

Revival 931

Chapter 931 - Beyond Expectations

Past midnight, at twelve o'clock.

The supernatural phenomena on the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office seemed more active than ever before. The ghosts, previously suppressed by the rules of the post office, now felt completely out of control.

The sound of something repeatedly ramming its head against the door echoed dully.

Outside the door, hurried footsteps paced back and forth. Occasionally, the faint noises of someone moving along the hallway could be heard.

But what truly sent chills down their spines was the faint, drifting sound of singing rising from somewhere in the post office. The melody was peculiar, like an opera singer performing, the tone heavily laden with dramatic inflection. Yet, the singing intermittently faded away, disappearing as quickly as it had emerged, making it difficult to discern clearly. Judging by the distance of the sound, it seemed to come from a place far beyond the fourth floor.

Like it was carried across from outside the building, or drifting from a dimension deeper within the post office.

The emergence of these eerie phenomena compelled everyone to cover their ears, desperate to block out the unsettling noises.

At this moment.

Inside Room 404's bedroom, two corpses were already lying there.

One corpse was sprawled on the bed, in an advanced stage of decomposition. The other belonged to Wang Shan, who had died not long ago but had already begun to grow cold and stiff.

In the Ghost Post Office, the rate of corpse decay was far faster than outside.

"Bang!"

The tranquility of the room was shattered at precisely twelve twenty.

The relentless footsteps pacing outside the door suddenly ceased, followed by a heavy kick slamming against the wooden door.

The kick came so abruptly that Li Yang, who had been tasked with blocking the door, was momentarily caught off guard. Without time to react, he was sent tumbling backward, crashing onto the ground. The tightly shut door swung wide open.

Complete darkness loomed beyond the doorway.

A cold draft swept into the room, dispelling the oppressive, stagnant air hanging inside.

Yet beyond the open door, there was no one. Only a series of disordered, dense footprints upon the threshold, sprinkled lightly with dirt.

"Damn it."

Li Yang's face turned pale with terror. Although he possessed the Ghost Door Blocker ability, it wasn't feasible to use it at all times; prolonged usage would hasten his ghostly resurgence. Thus, he had leaned against the door for quick activation when needed.

But this kick—it caught him completely off guard.

Who could have anticipated that the ghost lurking outside would pace back and forth for hours, only to suddenly kick the door down with such force now, stronger than any previous attempts?

As the door swung open.

The footprints outside immediately sprang into action, ready to invade the room's interior.

This startled everyone awake, their gazes snapping toward the doorway in alarm.

Was the ghost coming in?

The same thought swept through their minds.

Yang Jian was the first to react. But rather than checking outside the door, he didn't bother glancing that way. He knew the ghost intended to enter the room, but to him, the threat wasn't significant. This particular ghost's Terror Level wasn't high—when the Ghost Candle burned earlier, it didn't dare approach. Furthermore, no one had been killed by it so far.

Instead, with a sudden movement, his ghostly eye sprang open and fixated on the people inside the room.

If someone among them truly was harboring a ghost, they would seize this critical opportunity to act now, especially after killing Wang Shan. This was an ideal moment.

Thus, Yang Jian monitored their movements closely.

"Quick, shut the door! Don't let the ghost come inside," Old Eagle growled lowly, immediately pulling out an old firearm and firing a shot at the doorway.

The gunshot wasn't deafening. Instead of bullets, it fired a fragment of bone.

The splintered bone landed on the floor outside the door, scattering into dust upon impact.

Something incredible occurred—the advancing footprints in the room suddenly halted, as if struck. The eerie marks began retreating, taking several deliberate steps backward.

The gun undoubtedly had the ability to repel the ghost.

However, this repulsion was only temporary.

Mere seconds later, the retreating footprints began moving forward once more, resuming their advance.

But those few seconds were enough.

Li Yang regained himself, sprang to his feet, and slammed the door shut once more.

The Ghost Door Blocker's supernatural power enveloped the entire room.

BANG!

The ghost outside resumed kicking the door, but this time its efforts were repelled.

"That was too close," Li Yang exhaled heavily, his forehead slick with cold sweat.

He realized his momentary lapse.

But there was no way to anticipate it—who could have foreseen such an abrupt assault hours later?

For now, the situation was under control.

"Close call. Nearly let the ghost in. Everyone okay?" Old Eagle sighed in relief.

"Too late. Someone's already dead."

Yang Jian's sharp gaze locked onto a corner of the room.

Previously, the courier named Qu Hongtao stood frozen there, as though he had witnessed something he shouldn't have. His face bore an expression of disbelief and paralyzing terror.

