

Revival 841

Chapter 841 - Anomalies in the Thick Smoke

"Captain, is this really Li Leping's corpse?"

Li Yang looked at the hideous, twisted corpse that had been darkened by smoke, feeling a chill in his heart.

The terrifying thing wasn't the corpse itself, but the eeriness behind the whole incident.

If this really was Li Leping, then the Li Leping who called Yang Jian yesterday and told him he was in Mingyue Community couldn't possibly be alive.

Most fatally, the mobile phone they encountered hanging on the building ruins on the way here was also left by Li Leping.

If Li Leping was dead, none of these events could have occurred, and if they did, then it's worth deeply contemplating and suspecting what it means.

Yang Jian did not immediately respond to Li Yang's words. After pondering for a moment, he spoke in a tone that sounded like he was talking to himself, "It's impossible for a person in charge to lend out their uniform to others. Li Leping wouldn't be so bored as to take off his clothes to dress someone else after encountering danger. Ghosts don't just recognize clothes; they recognize people."

"So, the possibility of changing clothes is almost zero. Moreover, this mummified corpse has been dead here for some time. Although I don't know exactly how long, to be smothered into this state by the smoke, it definitely didn't happen within the last couple of days; at the very least, it would take over half a month to end up like this."

He was holding the mummified corpse in his hands.

Very light.

With no moisture left, it was no different from an animal body that had dried out.

Now that they had the evidence in hand.

Yang Jian couldn't help but conclude; "This mummified corpse is most likely Li Leping's body. After all, the Ferocious Ghost District has been sealed off for a long time, and ordinary people wouldn't enter this place. Moreover, Li Leping had mentioned that he indeed entered the Ferocious Ghost District and encountered danger..."

"Could it be a Ghost Slave of that ghost we caught before?" Li Yang suddenly thought of something and quickly asked.

"The ghost we detained yesterday stole Li Leping's memory, disguised as Li Leping to take over Dachuan City. What if that ghost controlled a living person to wear Li Leping's clothes, enter this Ferocious Ghost District, and then died here?"

"It's possible." Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly.

But after carefully calculating the time, it seems not quite right.

Because of the interference of this mummified corpse, everyone had to pause briefly.

The delay wasn't long, but it was enough to make Li Yi and the others behind them extremely anxious.

Yang Jian and Li Yang had the confidence to wait it out here, but the others could not. Every breath felt like torture here, their insides burning as if on fire, stabbing pains coming in waves.

And this pain was becoming increasingly intense, as if the moisture in their bodies was being gradually evaporated.

What was eerie was that the community shrouded in this fog was not scorching hot, but rather cold and dim, giving one the feeling of a layer of cold air on their skin.

Chilly on the outside, scorching and painful on the inside.

This kind of torture was unbearable. They had no doubt that if they stayed here too long, they really would die and then become an unnamed mummified corpse on the ground.

"Yang Jian, should we act quickly? This mummy isn't really worth studying for so long," Li Yi said through gritted teeth, covering his mouth and nose as he spoke in a muffled voice.

Li Yang looked back and gave a cold stare: "If this is Li Leping's body, then all the information given on the phone just now might be false, or even misleading us. You all just keep quiet, don't disturb our actions."

His attitude was quite unfriendly.

He believed these messengers only had experience in delivering messages, but no experience in handling supernatural events.

The former only needs to complete their tasks, while the latter involves confronting vengeful ghosts. The difficulty is more than a notch apart.

"Dragging on will increase the danger—it's not worth it. If there's something wrong with that mummified corpse, we can take it with us and investigate slowly later," Li Yi spoke up, not intimidated by Li Yang.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian didn't waste any more time, he spoke up and immediately set off, moving forward.

He didn't throw away Li Leping's mummified corpse but carried it in his hand, intending to find a place to hide it in case they needed evidence for verification later. If they carelessly lost it here, it would be troublesome.

Everyone continued to move forward.

Quickly.

Without hesitation or delay.

Before entering Mingyue Community, there might have been some hesitation, but after entering, it was a race against time. Every second of delay added a minute of danger.

The first row of five-story old houses quickly passed by.

The smoke-stained walls seemed to be enshrouded by a layer of eerie shadow, giving off a very uncomfortable feeling.

The windows of the surrounding houses are pitch-dark, like abysses leading to hell, making it very difficult not to pay attention, for fear that someone might suddenly appear near each window.

Ghosts wander in this smoke-shrouded neighborhood.

The community isn't large, and the back gate is visible at a glance, so it is possible to encounter fierce ghosts on every interior street and every path within the community.

Moreover.

Ghosts also roam within this community.

Luck seems to have been quite favorable all along.

Passing the second row of old buildings, whether in front, behind, or on the left and right, as well as the windows of the buildings on either side, no abnormalities have been discovered.

It seems that the ghosts are not in the vicinity.

The quietness around is somewhat terrifying, with only the sound of each other's heavy breathing; aside from that, there is no other noise at all.

The third row of old houses is right in front.

Apartment 301 in Building 7 is in one of the buildings to the left or right, and it seems that it will only take a minute or two more to reach the delivery destination. The task is simple, not complicated at all, even if it feels a bit too easy—as if the task could be completed by an ordinary courier without the need for Yang Jian and Li Yang to lead the way.

"Still no abnormalities," Li Yi thought with tension, yet he let out a slight sigh of relief.

Having approached this close, it seems that even if there really were ghosts, there would be a chance to fight for survival desperately.

After all, hope is near.

Yang Xiaohua even has a rolled-up paper gripped in her hand already.

That is a black letter from Ghost Post Office.

After successfully delivering the letter, ignite the paper, and the road to Ghost Post Office will appear, then the courier can use that road to escape back into Ghost Post Office.

Even if pursued by ghosts, the ghosts would be blocked outside Ghost Post Office.

However, at this moment.

Yang Jian, who was leading the way in front, suddenly changed direction and headed straight toward a building in the second row.

"Hm? Changing direction," Li Yi was taken aback all at once.

"This is the second row of houses, not the third row. Building 7 is not here," Yang Xiaohua couldn't help but speak up urgently in reminder.

Yang Jian turned around fiercely, his eyes faintly glowing red, cold and numb: "Shut up, follow if you want to live, the ghost is already here."

"What?"

Yang Xiaohua immediately widened her eyes, shocked, and then looked around.

But she saw nothing.

Where are the ghosts? Isn't everything normal around here? There's simply no sign of ghosts at all.

Li Yi's face changed, and he hurriedly took out a small glass bottle containing some yellowed, turbid liquid.

This was something he had saved from a previous letter delivery.

Li Yi once personally delivered a letter to a household where there was no one, just a bloated, foul-smelling corpse floating in the bathtub, and his task was to deliver the letter into the hands of the dead man in that bathtub.

Some unexplainable, terrifying supernatural events also occurred midway, afterwards he boldly took some water from the bathtub as he left.

Mixed with the water formed from the rotting corpse, it has the effect of testing whether there are fierce ghosts or supernatural phenomena nearby.

Li Yi opened the small glass bottle.

The yellowed, turbid water dropped to the ground, immediately turning into thick blood.

And what's eerie is that this blood slowly flowed towards one direction, as if attracted by something.

"The ghost is in that direction?"

Li Yi glanced over there.

That was the residential building in the middle of the third row.

At this moment, that building is covered with a thin layer of thick smoke, the smoke billowing and vaguely forming a blurry human silhouette, but the figure quickly dissipated, forming a foul-smelling smoke again.

I wonder if I saw it wrong.

The thick smoke is gradually drifting over here.

"Damn."

Li Yi immediately cursed inwardly, shivering all over, he hurriedly followed Yang Jian.

The fierce ghosts here are not in human form at all, but something hidden within the thick smoke. No wonder they went unnoticed before. If he hadn't tested this ghost, he might not have realized it even if it got close.

"Hurry up."

The urgent prompts almost made them run to keep up.

"Why bother going to such lengths? Yang Jian has already spotted the ghost," Leuk Qingqing also quickly caught up, whispering.

"No need to economize, if we survive this ordeal, none of these things will matter. Plus, more accurately ascertaining the situation also helps us," Li Yi said without looking back, sweat breaking out on his back.

He doesn't trust Yang Jian's judgment.

He's also worried that Yang Jian might have other plans and overlook the mission of delivering the message.

After all, nobody knows what Yang Jian and Li Yang are planning to do, nor can anyone stop them.

But now it seems.

Yang Jian's judgment is correct.

They hurriedly rushed towards the building next door.

The hallway was frighteningly dark. Only a suppressive light could be seen through the windows of the staircase, otherwise, everything was pitch black and tainted by the smoke.

Yang Jian quickly went upstairs.

He had just ascended one floor and quickly kicked open the door of an apartment after reaching the second floor.

The wooden door was old and couldn't withstand Yang Jian's kick.

"Everybody in, Li Yang block the door. The ghost has noticed us; it's coming for us," Yang Jian's voice was very calm, without a trace of panic: "Close the door, block the ghost's approach, then we'll decide what to do next."

The psychological quality of the people behind him was still passable.

In this strange and terrifying environment, no one fell behind, even if they were afraid, they did not lose the ability to act.

It's a little more reassuring to rely on the third-floor messenger.

The group of people quickly entered the room, and then the wooden door slammed shut.

"The living room won't do; it's safer in the bedroom," Li Yang said, his expression slightly changing after closing the door.

"Okay."

Yang Jian didn't ask why, he just turned and entered the bedroom, abandoning the living room door.

The room was more enclosed, with the surrounding walls, bed, and furniture all pitch-black as if dusted with ash.

The door closed, and Li Yang took charge of blocking it.

"It's done," Li Yang whispered in the dim environment.

Yang Jian didn't speak, but pulled out his phone, giving off a faint light: "That ghost was just lingering around Building 7. I saw the smoke gathering and dissipating, the fierce ghost hiding inside. This is its Ghost Domain. It might exist in any form here, so don't trust your eyes too much. Many things within the Ghost Domain can deceive you."

After speaking, he immediately went to the door, gesturing for others to step back, and then listened for any sound from outside.

Li Yi, Yang Xiaohua, and Leuk Qingqing held their breaths, forcing themselves to make no noise.

Suddenly, the surroundings fell into silence akin to death.

Soon.

The anomaly occurred.

A charred smell, akin to the burning of corpses, gradually wafted in from outside the room. Although the smell was already present, it had never been so intense.

"I haven't used the Ghost Door Blocker yet. I thought I'd wait a bit longer," Li Yang explained as he too caught the smell.

Once he used the ability of the fierce ghost, the smell could be isolated.

The burnt odor would be blocked as well.

However, Li Yang didn't want to waste the opportunity to use the ghost's power, as every second extended was a drain on himself.

"I'll handle it if anything unexpected happens," Yang Jian said nothing more, only signaling Li Yang not to worry.

If Li Yang couldn't hold on, Yang Jian would not hesitate to take action.

They surely can't be facing annihilation.

"It's coming," Li Yang suddenly tensed up.

As his words dropped.

"Creak!"

In the dim living room, the door was forced open by a thick smoke, making a distinct sound of opening. Then, it seemed something entered this uninhabited house.

No footsteps were heard.

But the difficulty in breathing was palpably worsening.

The suffocation was intense.

Soon after, other noises came through.

In the living room, sounds grew louder – the clattering of a chair being knocked over, pots and pans in the kitchen falling to the ground.

There were also noises of furniture being moved.

It was as if a thief had entered, rifling through for valuables.

But in reality.

The fierce ghost was searching for people.

It was looking for the living who had just entered this room. Once found, there was no doubt they would die.

The fierce ghost had already noticed Yang Jian and the others and had quickly followed them. If Yang Jian hadn't reacted promptly, they would have collided head-on.

Even if not completely wiped out, several would certainly die.

The ghost searched through the living room and seemed to find nothing of interest.

The noise temporarily ceased.

"Sigh!"

But in this brief silence, a chilling sigh echoed in the living room.

It was as if a corpse was speaking, or as if the thick smoke was howling, eerie and terrifying.

At this moment, the ghost seemed to notice something, or maybe it realized there was one more room it hadn't searched.

The burnt stench within the thick smoke grew even stronger.

The ghost was getting closer here.

Still no footsteps, just the smell of burning corpses.

At the same time.

The door that Li Yang was blocking was shaking violently, as if it were about to shatter or be pried open soon.

"It's started, the ghost is outside the door," Li Yang said, pushing against the door, his voice tense to the point of quivering.

Yang Jian, his eyes slightly reddened, peered through the crack of the door.

He saw a desiccated and charred hand like that of a mummified corpse, reaching out from within the thick smoke, caressing the door.

Hiss!

The wooden door made a rough noise with the friction.

At the same time, thick smoke had already started seeping in.

The barricade of the Ghost Door Blocker began to show weaknesses.

Chapter 842 - Room 301

The smell of smoke in the room was getting stronger, as if a fire had occurred outside, and the thick smoke was gradually seeping in, carrying a burnt foul smell, much like the incineration of a rotting corpse.

