm, "Besides, Dahai City is merely headquarters' concession to the supernatural forum. It doesn't mean that Ye Zhen is the official person in charge there, as he is not legitimate, not recognized."

"That may be so, but in Dahai City, Ye Zhen is the law."

Sun Rui touched his cane and spoke in a suppressed voice, "Captain Yang, you've dealt with Fang Shiming, so you should know what kind of temperament these top figures have."

"If things really turn nasty, each one of them is lawless, not even Jesus could control them."

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly.

Indeed, ghost masters of this caliber were no longer restrained.

When he previously had conflicts with social circles, Fang Shiming ignored Cao Yanhua's warning in front of headquarters and directly used Ghost Scissors to take him out.

In the end... headquarters actually compromised.

After that incident, he felt disheartened, but putting personal emotions aside, this decision also signified that individuals like Fang Shiming truly had the clout to stand up to headquarters.

"Where is the plane now?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

"Just left Dahan City not long ago..." Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian said, "Take a detour, circle over Dachang City, then head to Dahai City. I need to pick something up."

"Do we need to land?" asked Sun Rui.

Yang Jian said, "No need."

"Alright, got it." Sun Rui nodded and immediately instructed the pilot to change course towards Dachang City.

Such arbitrary changes to flight paths were definitely not allowed, but as an official in charge, he had this privilege, as they had to be prepared for many contingencies.

About ten minutes later, Sun Rui's private jet arrived in the skies above Dachang City.

Sitting in the luxurious cabin, Yang Jian's gaze shifted, his ghostly eye suddenly opened, and a strange light peeked towards Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City. The Ghost Domain also opened at this moment.

A flash of red light streaked through, falling from the sky into the residential complex.

The Ghost Domain covered the area, silent and unnoticed. The residents of Guanjiang Residential Complex had no reaction at all, for the red light within the Ghost Domain was invisible to anyone unless Yang Jian wished it to be seen.

But not everyone was unresponsive.

Inside the complex.

A woman with pale skin and a cold expression, as if devoid of any emotion, slightly lifted her head looking toward the sky.

"Shanshan, what are you looking at?"

Wang Haiyan, who accompanied Wang Shanshan on a walk within the complex, asked in surprise.

Wang Shanshan said emotionlessly, "I'm looking at Yang Jian."

Wang Haiyan was perplexed and looked up as well, but she didn't see anything. No, it wasn't that there was nothing, a plane flew by from a distance, passing over their complex.

"Yang Jian, what are you planning to do?" Wang Shanshan inquired as if talking to herself.

In her vision, the surrounding area of the complex was covered in a layer of red light, many people were enveloped in the Ghost Domain, yet they were completely unaware.

Only she could see everything within the Ghost Domain, unaffected.

Because Wang Shanshan had special characteristics, she had been eroded by the supernatural power of the ghostly eye before.

Yang Jian did not appear, but his voice echoed within the Ghost Domain, "Just to be on the safe side, I need to take the Ghost Child with me this time. I need it."

Wang Shanshan glanced to one side.

A child dressed in dirty, old black shrouds, with skin a bluish-black hue and eyes tinged red, was standing behind a tree, tilting its head and peeking around.

Normally the Ghost Child wandered within the complex.

Because the complex was large, and the Ghost Child always purposely avoided crowds, nobody had yet discovered that there was such a horrifying entity being kept here.

"Then you must remember to bring it back, don't lose it," Wang Shanshan said, not stopping him.

She was very aware that if Yang Jian needed to use the Ghost Child, it meant that the situation was very troublesome.

And Yang Jian was the key to maintaining everything; he couldn't die, otherwise, there would be no point in the existence of either the Ghost Child or herself.

"Of course, I wouldn't want to lose such a thing. It's about time I left," Yang Jian's voice echoed and then quickly disappeared.

The red world dissipated, and everything silently returned to its original state.

Nothing around had changed.

The only difference was that the Ghost Child, which had been hiding behind the tree just moments ago, had vanished.

Wang Shanshan withdrew her gaze and as if talking to herself said, "Yang Jian has left."

Wang Haiyan, hearing her daughter speak like this, couldn't help but feel an inexplicable shudder. The empty surroundings contained no third person besides them. She wondered whether her daughter Wang Shanshan was truly conversing with Yang Jian or speaking with some unknown entity.