He had been alive moments ago, but now he drew no breath.

"Thud!"

Qu Hongtao's lifeless body toppled heavily to the ground.

"What?"

The others were stunned by this sudden demise.

Dead?

Just like that?

"It must have been the ghost inside the room. This ghost is terrifying—capable of killing a courier instantly. But who? Who is it?"

Even Liu Qingqing, a ghost tamer, felt an unsettling sense of dread. She hurriedly scanned the room, trying to identify the ghost's hidden identity.

But among the others, no one appeared suspicious.

Everything seemed unchanged from moments ago.

Even Yang Jian hadn't caught how this person died.

Despite his ghostly eye observing everyone, he hadn't uncovered a single clue amid the chaos.

This ghost wasn't merely hidden—it was beyond detection.

"I don't know. Moments ago, I could have sworn he was fine, just like me, startled into standing up by the commotion outside the door." Wang Feng's face turned grim, his hand trembling slightly.

The tension engulfing him was palpable—a mixture of fear and unease.

Qu Hongtao had stood right beside him moments ago. If it wasn't Hongtao who had died, then it would have been Wang Feng. His survival teetered solely on the edge of sheer luck.

"Before he died, I saw his eyes looking toward your side. That means the ghost is over there." Wang Feng steadied his nerves with a deep breath, pointing toward a specific area.

The direction he indicated contained two people.

Old Eagle and Liu Qingqing.

"The ghost is between you two."

"Don't be so quick to accuse!"

Old Eagle snapped coldly, "If it weren't for me repelling the ghost outside the door, we'd all be dead right now. And this is how you repay me—pointing fingers at me? Wang Feng, you're despicably ruthless."

"But Old Eagle, you're definitely the most suspicious. Liu Qingqing was right earlier—the ghost came from the fourth floor couriers. So she and Yang Jian are excluded. That leaves only you, since the fourth-floor couriers had already ostracized you, forcing you to isolate yourself in Room 402. If that doesn't indicate anything, the biggest clue lies in the items you've touched—Lin Yue's corpse, his gun, and the ashes from the Cinerary Casket."

"Lin Yue, as you all know, was the courier who ascended from the third to the fourth floor. He brought the ghost here. While he's dead now, the ghost he brought still lingers."

Wang Feng's sharp analytical skills brought his rationale forward confidently, seemingly unraveling the truth entirely.

Liu Qingqing furrowed her brows, casting a doubtful look toward Old Eagle.

Upon further consideration, the suspicions surrounding Old Eagle's role seemed stronger than Wang Feng's argument against him—or anyone else.

Now with fewer survivors left.

With Qu Hongtao and Wang Shan dead, excluding Yang Jian, Li Yang, and the ordinary human Yang Xiaohua, it narrowed the pool further: If Wang Feng and his associate weren't suspect, then the most probable candidate was Old Eagle.

Old Eagle's connections to Lin Yue's items and Qu Hongtao's final gaze toward him amplified his apparent culpability.

"So, are you the ghost?" Yang Jian, his calm expression unwavering, stared darkly at Old Eagle, his long gun now in hand.

Liu Qingqing immediately retreated several steps, creating more distance between herself and Old Eagle.

Old Eagle hurriedly started defending himself, "No, I'm not the ghost. Yang Jian, don't act impulsively. Even if you kill me, the ghost would still remain in the room. I don't want my death to end up proving Wang Feng's assumption wrong."

"Wang Feng's deductions make sense. Even I think he's right." Yang Jian rose slowly.

"Those attacked by the ghost often don't realize it themselves. When I delivered letters before, I saw this firsthand—people getting killed by ghosts, borrowing supernatural powers temporarily to stay alive, convinced they were safe. Old Eagle, your denial doesn't surprise me at all. If it weren't the case, the ghost wouldn't have hidden this deeply, evading detection after all this time." Wang Feng explained further.

"Stop! I swear I'm not the ghost! You must believe me. If I were, I wouldn't have helped earlier when the ghost was trying to get in." Old Eagle pleaded as Yang Jian approached him, retreating helplessly.

He knew too well—if Yang Jian attacked, he wouldn't stand a chance, guilty or innocent.

Yang Jian's ghostly eye glimmered red, its vivid hue striking even in the dim room. His long gun held steady, aimed decisively toward Old Eagle.

He acted.

Old Eagle quivered in terror as if he could tangibly sense death creeping toward him.

But in the next instant, the cracked long gun pierced downward sharply, embedding itself into Wang Shan's rotting corpse on the floor.

Yang Jian said coldly, "Of course it isn't you. Because the real ghost is Wang Shan."

