

Revival 911

Chapter 911 New Liaison Officer

The next day, Zhang Liqin groggily woke up. She felt extremely exhausted because some paranormal phenomena had occurred in the room last night, leaving her deeply unsettled. Luckily, Yang Jian had been by her side; otherwise, she wouldn't have dared to stay there alone.

When she opened her eyes and fully regained consciousness, she noticed that Yang Jian was still in the same position as he had been the previous night, leaning against the edge of the bed.

It seemed as though he had maintained that posture all night long, without a single change.

"What time is it now?" Zhang Liqin murmured softly, instinctively stretching out her arm to hug the man's neck.

But the next moment, she felt something icy cold, like a corpse.

There wasn't the slightest warmth of a living person.

This jolted Zhang Liqin awake. She opened her eyes wider and looked at Yang Jian.

Dead?

For some reason, this thought popped into her head, and a nameless panic and unease immediately surged in her chest.

However, just then, Yang Jian spoke up: "It's ten o'clock. Looks like you're going to be late for work today."

Hearing Yang Jian's voice, Zhang Liqin let out a slight sigh of relief.

She wasn't afraid of the abnormalities around Yang Jian, as she had even grown somewhat accustomed to them. What truly scared her was the fear of him dying suddenly one day.

"Then I'll just take a day off. President Yang, what do you think?" Zhang Liqin said with a gentle smile, carrying a hint of coquettishness in her tone.

Yang Jian's body, which had remained still for so long, began to move again. This movement wasn't normal but supported by a supernatural force, unlike any living person.

He got up and opened the curtains, letting sunlight flood into the room, which was almost blinding: "The paranormal phenomena from last night weren't aimed at you; they were directed at me. You'll be fine. Even if you happen to catch glimpses of them, they won't harm you or anyone else. I'll handle it."

"Of course I trust you," Zhang Liqin replied.

"I need to go to the office. If you want to rest, go ahead," Yang Jian said, preparing to leave.

He had just received a text notification: Headquarters had sent over a new liaison officer.

The previous liaison, Zang Hua, had been killed by Xu Feng and Liao Fan a few days ago. To ensure the smooth operation of Dachang City, Headquarters had to arrange for someone new to take over without further delay.

At the same time, Headquarters had also delivered an artifact codenamed Ghost Gate, along with some red Ghost Candles.

These items required Yang Jian to personally retrieve them.

"W-wait, I'll go to the office too," Zhang Liqin said hurriedly, jumping up upon hearing that Yang Jian was leaving. In a fluster, she quickly freshened up and followed him.

As per his usual routine,

Yang Jian drove around Dachang City, inspecting the area to make sure there were no issues before heading back to the company.

Dachang City, Shangtong Tower.

When the car came to a stop,

Yang Jian stepped out, his eyes scanning around with slight focus, taking in the surroundings.

The staff coming in and out of the building froze momentarily when they saw him. Some looked apprehensive, but they quickly composed themselves and resumed their tasks, pretending as if nothing had happened. Clearly, these workers were not ordinary employees but likely intelligence operatives with dual or even multiple identities.

Yang Jian was already well aware of this but chose not to deal with it.

There was no need to. After all, unless he wanted to rely on no one, any group he used would eventually be infiltrated by intelligence operatives. Even if an employee wasn't one already, they could be compromised sooner or later.

The movements of a Captain-level figure like him could tug at the nerves of many individuals and factions alike.

"Yang Jian showed up. He's still alive. The situation in Dadong City must have been resolved. Looks like those people were genuinely eradicated. Confirmed: Yang Jian's team has suffered no losses. That Li Yang appeared this morning as well—he didn't die either."

"He seems to be in surprisingly good condition. His secretary appears to have spent the night with him. Looks like his supernatural affliction isn't visibly worsening, and before coming to the office, he even drove around Dachang City to check on things. His mental state remains stable."

Yang Jian's mere appearance prompted multiple intelligence operatives to evaluate his situation.

They didn't need extended observation—just a glance was enough to glean plenty of information.

But this kind of evaluation was conducted entirely covertly, never openly. If detected, someone with Yang Jian's Ghost Eye abilities could make them vanish from the face of the earth within a second, leaving no trace behind.

"Interesting."

A faintly cold smile appeared on Yang Jian's lips, as if he could see right through their thoughts and peer into their souls.

"President Yang, wait a moment!" Behind him, Zhang Liqin had just finished doing her makeup. She was still putting on her high heels as she called out and hurried to catch up.

She was dressed in a black dress, her curvaceous figure forming an alluring silhouette that drew quite a bit of attention. Her temperament had shifted noticeably as well—from an ordinary salesperson to someone with a touch of elegance and refinement.

To those unaware, she might even resemble a noblewoman.

Yang Jian's current status was too elevated—he was a top-tier individual capable of influencing global dynamics. Naturally, during her free time, Zhang Liqin had also been working on improving herself and crafting her image.

Otherwise, her position as his secretary would sooner or later become untenable.

"There are so many talents in the company already. Looks like I'll have to make them work overtime," Yang Jian mused at that moment, considering how to exploit his employees to the fullest as a proper capitalist would.

After all, he was now Boss Yang.

Shangtong Tower wasn't very tall compared to the Ping'an Tower and Ning'an Building that soared over a hundred stories high. This building had only forty-five floors.

Yang Jian's office was located on the top floor, overlooking Dachang City.

When he and Zhang Liqin took the private elevator up to his office, they found several familiar faces from Headquarters waiting for them.

One of them was a man in his early thirties with a mature and composed demeanor. He carried a polite smile and appeared very amicable.

The other was a young woman, perhaps in her early twenties. Petite and with twin ponytails, she wore formal attire but gave off a slightly incongruous impression—like a girl who hadn't fully grown up.

These two were Shen Liang, one of the key personnel from Headquarters, and Liu Xiaoyu, Yang Jian's former liaison officer.

"Haha, Captain Yang, long time no see. How have you been? Sorry to trouble you by showing up uninvited today—I hope you don't mind," Shen Liang greeted Yang Jian warmly, standing up as soon as he appeared.

Liu Xiaoyu's eyes lit up upon seeing Yang Jian. She giggled and said, "Surprised? I've come to Dachang City. From now on, I'll be working at your company. You better take good care of me and, oh, no bullying!"

"That voice..." Zhang Liqin, standing nearby, immediately recognized it upon hearing the young woman speak.

It was the voice of Yang Jian's former satellite phone operator.

A woman's intuition instantly clued her in that this girl posed a certain degree of potential threat.

Yang Jian's expression remained calm: "I didn't expect Headquarters to send you two. I thought they might send Zhao Jianguo. Take a seat—what would you like to drink?"

"Anything will do," Shen Liang replied with a slight smile.

"Coffee, then."

Yang Jian gestured casually.

Zhang Liqin nodded silently and went over to the bar to make coffee, preparing a cola for Yang Jian as well since it was his favorite.

"Transporting the Ghost Gate and ghost candles shouldn't require someone of your rank to personally make the trip, Shen Liang," Yang Jian commented as he sank onto the sofa. Supporting his head with his hand in a seemingly lazy posture, his gaze remained icy cold, making the atmosphere tense.

Shen Liang chuckled: "Can't I visit an old friend while on a business trip? After all, we've known each other for some time."

"Do I even have friends at Headquarters?" Yang Jian said. "I honestly didn't know that. After all, I did almost get killed by Fang Shiming the last time around."

Shen Liang's smile faltered slightly, and he quickly changed the topic: "The past is the past. I'm here for three main reasons this time. The Deputy Director was a little worried, so he asked me to deliver the items personally. Originally, Zhao Jianguo was supposed to come, but it seems there are some issues with him, so I doubt we'll see him again anytime soon."

"What are the three matters? Just get to the point," Yang Jian said bluntly. "Don't waste my time."

"Alright, I'll keep it brief." Shen Liang nodded. "The first matter, of course, is handing over the paranormal artifacts: Ghost Gate and the ghost candles." He gestured to a nearby assistant.

A briefcase was brought forward.

When it was opened, it contained five red ghost candles.

"If I remember correctly, I wasn't supposed to receive this many," Yang Jian remarked.

Shen Liang smiled: "You're a Captain now. Naturally, Captains receive special treatment. All your past contributions have been noted."

Yang Jian nodded. "I'll accept them."

This was a sign—a gesture of goodwill from Headquarters toward him.

But it also hinted at something less pleasant: Headquarters had expectations and likely wanted something from him in return.

Not that Yang Jian cared. He'd accept upfront and worry about the rest later. Who knew what might happen down the road?

"As for Ghost Gate, it's in this container. Please handle it with care and never attempt to open it casually. Otherwise, it could cause catastrophic issues. The artifact's potential harm far outweighs its utility. Honestly, Headquarters was reluctant to release it, if not for your direct request." Shen Liang glanced uneasily at the sealed box behind him.

It was a rectangular case, thoroughly sealed shut. Inside was a single-panel red wooden door.

A golden container insulated it from supernatural influence, so it was currently safe.

"I understand. I'll keep it in a secure location and won't take it out unnecessarily," Yang Jian said simply.

"Good." Shen Liang nodded. "The third matter is, of course, about the new liaison officer. Regarding what happened with Zang Hua, I was deeply saddened to hear about it. Zang Hua was a very dedicated person with exceptional work ethic and efficiency. Frankly, finding someone as good as him in such a short time is quite difficult."

"To handle interim work arrangements, Headquarters has temporarily assigned Liu Xiaoyu to serve as both liaison officer and operator. Captain Yang, what are your thoughts on this?"

The arrangement needed Yang Jian's approval, given his position as Team Captain.

If he were dissatisfied, Headquarters would have to replace her immediately.

But Yang Jian's case was unique. Shen Liang also worried that Yang Jian might take this opportunity to completely sever ties to the liaison system, rendering it obsolete in his operations.

To play it safe, they chose Liu Xiaoyu, a familiar face who had collaborated well with Yang Jian in the past.

Yang Jian didn't speak immediately, seemingly lost in thought as his gaze lingered on Liu Xiaoyu.

Liu Xiaoyu held the coffee Zhang Liqin handed her, sipping it while sneaking glances at Yang Jian. Under his scrutiny, she felt a bit uncomfortable and unsure of herself.

She was equally anxious. After all, it had been some time since she last worked with Yang Jian, and she had no idea how he currently felt about her.

Shen Liang said nothing either, maintaining an awkward smile as he awaited Yang Jian's decision. Clearly, this simple approval was laden with implications, far from the trivial matter of appointing a liaison officer.

"Let her stay," Yang Jian finally said after a moment of deliberation.

Shen Liang immediately exhaled in relief, his smile becoming noticeably lighter. "We'll prepare her new office by tomorrow. I hope you two have a smooth and productive collaboration."

"Well then, go on to the fourth matter, if there is one. If not, you're free to leave now," Yang Jian said, his tone impatient. He had no interest in continuing to chat with Shen Liang.

Shen Liang's expression shifted subtly. He lowered his voice: "The fourth isn't exactly a task but rather a new directive specifically targeting Captain-level personnel."

"What kind of directive?"

"Headquarters now requires every Captain to resolve one A-level paranormal case within the next two months. Recently, Cao Yang had been working on those very incidents, borrowing the Ghost Scissors for assistance. The formal notification hasn't been circulated yet, but it won't be long. These are the current batch of case files classified as A-level incidents. You should take a look," Shen Liang explained, pulling an envelope from his coat.

Yang Jian didn't bother examining it. He simply asked, "Have paranormal incidents increased in frequency?"

Shen Liang nodded grimly.

"Doesn't seem like a promising situation. Otherwise, Headquarters wouldn't be pushing Captains into action en masse," Yang Jian commented. "I'll get around to it; after all, I'm officially a Captain. But how's the overtime pay calculated?"

"..." Shen Liang.

"I'm technically on a break. If you're pulling me in after hours, paying overtime is only reasonable, right?" Yang Jian continued.

Shen Liang broke into a stiff smile: "That does seem quite reasonable."

He understood Yang Jian's personality well: Yang Jian didn't shy away from work but demanded fair compensation for his efforts.

"A-level incidents are categorized as extremely dangerous. Offer me a good rate, and I'll hit my target. I have my own investigation priorities too—don't forget how complex the Ghost Post Office is," Yang Jian said.

Shen Liang knew about Yang Jian's ongoing investigation into the Ghost Post Office, recognizing it as a lurking threat. Resolving it would be immensely beneficial.

"But I'll have to get back to the Deputy Director to finalize any compensation details," Shen Liang added, slightly embarrassed.

"Not an issue. Come find me once you've tied up the figures. I'll be in Dachang City—I'm not going anywhere," Yang Jian replied. "I'm nothing if not trustworthy. Never one to skip out on a deal."

"With those words, I'm relieved," Shen Liang said, grinning.

He wasn't worried about Yang Jian asking for overtime; Headquarters could readily afford it. What they dreaded was outright refusal to cooperate.

After all, Captain-level personnel were nearly ungovernable, immensely powerful individuals not easy to control.

