

Revival 781

Chapter 781 The Identity of the Tomb Owner

The top floor of Mingzhu Building in Dahai City.

"President Ye, the latest news, Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and the newcomer from the headquarters called Li Yang previously took a taxi to Fushou Garden, and they are now inside. Fushou Garden is a graveyard, and this matter gives off an unusual vibe,"

"The three of them were originally in different places, one at headquarters, one in Dachang City, one in Dahan City, now gathered together heading to a graveyard, obviously on a purposeful mission. Should we send someone to check it out?"

The mature and steady manager in his thirties was reporting the situation to Ye Zhen.

Other matters can be put aside for now.

But we must pay close attention to Yang Jian's movements, as such a top-level character in Dahai City—if he causes trouble, the consequences will definitely be very serious.

Ye Zhen sat in his office chair, back turned, legs propped up, facing the window as if overlooking the vast city. Facing the manager's report, he remained silent, seemingly even more reticent than before.

The manager, holding a tablet, received another piece of information and said, "Just now, the area's administrator sent the latest news that today Fushou Garden will be holding a burial ceremony. The deceased is the mother of Liu Company's president, Old Lady Liu, a small company with an annual profit of less than one hundred million..."

"Therefore, it's possible that Yang Jian is here to attend this funeral, but this likelihood is small."

"The death of a common person isn't significant enough to invite both Yang Jian and Sun Rui as leaders. Furthermore, the team of three is a typical small squad setup. Additionally, Sun Rui's private jet arrived here early in the morning, which suggests from a timing perspective that they are responding to some urgent matter, a spontaneous action, not a scheduled visit."

The manager continued his report, analyzing various pieces of information: "I have reason to suspect that Yang Jian's visit to Dahai City is related to a supernatural event; we must take it very seriously. After all, anything that Yang Jian pays such attention to is definitely not a trivial matter and likely to cause us a great deal of trouble."

"I recommend that President Ye take a few administrators to look into the matter personally, to understand the situation, while also guarding against any special circumstances. I believe Lin Luomei is an excellent candidate; she has interacted with Yang Jian before and participated together in the supernatural event at Caesar Hotel, possessing a degree of mutual trust that can facilitate effective communication."

Having said this.

The manager paused briefly, waiting for Ye Zhen's response. After a dozen seconds, with Ye Zhen still sitting in his chair with his back to him, silent.

"President Ye? Are you listening? Did you fall asleep?"

The manager's face darkened, suddenly feeling an urge to hit someone.

If it weren't for the fact that he couldn't beat Ye Zhen, he would have wanted to thrash the guy a few times.

Besides, it wasn't unprecedented for Ye Zhen to fall asleep during reports; it happened frequently before.

However, the manager guessed wrong.

Ye Zhen hadn't fallen asleep; at this moment, he moved, spinning the chair around.

His previously neat hair was now a mess, his tie undone, looking significantly more exhausted and disheveled: "Do you think, does Yang Jian really hold the Coffin Nail?"

"..." The manager's mouth twitched.

After all this time, that's what you're pondering?

"President Ye, whether he has it or not seems irrelevant. There's no need for conflict between you and Yang Jian. After all, as the team leader from headquarters, engaging in conflict would be all harm and no benefit for us. With the friend circle just dissolved and headquarters' focus on the Ghost Painting, if Yang Jian gets into trouble now, the headquarters' attention will immediately shift to our supernatural forum."

"That would adversely affect our development."

Ye Zhen spoke, "I might not fight him, but I can't be defeated by him."

"I used to bully Xiao Yang like a stray dog, killing him would've been as easy as turning my hand, but with that Coffin Nail, it's different. I don't want to end up like the Hungry Ghost, flattened to the ground like a dead dog. Where would that leave my face, Ye Someone's face?"

He was confident, but not mindless.

Most people in the circle knew the Hungry Ghost's case file, as the event was too old to conceal, so they were also aware of the significant role the Coffin Nail played in that supernatural event.

An S-level fierce ghost was directly nailed to the spot.

If that were to be used on a ghost controller, it would likely immobilize the ghost within their body in an instant.

Once the power of the ghost was completely suppressed, the ghost controller might instantly die from the lack of supernatural power or, even if not instantly dead, with the ghost's power suppressed, would be no different from an ordinary person.

Therefore, the Coffin Nail was not just the bane of ghosts, but also a lethal weapon against ghost controllers.

And Ye Zhen obviously dreaded this aspect.

"If President Ye wants to know whether Yang Jian has the Coffin Nail, there are only two ways. One is to fight him. If he's pushed to the wall, he might use any supernatural item, but you'd be taking a significant risk. If he really has the Coffin Nail, you could be defeated and killed by him," the manager said. "So I suggest the second approach: keep observing. If Yang Jian does have the Coffin Nail, he's bound to use it in a future supernatural event. In the meantime, we should restrain ourselves from starting any conflicts with Yang Jian."

"How about getting someone to play with him?" Ye Zhen suggested.

"A probe?"

The manager shook his head, "President Ye, the likelihood of success is not high. If Yang Jian truly has the Coffin Nail, he wouldn't easily reveal it. So the cost of probing is huge. If the person we send is too weak, it's just giving away an advantage, especially given that aside from the supernatural item, Yang Jian himself is a top-tier ghost controller."

"He survived until now not because of luck, nor because of the Coffin Nail, but because of his own strength."

He believed that in the supernatural forum, the only person who had the right to make Yang Jian reveal his trump card was President Ye. The others fell short, unless they relied on numbers.

But sometimes falling short is just that, and numbers might not necessarily be effective, not to mention the cost could be unbearable. If too many people died, it might even destroy the whole of Dahai City.

Thinking of this, the manager sighed in his heart.

After all, Yang Jian had already become a top player, no longer someone who could be easily manipulated. He had the confidence to overturn the table.

Initially, Fang Shiming lost exactly on this point. He had already won, yet he died unclearly at the hands of Yang Jian due to an unknown object with supernatural powers.

"You take care of the affairs at Fushou Garden; I need to think over the rest of the matters," he said.

Ye Zhen suddenly became serious, "But remember, my strength is beyond imagination; nobody is worth my full effort."

The manager's mouth twitched again.

Meanwhile.

Inside Fushou Garden.

Yang Jian and Sun Rui wandered separately through the cemetery, looking for other clues and checking the environment for potential abnormalities.

But unfortunately.

They didn't find anything. This was a very normal graveyard. If there was one thing that caught Yang Jian's attention, it was several unmarked gravestones within the cemetery.

Although the graveyard had been there for a while, the gravestones were empty.

And not just one.

"Didn't find anything, did you?" Yang Jian and Sun Rui met up, and he asked.

"Even though it's a cemetery, this place is more normal than any other. Ordinary people might feel it's eerie, but that's just psychological. If you actually dig these graves up, you'll find just ordinary corpses,

urns, nothing that hints at supernatural powers. I'm growing more suspicious about the intentions behind that red letter," Sun Rui said, leaning on his cane.

"Perhaps it's just a driving letter, deliberately leading us away from the Post Office, considering we are all ghost controllers and could potentially interfere with the weird operations of the Post Office," Sun Rui speculated.

"The red letter seems like a response tactic to deal with us, those beyond their control," he said.

"Your guess makes sense," Yang Jian said, his gaze flickering slightly. He had even scanned the area with Ghost Domain.

And found nothing.

"However, we'll only be sure of the Post Office's purpose after we deliver this letter," he added.

"Li Yang's on his way here," Sun Rui suddenly said, looking toward the exit. He saw Li Yang jogging over.

Li Yang arrived, panting, and said, "Captain Yang, Sun Rui, I just asked around—there's indeed a funeral today. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, grave number 78 will receive the mother of Liu Company's president, Liu Weiming—Old Lady Liu. The old lady on that tombstone also has the surname Liu, so it should be correct."

"However, there's an interment ceremony scheduled for this afternoon, and many will attend. The cemetery staff are already making arrangements," he continued.

"It's eleven in the morning now, and in a bit more than an hour, Old Lady Liu's coffin will be brought here," Li Yang added.

"So, we have to deliver this letter into the hands of Elder Liu inside the coffin? Captain Yang, there's no need to wait. Let's just find Old Lady Liu's coffin and stuff the letter in; that'll be the end of it," Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian shook his head, "No, that most likely won't complete the task. The letter should be delivered after Old Lady Liu is buried. If the person isn't buried in the ground, how can that dead person be considered the owner of grave number 78? What if there's a change and Old Lady Liu isn't buried here, what then?"

"Playing with words in the instructions?" Sun Rui furrowed his brows.

"It's not impossible. It's better to proceed step by step. There aren't many hours left, waiting a bit more won't hurt," Yang Jian said.

"I'm a bit concerned that people from the supernatural forum might cause trouble and affect our situation here. If we were in Dahan City, I wouldn't be worried at all," Sun Rui said.

He thought it was best not to linger here and to complete the letter delivery as soon as possible before leaving.

The business with the Ghost Post Office was serious, but the people of the supernatural forum were more troublesome.

And as they talked and waited,

On a street in Dahai City, inside a stretched sedan, a black European-style coffin was being transported to Fushou Garden.

The coffin was heavy, containing a recently embalmed deceased person.

That was a woman in her seventies.

Chapter 782 Gathering Together

Around half past twelve at noon, a series of cars arrived from the direction of the city and entered Fushou Garden.

The vehicles parked in rows, with dozens of them, including quite a few luxury cars. The scene was quite grand, and the people who alighted were all social elites, wealthy and successful individuals.

In just a short moment,

nearly a hundred people in black attire, some with white flowers on their chests, gathered on the open ground, apparently here to attend a funeral.

Before this group arrived, the earlier staff had already set up the temporary memorial hall.

"These rich people are such a hassle, even now they're insisting on a farewell ceremony, wasting several hours for no good reason; don't they consider other people at all?"

Not far away, Sun Rui came hobbling over, clutching his palm, speaking impatiently.

"Don't say that. When someone dies, they need to go through the proper procedures,"

Yang Jian said calmly, "And being cautious in handling things is never wrong, especially since this is our first experience with delivering a message—it's kind of new. Besides, the red envelope has me a bit concerned."

"Just because we're ghost handlers doesn't mean we can do whatever we want. Be careful not to slip up."

"Yang Jian is thorough as ever," Sun Rui remarked with a sigh.

It was then that the three neared the temporality constructed memorial hall.

In the center of the memorial hall, surrounded by fresh flowers, a coffin was placed in the middle, with a black-and-white portrait set up in front of it.

"Normally, the deceased should be cremated,"

Li Yang said quietly, "but it looks like the body must be inside that coffin."

Looking at the coffin in the memorial hall, Sun Rui said, "Cremation certainly follows regulations, but you see, the people attending the funeral seem very wealthy. Since they are rich and noble, if the family insists on a burial instead of cremation, it's possible, unless the deceased is a public figure, then there's no way around it."

"Of course, even for some public figures, not cremating is doable. They could secretly bury the body and later just claim it was kept at the funeral home for a while. Once the commotion dies down, who will care whether the urn actually contains ashes or not?"

"Is that even something people do?" Li Yang asked, surprised.

Sun Rui said, "After all, our traditional practice is burial. What can you do, right? So, Yang Jian, what's next? If you ask me, we might as well open the Ghost Domain, toss the letter into the coffin, and once it's buried in the afternoon, our delivery will be automatically completed—saving time and effort."

He spoke lightly, finding the task of delivering the letter quite ordinary and devoid of any difficulty, even thinking it was making a mountain out of a molehill this time. Even if Li Yang came alone, he could have completed it smoothly.

At that moment, Yang Jian remained silent, his steps halting as he peered through his ghostly vision into the tent housing the coffin.

Without any supernatural forces obstructing it, his ghostly vision penetrated the barrier, revealing the inside of the coffin.

Indeed, there was a body inside, an elderly corpse around seventy years old, with a dull, lifeless face painted with white foundation and rouge to add a bit of liveliness to the wrinkled, dead visage. The sunken eyes were firmly shut, and the gaunt, waxen hands were crossed in front, lying rigid and straight.

The corpse was dressed in black funeral attire, which felt oppressive and emitted a certain eeriness.

Yang Jian, who had seen his share of corpses, was unfazed.

After confirming once more,

Yang Jian could assert that this was nothing more than an ordinary dead body, devoid of any supernatural elements.

But the peculiarity lay right here.

Why would the letter be sent to an ordinary deceased person?

"I still have some doubts in my mind and feel that there's something very wrong about the entire situation. If it were just about simply completing the delivery task, there would certainly be no issue, but we're not messengers, not lackeys for the Ghost Post Office. Our objective is to uncover the secrets of the Ghost Post Office and dig into the true intention behind the messenger tasks,"

"So completing the task isn't our primary goal,"

Yang Jian explained earnestly, "So it's right to listen to me. We will act after the coffin is buried. I refuse to believe that the Ghost Post Office would let us complete our task so easily."

"Let's wait and see then," Sun Rui didn't disagree.

After all, since the body hadn't been buried yet, tossing the letter into the coffin now wouldn't count as successful delivery.

At this moment,

the temporarily constructed memorial hall began to have a steady stream of people offering flowers and saying their farewells.

Once the deceased's family and friends had completed their final goodbyes, the coffin would be carried to the No. 1 graveyard and laid to rest in the pre-prepared Grave No. 78.

Though waiting was tedious, the three didn't seem the least bit impatient, displaying great patience.

Compared to the dangers faced during supernatural events, such moments of calm were almost a pleasure.

The trio stood close to the memorial hall, observing discretely from not too far away, not making any movement. This peculiar behavior, however, caught the attention of Elder Liu's son, Liu Yuan.

Liu Yuan was the president of a company in Dahai City, around fifty, short and portly but imposing.

"Who are those three standing over there? They don't seem like relatives or friends. Go ask them if they're here for the farewell. If they're strangers, have them step back. I don't want unrelated people standing here as if they're enjoying a spectacle," he ordered.

"Yes, boss," said an assistant in a black suit, nodding.

"Be polite," Liu Yuan added, "I don't want any arguments occurring later that might cause a scene, with so many people coming, we cannot afford any embarrassment."

His tone was very serious, exuding authority.

"Don't worry, boss, I'll take care of it," the assistant nodded.

Soon after,

the assistant walked over.

"Friends, I am President Liu's assistant, my name is Zhang Xin, you can call me Xiao Zhang."

This person introduced himself very politely, "I wonder if you are also here to attend the farewell ceremony? I see you arrived quite early and have been standing here for a while."

"I don't know the deceased's family, I am not here for the funeral," Yang Jian said directly.

Zhang Xin said, "Since you are not friends of President Liu, could you please leave temporarily and not disturb our farewell ceremony?"