The corpse trembled grotesquely, emitting a chilling, blood-curdling scream that startled everyone. But mere moments later, the body no longer stirred.

The Coffin Nail's suppressive force took effect—no ghost could escape its hold.

Chapter 932 Analysis

Everyone thought Yang Jian was really going to act and kill Eagle, but unexpectedly, he turned his attack on the motionless corpse of Wang Shan lying on the ground.

This move defied everyone's expectations. No one had even considered that Wang Shan's corpse might be the ghost. After all, Wang Shan was the first victim and had always been inconspicuous and low-profile before.

After all, a messenger who managed to mix in from the first floor had neither skill nor threat—practically cannon fodder. Who would bother to pay attention to him?

But then.

The moment Yang Jian stabbed Wang Shan's corpse with the Coffin Nail, that cold, stiff body twitched eerily, and then emitted a spine-chilling scream, like that of a vengeful ghost.

The corpse seemed to have resurrected.

The appearance of this phenomenon was enough to prove the problem.

Wang Shan's corpse indeed had issues; otherwise, how could a perfectly intact corpse spontaneously produce such an eerie disturbance?

"How is this possible?" Leuk Qingqing was shocked, unable to believe that Wang Shan was the infiltrating ghost.

This utterly defied common logic.

Wang Shan had followed Yang Jian all the way to the fourth floor and hadn't left the group at all—there was absolutely no reason for him to be the ghost.

However, the piercing scream emitted by the corpse just now was undeniable evidence, no matter how incredible it may seem. Reality was staring everyone in the face, forcing acceptance.

Eagle stared at Wang Shan's corpse on the ground, his expression full of uncertainty. A moment ago, he had thought he himself might be the target—he hadn't expected Yang Jian to uncover the actual ghost.

"This can't be right. How could it be Wang Shan?"

Yang Xiaohua echoed in disbelief.

Wang Feng observed everything silently, his gaze flickering thoughtfully. Although unclear on the reasoning, he knew that once the ghost's identity was confirmed and successfully controlled, it would be a relief—even the potential danger within the room would be neutralized. This might even restore balance to the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office.

Li Yang also showed astonishment: "Captain, something doesn't add up. If Wang Shan really was the ghost, then he must have been problematic back on the second or third floor. So how could he have followed us all the way here without making a move?"

Yang Jian stared coldly at Wang Shan's corpse. His earlier choice wasn't a sure bet—it had been more of a speculative gamble.

After all, if the gamble failed, it wouldn't have mattered.

Wang Shan was already dead, and stabbing his corpse wouldn't make a difference.

"He probably didn't become the ghost on the second or third floor but was instead infiltrated by the ghost on the fourth floor. As for the exact timing, I can't say. This ghost isn't the physical kind we're familiar with, but more like a curse—an abstract existence."

"This ghost could hide within the body of any messenger, gradually eroding their consciousness—even the messenger himself wouldn't realize it. Only when the ghost began killing would it swiftly take over the messenger's identity."

"So you were just blindly gambling and found the culprit by pure luck?" Leuk Qingqing remarked.

Yang Jian shot her a glance and said, "No, not quite. I've been sitting here this whole time, replaying everything that's happened along the way. I've gone over it several times and pinpointed only one suspicious moment—when we lit the Ghost Candle to fend off the Door-Opening Ghost in the corridor earlier."

"That ghost descended from an unknown stairway, wandering through the corridor. It passed by Eagle without stopping, passed by you without pausing, but stopped briefly when it passed Wang Shan."

"At that time, we all assumed the same position. If the ghost wanted to attack someone, it would've targeted the last person in line—Eagle."

Li Yang interjected, "Wasn't it because there was a lamp on that corridor? The Door-Opening Ghost influenced the light, which stopped it there, didn't it?"

"That's what I thought at first—I assumed the ghost was focused on the lamp. But after careful reasoning, I found inconsistencies. If the ghost wanted to influence the corridor's lamp to make it light up, what's the point?"

"Light can attract other ghosts, much like the white Ghost Candle. So, I suspect the Door-Opening Ghost manipulated the lamp to attract other ghosts for the sole purpose of killing Wang Shan nearby."

"No one understands ghosts better than other ghosts. Chances are the Door-Opening Ghost recognized Wang Shan's nature as the ghost. However, it couldn't communicate this to us due to the Post Office's rules and constraints, so it resorted to ghostly methods to deal with another ghost."

Wang Feng commented, "So when Qu Hongtao was killed earlier, his last glance wasn't toward Eagle or Leuk Qingqing but toward Wang Shan's corpse at his feet?"