"Oh, by the way, has there been any news about that Chen Qiaoyang guy? Have you managed to dig up his background or any relevant documents?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

Shen Liang shook his head: "The Information and Records Departments are still trying, but it seems highly likely 'Chen Qiaoyang' is an alias. There's no matching entry in the population database. Right now, facial recognition cross-referencing is our best shot, though its effectiveness is doubtful. I'll have Liu Xiaoyu notify you if anything concrete turns up."

Chen Qiaoyang had recently become a hot topic at Headquarters.

His sudden emergence and bold challenge to three Captains had made waves. Fortunately, he had lost and fled. Otherwise, the repercussions could have been global.

So Headquarters treated the matter with great gravity.

Yang Jian frowned. From the half-memory fragments he had stolen from Chen Qiaoyang, there was no information indicating the man's real identity. Most of the memories he obtained were incomplete, offering some insights but far from a comprehensive picture.

"There were a lot of Ghost Tamers in the past. It's no surprise more are surfacing recently. Tell Headquarters to keep a close eye on them—they're extremely dangerous," Yang Jian remarked.

"Understood. We're already monitoring the situation closely," Shen Liang replied.

Currently, the Captains were key to maintaining stability. If random individuals kept emerging and overpowering even the Captains, chaos would ensue, throwing everything into disarray.

Chapter 912 - Ah Wei

Yang Jian didn't particularly welcome Shen Liang, so after discussing business, he had Shen Liang leave. Shen Liang didn't linger long either, and quickly boarded a private jet back to headquarters.

However, the news he brought left a lingering sense of unease, even the arrival of five Ghost Candles couldn't dispel it.

At the moment, Yang Jian was sitting on the office sofa, flipping through the files Shen Liang had brought.

All of them were categorized as Level-A supernatural incidents.

Ferocious Ghost Road, Silent, Creepy Museum, Ghost Lake, When Night Falls There Are Ghosts, Haunted Bus...

Among these files, the one that caught Yang Jian's attention most was the Haunted Bus, which had now been designated as a highly dangerous supernatural case. He recalled that this incident had previously been recorded as "X," mysterious and unknown, but not particularly threatening.

"That bus is losing control too?" Yang Jian's mind wandered back to what he had experienced on that Haunted Bus in the past.

Now that he thought about it, after all this time, the Haunted Bus—unmanned and uncontrolled—did indeed have a risk of going rogue.

"The files here describe cases that are extremely difficult. Even a Captain Level investigator might be killed by a malicious ghost. It's not easy to resolve them. I don't know what Cao Yang is dealing with; there's no record in the files, likely because he took it. But the fact that he's borrowing the spectral object, Ghost Scissors, suggests he's facing serious trouble."

"The Fushou Garden case is being handled by Ye Zhen, so those files weren't submitted either. And the Door Knocking Ghost incident has already been dealt with by me, reducing the number of Level-A cases by one."

Yang Jian thought to himself, considering which supernatural incident he might take on if he were to accept a mission.

The first thing he could confirm was that the most difficult case was definitely the Haunted Bus.

It seemed straightforward, but in reality, that bus was practically filled with ghosts, and it could take you to dangerous and unknown supernatural locations—a situation fraught with complications.

"Ferocious Ghost Road, Silent, and Creepy Museum—these three supernatural incidents have been unresolved for quite a long time. It seems their danger level is also high; otherwise, they wouldn't have been included in this file. Meanwhile, the incident code-named When Night Falls There Are Ghosts appears to be newly added to the archives."

Upon closer inspection, none of the supernatural incidents seemed suitable to take on. Any one of these Level-A incidents could escalate into an S-level event at any moment.

Or rather, these incidents were essentially S-level to begin with, their scope of influence merely limited for now.

After contemplating for a while and still undecided, Yang Jian casually tossed the file onto his desk.

For now, it was better to shelve these thoughts.

"After finally returning from Dadong City, I should take a few days off before dealing with this. Moreover, the Ghost Post Office issue hasn't been resolved yet—this assignment can wait. Investigating the Ghost Post Office is the priority."

Yang Jian didn't intend to act immediately; he planned to observe the situation while managing his current tasks.

At this moment.

Downstairs, Liu Xiaoyu was working at her desk. Dressed in her uniform and swinging her twin ponytails, she walked briskly and spiritedly towards him, her steps slightly hurried.

She stopped at the office door and knocked lightly.

"What's the matter? It's almost lunchtime. If it's not particularly urgent, you can come back in the afternoon—President Yang also needs his rest," Zhang Liqin interjected as she approached.

Liu Xiaoyu replied, "I'm here to see Yang Jian about work—it should be something important, I think."

She sounded a bit uncertain.

"I'll notify President Yang for you; please wait a moment," Zhang Liqin said before turning away.

Soon.

Yang Jian's voice came from inside the room: "If you have something to say, come in."

Liu Xiaoyu entered the office only to see Yang Jian standing by the window, looking out over the landscape in the distance with his back to her. He exuded an inexplicable sense of detachment and gravitas.

"It's really hard to meet you. I'm working downstairs but still had to get your secretary's approval," Liu Xiaoyu muttered, slightly displeased.

Yang Jian turned around to face her. "Rules are necessary. After all, lots of people try to see me on a regular basis. She helps filter out unimportant matters as much as possible. So, even on your first day, you have work-related issues to discuss?"

"Well, I was organizing Zang Hua's work notes and file records earlier, and I found a document. Apparently, Zang Hua had intended to report this to you before he passed away. I thought it might be important, so I brought it here for you to take a look," Liu Xiaoyu explained.

She approached and placed the document in front of Yang Jian.

"Dachang City Southern District Investigation Report," the file read.

"Why give me an investigation report? You should just handle it yourself," Yang Jian said.

"Zang Hua wrote in his notes that this might be related to a supernatural event. Even though personnel were sent to investigate, they only found several death reports. The case seems strange—not a typical homicide," Liu Xiaoyu retorted.

Yang Jian waved his hand dismissively. "I can confirm there are no supernatural events in Dachang City. Also, peculiar incidents happen all the time these days. I only handle supernatural events; anything else doesn't concern me. Besides, I don't even have the authority to deal with them. If you think it's a problem, just file a police report."

"Can't you just take a look at least? This was Zang Hua's last report before his death," Liu Xiaoyu insisted.

After some thought, Yang Jian finally sat down and opened the file to read it.

The report described several murders occurring consecutively in Dachang City's Southern District. Murders, of course, were commonplace in a large city with a high population. Initially, the cases didn't draw much attention.

But as the murders continued, the matter became more prominent due to the odd details surrounding the deaths.

Each victim's body was found partially mutilated—some part of their body missing. Strangely, the missing parts couldn't be found at the scene.

Yang Jian examined the victims' photos, taken at the time the bodies were discovered. The corpses appeared mostly intact, with no obvious wounds, yet one person was missing an arm, another was missing both legs, and some had eyes or noses crudely removed.

The methods were exceptionally brutal.

At the end of the report, Zang Hua's notes surfaced.

"Judging by the missing body parts from each victim, if this were the work of one perpetrator, the missing limbs and organs, when pieced together, could potentially form a whole, nonexistent person. This isn't a typical case of homicide—it's highly likely a supernatural event."

"I suspect a malevolent ghost has entered Dachang City, stealing human body parts."

After finishing the report, Yang Jian maintained his composed expression. He laid the file down and asked, "Did you read this?"

"I did. I think Zang Hua's deduction might be right," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian shook his head. "No, this isn't a supernatural event. The perpetrator isn't a ghost. There are fundamental differences between killings committed by ghosts and those by humans. First, look at the locations where the victims died. These crime scenes are spread far apart, occurring all over the Southern District. This doesn't fit the wandering patterns of a ghost."

"If a ghost were killing people, the victims wouldn't be scattered so evenly—they'd be more concentrated or found along the ghost's path of activity. The route might not be perfectly straight, but it certainly wouldn't involve such random, widespread occurrences."

Liu Xiaoyu thought over his logic and seemed to find it somewhat convincing. "If it's not a ghost, then what do you think it is?" she asked.

Yang Jian answered, "If it's not a ghost, then clearly it's a human perpetrator. Do I need to spell it out? A killer with a plan deliberately commits murders farther apart each time, just to avoid drawing attention to repeated crimes in the same area. But this particular killer hasn't left the Southern District entirely, which suggests..."

"It suggests they live in the Southern District?" Liu Xiaoyu chimed in.

"Wrong," Yang Jian said, looking at her oddly. "Would you murder someone right near your own home?"

"Um, probably not," Liu Xiaoyu admitted.

Yang Jian continued, "A calculated murder often involves diverting attention and suspicion. Choosing a location unlikely to be connected to oneself—such as an isolated forest on the outskirts, a deserted riverbank, or an abandoned construction site—is instinctual. So, while the Southern District is the crime scene, it's definitely not the killer's residence."

"If we assume the murderer is from Dachang City, then their residence is likely in the Northern City District. It's farthest from the crime scenes, providing the killer with a sense of security. Have people investigate there instead," Yang Jian instructed.

"You're not going yourself?" Liu Xiaoyu asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Does everything require me personally? If so, what's the point of having a team? Small issues like this can be handled by the others. Zang Hua didn't report it before because he understood this better than you. Even though the case might involve a supernatural angle, until confirmed, it's not worth bothering me over."

"Captain Level investigators aren't meant to be used like that."

"Got it," Liu Xiaoyu said, taking the report and leaving with a pout, her face full of grievance.

After she left, Zhang Liqin commented, "President Yang, being so harsh to a young girl doesn't seem very nice. She's just trying to do her job, after all."

"She's no longer just a receptionist; she's a coordinator. She has to learn to make her own judgment calls. If she doesn't adapt, I might have to let her go. Being dismissed would be the biggest blow for her," Yang Jian said.

"In this world, everyone has their own way to survive. This job is her way."

Zhang Liqin asked, "But don't you two get along well?"

"We do, but that doesn't mean anything. Work is work, and life is life. Liu Xiaoyu just started, so I can't coddle her too much—otherwise, it might create problems later on."

Yang Jian said no more. His gaze shifted to an inconspicuous corner of the office.

In the shadows, something resembling an eerie cabinet seemed to linger, as though filled with malicious and sinister eyes quietly watching him.

The Ghost Cabinet might have disappeared, but its curse remained.

It followed him relentlessly, impossible to escape.

The remaining time: 28 days.

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze and refocused on the earlier supernatural files.

The Haunted Bus case...

To fulfill the Ghost Cabinet's transaction, he had no choice but to board the Haunted Bus. Only the Haunted Bus could deliver him to the doorstep of that ghostly old mansion.

At this moment.

Holding the report, Liu Xiaoyu descended the stairs with a slight pout, mumbling in frustration: "I bet he just doesn't want to go because there's no overtime pay. If it does involve a supernatural event, lives could be lost..."

"Young miss, it looks like you need some help."

Suddenly, a husky and low voice rang out.

At the corner of the staircase, a man dressed in a leather coat, appearing like a special ops soldier, leaned against the wall with a skewer stick in his mouth. He spoke slowly.

Liu Xiaoyu was startled. "Who are you?"

"Yang Jian relies on me for many things he can't handle. Who do you think I am? Hand over the file; I'll take care of this for you," the man replied.

"..." Liu Xiaoyu hesitated, eyeing him suspiciously.

Her eyes darted, recounting the profiles of people in Yang Jian's circle.

"Are you Zhang Wei?" Liu Xiaoyu finally asked, matching his characteristics to a name.

"No, I'm Ah Wei—also known by my nickname, the Dual-wielding Gunslinger. Ahem..." Zhang Wei rasped dramatically.

Liu Xiaoyu retorted, "Stop joking. Go back to your livestreams and stop meddling. This case might be trivial for Yang Jian, but to ordinary people, it's life-threatening."

"My livestream channel got shut down. Now, all I can do is pick up my weapons and defend Dachang City," Zhang Wei said with mild regret, raising his head slightly.

"Lucky for you, otherwise who knows how chaotic this city would've become during my absence—so many murders cropping up while I was gone," he added.

"Then what were you even doing before this?" Liu Xiaoyu asked.

"That's a long story. It's tied to my livestream channel being banned... Anyway, it's too complicated for you to understand. Just take my word for it—it's a big deal," Zhang Wei replied.

"..." Liu Xiaoyu stood in silence.

"Give me the file. I'll treat you to barbecue later," Zhang Wei said, abruptly snatching the file and bolting away.

"Zhang Wei! Stop right there and give me back the file!" Liu Xiaoyu shouted, stomping her foot in frustration.

"You can't catch me, you can't catch me—your short legs won't reach me!" Zhang Wei's voice faded as he ran off, disappearing from sight.

Chapter 913 The Healing Wound

"You're saying Zhang Wei snatched the file that you showed me earlier?"

At noon, while having lunch, Yang Jian received this strange piece of news from Liu Xiaoyu.

"Why would he snatch the file from you? That stuff isn't worth much and isn't of significant use. Did he suddenly run out of toilet paper while in the bathroom, and you happened to walk by?"