And with every breath, one felt as though being burned by blazing fire.

There was an indescribable feeling of suffocation and stabbing pain.

If one stayed long in this thick smoke, living people would be slowly turned into dry corpses devoid of moisture.

"Even the Ghost Door Blocker's ability cannot completely prevent the invasion of the ghost outside?"
Yang Jian stood next to the room door, clearly feeling the dense smoke gathering just beyond the door.

Within that thick smoke, there was a blackened dry corpse, which merged with the smoke, yet remained unaltered in shape, retaining the form of a living person, moving in an incomprehensible manner.

This was a true ghost, not the dead controlled by Ghost Shadow Figure in Dachuan City.

The fearsome ghost in the thick smoke stood just outside the door, its dark and gaunt corpse-like palm gently touching the door.

The rough palm rubbed against the door, making a hissing sound.

The ghost was trying to open the door, looking for the people inside.

Once the door was opened, and the people inside were found, everyone would be killed instantly. It was very difficult to withstand the attack of such a revived fearsome ghost.

The Ghost titled 'Seeker' needs to meet two conditions to kill someone.

Find a person, and be within a few meters radius.

Both are essential.

Now, the condition of being within a few meters radius has been met, the only thing missing is that the ghost has not yet noticed the people inside.

Li Yang's Ghost Door Blocker blocked most of the supernatural influence.

This fearsome ghost wandering in the thick smoke momentarily paused outside the door, neither advancing further nor leaving.

Because they were in conflict with each other.

The ghost was challenging Li Yang.

Using the door as a medium, to see who was more terrifying.

This confrontation had just started and the disparity was already showing.

The Ghost Door Blocker couldn't completely block the erosion from the ghost outside.

Cold sweat broke out on Li Yang's forehead. He distinctly felt that the door in front of him seemed about to break and shatter, with something terrifying trying to force its way in. The Ghost Door Blocker was powerful, but he was facing a revived ghosts and yet had to restrain his own use of ability.

Otherwise, he would be eroded by his own ghost and die instantly.

"This way, we can't hold it." Li Yang's hands were still pressed against the door, his face looked terrible, as pale and gaunt as a corpse just lifted from a sick bed, with signs of decay.

"Captain, you all must leave here quickly, otherwise everyone will die. This ghost is much more terrifying than we thought."

"I'll stay here and hold it back. We are on the second floor, it'll be fine to jump down, and the ghost won't follow, you will have enough time to deliver that letter."

Feeling his strength waning, he asked Yang Jian to leave and handed over the box containing the letter to him.

He would cover the rear.

As long as he could hold back the ghost, there was a high chance of success for this operation.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, the burnt smell in the dim room growing more intense, affecting him slightly, while Yang Xiaohua and Li Yi next to him covered their noses, their faces twisted in agony.

The thick smoke in the room was quickly exceeding the limits of human tolerance.

"Take this, and everyone else follow me."

Without any hesitation, he handed a decoy doll to Li Yang and then directly smashed a window of the room and jumped out.

The whole process was without any delay.

Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't be able to break the window of the Ghost Door Blocker's room, but now Li Yang was confronting the ghost behind the door, making other areas weaker.

Yang Jian landed swiftly, without any injuries.

"Let's go, let's jump down too." In the room, Li Yi's voice was hoarse with strain. Without any hesitation, he too jumped down.

The height of the second floor wouldn't kill a person.

At worst, it would break a leg.

But Li Yi seemed experienced. He landed steadily without falling, though he sustained minor injuries that didn't impede his normal movements.

Yang Xiaohua and Leuk Qingqing were delayed when they jumped.

They were afraid to jump straight down because doing so could result in injuries that could easily lead to death in the situation they were in.

Yang Xiaohua hung onto the window with her hands to reduce the dropping height, though she also landed quite heavily, it was just a painful buttocks, without any serious impact.

And Leuk Qingqing, however, seemed a bit strange.

After she jumped down, the weight of her body seemed very unnatural, as if lightly floating to the ground, not falling directly.

Yang Jian glanced at her, without saying much, and immediately left this place, walking towards the residential building on the far right ahead.

That building was very likely Building Number Seven.

Li Yi and Leuk Qingqing followed him in silence, not daring to waste any time.

"Can he hold on, I hope nothing happens," Yang Xiaohua looked back at the room they had just left.

The broken window was pitch black, with thick smoke seeping out, making it impossible to see the current situation inside that room.

The man named Li Yang was there alone, battling a terrifyingly fierce ghost.

Although she felt quite unfamiliar and even somewhat afraid of this man, Yang Xiaohua was filled with gratitude, not expecting that in such a crisis, someone would actually stay behind without hesitation.

This was something they, as messengers, couldn't do - at most, they could die together or escape together; no one was willing to stay behind alone.

"Li Yang must not die; the Ghost District already has too many ghosts. If Li Yang were to die, the situation would deteriorate to an unmanageable extent. Therefore, we must save him at all costs, Spare Life Dolls must not be spared and must be given to him to preserve his life," Yang Jian hurried away from this place.

Although he left decisively,

Yang Jian also left a Spare Life Doll for Li Yang to save his life, believing that with it, Li Yang could successfully survive and not be killed by the ghost.

"This is really dangerous," Li Yi gasped heavily, his face becoming even more pained, feeling as if his body were burning.

His skin visibly thinned down.

As if water, muscle, and fat had all been sucked away.

He felt an inexplicable fear.

If they continued to stay in this thick smoke, he believed he would soon die here.

Yang Jian paid no attention to the three people following him.

In his view, these three people were just sharing the risk of being attacked by fierce ghosts, preventing himself from accidentally triggering the ghost's murder pattern, dying inexplicably, and not even getting a chance to prepare a backup plan.

However, as a return.

After this supernatural event, he would ensure that these few people left the Ghost Post Office alive.

A normal transaction.

No coercion involved.

"A Spare Life Doll? That's really good, with this thing I can survive no matter what." In the darkness, Li Yang leaned against the door, his hand tightly clutching the eerie doll sewn from old cloth.

He hadn't expected to get this thing, he was just plainly intending to cover their retreat.

After all, there would still be a chance to turn things around if he covered their retreat, but if Yang Jian died here, then everything would be over.

"Just hold on a little longer, the Spare Life Doll should not be used lightly."

Li Yang gritted his teeth, enduring, planning to use the Spare Life Doll at the very last moment to maximize the time he covered for their retreat.

The ghost was still outside the door...

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian had already reached the staircase of the suspected Building Seven.

There was no delay in time, so the efficiency of the operation was still very high.

"The location of the ghost seeking people has been confirmed, so now only the ghost from the Ferocious Ghost District itself remains unconfirmed. Although I'm uncertain about what Li Leping said before, I think it still holds some reference value; the Terror Level of the ghost in the Ferocious Ghost District is definitely not low, it might even be more frightening than the ghost seeking people."

"After all, Li Leping indeed didn't settle the supernatural event in the Ferocious Ghost District before."

Yang Jian thought this, but still entered the building.

The staircase inside was equally dim; both sides of the walls were blackened, but slightly different from before, there were some faint scratches on these dark walls, as if someone had touched the walls and left traces.

However, these traces didn't seem new.

Because the thick smoke continued to envelop the neighborhood, the power of the Ghost Domain still kept eroding here, even a little trace would soon be covered.

"Has someone been here before?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brows, this idea protruding in his mind, but he soon started to doubt it.

These traces might not have been left by a person; it may have been another ghost.

After all, this place has been sealed off for a long time; there couldn't possibly be any living people.

Soon.

He arrived on the third floor.

The third floor was pitch black, with four units in total; if this was indeed Building Seven, then Room 301 would be one of these four units.

"Which one is 301?" Li Yi immediately began to search.

He wanted to find the number plate beside the room door, but it was pitch black everywhere, and he couldn't see anything at all, not even with the light from his phone. The light could only illuminate some protrusions on the walls, and when he reached out to wipe away the black dust on them, he found it was just an advertising board.

Yang Xiaohua also quickly began to search, hoping to confirm as soon as possible where room 301 really was.

The sooner she completed the letter delivery task, the safer her life would be.

Yang Jian did not move; he just stood there, his eyes faintly turning red as he looked around.

The power of the Ghost Eyes eroded his own.

His own eyes seemed to be replaced by the ghost eyes, acquiring some supernatural qualities, a change brought about by nearing the revival of a fierce ghost.

Although the change was bad, in certain situations, it allowed Yang Jian to possess some of the capabilities of a fierce ghost without any cost.

The dim environment had no effect on Yang Jian.

He quickly pinpointed a number plate on a door.

Although it was smoked black and the characters could no longer be seen clearly, by recognizing the outlines one could still tell it was room 301.

It was just unknown whether this was the 301 of building seven or building nine.

"Stop searching, this is the room."

Yang Jian's cold voice sounded; he walked directly towards it, then lifted his foot and kicked the door.

The task from the Ghost Post Office was just to deliver the letter to room 301 in building seven; there was no specification on whom to deliver it to or whether the door should be damaged, so these unspecified actions were all permissible.

"Wait a minute." Li Yi quickly spoke up to stop him, apparently not expecting Yang Jian to be so reckless.

"Bang~!"

However, it was already too late.

The door to room 301 had been kicked open by Yang Jian; the loud noise of the door breaking echoed inside the building, making the dust on the ceiling fall down continuously.

Violent and capricious.

Everyone's eyelids twitched, and their hearts also tightened.

Wouldn't it be better to simply stuff the letter through the door gap? Why did it have to open this door?

As soon as the door was opened.

A long-sealed chill rushed at them from inside.

At the same time, a dim, yellow light suddenly lit up from room 301 and even illuminated outside the door.

What a joke?

There's light inside?

This was absolutely impossible because the electricity had been cut off in the Ferocious Ghost District, as it was just an old town area being demolished and all the residents had already relocated.

"This light..." Yang Xiaohua stared at the light, lost in thought.

Li Yi coughed lightly; "No, it can't be wrong, it's the same as the light from the Ghost Post Office."

"So, this is the real room 301?" Leuk Qingqing, wearing high heels, stepped closer and took a look.

The furnishings inside were very old.

It gave off a feeling detached from modern times, with most furniture made of wood, painted red, flaking and peeling, the walls and floor covered with old-style floral ceramic tiles, holding a Republic of China Period style, embellished with many posters, each of which was pinned at the corners, completely in the style of the 1980s.

"Inside is not smoked black." Yang Jian furrowed his brows, immediately noticing the most crucial point.

The entire community was enveloped in thick smoke, everything was smoked black, and the rooms were no exception, but this room did not have this phenomenon, not only was it lit, but it also maintained a very clean and tidy appearance.

"The force that can resist supernatural power must also be a supernatural power; there is a ghost inside this room... even if there's no ghost, there must be supernatural items."

Yang Jian hesitated in his heart, considering whether or not to enter.

This step was easy to take, but the risk was high.

Because it was possible that this room was another Ghost Domain, and once inside, it would be very difficult to get out again.

"Breathing seems much easier here." Li Yi stood at the entrance, taking deep breaths of the cool air.

The stinging pain of being smoked like burning fire inside his body was relieved.

In fact, this was just an illusion.

The supernatural power seeping out from the room had merely dispersed the dense smoke on this floor, not improved the condition, but simply calmed the further intrusion of the smoke.

"Just placing the letter at the door would complete this task, taking more risks could cause big problems." Leuk Qingqing looked at Yang Jian and slowly spoke: "I know you are very capable, but the situation here is more terrifying than imagined."

"Let's take a look inside, then I'll decide whether to leave the letter down."

Yang Jian's expression was constantly changing.

Indeed.

At this moment, if he put down the letter, the mission was very likely complete. He could immediately retreat, distance himself from Dachuan City, return to the Ghost Post Office, and smoothly head to the fourth floor.

But he would never know the secrets behind this letter.

He would also miss whatever existed in this room.

"You're not in a good condition," Yang Xiaohua suddenly reminded him. "That's what Li Yang said before."

She did not want Yang Jian to take the risk either.

Having come this far, he should swiftly deliver the letter and leave, rather than courting death by probing into the secrets.

"If you all are afraid, then stay here. I hold the letter, and if I face danger, I'll leave the letter in Room 301 before I die. Then, you can directly ignite the letter and leave this place," Yang Jian glanced at the others, then straight into the room.

Under the enveloping light, his figure became hazy, gradually disappearing from everyone's sight.

"Huh?"

Seeing this, everyone else suddenly widened their eyes, feeling a sense of horror.

As expected.

Room 301 was not that simple.

"What should we do? Should we stand here and wait for Yang Jian to successfully deliver the letter, or should we follow him?" Li Yi hesitated at this moment.

He seldom hesitated.

But the decision now involved life and death, and he couldn't help but agonize over it.

"We should follow; don't forget, there are ghosts lingering here," Yang Xiaohua said, turning her lips, "And Li Yang might not be able to hold back that ghost for long. If Li Yang can't hold on, and we're unable to rendezvous with Yang Jian, facing a ghost would mean certain death."