From that earlier position, Eagle and Leuk Qingqing were indeed the closest to the corpse.

Yet, everyone overlooked the unassuming corpse, mistaking Eagle or Leuk Qingqing as the ghost instead.

"Exactly. Within the scope of his vision, besides Eagle and Leuk Qingqing, there was also Wang Shan's corpse. When the ghost killed for the second time, it had already exposed its location. From my perspective, the ghost's identity was almost certain—it was either Eagle or Wang Shan," Yang Jian said coldly.

"If my judgment was wrong and Wang Shan's corpse wasn't the problem, then next, I wouldn't hesitate to eliminate you."

With that, he shot a glance at Eagle.

"It's the only way to make sure there's no error. Otherwise, the ghost would continue moving, infiltrating another messenger's body and changing identities—it would be tough for even me to identify it unless we killed everyone unrelated to the situation."

Eagle wiped a faint bead of sweat from his forehead and muttered, "Looks like my luck is pretty good."

"It's not luck; it's the inevitable result of the process of elimination. If he wasn't the ghost, then you were. There's no mistake in that." Yang Jian responded.

Leuk Qingqing said, "You're gambling on a single suspicious point to identify the least likely candidate—Wang Shan's corpse—as the ghost? Only you would dare think like that. Didn't you notice anything off when Wang Shan died earlier?"

"It's precisely the oddness surrounding Wang Shan's death that made me suspicious. If a ghost wanted to kill someone without a hint of warning—its easiest target would be Wang Shan, who had already been infiltrated. Hence, he simply died silently in his sleep. Remember, even Qu Hongtao still had a moment's reaction time before he died."

"That startled, terrified expression proves it. This ghost can kill, but its murders must adhere to the ghost's killing rules—what these rules are, I'm not sure. But there's one thing I am certain about."

"The ghost infiltrating the fourth floor can actively trigger others to set off its killing rules."

Li Yang exclaimed, "Doesn't that make it function like a Spirit Controller?"

"Not quite. A Spirit Controller can fully control supernatural powers, while this ghost can only selectively trigger them. For this ghost to kill someone, it must target them, ensuring that person sets off the killing rules before initiating the attack. Spirit Controllers don't need such restrictions—they can act anytime, anywhere."

Yang Jian glanced down.

Wang Shan's cold, stiff corpse lay on the ground, but its head was subtly turned toward the recently deceased Qu Hongtao.

The ashen eyes within revealed a numb and sinister malice.

In the dim environment, combined with its understated presence, no one would pay attention to such minute details.

To Yang Jian, the most confounding thing wasn't this—it was that when he attempted to extract Wang Shan's memories, he couldn't find even a trace of the ghost.

This suggested that the ghost was exceptionally unique, hidden far deeper than expected.

Under such circumstances, Yang Jian felt Wang Shan wasn't merely the ghost, but rather someone being controlled by it.

"Controlled by the ghost? That reminds me of Dachang City's second leader, Zhao Kaiming. On the surface, he's a Spirit Controller, but he's actually just a pathetic man being manipulated by a ghost. Wang Shan's situation is even worse—at least Zhao Kaiming knew he was under ghostly control, while Wang Shan didn't even realize he had a problem."

"If this ghost were to leave the Ghost Post Office and emerge outside, no authority figure could contain it."

Yang Jian mulled over this and felt an unspoken relief.

A ghost capable of silently controlling the living—even if its killing efficiency was low—was extremely dangerous.

Still, one thing baffled Yang Jian.

If this ghost was indeed the one brought in by Lin Yue, would that mean it stemmed from the ghost unleashed when Yang Jian tore up Lin Yue's letter?

Yet the Post Office released these ghosts to wipe out messengers. Then, the messenger became infiltrated by the ghost, returned to the Post Office, causing the Post Office itself to lose control...

Thinking this through.

Wasn't the Post Office essentially sabotaging itself?

Yang Jian furrowed his brow.

Meanwhile, the messengers on the fifth floor were reportedly facing dangers too.

This wasn't just about the fourth floor being out of control—it seemed the entire Ghost Post Office was problematic.

Questions and mysteries appeared to be multiplying.

Chapter 933 The Letter that Drifted Down

The traitor has been exposed.

The potential danger has been neutralized, bringing a collective sigh of relief to everyone. Otherwise, if people kept dying suddenly every now and then under such immense pressure, the entire team would have been in disarray, with the casualties far exceeding just Qu Hongtao and Wang Shan.

Yang Jian's sharp intuition and almost unbeatable terrifying abilities once again earned everyone's trust and respect.

Even Wang Feng, who was deprived of his supernatural artifact earlier, had nothing to say now.