"Zhang Wei said he's going to handle this case. Aren't you going to stop him? Get the file back," Liu Xiaoyu said, fuming, while burying her head in her food.

It's her first day at work, and under such circumstances, anyone's mood would be lousy.

Yang Jian said, "No need, let him go. He doesn't have logistical support, doesn't possess any supernatural power, and relying on just one file, he won't even be able to find anyone. After circling around aimlessly, he'll naturally return empty-handed."

"But he's disrupting my work," Liu Xiaoyu said.

Yang Jian corrected her, "You're mistaken. Here, all work revolves around me. Making me satisfied, that's your job. Everything else doesn't matter."

"You're being ridiculous," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

"That's how I operate. If you think it's wrong, you can always request headquarters to remove me from my position," Yang Jian said casually.

Liu Xiaoyu was left speechless and could only continue eating in silence.

Meanwhile.

After studying the file and combining the insights he had just overheard from Yang Jian, Zhang Wei, with some newfound confidence, drove straight toward the Northern City District.

"Hey, Brother Ah Fei, bring your people over quickly. It's time to get to work. I've sent you the location."

"Ah Wei? Sure, no problem. How many people should we bring?"

"Bring everyone, one and all! Round them up! And don't worry, I'll pay your salaries. Hurry up!"

After hanging up the phone, Zhang Wei nodded to himself in satisfaction.

Indeed, you can only rely on yourself.

Thankfully, his skills are strong and he's independent. Otherwise, how could the safety of Dachang City be guaranteed?

Soon.

At the end of a pedestrian street in the Northern City District, Zhang Wei waited for Brother Ah Fei.

Brother Ah Fei arrived with about a dozen young men—aimless idlers who didn't even qualify as proper thugs. These were the survivors of the Hungry Ghost incident. With no family or relatives, and being at that awkward age where they couldn't return to school or find work, they banded together to waste their days eating, drinking, and playing.

Luckily, Zhang Wei, a naive rich kid, was willing to pay them monthly salaries to keep them afloat.

Of course, Zhang Wei didn't see himself as naive. He believed he was recruiting troops and engaging in serious business.

"Just this few people? Where are the others? Are they still lounging at the internet café?" Zhang Wei asked in displeasure.

"This many is already pretty good. Your call sounded urgent; it's fortunate we managed to gather this group. Don't push your luck," Brother Ah Fei complained.

Zhang Wei said, "This time, it's a special mission, very important. Don't say I didn't warn you, this could involve a supernatural incident. If anyone wants to back out, now's your chance. I, Ah Wei, won't stop you."

"I quit," someone immediately said.

"Alright, then. Your mother is gone," Zhang Wei replied nonchalantly.

"..."

That person rolled up his sleeves, fuming, "I'm gonna beat you to death."

Brother Ah Fei quickly stepped in to restrain him, "Calm down, calm down. He is OUR boss. If you beat him silly, who's going to pay us our salaries? We need to go online tonight."

"Fine, I'll let him off this time," the young man grudgingly backed down.

"Ah Wei, stop scaring people. The last supernatural event we dealt with almost killed us all! And now, here we go again? By the way, where's Brother Tui? This seems like serious business, how can you not call Brother Tui? I haven't seen him for a long time; I almost miss him," Brother Ah Fei said, recalling the time he first met Yang Jian.

At the time, he had even tried extorting money from Brother Tui, but the outcome had been miserable beyond words.

"Brother Tui is always busy traveling for work; he doesn't have the time to deal with this. I can handle this small matter myself. What's the problem? You don't trust me?" Zhang Wei replied.

"Not really," Brother Ah Fei said bluntly.

"No matter, it's enough that I trust myself. This mission is straightforward: contact the locals in the Northern City District and see if they've noticed anything suspicious—either people or places. If anything comes up, notify me immediately. Remember, I didn't get my 'Dual-wielding Gunslinger' nickname for nothing," Zhang Wei said.

"Got it," Brother Ah Fei agreed readily.

The group of aimless young men really began combing the area for anything out of the ordinary or suspicious.

However, with the detailed file and Yang Jian's analysis, their search zone was spot-on.

The anomaly truly existed in this area.

In Dachang City, within the Northern City District, there lay an old and somewhat decrepit residential complex.

Few residents remained here. After the Hungry Ghost incident, the area became a disaster zone. Once the event was over, the previously lively neighborhood turned desolate overnight. Those who survived either left the city or moved out of the complex.

As a result, many of the buildings were vacant, with some apartments left in such haste that doors were left unlocked, belongings abandoned, and furniture untouched.

Yet, some people, burdened by survival needs or personal reasons, had no choice but to stay.

Each evening, scattered lights flickered dimly across the complex.

The nineteenth building of the complex.

This building housed only one resident, located in apartment 602 on the sixth floor.

The inside was dark and oppressive; every window was curtained off so well that even daylight barely penetrated. The air was thick and carried a faint smell of decay.

This odor was unmistakably the scent of death.

Yet the stench wasn't overpowering. Leave the room, and outside, it was nearly undetectable.

Moreover, the building was entirely unoccupied.

A dim, yellowed table lamp faintly illuminated the shadowy room.

The eerie detail was the bed—on it lay a grotesquely dissected and fragmented corpse. The skin was pale, the blood completely drained, and the levels of decay varied across the body parts. Some areas had begun oozing corpse fluid, while others were still relatively fresh, retaining a hint of redness.

The legs, feet, torso, eyes, nose—every component appeared to have been meticulously repositioned, almost as if striving toward perfection.

The wounds on the body painted a chilling picture. This peculiar corpse, lying motionless on the bed, was androgynous, with features so unnervingly perfect they defied description.

If Zang Hua were alive, he'd instantly recognize that every part of this corpse had been harvested from different murder victims seamlessly stitched together.

Each limb was flawless.

Someone with long legs lost theirs; someone with exquisite eyes had their eye sockets gouged out; someone with beautiful hands had their hands severed.

In a twisted sense, this was a "perfect" body.

The corpse had been lying on the bed for several days, and as time passed, something inexplicably eerie was happening.

The scars from the stitching were disappearing.

No.

Not disappearing—healing.

It was as if this patchwork corpse was alive, growing.

By the looks of it, before long, the entire body might fully heal. It could even awaken from its slumber.

But if it did awaken, what would this entity be?

A new existence pieced together from the body parts of several living people—a being that doesn't belong to this world.

An aberration conjured out of thin air.

Within the sprawling Dachang City, the subtle changes in this room went unnoticed, completely escaping detection. The complex hadn't experienced any major supernatural occurrences or deaths from malicious spirits. Even Yang Jian, driving past the area, missed it.

From the perspective of Ghost Eyes, what lay on the bed appeared to be a "living person" asleep—not a grotesquely assembled corpse.

Yet, this tranquility seemed poised for disruption.

With the screech of car brakes, a vehicle arrived at the entrance of the complex.

"Is this the place? I didn't study much—don't try to fool me," Zhang Wei asked as he was led into the area by one of the young men.

"No doubt about it, this complex has definitely seen death. I heard it from an elderly man living here. He said he smelled decay coming from one of the buildings while clearing out trash in the hallways, and it's been lingering for a while," the twenty-something young man replied confidently.

He lived nearby and, in the mostly deserted area, had once overheard some old neighbors chatting and picked up this bit of gossip.

"Where's that old man now?" Zhang Wei asked.

"How would I know? I don't know him personally. The complex isn't big. Ask around, and you'll figure it out."

At this point, it was unclear whether Zhang Wei's luck was good or bad.

Among the vast expanse of the Northern City District, he had somehow stumbled upon the very problematic complex.

However, Zhang Wei still didn't know the right floor or apartment. He'd have to piece together more information and continue investigating.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian wasn't particularly concerned about this matter.

He simply wanted a couple of days off to deal with the Ghost Post Office and figure out how to conclude his deal with the Ghost Cabinet.

Even if there were supernatural incidents in Dachang City, Yang Jian preferred to delegate them to Feng Quan or Tong Qian. He wouldn't handle them personally.

This was strategic resource allocation.

Otherwise, if every big or small issue fell to Yang Jian, he'd eventually be overwhelmed.

"It's getting late. Time to clock out and go home."

Around three in the afternoon, feeling bored at the office, Yang Jian decided to call it a day and left work early.

His plan was to show his face at the company for a few days to stabilize the situation before turning his full attention to the Ghost Post Office.

The Ghost Cabinet curse could be deferred—it still allowed time.

But the Ghost Post Office required immediate attention and couldn't be left unfinished.

Chapter 914 - Arrangements

Yang Jian drove back to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Two people were sitting in his car, Zhang Liqin and Liu Xiaoyu.

"You still haven't arranged my accommodations. Technically, I shouldn't be working on my first day. At the very least, you should let me have a place to stay. I don't want to live at the company—it's completely devoid of privacy,"

Liu Xiaoyu said, looking at Yang Jian as he drove.

"How about I stay at your home? Your house is so big, and there are plenty of rooms. Can you spare one for me?"

Zhang Liqin subconsciously rejected the idea, saying, "That's not okay."

"Why not?" Liu Xiaoyu asked. "I wouldn't be bothering you."

Zhang Liqin immediately found herself tongue-tied, unsure how to reply.

After all, she didn't really have the right to refuse Liu Xiaoyu's request to stay, since she herself was essentially living in Yang Jian's house as a guest—not in the capacity of a hostess.

Yang Jian said, "Staying in my house isn't really a wise choice."

"I wouldn't feel safe living by myself. If something were to happen, no one would even know," Liu Xiaoyu said. "I'm a communications officer and liaison manager. I know plenty of sensitive information. If I got kidnapped and tortured, I might divulge all your secrets, wouldn't I?"

"Then you'd probably be so angry you'd want to kill me to silence me. No way, that won't work. I need protection too."

Her eyes darted around, clearly scheming to move into Yang Jian's luxurious house.

"I've thought of a great place that would suit you." Yang Jian drove into the complex, but he didn't stop; instead, he passed his own house and headed toward the back of the complex.

"What place?" Liu Xiaoyu asked curiously.

Yang Jian replied, "Just ahead. You should know it as well."

Soon enough,

the car stopped in front of a rather peculiar building within the complex.

The structure resembled a small temple, surrounded by tall walls. Inside, however, was a Republic Era ancient house. Its renovations had removed all trace of darkness and oppression, making it surprisingly suitable for residential living.

Safe yet secluded.

Even most of the complex's residents were unaware of this hidden enclave.

Yang Jian had barely stepped out of the car.

The heavy courtyard door swung open immediately, and a slender, fair-skinned girl in a dress emerged gracefully. Her demeanor was cold, her expression devoid of emotion, resembling a robot.

"What brings you here?" Wang Shanshan asked flatly.

Yang Jian replied, "I need a small favor from you."

At this point, Liu Xiaoyu curiously eyed Wang Shanshan. Though she knew about Yang Jian's female classmate who had survived the Hungry Ghost incident, this was her first time seeing her in person.

"Hi, I'm Liu Xiaoyu, Yang Jian's former communications officer," she greeted.

"Hello," Wang Shanshan responded, her face remaining cold and rigid.

Yang Jian said, "She'll be staying with you for a while. Try to ensure her safety as much as possible."

"Isn't that your responsibility? Why not just have her stay at your place?" Wang Shanshan asked.

Yang Jian replied, "I can't put all the important people in one place. If danger strikes, wouldn't we all be wiped out at once? I'm not that foolish. Besides, it's better for you not to live alone here. Having her around might make things less boring for you."

"Do whatever you decide; I won't object," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian nodded, "You'll be staying here from now on. If you need anything, contact my secretary; she'll take care of it."

Zhang Liqin smiled lightly, expressing no objections.

"Wang Shanshan, show Liu Xiaoyu around and help her get acquainted with the place. It's getting late, so make sure to rest early."

Yang Jian didn't linger long; he dropped off Liu Xiaoyu and promptly left.

Wang Shanshan seemed used to Yang Jian's tendency to show up and leave abruptly. She didn't try to stop him; instead, she focused her gaze on Liu Xiaoyu.

Liu Xiaoyu returned the stare, her expression slightly awkward.

"I know you. Yang Jian used to contact you frequently on his phone. I didn't expect you to look so young,"

Liu Xiaoyu said with a smile. "I've also heard Yang Jian mention you. You're his classmate—you two escaped No. 7 Middle School together and survived the Door Knocking Ghost incident. Later, you even caught the attention of Ghost Infant's killing patterns... You're truly beautiful, no wonder Yang Jian kept protecting you all this time."

"If it were me, I wouldn't bear to just watch someone as gorgeous as you die, either."

Wang Shanshan was indeed stunning, blessed with natural beauty. Her good upbringing and dance training had left her with an elegant figure. Her only drawback was her youth—like a budding flower waiting for full bloom.

But it seemed unlikely for her to change much further.

Her survival had come at a cost; she'd been consumed by the supernatural power of the Ghost Eye, making her physical state different from that of ordinary living people.

"Come in; I'll show you around,"

Wang Shanshan didn't take any pleasure from compliments. She led Liu Xiaoyu inside, coldly and efficiently showing her the place.