"Furthermore, if we go back on our previous promise now, wouldn't Yang Jian also refuse to ensure our lives?"

She was very rational, analyzing the situation.

"Makes sense, in that case, let's follow him. Yang Jian is special; since he dared to enter, it means he's confident in handling the situation inside. We don't have the guts to touch other ghosts, we can only rely on him," Liu Qingqing stated.

The messengers on the third floor were not yet capable enough to confront real malignant spirits.

They could only resort to cunning tactics, finding loopholes to deliver the letters.

"Let's gamble on it."

Hearing this analysis, Li Yi simply threw caution to the wind. It was also dangerous to stand at the door.

Making up his mind, he quickly rushed into Room 301.

Yang Xiaohua and Liu Qingqing closely followed behind him.

The dim yellow light enveloped the few people, swallowing their figures within.

Room 301 remained as before, without any changes; even the door slammed shut again after a moment.

Everything returned to deathly silence once more.

At Li Yang's side.

He had reached his limit; currently, a creepy doll fell through the broken window.

Once the doll landed on the ground, it flipped over and started running with its short legs, as if sensing something. Initially running toward the direction where Yang Jian and the others had left, it suddenly spun around on the spot and quickly ran in the opposite direction.

The thick smoke enveloping the neighboring building was rapidly dispersing, moving towards the direction of the doll.

"Cough, cough."

Li Yang leaned on the window frame, looking downstairs. His complexion was terrible, weakly watching the departing doll.

"Seems I've managed to survive for now. Next is to wait for Captain's news."

However, just as he relaxed a bit.

Suddenly, a voice emerged from the smoke-filled living room, "I am Li Leping. Are you Yang Jian or Li Yang?"

Li Yang shuddered violently, his back instantly covered in cold sweat.

Li Leping?

He glanced at a corner of the room.

It was a distorted, deformed mummy.

The polished tag on the mummy still clearly bore three characters: Li Leping.

Chapter 843 - All Things Strange

Within the Ferocious Ghost District.

Room 301 of Mingyue Community.

This seemed to be the only room in the entire blocked area with lights on, but the light inside the room couldn't be seen from the outside, and looking at this floor from the outside looked the same as the other floors, with no changes at all.

It was only after Yang Jian had forcibly kicked the door open that the light from the room shone out.

But at this moment.

The door to room 301 was closed again, and this floor returned to its previous state, blackened with thick smoke.

Yang Jian is now standing in the living room of room 301.

Above him was dim, oppressive lighting.

The living room wasn't very large and the style of the old decorations gave it a feeling from a past era, but the place was extremely clean and tidy, as if someone lived there.

Yang Jian touched the old wooden table next to him.

It was spotless, very clean.

"This level of cleanliness is a bit abnormal. Even if someone took care of it, it couldn't possibly be this clean. It's almost like it's being preserved at a certain moment in time. Could it be that this room is also part of the Ghost Domain?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

A Ghost Domain within a Ghost Domain isn't impossible.

Soon after.

His gaze fell on several items on the wooden table.

A few bowls and plates, the patterns seemed familiar, as if he had seen them before.

Right.

Yang Jian remembered, they were like the plate that held fried rice when trading with the Ghost Cabinet.

That plate had the same pattern, Jiang Yan had investigated it before and found out that it was porcelain from the Republic of China Period, not an antique, just a bit old.

"Again, this informational connection, could it be that this house is connected to the Ghost Cabinet?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brows.

Looking at the mottled red paint on the table, the style did indeed resemble that of the Ghost Cabinet.

If there really was an involvement, then the Ghost Cabinet, this room 301, and the Ghost Post Office are all interconnected... These supernatural events seem to be tied together by an invisible thread, a hidden connection that only those who have experienced it would notice.

After all, Yang Jian's experiences among those who manipulate ghosts are quite extensive.

"What's inside that vegetable basket?"

Suddenly.

Yang Jian noticed an old wicker vegetable basket placed in a corner of the wooden table, a common sight in rural areas in the past, but this basket was well-preserved, the handle smooth and glossy, seemingly conditioned by long-time use.

But the basket was covered with a green floral cloth, hiding something inside.

He hesitated for a moment.

But curiosity seemed to get the better of him.

In the end, he reached over and slightly lifted the floral cloth.

Was that a baby?

No.

It wasn't, it was a baby doll; Yang Jian could clearly see the joints on the doll's arms, not a living body.

This doll wasn't dressed, lying naked in the basket with its eyes shut, seemingly asleep.

However, the body of the doll was blotched with blue and purple, somewhat like the Ghost Infant incident he had experienced before. Yet this doll baby felt even more eerie, looking asleep but as if it could wake and open its eyes at any moment.

"This is a supernatural object."

Yang Jian shivered inwardly, making a judgment and a guess. The harm of a supernatural object actually isn't less than that of a fierce ghost, and in some ways could even be more terrifying than a supernatural incident, such as the incident with the Mysterious Painting.

The Mysterious Painting itself was a supernatural object; it had only become an incident after losing control.

"Don't touch it for now."

With his curiosity satisfied, Yang Jian didn't dare to further provoke death. He covered the cloth back over and didn't tempt to find out what the purpose of the doll in the basket was.

Neither did he want to take it away and claim it as his own.

Mysterious and unknown supernatural objects, once out of control, can pose fatal threats.

Yang Jian's attention shifted from the table to other places.

It was a painting hanging on the wall.

It was an oil painting.

The person in the oil painting was a handsome man from the Republic of China Period, dressed in a uniform, resembling a young warlord or a noble young master, very charismatic.

"Just an ordinary painting, nothing unusual."

Yang Jian observed for a while, then withdrew his gaze.

He merely speculated that the person in the painting was probably related to the owner of the room, or possibly there to remember and pay tribute to some important figure from the past, suggesting that the man in the painting was probably dead.

Strictly speaking.

This was a portrait for remembrance.

Mysterious doll baby.

Portrait in the oil painting.

Continuing deeper into room 301.

Yang Jian was very detailed in his observation, so he moved slowly and cautiously, fearing he might touch some taboo and then encounter some terrible attack, ending up confusedly perishing right here.

Inside were two rooms.

One left, one right.

They should be two bedrooms.

The doors of these two bedrooms were closed, with nothing visible from the outside.

He hesitated for a moment, then chose to open the door on the right.

Creak!

The old wooden door made a sound.

The room inside also emitted dim, yellowish light, as if the light here had always been there, never seeming to go out.

Yang Jian immediately entered, wanting to check it out.

Upon entering the room.

His complexion changed.

He saw something.

A workbench, littered with many torn fabrics, some bizarre hair, old needles and thread, and even an unfinished doll. This doll looked eerily familiar to Yang Jian, just like the scapegoat doll he had given to Li Yang before.

No.

It's not exactly the same, but the scapegoat dolls are quite similar, with odd stitching and unreasonable shapes, all in this particular style.

"Could the scapegoat dolls be sewn here?"

Yang Jian felt a surge of inexplicable horror.

He always thought the scapegoat dolls were supernatural items from a laboratory, but he had also suspected that they weren't mass-produced. After all, if they were, why would they look the way they do, and why would each scapegoat doll be slightly different?

Some have disproportionate legs, some crooked heads, some unequal arms.

He had suspected that perhaps a fierce ghost had made the scapegoat dolls, but dismissed the idea, thinking how could a ghost possibly have the intellect to sew such things.

"Who exactly is the owner of room 301? Are the scapegoat dolls really from here?"

Yang Jian looked at the simple workbench, his expression shifting rapidly, the more he thought about it, the more urgently he wanted to know the answer.

In the end.

Taking a deep breath, he could only temporarily bury his curiosity.

But Yang Jian was certain.

The headquarters was still hiding something from him.

No, it should be hiding something from all the captains.

He continued to look around the place.

Apart from the workbench that might have been used for sewing scapegoat dolls, there was also a female-shaped puppet standing next to it. This puppet had no face; it could only be identified as a female puppet based on its body curves.

The puppet was unclothed.

But Yang Jian felt that it should have worn a dress.

A dress that fits this female puppet perfectly, like... a cheongsam.

But the dress was gone.

He didn't know if it was taken or lost.

Yang Jian's gaze lingered on the puppet for a moment before he shifted his attention, paying heed to other areas.

Then, he suddenly saw a shrine in this room.

Indeed.

No mistake, it was something set up by people who were more superstitious in the past, but it was empty inside, nothing was enshrined, and no god figures were near, unsure if any statues might have fallen off and shattered.

Looking at other areas.

Yang Jian saw a small easel, with a red lacquered stool in front of it.

Clearly, it was a place for painting.

There was also a painting left on the easel.

It was a portrait sketch, but the person in the painting only had half a face, styled in oppressive and distorted fashion, looking almost like it was depicting a fierce ghost, making one feel uncomfortable after looking at the sketch for a few moments.

"From these items, it's not hard to deduce that the owner of room 301 was most likely a woman. She liked sewing dolls, painting, and... worshiping gods. But the absence of any god figures indicates that the worship was just a form of emotional solace; the owner here did not believe in gods."

"But beneath these hobbies, there's an incomprehensible eerie feeling coming through."

Yang Jian pondered these points, and a guess seemed to slowly form in his mind.

The owner of room 301 might be a character left from the Republic of China Period.

Like Old Qin, Door Knocking Ghost before.

A survivor from the supernatural events of the previous era.

"If my guess is correct, then the purpose of this letter is to be delivered to an old figure from the Republic of China Period? What does this involve then? Why does the Ghost Post Office keep showing

an address, insisting this letter be delivered? Does this have something to do with some secrets within the Ghost Post Office?"

Yang Jian carried on reasoning.

But lacking key information, his guesses were limited.

Not daring to touch anything in this room.

He turned and left, heading to the room on the left to check it out.

But by now, he was fairly certain that currently, room 301 was unoccupied.

No wonder the Ghost Post Office only asked for the letter to be delivered, but not specifically to the owner of room 301.

"Yang Jian, what's the situation here? Is there any danger?" He stepped out and Li Yi asked cautiously in a low voice.

He, along with Yang Xiaohua and Leuk Qingqing, were standing in the living room, not daring to move or act rashly.

"It's unclear; I need to look further. This building is really odd, though there's no immediate danger that's actually what worries me the most, because many things here aren't quite right... wait, which of you touched those items on the table?"

Yang Jian wasn't surprised by their arrival, he spoke and was ready to investigate the room on the left.

But then his gaze hardened, staring intensely at the vegetable basket on the table from earlier.

The flowered cover over the basket was now lifted, and the doll inside had disappeared.

"We didn't touch anything, we've just been standing here..." Li Yi began, but he immediately shut his mouth.

He was a smart man and swiftly followed Yang Jian's gaze toward the basket, a chill rising from within.

"What was inside that just now?"

"A naked doll, the kind you could buy for twenty yuan from a street stall, only the one in that basket was a bit special." Yang Jian quickly glanced around elsewhere.

He believed that Li Yi and the others hadn't touched that thing.

And now the cloth had been lifted again.

The only possibility was that the doll under the cloth had moved on its own.

"Where is it? Where's that ghostly thing?" Yang Jian searched,

but the room wasn't large, and there were no hidden corners, yet after swiftly scanning the room, he found nothing.

Could it have run outside?

No, that wasn't possible either.

The front door was closed; the doll couldn't have run outside.

Or could it be that the thing was on someone among them?

Realizing this, Yang Jian immediately approached the three of them to verify, absolutely determined not to let that ghostly thing disappear or who knows what terrifying event might happen later.

"Definitely, don't cause any supernatural incidents, there are too many strange things here, which might trigger a chain reaction."

He prayed inwardly, recalling the female puppet, the twisted portrait, and the empty deity seat.

Chapter 844 - The Person Under the Wooden Table

The room 301 was even more bizarre than one could imagine.

Despite the absence of people and fierce ghosts, every object and item exuded eeriness.

But what caused the most unease now was this.

The doll that had been inside the vegetable basket had vanished into thin air.

The room was not big.

Yang Jian looked around but found nothing, ultimately turning his attention to Li Yi, Yang Xiaohua, and Leuk Qingqing. If that creepy doll was still here, perhaps it had been hidden on one of them.

The others had also noticed the strangeness of the room, feeling an inexplicable panic.

"Where... is that thing?" Yang Xiaohua tensed up, almost rigid.

She dared not move her head rashly, her gaze darting around, trying to spot something, yet terrified of actually finding something.

Room 301 was small.

If there were indeed something horrifying, she, the messenger from the second floor, was destined to die; it would be very hard to survive in this environment.

"Yang Jian, I didn't find it." Li Yi had grown much bolder. He was also searching everywhere, making big movements.

But like Yang Jian, he found no trace of the mysteriously disappeared doll.

"It's not on any of the three of them either."

Yang Jian observed the three people.

He didn't find the doll on any of them.