In fact, if Yang Jian were willing, Wang Feng might even join his team and follow his command.

After all, no one could have handled the previous situation better than Yang Jian. The ghost was identified and successfully restrained before it could kill a second person.

If it had been someone else, chances are the only survivor in the room would have been that ghost—no one could have fought it successfully.

"Get some rest. There are just a few hours left before dawn; let's hope everything goes smoothly tonight," Yang Jian said, nailing Wang Shan's corpse with the Coffin Nail and personally guarding it to prevent any accidents.

He didn't even trust Li Yang to use the Ghost Gate to dispose of the ghost.

If possible, he intended to find the most secure method to imprison it, maybe welding it shut in a gold box forever.

This thing must never be let out.

"The hurried footsteps outside the door seem to have returned to normal. No, wait, the frequency of those footsteps moving back and forth has slowed down; it's leaving..." Li Yang immediately noticed the change outside.

After the earlier incident where the ghost kicked the door open, he was extremely vigilant.

"The ghost has left Room 404."

Outside the door, the sound of footsteps grew fainter, as if someone was sprinting into the darkness.

"Perhaps the ghost outside the door was attracted here by Wang Shan," analyzed the man nicknamed Eagle. "Otherwise, how could it be so coincidental? Just as things inside are settled, the footsteps outside recede. Even earlier, when the ghost kicked the door, it behaved the same way."

"Two ghosts working together, one inside the room and one outside, killing in tandem... If someone told me they weren't connected, I wouldn't believe it," Eagle added.

Wang Feng said, "This matter is over; there's no need to dwell on it. Let's just focus on making it through the night and think about how to handle tomorrow's letter delivery task. I need some rest now; otherwise, I won't make it."

Being in a constant state of extreme mental tension, and with the possibility of receiving a letter delivery task tomorrow, Wang Feng decided to use this chance to rest and restore a bit of energy.

Even though there were corpses around him, as well as a restrained ghost...

As one of the seasoned messengers surviving on the fourth floor, his psychological resilience had been honed over time.

He leaned against the wall right away and began resting.

Another messenger from the fourth floor also followed suit, seizing this opportunity to recover as much as possible.

No one knew what might happen next.

"I'll rest too. Yang Jian, call me if anything happens; I remain alert," Eagle said, nodding toward Yang Jian.

Leuk Qingqing didn't need sleep. She simply stood there motionless, lost in thought.

Time ticked by slowly.

After a series of successive supernatural attacks, the latter half of the night seemed calmer.

The footsteps outside the door had departed; the vicinity appeared relatively safe with no ghosts approaching.

However, this was true only for the bedroom of Room 404. Danger still lurked outside—for instance, at around 3 a.m., everyone heard a piercing scream echoing from one of the rooms on the fourth floor.

Judging from the earlier disturbances...

A ghost had smashed through a room's door and invaded inside, killing the messenger who had been hiding within.

By 4 a.m., hurried footsteps sounded again in the hallway, as if a ghost were running laps around the corridor. The sound grew fainter and fainter until it disappeared completely.

Where the ghost had gone was anyone's guess.

At 4:30 a.m., the intermittent opera singing from outside the Ghost Post Office finally ceased and didn't recur.

Supernatural phenomena gradually waned as dawn approached.

Unknowingly...

The night had passed.

Six o'clock arrived.

In the dim room, a series of faint vibrations were heard.

Many had set alarms to ring at 6 a.m. as a reminder.

"Time's up, it's already six," Li Yang finally dared to move. He relaxed his tense body, stretched, and spoke.

The others had long woken up; none had fallen into deep sleep, merely napping briefly.

"What a long night. I honestly thought I'd die here... I can't believe I made it through," Eagle muttered as he cracked his neck and exhaled deeply.

He couldn't bear to stay in this room any longer.

The stagnant air mixed with the stink of decaying corpses was suffocating.

Before, surviving left no choice—but given the chance, everyone wanted to leave this cursed place.

"Li Yang, open the door and check outside. Let's keep an eye out for the letter delivery task," Yang Jian ordered.

He glanced to the side...

To his surprise, Yang Xiaohua had fallen asleep. Curled on the floor, one hand clutching the hem of her clothing.

"Don't sleep—wake up," Yang Jian nudged her.

Yang Xiaohua stirred groggily awake, blinking her unfocused eyes.

"You've got some nerve to sleep," Wang Feng remarked with a hint of mockery, shaking his head slightly.

At this rate, Yang Xiaohua would likely be eliminated in the next delivery task.

Wang Feng had seen plenty of messengers like her—those who relied on luck to ascend quickly only to perish inevitably later.