"I'm the only one living here regularly. The first floor includes the living room, study, recreation room, and restroom. The second floor has the bedrooms. Right now, there are only two rooms upstairs—mine and another unused one. I'll ask Zhang Liqin to have someone fix it up tomorrow. Tonight, you can share my room,"

Liu Xiaoyu pointed at a door and asked, "Isn't there another room here?"

"This place used to be a Republic Era ancient house. Of the three rooms here, two contain dangerous supernatural items that have caused paranormal incidents. The third room has never been opened by Yang Jian. What do you think might be inside?"

Wang Shanshan stopped in her tracks and looked at her.

Liu Xiaoyu shivered, "This... this place is haunted?"

"That was before. It's very safe now."

"But you said that room has never been opened. What if there's a ghost imprisoned inside?" Liu Xiaoyu's fear began to mount.

Wang Shanshan was eerily calm. "Nothing will happen. Yang Jian studied it. As long as the room doesn't open on its own, it remains perfectly safe—it hasn't caused any issues for decades."

"Even so, how can I sleep here at night knowing all this?" Liu Xiaoyu's heart was already racing.

At this moment, she began to suspect Yang Jian had intentionally set her up.

With all the houses in Guanjiang Residential Complex, why couldn't she be assigned somewhere else? Why did she have to stay near a room that might hold a ghost?

Wasn't this just making things difficult for her?

"Maybe Yang Jian wants to train you, help you overcome your fears," Wang Shanshan speculated. "You don't need to worry. I've lived here all this time, and hasn't everything been fine?"

Liu Xiaoyu felt like crying but had no tears.

At this moment, she seriously contemplated resigning.

Nothing good ever seemed to happen when Yang Jian was involved. Right off the bat, she was placed next to a room with a potential ghost inside. Forget training—she might go insane before conquering her fear.

Chapter 915 - Taxi

After using the Firewood Knife to hack apart the Ghost Cabinet yesterday, Yang Jian didn't let himself idle. Besides dealing with supernatural phenomena, he had no other leisure or entertainment activities.

Of course, he didn't have the privilege to indulge in leisure or entertainment either.

So, after dropping Liu Xiaoyu off at Wang Shanshan's place to settle her, Yang Jian returned to his residence.

"President Yang, what would you like to eat tonight? I'll go buy the ingredients and cook," Zhang Liqin asked proactively as soon as she got out of the car.

She wanted to seize the opportunity to showcase the cooking skills she had painstakingly practiced for days, hoping to leave a better impression on Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "Decide for yourself. I need to deal with some other things. If it's nothing particularly important, don't disturb me."

After finishing his words, Yang Jian walked directly to the garage behind his villa.

Zhang Liqin tucked her hair behind her ear, feeling somewhat awkward, but she was used to Yang Jian's demeanor by now. After all, it wasn't just her; Yang Jian treated others the same way. There was no point in complaining.

People who dealt with supernatural events inevitably had traits that set them apart from ordinary individuals.

Pulling herself together, Zhang Liqin began thinking about dinner.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian opened the garage and calmly looked at the unusual taxi parked inside.

This was a supernatural taxi.

The car was old, with peeling paint and inextractable rust marks. The taxi sign mounted on its roof flickered on and off intermittently, making it look like a vehicle on the brink of being scrapped at first glance.

But Yang Jian could hear occasional strange noises emanating from the interior of this aged taxi.

From time to time, the car creaked and swayed slightly.

Sometimes, the radio inside suddenly turned on, emitting static-filled sounds.

Other times, the interior of the car lit up with a dim, yellowish glow, as though a shadowy figure were seated within.

"Various supernatural phenomena keep occurring, huh?" Yang Jian wasn't surprised by it.

He had developed a certain resistance to fear.

If it were an ordinary person, having such a car in their home would likely make it impossible to sleep peacefully at night.

"This is the supernatural object Liao Fan obtained, originating from Xiangjiang. It's known as the Ghost Taxi and has caused a C-class supernatural incident. Rumor has it that at night, this Ghost Taxi roams the city, and unwitting passengers who board it mysteriously disappear..."

Yang Jian recalled the relevant details in his mind.

This memory was stolen from Liao Fan.

However, this Ghost Taxi reminded him of the supernatural bus.

The two were quite similar.

Of course, their core characteristics were quite different.

The Ghost Taxi is designed for passengers, but the bus can carry actual ghosts on board and even suppress the ghosts within.

As Yang Jian pondered this, the Ghost Taxi parked in the garage suddenly showed signs of supernatural uncontrollable activity. It started itself abruptly.

The headlights abruptly flared to life.

The dull yellow light was unclear, casting an eerie, vague aura over the surroundings. Anyone standing in its beam could feel dazed and disoriented, unable to control their body, standing frozen in place.

If someone were on the road and exposed to this Ghost Taxi's headlights, they would likely end up being hit and killed.

It wasn't that they didn't want to avoid it; the supernatural force exerted a horrifying interference on the human body.

Yang Jian, however, ignored the influence of the headlights. He walked to the car window and continued to observe the Ghost Taxi.

The Ghost Taxi starting up autonomously was a common occurrence.

Yet, such start-ups were difficult to control manually.

If an ordinary person attempted to drive the Ghost Taxi, they would risk activating it. It wasn't as simple as starting it whenever they wished.

Of course, this was the inherent trait of supernatural objects—dangerous yet highly unpredictable.

However, if someone could control it, they would be able to use its supernatural forces to improve their chances of survival.

"Let's test it out. This Ghost Taxi comes with its own Ghost Domain and can traverse the city seamlessly. If I can control it, traveling will become much more convenient," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He pulled the car door open.

Before the door opened, he felt a resistance pushing it closed, as though someone from inside was trying to prevent him from entering the car.

But it didn't last long.

The resistance quickly vanished.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian sat in the driver's seat and closed the door.

If a Ghost Rider of Liao Fan's level dared to drive this Ghost Taxi and wasn't killed by the ghost within, Yang Jian believed he could do it too.

As soon as the door shut, it felt like the world outside was completely cut off. The light, sound, and even smells outside seemed to change. Everything around him turned eerily silent.

A pervasive stench of decay filled the air.

Yang Jian glanced at the steering wheel beside him, where there was an ignition slot. The key was already in place, turned by some unseen force, and the car was successfully started.

He grasped the steering wheel with both hands and pressed lightly on the gas pedal.

Then, he frowned slightly and glanced down.

The sensation under his foot was unsettling.

Cold, soft, as though he had stepped onto a corpse.

The car began to move.

Despite its near-derelect condition, the vehicle ran smoothly and accelerated rapidly, even though the engine emitted a raspy, unsettling noise. The Ghost Taxi carried Yang Jian out of the garage and onto the road within the residential complex.

Yang Jian pressed firmly on the gas pedal again.

The tactile sensation became even more bizarre. His foot felt as though it had sunk deeply into a corpse's body, the sinking sensation sending chills down his spine.

The Ghost Taxi continued accelerating, quickly exceeding 100 mph and hurtling toward a building ahead.

Yang Jian attempted to control the steering wheel but soon discovered it was completely stuck, as if something had jammed it, rendering it immovable.

"Looks like my luck isn't great—losing control right off the bat."

From his stolen memory, Yang Jian knew that the Ghost Taxi could experience this kind of steering malfunction.

However, instead of crashing into the building ahead, the vehicle, bathed in the yellowish glow of its headlights, blurred its surroundings. It mysteriously passed through the structure, emerging on the other side—a supernatural traversal.

The Ghost Domain of the Ghost Taxi had been activated.

"The headlights are the Ghost Domain. As long as the headlights don't malfunction, the car can ignore physical barriers like buildings." Driving firsthand, Yang Jian began to grasp some of the Ghost Taxi's capabilities.

These nuances were not part of the stolen memories.

He continued to attempt controlling the steering wheel, but, just like before, it remained stuck, regardless of how much force he applied. The wheel creaked and groaned as if mocking him.

"No living person can fully control the Ghost Taxi. One must use supernatural powers to take control."

Yang Jian removed his gloves, revealing his blackened Ghost Hand, and placed it on the steering wheel.

Instantly.

The stuck steering wheel returned to normal.

Using one hand, Yang Jian adjusted the wheel, causing the car to turn and exit the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

The Ghost Taxi gradually came under control.

"Thanks to the Ghost Domain, this taxi runs quickly. Although it's not faster than my own traversal with the Ghost Domain, passengers inside the car might potentially be safer under certain circumstances." Yang Jian observed the surroundings blurring past him as the car sped.

The speedometer had already maxed out, though he knew the actual speed far exceeded the displayed value.

However, as time inside the Ghost Taxi stretched on, the stench of decaying corpses grew stronger.

The smell, resembling the burning of rotten flesh, wafted in from the engine area.

Unfazed, Yang Jian decided to push the limits of the Ghost Taxi.

Only by thoroughly understanding its boundaries could he determine whether this supernatural object was worth utilizing; otherwise, it would be better off wholly sealed away.

The Ghost Taxi continued to accelerate.

The vehicle had long exceeded the realm of normal driving and was now weaving eerily through every corner of the city, appearing on one street only to mysteriously reappear somewhere else. There was no discernible pattern to its movements.

"Shhhhhh...."

Yang Jian noticed the radio inside the car suddenly turned on again, producing eerie static sounds.

But that wasn't the most significant development.

What was more important was that he felt the car body shake.

Something was moving inside the car, colliding with its frame.

As Yang Jian continued to drive the Ghost Taxi, the pounding noises grew louder and more frequent.

The source of the disturbance—was the trunk.

Yang Jian realized the relentless movement originated from the trunk, as if something inside were struggling to escape.

Was a ghost trapped in the trunk?

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes in thought.

Meanwhile, the driving time reached fifteen minutes.

The Ghost Taxi showed increasing signs of losing control.

But Yang Jian did not stop at this point.

A colossal black shadow enveloped the interior of the car.

The Ghost Shadow began infiltrating the Ghost Taxi, attempting to suppress its chaotic, supernatural phenomena.

It worked effectively.

After the Ghost Shadow's intervention, the abnormality inside the car subsided.

The loud, persistent thumping sounds diminished and then stopped, the eerie radio noise was silenced, and the stench of decay lessened significantly... Everything seemed to be returning to normal.

Nevertheless, after another fifteen minutes passed,

That meant Yang Jian had been driving the car for a full thirty minutes.

At that moment, Yang Jian abruptly noticed something peculiar in the rearview mirror—a stiff, bruised, and discolored corpse's hand.

The hand clung to the vehicle's rear end, emerging from the trunk and slowly extending forward.

Simultaneously, the rear seats of the car grew dark. The interior lighting failed to reach that part anymore.

The Ghost Shadow also faced interference.

"Even with my abilities, I cannot fully control this Ghost Taxi. It can only be safely driven for thirty minutes at most. Beyond that, the ghost within the taxi begins to manifest, and continuing to drive will likely result in attacks from the ghost inside."

Realizing this, Yang Jian decided not to push further.

He hit the brakes, stopping the Ghost Taxi.

Once the car stopped, the supernatural phenomena's intrusion began to recede. The corpse hand visible in the rearview mirror slowly withdrew.

The interior regained its brightness.

"However, the primary utility of this Ghost Taxi lies in escape or using its interior to isolate oneself from ghostly attacks." Yang Jian believed the vehicle offered limited assistance to him personally but could prove invaluable for a team.

After all, the taxi could squeeze in five people.

During the handling of supernatural incidents, having such a vehicle could ensure an escape during difficult situations.

After exploring its capabilities, Yang Jian drove the taxi back to the garage.

He exited the vehicle and gazed at the shut trunk.

The lock was rusted solid, seemingly untouched for a long time.

Yet, the disturbances earlier all originated from the trunk. If there was a ghost, it must be inside.

After careful consideration, Yang Jian decided against opening the trunk impulsively.

It wasn't wise to dismantle a supernatural object prematurely—destroying the Ghost Cabinet previously had already caused him trouble.

"I'll leave this car with Feng Quan later. He can take control of it," Yang Jian mused.

While Yang Jian was testing the Ghost Taxi,

Elsewhere within the Guanjiang Residential Complex,

At night,

Liu Xiaoyu found herself clutching a pillow and knocking hesitantly on Wang Shanshan's door next door.

"What's the matter? Is there something wrong?" Wang Shanshan asked coolly as she opened the door.

Liu Xiaoyu looked embarrassed and said, "Um, I'm not used to sleeping alone. Can I sleep in your room tonight? Don't misunderstand, it's not because I'm scared—it's just that I'm not used to this place."

As a liaison and operator, Liu Xiaoyu couldn't admit to being afraid of ghosts.

But merely thinking about the room next door—with only a thin wall separating her from a caged ghost—made it impossible to sleep soundly.

"Alright then," Wang Shanshan glanced at her briefly before agreeing.

"Hehe, that's great. Thank you!" Liu Xiaoyu said gleefully.

Chapter 916 - The People Who Left Together

After Yang Jian examined the Ghost Taxi and confirmed some situations, he felt that the taxi temporarily had no risk of losing control, so he threw it into the safe house and ignored it.