But the more it was so, the more unsettled he became, because that thing had indeed vanished, and it had disappeared right in this room, with no chance of escaping outside.

"That thing is under the table." Suddenly, Leuk Qingqing, wearing a cheongsam, spoke up with a reminder.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian immediately fixed his gaze on her, his eyes slightly reddened, exuding an extraordinary coldness and vigilance.

"How can you be so sure?"

Something even he couldn't detect, yet Leuk Qingqing managed to.

Indeed, was she the most unusual and special messenger on the third floor?

Leuk Qingqing shook her head slightly: "I can't be certain, I just have this vague idea, as if I'm very familiar with this place... like I have lived here for a while in the past. This feeling emerged as soon as I stepped into the room, but I wasn't sure, so I didn't say it out loud."

"Even if you feel familiar, this isn't the reason for your guess about the ghost doll being under the table," Yang Jian said, eyeing her.

Leuk Qingqing looked somewhat strange, as if recalling something, yet also seemed a bit perplexed: "No, I just know that under that table is where it often hides. That's why I made the guess. If you're suspicious, you can choose not to believe it."

"I've looked under the table already, there's nothing." Li Yi squatted down, looking under the small red wooden table.

It was a spot where the dim light could not reach, a patch of shadow left in the corner by the wall due to the blockage of the wooden table.

However, there was no sign of any strange doll or similar object within that shadow.

The space under the table was completely empty, not even a stool was placed there, hollow, and one could see right through.

"No, you truly can't see it from the normal perspective, you must look at it upside down," Leuk Qingqing reminded again.

Look at it upside down?

Li Yi paused for a moment.

Leuk Qingqing explained, "Its eyes are installed upside down, the vision is inverted, so our line of sight must follow and invert as well. Only then can we see it."

"Is there such a thing?" Li Yi was surprised; "But how do you know about this in such detail?"

"I don't know," Leuk Qingqing shook her head. "I mentioned earlier that this place seems very familiar to me, but for some reason, those memories don't seem to belong to me, they belong to it..."

Having said that, she traced her fingers over the graceful figure in front of her.

It was an evident hint.

Yang Jian frowned and stared at the cheongsam she was wearing, while Li Yi pondered with a dawning realization.

"Did you acquire some odd memories that don't belong to you after being eroded by the supernatural?"

Yang Jian had encountered such a phenomenon before.

Zhang Lei, known as Ghost Eater, had once had strange memories. He saw that graveyard with Coffin Nails hammered in the gates.

This was the influence of a vengeful ghost encroaching upon the living.

As to whose memories those were, was a mystery.

Leuk Qingqing here was likely undergoing the same thing.

"Look at it upside down?"

Li Yi hesitated, unsure if he should do such a thing.

Would there be danger for himself if he really saw something when looking upside down?

Without a word, Yang Jian did not hesitate but slowly bent down, letting his head hang, to turn his normal line of sight upside down.

Then he looked again with this inverted view at the shadow beneath the red wooden table.

At that moment,

he immediately felt his hairs stand on end.

Under the shadow of the red wooden table unexpectedly sat a sinister person, who appeared to be an adult in size, naked, with patches of blue and purple bruises, as if beaten by something, leaving wounds while other parts of the skin were cold and pale, as if long dead.

No, this wasn't just a lifeless corpse, but a ghost.

A very terrifying fierce ghost.

And in this ghost's hand was the doll that had just appeared in the vegetable basket.

The doll's pair of eyes were now open, pitch-black without pupils, like two dull glass beads.

And just as Leuk Qingqing had mentioned before,

These beads of eyes were installed upside down, making them look discordant.

As Yang Jian saw the fierce ghost holding the doll, its inverted eyes suddenly moved mechanically, eerily turning towards Yang Jian's direction.

It seemed the ghost also saw Yang Jian.

At this moment, their gazes intersected.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Simultaneously, the originally calm red wooden table violently started shaking, occasionally lifting from the floor, as some sort of peace was broken.

"What's going on? What happened, Yang Jian, what did you see?" Seeing the violent shaking of the table, Li Yi's face immediately changed.

Yang Xiaohua also had a premonition that something bad was about to happen.

They hadn't bowed their heads, so they hadn't seen.

But after Yang Jian bowed his head, he saw the true reason why the table was shaking so violently.

It was because the ghost holding that eerie doll was trying to stand up from under the table, and due to the height problem, the ghost was about to lift the table, causing the violent shaking and making it seem like the table was about to be flipped over.

But it seemed difficult for the ghost to stand up.

It was unclear whether it was because he was pinned under the table, or because ghosts do not rise up too easily.

But no matter what.

The eye contact between Yang Jian and the malevolent ghost seemed to trigger some sort of deadly rule.

The originally motionless malevolent ghost was starting to act.

This was a very bad omen.

At this moment, Li Yi was feeling extremely anxious, desperately wanting to know what Yang Jian had seen under the table.

Was it a ghost?

Or that puppet doll?

Should he take a quick look himself to confirm the situation?

Just a glance shouldn't be harmful, right?

But some intuition told Li Yi that he better not look; otherwise, there was a high chance he might die here.

"Yang Jian, quickly leave the letter behind and get out of here, something feels very wrong around us," Leuk Qingqing suddenly reminded him, her voice revealing unusual urgency.

"The ghost has targeted me."

At this moment, Yang Jian suddenly raised his head, no longer making eye contact with the malevolent ghost.

But it was in vain.

The deadly rule seemed to be triggered, even though he had stood up and his line of sight returned to normal, the ghost holding the puppet doll did not disappear from his view; instead, it slowly rose, pressing against the small red wooden table.

"Clatter!"

The table was knocked over to the ground at this moment, the plates and the basket on it overturned, and several plates shattered with a bang.

The malevolent ghost had stood up from under the table.

After the ghost stood up, it was taller than Yang Jian by half a head, and the pale skin with patches of blue and purple became even more conspicuous.

"Fight or flee?"

Yang Jian unconsciously took a few steps back, his eyes slightly red, showing a trace of determination, and his heart was not the least bit timid.

Investigating such rooms was risky by nature, being attacked by a ghost was also within the expectations previously, so he did not regret his actions just now.

"What did he see?" Li Yi noticed Yang Jian's look and state.

It was one of being on alert for something.

In his view, there must be something terrifying in this room, something that could only be seen when looking upside down; if one just stood normally in the room, it would seem as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, completely in the dark.

The ghost holding the puppet doll made a move again.

The ghost walked towards Yang Jian.

Its steps were weird, unsteady like a baby learning to walk.

But the horror of the ghost was now fully displayed.

Yang Jian felt alarms going off all over his body, a certain sense of the supernatural told him this ghost was very fierce, very fierce indeed, and that he might be killed by this ghost.

"Can't stay here, must leave, at least not now."

With gritted teeth.

He tossed a box from his hand.

The box opened in mid-air, a yellow letter scattered and fell to the floor of Room 301.

The task of delivering the letter was complete.

As long as the letter was placed inside Room 301, there were no other requirements.

"There was an invisible malevolent ghost hiding under the table in the living room earlier, it's chasing after me now, you guys figure out what to do," Yang Jian said in a low voice, then took the lead in opening the door and rushing out.

There was yet another room in Room 301 that hadn't been explored, and many secrets remained undeciphered.

But there was no time for that now.

The ghost had already followed.

After Yang Jian burst out of Room 301, the ghost holding the doll quickly followed suit, as if it had targeted him specifically.

The others were a bit dumbfounded by this scene.

They witnessed Yang Jian running away in panic for the first time.

One should know that whether it was tearing up the red letter within the Ghost Post Office, confronting the malevolent ghost, or the whole city's supernatural event in Dachuan City, Yang Jian had always been bursting with confidence and had handled himself with ease.

But now.

Something in Room 301 actually frightened such a fierce figure away.

"We should leave as well," Li Yi also shouted out, quickly following Yang Jian's exit.

Yet, Leuk Qingqing grabbed him: "The ghost is fixated on him; once Yang Jian leaves, the ghost will leave with him, this place is temporarily safe, the situation outside is much more dangerous than here."

Going outside meant breathing in heavy smoke and facing the peril of ghosts searching for people.

Despite the eeriness here, apart from the earlier incident, nothing else had happened.

If they could survive this period using this place as shelter, returning to the Post Office would no longer be a pipe dream.

"Leuk Qingqing, let's leave first, the delivery has been successful, once we leave here, we'll immediately burn the letter and return to the Post Office," Li Yi said through gritted teeth.

Although he was afraid, his rationality was intact; he knew what he was doing.

He wanted to leave to avoid encountering other ghosts and also to ignite the letter and leave outside.

Leuk Qingqing was taken aback, falling silent.

It seemed that Li Yi's approach was not wrong.

Meanwhile, Yang Xiaohua had already picked up the letter, biting her lip and quickly leaving Room 301.

In her mind, if Yang Jian couldn't stay, it was even less likely that she could.

"Let's go."

Li Yi didn't dare delay and left swiftly.

Inside the room, only Leuk Qingqing was left.

She hesitated and looked curiously towards one of the inner rooms.

It seemed that some memories began to interfere with her mind.

"Who exactly is she?"

Leuk Qingqing looked bewildered, wanting to investigate further, but her rational mind told her not to be curious and to leave quickly.

Two thoughts intertwined.

So she paused in place, not venturing into the room to inspect, and yet not willing to leave just like that, caught in the dilemma.

Chapter 845 The Curse Released Again

Yang Jian's feeling told himself that the ghost in room 301, holding a doll and invisible to the normal eye, was extremely terrifying.

This feeling did not arise out of nowhere.

It was the keen intuition formed after participating in many supernatural events.

So he did not hesitate to choose to retreat.

After leaving the letter behind, Yang Jian had already left room 301 and rapidly dashed down the stairway, increasing the distance at high speed and then leaving the building to arrive inside Mingyue Community.

Behind him.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!"

The heavy, hurried footsteps echoed rapidly in the dark corridor behind him.

The sounds were loud, as if a heavy corpse was bouncing along.

The ghost, having exited room 301 and now following Yang Jian, ignored the living people Li Yi, Yang Xiaohua, and Leuk Qingqing who were even closer.

No.

No, that's not right, the ghost hadn't seen those three at all.

Because they had not, like Yang Jian, reversed their gaze to peer at the ghost.

The ghost only saw Yang Jian, so in the ghost's vision, Yang Jian was the only living person, no other living beings existed.

"As expected, it followed."

Hearing the noises from behind, Yang Jian's heart sank.

Continuing to run would be pointless; the ghost holding the doll would not easily let him go since their eye contact had probably inadvertently triggered the ghost's murder pattern.

Without any accidents, the ghost wouldn't stop its pursuit.

"Either directly confront the ghost's attack, imprison it here, or repel it... if I can't, I will definitely die here."

As he ran, he widened the distance.

Not to escape, but to buy some time to think about the next steps.

Yang Jian currently didn't have the replacement doll, and it wouldn't be possible to use it to die in his stead anymore; the Coffin Nail previously used against the Ghost Shadow's head was placed inside a private plane at Dachuan City Airport.

Right now, the only usable item in his possession was the rusty Firewood Knife.

The Firewood Knife could definitely dismember the ghost, but the price to pay would be terrifying; after using it, Yang Jian might lose his balance, to say nothing of the curse unleashing and the ghost reviving.

"Light the letter, return to the post office, use its presence to isolate myself from the ghost's attacks."

Then, another method came to mind.

The task of delivering the letter had been completed.

All messengers could return to the post office, which is hidden within the five levels of the Ghost Domain, and almost all fearsome ghosts cannot enter the post office.

But while Yang Jian was pondering his response.

He overlooked another point.

After exiting room 301 and coming to Mingyue Community, Yang Jian would face another terrifying ghost.

Ghost seeking people.

It was hidden in dense smoke, resembling a mummified corpse of a ghost.

This ghost had previously attacked Yang Jian and others; only because Li Yang stayed behind to delay the ghost that they had time to enter room 301.

But now, so much time had passed; Li Yang had reached his limits and had used the replacement doll to lure the ghost away.

So.

The person-seeking ghost still roams the community.

And at that moment.

Yang Jian's steps abruptly paused.

He saw the remnants of a dark ash on the road ahead, his slightly glowing eyes carefully observed it—it was not just ash but a tattered, smoke-blackened cloth doll.

This was the corpse of a replacement doll that was already killed.

Seeing this, Yang Jian immediately understood what had happened.

"Terrible."

The next moment.

Yang Jian could feel the burnt stench around him rapidly becoming more intense, and it seemed like the thick smoke nearby was also converging towards this area.

Another ghost seemed to have noticed his presence, and was now approaching.

Behind him, the heavily bruised ghost with heavy footsteps had not yet been shaken off, and now a second ghost had set its sights on him, escalating the level of danger, and most fatally, this Mingyue Community was enveloped in thick smoke, a realm of fierce ghosts, with no way to run out of here.

Therefore, the outcome of this game of hide and seek was certain to end with Yang Jian's death.