Or perhaps she was simply talking to herself.

However, at this moment.

The plane above had already flown far away, leaving the skies over Dachang City, heading toward Dahai City.

"There's something appearing on the plane..."

All of a sudden, Li Yang's expression shifted, and he immediately turned to look toward the empty airplane cabin behind him.

"Is that so?" Sun Rui's eyebrows rose as he looked at Yang Jian.

Without a doubt, Yang Jian had just used the Ghost Domain, which extended over a vast area, already covering some part of Dachang City from the skies above.

And in that minute just now, Yang Jian could have done many things, even though he himself hadn't moved from his seat.

"Don't be nervous, I brought something with me to Dachang City," Yang Jian paused, then added, "It's a ghost."

"What?"

Sun Rui and Li Yang's eyes instantly widened as they looked at Yang Jian in unison.

Their looks were filled with shock and disbelief.

What kind of joke was this?

Yang Jian had brought a ghost onto the plane? What was he planning to do?

Yang Jian wondered, "Why? You all seem quite tense. There's no need to make a big fuss over this, is there?"

"Team Yang, are you sure it's a ghost you've brought onto the plane, and not a ghost handler?" Sun Rui asked.

Yang Jian replied, "What's the difference? Aren't they the same thing?"

"If it's a ghost handler, then it's not a big deal, but if it's a ghost... things could go very wrong. Team Yang, have you not considered safety?"

Sun Rui said this and couldn't help but glance toward the empty cabin behind them again.

Was the ghost in there?

Just the thought was enough to make him feel uneasy.

Yang Jian said, "It's a ghost, not a ghost handler, but you can rest assured, I can control it. I brought it just in case. Although I do not wish to conflict with the people from the Supernatural Forum, we also need to be prepared in case a conflict does arise."

"That's all well and good, but how can you control this ghost?" Sun Rui furrowed his brows deeply, finding it hard to comprehend.

Yang Jian had too many secrets, and many things he did were beyond the scope of an ordinary ghost handler. For instance, he could freely use the powers of fierce ghosts without fear of revival, and he was unusually fit, a fact known to any who cared to investigate. And around him were a few women entangled in his life.

Furthermore, he knew many bizarre things that even they couldn't find out.

Yang Jian said, "That's my secret. You don't need to pry. Even if you asked, I wouldn't tell."

"Since that's the case, I won't ask anymore. However, Team Yang, you should still be cautious. After all, it's a ghost, and if it gets out of control, it might attack us first," Sun Rui said, somewhat uneasy.

Yang Jian nodded, "I measure my actions, and I'm not one to court death."

"These top figures are crazier one than the other, completely beyond the comprehension of normal people," Sun Rui thought to himself.

The Ghost Child was hiding inside the cabin, kept there by Yang Jian as a last resort.

If possible, it would stay on the plane until the matter was resolved and then return to Dachang City.

If something unexpected did happen, the Ghost Child would be instantly recalled to Yang Jian's side.

After all, as long as it was within the bounds of Dahai City, Yang Jian could make this happen.

But if it was between Dahai City and Dachang City, spanning the distance of both places, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain couldn't do it instantly, and it would take several minutes instead.

In times of danger, several minutes were too long, and even one minute could decide life or death.

Soon.

Sun Rui's private plane arrived at the airport in Dahai City.

However, just as the plane had landed, and the door began to open, an alarm sounded inside the plane.

"What's going on?" Sun Rui stood up, leaning on his cane and frowned as he asked.

But before his assistant on the plane could report the situation, several vehicles had already surrounded the plane outside, and a group of people burst aggressively into the cabin.

"Who is Sun Rui?"

The leader, a man dressed in a suit and coat, wearing sunglasses, and with the demeanor of a boss, asked with a cold face.

"I am. What's the matter?"

Sun Rui hobbled over, leaning on his cane, his expression also cold and wary.

"You're Sun Rui from Dahan City? Got quite the nerve to come to Dahai City without informing us at the Supernatural Forum. That we didn't shoot down your private plane is already giving face to headquarters," the man said sharply. "Enough talk, I'll give you one piece of advice: turn around and leave immediately. If you dare step off the plane, you're dead."