Sun Rui tapped his cane on the ground, producing a dull sound, "Do you think we're disturbing your funeral? What a joke. We're just here to enjoy the scenery, to feel the breeze. We're more than a dozen meters away from your mourning hall. How could that be disturbing? Did you book this entire place?"

"I'm very sorry, we indeed paid for the venue today, and we hope the three of you can understand. After all, respect for the deceased is paramount. So, could you please step aside for a while?" Zhang Xin earnestly requested.

"How much did you pay? One hundred thousand? Or three hundred thousand? If I pay double that, can you get your people to hurry up and take the coffin away?"

Sun Rui, with a cold face, said, "Move aside, don't bother us. If you agitate us, we might make you hold one more funeral today."

He spoke rudely and even offensively.

But that was understandable.

After all, Sun Rui was also a dominant figure in Dahan City and a ghost master. Ordinary people were simply not worth his serious attention.

"We're just standing here, we won't cause you any trouble. If you try to chase us away, we won't accept it," Li Yang also said with a cold face.

Since the recipient of the letter was right in front of them, it was naturally better to keep a close watch at this critical moment.

"Gentlemen, I am very sorry, that wasn't my intention, I just hope that you could temporarily step aside. After our farewell ceremony is concluded, you can stand here as long as you like. I hope you can understand, please," he implored.

Zhang Xin, the assistant, had also noticed the pure gold cane in Sun Rui's hand, which was topped with a huge ruby, valuing no less than ten million just by that adornment.

Therefore, the three in front of him were either rich or noble, perhaps even more influential than his own boss, Liu Yuan.

Zhang Xin, who had intended to get angry, suppressed his temper and instead apologized very politely.

Sun Rui waved his hand dismissively, "If you have nothing else, go away. Don't disturb us. Moreover, we will not leave. It's best to dispel the idea of driving us away sooner rather than later. If a scene is caused, it's something you people can't afford. I'm already speaking nicely. If it were someone else, you wouldn't be so lucky today."

He impatiently shooed the man away.

"This, this..." The assistant named Zhang Xin was uncertain for a moment.

He truly feared provoking some powerful individuals, as Dahai City had no shortage of wealthy and influential figures.

After hesitating briefly, Zhang Xin could only turn around and leave, then went back to report the situation to Liu Yuan.

"Boss, those several people don't seem like ordinary folks, and they're somewhat odd. I think it's better not to drive them away, to avoid any trouble," he advised.

The moment Liu Yuan heard this, his expression immediately darkened. How could he allow unrelated people to stand there as spectators during his own mother's farewell ceremony, moreover being such an eyesore? He then said, "Spend some money, see if that helps."

"Boss, it's probably no use, that man's cane alone is made of pure gold, not to mention the ruby on it is worth at least five million," Zhang Xin said, pausing here.

Liu Yuan's demeanor shifted upon hearing this.

Clearly, the visitors might be very influential, people he couldn't afford to offend.

"In that case, let's just ignore them for now," Liu Yuan said, casting a sharp look in their direction.

But when he met Yang Jian's gaze, he suddenly felt a little heart-palpitating.

His own eyes were rather authoritative, yet the other's gaze was even more terrifying, indifferent, and cold, like the eyes of the dead, causing an innate sense of horror. It simply didn't seem like a normal human being's gaze.

"Who exactly are these people?"

Liu Yuan wondered to himself.

Yet the farewell ceremony continued methodically.

But unbeknownst to anyone, at that moment, inside the coffin in the mourning tent, Elder Liu, who had already been made up, dressed, and laid out, had quietly opened her eyes, and the dead eyeballs in her deeply sunken eye sockets moved slightly.

Within the cemetery at Grave No. 1, a strange twilight began to fall.

Meanwhile, at the same time,

outside Fushou Garden, the supernatural forum's special car had already arrived.

Ye Zhen, in the end, couldn't help but send someone to investigate.

Upon the car's arrival,

a man and a woman stepped out.

These two were none other than Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei, who had previously met Yang Jian.

Chapter 783 The Disappeared Corpse

"Fushou Garden?"

"I never thought Yang Jian would one day come to Dahai City. It's been several months since our last meeting, and to be honest, I really didn't want to see him again."

Getting out of the car, Luo Su Yi heaved a sigh, recalling the encounter at the Caesar Grand Hotel.

A group of them had nearly been annihilated by the ghosts inside. What was most terrifying was that Yang Jian had personally resurrected the already dead Tong Qian, turning her into a horrific ghost controller with two Ghost Faces.

After they parted ways, Luo Su Yi had paid some attention to the affairs of Yang Jian, known as Ghost Eye.

Without paying attention it was fine, but upon looking into it, it was indeed surprising.

In just a few months, he had encountered two S-grade supernatural events and even fought Fang Shiming from his circle of friends. Most importantly, he was still alive to this day...

The competence of a ghost controller is not determined by what they have experienced, but by whether they survive the experience.

"The boss has good reason to worry. Yang Jian must have come here for something. He wouldn't come to a cemetery for no reason just to enjoy the scenery. It's possible that a supernatural event could happen here."

Next to him was a young girl in a grey down jacket, wearing a mask, her black shoulder-length hair hanging down, her face somewhat pale, holding a talkie-walkie. As she typed, she broadcasted the message.

Her name was Lin Luomei, codename Ghost Sound.

She had been in bad shape when she went to the Caesar Grand Hotel with Yang Jian, on the verge of a ghost resurgence, but Yang Jian gave her a slot, allowing Lin Luomei to survive.

The price she paid was controlling a second ghost.

If it hadn't been for that, Lin Luomei would have died long ago.

So, she still felt somewhat favorable towards Yang Jian, at least more so than other ghost controllers she had encountered.

"I really don't want to get involved in whatever mess Yang Jian is in. I'll come with you to have a look and just look; I absolutely won't take action," Luo Su Yi swore decisively.

While typing, Lin Luomei broadcasted, "If there really is something, we should help him. After all, this is Dahai City. If something happens, we are also responsible."

"Help him? Let's not. He's so powerful, what need does he have for our help? If he really needs our help, then we wouldn't be of much use, let's just watch and then leave," Luo Su Yi hastily shook his head.

As they talked, the two had already entered the cemetery, accompanied by six or seven subordinates who were there to assist them. Although Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei were not famous within the supernatural circles, they were still ghost controllers with a certain standing, not the type to do everything by themselves.

As soon as they entered the cemetery, they saw a temporarily constructed spirit hall.

Many people were saying their goodbyes at the spirit hall, offering flowers.

Upon seeing this, Luo Su Yi's face changed instantly.

What a joke. Of all the things to do at this critical moment, why set up a spirit hall and bring wreaths to hold a funeral here? Are they asking for some incident to happen today?

"Go over there, take that spirit hall down, drive the people away; if there's a dead person in the coffin, immediately take them for cremation. If not, bury them right away. Don't let them linger here, and if anyone dares to obstruct, don't be polite, take action when it's time to," Luo Su Yi immediately instructed.

The six or seven bodyguards rushed over, menacingly. Doing odd jobs under the supernatural forum, they were fearless, and there was nothing in Dahai City they dared not do.

"Everyone disperse, take down all the wreaths."

"Make way! Who allowed you to set up a spirit hall here? Call out the person in charge," one of the bodyguards barked at the crowd as they began to drive them away, starting to dismantle the spirit hall.

Liu Corporation's relatives and friends were stunned by the scene.

President Liu Yuan's face changed instantly, then he hurriedly came forward: "What are you doing? Are you here to cause trouble? Get out of here or I'll call the police."

"Are you the one who set up this spirit hall? Who is the deceased to you?" a bodyguard questioned him.

"What's it to you?" Liu Yuan replied.

The bodyguard snorted coldly: "The administrator of the supernatural forum has spoken; today this spirit hall must be dismantled. Moreover, the body in the coffin must be cremated, and if already cremated, must be buried now. No funerals at Fushou Garden today, all of you had better leave quickly or bear the consequences."

The supernatural forum?

What is that?

Liu Yuan was taken aback; he had never heard of such things, after all, he was not part of Dahai City's top echelon and was not privy to affairs within these circles.

"Who dares to create trouble today? If you dare to disrupt things, I, Liu Yuan, absolutely won't let you guys off. Zhang Xin, call the police and get some people over here."

The assistant Zhang Xin nodded and immediately picked up his phone to make the call.

"This is lawlessness, to think someone would dare to cause trouble at this event. President Liu, don't worry, I know a security company, I'll have them bring people over to help out." A business associate nearby offered to help.

"Where did these lunatics come from? Today is the day of President Liu's mother's funeral. If there's an issue, it should be addressed later. They have no morals at all," another person pointed out.

Of course, some relatives and friends expressed their doubts, wondering whether President Liu owed money and had not paid it back, leading to debt collectors showing up.

Otherwise, why would a group of people suddenly rush out and try to dismantle the mourning hall?

"Stop it, stop it right now, don't touch my grandma." Inside the mourning hall, Liu Yuan's children desperately tried to stop the underlings from the paranormal forum.

The whole scene suddenly turned into a mess.

Liu Yuan's face kept changing, he was so angry he wanted to kill someone, but reason told him that starting a conflict at this time would only make things worse. He had already instructed his assistant to report the incident and call for people. In at most half an hour, these people would be driven out, or even arrested.

"Bang!"

However, at this moment, a loud noise suddenly erupted.

It was a gunshot.

"Ah!"

Many people instinctively screamed, then looked toward the direction of the gunshot with a hint of panic.

From the direction of the gunshot, a young man and woman approached.

The one who fired the gun was the man.

A youth in his early twenties with an unhealthy complexion, but his eyes were eerily intense, staring at everyone.

"The quickest way to disperse a crowd is the most direct method, I'm giving you twenty seconds, and if anyone is still here by then, I'll take them down," Luo Su Yi threatened the attendees of the funeral with a gun in hand.

"You, you all..." Liu Yuan's eyes widened, his heart trembling in this moment.

When had he ever offended such vicious thugs that they would show up armed at his mother's funeral?

Kidnapping?

Extortion?

Or a malicious act of revenge?

Many different thoughts flashed through his mind.

"Are you Liu Yuan?"

Luo Su Yi walked over, "Today's incident has nothing to do with you. It's just unfortunate timing that you decided to hold a funeral now. Hurry and take your relatives and friends and get out. I'll take care of the coffin, and I will inform you after it's buried."

"If, if it's money you want, just say it, don't, don't kill anyone." Liu Yuan's mouth quivered, speaking in fright.

"Money?"

Luo Su Yi smiled, "Ten seconds left. If you aren't planning to go, then I'll start shooting."

At this moment, other people nearby finally snapped back to reality, some screamed and turned to run, while others with pale faces crawled and scrambled away.

Suddenly, the nearby people had all dispersed, leaving behind a scene of chaos. But these people were terrified, scurrying around like headless flies. Some ran towards the exit, others chose to dash into the graveyard to avoid these men, their primary concern being to get away from the vicinity.

After all, these people were armed; it was too dangerous.

"What are you doing, put my grandma down, put her down..."

Voices of conflict emerged from the mourning hall at this moment.

A woman in her twenties, along with a teenager, was desperately trying to stop the people from the paranormal forum from taking the coffin away.

But at this moment, the coffin had already been lifted by four men in black suits.

It seemed they planned to take it straight for cremation.

Yet the two of them vehemently objected, not allowing them to take the coffin away.

"Xiao Yue, Xiao Hao, don't, don't stop them, they've got guns, let go." Liu Yuan's face had gone white, he feared that his own daughter and son might get hurt by these ruthless thugs in the midst of the struggle.

"If you're afraid they might get into trouble, just take them away," Luo Su Yi said coldly. "I will take care of the funeral for you."

He did not want to cause any fatalities either, but he would not tolerate corpses, dead bodies being dumped here today.

Such things were too unsettling.

The cemetery was already a grim place, and with what had happened today, it was easy for Luo Su Yi to become suspicious and paranoid.

The people from the paranormal forums were rough with their hands. When faced with Liu Yuan's wife and child trying to stop them, they resorted to punching and kicking without a trace of sympathy.

As those who had encountered supernatural events before, they did not take ordinary people seriously at all.

"Bang!"

Just then, another gunshot rang out.

"Who, who's firing the gun?" Luo Su Yi stumbled before roaring.

"It looks like you've been shot," Lin Luomei said while typing, using a speaker to play the sound.

"What?"

Luo Su Yi looked down and only then did he notice an opening in his chest with blood flowing out, but the blood was dark and smelled rotten, nothing like the blood of a living person.

Liu Yuan was so frightened that he crouched down on the ground, covering his head.

"Bang!"

Another shot rang out, and Luo Su Yi was hit in the shoulder, but the firearm was not very powerful and only left a tear, ripping some flesh.

"Who's trying to get themselves killed?" Luo Su Yi, though shot, was still lively and furious.

"Luo Su Yi, long time no see, you're still alive?"

At this moment, Yang Jian stepped forward.

In fact, he had seen Luo Su Yi's men driving people away earlier but did not stop them, thinking it was a good thing. The departure of unrelated people from the location was advantageous for him.

But if Luo Su Yi's men took away the coffin, Yang Jian could not tolerate that.

Without old Madam Liu's body, how could he deliver the letter to the 78th grave's owner?

Would he have to stuff it into an urn?

If that wasn't considered a successful delivery, what then?

So, it was time for Yang Jian to make a move.

"You, you... Yang Jian?" When Luo Su Yi saw Yang Jian walking towards him, his eyes widened in shock.

Although he knew Yang Jian was in Fushou Garden, he did not expect him to approach proactively.

And it seemed that the one who had fired the shots was him.

"Bang!"

Yet Yang Jian still fired with a cold expression.

"Wait, wait, Yang Jian, let me speak, don't shoot indiscriminately," begged Luo Su Yi, extending his hand in a panic, his previous indifference and assertiveness gone.

But Yang Jian paused in his footsteps, put down the gun, and said, "You should not have come here. Knowing that I am handling things in Fushou Garden, you still showed up? Was it Ye Zhen who sent you, or are you the manager of this area?"

Luo Su Yi had several bullet holes in his body, but he stood there as if nothing had happened.

Weapons could no longer kill him.

Even the gold bullets in Yang Jian's gun were useless.

"I was just curious and came over to look," Luo Su Yi dared not vent his anger at Yang Jian and merely forced a smile.

He did not mention having been shot multiple times earlier.

Yang Jian glanced at Lin Luomei beside him, then said, "Just two people, where's the third? Don't you guys operate in teams of three?"

"He died, a month ago. The cause of death was the resurgence of a malicious ghost; he couldn't suppress the ghost inside his body any longer," Luo Su Yi said with a slight change in his demeanor, his voice tinged with a hint of emotion.

Ghost controllers are short-lived, Lin Luomei was supposed to die as well, but she was lucky enough to have been given a spot by Yang Jian, which saved her.