Unless...

"Delaying time is meaningless now, even if you think about igniting the spirit paper to leave, the fierce ghost might not give you the time."

Yang Jian's face looked somewhat grim.

He had already seen a persistent mass of thick smoke appearing nearby, within which a gaunt figure was hidden, and that figure was currently quickly approaching from another direction.

He had triggered one of the murderous rules of ghost seeking.

The ghost had discovered Yang Jian.

As long as the ghost got within a few meters of Yang Jian, he would undoubtedly die.

This was a certain deadly rule, very difficult to resist.

And the fierce ghost from Room 301, coming out, was not affected by the appearance of the smoke; the ghost, disregarding the effects of this Ghost Domain, sprinted over in an inexplicable and bizarre posture.

Once approaching.

How this fierce ghost from Room 301 would attack Yang Jian was uncertain.

But it was certain that this attack would probably not be weaker than triggering the certain death rule, and might even be stronger.

Because Yang Jian guessed.

This ghost holding a doll, was most likely that unidentified fierce ghost within the Ferocious Ghost District.

"Captain, why are you still here? Was the delivery successful?"

In such an urgent situation, a surprised voice came.

Li Yang, emitting a burnt stench, ran out from another building in a somewhat disheveled state; his expression was urgent, suggesting he too had encountered some danger.

"The letter has been delivered to Room 301, but there was a little accident. I was chased by an invisible ghost. Wait, what's happening on your side?" Yang Jian responded to Li Yang, then glanced sideways, his eyes suddenly sharp.

In the stairwell of the building behind Li Yang.

A stiff figure was rapidly coming downstairs, seemingly in pursuit of Li Yang.

"It's Li Leping, Li Leping is the third ghost!" Li Yang shouted.

"What?"

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian was immediately stunned.

Li Leping was the third ghost?

Considering the information known about the fierce ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District, there were a total of four: the fierce ghosts of the Ferocious Ghost District, Ghost Smoke, Zhang Xiaoxiao who resurrected as a seeking ghost, and the Sleepwalking Ghost formed after the death of the ghost controller Jiang Cheng.

If Li Leping was the third ghost.

Then, was he the Sleepwalking Ghost?

But if Li Leping was a ghost, then who was Jiang Cheng, the ghost controller?

Or could it be, Li Leping and Jiang Cheng are the same person?

Complicated, bizarre.

This phenomenon was already beyond comprehension.

What presented itself now was.

The third ghost, the Sleepwalking Ghost that only appeared at night, had awakened and was now roaming in pursuit of Li Yang.

"Isn't that ghost supposed to be inactive during the day?" Yang Jian's face showed changing expressions.

But then he looked up at the sky.

The sky was covered in thick smoke, dark and oppressive.

This Mingyue Community was essentially no different from the night.

"This works too?"

The Ghost Domain changed the daytime, allowing the Sleepwalking Ghost to appear during the day.

This is a bit like Yang Jian using Ghost Domain to create a room, in combination with Li Yang's Ghost Door Blocker triggering conditions.

"Captain, the thick smoke is coming again, it's a search-and-find ghost." Li Yang originally intended to meet up with Yang Jian, but then he suddenly got a shock.

Because he saw a thick smoke drifting towards Yang Jun.

Within that thick smoke, the figure of a fierce ghost emerged.

This was the very fierce ghost that he had lured away earlier with the substitute doll.

At this moment.

All the fierce ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District gathered at this time, and Yang Jian alone almost triggered the killing pattern of three ghosts, and he was surrounded by fierce ghosts.

Now, even delaying time is impossible.

Because the fierce ghost was ferocious, giving him no chance to catch his breath.

"Yang Jun..."

Li Yi and others also escaped from room 301, and when he saw Yang Jun not far away, he originally wanted to shout, but then he suddenly retreated several steps.

He noticed the abnormality around Yang Jian.

"Light the letter paper, let's leave here quickly."

Not daring to stay.

Li Yi hurriedly took out a piece of letter paper and lit it with a lighter he had prepared.

A piece of black letter paper rolled into a strip, which, when ignited, emitted a hazy black fog-like gloom.

Within that concealment, a distorted small path gradually approached Mingyue Community, seemingly invading from some incomprehensibly sinister place.

The letter paper is a kind of medium that can momentarily connect with the Ghost Post Office, and create a path for the messenger to leave.

"Why didn't Yang Jian use the letter paper to leave?" Yang Xiaohua looked over there, puzzled.

"No time, an invisible ghost followed straight out of room 301, and followed closely. Even if Yang Jian had ignited the letter paper, there wouldn't be enough time for that path to appear," Li Yi could see Yang Jian was experiencing unprecedented danger.

The invisible ghost, the approaching smoke.

And the panicked fleeing Li Yang.

All the ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District seemed to have gathered, wanting to kill both of them.

This situation was already fated for a team wipeout. Whoever came would die, the only chance was to take advantage of the moment Li Yang and Yang Jian were distracted, to burn the letter paper and return to the Ghost Post Office to escape the Ferocious Ghost District.

Once this chance was missed, Li Yi believed it would be difficult to leave.

The path to the Ghost Post Office was appearing.

The fierce ghosts were getting closer to Yang Jian's side.

But what they didn't know was that once Yang Jian died and the fierce ghosts revived, even if the path of the post office appeared, Li Yi and Yang Xiaohua would definitely not be able to leave alive.

"It's coming."

At this moment.

The fiercely ghost holding the doll, with a body full of bruises, had already approached Yang Jian.

The blackened mummy in the smoke also got closer to the surroundings, and would soon be within a few meters.

Exactly what deadly range the rule triggers at one meter, two meters, or three meters is unknown,

In any case, every step closer of the fierce ghost in the smoke brings death one step closer.

The first to attack Yang Jian was the fierce ghost from room 301.

A dead palm, greenish in some parts and purplish in others, reached for Yang Jian.

Not yet close.

Yang Jian felt his whole body stiffen, as if he had become puppet-like, able to only allow this fierce ghost's hand to come close to him.

Some paranormal force interfered with his actions.

His body lost control.

"Captain."

Li Yang cried out in terror, his heart constricted.

If Yang Jian died at this moment, then Dachuan City would be doomed. Who could withstand the revival of Yang Jian's fierce ghost?

"I really didn't want to come to this."

However, the next moment.

Yang Jian's slightly ferocious face twisted slightly, and he struggled to utter a sentence.

"Click!"

An old red lacquer box fell from his body and landed on the ground.

It was a peculiar Eight-Tone Music Box.

At this moment.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was opened again.

A strange and ethereal tune emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

"Seeking death."

Yang Jian's ghostly eye instantly opened, and the entire community was enveloped in a blood-red light. This red light covered the dense smoke, broke through the Ghost Domain of Mingyue Community, extended all the way to the Ferocious Ghost District, spread out to Dachuan City's downtown, and eventually even the nearby airport was completely enveloped in it.

At this moment, Tong Qian inside the charter plane at the airport abruptly turned to look out the window.

What was previously a bright and sunny outside was now a field of red.

"Yang Jian's Ghost Domain?" Tong Qian furrowed her brow.

He then glanced at the seat beside him.

The box containing the Ghost Shadow Figure was gone.

But the next moment.

What appeared in Yang Jian's hand was not the Coffin Nail, but a rust-spotted eerie Firewood Knife.

Ghostly covering, medium instantly triggered.

The Firewood Knife in his hand was raised, and he chopped down at the fierce ghost in front of room 301.

This ghost was the most terrifying.

Being able to lock on oneself within his Ghost Domain and not getting dispatched by the ghostly eye, it was better to dismember it first rather than waste time using the Coffin Nail.

This chop was aimed at the ghost's arm.

Firewood Knife chopped down.

The fierce ghost's arm instantly broke, and that ghastly pale arm covered in bruises just fell to the ground.

The ghost was dismembered.

The attack from before was interrupted.

Yang Jian instantly felt his own mobility restored, free from that oppressive, binding sensation.

"Ah!"

At the same time, a ghastly scream resounded.

It was from the puppet doll in the Ghost Hand, the doll's arm also broke at this moment, and the arm fell to the ground with blood continuously spilling out.

Through the medium left by the ghost, had Yang Jian actually injured the puppet doll?

He quickly understood.

This fierce ghost was just being manipulated; the true source of terror was this puppet doll.

But on the other hand.

Find-Person Ghost was also closing in; this trigger of inevitable death was unsolvable.

"Stop."

Yang Jian fiercely turned around, his ghostly eye emitting a crimson light as if it wanted to melt the entire world.

The approaching Find-Person Ghost stopped in its tracks.

The behavior of the fierce ghost was influenced by a stronger paranormal force, unable to continue triggering its murderous pattern.

The inevitably deadly attack was instantly dissolved by Yang Jian, firmly resisting the ghost's first wave of assault.

But this was not over yet.

Ghosts cannot be killed.

The armless fierce ghost in room 301 was still active, and within the immovable dense smoke, the mummified corpse showed signs of struggle.

Chapter 846 Suppression and Different Kind

The close encounter with the Seeker Ghost and the terrifying assault from the specter in Room 301, in addition to the appearance of what seemed to be a Sleepwalking Ghost.

The fierce specters of the Ferocious Ghost District converged.

All the killing patterns seemed to have been triggered by Yang Jian, and under such circumstances, for a spirit controller, death was almost certain, as the terror level of these specters was very high. Even if

their killing efficiency wasn't great, any one of them could be comparable to a grade A paranormal event.

In a desperate situation.

Yang Jian held nothing back, he didn't even harbor the slightest hope, nor did he put his hopes on the uncertain letter.

He chose to use the Eight-Tone Music Box.

The second time he activated this deadly curse.

The advantage of bearing this curse is that, before the music of the Eight-Tone Music Box stops, the user definitely won't die and could last for days. However, as a price, Yang Jian was well aware that once the music stopped, the cursed person was bound to die.

In addition, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box could also suppress the Ghost Eye Resurrection, allowing Yang Jian to open the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain without any cost.

Six layers of the Ghost Domain stacked, even fierce specters could stop in their tracks.

"Blocked, he blocked it? What, what's happening, why isn't that ghost moving?" Not far away, Li Yi was stunned by this scene.

The approaching specter in the dense smoke actually stopped in its place after being glared at by Yang Jian, as if it had lost its ability to move and did not advance any further, immobilized.

But, that's just not realistic.

How could a ghost suddenly become immobilized?

"This Yang Jian, suddenly so overwhelming."

Yang Xiaohua, however, was so shocked that she couldn't speak. What caught her attention wasn't the motionless dense smoke, but the suddenly appearing bruised arm that fell to the ground out of nowhere.

The pale, icy skin, as if it was an arm cut from a corpse, was undoubtedly the limb of a fierce specter.

It seems Yang Jian had damaged an invisible specter.

Just now, she even heard a ghastly and piercing scream of a specter.

Humans actually gaining the upper hand in a battle against fierce specters, and it was even a overwhelming advantage.

"But all of this, how did he do it?" Yang Xiaohua was shocked, and beyond her astonishment, an infinite curiosity emerged.

Seeing this scene, Li Yang's eyelids twitched.

It was his first time seeing team leader Yang Jian striking with full force. He hadn't seen the entire process during the fight with Ye Zhen; he had only arrived afterwards to find that the battle had ended. Now witnessing it firsthand, he realized how terrifying the person known as 'Ghost Eye' in the paranormal circle could be.

The fierce specter that he himself had barely managed to delay for a moment was now unable to even approach.

Totally immobilized.

Another specter seemed even more unlucky, having one of its arms chopped off alive, as if its corpse was being dismembered.

To others, it might not seem that special.

But for those in the paranormal circle, they would understand how incredibly difficult it is to achieve these two things instantly.

"Tainted once again by the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, I am well aware of what this means. I still don't regret this choice." Yang Jian, holding a rusty Firewood Knife, with his crimson Ghost Eye spying all around.

The suppression of the Ghost Domain covered almost the entire Dachuan City.

Everything had once again returned to his control.

This was his peak state.

In this state, if Yang Jian had been in Dahai City, even ten Ye Zhens would have to die.

After all, being able to open the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain, combined with the Coffin Nail and the Firewood Knife, was simply too unbeatable. Moreover, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box could fend off various deadly patterns triggered by fierce specters, ensuring you wouldn't die mysteriously.

"The ghost is still struggling."

Yang Jian watched the dense smoke that started to sway again, his another Ghost Eye peering at the ferocious ghost that followed from Room 301.

Since he had come this far, he couldn't stop; he had to detain the specters of the Ferocious Ghost District and thoroughly resolve the paranormal events here, otherwise what would be the point of this Eight-Tone Music Box curse.

Yang Jian's figure blurred for a moment, then he mysteriously vanished.

The next moment.

A darkened hand appeared out of thin air, directly reaching through a layer of solidified dense smoke, grabbing the specter standing motionless within the smoke.

The suppression of the Ghost Hand was instantly in effect.