The door opened.

Outside remained enveloped in darkness...

The oppressive blackness had lessened slightly, allowing for a faint glimmer of light in the hallway, just enough to make out the surroundings.

That was the nature of the post office.

Even during daylight, it remained heavily shadowed and murky.

The group left the bedroom, exiting Room 404 into the hallway.

"Phew!"

Everyone exhaled deeply; their bodies felt almost as if they were decaying, emitting a foul odor.

"Creak."

At the same time, doors to other rooms began to open.

The door with its surface plastered in black letters opened.

A young man in his early twenties stepped out with a calm demeanor. Clearly, he too was a messenger who survived the night's dangers.

"Qin Kai?" Wang Feng recognized him. "You made it out alive after all."

"If you're still alive, why wouldn't I be? Qu Hongtao is gone, Zhu Lei hasn't shown up either. Looks like they're dead. Judging by your state last night, you didn't have it easy," Qin Kai said, his tone steady.

To Qin Kai, the previous night's peril seemed insignificant.

This wasn't bravado but supreme psychological resilience, having conquered his fear of malicious spirits.

Wang Feng replied, "You also only managed to survive by yourself."

"Didn't expect it to be so lively this morning, with this many people. I honestly thought all the fourth-floor messengers had practically died out," said a middle-aged man as he opened the door to Room 401, lighting a cigarette to relax.

Eagle shot him an incredulous glance. "Da Qiang? You were hiding in Room 401?"

Da Qiang?

Clearly a pseudonym.

The middle-aged man named Da Qiang chuckled coldly. "What a joke. I switched rooms three times last night and almost got killed. But you lot... such guts, huddling together like that. Aren't you afraid of encountering a ghost that infiltrated the fourth floor?"

"The ghost has been dealt with," Eagle responded.

"What?"

Da Qiang and Qin Kai's expressions turned grim in an instant.

"Dealt with? You mean by you? Or by Wang Feng with that little hammer? Neither of you has the means to eliminate the ghost. You'd be lucky just to survive," they said, skeptical.

Eagle glanced over. "He's the one who took care of it."

Qin Kai and Da Qiang turned their eyes to Yang Jian.

They saw him holding a peculiar long spear. Its shaft was cracked, and at the other end, the rigid corpse of a young man dangled.

The corpse belonged to a stranger, someone unfamiliar—likely one of the newcomers to the fourth floor.

"Really settled?" Qin Kai still held doubts.

Wang Feng said, "I won't go into the details. Anyway, what matters is the outcome. Believe it if you want, or don't, it's up to you."

Qin Kai and Da Qiang kept quiet, still unconvinced.

Yet, the ghost was no longer roaming the fourth floor.

Which meant...

Only this handful of people were left standing. They seemed to be the entire population of the fourth floor.

The number was alarmingly low.

Bear in mind, the third floor had rooms holding three or four messengers each. Combined with others, there were at least twenty to thirty individuals.

"Enough. This isn't the time for debate. Now that daylight has arrived, we should prepare for this round's mail delivery task. I'm done staying in this cursed place," Da Qiang said, taking another drag on his cigarette.

The sooner they learned the delivery instructions, the sooner they could leave.

"Look over there!"

Suddenly...

Leuk Qingqing pointed toward the corridor's skylight.

The skylight above and below was shrouded in darkness—impossible to make out details. Yet now, a red balloon tied to a red letter was slowly drifting down.

The red balloon paused as it reached the fourth floor's level and hovered mid-air silently.

"A red letter?"

Seeing the color of the envelope, everyone frowned.

Red letters represent the post office's highest difficulty assignment. Successfully delivering one allows all messengers to ascend, bypassing the usual requirement of delivering three letters.

The late Wang Shan and Yang Xiaohua had come this way.

Still, such letters practically never appeared.

"Interesting," Yang Jian said, showing a faint smile.

It must be the final red letter.

If he delivers it, he can ascend to the fifth floor.

Chapter 934 The Red Balloon

Ten past six in the morning.

On the fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office, all the messengers gathered.

Yang Jian, Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, the Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, Wang Feng... including the two named Qin Kai and Da Qiang, there were a total of nine people.

Quite a number.

However, if you set aside Yang Jian and the others who came up from the third floor, the fourth floor messengers themselves were pitifully few—only four, not even enough to fill the seven rooms.

This is because the rest of the fourth-floor messengers were all dead.

They had died, one by one, during the post office's late-night hours, killed amidst the tasks of delivering letters.

At this moment.