Returning to his residence, Zhang Liqin had already prepared the meal.

After a simple meal, Yang Jian asked Zhang Liqin to begin recording the various experiences of this trip to Dadong City.

Zhang Liqin's handwritten notes had already become a thick book, each page involving the various bizarre supernatural events Yang Jian encountered.

After finishing these, it was already late at night.

The day passed peacefully.

However, in another old district of Dachang City, the night was not as peaceful.

This was a slightly old urban area, cold and deserted, with only a few lights at night. The occupancy rate was alarmingly low, and there weren't even passing vehicles around.

Usually, this place was very quiet, without any sound at this time.

But today, for some reason, a group of young men appeared.

With nothing to do, they wandered everywhere nearby. They were visible in every building, on every floor, their actions suspicious and very strange.

Fortunately, there were few people in this community, and no one paid attention to them.

"Ah Wei, Ah Wei, where are you? Where did you run off to?" At this moment, a young man dashed out from a building, calling out someone's name.

"Stop shouting, I'm right here."

In the dark corner nearby, a figure in a trench coat and a cowboy hat emerged, with two golden firearms hanging from the waist glinting slightly in the darkness. Facing forward, back to others, stepping back a few steps out of the shadows.

"What are you doing against the wall? Turn around, we may have already found the problematic place, and Brother Ah Fei is already squatting by the door, just waiting for you." The young man said.

"What? Found it so quickly? Good, I'm on my way." Zhang Wei was surprised, hurriedly put on his pants, and left.

The damp writing on the corner wall left a word: Wei.

Soon, Zhang Wei arrived in front of the nineteenth building of the neighborhood.

A group gathered below, some smoking, some on their phones, some listening to music...

"Ah Wei is here."

"Ah Wei, hurry up, I have a date tonight, don't delay."

"Red envelope, red envelope, don't forget. We've been searching for ages, used all our connections. How can you not send us a big red envelope?"

Seeing Zhang Wei coming, many started clamoring immediately.

"Ah Fei, are you sure it's this building?" Zhang Wei pressed down the hat on his head and asked in a low voice.

The young man known as Ah Fei, squatting at the entrance, stood up and said, "It's definitely here. I got the news from the security guard nearby; a few days ago, someone took a big bag of stuff into this building and never came out after that, and no one lived in this building before."

"Maybe they're just playing games at home. I also like staying at home." Someone retorted.

Ah Fei cursed, "Cynic, go away. Didn't you smell the corpse odor when you were in the hallway?"

"Maybe someone just farted in the hallway?" Zhang Wei seriously asked.

"..."

"My nose, Ah Fei, is famous for being sharp, and I'm particularly sensitive to that smell. If it were just a fart, the person would have a rotten backside."

Ah Fei said, "Does anyone here have a rotten backside?"

"Nonsense, that's impossible, you're talking rubbish, how could I have a rotten backside."

"Don't look at me, I don't have either."

Zhang Wei advised, "Alright, give Ah Wei some face, stop arguing. Tell me, on which floor is the smell? Let's all go and check it out."

"I smelled it on the fifth floor, but I'm sure the smell wafted from the sixth floor. I counted before; there are only three households on the sixth floor, and one must have a problem." Ah Fei said.

"What are we waiting for? It's the perfect chance to make a name for myself, Ah Wei, in Dachang City today." Zhang Wei seemed a bit excited, held onto his hat, and led the charge into the hallway.

The others exchanged glances, hesitated a bit, but still followed.

Walking in the dim corridor, many couldn't help but feel nervous inside.

"Do you guys think we'll really encounter a ghost later? If this goes wrong, it could kill people. I think we should notify Brother Tui and let him handle it."

"I can't do it. I need to go to the bathroom first."

At this moment, someone clasped his stomach, looking pained, but before he finished speaking, he had already turned around and fled.

"I need to go to the bathroom too." Another person ran off.

"What bathroom? They're obviously scared. Why are you going too?" Ah Fei cursed, seeing a companion nearby wanting to leave too.

That person said, "They went to the bathroom without bringing paper, so I'm giving them some."

In the end, unable to stop him, he slipped away.

The large group had barely reached the fourth floor when more than half had already run away, leaving only five or six people.

The ones not scared off were either stubborn or unbelieving, or simply bold.

"Let them go, good thing I didn't count on them from the start; after all, people still have to rely on themselves." Zhang Wei muttered to himself, already reaching the sixth floor of the building.

Sure enough.

There was a faint corpse smell on this floor.

Ah Fei sniffed around, his face not looking good, pointing to the door of 602, "The smell wafts out from here; there must be a dead body inside."

"Pry the door open, let's go in and see." Zhang Wei said.

"The door seems unlocked, the lock is broken." Someone discovered the door could be pulled open, not locked at all.

After opening, a much stronger corpse odor wafted out. The room inside was pitch black without the slightest light, yet shadows seemed to move within, not peaceful at all.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, a gunshot rang out.

"Damn, Ah Wei, what are you doing, almost shot me." A companion standing by the door cursed.

Zhang Wei holding the gun said, "Nonsense, I think I saw someone inside, so I acted first. With my shooting skills, would I hit you?"

"Did you hit anything?" Ah Fei asked.

"Definitely hit; there's no way I'd miss at this short distance." Zhang Wei said confidently.

"Then why is there no movement?" People hesitated at the door, unsure, and dared not enter.

Zhang Wei said, "I'll go check first, you watch my expression and act accordingly."

After speaking, he strode inside.

Soon.

The inside lit up; it was Zhang Wei's flashlight. He shone the flashlight around the dark room and found nothing, then looked at the wall before him.

There were no bullet holes in the wall.

In other words, the bullet must have hit something, and the bullet must have been carried away in that thing's body.

If the bullet missed, there would definitely be a bullet hole in the wall.

"Aren't you turning on the lights?" Seeing Zhang Wei roaming inside without incident, someone peeked in cautiously and turned on the lights.

The room suddenly brightened.

"What's up, nothing here." Seeing all clear, others' guts grew stronger.

Several entered curiously to look around.

"Could it be in the room?" Ah Fei sniffed around, standing at a door to a room, sniffing.

The smell seemed to waft from there.

The next moment, Zhang Wei kicked open the door, shining the flashlight inside.

The room only had a bed, with some bloodstains on it, the blood rancid and blackened, emitting a vile stench. The blackened areas vaguely outlined a humanoid shape as if someone had recently lain there.

"A wasted trip, let's go back, definitely got the wrong place." Zhang Wei cursed, stepping out of the room.

Ah Fei scratched his head too, sensing something amiss.

The odor inside the room wasn't as strong as anticipated, shouldn't have drifted outside like that.

The others, seeing it was a false alarm, felt it boring as well, turned off the light, locked the door, and prepared to leave.

Yet no one noticed, among the crowd going downstairs, an inexplicable extra person emerged, blending naturally, not incongruous, unnoticed by others, feeling neither familiar nor unfamiliar.

Ah Fei looked around cautiously.

He seemed to smell that corpse odor, right within the crowd.

Chapter 917 - Riverside

The bright sunlight streamed into the room through the expansive floor-to-ceiling glass windows.

It was yet another beautiful and peaceful day.

On the spacious and comfortable bed, Zhang Liqin slowly woke up. She stretched lazily, and though wearing loose pajamas, her mature and curvaceous figure was still apparent, evoking a natural sense of allure.

Her eyes glanced to the side.

The room was empty.

Yang Jian was not here.

In fact, he had left last night after she had fallen asleep.

"Yang Jian's interest in me is fading more and more." Zhang Liqin fell silent, feeling a vague sense of crisis in her heart.

This implied that if things continued this way, she would become a dispensable presence, easily replaced at any moment.

She thought of Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan also seemed to have noticed this, so she changed tactics and went to Yang Jian's hometown to ingratiate herself with his aunt. Most likely, her thinking was that if she couldn't be Yang Jian's lover, she'd settle for being part of his family.

Looking at the thick notebook by the bedside.

Zhang Liqin understood Yang Jian's past and everything he had been through.

She was aware that Yang Jian, to reach this point, had let go of emotions, desires, and even life itself, becoming an incomprehensible anomaly.

Love no longer existed in the hearts of people like him.

And yet, she had fallen for someone she shouldn't have.

If the day ever came when Yang Jian dismissed her, Zhang Liqin didn't know how she would survive in this world filled with supernatural phenomena. Perhaps she'd become paranoid until she went mad, or she might be unable to withstand the immense pressure and choose to end her life prematurely.

After all, she knew too much.

The more she understood about the supernatural circle, the deeper her fear grew. And the deeper her fear, the more she appreciated the significance of Yang Jian's existence.

As she gazed at the bright and sunny world outside, sitting on the bed, her entire being felt devoid of warmth. Instead, an indescribable chill crept over her, making her shudder.

This was a psychological condition, not actual coldness.

As long as Yang Jian wasn't present, Zhang Liqin always felt this way.

She let out a sigh before pulling herself together, getting up, freshening up, and putting herself together for the start of another day.

She still had to go to the company and work today.

"If life could always stay like this, it wouldn't be too bad," Zhang Liqin thought to herself.

Today, she wore a professional short skirt with black high heels, exuding both maturity and sensuality.

Yang Jian's affluent lifestyle had made it possible for her to wear different outfits nearly every day, experimenting with various styles. She also took great care to maintain her figure, ensuring she could live up to all of this.

"What's he doing over there?"

Just as Zhang Liqin was about to grab her car keys and head out to work, she noticed that Yang Jian hadn't left the complex but was instead standing motionless by the riverbank, seemingly staring at something.

Without overthinking it.

She immediately walked over.

But before she could reach him, a car pulled up nearby and parked. A man stepped out, similarly standing by the riverbank and staring downward.

She recognized the man—Li Yang, one of the company's shareholders and a member of Yang Jian's team.

As she approached, yet another car arrived from the direction of the residential complex.

Out stepped a woman with a head full of thick, jet-black hair. Her figure was graceful, and her beauty was flawless—a sight that could spark jealousy even in other women.

Zhang Liqin knew this person too; her name was Huang Ziya.

"Something's happened?" Unease stirred in her heart.

For two members of Yang Jian's team to gather, the matter was almost certainly related to a supernatural incident—something an ordinary person like herself had no place in.

Zhang Liqin wanted to turn around and leave, pretending she hadn't seen anything, and continue on to work as planned.

But being already there, if she didn't go over to say hello it might seem impolite, especially since Yang Jian was present.

"President Yang, what are you looking at?" Zhang Liqin arrived at the riverbank, standing behind Yang Jian, and cautiously peeked around to glance at the water.

The river water was clear, rippling gently, and under the sunlight, appeared somewhat luminous.

The river view was beautiful.

This was also the origin of the name Guanjiang Residential Complex.

But as she continued watching, Zhang Liqin felt something was amiss.

Bubbles were rising from beneath the river, and the water began to turn murky. Then, a pallid, bloated, misshaped corpse-like face surfaced from below the water. Its dark, tangled hair spread out like a mass of aquatic weeds, eerie and disconcerting. What was most peculiar was that it was only a face—no body, no limbs.

The skin of the face was connected to the scalp as though it had been peeled alive from someone's head.

"Ah!"

Zhang Liqin cried out, instinctively taking a step back. Her high heels wobbled, and she nearly stumbled to the ground.

A cold, powerful hand grabbed her firmly, steadying her posture.

Yang Jian's expression was impassive, his face tinged with a certain coldness as he said, "What do you make of this?"

The drowned face that had floated to the surface began sinking back into the water, but elsewhere on the river, bubbles continued rising. The water grew even murkier, and more things began to emerge.

It was half of a human leg, its severed end ragged and torn as though it had been ripped apart while decomposing.

"This isn't an incident originating in Dachang City. Judging by the situation, a supernatural event must have occurred elsewhere and is now affecting this place. If it were local, we would have already received reports of related deaths," Li Yang said, frowning.

He then gazed northward along the river.

"There's likely an issue upstream."

Huang Ziya added, "I reviewed the file on that A-level supernatural event yesterday. The prime suspect is the incident codenamed Ghost Lake. It's an unresolved case, and now it's likely spiraling out of control, affecting this area."

"Ghost Lake? Can something so distant still affect this place?" Li Yang paused, calculating the distance between the paranormal site and here.

It's at least several hundred kilometers away.

"Not so much an effect—more like supernatural contamination. It may not matter to us as ghost wielders, but for ordinary people, it could be deadly." Yang Jian crouched down and dipped his hand into the river water.

Under the sunlight, the water felt unusually cold, or so he thought.

"Notify Liu Xiaoyu to start her work and seal all water sources within Dachang City's jurisdiction," he said.

Li Yang nodded but hesitated before adding, "Sealing the water isn't a major issue, but doing so will cause a water shortage throughout Dachang City since the domestic supply system will be affected too."

"Domestic concerns aren't our responsibility. Let others worry about that. At the very least, wait a few days to observe the situation. If things escalate, Headquarters won't just sit idly by," Yang Jian replied.

Li Yang nodded again.

Yang Jian continued, "And keep people away from the riverbank to prevent further casualties."