Now, was it the deadly killing rule of the Seeker Ghost getting close, or was the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box combined with the touch of the Ghost Hand stronger?

Soon.

The answer was revealed.

There's no miracle in the collision of the supernatural.

Yang Jian's level of terror outweighed that of the resurrected Seeker Ghost.

The Ghost Domain of the dense smoke was eroded, and a red light permeated, with Yang Jian forcefully gripping the true source of the fierce specter.

It was a blackened, dry corpse.

The emaciated and eerie corpse, with hollow eye sockets, stared intensely at Yang Jian, evoking a chilling sensation.

However.

The ghost made no further movements, now resembling nothing more than an ordinary mummy, showing no signs of supernatural phenomena.

But this was only true while it was in Yang Jian's hands; once released, it would become an incomparably terrifying specter.

Yang Jian held the mummy with one hand, then turned his head to look at the ghost of Room 301 again.

This ghost might be the source of the supernatural events in the Ferocious Ghost District.

But now, having had an arm dismembered with a single slice, the terror level of the ghost was rapidly diminished. It was as if a complete puzzle had been scattered, its movements becoming sluggish, and it even lost its balance, stumbling and falling to the ground while walking.

Merely missing one arm, the ghost couldn't even walk steadily.

Yet, even falling, standing up, and falling again, the ghost continued to attack Yang Jian.

It seemed it wouldn't rest until it killed Yang Jian.

This was truly terrifying.

Imagine, a ghost relentlessly pursuing you to kill you—what would that be like?

If unable to resist, death would be certain.

"Seeing as one cut isn't enough, let's endure the curse from the Firewood Knife once more. We must dismember this ghost completely; it's too peculiar. Those targeted by it hardly survive. Perhaps Li Leping was also targeted by this ghost, and had no choice but to erase a day's memory to avoid its attack."

Yang Jian's expression was icy cold. Now, his mind was echoing with strange ringing sounds, as if even his emotions had faded away.

He took another step forward.

The dense shadow behind him covered him again, triggering the medium once more.

In front of him, the figure of the ghost emerged.

After all, the ghost had followed him here, and its footprints were already on the ground, making it too easy to trigger the medium.

This slice was not a hurried attempt at survival like before, but a calculated arc swept through the air.

In an instant.

The ghost's arms, legs, and neck were cleanly severed, scattering into exactly five pieces, along with the previously cut arm making it six pieces.

At the same time.

The ghost's body also broke apart, directly collapsing into a pile of terrifying dismembered corpse.

And the curse traced back to its source.

The strange doll emitted a piercing scream, a sound no living person could produce—a true ghost's shriek that made one's skin crawl.

The doll's arms, legs, and head were all broken into pieces.

The puzzle became even more scattered.

Even the ghost couldn't hide now; others who did not turn their heads or face the ghost directly could also see the pile of dismembered bodies on the ground.

Scattered to this extent, it was estimated that even ordinary people could handle it.

"This is terrifying."

Li Yang, watching Yang Jian holding the mummy with one hand and dismembering the ghost with the other, had only this thought in his mind.

Yes, terrifying.

Even the fierce ghost was truly defeated in front of him.

"Is this guy even human? He was fierce enough just now, and now he is..." Yang Xiaohua was completely stunned.

But what she didn't notice was that the path leading to the Ghost Post Office that had just appeared behind her was now enveloped in a red glow; escaping from here would also require Yang Jian's consent.

"Ghost Eye... Yang Jian?"

At this moment.

A hoarse, deep voice floated over from a residential building nearby.

That was the last ghost.

Sleepwalking Ghost.

Li Yang called it Li Leping.

"Li Leping, huh? Do you want to die again, is that it?" Yang Jian held the ghost's dried corpse, wielding the Firewood Knife, his ghost eye scrutinizing the residential building in front of him.

A strange figure stood at the second-floor window of the residential building.

It was a man with an ordinary appearance, an unremarkable dead person.

Under the Ghost Eye, many secrets were no longer secrets.

Yang Jian surveyed everything and roughly understood Li Leping's condition.

An aberration.

A ghost with the consciousness of a living person.

Li Leping had succeeded.

However.

At the same time, the curse from the Firewood Knife began to erupt on Yang Jian's body.

Chapter 847 Curse and Ambition

After Yang Jian opened the Eight-Tone Music Box, he forcibly suppressed the revival of the Ghost Eye with this strange curse.

Once the issue of the Ghost Eye Resurrection was temporarily resolved, his Ghost Shadow and Ghost Hand instantly returned to a usable state. Relying on the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box coupled with his own ghostly abilities, he forcefully suppressed the seeking spirit and used the Firewood Knife to dismember the ferocious ghost that had emerged from room 301.

However, the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is not invincible. Yang Jian still had to bear the side effects from using the Firewood Knife twice.

In his previous two activations of the medium, the ghostly power from the Ghost Envoy on the Ghost Hand neutralized it, and he had not used it since then. Using it twice in succession this time, he had no idea what the consequences would be.

Nevertheless, Yang Jian had a premonition.

He would not die.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is powerful enough to ensure the user does not die, even when his head had been severed by the Ghost Scissors last time, his consciousness still existed.

As long as he didn't die, Yang Jian was not afraid to bear the side effects of the Firewood Knife.

How severe could the side effects of even the most fearsome curse be?

The curse erupted.

The next moment.

Yang Jian's body suffered a fatal injury, as it began to rapidly decay, with specifically tricky locations such as on the arms, legs, and neck... The decaying wounds were identical to those he had inflicted on the ferocious ghost from room 301.

Besides this.

The side effects of the curse even continued to affect the ferocious ghost inhabiting his body.

The Headless Ghost Shadow bore this cost.

The Headless Ghost Shadow behind Yang Jian, its hands and feet also split apart, the bizarre shadow belonging to the ghost category was disassembled by an unseen, invisible terrifying curse.

"Thunk!"

The next moment.

Yang Jian, who seemed to have become a ferocious ghost, visibly collapsed, his body falling apart and crashing to the ground.

This scene was just like the dismembered doll lying next to him, split into six pieces.

This was the curse of the Ghost Cleaver, which even the Eight-Tone Music Box could not withstand.

Because the Ghost Cleaver's attack was unique, it inflicted extreme harm without causing death, and while the Eight-Tone Music Box only ensured temporary immortality for the user, Yang Jian still fully suffered the damage from the Firewood Knife.

"Captain?"

Li Yang was shocked once more.

The once powerful Yang Jian, who instantly suppressed two terrifying ghosts, now collapsed into a heap of shattered remains, his body resembling a long-decayed corpse, emitting a strong stench of dead flesh.

"The side effects of a supernatural object?" Nearby, through an empty window of the residential building, Li Leping watched numbly with a face pale as death.

He almost understood why Yang Jian suddenly ended up like this.

Most supernatural power from the objects is not so easily borrowed; it demands a corresponding price, and the more horrific and powerful the object, the more dangerous it is.

After all, the origin of supernatural objects is ferocious ghosts.

"In such a state, can he still restrain the seeking spirit?"

Following that, Li Leping noticed that one of Yang Jian's arms was still tightly grasping the mummified corpse that exuded a burnt smell.

The mummified corpse ceased to move, as if it had fallen into a deep slumber.

The suppression by the Ghost Hand on the ferocious ghost continued.

Meanwhile, the dismembered doll next to them showed no motion.

Scattered too far, the pieces of the doll were incomplete, and it no longer possessed the ability to move, unless someone were to reassemble the doll again.

But at this time, no one would do such a thing.

"So that's how it is, that's what's happening."

At this moment, although Yang Jian's body had collapsed, as though dismembered, his head still retained a clear consciousness, with the music from the Eight-Tone Music Box continuing to ensure its existence.

This scene.

It was exactly the same as when he was attacked by the Ghost Scissors before.

But there was a difference: Yang Jian now understood the connection and mystery between the Ghost Cleaver and the Ghost Shadow.

Not only was Yang Jian's body dismembered, but his Headless Ghost Shadow as well.

Yet as time passed, the Headless Ghost Shadow began to slowly heal, like clusters of cold ink slowly converging together, reverting to its original form.

After the curse of the Firewood Knife erupted, the Headless Ghost Shadow, though briefly dismembered, was not constrained in its abilities. As long as it made contact, the pieces of the Ghost Shadow would converge once again, forming a complete shadow.

This effectively meant a perfect resolution to the curse's eruption, with the only cost being to wait a while for the Ghost Shadow to merge together again.

But.

The Headless Ghost Shadow is a ghost, and a ghost can do this, but Yang Jian cannot.

His body won't automatically fuse, piece together, nor will it heal on its own.

If it weren't for the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, he would be dead by now, becoming a pile of rotten limbs, with no chance of still being alive.

"After the Ghost Shadow fuses and heals, the curse will disappear, and I can use the fused Ghost Shadow to piece my body back together again."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly; he was in much better shape than before. His head was intact, so the Ghost Eye could be used.

The surrounding Ghost Domain twisted.

His scattered body parts also rapidly started to reassemble like a jumbled puzzle, then overlapped with the Headless Ghost Shadow.

Yang Jian was once again restored to his complete form.

He had forcefully endured the two curse outbreaks of the Firewood Knife.

But the aftereffects were still there.

Yang Jian's body was rotting in several places; the fusion and stitching of the Headless Ghost Shadow were not completely recovered, and this process would take at least several hours.

"I feel like my body is falling apart. My current state is entirely maintained by the Ghost Domain. The self-healing speed of the Headless Ghost Shadow is too slow. Is it really because I'm missing the puzzle piece that is the Ghost Shadow Figure? If I could control the Ghost Shadow Figure and complete the

Ghost Shadow, then by using the power of the Ghost Domain, even if I was cursed by the Firewood Knife, I would just need to wait a few hours."

"No, even that time might be shorter."

Thinking this, instead of excitement, he felt an inexplicable chill in his heart.

A complete Ghost Shadow, in conjunction with the Firewood Knife, nearly brought the curse within a margin that a living person could bear.

Such a terrifying puzzle combination, what on earth did the tall, rotting corpse in the Caesar Hotel endure during his lifetime that led to his death, and why did he, even before dying, not hesitate to chop himself with a knife, dismembering the fierce ghost within his body to reduce the level of horror.

"Li Leping, you're still not dead in this condition? You want to control that Ghost Shadow Figure? I see you have even greater ambitions, wanting to turn yourself into a ghost with the consciousness of a living person, and unexpectedly... you actually succeeded."

Although Yang Jian looked as if he was on the verge of falling apart, he was still as before.

Cold and dreadful.

Like a resurrected fierce ghost, always ready to take the life of the living.

At that moment.

Li Leping seemed to have controlled the Sleepwalking Ghost, becoming a fierce ghost while retaining his own living consciousness.

That was simply unimaginable.

"It's only half successful; it's a bit different from what I had anticipated," Li Leping, standing in front of a window not far away, said in an expressionless, hollow, and numb tone, even his speech strangely hoarse.

It was as if a corpse was moving in a bizarre manner.

"Sometimes I still lose control. Only by avoiding nights can I maintain clarity. This is your Ghost Domain, so my consciousness has returned. Once I enter the 'Black Night' state, I will lose control again, and the original fierce ghost will take over. I've tried to make that fierce ghost forget its own killing pattern, but it... needs more time."

"The struggle against the supernatural is long-term. If I can stay lucid for twelve hours during the day, now, I can stay lucid for fifteen hours."

"So you kill even your teammates?" Yang Jian said coldly.

"I have no teammates, no Zhang Xiaoxiao, no Jiang Cheng. That dossier was fake; the identity was fake. In Dachuan City, there's only me in charge. Be it finding the human by ghost, Ghost Smoke, or Sleepwalking Ghost, all the ghosts are inside my body."

Li Leping's numb and lifeless tone revealed a shocking truth.

There's no Zhang Xiaoxiao, no Li Leping; the ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District were all his.

Thinking about this suddenly sent chills down the spine.

The seemingly ordinary Li Leping, in his peak condition, actually controlled as many as four ghosts.

A person who can't be remembered, if combined with the capabilities of the ghost finder and the Sleepwalking Ghost, could almost silently eliminate any ghost controller.

Because he has the power to trigger certain death.

What's most deadly is that Li Leping at night is even more terrifying.

"I am too strong, so I can't go out at night. The reason I refused to participate in the ghost painting when I was at headquarters is because of this. No one can stop me at night," Li Leping muttered to himself.

"But, every controller of ghosts will have their day to die. Controlling many ghosts is meaningless if you can't survive. So, I choose to gamble."

"To control that Ghost Shadow Figure, invade the fierce ghost's consciousness, and complete the takeover, becoming a true fierce ghost."

Li Leping did not conceal anything, revealing all his plans for this period of time.

"Telling me this now, are you seeking release?" Yang Jian said as the Firewood Knife in his hand was ready to strike.

One stroke could dismember Li Leping.

But he always felt that things were not so simple, as this person wouldn't reveal so much to him for no reason.