Everyone stood in the corridor, staring at the red balloon floating above the atrium in the middle of the hallway. Their gazes were heavy, their thoughts unreadable.

Tied to the red balloon was a crimson envelope.

This was the mission to deliver letters this time.

But aside from the red envelope, many kept focusing their stares on the red balloon itself.

The fourth-floor messengers knew—this red balloon must be a haunted object, imbued with special powers. This was one of the hidden benefits of the Ghost Post Office. Many messengers had acquired strange artifacts either inside the post office or during delivery tasks.

Take for instance the large wardrobe from Room 404, Wang Feng's bloodstained hammer, the Eagle's vintage firearm, and Leuk Qingqing's red cheongsam...

The red balloon before them was clearly another item imbued with supernatural powers.

Its exact function was unclear, but it didn't stop everyone from coveting it.

However...

Many individuals turned their gaze toward one person.

Yang Jian, who held a cracked spear and carried a corpse.

Among the messengers on this floor, Yang Jian was the only one who acted irrationally, unrestrained and utterly fearless. His abilities were so powerful that he could face evil spirits head-on, without even worrying about being killed by them.

In this situation, who would have the nerve to challenge someone like him?

That would simply be tempting death.

"I'm taking this. Does anyone agree or disagree?" Yang Jian ignored the crowd's stares and spoke directly.

His attitude was harsh, like a landlord asserting dominion, leaving no room for negotiation.

Wang Feng, the Eagle, and Leuk Qingqing shifted their gazes slightly but said nothing, clearly acquiescing to Yang Jian's behavior. They had witnessed Yang Jian's abilities earlier. Neither the envelope nor the balloon was something they dared to vie for.

"Hmm? Wang Feng and the Eagle, messengers of the fourth floor, not daring to fight a newcomer over a letter?" A young man in his early twenties, his gaze steady, immediately noticed something amiss.

Where there's an oddity, there's a ghost.

This Yang Jian was undoubtedly much more than ordinary.

It wasn't that Wang Feng and the Eagle didn't want to compete; rather, they didn't dare.

Qin Kai and the middle-aged Da Qiang exchanged a glance, their silent understanding evident.

Neither of them had any intention of stepping forward to provoke Yang Jian over the letter, clearly worried about offending someone they shouldn't.

But remaining silent wasn't an option either.

If nobody spoke up, it was tantamount to relinquishing both the envelope and the red balloon. This would be detrimental to the messengers' survival.

To survive, messengers had to seize every opportunity to ensure their survival.

Qin Kai couldn't hold back any longer and spoke up: "The fourth-floor letter is yours, but what about the red balloon? Who does it belong to?"

"I'm taking them both. Do you have a problem with that?" Yang Jian replied indifferently.

"I don't have an issue; I was just asking," Qin Kai backed down, avoiding any conflict over the matter.

Da Qiang, standing across the hallway, saw this and chose to remain silent as well.

"The balloon is floating above the atrium; it's out of reach. How do you plan to retrieve the letter and the balloon?" Qin Kai asked.

The fourth-floor letter seemed inherently difficult to claim.

Yang Jian didn't respond but instead glanced at Li Yang.

Without hesitation, Li Yang sprang into action. He removed his jacket, revealing a white shirt beneath—a shirt now slowly staining with blood. The skin on his chest was tearing, blood seeping out, faintly outlining the shape of a door.

Supernatural power had manifested.

The red balloon, which had been floating motionlessly above the atrium, swiftly moved toward Li Yang.

Soon enough.

The red balloon, along with the crimson envelope tied below, had arrived at the hallway.

Yang Jian reached out, grabbed it, and removed the envelope.

But then, something unexpected occurred. After he removed the envelope, the thread attached to the balloon's end stuck to his arm as though fused together. The thread grew directly into his skin.

Suddenly.

The red balloon began to ascend, pulling Yang Jian's feet off the ground as he floated upward.

It defied logic.

No ordinary balloon could possibly lift the weight of a grown man.

But this red balloon wasn't ordinary—it was a haunted object, imbued with supernatural power. Logic couldn't explain it.

"This balloon is peculiar," Li Yang commented, reaching out to intervene.

"Don't act; let me observe the situation," Yang Jian replied.

He understood that the red balloon was a haunted item. This event was merely a manifestation of its uncontrollable power. If he could uncover the correct method of operation, he could regain control over it.

This was why he didn't immediately resist the balloon but instead chose to analyze.

He discovered that not only was the balloon lifting him off the ground, but even the Ghost Shadow beneath his feet rose along with him.

The red balloon seemed intent on carrying away the ghost tethered to the thread.

And as his altitude increased, Yang Jian began to feel a suffocating pressure unlike anything he had ever known.