Huang Ziya offered, "Perhaps we could take on the Ghost Lake incident ourselves."

Li Yang shook his head in mild exasperation. "No, it's impossible."

"Why not? If our team acted together, we'd have a solid chance," Huang Ziya countered.

Li Yang looked helpless. "Because we're stretched too thin. Both the team leader and I are waiting for the Ghost Post Office's next delivery task. If that arrives, we'll have to return there immediately. Once the team leader and I leave, trying to deal with Ghost Lake with whoever's left will be far more difficult."

"I see," Huang Ziya conceded, ultimately dropping the matter.

There were far too many supernatural incidents, and even tackling them one by one required considerable time. Not to mention, the risks were extreme, with a high likelihood of losses.

"Let's head back. Just stay attentive to this matter. If it remains unresolved in the coming days, I'll reconsider," Yang Jian said, standing up and leaving the riverbank.

"President Yang, wait for me," Zhang Liqin hurried after him.

"These paranormal events keep popping up—looks like things are well out of control now," Li Yang murmured, standing by the river, his already poor complexion appearing even graver.

Huang Ziya remarked, "Wasn't this inevitable?"

"Yes, but I didn't think it would escalate this fast," Li Yang said, shaking his head before departing as well.

"Drive to the company. We're going to be late for work," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Liqin nodded, more than happy to accompany Yang Jian to and from work.

But Yang Jian was lost in thought, pondering the various recent developments.

The curse of the Ghost Cabinet, anomalies in the river, the fugitive Chen Qiaoyang, the delivery task for the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office...

Every single issue was deeply troubling.

And it didn't even touch on the worsening situation brought about by the loss of control over these supernatural events.

Chapter 918 - The Road that Appears Again

Over the past two days, Yang Jian arranged company matters, drafted a duty schedule for Feng Quan and Tong Qian, and strengthened the security measures in Dachang City.

Getting attacked at their doorstep must never happen again.

Liu Xiaoyu quickly adapted to her work, and everything returned to the state of normal operations.

During this time.

Yang Jian heard that Zhang Wei had established a new department in the company called the Dachang City Information Department.

He somehow gathered a group of vibrant young men, pampering them with good food and drinks, while leading them aimlessly around Dachang City every day. According to him, their job was to collect suspicious information from every corner of the city and protect Dachang City in secret.

However, Yang Jian chose not to interfere. After all, it wasn't a bad thing, and the company didn't mind the costs.

Today.

Yang Jian was driving home after work as usual.

In the car sat Zhang Liqin and Liu Xiaoyu.

Liu Xiaoyu rested her head on her hand, absentmindedly gazing out the window. Suddenly, she asked, "Yang Jian, why is Wang Shanshan's skin so white and tender? What's her secret?"

"Why are you asking such a random question?" Yang Jian didn't want to entertain such trivial topics.

"I'm just curious and casually asking," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and then said, "The supernatural power has altered her body and changed her constitution. Haven't you noticed that Wang Shanshan's body feels cool? Her heartbeat is slow? Under ordinary standards, her physical state couldn't sustain normal survival needs, yet she's perfectly fine."

"Under these circumstances, as long as the supernatural power remains stable and doesn't malfunction, Wang Shanshan's state can maintain a near-stagnant physiological condition."

"What do you mean?" Liu Xiaoyu pressed further.

Yang Jian replied, "I mean, even in ten or twenty years, Wang Shanshan will still look the same. She won't age, and her lifespan might surpass that of ordinary people."

"That's so amazing." Zhang Liqin's eyes widened as she reacted.

Such revelations might provoke envy among countless women.

"It comes with a cost."

Yang Jian glanced at her, "If the supernatural power loses control or fails entirely, Wang Shanshan will instantly become a corpse. Her life is sustained partly by the supernatural force and partly by her physical body, achieving a precarious balance. That balance resides in my hands."

Liu Xiaoyu nodded, "I know that. I've reviewed the Ghost Slave's file. If something happens to you, Wang Shanshan would certainly lose her life."

"If that's the case, then I wouldn't mind paying such a price myself," Zhang Liqin suddenly interjected.

Being forever youthful and having her life intertwined with Yang Jian's was undoubtedly beneficial in her eyes.

After all, ordinary people involved in supernatural matters were doomed without protection. Binding her life to Yang Jian's was an unimaginable opportunity for many.

Suddenly.

During their conversation, Yang Jian abruptly swerved the steering wheel, parking the car on the emergency lane, his expression turning grave.

"What's wrong?" Liu Xiaoyu was nearly shaken out of her seat in the cabin.

Yang Jian opened the car door and stepped out, "Zhang Liqin, drive and take Liu Xiaoyu back. I have something to attend to and won't be returning home. I may be away for a few days. Don't let word slip—just say I'm home playing games."

"Alright, okay." Zhang Liqin froze momentarily before quickly moving to the driver's seat.

"Drive away now," Yang Jian instructed firmly, walking away toward a nearby alley without looking back.

Liu Xiaoyu hurriedly called out, "Keep me updated if anything happens!"

Zhang Liqin said nothing more, glanced at Yang Jian, and promptly stepped on the gas, driving away.

She understood Yang Jian's personality. In moments like these, any extra word spoken or second wasted was foolishness. Yang Jian despised useless people lacking situational awareness.

Thus, Zhang Liqin made her exit decisively, without any hesitation.

Just as the car left.

Yang Jian's phone rang, and Li Yang's voice came through, "Captain, the path to the post office has appeared again. Are we going?"

At this moment, Li Yang was still at Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Yang Jian answered, "Yes, bring two Ghost Candles."

This time, he had received a batch of essential supplies from Shen Liang, including the red Ghost Candles. He intended to use them.

"Alright, captain. See you at the post office." Li Yang ended the call.

Yang Jian set his phone aside, his gaze cold as he stared at the alley ahead.

To regular eyes, this was just an insignificant alley. But to his sight, the alley turned into a winding path stretching afar, leading to an old building from the Republic of China Period. A signboard hung on the entrance to the eerie building, surrounded by flickering, multicolored neon lights.

An oppressive and sinister atmosphere filled the air.

The Ghost Post Office!

"This came sooner than expected. I just finished the last delivery not long ago. How many days have passed? A new delivery mission is already here?"

Yang Jian found this unusual. According to his expectations, Ghost Post Office's missions should take at least one or two months to appear.

But barely over a week had passed.

Of course, another possibility was that he was simply unlucky, always landing right on the timing for a delivery mission.

Striding forward, Yang Jian stepped onto the irreversible path. His hand conjured an oddly fractured golden spear seemingly out of nowhere.

With this supernatural weapon in hand and his own transformed existence, Yang Jian felt confident in fully resolving the enigma of Ghost Post Office.

He kept walking.

His figure gradually blurred, and the cityscape of Dachang City behind him slowly disappeared as though swallowed by the surrounding darkness.

The Ghost Post Office building became increasingly clearer.

The neon lights shone more dazzlingly.

Unknowingly, Yang Jian had walked along the supernatural path, leaving Dachang City and arriving at an unexplored realm. This place defied understanding, consisting solely of the Ghost Post Office building amidst total darkness, where venturing further risked losing oneself entirely.

At this critical moment, he naturally refrained from poking into other areas out of curiosity.

"Captain."

At the entrance, Yang Jian noticed a blurry figure emerging not far behind him. It was Li Yang approaching.

The post office path led to different places, but the destinations always converged.

"Relax. We've dealt with the Wang Family Mansion in Dadong City before; this Ghost Post Office is no big deal," Yang Jian spoke in a flat tone, easing Li Yang's tension.

Clearly, despite Li Yang's growth, he still greatly feared Ghost Post Office.

Perhaps this had to do with his connection to supernatural forces—he always sensed the presence of ghosts around here.

Li Yang nodded silently.

They pushed the door open.

"Cough, cough." A heavy, sickly cough interrupted them.

"You shouldn't be here." The voice was familiar—it was Sun Rui, the person in charge of Dahan City.

Codename: Sick Ghost.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he remembered. Sun Rui was still lingering on the first floor of Ghost Post Office. By now, he had been here for at least half a month.

Surviving in this place for half a month required not just ability, but immense mental resilience.

"It's me, Sun Rui." Yang Jian stepped through the door, feeling the creak of the old wooden floor beneath. The air was damp and gloomy as he returned to the first-floor lobby of Ghost Post Office.

The lobby housed an old counter where a sickly pale man, almost corpse-like, sat stiffly, propped up by a golden cane, eyes closed.

Beside the counter, an antique oil lamp flickered faintly, casting an amber glow.

The oil burned with an ominous stench that lingered, resembling the rotting odor of decayed corpses.

A gun lay on the counter, but its ammunition was spent, with the hammer uncocked.

Hearing Yang Jian's voice, Sun Rui's eyes darted open. His gaze was lifeless, tired, clouded, and streaked with bloodshot veins.

"Yang Team, you're alive! I thought you died during the last delivery mission." Sun Rui appeared astonished, then hinted at faint joy.

Yang Jian asked, "Why would you say that?"

"The post office seems completely out of control now. This place is terrifying. The couriers upstairs are dying one by one." Sun Rui replied.

He referred to the third and fourth floors.

Since Yang Jian entered Ghost Post Office, nearly all first- and second-floor couriers had perished. Some third-floor couriers had survived by avoiding the 301 room delivery mission.

Chapter 919 - The Fourth Floor of the Post Office

Yang Jian was startled by Sun Rui's information—could the Ghost Post Office be spiraling out of control?

Although he had theorized this possibility before, the Post Office had operated for at least several decades. For it to suddenly lose control seemed implausible.

No.

Perhaps the loss of control had already begun, not now, but over six months ago when that elderly man from the Republic of China Period fell from the Ghost Post Office and died.

"What makes you so certain the Ghost Post Office has lost control?" Yang Jian looked at Sun Rui, hoping to glean some critical details.

Sun Rui explained, "During the time you were away, two major incidents occurred inside the Ghost Post Office. The first incident is that the fourth floor seems to have already been infiltrated by ghosts. During one of the letter delivery tasks, a small team of fourth-floor messengers was entirely wiped out. The second incident is that we've completely lost contact with the fifth-floor messengers. A fourth-floor messenger told me he found the corpse of a fifth-floor messenger inside the Post Office."

"Additionally, all communication between the fourth and fifth floors has been severed."

"What's more, the level of danger in the Post Office has drastically intensified at night. More than one malevolent ghost now roams within. I was attacked by a ghost; if not for this oil lamp, I wouldn't have survived until now."

Yang Jian's expression darkened upon hearing this.

Messengers are only supposed to die during the process of letter delivery or when cursed for destroying a letter.

It was almost impossible for messengers to die without cause inside the Ghost Post Office.

In a sense, the Post Office serves as a form of protection for messengers.

It allows them to escape from other supernatural realms, cut off the pursuit of other malevolent ghosts, and as long as they don't violate certain rules within the Ghost Post Office, each floor's messenger rooms are very secure.

However, if this balance were to break, as Sun Rui suggested, the Post Office would become horrifying beyond imagination.

"So, does that mean the letter delivery tasks are no longer meaningful?" Yang Jian asked.

Sun Rui replied, "Although the Ghost Post Office is losing control, certain rules are still functioning. This place is far scarier than it appears. Instead of risking everything to destroy it, it would be wiser to find a way to restore the Post Office to its original functioning state. You know it has existed without incident in the past, and problems only started cropping up recently."

"What does that tell you? It suggests that the Ghost Post Office used to be under someone's control—until that person ran into trouble, possibly died, and the situation has since deteriorated into this chaos."

"I propose we find the means to regain control over the Ghost Post Office as quickly as possible. Otherwise, the ghosts here will eventually spill into Dahan City. And at that point, this will not just be one isolated supernatural incident."

"Without a thorough understanding of the situation inside the Ghost Post Office, trying to control it seems impossible," Li Yang said, shaking his head in disbelief.

Yang Jian remained quiet in thought. He recalled the Door Knocking Ghost.

If the Door Knocking Ghost had, in life, controlled the Ghost Post Office, then finding where it once stayed might hold the key.

"Controlling the Ghost Post Office is the ideal solution. We can't even begin to comprehend just how many supernatural entities are interconnected in this building. Restoring balance is far easier than outright destruction," Sun Rui said, adding grimly, "Besides, I can't hold on much longer. If new people enter the Post Office, the situation will become even more dangerous than before."

"The ghosts inside the Post Office could very well be brought outside by the newcomers."

"To learn more," Yang Jian said, "we must reach the fifth floor. Only by meeting the fifth-floor messengers can we uncover more secrets. Whether to eliminate the Ghost Post Office or take control of it, everything is inseparably tied to the final level. However, after what you've just told me, I don't have much confidence in heading directly to the fifth floor."

"Exactly. If this place has truly lost control, then even stepping onto the fourth floor means the next letter delivery task could be exceedingly difficult—perhaps even one guaranteed to result in death," Sun Rui said.

He had gathered considerable intelligence during this time.

"Just destroy the letters outright?" Yang Jian suggested.