"That's a real shame," Yang Jian said calmly, unmoved.

He had seen the death of many ghost controllers and had long since become numb to it.

"But did you come here just to look around? You didn't think about causing trouble?" Yang Jian asked.

Luo Su Yi replied with some resentment, "How would I dare to cause trouble when you're here? I really just came to take a look."

"Chasing people out is one thing, but what about this snatching of the coffin?" Yang Jian gestured towards the direction of the spirit hall.

Luo Su Yi explained, "It's just to prevent any accidents from happening. After all, this place needs to be a bit special. I don't want any corpses or dead bodies appearing here. Since you disagree with this, I won't do it."

After he finished talking, he immediately commanded his subordinates to put the coffin down and come over.

Four bodyguards dressed in suits, not daring to say more, immediately put down the coffin they had lifted.

It was unclear whether it was due to the interference of the family members nearby or because one person didn't hold it steady, but as they set it down, the coffin suddenly tilted and dropped heavily onto the ground.

The lid of the coffin was flung open by the fall.

However, eerily, the coffin was empty; Liu Laotai's body was nowhere to be found...

Liu Xinyue, the daughter of President Liu Yuan, was the first to notice.

Her eyes widened in shock as she stared at the empty coffin.

"Dad, grandma is gone," Liu Xinyue said, her body trembling slightly as an inexplicable fear enveloped her.

Liu Yuan, who had been crouching on the ground with his head in his hands, finally looked up and saw the empty coffin as well.

"Has the body gone missing?"

Sun Rui's complexion changed drastically when he heard this and hurried over with a limp, using his cane.

He went into the spirit hall and circled around, then tapped on the coffin several times, verifying repeatedly that the body was indeed missing.

"Yang, it looks like trouble is brewing," Li Yang said gravely, looking around at the towering tombstones, which somehow began to exude a growing sense of unease.

"Could it be that the body was buried ahead of time, not in the coffin?" Sun Rui returned and said in a deep voice.

Yang Jian looked up slightly and said, "No, I checked earlier using the Ghost Eye, and I was very sure there was an old person's body in the coffin..."

With this statement.

A chill ran through everyone's spine.

A supernatural event perhaps?

The words sprang unbidden to their minds.

"How could this be possible, an ordinary corpse, how could it just up and turn into... a ghost?" Sun Rui bit his teeth and was cautious when he uttered the last word.

"It hasn't been confirmed that it's a ghost; maybe it's just a prank," Luo Su Yi quickly said, "Maybe the body was stolen."

"Who would bother stealing a corpse? If someone were to steal this body, then they would have to be associated with the Ghost Domain," Li Yang said.

Luo Su Yi fell silent for a moment.

He didn't dare to say that it might have been Boss Ye Zhen who stole it.

After all, the boss sometimes did engage in such frivolities.

But this was only a guess; if the body wasn't stolen but had disappeared on its own, then the situation could be very serious.

"It could be human-caused, the body itself might have had issues, or there's another possibility, that there are ghosts present in this cemetery..." Yang Jian said, his demeanor becoming composed.

Chapter 784

The missing corpse made what was originally a normal farce of a conflict suddenly turn eerie.

At this moment, everyone's expression became solemn, for if it was truly confirmed that there might be ghosts in this graveyard, then it would be a mysterious supernatural event, and the unknown always signifies danger.

The number of spirit handlers gathered here was not small, a total of five.

But having many people doesn't necessarily mean safety.

There were quite a few spirit handlers who had perished in supernatural incidents.

"So, we have to confirm whether this is man-made, or if it's really about ghosts," Sun Rui said uneasily as he picked up his golden cane and tapped it on the ground.

In his heart, he was already leaning toward the idea of a supernatural event.

After all, they were dispatched by the Ghost Post Office to deliver a letter, if this were just a routine delivery, then there would be no need for the existence of the Ghost Post Office; it must involve some danger and peculiarity that required someone specially to deliver the letter.

Thus, delivering that red letter to the owner of grave No. 78 was not going to be easy.

"Yang Jian, how about using Ghost Domain to have a look? Find out where the corpse is, and if there are any ghosts, we can detect them sooner," Sun Rui suggested.

The graveyard was very large, continuing the search would be a waste of time, so the advantage of a spirit handler who possessed the Ghost Domain became apparent now.

"Okay, I'll use Ghost Domain to check the other areas, you guys just pay attention to the surroundings," Yang Jian said as he needed to be partly focused when using his eerie gaze in the distance.

"No problem, Yang Jian, you go ahead with confidence," Luo Su Yi said.

Yang Jian spoke, "You really enjoy watching the excitement without worrying about the consequences. I'm starting to suspect that the disappearance of the corpse is related to your Supernatural Space forum people messing around on purpose. Just now I had already confirmed that the corpse was lying in the coffin, and as soon as you arrived, and we lifted the coffin, the corpse was gone, which now directly affects my next move."

"It really wasn't us, you have to believe me," Luo Su Yi said, "I can swear it."

"If you want me to believe you, it's simple, if something unexpected happens, you'll have to follow my arrangements," Yang Jian said directly.

Luo Su Yi hesitated for a moment, "Follow your arrangements again? Last time I almost died in Caesar Hotel."

"Facing a fierce ghost, who doesn't have to face the threat of death? Stop talking nonsense, if it's a supernatural event, I'll lead the team, and you will follow orders. If all is well then everyone goes back the way they came and nothing will happen. Alright, let's leave it there, I'm starting now," Yang Jian glanced and spoke.

As he finished speaking,

In an instant,

The Ghost Domain was activated.

As the Ghost Eye opened, the graveyard, which was originally in daylight, was suddenly covered with a layer of red light. The brightness vanished, everything around turned a sinister crimson, and an indescribable ominous feeling enveloped everyone.

Yang Jian's actions were decisive; he activated the third layer of the Ghost Domain directly.

The third layer of the Ghost Domain equated to the domain of the Hungry Ghost, which actually was not considered weak anymore.

And the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain equated to the domain of a Ghost Envoy.

As for the distinction of these layers, it was actually just Yang Jian's personal calculation. In the supernatural circle and in front of fierce ghosts, there is no such thing as levels of Ghost Domain, there is only one layer, but with differences in strength. A weak Ghost Domain could only induce illusions, but a powerful Ghost Domain could twist reality.

The graveyard was large, but Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was even larger.

However, he controlled the scope just enough to cover the graveyard without spreading it further.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye surveilled within the Ghost Domain, and in theory, his Ghost Eye could see any place within the domain, of course, provided it wasn't interfered with.

After all, some ghosts could resist the scrutiny of the Ghost Eye.

But as long as there was an interference, the Ghost Eye couldn't see, which naturally confirmed which area had a problem.

Starting from the first grave, Yang Jian began to search, attempting to find the body of Liu Yuan's mother, Liu Laotai, and also to see if there were any ghosts appearing within the graveyard.

There was no problem with the first grave.

And grave No. 78 was still empty, with a hole dug but nothing buried.

So, Yang Jian shifted his gaze to the second grave...

While he was searching, the others stood by, vigilant of their surroundings.

Although they were in the Ghost Domain, everyone was aware that Yang Jian's Ghost Domain could also be invaded; there is no place that is one hundred percent safe.

"What on earth is happening..." Liu Yuan, who was ignored by the side, was now hunkering down, holding his head, looking terrified at the world covered in red light before him.

Not only were all the buildings and the ground soaked in red light, but even the sky was red.

Although everything was still as before, this world was revealing a kind of strangeness everywhere.

It was as if isolated from everything else, making one feel very uncomfortable.

Liu Yuan looked at the others, who didn't seem to find anything strange, just being very vigilant and attentive to the movements around them.

Just now, two groups of people had been in a gunfight.

Now, however, there was the idea of joining forces and cooperating.

And moreover,

the person from before seemed to have been shot, right? There was blood on his body, but now he was acting as if nothing had happened, showing no signs of injury, his complexion only slightly pale.

Who were these people?

Liu Yuan's heart was filled with astonishment and suspicion.

But at this time, nobody would pay attention to the thoughts of an ordinary person. As long as one was caught up in a supernatural event, ordinary people were deemed expendable, and the majority of those who could control ghosts would not bother with the life or death of common folk, because their attention was only on the ghosts involved in the supernatural incident.

"No problem..."

Yang Jian's expression had grown somber. He had covered the entire Fushou Garden with his Ghost Domain, but found no problems—a lack of signs of supernatural interference, and no sign of Old Lady Liu's body.

It was as if reality was playing a joke on him.

Could it be that they were overreacting and the body had been taken away by others on the supernatural forum?

Or was it the Ghost Post Office intervening in this delivery task, making the target disappear?

Before the real issue came to light, everything was just a guess.

"No, that's not right. The cemetery itself isn't the problem, the problem lies with... the graves."

Suddenly, as Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was infiltrating the ground to check for problems with whatever was buried there, he found that his Ghost Domain was being affected.

The Ghost Domain couldn't penetrate any further.

It could only cover the surface, unable to investigate below.

However, not all places were like this. Most other places in Fushou Garden could be permeated, but some graves in the cemetery showed signs of being interfered with.

These scattered areas spread throughout Fushou Garden were like chunks forcibly removed from Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, making it incomplete and filled with many gaps.

In such a situation, he needed to investigate in person since the Ghost Domain was of little use.

With this thought,

Yang Jian retracted his Ghost Domain, and the red world began to dissipate quickly.

However, after his Ghost Domain disappeared, Fushou Garden did not return to its previous state. The sky dimmed and darkened, suddenly turning as if night had fallen. But it was not so dark that one could see nothing; it was merely gloomy. And looking into the distance, the buildings and towers of Dahai City were no longer visible.

This was another Ghost Domain.

"How could this be? It was fine just a moment ago," Li Yang suddenly exclaimed, his eyes wide.

"I knew something was wrong with this place. How could a body just disappear without reason? If I'm not mistaken, this must be the original site of the supernatural event's outbreak."

Sun Rui said seriously, "I've also done some research in this area. Ghost appearances are completely unpredictable, with no fixed location or time. That's why supernatural incidents can't be prevented in advance. So, a place that seems perfectly normal can suddenly become abnormal at a certain moment."

"The Ghost Post Office must have known that something was going to happen here today, which is why they arranged for us to deliver the letter. That post office can predict where ghosts will appear."

"No, that's not right. If the Ghost Post Office knew that a ghost would appear, then how could they know we would be here? The delivery window is seven days. If we had come a day later, and if this place had turned into a Ghost Domain, then ordinary people wouldn't be able to enter at all, making the delivery impossible."

"The delivery tasks of the Ghost Post Office must have a possibility of completion, otherwise there'd be no point in assigning them."

Afterward, Sun Rui's expression fluctuated with uncertainty, feeling that the whole situation was full of questions and conflicts.

It seemed logical, yet also full of illogical aspects.

"Yang Jian, what do you think we should do in this situation? I need to notify the boss on my end; I really don't want an incident we can't deal with to occur," Luo Su Yi immediately said.

It wasn't a matter of distrust toward Yang Jian, but rather that Ye Zhen's arrival gave him more confidence.

At that moment, Yang Jian was silent, calmly observing the sudden change, then looked at Sun Rui and slowly said, "Your conjecture is correct; this indeed is the original site of the supernatural incident, which means we've now encountered an unknown supernatural event that has just unfolded."

"But your other guess is wrong," said Yang Jian. "The Ghost Post Office can't predict that we would come early, but it can."

Having said that, Yang Jian pulled out a bright red letter from his person.

"There's something wrong with this letter."

"Yang Jian, what are your thoughts?" Sun Rui asked.

"I don't have any solid ideas at the moment," Yang Jian replied, "just an immature guess. If we link the letter with the supernatural events happening here, then nothing is strange. The supernatural occurrences here may not appear out of thin air, and they're not without reason either. It's very likely that they're targeting this letter."

"The letter is a starter, a bait, a..... coordinate."

"Think of the letter as a beacon. The ghosts see this light and then start seeping in from other Ghost Domains."

Yang Jian paused after saying this, "This graveyard certainly has ghosts, but the ghosts haven't appeared in the real world. They should exist in some Supernatural Space. However, due to the arrival of the letter, the ghosts started to become active..... slowly invading this place."

"That's why this graveyard is experiencing the scene we see now."

He reminisced about the time he encountered the Ghost Hand.

The unseen Ghost Hands were strangling passengers in the cabin, and it was only after he opened the third layer of the Ghost Domain that he found the source of the Ghost Hand.

This indicates that some ghosts come with their own Ghost Domains, invisible to the ordinary eye.

But the situation here is a bit more special.

"So you're saying, the essential task of a postman is to bring about supernatural events?" Sun Rui narrowed his eyes, a chilling murderous intent emanating from him.

Those who deliver mail, they all deserve to die.

Even though these people might not be aware of what they're doing, with the majority being innocent ordinary people, it's not permissible for them to exist if they trigger one supernatural event after another.

"No, we can't jump to conclusions yet. If the letter merely attracts supernatural events, then there's no need for it to be delivered accurately. It would suffice to deliver it to a specific location," Yang Jian

continued. "Our delivery task this time is to get it into the hands of the specific owner of grave number 78."

"So, what this ultimately represents is still a mystery."

Upon hearing this, Sun Rui nodded gravely, "So, do we continue delivering the letter, or do we leave this place for now?"

"Do we have a choice? Now that the Ghost Post Office and the supernatural events of Fushou Garden are entangled, if we don't deliver this letter, we won't just be unable to go upstairs, we'll also be attacked by malicious spirits for failing the delivery. Either way, we can't escape being attacked by ghosts. Instead of passively facing danger, it's better to take the initiative."

"And besides, do you really think it's so easy to leave now?"

Yang Jian had a grave expression on his face as he pointed towards the distant graveyard.

For some reason, the number of graves in the graveyard seemed..... to have increased.

Graves that did not belong to Fushou Garden were mixed in with the rest, replacing and encroaching on the original burial plots, making the tombstones and the graves mismatched and chaotic.

"The number of graves has increased," everyone's faces changed abruptly.

"The ground has changed too," Sun Rui suddenly said.

Looking down.

The originally clean and orderly asphalt surface had disappeared at this time, turning into a dirt road.

"The influence of the Ghost Domain is deepening, and it has begun to affect reality," Yang Jian said, feeling the loose soil beneath his feet.

This is not an illusion, but reality.

The speed of this invasion into reality..... suggests that a big problem is imminent.

Yang Jian once again looked at the red letter in his hand.

Perhaps red signifies danger.

This is a death letter.

Ordinary people caught up in this matter definitely face a life-or-death situation, and survival is almost impossible. The Ghost Domain has appeared, which means the way back has been sealed.

And within the Ghost Domain, there definitely exists a malicious spirit.