The man was domineering and imposing, not even allowing Sun Rui, a person in charge, to disembark and demanding that he return the way he came.

Upon hearing these words, Li Yang immediately got somewhat angry, "You're going too far, that's completely lawless! Unless the headquarters orders it, you have no right to make such demands."

"Sun Rui, is this your man?"

The man in sunglasses apparently didn't recognize Li Yang, so after a glance, he directly asked.

Sun Rui's gaze flickered, aware of how verbose people from the Supernatural Forum could be. He had thought that slipping by unnoticed wouldn't be a problem since he was just delivering a letter and didn't intend to interact with these people. But now it seemed that the Supernatural Forum's folks were not willing to let him go so easily.

He was being blocked right off the plane.

"His name is Li Yang, not my man, but his," Sun Rui tapped his cane, gesturing toward the side.

Yang Jian stood up at that moment, turned around, and said, "Is Ye Zhen so domineering? Treating Dahai City as if it were his own, not even allowing others to visit."

"Hmm?"

The man leading with sunglasses saw this and immediately narrowed his eyes, his body tensing slightly before he said with a serious face, "You are... Ghost Eye, Yang Jian?"

"It seems you know me? That's good, it saves me a lot of trouble," Yang Jian said.

"This is serious..." The man was filled with uncertainty and apprehension.

If it had been just Sun Rui, he wouldn't have hesitated to force him to leave Dahai City, but who could have expected that Sun Rui's private plane would also have Yang Jian on it.

Chapter 779

The assertiveness of the Supernatural Forum had honestly taken Yang Jian by surprise.

He had never expected that even Sun Rui, the person in charge, wouldn't be allowed to arrive by special plane, and with the leader Ye Zhen not showing up, it showed sheer audacity for his subordinates to drive people away without any consideration, not giving any face at all, outright ignoring others.

Although Yang Jian wasn't fond of other ghost tamers coming into his jurisdiction of Dachang City, he wouldn't go as far as preventing their planes from landing.

At this moment, he stared at the man before him, wearing sunglasses and a trench coat, with the air of a mafia boss, and then asked, "What's your name? Are you from the Supernatural Circle?"

"You can call me Ah Wu, I'm an administrator of the Supernatural Forum, and this airport is under my management. Mister Yang, if you have any questions, you can ask me directly," the man said solemnly.

"Ah Wu? A fake name, huh? Hehe, really cautious, aren't we?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, "I don't know much about the people from your Supernatural Forum, I have indeed made contact with a few before, but their way of doing things wasn't as unique as yours. Now, when did this airport come under the control of your people from the Supernatural Forum? Even the headquarters' personnel aren't allowed to land."

"It's not that I'm looking down on you, but just a bunch of members from an ordinary private forum gathering together, an unrecognized existence. Don't you think being so arrogant isn't such a good idea?"

Ah Wu, suppressing his voice, said, "Mister Yang, this is just how we from the Supernatural Forum conduct business, this is the rule here. We don't care about other places, but no one else can control this place besides us, this is our bottom line."

Sun Rui's expression shifted subtly.

It seemed that the people from the Supernatural Forum were truly planning to monopolize this city, not intending to compromise at all.

"I'm not here to fight, I'm just on a business trip with some matters to attend to, I need to come here," Yang Jian said with a calm complexion.

"After I finish my business, we will leave, at most in three days, that's my bottom line. What do you think?" Yang Jian asked.

Ah Wu, with a stern face, replied, "If Mister Yang needs to take care of business, I can do it for you. No matter what it is, I guarantee to take care of it for Mister Yang. After all, there's nothing in this city that we from the Supernatural Forum can't handle. However, your private plane cannot stay here, that's my job."

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "So, there's no room for negotiation?"

Ah Wu hesitated for a moment, honestly reluctant to engage with Yang Jian because this Ghost Eye Yang Jian was the top figure back at headquarters, having personally resolved an S-rank supernatural event, not to mention taking down Fang Shiming along with a group of top friends' circle influencers. In the domestic supernatural circle, no one was unaware of him.

A persona of such caliber had to be treated with utmost importance everywhere, not someone you could handle carelessly like an ordinary ghost tamer.

But this was Dahai City, where the members of the Supernatural Forum resided, and anyone, including ministers from the headquarters, had to abide by the rules here. If those rules were broken, then the status of the Supernatural Forum could be severely damaged.