Moreover, he was still not sure that this person was definitely Li Leping.

After all, this was their first encounter, and he had no impression of him before.

Chapter 848 The Light Shines Again

The information revealed by Li Leping was astonishing, and Yang Jian also approximately understood why this person had been chosen as a captain by the headquarters.

A person who managed to control four ghosts several months ago, seemingly inconspicuous and ordinary... No, perhaps he was not low-profile, but many people just didn't know, yet the headquarters certainly did, which is why they gave him the position of captain.

Such strength indeed qualifies him to be a captain.

At that stage, Yang Jian was absolutely no match for this Li Leping.

Yang Jian became captain based on his merits in solving the Hungry Ghost incident, not on strength.

But now...

Yang Jian had dealt with the fierce ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District and was facing Li Leping again, who had become an anomaly.

A ghost that seems to possess the consciousness of a living person.

This state was quite special, Yang Jian had some similar speculations before, but he found them flawed because the consciousness of a living person cannot withstand the influence of a fierce ghost's instinct, and in the long run, one's self would be eroded, eventually losing all emotions, descending into a monster controlled by the ghost's instinct.

However, Li Leping was distinct from such a state.

It's because he had controlled the Forgetful Ghost, relying on the power of a fierce ghost, it wasn't a mere transfer of living consciousness.

Therefore, the state of Li Leping was not replicable, it was caused by certain specific conditions and an accident, just like when Yang Jian attempted suicide by hanging in front of the Ghost Mirror and survived by chance, unreplicable if attempted again.

"Yang Jian, I don't wish to be your adversary, I didn't know you would come to Dachuan City this time, no, it doesn't matter who comes to Dachuan City, what matters is who will break the deadlock here." Li Leping stood like a cold corpse by a window inside the building.

He began speaking, continuing to communicate with Yang Jian.

"Is that so? Then why didn't you report the loss of control in Dachuan City to headquarters?" Yang Jian said: "I haven't found any relevant files."

Li Yang, standing to the side, locked his gaze firmly on Li Leping.

Through the conversation that just took place, he roughly understood.

The current Li Leping was no longer human, but a ghost.

What does it matter if he retains a human's thinking?

As long as he's a ghost, there's a possibility he could become uncontrollable, posing a huge potential danger, one cannot simply trust him.

"Headquarters?"

Li Leping's numb and cold face twitched slightly, as if trying to make some expression, but the state of his body did not allow for it.

"If problems occur with those in charge, a captain can seek assistance from those in each region. If the captain is the one in trouble, even the help that headquarters can offer will be quite limited, otherwise the whole point of having the captains' plan will be meaningless."

"Moreover, the situation here hasn't completely spiraled out of control. I had already made arrangements before my attempts to tame that fierce ghost."

"The Mingyue Community in the Ferocious Ghost District is both my hiding and confining place."

Li Leping seemed to have calculated everything, and he was not surprised by the appearance of Yang Jian because, to him, the situation here would inevitably be broken by someone eventually, and so far, there aren't many people capable of breaking the deadlock.

Yang Jian was just one of them.

Moreover, even if the deadlock cannot be broken, given time, he could handle it gradually.

"So, the ghost within you was released by yourself? You utilized the Ghost Domain formed after the fierce ghost's revival to block the invasion of the Ghost Shadow Figure, reduced your own danger after losing control, and assured that you wouldn't be disturbed by other uncertain factors, while waiting for your own transformation?" Yang Jian frowned.

"Roughly so," responded Li Leping, who stood still like a cold corpse at the dark and hollow window, nodding stiffly.

"But what does all this have to do with me? Your loss of control has caused me a lot of trouble, even almost annihilating my team in the Ferocious Ghost District. Now, after all this, do you think just explaining it away will suffice?"

Yang Jian's gaze was cold.

But he wasn't in a hurry.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box was still in effect and would last for several days; a few minutes of conversation made no difference to him.

Moreover.

The cost of using the Firewood Knife had just exploded, leaving his body particularly broken and the Ghost Shadow even more fragmented, requiring some time to recover.

Therefore, wasting time was only beneficial to him without drawbacks.

"There's no benefit in confronting me here, maybe you can kill me, but that's all it would amount to," said Li Leping. "And it seems you visited that Room 301 before."

"That is the origin of the Ferocious Ghost District incident. I investigated that place and encountered unknown dangers, forcing me to erase my memories of that day. Although I don't remember what happened there, a place that required even me to erase memories to survive must be extremely dangerous."

"The balance has been broken, the fierce ghost of Room 301 has emerged, it's pointless to confront me now, especially since the ghosts you've lost control of have been handled by you."

He did not want to conflict with Yang Jian.

At this moment, Li Leping was in his most vulnerable state; he needed time to erase the Sleepwalking Ghost's killing pattern from himself, reducing the influence of the fierce ghost and then to achieve a replacement.

To become a truly conscious fierce ghost.

Once he reached that point, if he could retrieve the puzzle pieces, he would become one of the most top-tier ghost controllers within the supernatural circle.

No, he would be a unique ghost controller.

Yang Jian was aware of his ambitions and also perceived Li Leping's plans.

That's why he was considering whether or not to eliminate Li Leping.

If Li Leping succeeded, becoming an enemy in the future, it would be a huge threat. Of course, if he couldn't kill Li Leping here, there was no doubt he would offend someone of a Captain Level powerhouse.

Although Yang Jian wasn't afraid.

Having already fought Ye Zhen in Dahai City, now coming to Dachuan City and having to battle Li Leping was too much of a loss.

And the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is not always present.

A few days later the curse will erupt, and Yang Jian will still have to spend time dealing with it.

"It's not wise to start a fight with Li Leping here, as there is no fundamental conflict between him and me. Moreover, room 301 is connected to the Ghost Post Office. I should turn around and investigate further instead of wasting time here. Most importantly, Li Leping's plan has already succeeded halfway, he might still have the strength to fight back. If I lose people in the process, the loss would be huge."

Yang Jian restrained the impulse to confront Li Leping physically.

After all, they were both Captain Level figures at headquarters; if one were truly killed, it could become a troublesome matter if headquarters found out.

"It seems our negotiation was successful. I'll have to trouble you to look after my out-of-control ghost for now. After some time, I will offer satisfactory terms to swap back the ghost under my control." Li Leping added, "I should apologize to you for this incident. After all, it was my failure that caused such trouble."

He did not dare to offend Yang Jian.

Because Li Leping truly couldn't fathom Yang Jian's limits.

Clearly a newcomer, yet he dealt with the Hungry Ghost incident; obviously in poor condition but could instantly turn the tide against the ferocious ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District, as well as the resurrected seeking ghost.

Now what other trump cards Yang Jian has yet to reveal, Li Leping himself does not know.

Even if he's now in a lucid period, perfectly controlling the Forgetful Ghost and the Sleepwalking Ghost.

"Well, whether or not the price you offer will be acceptable, that remains to be seen."

Yang Jian slightly lowered the Firewood Knife he had raised in his hand: "And don't cause me any more trouble, nor stir up more issues, otherwise you'll die a miserable death, I guarantee it."

"Rest assured."

Li Leping, standing by the window, replied stiffly, and after the successful negotiation, he slowly backed away.

Eventually, his figure vanished into the darkness beyond the window, disappearing within the smoke-blackened residential building.

"Captain, are we really not taking action?" Li Yang, witnessing this, breathed a sigh of relief.

Two Captain Level individuals fighting here would be akin to replays of the great battle between Ye Zhen in Dahai City and Yang Jian.

As a teammate, the pressure was tremendous.

"This guy has already taken the most critical step, it's not a good idea to kill him. To deal with such anomalies, we need to rely on consciousness-invasion type ferocious ghosts." Yang Jian glanced at the box brought over from a charter plane at the airport.

Inside are the Coffin Nail and the Ghost Shadow Figure.

He could use the Ghost Domain to retrieve the Coffin Nail and release the Ghost Shadow Figure whenever he wanted.

But Yang Jian did not do so.

He was also worried about losing control.

"This is good enough. Our goal has been achieved. If we fought, indeed there would be some unpredictable risks," Li Yang said.

A ferocious ghost left.

A ferocious ghost restrained.

A ferocious ghost dismembered.

Inside Mingyue Community, the most dangerous scene just moments ago had completely dissolved.

"Put away that puppet doll's limbs; this thing is both a ferocious ghost and a supernatural object, and it's suspected to be related to a life-replacing doll, worth studying later." Yang Jian indicated, then used the Ghost Domain to bring several boxes from the charter plane at the airport, and also packaged up the dry corpse in his hands.

This dry corpse was a very ferocious ghost, not to be dealt with carelessly.

Li Yang nodded his head and began collecting the scattered limbs of the puppet doll on the ground.

"Is it over?"

Li Yi and Yang Xiaohua finally came back to their senses at the sight of this scene.

But there was one detail that had been overlooked.

At this moment... the road to the Ghost Post Office did not appear.

Meanwhile.

The smoke-blackened building where room 301 was located suddenly acted out of character.

All the windows in the whole building lit up at once.

The dim yellow light was particularly striking in this crimson world.

"An anomaly has appeared."

Yang Jian suddenly turned around, his ghost eye fixed on a window on the third floor.

The figure of a woman in a red cheongsam was vaguely swaying at the window.

That figure was familiar.

It was not from room 301, but was the messenger who had followed them, Leuk Qingqing.

"Is Leuk Qingqing not here, still in room 301?"

With a casual glance, Yang Jian instantly took in his surroundings. He found neither Leuk Qingqing nor her body.

The person who had previously been ignored now had some involvement with room 301 at this time.

"Let's go back and check."

After sorting out the situation here, Yang Jian quickly turned and headed back to room 301.

Chapter 849 Return to 301

Just after the eight-tone music box had been opened and they had survived the most dangerous wave of ghost attacks, dealing with the ferocious ghosts in Mingyue Community, they never expected that very place where the letter had just been successfully delivered...

Room 301 had anomalies appear once again.

With the thick smoke no longer there, the charred stench resembling burnt corpses in the surroundings began to dissipate quickly.

As if the source of the foul odor had been cleaned,

But then, the 7th building in the community suddenly lit up at this moment.

The entire building seemed as if it was powered on, instantaneously returning to the normal state of everyday.

But this kind of normalcy was, in fact, the most abnormal.

Because this here was Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

In a world covered with scarlet red, no other light should be able to appear.

If there were any, it would definitely involve a deeper level of supernatural.

"Did something go wrong with that letter?"

Just as Li Yang had picked up the dismembered doll from the ground and packed it away, he saw Yang Jian already rushing towards that seventh building they had just escaped from.

He too had a drastic change in expression when he saw the dim, yellow, faint light shining through the windows.

This was Yang Jian's Ghost Domain after all.

For lights to be on meant that Yang Jian's Ghost Domain had been eroded, or that the building had isolated itself from the influence of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. Such sudden anomalies usually signified a dangerous signal.

"But now, it's good that the ferocious ghosts inside Mingyue Community have been dealt with and the letter has been successfully delivered. Even if Room 301 encounters a bit of trouble, I believe it can be handled and won't be as dangerous as before."

This was what Li Yang thought.

After preparing himself, he quickly followed suit.

Even though there might be dangers, acting together as teammates was essential.

Yang Jian did not rashly use the Ghost Domain to invade the brightly lit residential building because he was worried that any hasty invasion might trigger some terrible murderous laws or attract the attention of some uncertain terror. So, he chose a more cautious approach and arrived at the bottom of that building.

Even though afflicted with the curse of the eight-tone music box, he remained extremely careful.

The very first time he activated the curse of the eight-tone music box, he narrowly escaped death more than once due to unknown attacks.

"The corridor has returned to its previous state; the traces of blackening from the ghost smoke are gone," Yang Jian observed at this moment, noticing that dim yellow lights were also lit up in the corridor.

The old walls were mottled, showing no sign of the blackening from before.

It seemed that with some anomalies occurring in Room 301, the whole building was affected, resulting in some unpredictable changes.

That's not a good sign.

"Should I check Room 301 again?" At this moment, Yang Jian had a moment of hesitation.

In principle, this would be the time for him to leave Dachuan City.

The ferocious ghosts in the Ferocious Ghost District had been dealt with, Li Leping's state had been clarified, and the letter for the Ghost Post Office had been sent out. This mission could be considered almost complete.

But still,

The secret represented by the letter, Yang Jian had not yet fully uncovered.

He had thought he would be able to clear things up this time, but he was a bit too naive; due to his poor state, he was chased out of Room 301 by ferocious ghosts, unable to stay in that place and investigate further.

"With the curse of the eight-tone music box, I can afford to take some risks," he thought.

With a quickly resolved decision, Yang Jian didn't think much and immediately strode into the corridor:
"Li Yang, you don't need to come. Just keep watch outside; I'll check on my own."

He had the eight-tone music box to protect his life; Li Yang did not.

So at this time, he didn't need anyone's help.

If something truly uncontrollable happened, having Li Yang there or not wouldn't make a difference.