No one has died yet simply because no one has been targeted by a ghost.

"The level of influence has reached that of the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain. I wonder if I can leave by opening the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian pondered with a flicker in his gaze and uncertainty in his heart.

If one cannot leave even with the fifth layer of the Ghost Domain, then the problem is severe.

He glanced at the others.

Sun Rui, Li Yang, Luo Su Yi, and that Lin Luomei.

With the four of them and himself, they should be able to hold their own against ghosts, right?

If they really encountered an untenable situation, it wouldn't be too late to think about retreating; using the fifth level of the Ghost Domain now would honestly be a waste.

And if they still couldn't get away, they would have to save that ability to deal with fierce ghosts.

Everyone looked at Yang Jian, as if waiting for his decision.

After all, only Yang Jian had the Ghost Domain here; if they wanted to leave, they would have to either capture the ghost that imprisoned this place or rely on the Ghost Domain to escape.

The power of decision was in Yang Jian's hands.

"First, we'll deliver the letter, and then I'll try to lead you out of here. If that fails, then we can only think of confronting the ghost head-on," Yang Jian pondered for a moment before making his decision.

Luo Su Yi's eyelids twitched at these words: "Yang Jian, I won't go deliver that letter. If you guys want to go, go ahead; I'll just stay here."

"Stay here, and you'll be safe? Don't forget the ghost has already invaded this place. Take a look behind you, Luo Su Yi," Yang Jian said coldly.

Luo Su Yi instinctively turned his head looking back.

At some point, a low, old grave had appeared on the dirt ground behind him. In front of that grave stood a tombstone with someone's name engraved on it, as well as a faded portrait. The features were blurred and the colors faded, revealing only a vague silhouette.

"Damn it."

Luo Su Yi jumped in fright and hastily took several steps forward to avoid the old grave behind him.

"This piece of the Ghost Domain is a cemetery," Lin Luomei typed and narrated simultaneously.

"That's right, Fushou Garden's burial grounds have overlapped with a mysterious graveyard, and old graves keep appearing," Sun Rui said, resting on his cane. "Yang Jian, I think the letter the Ghost Post Office wants us to deliver isn't meant for No. 78, Old Madam Liu; it's for the master of the 78th grave within the Ghost Domain."

"Look at the old grave in the back, there're numbers at the bottom right corner of the tombstone," he continued.

"Twenty-one."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly: "This counting method... is not from modern times."

"This is a counting method from decades ago, also used during the Republic of China period."

Meaning that this grave was quite old.

"Let's go check out Old Madam Liu's grave at No.1 burial site," Yang Jian decided to take action immediately.

"Alright, sitting around isn't a solution. It's better to start moving," Sun Rui wasn't the kind to sit and wait for doom either.

Luo Su Yi had no choice but to follow Yang Jian, bracing himself.

He had been unwittingly dragged into this and was now unable to extricate himself.

"Wait, wait a minute," at this moment, Liu Yuan, a regular person, summoned an unknown courage and called out to the group preparing to leave.

Yang Jian glanced back slightly.

Seizing the opportunity, Liu Yuan knew that this young man was the leader of the group, commanding and decisive despite his youth.

Immediately, he pleaded, "Big brother, I beg you, please take my daughter and son out of here. My death doesn't matter as long as our daughter and son can survive. I'll give you anything you want, my company, all my assets, whatever you ask for, I beg you."

Although he was unaware of the full situation, the unbelievable scenes unfolding before his eyes and what he had overheard had given him some understanding.

He knew if they missed this chance, his family might not be able to make it out alive.

"Following us might get you killed faster, of course, there's also a chance to survive, but we're under no obligation to protect you. Luo Su Yi, your Supernatural Forum is responsible for this city's safety, aren't you going to do your duty?" Yang Jian glanced over and spoke.

Luo Su Yi's expression flickered as he said, "If you can walk without being scared to death, then come with us. But as for staying alive, I can't guarantee that."

"Thank you so much, thank you," Liu Yuan said, overcome with relief. He immediately told his daughter, "Xiao Yue, take your brother Xiao Haw and follow them. Take care of your brother and remember to stick with them no matter what happens; don't run off on your own."

Liu Yuan's children were not that young.

The daughter named Xiao Yue, full name Liu Xinyue, was a tall, pretty woman in her early twenties, truly beautiful and wealthy. Xiao Haw, her younger brother, was around fifteen or sixteen, a youthful, handsome boy who would undoubtedly grow up to be very successful and wealthy.

But in this situation, their social status afforded them no advantage at all.

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In the dimly lit graveyard.

Yang Jian, Sun Rui, Li Yang, along with Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei, walked on the muddy path, gradually heading deeper into the graveyard. Following behind their group were six or seven members of the paranormal forum, as well as the two children of Liu Yuan from earlier.

There were more than a dozen people in total.

The number was quite large.

Moreover, with as many as five ghost hunters, such strength was considered top-notch in any supernatural event.

It was precisely because of this that Yang Jian had the confidence to take action.

Although there were quite a few ordinary people mixed in, these individuals were essentially dispensable; should real trouble arise, no one would risk their lives to save an ordinary person.

Their presence would not affect the actions of Yang Jian and the others.

"Increasing the number of people in the team can reduce the chances of being attacked by fierce ghosts, Luo Su Yi, it seems the incident at Caesar Hotel scared you quite a bit,"

Yang Jian, leading the way, glanced over and roughly guessed why Luo Su Yi had allowed two ordinary people to follow the group just now.

This guy had also learned to play dirty, something he wouldn't have done in the past.

Indeed, time can change a person.

Luo Su Yi said, "If they stayed there, they would get attacked by ghosts as well, right? It's a bit safer following us. And isn't it a very normal survival strategy that more people can reduce the frequency of attacks by fierce ghosts? There's always going to be casualties, so why not let their deaths be more meaningful?"

"If a ghost targets someone, it's all the same whether they're in the group or not. On the contrary, we can share the probability of being attacked by ghosts with them."

"So it's a mutual benefit, there's no question of using one another. Yang Jian, you've become a lot kinder after not seeing you for a while."

He hadn't expected Yang Jian, a man of his nature, to care about the lives and deaths of ordinary people.

Yang Jian said with a cold face, "I've never advocated for ordinary people to get involved in supernatural events. If ordinary people really encounter such situations, finding a place to hide increases the chances of living, and running around blindly, with their lack of abilities, leads to a high chance of something going wrong."

"But you didn't refuse them either, did you?" said Luo Su Yi with a faint smile.

Yang Jian replied, "That's because I can't be bothered to care about whether others live or die. They are adults and should be responsible for their own choices. If they make a mistake, if they die, they deserve it. If they're right and survive, they don't need to thank anyone for saving their lives. I've solved so many supernatural events and saved so many people I can't even count them all, and I've never asked anyone to thank me."

"Because I don't deal with supernatural events to save people."

"You really are cold-hearted, Yang Jian."

Luo Su Yi exclaimed, "That's why I've always admired you, for not being bound by rules and regulations, for being real and not fake."

After some experiences, he realized how unique a person with Yang Jian's character was. Of course, personality didn't matter much; what was important is that Yang Jian had grown to such an extent that he could even be mentioned in the same breath as his boss, Ye Zhen.

"Let's talk less idle chatter. The old graves are starting to multiply here." Sun Rui interrupted the conversation between the two, poking at a grave mound in front of them with his cane, very solemnly.

The grave soil was very loose and the cane easily penetrated it.

"What do you think is buried under these mounds?"

Yang Jian looked around and said, "You'd better curb that curiosity. This place is very unusual. I feel it's entirely different from previous supernatural incidents, with not a single commonality. Although nothing has happened yet, danger definitely exists, especially since Old Lady Liu's body has already gone missing."

"It's a signal, a signal of potential danger."

Gravesites were everywhere, yet none could be scrutinized with the ghostly eye.

As a result, Yang Jian was unable to confirm whether the graves held any danger. However, even if he suspected something, he dared not dig up a grave to investigate.

The only grave he dared to uncover was number 78.

After all, he had to deliver the letter there. Besides, he wanted to see what kind of entity was receiving a letter from the Ghost Post Office.

"I really want to get out of this damned place quickly." Sun Rui expressed gravely.

The mounds of graves were everywhere. Looking up, they seemed boundless, stretching into the dim world in the distance.

What was once a normal Fushou Garden had suddenly transformed into this. Even if it was an invasion of the Ghost Domain, it was a bit too exaggerated, wasn't it?

How much time had passed? It was almost as if they were in a completely different world.

Could that red letter actually be delivered safely?

Sun Rui felt a strong unease. He thought Yang Jian's words were very true; what was happening here was indeed starkly different from previous supernatural events.

Which supernatural event had ever produced so many graves?

They bypassed the grave blocking their path.

Yang Jian continued forward, his gaze scanning the tombstones in front of each grave, noticing the numbers on them.

He found that some graves did not have tombstones, only a few had them with numbers engraved. The reason for this difference was unknown, but it certainly increased the difficulty of his search.

Thankfully, the graves followed some pattern.

If the place they had come from was marked twenty-one, then the numbers had changed to thirty-two, thirty-three...

The numbers were increasing.

This indicated that they were heading in the right direction, though the distribution of graves was disordered. The search for grave number 78 was more far-reaching than imagined.

As everyone continued to move forward.

The mound that had previously obstructed their path now presented a sinister scene. From a hole poked by Sun Rui with his cane, blood began to ooze out. Rather than being absorbed by the earth, the blood seemed to be repelled, slowly trickling out and gradually staining the narrow path the group had walked on red.

Moreover, as the blood flowed, the once towering mound began to sink bit by bit, continually getting shorter as if something supporting it was vanishing.

No one saw this happen, and no one noticed.

Eerie changes always occurred when least expected.

As they delved deeper into the cemetery,

more and more bizarre events unfolded.

A member of the supernatural forum suddenly pointed to a grave not far away, "Look, isn't that grave a bit unusual?"

Everyone looked over.

Sure enough, about ten meters away, a solitary tombstone stood, and behind it, the grave mound had split open bizarrely.

Yes, there was no mistake.

The grave mound had split in half from the middle, collapsing to the left and right, with neither coffin nor corpse inside, just eerily empty.

An empty grave cracked open?

"The grave has split from the inside out, something came out of it," Yang Jian said with a sinking gaze, noticing some details.

"No way?" The others' faces changed dramatically.

Yang Jian said, "It's likely true, but that grave is quite old, and from the looks of the split, it's not a recent event. It has been several months at least, so whatever came out of the grave is probably no longer here, likely having left the cemetery."

As he spoke, a chill set into everyone's bones.

"Yang, based on what you said, isn't it possible that a few of the many graves here just happened to split open today?" Li Yang whispered.

"Very possible," Yang Jian replied, his voice grave.

Luo Su Yi said, "Stop talking about it, or I'll want to turn around and leave."

"You can't leave Ghost Domain," Lin Luomei said as she typed, her voice transmitting through the audio.

"Don't point out my shortcomings, I'm just expressing my opinion," Luo Su Yi complained.

Yang Jian continued to walk forward, gradually falling silent, no longer speaking, focusing instead on their surroundings.

In such an environment, encountering ghosts wouldn't even surprise him.

The one consolation now was that no one in the team had died; this also meant that none of the dozen of them had been targeted by a malevolent spirit, so for the moment, they remained in relative safety.

But...

Yang Jian noted the change in numbers on a tombstone: roman numeral forty-five.

They had reached the vicinity of grave number forty-five. The destination, number seventy-eight, was not far off. If nothing went wrong, it would take roughly ten minutes to reach, a time that could be further reduced by running.

However, before they had gone much further, he suddenly stopped.

Next to the path ahead, a small, new grave rose without a tombstone, resembling a little mound.

But on the outside of this mound, an arm covered in grave soil stuck out like a dry tree branch, rigid and contorted atop the grave.

"It's the people who attended the funeral earlier; they scattered because of Luo Su Yi's threats. Now they've been swept into the supernatural events and died here," Yang Jian said, narrowing his eyes as he examined the arm on the mound.

The arm's skin tone clearly showed it was freshly dead and on the wrist dangled an expensive-looking watch.

The hands of the watch kept moving.

Li Yang, Sun Rui, and Luo Su Yi all had their expressions change drastically upon seeing this.

"Has the ghost started killing?"

The idea sprang into everyone's mind, overtaking their prior unease with a more ominous feeling.

They hurriedly looked around, but saw nothing, neither people nor ghosts, just the graves.

"Should we keep going? People are already dead, Yang," Sun Rui asked.

The exposed arm on the low mound ahead almost served as a warning sign, cautioning them not to venture further. The implication was clear: if they continued, the next to be buried in grave soil might not be the person from the funeral, but themselves.

Yang Jian hesitated for a moment, about to speak, but then he suddenly gestured for everyone to be quiet.

In the stillness of the cemetery, a peculiar sound emerged from nowhere.

Ding, ding ding.

It sounded like someone chiseling on a tombstone.

The noise grew clearer and seemed very near.

Apparently just ahead, not far away.

However, their line of sight was blocked by the graves, making it impossible to see clearly.

Chapter 786 Bury a person

...

Walking through a dim, silent graveyard filled with old graves inherently breeds fear and unease.

Especially since this old graveyard is within the Ghost Domain.

Everyone understands that there are definitely ghosts within the Ghost Domain, but looking at these graves scattered everywhere, it wouldn't seem strange if a ghost appeared at any moment. The only hope was that the encountered ghosts wouldn't be too terrifying and that they could be dealt with by their group. If they encountered an unmanageable malevolent spirit,

the consequences would be severe.

It could well mean someone's death.

And by someone, it's not a common person that would die, but a ghost controller.

"Sis, I can't go on any further."

At the end of the group, a 15 or 16-year-old boy named Xiao Haw spoke up, his face filled with fear. He trembled all over, and each step he took among these old graves took a tremendous amount of courage.

Liu Xinyue, Liu Yuan's daughter, was just over twenty years old. Though she was an adult, her fears in this situation were no less than her younger brother's.

Her only support was the sense of responsibility to take care of her family.

If she collapsed, what would happen to her younger brother?

"Don't worry, nothing will happen, as long as we follow them,"

Liu Xinyue said with a trembling voice, looking towards the people at the front, especially the one named Yang Jian.

Even though she didn't know any of these people, she wasn't stupid.

The one called Yang Jian was the core of these people, whose word was law, and even the person who randomly fired his gun and even attempted to steal from his grandmother's coffin had no choice but to listen to him.

As to why this was the case, Liu Xinyue wasn't sure.

If there was an accident, she could only muster the courage to ask that man for help.

But at this moment, no one paid attention to the thoughts of these two ordinary people at the back of the line, or cared whether they were scared. That was because suddenly, a series of crisp knocking sounds began to float through the air between the graves.