After a moment of contemplation, Ah Wu said earnestly, "Yes, there's no room for negotiation on this matter. Even Mister Yang must follow our rules here. If you have any complaints, you can take them up with our boss. Unless our boss says otherwise, the rules will remain in place."

Yang Jian stared at him, his expression chilling, "Do you know that it's completely reasonable to take you all down for obstructing the person in charge from doing their job?"

"If Mister Yang really wants to make a move, then it means going against the people of the Supernatural Forum. Our boss has a bit of a temper, and I'm sure Mister Yang wouldn't want to start any unpleasantness over a minor issue with our boss," Ah Wu said.

He directly invoked Ye Zhen's name to intimidate Yang Jian.

"So, you're saying you want the three of us to just sit obediently on the plane and then turn around and leave, relying on the name of Ye Zhen?"

After finishing speaking, Yang Jian continued, "I don't want to waste words with you. Now I'll give you two choices, either take your people and get lost, or in ten seconds they'll all be dead here. My patience is limited, so don't try to test my bottom line. Daring to block the special plane for the person in charge is simply asking for trouble."

He disregarded Ye Zhen's reputation, showing his absolute dominance.

Did they really think they could make Yang Jian leave with his tail between his legs just with a subordinate?

No one in the world could do that, and Yang Jian not wanting to cause trouble didn't mean he was actually afraid of the Supernatural Forum.

Indeed, no agreement, huh?

Facing this Yang Jian, even the Supernatural Forum and the boss Ye Zhen couldn't suppress him.

After all, he had the clout of the headquarters, and if he were so easy to deal with, the friends' circle wouldn't have been annihilated by him.

But now... what should I do?

Ah Wu was wavering in his decision.

If it really came to a fight, there was no way he could leave this cabin alive today because whether it was Yang Jian, the person in charge from Dahan City, Sun Rui, or that Li Yang, they were all ghost tamers and not easily dealt with.

Three against one, no chance of victory.

"Since Mister Yang has put it that way, then all I can do is report today's events to the boss. If it goes that way, things will only get worse, which benefits no one. Doesn't Mister Yang want to reconsider?" Ah Wu said.

Yang Jian remained as cold as ice, "Four seconds left."

Ah Wu's face changed drastically, and without another word, he turned and walked away, "We're pulling out."

Immediately, the group that had surged into the cabin quickly left, without any dawdling.

"It seems Captain Yang's reputation is still useful; he backed down."

Sun Rui breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that a needless conflict had been avoided that day. He didn't want to have a feud with people from the supernatural forum.

Yang Jian said, "That guy doesn't have much skill, but his temper is something else. I really wanted to kill him just now."

Sun Rui's eyelid twitched, "Absolutely not, Ye Zhen is a lunatic. If you kill his guy, let's not even talk about delivering the message today; we might not even be able to leave this airport."

"I spoke to that guy half a year ago. He's still not dead after all this time?" Yang Jian said.

"No, Ye Zhen is still very much alive and kicking. He's in such good shape that it's ridiculous. Everyone who has seen him says he doesn't look any different from an ordinary person and seems completely unaffected by evil spirits," Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian looked through the window at the departing motorcades and then said, "That Ah Wu guy is gone. Don't waste time. Let's go to Fushou Garden to deliver this letter first. We don't want to drag it out and have people from the supernatural forum come make trouble again. You guys don't need to be nervous; these people definitely won't dare to strike first."

"After all, no matter what, we are named by the headquarters. They wouldn't dare attack a manager, not with just a supernatural forum backing them."

"Makes sense," Sun Rui nodded.

Now, realizing it, the man from before was probably just bluffing.

Soon, Yang Jian and his group left the airport, hailed a taxi, and headed straight for a cemetery called Fushou Garden.

Meanwhile, as they were en route in the car, the incident that had just occurred had already been passed through the ranks, reaching the most bustling district of Dahai City, inside a towering building.

This building was known as Mingzhu Building, a landmark of Dahai City and the tallest structure in the city.

But that's what the general public knew; those in the circle were aware that Mingzhu Building was the headquarters of the supernatural forum.

At the top floor of the building.