Hearing this, Li Yang immediately stopped in his tracks, feeling a slight relief in his heart.

Honestly, following along put a lot of pressure on him internally. Although he had never been to Room 301 before, watching Yang Jian being chased and fleeing from ferocious ghosts was enough to deduce the extreme danger of the place. Now that Room 301 appeared to have lost control, the level of danger was even higher.

A misstep could truly mean no return.

"Is that Leuk Qingqing still in Room 301? So did the anomaly here happen because of that woman? I felt something was off about her before, but didn't think much of it because she was also a floor messenger. Now, it seems that Leuk Qingqing is the biggest potential hidden danger," pondered Yang Jian, his gaze flickering as he walked up the stairs, contemplating some matters.

He remembered Li Yang mentioning that night at the Ghost Post Office on the third floor.

He heard the sound of high heels walking outside at night.

It was suspected to be a ferocious ghost wandering.

And the next day, among the messengers on the third floor, Leuk Qingqing was the only one wearing high heels.

A regular messenger would not wear such shoes.

Because it's inconvenient to run.

Although Yang Jian had his suspicions, he did not dwell on them too much. After all, his main goal was not to investigate the identity of the messenger, but to investigate the entire post office.

"If there's an issue with her, just kill her here."

In Yang Jian's hands, he still held the sinister-looking and rust-stained Firewood Knife. If he truly wanted to use it as a medium to kill Leuk Qingqing, it would be all too easy.

All along the way, Leuk Qingqing had stayed with the group, and he had a good idea of everywhere she had been.

However, before things were confirmed, he would not lightly make use of the Firewood Knife.

After all, the side effects of using this supernatural object were very severe. Up to now, the Ghost Shadows on his body were still in a scattered state, not yet recovered, and his body itself was falling apart, decaying all over, resembling a long-dissected corpse.

Being alive was solely due to the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box preserving his consciousness.

Otherwise, with his state of health, Yang Jian would already be dead.

Thus, the side effects of the Firewood Knife were indeed quite terrifying. A spirit manipulator is not some exceptional being that can easily avoid death by the curse of the Firewood Knife.

Its cost can too easily affect one's state and balance.

Along the dimly-lit and yellowing staircase.

Yang Jian swiftly arrived at the third floor once again.

All along the way, he paid attention to the scenes within the hallway, which seemed to have returned to a specific point in time, retaining the state and appearance of a particular moment. Although previously influenced by the Ghost Smoke, if any anomalies occurred, everything would return to that moment.

It was as if it was a kind of timed reset.

Room 301.

Yang Jian paused his steps, his gaze turning to the place he had visited before.

Within the clean, brightly lit corridor, a large wooden door was opened outward.

Light from the room spilled out, and from inside came vague noises, suggesting the presence of someone moving around within.

"It seems a bit different from before, but I can't quite put my finger on it."

Yang Jian hesitated for a moment, sensing the eeriness and danger. But now, under the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, and with the Firewood Knife in hand, he felt more confident, so he approached the room.

The moment his foot stepped into the threshold, within the range of the light shining from the door,

Instantly,

he heard the sound of a melody.

It was the music played by an old phonograph, with a style reminiscent of the Republic of China Period—subtly soothing and pleasing to the ear, carrying a breath of years gone by.

However, in this environment, the music wafting through the air became infinitely eerie and unsettling.

Bear in mind that there wasn't a single living person in the entire building.

Moreover, when Yang Jian had previously entered Room 301, he hadn't found any phonograph, and the source of the music from within the room was unknown to him.

"Could this music be another curse?"

Yang Jian entertained this thought.

But at this point, to back down was no longer an option.

With a mix of courage and trepidation, he stepped into the bizarre Room 301.

At this moment, Yang Jian felt his ghostly vision starting to blur, as if it was being interfered with.

The Ghost Domain was being suppressed.

No, it was being disturbed by some even more special supernatural power, preventing the smooth extension of the Ghost Domain.

This situation could only mean one thing—Room 301 was an even more terrifying supernatural site.

"The furnishings inside don't seem to have changed much."

Yang Jian quickly surveyed the surroundings.

The oil painting of a man on the wall, the mahogany table, the old floor tiles... and wait, the basket on the table was gone,

That basket previously held a sinister doll.

But now, that object had disappeared.

Had something moved it? Or had Leuk Qingqing taken it?

"The sound is coming from the room on the right," Yang Jian recalled the recent scene seriously.

The location of the room where Leuk Qingqing had previously worn her cheongsam seemed to be right there.

That room had many peculiarities.

A broken doll manufacturing workstation, an eerie easel, a spirit offering table with no deity, and the faceless puppet...

Now, it seemed an odd phonograph had been added.

Chapter 850 - The Past Inside the House

Silence, emptiness, the strange seven-story building.

Yang Jian had once again stepped into Room 301, heading to the room on the right to investigate further along the path he had previously taken.

Even with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box, he remained cautious and careful.

An icy, slightly stiff and darkened hand pushed open the door to the right.

The next moment.

An anomaly occurred.

The sound of the record player in the room hiccupped twice before coming to an abrupt stop, as if the record had been snatched away by something, leaving the record player spinning in vain, occasionally emitting odd noises.

"Leuk Qingqing?"

Yang Jian's face tensed as he called out in a hushed, probing voice, while the door also slowly opened.

There was no reply from inside.

After pushing the door open, the room looked identical to the way it did when he entered before, with everything still in its original place, just as it was.

No.

Wrong.

There was something different.

Something was missing from the room; the wooden mannequin without facial features was gone.

Where the faceless model previously stood, there was now only emptiness, leaving behind faint traces.

"Is that also an object of the supernatural..." Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, and this speculation immediately surfaced in his mind.

The room in 301 was too bizarre and eerie.

Everything that seemed normal was not normal at all, emitting an inexplicable danger, which is why he didn't touch or move anything when he entered before, merely taking a curious glance at the doll inside the vegetable basket.

But now.

Something was missing here again.

Could it be that, like before, a new ferocious ghost had awoken?

"When I came earlier, the door of Room 301 was open. Could it be that the newly revived ferocious ghost has already left this room?" Yang Jian immediately connected this to the scene of the door being open earlier.

If that was the case, then the ferocious ghost that left Room 301 was probably wandering around this residential building.

"It looks like a new supernatural event has occurred... But where is that Leuk Qingqing?"

Yang Jian did not overlook the most crucial point.

Leuk Qingqing was missing.

He previously thought Leuk Qingqing had stayed in Room 301, but now he couldn't find her.

If she was killed by a ghost, there should at least be a corpse left behind; ghosts don't dispose of bodies without a trace, there are usually signs remaining after a killing.

Unless.

She had something to do with the missing faceless puppet.

Briefly pulling back his thoughts.

Yang Jian tried to locate the source of the sound, the record player, in this strange room.

To his disappointment, he did not find it as he hoped.

"Maybe the sound wasn't from a record player." For some reason, a bizarre thought suddenly surfaced in Yang Jian's mind.

This idea stemmed from experience with handling supernatural events, rather than blind guessing.

In supernatural events, people tend to think conventionally, which makes it easy to mislead oneself.

Yang Jian only heard a sound and assumed it was a record player, but he had not seen it with his own eyes.

"However, there indeed appeared to be a shadow in this room just now, right at this window." Yang Jian glanced at the closed window once again.

The old window had frosted glass, not clear enough to see the outside scene, only casting faint shadows and silhouettes when reflecting the light from inside the room.

"According to the angle at which that shadow appeared, it seems that the position where Leuk Qingqing's presence should be is right here."

He calmed down and began to ponder.

His gaze shifted to the unfinished sketch on the drawing board.

Yang Jian walked over, hesitated for a moment, but finally made up his mind, as the Ghost Shadow slowly spread around him.

At the same time.

He was tightly gripping the Firewood Knife.

He intended to trigger the medium, to trace the origin of the shadow, to see the past residue left in this room.

There was no need to use the Firewood Knife to dissect anything; just seeing it would be enough.

This eerie Room 301 was supposedly impossible for a living person to enter, other than possibly Leuk Qingqing who might have lingered here before, and the rest were likely ferocious ghosts wandering around this room.

Whichever it was, Yang Jian wanted to have a look.

Ghost Shadow spread.

The footprints left behind became the medium, which could easily be triggered.

Without the Ghost Shadow, triggering this medium would be difficult.

Footprints, handprints, they all needed to be completely covered to work.

Yang Jian's approach was not wrong.

The medium was triggered at this moment.

Yang Jian saw shadows that did not belong in this room appearing before his eyes; he saw someone sitting in front of the strange drawing board at some unknown time.

It was an elderly figure wearing old-fashioned clothes, slightly hunched, with a face lined with wrinkles.

No, to be precise, it was an old lady.

And judging from the appearance and form, this should be a living person, not a ferocious ghost or a dead person.

"This is the owner of Room 301." The thought immediately came to Yang Jian's mind.

Then he continued observing.

Yet he found that this old lady seemed vaguely familiar, as if he had seen her somewhere before.

It seemed to be on the supernatural bus.

That's right.

When Yang Jian first took the supernatural bus, there was an old lady with a face full of wrinkles sitting on the bus.

Later when the supernatural bus broke down and stopped, and after several terrifying incidents of malevolent ghosts getting on the bus, he didn't pay attention to whether the passengers who were alive died or survived. In the end, he couldn't be certain if that old lady had died or mysteriously vanished, because he hadn't taken note of it.

"Is it the same person?"

Uncertainty began to creep into Yang Jian's heart.

But before he could ponder further.

He saw this old lady, triggered by the medium, reaching out and drawing something on the sketch board in front of her.

At this moment, Yang Jian felt like a spectator watching an old movie from the past.

As the medium continued to be triggered.

He used the eerily-activated Firewood Knife to see again how a different painting from the present was gradually taking shape on that sketch board.

It was a sketch made in the past.

In the sketch was a middle-aged man.

That middle-aged man looked like... Old Qin.

The mascot of the headquarters.

Only now Old Qin was nearly a hundred years old, while the Old Qin in the painting seemed to be only in his forties or fifties.

"Is there a connection between Old Qin and the owner of Room 301?" Yang Jian's expression changed dramatically.

He wanted to continue observing.

But the old lady within the medium suddenly stopped drawing and then abruptly turned around, staring intently at Yang Jian with her lifeless, pale grey eyes.

In an instant.

The dim yellow light in the room uncontrollably flickered and contracted as if about to go out, immediately casting the surrounding light into darkness.

"What kind of joke is this?"

Yang Jian's pupils shrank, feeling every hair on his body standing on end, and his heart was filled with dread.

The medium triggered by the Firewood Knife was actually looking at him.

It was simply inconceivable.

He had never encountered such a situation before.

To know that the medium activated by the Firewood Knife is just an afterimage left behind, not a real existence, like scenes recorded by a video camera, it's illusory.

But it was precisely this illusory medium that gave him a feeling as if he was being invaded from the opposite direction.

At this moment.

He really wanted to lift the Firewood Knife in his hand and instinctively chop down, to directly deal with the weird old lady turning back and staring at him.

However.

Yang Jian forcibly suppressed this impulse.

He absolutely must not strike with this knife.

Not for fear of the curse's side effects unleashed by the Firewood Knife, but because if the old lady could find him through the medium, she could also potentially harm him through it.

If he failed to kill with this knife, he might very well die in Room 301.

After all, this was the old lady's territory; the room was filled with all kinds of strange objects, and once a chain reaction was initiated, the Ferocious Ghost District could very possibly evolve into Fierce Ghost City.

Perhaps this was just a warning.

Perhaps Yang Jian's restraint from making rash moves had an effect,

The old lady within the medium turned her head back again, stood up, and got to her feet.

The old lady walked a few steps aside.

Not daring to let the medium be interrupted, Yang Jian immediately extended Ghost Shadow's coverage, ensuring that the past scenes could emerge.

Afterward.

He saw a red cheongsam placed where the old lady had passed by.

That cheongsam was worn on a puppet without a human face.

And the style of the red cheongsam was that of the one on Leuk Qingqing's body.

"So that's how it is."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly: "Leuk Qingqing is a ghost master, she has control over the Ghost Cheongsam, and today she came here entrenched by the Ghost Cheongsam, gaining some memories that did not belong to her, which is why she is quite familiar with and understands the situation here."

"But now, both Leuk Qingqing and the faceless Puppet People have disappeared..."

Before he could think further.

The scene within the medium changed again.

The old lady suddenly picked up a pen and started to outline on the faceless Puppet People.

A beautiful face gradually took shape.

Yang Jian was somewhat surprised by the face.

It looked the same as the person in a photograph he had obtained before.

The person Ghost Cabinet was looking for.

Presumably the woman whom the ghostly sketch was drawing.

After the face emerged.

The cheongsam-wearing, motionless Puppet People suddenly twisted their heads, coming to life.

Stiff, sinister.

Just like Puppet People possessed by a malevolent ghost.