The sound was like someone carving inscriptions on a tombstone with some tool.

In such a place, could there really be others repairing graves and stone monuments?

If there were, would they be among the living?

The clear 'ding ding' sounds echoed around them, reaching everyone's ears. Merely at the sound's onset, everyone became silent at once, and some were even struck by a chill that left them frozen.

Ghosts?

The same thought popped into everyone's minds.

The next moment,

Sun Rui, Li Yang, Luo Su Yi, and Lin Luomei all turned their gazes towards Yang Jian.

Under these circumstances, what was he going to do?

However, to everyone's shock, Yang Jian paused briefly, furrowed his brow as if pondering or weighing something, and then made a decision, or a choice. He didn't proceed with caution to assess the situation or choose to flee but instead bolted forward.

Indeed.

No mistake there.

Yang Jian actually ran towards the source of the sound.

"Yang, calm down," Sun Rui's face changed drastically as he urgently called out.

"Encountering a ghost might be a good thing. If we can deal with it at once and not give it a chance to kill, why should we, so many people, be afraid?" Yang Jian had already dashed off, his voice coming through.

There were many ghost controllers in the team.

Unless they encountered an Unsolvable Level ghost like a Ghost Envoy, they all had a fighting chance.

If they won, this whole incident would be over.

"He's still as audacious as ever," Luo Su Yi said as he watched, his eyelids twitching.

Reminiscing about the past, when he and Yang Jian faced the incident at Caesar's Hotel, Yang Jian acted in the same way, charging in with Xiong Wenwen without a second thought.

Yang Jian's ghost eye had already opened, and he scanned his surroundings, quickly moving around two or three graves that obstructed his view, heading straight towards the direction of the sound.

With his swift action, he got ever closer to the source of those 'ding' sounds.

"It's just ahead."

He sped up, trying to find the ghost in this graveyard.

When confronting a ghost, it's extremely dangerous. Yang Jian kept a calm expression, ready to respond to whatever might happen.

"If I go around the grave up ahead, I'll be able to see it."

He was very close to the source of the sound now, only a few meters away, but because his view was blocked, he couldn't peer through with his ghost eye and had to approach it personally.

"Yang, don't be rash, stay calm,"

Sun Rui tried to stop him from behind, feeling that Yang Jian was being too reckless by actively moving towards the knocking sounds.

If a ghost targeted him or if it triggered the ghost's murder pattern, the situation, which was still somewhat under control, could turn eerie and unpredictable.

However, just as Yang Jian passed the last old grave, the knocking sound that was previously within arm's reach suddenly stopped.

There was no sign, no anomaly, the sound just vanished into thin air.

Yang Jian's face changed immediately; he had reached the front of that old grave.

The sound had come from this very location.

But he saw nothing, no person and no ghost. The surrounding area was empty, void of anything.

"Am I a step too late? Or did the ghost leave instantly because I approached... After all, this is a world of the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian surveyed his surroundings.

He quickly withdrew his gaze.

His attention landed on an apparently newly erected tombstone in front of the old grave.

The tombstone was made of ordinary materials, with nothing strange about it.

However, on this tombstone were a few characters that looked freshly carved, the writing was crooked and not upright, and each stroke had traces of red paint—likely not paint but bloodstains, which had dribbled down the etchings, forming several red trails.

The words on this tombstone, upon closer examination, appeared to be: Luo Su Yi.

The characters were in traditional script, and with the sloppy, twisted writing, as well as the obscuring bloodstains, it took Yang Jian a moment to recognize them.

As soon as he did, Yang Jian immediately looked up, glancing back in the direction he had come from.

At this moment,

Sun Rui, Li Yang, Luo Su Yi, and Lin Luomei were quickly approaching.

...

"Team Leader Yang, what's the situation? The sound seems to have stopped. Have you successfully subdued that ghost?"

Sun Rui leaned on his cane, walking at the front. Although one of his legs was inconvenient, his pace hadn't fallen behind at all.

Yang Jian didn't speak but fixed his gaze firmly on Luo Su Yi, who was behind him.

The knocking sound just now was unmistakable.

It was a ghost here, engraving a tombstone.

However, the inscription on the tombstone was completed, bearing the name of Luo Su Yi.

If this was indeed the ghost's way of attacking, then now Luo Su Yi would be facing unimaginable horror and danger.

"Yang Jian, what's with that look? Why are you staring at me like that? Has something really serious happened?"

Feeling Yang Jian's intense gaze, Luo Su Yi suddenly became inexplicably uneasy.

He hurried over, feeling that something was amiss.

However, Luo Su Yi hadn't walked more than a few steps when suddenly one foot stepped into a void, plunging into the earth, sinking deep and passing his knee.

He staggered, falling forward, his hands instinctively bracing his body.

Yet as soon as his hands made contact with the muddy path, they too sank in, nearly swallowing a mouthful of mud.

"Damn it, this is just my luck. Who dug such a hole here..." Luo Su Yi immediately cursed, but before he could finish, his expression suddenly changed, and a fear rose from the pit of his stomach.

He felt that his limbs sunk in the soil were being grasped by something.

The sensation was most likely that of cold, stiff, dead human hands.

"It's not a pit; I've been attacked by a ghost."

Luo Su Yi realized in an instant. He wanted to fight back, to break free from the ghost's grip, but what was more terrifying was that...

The ghost inside him was suppressed.

No, not just suppressed; it seemed to be drawn out.

The loose, dirty, and dark grave soil on the ground seemed to want to bury both the ghost and himself.

The feeling was like an ordinary person falling into a swamp, unable to struggle, only sinking faster the more they tried.

"Quick, help, help me," Luo Su Yi yelled, crying out in terror for assistance.

Lin Luomei, who was nearby, was the first to react. She began to speak, her voice shrill and strange, like that of a fierce ghost, chilling to the bone, in stark contrast with her cute appearance: "Let him go."

The fierce ghost spoke, carrying an incomprehensible and eerie power.

This voice could briefly disrupt the actions of other ghosts and even command them for a few seconds.

In supernatural events, this ability could be life-saving at a critical moment.

However, as soon as the fierce ghost's voice appeared, it vanished the moment it touched the soil.

Lin Luomei's mouth, which had just opened, suddenly closed, feeling a puckered, fishy taste as if she had eaten a mouthful of mud.

She immediately became somewhat panicked.

This situation, though previously encountered by Lin Luomei, had never been quite so peculiar as this time.

"What to do?" In her panic, she didn't know what would be best to do.

But at that moment, Yang Jian rushed over, grabbed Luo Su Yi by the back, and tried to pull him up from the ground.

However, accompanied by the sound of skin ripping and bones cracking,

Luo Su Yi's body seemed as if it was going to be torn apart alive by Yang Jian, but he remained firmly glued to the ground, continuing to sink, with only half his face remaining visible.

The pain made him scream out.

"Ghost Hand unable to form suppression..."

Yang Jian's blackened, rigid palm could only unleash a strength beyond that of an ordinary person, but the Ghost Hand's suppression had no effect whatsoever.

"Damn it."

Sun Rui reacted at this moment, quickly lifted his foot and kicked Luo Su Yi's body hard.

Luo Su Yi's body lifted slightly from the ground due to the kick, as if it would leave the ground.

But the next moment, he sank even deeper.

"This won't do, below, there's a ghost grasping me..." Luo Su Yi cried out in terror, but before he could finish, his head also sank in, leaving only his black scalp visible.

Yang Jian seemed to have guessed this would happen; his blackened, stiff palm reached directly along Luo Su Yi's arm and into the soil.

To suppress a ghost, one must make contact with it.

This is one of the Ghost Hand's weaknesses; if it cannot make contact, it cannot suppress out of thin air.

Yet, as he reached down, he felt nothing of Luo Su Yi's body buried in the soil, just a handful of mud.

It appeared as though the body was sinking, but in reality, it wasn't buried below at all.

In the Ghost Domain, anything could happen, Yang Jian had encountered such bizarre situations before.

"It's useless; he can't be saved."

Sun Rui spoke solemnly: "He was buried too quickly, we had no time to react. If we could have taken precautions, amputating the legs might have been possible, but now, we can't amputate everything below the back of the head, can we?"

"I wasn't decisive enough. I thought Luo Su Yi could hold out, or at least struggle a bit. After all, if I had acted first, Luo Su Yi might have thought I was trying to kill him. Then, focusing on dealing with me, he might ignore the ghost's attack. So, I prepared to give him a warning first, but I didn't expect that before I could speak, it would already have happened, and so quickly," Yang Jian lamented his mistake.

Who could have imagined that a living person, a ghost controller, would fall here and disappear just like that?

Lin Luomei, who seemed unwilling to see Luo Su Yi vanish, appeared to lose control of her emotions and rushed over. She knelt down with a thump on the ground, reaching out to dig through the loose, blackened soil, as if trying to dig out Luo Su Yi.

But as the ground was dug up, there was nothing beneath.

There was no body of Luo Su Yi.

Seeing this, Sun Rui glanced over but didn't try to dissuade her; instead, he turned to Yang Jian and asked, "Team Leader Yang, what exactly happened just now? Why did you have a premonition that Luo Su Yi would be attacked?"

His voice was calm, but his hands were tightly gripping his cane.

This betrayed his tension and a strong sense of unease.

Knowing that, had he been in that situation, he likely would have been done for as well.

Chapter 787 Grave Digging

Watching Luo Su Yi vanish before their eyes, a heavy stone seemed to press upon everyone's hearts, leaving them struggling to catch their breath.

At this moment, everyone began to realize that the ghost here was terrifyingly beyond imagination.

Once targeted by the ghost, even Luo Su Yi, a ghost controller, had no chance to resist and was killed instantly, so swiftly that there was hardly any difference from an ordinary person.

Lin Luomei was still digging at the ground, seemingly trying to unearth Luo Su Yi.

But Yang Jian and the others knew it was impossible.

Luo Su Yi wasn't buried underneath, but rather pulled by the ghost into an unknown place.

As for where this unknown place was, no one knew, since everyone encountered this situation for the first time and had no experience.

"Luo Su Yi's attack wasn't without signs. The clinking sound just now was a precursor of the ghost targeting him. I rushed over there to find the source of that sound because I was worried about this. In supernatural events, any sound, any movement, all have their causes," Yang Jian spoke calmly now.

"In fact, my guess was right. Weren't you asking why I knew in advance that Luo Su Yi was going to be attacked? This is the evidence."

He turned and pointed at a tombstone in front of an old grave.

The tombstone was newly erected; it hadn't been there before.

Sun Rui, leaning on his cane, limped over and took a look. His face changed immediately.

Carved awkwardly on the tombstone was a familiar name: Luo Su Yi.

The name was bleeding, as if dyed red by red paint, and the blood was still dripping down, leaving behind bloody streaks on the tombstone, creating an unusually eerie sight.

"Was the clinking sound earlier made by the ghost carving the tombstone?" Sun Rui quickly caught on.

Yang Jian said, "It appears that way. The name Luo Su Yi appearing on a tombstone in front of a grave—do I need to spell out what that signifies?"

"Did you see the ghost that was carving the name?" Sun Rui asked again.

Yang Jian replied, "I had already reached this spot just now, just a moment away from seeing that ghost when the sound of the carving abruptly stopped, followed immediately by the ghost's disappearance, missing by about three seconds."

Sun Rui stared at the tombstone: "Officer Yang, your reaction was quite swift. Had it been us, we probably would have already avoided this area. At that point, not only would Luo Su Yi have died, but we also wouldn't be able to discern precisely what that clinking sound was. In such a case, everyone might have died without ever guessing the true cause."

"It's a pity what happened just now. If only Luo Su Yi had a name with more strokes to write, maybe the ghost wouldn't have finished carving it so quickly. Now that the ghost is gone, it means the next time it kills, we're likely to lose another person."

Li Yang walked over and said, "So, this ghost kills by carving a person's name on a tombstone? It's like a curse... As soon as the name of a living person is inscribed, they can never leave this graveyard."

"That must be it. This ghost is terrifying, not needing to show itself, just the name of a person is enough to kill a ghost controller who could control two ghosts, let alone an ordinary person. But this method of killing is very inefficient, only one name can be carved at a time."

Yang Jian also deduced a lot of information from this.

"Then, how did the ghost learn Luo Su Yi's name?" Then Sun Rui spoke with a grave tone.

"Unclear, and that's what is most terrifying. Perhaps the ghost knows all our names, simply carving them onto tombstones in some kind of order. Maybe our names were already recorded secretly somewhere as soon as we entered the graveyard, like a death list, and the ghost is just following that list to kill," said Yang Jian.

"Or perhaps... the ghost heard our names from the conversations we had with each other."

"Whichever it is, it's extremely dangerous."

Although these speculations have no basis, Luo Su Yi's disappearance had allowed them to roughly infer some things.

These things were close to the ghost's pattern of killing, but even if they guessed right, what could they do?

Because regardless of the scenario, it was difficult for everyone to avoid being targeted by the ghost, as the prime opportunity had already passed.

That's how supernatural events are.

...

The first batch to be sucked into the situation were the most unlucky ones, as discovering a ghost's pattern of killing came at a staggering cost.

At that moment, Li Yang stared at the gravestone in front of him and suddenly said, "Captain Yang, do you think Luo Su Yi might still be alive? After all, he was only taken away by the ghost; we didn't see him get killed by it. Maybe he's still alive somewhere... like buried in one of these old graves? If we can find the right grave, isn't there a chance that we can dig Luo Su Yi out?"

"Do you think Luo Su Yi is buried in this grave?" Yang Jian asked.

Indeed, there was a gravestone with Luo Su Yi's name in front of the old tomb.

If one were to reason this way, then Luo Su Yi, who had just disappeared, might indeed be buried inside, after all, he was now the owner of the grave.

Lin Luomei, standing nearby, suddenly lifted her head upon hearing this, and without saying a word, charged over, ready to dig up the old tomb with her own hands.

Sun Rui immediately stretched out his cane to stop her, "Have you lost your mind, wanting to start digging right away? This is just a guess. If it's wrong and we open this grave, and we don't find Luo Su Yi but something else instead, the situation here will become more complex than before."

"The grave might contain other ghosts; this is not a cemetery for burying ordinary people."

He had roughly understood the terror of this graveyard through the recent death of Luo Su Yi.

A grave that could bury even a ghost controller signified that it could also contain ghosts.

Moreover, this place seemed very old. If they were to say that only Luo Su Yi, a single ghost controller, had died here during this time, burying only his ghost, Sun Rui would never believe it.

"Actually, this kind of attempt is somewhat necessary. In case someone gets targeted again, at least there's a chance to dig up the grave and save them." Yang Jian's gaze flickered, and he mulled over the idea of digging up the grave.

"Luo Su Yi is a ghost controller, not so easy to die. If it were an ordinary person, there would be no point in digging since they would have suffocated to death by now."