In front of a large, bright floor-to-ceiling window, a handsome young man in his early twenties in a suit was frowning, heads down playing golf, the epitome of a successful businessman.

But who would think that this young man, who appeared like a rich second-generation heir, was actually a top figure in the supernatural circle, someone whose name struck fear into hearts.

Supernatural forum, Ye Zhen.

"President Ye, a message has come from Ah Wu at the airport stating that Sun Rui, the representative from Dahan City, has landed his private jet here. Following protocol, he intended to drive Sun Rui away, but then he ran into Yang Jian who was on the same private jet..." a mature and steady middle-aged man in his thirties reported the incident.

As Ye Zhen prepared to swing at the golf ball, he was indifferent at first, but the moment he heard Yang Jian's name, he paused, "Go on."

"Ah Wu almost got into a fight with Yang Jian at the airport. Acknowledging he couldn't win, Ah Wu chose to concede and reported the matter," said the manager gravely. "Now, Sun Rui, Yang Jian, and a ghost controller named Li Yang are in a car moving within the city. Their destination is still unconfirmed."

"So, Yang Jian disregarded the rules and forcibly invaded my territory?" In a sharp move, Ye Zhen swung his golf club, and a white ball instantly flew out, disappearing from sight.

He threw down the golf club and straightened his suit.

"This Xiao Yang is simply courting death. I, Ye Zhen, am not someone with an unearned reputation. As the saying goes, 'There's always a way out for those who oppose the heavens, but none for those against me.'"

The manager, facing this chuunibyou young man, couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth, but he was used to it. He then reminded, "Yang Jian is a Captain Level figure at headquarters. Since there hasn't been any substantial conflict this time, it might be unnecessary to lock horns with him. Why not save face and let this go as if it never happened, instead of making a mountain out of a molehill over such a trivial matter?"

"A trivial matter? There's no such thing as a small affair when it comes to me, Ye Zhen. You're afraid of that Ghost Eye Xiao Yang?" Ye Zhen turned and asked him.

The manager replied, "No, it's just that we have no conflict of interest with him."

"How ridiculous to fear him. I am invincible, and he is free to act as he pleases, after all, I, Ye Zhen, am an era ahead of them," Ye Zhen walked to the window, hands behind his back, and let out a heartfelt exclamation.

"..."

The manager's mouth twitched once more; couldn't he stop posturing even now?

Then he added, "A few days ago, Yang Jian killed Fang Shiming from the circle of friends. After his death, his vengeful spirit revived, causing a bit of trouble. Now, it seems the Ghost Scissors have fallen into the hands of Captain Cao Yang."

"If Yang Jian could kill Fang Shiming, he's definitely no ordinary man."

Ye Zhen seemed not to hear, still overlooking the entire metropolis.

"The place where Fang Shiming died was far from where Yang Jian was at the time. I suspect Yang Jian has a supernatural object that allows him to kill from a distance. President Ye, you should be cautious," the manager analyzed the situation.

"It's merely by taking advantage of the fight I had with Old Fang last time, isn't it? If not for that, Yang Jian would hardly be a match for him," Ye Zhen remained very confident.

The manager lowered his voice and said, "Rumor has it that the Hungry Ghost from headquarters has disappeared, and the Coffin Nail is suspected to have been taken. If the Coffin Nail ends up in Yang Jian's hands, then the situation could be problematic."

Upon hearing this, Ye Zhen was momentarily taken aback.

Chapter 780 The Bizarre Cemetery

Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and Li Yang took a taxi and went around Dahai City, finally stopping at a place slightly off from the downtown area.

This was a graveyard with a long history in Dahai City, its earliest dates could be traced back to the Republic of China period. It had been renovated and rebuilt several times before it took on its current appearance.

However, in Dahai City where land is worth its weight in gold, the location of this graveyard was not considered remote. The cost of interring someone here wouldn't be cheap, to say the least a few hundred thousand, or even starting at a million.

"This should be the place,"

Sun Rui stepped out of the taxi, leaning on his cane, he looked up at the large archway at the entrance which bore the words Fushou Garden.

Looking inside, the graveyard wasn't as ominously crowded with tombstones as one might imagine. Instead, the paths were clean and tidy, flowers and grass everywhere, with excellent greenery. Anyone who didn't know better might think they'd arrived at the entrance to a park.