Sun Rui immediately responded, "Yang Captain, you'd better not do that. If a fourth-floor letter is destroyed, it could provoke all the ghosts in the Ghost Post Office to come out and kill you. At that point, the Post Office will serve no purpose, as it will have fully spiraled out of control."

"Surely it wouldn't be that extreme," Li Yang said, shocked.

Sun Rui shot him a look. "It would get far worse. Destroying a letter triggers the Post Office's elimination protocol against messengers. But Yang Captain is too powerful. To eliminate someone of Yang Captain's caliber, the Post Office would inevitably break its balance and undergo a complete breakdown. The supernatural phenomena wouldn't just be targeting Yang Captain anymore—it might sweep through the entire Post Office."

"Under such circumstances, survival would be nearly impossible."

Sun Rui paused, glancing at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian gave a faint shake of his head as well.

Defaulting on the task and destroying the letter was no longer an option. If every single ghost inside the Post Office emerged to hunt him down, even an anomaly like himself wouldn't be able to withstand it.

And even if he somehow managed to survive, he wouldn't have the strength left to ascend to the fifth floor.

That's why the letter on the fourth floor had to be delivered. Even if cheating was necessary, he would have to do so on the fifth floor instead.

"The fourth-floor letter still needs to be delivered. But earlier, you mentioned a team was wiped out on the fourth floor. Are there any messengers left on that floor?" Yang Jian asked.

Sun Rui answered confidently, "There are still messengers on the fourth floor, but not many. Moreover, a ghost has infiltrated the fourth floor. According to a fourth-floor messenger's analysis, during a past letter-delivery task, someone was possessed by a ghost. That person disguised themselves as a messenger and ended up in the Post Office. Because of this, the fourth floor became problematic."

"The Ghost Post Office seemed to want to eliminate that ghost as well. But since ghosts cannot be killed, it... "

Yang Jian finished for him, "So, it can only escalate the difficulty of letter delivery, until all the fourth-floor messengers are eradicated."

"That's about it. That's the current state of the fourth floor. But the deadliest part is still the fifth floor. Messengers have already died mysteriously on the fifth floor, and the exact cause is unknown," Sun Rui said.

"How much longer can you hold out on the first floor?" Yang Jian gave him a glance and asked.

Sun Rui replied, "My situation is unique. I entered the Ghost Post Office but stopped short while ascending to the second floor. Right now, I am neither a first-floor messenger nor a second-floor messenger but stuck in between. This is a loophole in the Post Office. So, I don't need to deliver letters, can maintain my identity as a messenger, and avoid being affected by the supernatural entities in the Post Office."

"All I need to do is survive the twelve hours of darkness past six o'clock each night. However, the oil in my lamp is running low. Fortunately, I don't face danger every night—just more frequently recently, as the sound of footsteps around me has been increasing."

"It's a gradual process, but conservatively speaking, I have about ten days left."

Yang Jian frowned slightly.

He could see that Sun Rui's situation was dire. He had tamed two ghosts and was relying on this special oil lamp to survive for ten more days.

"What if I add this?" After some thought, Yang Jian handed him a red Ghost Candle.

"A Ghost Candle?"

Sun Rui was a little taken aback before saying, "A single red Ghost Candle, if used sparingly, can give me two more days. The danger always seems to peak around midnight, so I can extinguish the light during the less hazardous hours."

"Then take this Ghost Candle. Once I reach the fifth floor, you should leave the Ghost Post Office. Don't get yourself killed here. Once I'm on the fifth floor, there will only be two outcomes—either the Post Office is destroyed, or I take control of it. There won't be a third option," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Alright. When you return, I'll leave this place." Sun Rui forced a faint smile, ugly but loaded with relief.

Although he was prepared to die here, he wouldn't squander an opportunity to survive if one presented itself.

"It's settled then," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui nodded and accepted the red Ghost Candle.

At that moment, the doors of the Ghost Post Office swung open once more, and two figures entered.

A young man and a somewhat petite woman who looked to be in her twenties.

Wang Shan and Yang Xiaohua.

These were the only two survivors from the last letter delivery task.

Wang Shan was a first-floor messenger who had ridden Yang Jian's coattails this far. Yang Xiaohua was a second-floor messenger and had survived the 301 Incident.

Additionally, there was a woman named Leuk Qingqing.

This woman appeared to have become a ghost tamer and was now the third-floor messenger.

In other words, apart from Yang Jian and Li Yang, only one person survived from each of the first, second, and third floors.

Now, they were all here, likely because the Post Office path had revealed itself, ready to follow Yang Jian to the fourth floor.

"Yang Jian," Wang Shan greeted warmly.

He was the lucky one, having survived the 301 City supernatural incident while sipping beer and snacking at home.

"Yang Jian, Li Yang," Yang Xiaohua also greeted them, tying her hair back. Lightly made-up, she looked pale, clearly having had a rough time recently.

Yang Jian nodded back in acknowledgment.

"Let's not waste time and check out the fourth floor."

"I'll follow your lead," Wang Shan smiled, determined to continue clutching onto his lifeline of safety.

Yang Xiaohua took the initiative to approach, but there was a hint of suspicion in her gaze as she faced Yang Jian. "I visited Dachang City recently. But why couldn't I find any information about you? It's as if you're not even from Dachang City. All I could find was someone named Ah Wei."

Before Yang Jian could answer, Li Yang sneered from the side, "A mere lawyer trying to dig up our captain's information in another city? Do you think you're some kind of secret agent? Our records are classified. If you could access them, the entire Information Department would deserve to be executed."

"The process doesn't matter; it's the result that counts. Are you looking for my information to join me?" Yang Jian asked as he walked.

Yang Xiaohua's eyes flickered. "Staying alive is the most important thing. If you can help me escape the Post Office, I'll do anything you ask."

"Same here," Wang Shan quickly added.

Yang Jian said calmly, "I doubt you'll survive the fourth-floor letter delivery task. If the Post Office's rules are as comprehensive as they used to be, there will undoubtedly be sanctions for people like you sneaking onto higher floors."

"And in the realm of supernatural incidents, human life is worth the least."

Yang Xiaohua said, "I've already written my will, but I still want to fight. Having reached the fourth floor, I'm not willing to die just like this. You also promised to help me escape the Ghost Post Office alive."

"From last time? That promise does sound familiar. But do you remember the cost I mentioned?" Yang Jian asked as he looked at her.

Biting her lip slightly, Yang Xiaohua replied, "The cost is me. You can treat me as your employee or as your woman—whatever you prefer."

"Me too..." Wang Shan attempted to interject but quickly shut his mouth.

That's definitely a no-go.

Yang Jian said, "Well said, but your actions don't seem to match."

"I went to Dachang City but couldn't find any of your information. I think you're lying to me—only using me temporarily as cannon fodder and ready to discard me once I've served my purpose. I got lucky last time, but you clearly had no intention of keeping your promise. Otherwise, you wouldn't have fed me false information."

"Don't play the victim. As Li Yang said, you couldn't find my information. That doesn't mean I lied to you. And don't overvalue yourself."

Yang Jian spoke coldly, "Nobody remembers where they tossed a random weed after pulling it out."

Weed?

Wang Shan glanced at Yang Xiaohua.

So that's how Yang Jian sees her. No wonder...

"The fourth floor is just ahead," Li Yang reminded the group at that moment.

The wooden staircase climbed upward, shrouded in an eerie mist. A thick gloom obscured the path ahead and blotted out the way back.

An indescribable sinister atmosphere polluted the air.

The destination at the end of the path faintly emerged—a floor distinctly visible through the haze.

The style of the structure was an old rectangular layout with multiple rooms. As they approached, its outlines became clearer.

Finally, after climbing the last wooden step, they reached the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office.

But as soon as they arrived...

Yang Jian noticed an unusual sight.

A male corpse hung from a dim yellow ceiling lamp in the middle of the corridor.

The body swayed slightly, and the faint light flickered as though the figure had been hanging there for quite some time.

The corpse's skin was shriveled and wrinkled, its dark, yellowish texture giving it a waxy, mummified appearance.

"A man hanged himself?" Li Yang's eyes widened. "That doesn't make sense. Corpses like this should disappear the next day in the Post Office. It shouldn't still be here."

"Normally, the Post Office removes corpses. But what if it cannot remove this one?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, his ghostly vision focusing as he prepared to step closer to investigate.

Yet, a bizarre phenomenon occurred.

As Yang Jian moved, the corpse also slightly turned, presenting only its curved back to him. Its face remained hidden.

Li Yang noticed the same thing. He tried observing from another angle but, like Yang Jian, still only saw the corpse's back. The body subtly rotated in his view as well.

"Captain, I can't see its face either," Li Yang said.

"Then it's not a matter of angles," Yang Jian concluded. "This is a paranormal phenomenon. Even if four people stood on all four sides, they'd all only see its back. Interesting. Has the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office become this deadly? Paranormal events have already normalized."

Scanning the surroundings...

Yang Jian realized something was deeply wrong. One of the rooms had its door plastered with layers of black letters, sealing the frame tightly, as though to prevent something from entering.

Other rooms were missing doors altogether, leaving hollow, pitch-black entrances that revealed nothing within.

The corridor floor was muddled with random dirt footprints. The prints seemed to have appeared out of thin air, starting and ending without any discernible path, cluttered in one area.

Finally, Yang Jian spotted a door that had turned a ghostly white, as if coated in lime powder.

But on closer inspection, he realized it wasn't lime—it was ash. Bone ash.

A supernatural kind of bone ash, laden with mysterious power.

The silence was suffocating. Not a trace of sound could be heard except for the occasional faint crackling of flickering light bulbs.

The flickering came from the bulb beneath the corpse.

"This floor is way too terrifying," Wang Shan muttered, his heart pounding with dread. It felt as though they had stepped into a domain of ultimate supernatural horror and certain death.

Looking around, it was evident that something terrifying had unfolded at each door.

The eerie markings weren't random. They were grim signs of people desperately battling against supernatural forces.

Whether those battles succeeded or failed was unclear.

But judging by the corpse swaying under the light bulb, the odds didn't look good.

"This letter delivery task is going to be crucial. Since the Post Office path is now visible, it must be directly tied to the task. But we're probably early. Under normal circumstances, the letters should appear tomorrow morning after the lights go out tonight. What time is it now?"

Yang Jian was calm, unwavering.

"It's already 5:40," Yang Xiaohua said, her voice trembling slightly.

At 6:00, the lights would go out, and malevolent ghosts would emerge inside the Post Office—something everyone was well aware of.

"We need to find a room within the next twenty minutes, or it'll be dangerous once the lights go out," Li Yang said, scanning the room numbers.

401, 402, 403... Choosing the right room seemed crucial.

No.

It was imperative to select a room that appeared relatively safe.

"Captain, what about that room?" Li Yang pointed to the door plastered with layers of black envelopes.

Wang Shan immediately nodded, "The envelopes sealing the door suggest someone stayed there before. It might be safe."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes at the door for a moment. "The envelopes are stuck to the door's exterior. If someone were staying inside, the envelopes should be on the backside of the door, not outside."

"Are you saying the envelopes aren't protecting the room but are keeping something from leaving it?" Wang Shan's face went pale as a spine-chilling assumption struck him.

Yes.

He had nearly overlooked that possibility.

That room might be keeping a ghost contained, sealed behind its door by the messengers on this floor.

"What about that room? While the muddy footprints are all around the hallway, it looks like there aren't any inside that room," Li Yang offered another suggestion.

Yang Jian frowned. "The muddy footprints prove that a ghost lingered in that area for a while. Whether the room is inherently safe doesn't matter. What matters is why the ghost kept patrolling there. Even if it's safe inside now, a ghost might still target it."

"Let's head to Room 402—the one with the white door covered in bone ash."

He seemed to recall something and sounded more resolute in his choice.

Chapter 920 - Abnormal Floor

The events that occurred on the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office during a certain time period were truly unimaginable. From the way the floor is arranged, it's obvious that the messengers once staying there had tried various preparations to survive against supernatural threats.

However, whether those preparations had any effect in the end is unknown.

Judging from the current eerie state of the fourth floor, the outcome clearly isn't optimistic.

If even the messengers couldn't ensure their survival while also completing their delivery tasks, then this would be nothing short of a nightmare for anyone.

The phenomenon of complete annihilation becomes understandable under such circumstances.

At this moment, Yang Jian stood in front of a room on the fourth floor.

402

The room number hung above the door.

Compared to other areas, the doorway of this particular room was also peculiar. The ground in front of the door and even the door itself were covered in a grayish-white powder—resembling lime but actually a special type of bone ash.

The bone ash possessed a mysterious ability to ward off supernatural and vengeful entities.

The reason Yang Jian chose this room was that he had encountered bone ash like this before.

It was during the New Year when he ran into a small team suspected to be messengers in his hometown. The leader of that group seemed to be called Lin Yue, and he carried a cinerary casket filled with bone ash.

By scattering the bone ash from the cinerary casket on the ground, they could fend off attacks from vengeful spirits.

It was a consumable supernatural item.