Sun Rui looked at Yang Jian, "Captain Yang, are you serious? What if we dig up a ghost instead?"

"Then that will prove Luo Su Yi is beyond saving. If someone else gets targeted later and successfully dragged into the soil by a ghost, we can just give up immediately, no need to hesitate," Yang Jian said.

"Think it over. We don't have the time to be distracted by other things now. We either continue forward to deliver the message or try to find a way to leave. If we waste time like this, the next ghost attack is likely to come," Sun Rui said calmly, but his urgency was apparent.

Because the longer they stayed in this graveyard, the greater the chance of being marked by the ghost.

"We can split up. There are many of us here; we can leave some behind to dig up the grave," Li Yang suggested.

"No, if they open it and there's no ghost controller to watch over these people, they'll all die. They won't even be able to deliver the message, and without us here, do you think they'd actually dig the grave obediently?"

Yang Jian said, glancing at the forum members dressed in black suits.

Though these men were tall and strong, at that moment, their eyes darted about, filled with fear and tension.

Had it not been for the few ghost controllers present, these men would have already run off; even if they stayed, they certainly wouldn't dare to dig up a grave.

"So, Captain Yang, your decision is... to dig up the grave?" Sun Rui asked.

Yang Jian was decisive in his decision-making and would not ponder for too long or hesitate. He immediately said earnestly, "Dig."

Having said that, he looked at those forum members, "Do you need me to ask you from the supernatural forum?"

The six or seven members following behind all had very unpleasant expressions.

Forum administrator Luo Su Yi had fallen.

The situation here was beyond what was anticipated.

One of them hesitated before speaking, "Captain Yang, we don't report to you. It's not up for you to decide whether we dig or not, it's up to our other administrator Lin..."

"Bang!"

He did not finish his sentence.

...

The gunshot rang out.

One of the individuals' head exploded instantly, and they died on the spot.

Dead, someone's dead?

Liu Xinyue, the daughter of that Liu Yuan, was close by, splattered with blood all over her face which caused her to widen her eyes in shock, her whole body seemed to be petrified, with a sense of bewilderment and helplessness.

"Did you not hear what I said earlier? I made it very clear just now that one of the ghosts here might be eavesdropping on our conversation, obtaining names to carve on the gravestones. And you still dare to shout out names?" Yang Jian said coldly, slowly lowering his handgun.

"If you intend to hold us back and get us killed, I'll slaughter you myself."

The others were shocked into silence.

It was only at this moment that they began to realize just how ruthless and merciless Yang Jian was. Before, they thought he was just a big name who wouldn't dare to do much in Dahai City.

As it turned out, Yang Jian was also a merciless killer who didn't blink an eye at murder.

At this moment, Lin Luomei looked up at Yang Jian without saying anything, merely lowering her head to continue digging the grave. She was eager to rescue Luo Su Yi; the death of others did not concern her.

Moreover, Yang Jian had done nothing wrong.

"Now, are you going to dig or not?" Yang Jian asked again.

The remaining six people looked at each other—was there any room to dissent in such a situation?

Dig.

After coming to a unanimous decision, without another word, they approached the old grave and began to dig out the loose earth by hand, rapidly excavating the grave.

"Are you the children of that President Liu, Liu Yuan? Luo Su Yi asked you to follow, not to be spectators. Get to work as well," Yang Jian gestured toward the beautiful woman and her brother.

Liu Xinyue stood still as if still in a state of shock, but as soon as Yang Jian spoke, she shivered and, without the thought to resist, instinctively grabbed her brother, Xiao Haw, and ran to the front of the grave to start digging.

Even if they didn't exert themselves, they had to at least go through the motions.

Even a common person like her was showing a strong will to survive.

"We've already reached more than fifty graves in this vicinity. If we walk a bit further, we should be able to find grave number 78. If we don't waste time, we can quickly complete this message-delivering mission," said Sun Rui, who wasn't digging. As a ghost manipulator, he had his own tasks to perform.

That was to keep an eye on the anomalies around them.

If anything happened, he and Yang Jian would have to confront it immediately.

So even though it may look easy, they were actually the ones bearing the greatest strain.

"Even if we act as quickly as possible, we won't be able to finish all this before the ghost kills the next person. So, I've decided to gamble with the ghost, let it kill one more person. In the meantime, we get a chance to possibly save a ghost manipulator. It's worth the risk," Yang Jian said calmly.

"There are quite a few people scattered about this graveyard, not just us. And the ghost only kills one person at a time. Luo Su Yi was just unlucky to be targeted; it doesn't mean the next person to die will be among us."

"Furthermore, if we can confirm that Luo Su Yi is still alive, the level of terror from the ghost will be greatly reduced, which would also greatly help our operation."

Upon hearing this, Sun Rui had no objections.

Yang Jian was taking the big picture into account, while he was just thinking about his own survival, not on the same level at all.

Furthermore, the risk wasn't on Sun Rui alone but shared by everyone involved, including Yang Jian, who could also be targeted.

With that, he didn't feel any resentment in his heart.

The grave digging continued.

Everyone worked as if they were racing against time, frantically shoveling the dirt, breaking out in a sweat of urgency.

The grave soil was loose, easily moved by hand, but as the old grave was quite large, even with eight or nine people working together, it still required some time.

During this time, what everyone feared the most still happened.

In the silent, gloomy graveyard filled with tombs, that strange sound was heard once again.

"Ding, ding ding."

The sound was farther away this time, not as loud as before, but undoubtedly, the ghost was carving someone's name on a gravestone again, for the sound was unmistakably that of inscription.

"It's coming." Li Yang's heart trembled.

The others looked up in terror toward the direction the sound was coming from.

Once the sound stopped, someone's name would be carved on the gravestone, and then they would be buried in the earth just like Luo Su Yi.

"Ignore it, carry on, even if someone's going to die, it may not necessarily be you," Yang Jian said with an icy face.

Sun Rui gripped his staff tightly.

He knew that Yang Jian was resolute in confronting the ghost's attack and in uncovering the old grave.

But who would be the next to die?

Here, each person had the potential to be chosen.

While the probability of it being oneself was low, who could remain calm in the face of death?

Ding, ding ding...

The sound in the silent graveyard became louder and closer, seemingly making everyone's heart skip with each strike.

Under the pressure,

The grave diggers became even more desperate as if trying to exert all of their energy.

The longer the time dragged on, the more people would die.

The recent attack suggested that not even a ghost manipulator could defend against it, let alone the rest of them.

Even President Liu's two children were sweating profusely at this moment, ignoring the foul stench of the grave soil and digging furiously.

The originally tall mound of grave soil was quickly reduced by more than half.

But the corpse was still not found.

"Ah!"

Suddenly, a scream of terror rang out.

Something was dug out of the grave soil by Liu Xinyue.

It was a dead person's face, buried in the mud.

Chapter 788 The Knock of Death

A scream from Liu Yuan's daughter, Liu Xinyue, immediately drew everyone's attention.

The crowd digging graves all subconsciously stopped their hands and dared not reach into the filthy grave soil anymore, for fear that they would also unearth something terrifying.

"What happened?" Sun Rui, limping, quickly walked over.

Liu Xinyue collapsed on the ground, her face deathly pale, looking fearfully at the half-buried face of a corpse in front of her. Although she couldn't see clearly in the dim environment, she could still make out that the face of the dead... was Luo Su Yi.

There was no mistake.

It was indeed Luo Su Yi.

The previous speculation was correct; the missing Luo Su Yi had been eerily buried in this earthen grave, and the inscriptions on the tombstone were a marker.

"We've really found him," Sun Rui's eyes narrowed, astonished.

Yang Jian also saw this scene, his gaze becoming sharp as he indicated, "Everyone stay away from this grave for now."

If Luo Su Yi was still alive, everything would be manageable, but if he was dead, then Luo Su Yi would resurrect as a vengeful spirit, giving rise to a new supernatural event.

Upon hearing this, the others didn't hesitate and quickly moved away from the terrifying old grave.

Yang Jian approached, attempting to examine Luo Su Yi's body, only for Lin Luomei to rush over first, frantically digging the nearby grave soil, trying to pull Luo Su Yi out.

"Stop her," Yang Jian immediately said.

Li Yang hurriedly grabbed Lin Luomei and pulled her back.

"Let go of me!"

A bizarre, sharp scream, like that of a vengeful ghost, emitted from Lin Luomei's mouth, echoing around, with an unspeakable horror that was chilling.

The Ghost Sound had affected Li Yang, who was holding Lin Luomei. He instantly released her hand, standing there stunned, lost and unsure of what to do.

It was an incomprehensible supernatural power.

After freeing herself from Li Yang, Lin Luomei wanted to continue to rescue Luo Su Yi, but Yang Jian quickly intervened.

An ice-cold, rigid palm clutched Lin Luomei's neck, hoisting her up as if a little more force could easily crush her pale neck and kill her on the spot.

"I don't care about your relationship with Luo Su Yi or how much you want to save him, but if you mess around, I won't hesitate to kill you first. Although you've helped me before, that doesn't give you the license to act recklessly," Yang Jian said, his face cold, exhibiting exceptional cruelty.

Lin Luomei, with her neck seized, struggled to speak, unable to hear her voice, as if she had become mute, unable to say anything. The usual ghost-like voice was now gone.

Sun Rui spoke coldly as well, "If Luo Su Yi is dead, digging him out now would endanger everyone. You're too impatient. It's best that you calm down."

He could see that Yang Jian was just trying to scare her, asserting his dominance.

At this critical juncture, as the leader of the team, Yang Jian needed to demonstrate the ability and attitude to control everyone. Those who didn't obey should be killed or disciplined, or else the team would fall into chaos.

Nobody seemed to comprehend the gravity of the situation.

Lin Luomei grasped Yang Jian's arm, trying to pry it off, but could only turn her face red in vain, powerless. After struggling, she gradually calmed down.

"Check whether Luo Su Yi is alive or dead, and if he can be saved," Yang Jian signaled.

He still held Lin Luomei, not yet willing to let her go.

Sun Rui didn't say much, squatting down to examine the exposed dead face in the grave soil.

He felt a bit superstitious and dared not touch the body, fearing a sudden attack by the ghost within Luo Su Yi's body, so he used his golden cane to prod a little.

Luo Su Yi's eyes were closed, his complexion ghastly, like a corpse that had been left for several days, devoid of any liveliness, and no matter how he was prodded, he showed no sign of movement.

Flip open his eyelids.

Sun Rui's eyes narrowed, feeling an inexplicable chill.

Luo Su Yi's eyelids no longer contained eyeballs and were packed with a thick layer of stinking grave soil. When his mouth was pried open, the same phenomenon was present—the grave soil had stuffed his mouth, and his entire body seemed to have merged with the old grave. The grave soil had permeated his entire body, including his organs, viscera, and flesh.

Although Luo Su Yi's body might have remained intact, there was little left that was truly his.

Undoubtedly.

He was dead.

Dead beyond any possibility of being saved.

"It's no use. He's dead. This old grave and he have practically fused together. His mouth, his eyes, are full of grave soil; probably his brain too. Although he was a ghost master, he was still human after all. Such damage is not survivable. Captain Yang, give up," Sun Rui shook his head, conveying regret.

"I see," Yang Jian glanced at it, his eyes flickering, immediately understanding the situation.

This was a Ghost Domain, where burying a living person wasn't simply about covering them with dirt. Rather, the person and the grave soil overlapped each other. In the end, the person became perfectly blended with the soil like cement and sand.

Yang Jian had already explored such abilities before, so it was no surprise.

Killing a ghost master like this wasn't enough. Luo Su Yi's death wasn't entirely due to his body being filled with mud, but because the grave soil suppressed the ghost within his body.

Without the maintenance of supernatural power, his death was inevitable.

"Fill the grave soil back in. Abandon the rescue plan for Luo Su Yi and prepare to send a message to the 78th tomb," Yang Jian said calmly, then with a flick of his wrist, he tossed Lin Luomei aside, "I don't know how good your relationship with Luo Su Yi was before, but now you need to learn to accept reality. He's dead. If you insist on digging him out, I will not be lenient. After all, the others still need to live."

Although his words were harsh, he couldn't help feeling a touch of sentiment.

The trio of Luo Su Yi, Lin Luomei, and another person used to live well, supporting and helping each other.

Who would have thought that upon meeting again, only Lin Luomei was left alive?

There was nothing that could be done; such was the world of ghost masters.

The ghost tamers he had known before, weren't most of them dead already?

Lin Luomei fell to the muddy ground and did not get up; instead, she stared blankly, looking at Luo Su Yi, who was buried again, seemingly wanting to cry but not knowing why she had no expression at all, as if she could no longer cry.

She too had been too deeply invaded by ghosts, her emotions also affected.

She had either lost the ability to cry or the ability to express emotions.

"Captain Yang, it's done,"

The other members of the Supernatural Forum trembled as they pushed handfuls of Grave Soil back, burying Luo Su Yi once again.

"Ding, ding-ding."

However, in the distance among the burial mounds, the sound of knocking on tombstones unexpectedly halted after a few more strikes, as if at some place there, on the tombstone of an old grave, a ghost had just finished engraving someone's name.

"The sound stopped?"

The digging up of Luo Su Yi had caused some delays.

The ghost's manner of killing ended.

In an instant.

Everyone felt an inexplicable chill envelop their entire bodies, their hearts contracting at that moment.

Soon, the next person would die.

Just like Luo Su Yi, buried by a ghost in grave soil, unable to be saved.

"Keep moving forward, ignore that sound,"

Yang Jian's face was stern. No matter who was going to die, he quickly sprang into action, striding forward.

Sun Rui hesitated, then quickly understood Yang Jian's intention.

This method of killing had ended, meaning that someone's death was almost certain. Waiting here for the outcome was useless; it was better to make haste while the ghost had yet to carve another name, to finish the task at hand.

"Everyone keep up, and it's best not to fall behind. Remember, don't call out anyone's name on the road, it's even best to avoid nicknames, I don't know if ghosts can kill just by a nickname," Sun Rui reminded the others.

To prevent another fool from emerging.

After all, with more people, the likelihood of fools increases.

The others dared not hesitate and hurried to keep up.

But Lin Luomei did not move; she still sat blankly, looking at the old grave burying Luo Su Yi.

"Captain Yang, what about her?" Sun Rui inquired.

"Can't be bothered, if she wants to follow, she'll naturally come along. The death of Luo Su Yi has been too great a shock for her. Let her stay here, hoping she'll recover soon and catch up. We're all adults; we must take responsibility for our own choices. No one's going to wipe her ass, and staying here might actually be safer than continuing ahead,"

Yang Jian glanced over, not stopping for Lin Luomei's lagging behind.

As a captain, he had to make decisions.