"Team Leader Yang, what do you make of this? The post office told us to deliver mail, but how did they know this external address? You should know, this place wasn't called Fushou Garden in the past, it was just an unnamed burial ground," Sun Rui said, starting to feel puzzled.

"Can matters involving the supernatural be clearly explained in a few words?" Yang Jian also got out of the car, casting a casual glance around.

He didn't sense anything peculiar, and furthermore, during the day, there were some people and vehicles coming and going in the graveyard, obviously ordinary people coming to pay respect to the tombs, or mourning for someone recently buried here.

"It's strange," murmured Li Yang, frowning.

Yang Jian said, "It's indeed strange. In theory, if ordinary people are coming and going, supernatural events should not occur here. Furthermore, this place is under the jurisdiction of the supernatural forum. As members of the forum, if anything unusual is discovered here, they would definitely investigate and resolve it."

"There's nothing odd, yet the post office has us deliver this red letter. This is contentious,"

Sun Rui then said, "So Team Leader Yang, do you think there's something strange about the letter?"

"It's just a suspicion for now, not confirmed. Let's deliver this letter first, and the answer will become clear soon enough," Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "After all, we must verify the role of the messenger. At the same time, the purpose of the Ghost Post Office's existence also needs to be explored, because these issues will be tied to some very special existences."

"Let's move and find tomb number 78 inside."

After a brief survey, they prepared to get going.

However, just as Yang Jian took his first step forward, a loud noise came from the taxi behind them—the sound of glass being shattered.

"Who the hell did that, who threw the golf ball?"

The taxi driver, preparing to drive away, suddenly started cursing loudly.

The three men turned around to look.

They saw the taxi's front windshield was full of cracks, with a white golf ball that had come from nowhere landed on it, creating a hole and embedding itself into the glass.

But all around was the road, open spaces, and no tall buildings or golf courses nearby. It was simply impossible for someone to be playing golf around here, and there was nothing suspicious flying overhead either.

"This golf ball came out of nowhere," Yang Jian observed his surroundings with a concerned expression.

Given the environment, such an event seemed impossible.

However, this white golf ball was very new, indicating that it was just used, making it clear that someone deliberately hit it over here.

If it was human-caused, then there was no need to be overly concerned.

Sun Rui and Li Yang also glanced at it before turning their attention away.

The graveyard's management was strict. Yang Jian had not entered before he was stopped by a security guard around forty years old. He was asked to register his name, leave his phone number, and the like.

The obstacle didn't stop Yang Jian. After transferring ten thousand yuan, the security guard became warm and friendly, allowing the three to enter and also kindly reminded them that the graveyard closed at 5:30 PM, so they had to leave early and were not to linger inside.

Sun Rui inquired about tomb number 78.

"I'm not too sure about that, but every tomb has a number. Those under a hundred should be in tomb area number one, which is over on the east side. There are also signs along the way. You can just follow the signs," said the security guard.

"Okay, thanks a lot," Sun Rui nodded in response.

Soon,

The three of them entered the graveyard and started towards tomb area number one, following the signs along the way.

"Team Leader Yang, is this too simple? If we just find tomb number 78 like this and deliver the letter, there's no difficulty in the messenger's task at all," said Li Yang.

Sun Rui nodded in agreement, "According to what Wang Shan said earlier, the mortality rate of delivering mail is extremely high. An ordinary person involved would not likely survive to reach the second floor without some brains and luck. But up to now, the process of delivering the letter has been safe, something even an ordinary person could do with ease."

"As for the conflict with the supernatural forum, that's a different matter and shouldn't be confused. However, having said that, if the danger of this mail delivery isn't along the way, then the only source of danger must be from tomb number 78 itself."

Yang Jian also agreed with this view, "That makes sense. The letter is one being sent to a dead person, so naturally, the danger also comes from the recipient, who, most likely, could be a ghost."

"If I'm not wrong, the owner of tomb number 78 is probably a ghost, and definitely not just a simple corpse,"

"I'm thinking the same," said Sun Rui.

In the time it took to converse, the three had arrived at tomb area number one.

Upon entering the area, Yang Jian quickly saw the tombstones, but no mounds of earth on the ground; the burial style was similar to that of foreign countries, not the traditional kind.