"I remember Lin Yue being extremely frugal with the bone ash in that cinerary casket, as if afraid to use it all at once. But this scene here is beyond any notion of frugality; the bone ash in the casket must have been used up completely. This can only mean one thing."

"The user of the cinerary casket was already in a critical moment of life and death, where all means had to be employed to resist the unknown and terrifying supernatural force."

Yang Jian frowned but still reached out to try to open the door to this room.

The bone ash at the doorway remained intact, leading him to conclude that vengeful ghosts likely hadn't breached the room. This made Room 402 relatively safe for the time being—a place to rest temporarily.

However, as his hand touched the doorknob coated in bone ash, a strong reaction occurred instantly.

The doorknob started to smoke, resembling the reaction of lime meeting water. An acrid, burnt smell filled the air, and intense pain radiated from Yang Jian's palm.

He immediately withdrew his hand.

Looking down, he saw that a large portion of the flesh on his palm was gone, exposing pale bone—a sight that was bizarre and horrifying.

Moreover, the wound seemed difficult to heal, as though it had caused permanent damage that would be extremely challenging to repair.

"Even I got injured? Looks like this bone ash isn't simply effective against vengeful ghosts—it's also harmful to ghost tamers," Yang Jian remarked.

His ghostly eye flared with a red glow, and in less than a second, all the injuries on his hand vanished.

Without hesitation, he restarted his own body.

Since the injury had just occurred and only seconds had passed, the three-second reboot was sufficient to restore him fully.

"So, we can't touch the stuff on that doorknob?" Li Yang asked, clearly flabbergasted.

"It seems that way for now," Yang Jian replied. "This bone ash treats ghost tamers as ghosts, isolating all things related to the supernatural. Yang Xiaohua, you open the door."

He then stepped back, indicating that the ordinary Yang Xiaohua should give it a try.

"If something dangerous happens, will you step in?" Yang Xiaohua hesitated briefly, seeking confirmation from Yang Jian.

"I will," Yang Jian answered calmly.

Hearing the reassurance, Yang Xiaohua nodded. She trusted Yang Jian's word but simply needed explicit confirmation.

Without further hesitation, Yang Xiaohua approached the door and grasped the doorknob coated in bone ash.

This time, she wasn't harmed—it felt no different than usual for her.

"I'm fine," Yang Xiaohua said.

"It's as I thought: ordinary people are unaffected," Wang Shan sighed with slight relief.

If ordinary people were susceptible to the same effects, Yang Xiaohua's hand might have suffered just like Yang Jian's did earlier.

Yang Xiaohua tried to turn the knob but found it immovable. She pushed it, but there was no reaction either.

"It's no use. The door seems to be locked from the inside; I can't open it easily. It's probably blocked by something behind it."

"Captain, there might still be someone inside," Li Yang suggested.

Wang Shan offered, "How about we look for another room instead? This one seems dangerous."

"Can you sense if there's a ghost inside?" Yang Jian asked, glancing at Li Yang.

Li Yang motioned for Yang Xiaohua to step aside and placed his hand on the doorknob.

The very next moment.

Li Yang felt a sharp pain as the white bone ash on the door began to emit smoke. The entire door started to tremble violently.

The ghostly energy and the bone ash clashed, repelling one another.

"I can't sense anything. The presence of the bone ash interferes with me," Li Yang admitted, shaking his head.

"I can take some time to wipe off the bone ash," Yang Xiaohua suggested.

"No need. The bone ash here serves not only as a barrier but also as protection. Leaving it intact could be advantageous later. Since the door is blocked, let's solve this with some force," Yang Jian's eyes gleamed as he raised the fractured long spear in his hand.

No special medium was necessary—only the Ghost Shadow needed to touch the Firewood Knife's hilt.

The conditions for activating the Firewood Knife were met, and Yang Jian slashed it mercilessly toward the decrepit wooden door before him.

The Firewood Knife, being a supernatural item, could dissect any other supernatural entity upon contact.

Bang!

A crack appeared in the door, and even the bone ash coating it couldn't withstand the force of the Firewood Knife.

With the door damaged, a disturbance immediately arose from within the room.

A series of hurried footsteps echoed.

"Break down the door again, and I'll kill you. Messengers from the third floor shouldn't be so arrogant. If you understand the rules, you'd know this room is already occupied. Go find somewhere else to stay."

Through the gap in the door, an old, rusty gun barrel emerged, accompanied by a warning voice.

It became evident.

The room was already inhabited by messengers.

"Does the room have your name on it? If I want to stay here, I don't need your permission. In fact, if it comes to you fourth-floor messengers, I wouldn't mind killing every last one of you," Yang Jian's tone turned icy.

His resolve remained unwavering.

Clearing out every messenger in the Ghost Post Office had always been his aim.

"And you'll have to survive until morning to make that happen," the armed individual inside sneered coldly in response.

"Why don't you fire a shot and see if I'll carry through with it?"

Yang Jian wasn't in the mood for idle threats. Raising his fractured long spear once more, he prepared to cleave the door apart.

If someone was inhabiting the room, that could only mean the room was currently secure.

He had little interest in exploring other silent, lifeless rooms at the moment.

It wasn't fear—he simply didn't want to waste precious time dealing with ghosts in unoccupied rooms.

"You're courting death..." The person holding the gun inside seemed provoked and prepared to act.

But another voice quickly intervened: "Don't act rashly. I know who's outside. Just open the door and let him in. Otherwise, we'll all end up dead."

The voice was female, chilly, and vaguely familiar.

"It's Leuk Qingqing's voice," Yang Xiaohua murmured under her breath, keeping her voice low.

She remembered Leuk Qingqing's voice from their prior encounter in Dachuan City, recognizing it instantly.

Leuk Qingqing's words clearly carried weight.

Soon enough.

The door to Room 402 creaked open.

Two figures appeared from behind the door—one was a lean, sullen-looking man with a scruffy beard, appearing to be around thirty. His face bore a ruthless and decisive air.

The other required no introduction, clad in high heels and a crimson cheongsam. Tall, slender, and alluring, her heavily made-up face remained emotionless and composed.

"I didn't expect you to make it to the Post Office so soon. During the last delivery task in Dachuan City, you certainly kept yourself well-hidden," Yang Jian said, his gaze settling on Leuk Qingqing. A fleeting yet unmistakable urge to nail her with the Coffin Nail crossed his mind.

She unnerved him deeply.

"Yang Jian, we're the same," Leuk Qingqing replied. "Who would've thought that the famous Ghost-Eye Yang Jian from the spirit world was once just a lowly messenger climbing up from the second floor? And yet, even someone like you is interested in this Ghost Post Office."

She had evidently done her homework on Yang Jian and was familiar with his background.

Such information, after all, was accessible only to those already involved with the supernatural. Ordinary individuals like Yang Xiaohua could investigate for a lifetime and still know nothing about someone like Yang Jian.

"I'm not interested in the Ghost Post Office. I'm interested in destroying it—along with every last messenger," Yang Jian stated.

The man beside Leuk Qingqing, wary of Yang Jian, seemed ready to make the first move upon hearing this.

Leuk Qingqing spoke up preemptively: "Brother Ying, I highly advise against confronting him. Top-tier ghost tamers like him are anomalies. Even if you combined all the messengers on the fourth floor, it wouldn't be enough to stop him. Save your bullets—we all want to live a little longer here."

The man—referred to as Brother Ying—was evidently using an alias, likely to conceal his true identity and shield his life outside from interference.

"If you're that capable, you shouldn't be competing with us for Room 402," Brother Ying said, his hawk-like gaze unrelenting in its sharpness and suspicion.

"So, by your logic, I should just go and stay in a room that looks like it's haunted? That's a strange way of thinking. If anything, the stronger the person, the better they should seize the safest spot," Yang Jian replied.

"Everyone, get inside. Tonight, we're staying in this room."

Disregarding Brother Ying and Leuk Qingqing entirely, Yang Jian led Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, and Wang Shan directly into the room.

Brother Ying's expression darkened as he quickly shut the door behind them, though he stood for a moment, casting a suspicious glance at the cracked section of the door, his eyes filled with uncertainty.

"Bringing two burdens along to the fourth floor— isn't that a bit reckless?" Leuk Qingqing asked, her high heels clicking against the floor as her crimson cheongsam accentuated her long, pale legs. Her eyes briefly flicked over Yang Xiaohua and Wang Shan.

"They must be the messengers you brought up from the second floor. Considering their abilities, they should've stayed there. Dragging them up here forcibly is extremely dangerous."

Yang Jian motioned for Li Yang to inspect the room, then fixed his gaze on Leuk Qingqing. "Are you saying you're not in danger staying on the fourth floor? Judging by how tense you look, you're not entirely confident you'll make it through either."

"If that's the case, what significant difference is there between a second-floor messenger and someone like you, a third-floor messenger? In my opinion, it's just six of one, half a dozen of the other."

"Captain, there's no one else in the room," Li Yang confirmed, emerging from his inspection.

"At least we're not that fragile," Leuk Qingqing remarked.

"I've heard that a ghost has infiltrated the fourth floor, supposedly disguised as one of the messengers. Now, aside from those of us here, how many messengers are left on this floor?" Yang Jian asked.

"That's a question you should ask Brother Ying," Leuk Qingqing answered.

Brother Ying, after a brief silence, said, "The delivery cycle for the fourth floor is very long—one letter every six months. This means the number of messengers on the fourth floor isn't small. I used to know quite a few, but that was before certain events. Now, only two other rooms besides this one are occupied."

"Those rooms are 406 and 407. As for how many have survived inside, I can't say for sure. But I'm certain the messengers in Rooms 401, 403, 404, and 405 are all dead."

Yang Jian recalled those other rooms from earlier.

The ones he had found particularly unsettling—they were, indeed, death traps.

"Everything started to go wrong here after certain events on the fourth floor?" Yang Jian pressed.

"Two messengers, Lin Yue and Zhao Li, arrived from the third floor, and that's when things began to change. First, the delivery tasks mutated, leading to the complete annihilation of the 401 messengers. Then, several messengers died under strange circumstances. Later, when the lights went out at night, terrifying vengeful ghosts started appearing on the fourth floor. One of them broke into Room 403, even destroying the door. I don't know what happened after that."

"For safety reasons, I left the Ghost Post Office until it was time for this delivery task," Brother Ying explained, offering a straightforward summary of what he knew without trying to hide anything.

"I suspect one of those two messengers, Lin Yue or Zhao Li, was a ghost—one that had become a messenger and infiltrated the fourth floor, causing its downfall."

"Are those two still alive?" Yang Jian queried.

"It would've been better if they were alive, but unfortunately, they're dead—killed in Room 403," Brother Ying replied. "That's why the identity of the ghost remains a mystery. What's certain is that the ghost hasn't left this floor and still exists here, now with a new identity. This is why the surviving messengers on the fourth floor are filled with distrust and refuse to cooperate."

"The bone ash at the door and the gun in your hand—where did you get them?" Yang Jian asked.

"From Lin Yue's corpse. Why? Are you trying to take them?" Brother Ying asked, his gaze locking onto Yang Jian.

"I'm not interested. Just asking," Yang Jian replied evenly.

"Don't underestimate the messengers on the fourth floor. Anyone who's made it to this level is bound to have some tricks up their sleeve," Brother Ying warned.

"If they had any skills, they wouldn't have been wiped out room by room like that," Yang Jian said calmly. "They're a bunch of incompetents who only ruin things. The messengers on the fifth floor interest me far more."

"What about that corpse hanging by the hallway light?"

"If we collaborate, I'll tell you more about what's happening here," Brother Ying offered. "Since you're from the third floor, at least I can be certain you're not the ghost. Also, this delivery task feels unique—I noticed that all the messengers have gathered, not just us."

He was pragmatic, willing to work with Yang Jian despite their earlier hostility.

Even if Yang Jian's demeanor made him hard to tolerate.

Survival trumped personal temperaments.

"Collaboration requires equality. You and Leuk Qingqing together don't measure up," Yang Jian stated.

Brother Ying frowned, recognizing that Yang Jian was confident and capable. Even Leuk Qingqing's attitude toward him was peculiar—this wasn't simply bravado.

"What terms do you propose for collaboration?"

"If you're willing to cooperate, I can let you join my temporary team. Leuk Qingqing, what do you think?" Yang Jian asked.

"If you're willing to lead, I'll join," Leuk Qingqing replied decisively.

"Agreeing so readily?" Yang Jian scrutinized her intently.

"I have no objections either, but we'll see if you're capable of being a leader. People without skills don't deserve to be captains," Brother Ying added.

At that moment, Li Yang reminded Yang Jian, "Captain, it's almost time."

Hiss—

The next second, the room was illuminated by a faint, yellowish light.

At the same time, every light in the hallway outside went out, plunging the surroundings into darkness.

At exactly six o'clock, the Post Office's lights had gone out.

But only seconds after the lights went out, there came noises from the hallway.

Thud. Thud.

It was a dull, rhythmic thudding sound, as if someone outside was banging their head against the wall.

"The danger has arrived," Brother Ying whispered, drawing a deep breath to steady his growing unease.