If someone in the team was dragging their feet, it was impossible for everyone to stop their progress for one person's sake.

This way, the entire team might perish.

Therefore, the best method was to eliminate the drag.

Though cruel, this is how every team in the world operates, regardless of their type.

Like a company's sales team, salespeople who perform poorly are also dismissed; it's the same principle.

Without hesitation.

Yang Jian led the others and continued forward.

That sound of knocking on tombstones had stopped for about several dozen seconds now.

Yet no one in the team had died.

Both Liu Xinyue and her brother Liu Haw were safe and sound, as were the members of the Supernatural Forum.

Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and Li Yang had not been attacked by the ghost either.

"Seems like we're in luck, the person killed isn't among us," Sun Rui said, breathing a sigh of relief.

Yang Jian's expression was calm, but he cautioned, "Don't celebrate too soon, the ghost won't stop attacking."

Before he finished speaking,

as though to prove his point, the previously vanished knocking sound echoed once more.

This time, it came from behind.

Very close.

Appearing to be just beyond five or six old graves.

Ding, ding-ding.

The sound of knocking on tombstones came one after another, steady in rhythm, constant in pattern.

The sound was neither horrifying nor strange.

But when it reached the ears of the people, it felt exceptionally chilling.

Another ghost

was carving a name.

So, at this moment, whose unfortunate soul would die here?

Chapter 789 The Appearance of Old Lady Liu

They crossed the old grave where Luo Su Yi was buried.

Yang Jian and his companions continued forward, heading for grave number 78.

But they hadn't gone far when a new knocking sound echoed in the gloomy, silent cemetery. The sound was also very close, just a short distance behind them, about five or six old graves away.

That sound arose.

Yang Jian's steps inexplicably halted.

He stopped not because of fear, nor because of fright.

A slight turn of his head to look back.

Yang Jian's icy face had one ghostly eye emitting a strange red light, and his whole body exuded an inexplicable ferocity.

The knocking had just started from such a close distance.

The speed at which Ghost Shadow etched names wasn't fast.

Which meant that if he turned around and rushed back, there was a high probability he could find that ghost.

As long as he found it, there was no certainty that he couldn't suppress the ghost with his own abilities, deal with it, and make this terrifying knocking stop for good.

But this was risky.

If after turning back the ghost disappeared again, or if the process of suppressing the ghost didn't go smoothly.

It meant he would not only be exerting in vain but also wasting time and bearing the huge risk of being attacked by the ghost. Meanwhile, the task of delivering the message would be affected as well.

It was a multiple-choice question, with no possibility of splitting up.

In supernatural events, splitting up is the most foolish behavior, because if a ghost attacks a teammate, at least the others can figure out the ghost's pattern of killing through the death of the teammate, and even conceive strategies to counter. But if they split up, the death would be meaningless.

"Shall we deal with the ghost first?" Sun Rui noticed Yang Jian's sudden stop, and he immediately understood Yang Jian's consideration.

If they dealt with the ghost first before delivering the message, it would indeed be safer.

He would consider it if he were in the same situation.

After all, the cost of completing the message delivery while strictly watching for the ghost's attack was too great.

Li Yang was about to ask Yang Jian why he stopped, but after hearing what Sun Rui said, he also quickly grasped Yang Jian's thoughts at the moment.

He felt uneasy but prepared himself.

If Yang Jian turned back to deal with the ghost, he would follow without hesitation.

Together, the three of them could even force back the terrifying ghost within the post office. It might be possible to suppress the ghost here as well.

"We're already at the tombstones in the sixties. A bit further and we'll likely find grave number 78. If we turn back to deal with the ghost now... it's too time-consuming."

Yang Jian's ghostly eye glanced at the tombstones on the adjacent old graves, his gaze flickering. He did not hesitate long in his thinking because the situation didn't allow for much doubt: "Ignore it, deliver the message first."

Ultimately, he gave up the idea of dealing with the ghost first.

This meant Yang Jian had to take the risk of the ghost continuing its killings.

He made up his mind.

Yang Jian's footsteps suddenly quickened, and he ran forward, completely ignoring the knocking sound not far behind him.

Sun Rui's expression shifted slightly, but he kept silent.

Since Yang Jian had made a choice, he had nothing to oppose. In this kind of situation, nobody could guarantee that their choice was correct. If they had turned to confront the ghost and something went awry or more people died, the situation could turn out much worse.

"Did he choose to deliver the message first because Yang Jian was confident he could handle the ghost's attack? The death of Luo Su Yi was so sudden, but with preparation, it wasn't necessarily impossible to fend it off."

Sun Rui thought silently to himself.

In their alarm, the others did not speak. They merely steeled themselves to run forward following Yang Jian.

They had no choice. Staying in place might also result in being killed by the ghost, whereas following Yang Jian might mean that once he had handled his business and left, they too could be brought away from this haunted place.

So, knowing well that there was danger ahead, the members of the supernatural forum were willing to follow Yang Jian rather than stay behind to keep watch at Luo Su Yi's grave with Lin Luomei,

For no one wanted to die in this damned place.

"Sixty-nine... seventy-two..."

As Yang Jian ran, his restless ghostly eye spied the tombstones of each old grave, with the numbers on the corners of the stones changing continuously, signaling that he was getting very close to grave number 78.

The tombstone we need to deliver the letter to is nearby.

Seventy-five!

Yang Jian's eyelids twitched as he saw an old marker carved into the corner of a broken tombstone.

Suddenly.

He stopped in his tracks again because as he continued to run forward for about a dozen steps, the number on the tombstone jumped to eighty.

Passed it.

But there was no sight of the tombstone for grave number seventy-eight along the way.

"It's around here, search carefully, we're near the seventy-eighth gravesite now, look for that familiar mark on the tombstone, find it, and our task will be done, then we can leave this place,"

Yang Jian said in a deep voice, giving his colleagues--who had assigned the task-- a glimmer of hope.

Hearing this, the others immediately surveyed their surroundings with eyes full of terror.

Although they were scared, they mustered their courage out of desperation, daring to go up to each tombstone to check for the nervous numbers on it, as they all eagerly wished for Yang Jian to finish the task quickly.

Meanwhile.

The knocking sound that had just been heard stopped abruptly once again--the second time since Luo Su Yi was attacked.

Ghost Shadow had finished carving a person's name.

But who could that person be?

In that instant, everyone stiffened up, their breathing halted.

Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and Li Yang unconsciously gathered together.

If one of them were to be attacked and pulled into the soil, the other two would not hesitate to intervene and thwart the ghost's assault.

Liu Xinyue and Liu Haw, Liu Yuan's children, clutched each other's hands tightly, their eyes filled with terror as they looked towards Yang Jian's group.

If they were the ones attacked, they would immediately call out for help.

Though they didn't know if it would be of any use, they at least had to try.

The next moment.

A cry of horror sounded.

It was a member of the paranormal forum, whose ground suddenly gave way beneath him, causing him to sink deep into the soil, so deep that he was buried up to his waist in an instant, and the sinking was happening at an alarming rate.

In just a few seconds, the soil had reached his chest.

He struggled with all his might, but it was to no avail.

Within the soil, he felt icy hands tugging at him, trying to drag him down into the earth.

"Save, save me,"

he called out loudly, not wanting to die, hoping for help.

"No saving him," said Sun Rui dispassionately, looking on with cold eyes.

The others went pale with fright and remained unsettled, yet for some reason, they felt a sense of relief and as if surviving a catastrophe that the ghost had not targeted them.

It seemed like a stroke of incredible luck that it wasn't them.

Li Yang saw this and did nothing, well aware that not even Luo Su Yi could be saved, let alone an ordinary person, especially at such a time when an ordinary person's life held no value, given that there was no fear of them resurrecting as a vengeful ghost if they died, and saving them would serve no purpose.

So, Yang Jian was right.

Ordinary people should have the resolve of ordinary people and should not get involved in supernatural incidents. If they did so out of curiosity or a death wish, then dying was only what they deserved, with no sympathy or pity warranted.

Of course, ordinary people who get involved against their will are an exception.

"Everyone else keeps looking for grave number seventy-eight," Yang Jian said as he strode toward the member of the paranormal forum.

But by the time he reached there, the man only had his arms raised high, stretching out above the ground.

Just like the time Yang Jian saw that strange grave with one hand sticking out.

Yang Jian grabbed hold of the man's arm and gave it a tug.

Seemingly without much effort, the man's arm was eerily torn off.

There was no bloodshed, nor was there any ripping apart; it was as if disassembling a jigsaw puzzle or building blocks, casually dismembering the arm from the living body.

Such was the ability of Ghost Shadow.

He looked at the arm in his hand without expression, then lowered his gaze to the ground.

Yang Jian knew this person was beyond saving, but he wanted to make a probe.

To see if he would also be attacked after dismantling the man's arm.

The answer quickly became clear.

Yang Jian was not attacked; he was not dragged into this onslaught, even though he had taken a part of that person's body.

Which meant.

An old grave here was allowed to be short in weight; it wasn't necessary to bury a complete person.

"Are you trying something?"

Sun Rui squinted his eyes, "What an incredible guy, even now you're thinking of cracking the ghost's patterns, trying to find a loophole."

In his time with Yang Jian, he had come to deeply understand how different Yang Jian was from himself.

While others feared ghosts, avoiding their attacks, he approached them proactively, deciphering their killing patterns and confirming methods to stay alive.

One seeks to survive passively, the other actively.

But to ordinary people, Yang Jian's actions seemed like an attempt to rescue the man, only that the rescue failed, and he managed only to save an arm.

"Ghosts will kill another person before the third knocking sound stops. Find grave number 78, complete the mail delivery task, or a fourth person will die," Yang Jian loudly declared, without any reservation.

Speaking out loud here would not draw the ghost's attention, so there was no need to whisper.

The others were startled and immediately woke up, hurrying to help search for tombstones nearby.

At this moment.

In the silent cemetery, the dreadful knocking sounds had ceased, and after killing that person, the ghost had not continued its killing spree. No one knew the reason for this lull, but they were aware that this cessation was only temporary.

Soon, the third sound would come.

"No, I've found tomb number 77, but there's no sign of 78."

"This one is 79."

"On my side, it's tomb number 76."

Those searching for tombstones reported back their findings.

Having circled the nearby old graves, nearly every tomb had someone standing in front of it, yet the key grave number 78 remained elusive.

"Are you kidding me, it's not found?" Sun Rui's eyes widened, gripping the cane in his hand so tightly he felt like smashing the tombs.

Was the Ghost Post Office playing him?

The very 78 which was absent here was the very one to which he had to deliver mail. What sort of mail delivery task was this, more like a death mission.

"Damn it, this is a death mission. We shouldn't have come here, shouldn't have continued delivering mail. Just tear up that red letter, at worst we'll resist a ghost attack. I refuse to believe that the three of us can't withstand a fierce ghost assault from the post office," Sun Rui burst out swearing.

Faced with such great risk, this outcome was more than anyone could bear.

"Stay calm, things aren't so simple. You should think the opposite; if all the others are here, why is tomb number 78 the only one missing? And could this be the reason for our delivery mission?"

Yang Jian spoke evenly, "We're not here just to deliver mail, but to unearth the secret behind it, to ascertain the existence of the Ghost Post Office, to understand the truth behind supernatural events. If it were merely for delivery, then how would we be any different from others? Don't forget our purpose."

"How can I stay calm at a time like this? The longer we stay here, the higher the chances of death. There's no solution to a ghost inscribing on a tombstone to kill, just like what happened to Luo Su Yi earlier," Sun Rui was getting unsettled, anxiety creeping up on him.

But this was a normal reaction.

Facing the attack of a fierce ghost and the threat of death, few people could remain calm.

"If you can't stay calm, then trust me, I can get us out of here alive," Yang Jian locked eyes with him, "Don't be emotional. Even the new guy is handling it better than you."

Sun Rui glanced over at Li Yang.

Li Yang's face was uneasy, but he wasn't panicking.

Having survived the World of Ghost Drawing, even participated in an operation to contain a ghost drawing and survived a team wipeout, he had been through rough seas. Although new to becoming a ghost controller, his potential was significant.

Sun Rui, a ghost controller from the same batch as Feng Quan, had not encountered many paranormal events due to staying in Dahan City. Accustomed to privilege and comfort for a long time, he inevitably lost his balance when faced with such emergent situations.

However, his capabilities were strong, it was just his mental state that was slightly lacking.

"I understand... I'll listen to you," Sun Rui exhaled deeply, knowing since he had come, he might as well stake his life on Yang Jian.

After all, the reputation of Ghost Eye Yang Jian was not for nothing.

It was forged through real-life experiences in S-grade supernatural events.

In the midst of this brief dispute.

On the other side.

"Sis, I think I saw grandma walk by from over there," said Liu Haw, his voice trembling as he pointed to the dim old gravesite.

"Don't, don't talk nonsense, grandma is already dead.

Liu Xinyue, holding her brother's hand, was so scared she was almost crying at this point. She thought of her grandmother's gaunt appearance on the hospital bed, utterly lifeless, the cold, unfamiliar visage after she had passed away, and even more so, the frightful sight in heavy makeup at the time of the funeral.

If such a person were to walk through this dim cemetery.

Even the closest granddaughter, Liu Xinyue, would feel more terror than anyone else, not less.

"It's true, it really is. I did see grandma just now, grandma was wearing a black dress..." Liu Haw said, also becoming somewhat emotional.

He was very detailed, even noticing the color of the clothes his grandmother wore before she died.

Liu Xinyue was so frightened she covered her mouth, trembling slightly, and even afraid to look in the direction her brother was pointing, in case she saw something she shouldn't.

But the more afraid she was,

the more she couldn't help but look in that direction.

Just one glance.

To confirm that her brother hadn't seen it wrong.

Liu Xinyue, as if possessed, glanced over there, and that one look almost drove her to the brink of a mental breakdown.

Between two old graves not far away,

there stood an elderly person in black burial clothes, pale-faced, emaciated, with wrinkled, cold features, stationary and staring this way.

No, not staring this way.

Just rigidly standing there like a corpse, facing this way.

This elderly person, without a doubt, was indeed her grandmother.

Liu Granny.

The very Liu Granny who had died inside a coffin, mysteriously vanished, now eerily resurrected and walking in the midst of this silent cemetery.

However, unnoticed by anyone, Liu Granny's hands were covered in the foul stench of grave soil.

Underneath her fingernails was full of dirt.

And one hand even held a rust-streaked nail.

The nail was big.

It looked like one craftsmen used to engrave tombstones, but it also looked more like a... Coffin Nail.

Liu Xinyue's mind was in a fog, terror drowning her rationality, leaving her frozen in place, incapacitated.

She had been scared out of her senses.

And Liu Xinyue's eyes were still fixed on the distant figure of Liu Granny.