Each tombstone was accompanied by a tomb number.

Starting with number one, then two, three... all lined up in order.

Therefore, finding grave number 78 was easy.

"It should be over there," Li Yang pointed in a general direction.

"Let's go have a look," Sun Rui limped over, but his walking pace was not slow. He moved quickly toward that direction with the support of his cane.

Yang Jian didn't say a word, only becoming slightly more vigilant as he also made his way over.

There was no apparent danger here, as there were even several groups of people coming to pay respects in this garden, and the environment wasn't spooky at all. There was just a patch of grass nearby, without even a single tall tree, and the gravestones were well arranged, facing south with good lighting.

However, as he walked through these modern cemeteries, Yang Jian suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked at a gravestone he was passing by.

This gravestone was different from the others nearby.

The others had names and portraits, but this one was empty, with no photos or engravings—an unmarked tombstone.

This was illogical.

Since the gravestone had been erected, this indicated that someone was buried underneath, and it wouldn't make sense to erect an empty monument for a burial plot.

Of course, it was also possible that the owner of the grave had specifically requested it to be done this way.

"Yang Dui, come and have a look, see what's going on with this grave number 78," Sun Rui called out. He had already reached grave number 78 in front and voiced his doubt.

Yang Jian shifted his gaze from the blank gravestone and quickly walked over: "What's happened?"

When he arrived, he too was taken aback.

The place where grave number 78 should have been had been left as an open pit.

The pit wasn't large, just big enough to fit a coffin, and there was fresh soil piled up beside it, clearly having been dug out not long before.

"Captain Yang, see the coffin is missing? How are we supposed to deliver the letter now?" Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian crouched down to look. Although the coffin was gone, the gravestone was still there.

On the tombstone was the portrait of an elderly woman, who wore a gentle, kind smile. He didn't pay much attention to this but instead focused on the engraved dates on the stone—the birth and death dates.

"The date of death was the day before yesterday. The coffin didn't go missing; it just hasn't been buried yet," Yang Jian said, his gaze changing slightly.

"What? The person hasn't been buried yet?" Sun Rui exclaimed in surprise. "Let me look."

He also crouched down for a closer examination.

Indeed, the person had died the day before yesterday, and grave number 78 was just recently established. At this time, the owner of the grave was likely still at the funeral home, not yet having been brought here for burial.

"We're early," Yang Jian said gravely.

"We got the red letter at six o'clock this morning, but we acted quickly, taking a private jet directly to Dahai City, and then came straight to this cemetery, locating grave number 78. We've outpaced almost everyone with our speed, so the person who died yesterday hasn't been buried yet today," he explained.

"So we're heading to the funeral home in Dahai City to find the owner of grave number 78?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian shook his head, "No need. The person died the day before yesterday, and today should be the burial day. We just need to wait a bit longer. It is a bit too early now, the coffin will probably be brought into Fushou Garden this afternoon."

"This is getting weirder and weirder," Sun Rui mused.

Delivering a letter to a dead person was one thing.

But what was most terrifying was that the person had just recently died.

It had not even been three days.

"Indeed, very strange. An ordinary person's death is just that—they are dead; supernatural occurrences generally don't connect. But this letter is for someone who recently passed away, which is quite abnormal," Yang Jian couldn't make head or tail of it.

"Unless the deceased was a ghost controller, and there was the risk of a vengeful ghost reawakening after their death. But that's even less likely because, if there were any issues, they would have arisen right after the death, not quietly wait until the funeral services are over."

Sighing, Sun Rui said, "It's a pity this isn't Dahan City. There, with just a single sentence from me, I could've found out clearly about everyone's death today. But this is the territory of the Ghost Post Office forum, and even the headquarters doesn't have detailed reports on this area. It's not easy to inquire about these trivial matters here—hard to find someone to ask."

"After all, we are not locals," Yang Jian suggested.

"Then let's ask that security guard, offer some money, see if we can find out who will be buried in grave number 78 today. It might help us to investigate in advance."

"I'll take care of it," Li Yang immediately volunteered.

"Good, we'll stay here and watch, to prevent any anomalies," Yang Jian said.

Li Yang nodded, and without another word, he walked back the way they had come.

There was no worry of encountering danger with such a short distance.