At this moment,

Liu Granny stiffly turned and walked away.

Despite taking only a few steps, she had already vanished from sight.

In the silent and empty cemetery, a familiar yet spine-chilling sound was heard again.

"Ding, ding-ding."

The ghost was once again engraving a tombstone.

Chapter 790 come at me

Again?

The sound of grave carving arose; just as everyone had let out a breath of relief, they had to draw it in once more, their nerves tensing again.

Too fast.

There was no chance to catch a breath; a member of the supernatural forum had just died. How long had it been, ten seconds, or perhaps twenty?

At most a minute.

The ghost's attacks came one after another. Starting with the death of Luo Su Yi, this must be the fourth attack.

Upon hearing this sound, Yang Jian's face darkened.

According to his plan, they were supposed to finish the task of delivering the letter after the third attack and before the fourth began, but to his surprise, they hadn't found Grave No. 78. It was as if that grave had vanished and didn't exist in this area at all; otherwise, how could so many people search and find nothing?

"The fourth person is going to die, who will it be this time?" Sun Rui stood there leaning on his cane, his complexion also very unsightly.

Although it was known that the ghost's method of attack was to carve a name onto a gravestone, such attacks couldn't be countered, and not even he was confident of surviving it.

"Haven't we found Grave No. 78 yet? If we keep dragging this out, we might all be wiped out here. If you want to live, hurry up and search. Expand the range, don't gather here. You won't die if you walk a bit further," Sun Rui urgently whispered, commanding those members of the supernatural forum.

The others, soaked in cold sweat, were naturally searching desperately for Grave No. 78.

But the situation was indeed strange.

Graves numbered seventy to eighty were all present, yet Grave No. 78 alone was missing. Expanding the search was futile because it wasn't long before someone discovered that the graves in the distance were already numbered in the hundreds.

This meant that if Grave No. 78 existed, it would definitely be in this area, not too far away.

"Not found, it's not here."

"I haven't found it either, there's simply no such thing as Grave No. 78."

"I've even come across the graves numbered in the hundreds, but just not the one you mentioned."

This was their second time reporting the situation.

This search was even more meticulous than the first, not overlooking any detail, yet when six or seven people spread out to look, they still couldn't find that grave.

"Were we really fooled by the Ghost Post Office? That damned place shouldn't exist. After we get back, we must find a way to tear down that building," Sun Rui said, his face grim, feeling rather awful.

"No, there is a Grave No. 78, we just looked in the wrong place."

At that moment, Yang Jian casually tossed aside the arm he was carrying.

The arm that fell on the ground instantly sank down, quickly burying itself underground, disappearing from sight.

"What do you mean?" Sun Rui immediately turned to look at him.

Yang Jian's eyes shifted as he said, "I've been thinking, normally, delivering the letter is just a task for a first-floor messenger. The post office's goal isn't to kill people, but to ensure messengers carry out their

tasks better. Let's not talk about the purpose for now; at least a delivery task wouldn't be designed to be fatal."

"Otherwise, it would be meaningless."

"Given the current situation, having to withstand the attacks of evil spirits and find Grave No. 78... Let's say, we've already found it, and estimate the time it takes to dig open a grave and deliver the letter. How many people would die in the process? The ghost is already killing the fourth person."

"But including the three of us, and the three messengers who didn't come before, there are only six of us in total."

"Six people, each risking their lives, it wouldn't be enough time to complete the task of delivering the letter. Thus, this creates a conflict with the situation at hand."

Li Yang, who was nearby, thought it over and concluded that this was indeed the case.

Under these circumstances, even if all six people died, it would still be impossible to successfully deliver the letter.

This was a delivery task with certain death.

But Yang Jian's analysis also made sense; if it were a doomed task, then why bother at all?

Although supernatural incidents are bizarre, they still follow some kind of pattern, not completely without rules. Even when evil spirits kill, it's done according to certain patterns.

"So, what are you thinking?" Sun Rui asked hesitantly.

Yang Jian said, "It's simple, we made a mistake. We were looking at the problem from the perspective of a ghost controller, assuming Grave No. 78 was among these old graves. In reality, it's very possible that it's exactly as the letter said, located within the original Fushou Garden, the place we just visited."

"The burial plot reserved by Elder Liu is what we're looking for, Grave No. 78, and the deceased Elder Liu is the intended recipient of the letter."

"We were misled by the supernatural events happening here, no, we were misled by the disappearance of Elder Liu's body, which led us to doubt."

Sun Rui said, "I understand. For a regular messenger, to successfully deliver a message, they certainly arrange a doable task, and delivering this letter to Liu Lao Tai is within an acceptable level of difficulty. If it were to venture deeper into the Ghost Domain to deliver a message, an ordinary person would undoubtedly die."

"So, the Grave No. 78 doesn't exist here at all, which means I need to return to the place we were just at?"

Yang Jian immediately said, "No, the gravesite isn't important. What's most important now is finding Liu Lao Tai. She is the true owner of Grave No. 78."

"But with such a vast cemetery, where can we find the missing body of Liu Lao Tai?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian didn't know the answer to this question either.

His control over the Ghost Domain was compromised here, unable to thoroughly investigate everything about this cemetery, and the disappearance of Liu Lao Tai remained an unsolved mystery.

The disappearance of an old woman's corpse here already revealed an extraordinary spookiness.

"We're out of time. Continuing the search will result in more deaths. Yang Jian, we should retreat for now. We have seven days to deliver the letter. There's no need to rush this moment. We can think it through and come back to deliver the letter,"

Listening to the clinking sound of knocking in the silent cemetery.

Sun Rui felt an immense pressure, a sense of breathlessness and palpitations, desperately wanting to leave this place.

Yang Jian's expression shifted subtly, but he didn't argue, as the rationale in Sun Rui's words was sound.

The way of killing by carving names was too terrifying. Even Ghost Envoys couldn't withstand it. Staying here was indeed perilous.

However, they were now trapped in a dead end.

Unable to find any leads.

They couldn't deliver the letter or handle the ghosts here, only wasting time in vain.

"Indeed, we need to withdraw temporarily," Yang Jian thought for a moment and felt that Sun Rui's suggestion was correct.

The risk and reward were disproportionate. It wasn't too late to come back after figuring things out, and there was indeed ample time.

Just at that moment,

The girl named Liu Xinyue, dragging her brother Liu Haw, ran toward them with a pale face and a look of terror, as if fleeing for their lives, and stopped right in front of Yang Jian, Sun Rui, and Li Yang.

"I, I just saw my deceased grandma over there..."

Liu Xinyue, having regained her composure from her fright, did not know what to do next and could only convey what happened just before, hoping to get help.

With those words,

All three men immediately turned their attention to her.

"Your grandma? You mean Liu Lao Tai? Where did you see her?" Yang Jian asked urgently.

"I, I don't know. I just saw my grandma standing between those two graves, and she saw me... After that, my grandma disappeared again. I was too scared to move just now. Once I could move, I ran to tell you guys immediately. Please don't blame me."

Liu Xinyue's words were a bit incoherent, mixed with fear and entreaty.

She was terrified that the trio would kill her and her brother without a second thought.

"Direction, point it out to me. You said Liu Lao Tai was between two graves. There are so many graves here; how would I know which two?" Yang Jian said.

Liu Xinyue pointed in a direction with her heart pounding.

The direction wasn't wrong.

But that was the direction from which the clinking sound was coming.

Not far, yet not close.

A jump went through their hearts.

The Liu Lao Tai who had eerily appeared before Liu Xinyue and then vanished was in the same direction as where the ghost was presumed to be.

The thought was downright chilling.

Was the ghost that of the deceased Liu Lao Tai?

This thought surfaced in the minds of the three men.

"So, in the end, we still have to confirm the real identity of that ghost. Following that sound might actually lead us to Liu Lao Tai," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui said, "It's too dangerous. As soon as the fourth knock stops, I suggest we retreat immediately. If we delay and the fifth knocking begins, another person will die. If the draw falls on us by chance, we're finished. We can't afford that gamble."

"What if the knocking here continues after we leave?" Yang Jian said, his gaze intensifying; "Wouldn't that be cutting off our own lifeline?"

Sun Rui froze for a moment, nearly forgetting this possibility.

"The knocking sound doesn't last long; by the time you find it, the ghost may appear elsewhere again. I've confirmed that the ghost's appearance is random—sometimes close, sometimes very far. Here, we can only rely on running, and it will be difficult to find it before the ghost completes its killing."

"Otherwise, we might just end up running in circles here."

Yang Jian didn't want to waste time and immediately said, "Gather everyone and get ready to leave. I'll go look for it. Let's bet on one more person. If I haven't found the ghost by the end of the fifth knock, then we'll immediately retreat. If I find the ghost, I'll stop it from continuing to kill, and we won't have to bear the risk of being killed at any moment while staying here."

"Alright, we'll do as you say," Sun Rui nodded in agreement.

He knew Yang Jian was not content, and neither was he, but he was still willing to bet on one more person. What he truly feared was the endless delay, which would be the most fatal.

No sooner had he finished speaking,

than Yang Jian, without a word, dashed out alone, sprinting as fast as he could towards the direction of the knocking sound.

With Ghost Shadow attached to his body, his running speed was a bit inhuman, his bodily functions slightly terrifying. He simply leaped over a grave mound ahead of him without slowing down during the process.

At this moment, he didn't need to worry.

The bet with the ghost was a race against time. Previously, Yang Jian had been cautious of his surroundings, but now, after some confirmation, he could let go of everything and act without restraint.

"This round of knocking sounds is a bit long. Is it because the person being targeted has a particularly complicated name?" Yang Jian pondered as he rushed over.

This time, the engraving by the ghost took longer than the previous two combined, for reasons unknown.

Perhaps someone had a very complicated character in their name which forced the ghost to spend more time carving it out, providing Yang Jian with an opportunity.

He knew there wasn't much time for this action, but if he could confirm the situation ahead of time, it would also be of great help for the following actions.

"Won't it be dangerous for him to go alone?" Li Yang, seeing Yang Jian leave, felt inexplicably worried.

Sun Rui said, "Don't worry, he'll definitely be fine. It's us who should be concerned. He can leave at any time, but we can't. That's why he took the initiative to handle this separate task."

"Ding, ding ding."

The terrifying knocking sound still echoed in the silent graveyard.

In front of an old grave, a blank tombstone stood erect with a rusty, grave soil-stained Coffin Nail held by a stiff, emaciated, and cold hand, mechanically knocking against the stone tombstone. Where the Coffin Nail struck, a deep trace was left.

The trace was twisted, gradually forming a stroke as if it were writing a character.

The character wasn't complete yet, but next to it, one character was already carved out. Although its shape was strange, it could still be recognized—the character was... Yang.

What was odd was that this character didn't have many strokes, yet the speed of its engraving was very slow.

Much slower than that of carving other people's names.

With each knock, the tombstone was marked with not many traces, as if it was very hard, incapable of forming the character without continuous knocking and carving until the character was gradually perfected.

It was as if some indescribable, eerie entity was protecting the owner of this name.

As the ghost continued to engrave,

at that moment,

in Dahan City, in a hotel near the Ghost Post Office where Yang Jian had briefly stayed,

the hotel had been sealed off by Sun Rui's order.

One of the rooms had been occupied by Yang Jian for a short time.

In an inconspicuous corner of this room, a twisted humanoid Ghost Porcelain piece sat there.

In the quiet corner, this bizarre porcelain piece was silently and ceaselessly cracking.

It was as if an invisible nail was relentlessly knocking against this piece of porcelain.

The cracks were intensifying, densely covering the entire body of the humanoid porcelain, as if it could completely shatter at any moment, and at the very center of the piece, a few cracks were deeper and more noticeable than the others.

Between these pronounced twists formed a character: Yang.

Next to the character Yang, new cracks were intensifying, spreading unceasingly as if they were going to form another character.

Under such circumstances,

the moment the next character took shape, this peculiar piece of porcelain would completely crumble into a pile of fragments.

Once the Ghost Porcelain shatters,

the layer of protection around Yang Jian would vanish without a trace.

Or perhaps,

the existence of this Ghost Porcelain was the reason why it had been so difficult to form Yang Jian's name, why the tombstone prepared for him was exceptionally hard, preventing ghosts from inscribing his name easily.

Back in Fushou Garden's graveyard,

Yang Jian was getting closer and closer to the clinking sound of hammering.

He was running very fast and was about to catch up.

"It hasn't disappeared yet, exactly whose name is that ghost carving? Are there that many strokes?" Yang Jian felt inexplicably uneasy in his heart.

This situation hinted at something unusual.

Unusual meant that things were starting to go beyond what had been anticipated, which was not a good sign but an omen of imminent danger.

The ghost had changed.

In supernatural events, Yang Jian wasn't afraid of ghosts that killed in fixed patterns, but he feared unpredictable changes in the middle of their actions, causing familiar patterns to suddenly shift, just like the Ghost Envoy and the Hungry Ghost had before.

Despite the hesitation in his heart, Yang Jian did not slow down. He was determined to find that ghost and confirm his suspicions.

Soon,

he began to feel a surge of excitement.

Because it seemed that due to this special circumstance, Yang Jian could find the ghost before the fourth clinking sound ended.

"Found it."

Suddenly,

he climbed over a large grave and stood directly on the grave head, looking in the direction of the clinking sound.

His vision was unobstructed.

The ghost was still there, the hammering sound hadn't stopped.

In an instant, Yang Jian's pupils contracted as he saw the true source of the hammering sound.

It was a corpse in black funeral clothes, gaunt and chilly, with a face full of wrinkles. Brown, swollen skin tightly clung to its finger joints, and it held a rusted Coffin Nail, repeatedly striking an unmarked tombstone.

This ghost was... Liu Lao Tai?

"How is that possible." Yang Jian was astounded.

How could an ordinary dead old person suddenly turn into a ghost?

In her hand, she also clutched a red letter, ready to be sent out.

After a short moment of shock, Yang Jian decided to complete the task at hand first. Whether this thing before him was truly Liu Lao Tai or a genuine ghost was irrelevant.

However, at this moment,

the hammering sound stopped.

The fourth person's name was complete.

"Not good."

With his ghostly sight, Yang Jian was immediately horrified. From this angle, he could vaguely make out the first character of that name... Yang.

"Bang!"

At the same time, far away in a hotel room in Dahan City, the Ghost Porcelain, due to the cracks reaching their limit, exploded suddenly, turning into pieces scattered across the floor. The eerie power also vanished completely, as if it had been neutralized by some terrible curse in the unseen world.

But it only neutralized a part, unable to counteract it all.

"Was this round of hammering directed at me?"

At that moment, Yang Jian's hair stood on end, and the grave soil under his feet suddenly became loose.

It was like an abyss ready to devour him.