"This balloon can suppress ghosts. If you attach its thread to a ghost, the balloon can lift it into the air, suspending it. The higher it ascends, the stronger the suppression," Yang Jian deduced, uncovering the supernatural power of the red balloon.

It was a powerful haunted artifact.

If used properly, it could neutralize a terrifying ghost by sending it into the sky.

"I wonder if it would affect ordinary humans not linked to supernatural powers?"

With that thought, Yang Jian raised his cracked spear and swung the Firewood Knife to sever the balloon's thread.

The tether snapped.

The restraint lifted.

Yang Jian returned to the ground.

Simultaneously, the red balloon descended slowly, coming to a stop near head height.

"Yang Xiaohua, you try it," Yang Jian ordered.

Yang Xiaohua's face shifted slightly as she realized the inherent danger in the balloon.

She couldn't understand why Yang Jian wanted her to test it.

"Alright," Yang Xiaohua nodded lightly.

She didn't have the luxury of refusal. This was her opportunity to prove her worth. Otherwise, she might only face death when delivering the letter.

Cautiously, Yang Xiaohua reached for the thread of the red balloon.

Nothing happened.

The red balloon didn't attack, remaining unnervingly calm without any anomalies.

"Walk a few steps," Yang Jian instructed.

Yang Xiaohua began walking while holding the balloon. She was able to move freely with it.

"I see. Ordinary humans unconnected to supernatural powers won't be attacked by the balloon. But ghost tamers will immediately get targeted and taken away. Captain, this artifact can counter ghosts," Li Yang analyzed the details.

"Exactly. It's capable of suppressing ghosts. The higher it flies, the stronger the suppression. If used wisely, it can turn the tide in critical situations," Yang Jian agreed.

Without a doubt, this artifact had functionality similar to a weaker Coffin Nail.

However, the balloon had notable limitations. Its usage wasn't convenient and required tying its thread to a ghost—a daunting challenge for messengers.

"Hold on to this for now," Yang Jian fixed his gaze on Yang Xiaohua. "If you lose it, you know the consequences."

Yang Xiaohua's body trembled slightly. "Got it. I'll keep it safe for now."

Qin Kai and Da Qiang watched with regret.

Such an invaluable object, capable of trading one ghost for another, considerably enhancing survival odds.

But in Yang Jian's hands, there was no hope for them.

At that moment.

The walls of the fourth-floor hallway began to change. Chunks of plaster peeled away one after another, revealing lines of decayed writing, seemingly written years or decades ago.

The writing was unnatural, distorted, unlike what a sane person would scribe.

"The delivery mission hints have appeared," the Eagle announced.

Everyone looked.

They saw peeling plaster across the corridor walls, revealing four sets of mission hints.

Chapter 935 requirements

After Yang Jian received the red letter on the fourth floor, the delivery task within the Post Office began to manifest.

Accompanied by the peeling of the walls in the circular corridor, twisted lines of text emerged. These words seemed to have been inscribed long ago, only now revealing themselves at the right time, under the right circumstances.

It was incredibly eerie.

It was as if the fourth floor of the Post Office had been waiting specifically for today.

Everyone was no longer surprised by such supernatural phenomena. They turned to read the words on the walls, which described the requirements for delivering the letter. Though the order was somewhat disorganized, the group quickly pieced it together.

The first rule: Three nights later, head to the Chang'an Intersection station in Dachang City and board the bus that arrives at precisely 9 PM. Get off after the bus makes three stops.

The second rule: All spirit messengers on the fourth floor must participate.

The third rule: Stay inside an ancient house for seven days. The recipient of the letter will appear on the seventh floor at midnight on the seventh night.

The fourth rule: Place the letter into the recipient's hand before they leave.

Once the information on all four walls was compiled, these were the essential instructions, without any omissions or suspicious details.

Dachang City?

But this name immediately made Yang Jian and Li Yang tense.

They were from Dachang City.

Unexpectedly, the starting point for this delivery task was in the city they were responsible for. If that's the case, wouldn't Dachang City be facing another supernatural incident?

"Because of the Hungry Ghost incident last time, most of the buses in Dachang City have already ceased operations. Only a few are still running. The letter says to get off after three bus stops—this means the delivery task will likely be confined within the city. Three stops isn't a long distance at all."

Yang Jian knew the Chang'an Intersection. As a local, there were few people who wouldn't recognize that spot.

He initially speculated that the letter might need to be delivered to the Republic Era Ancient House, as there was only one such ancient house in Dachang City, located in the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

But upon closer thought, this didn't make sense.

Because a three-stop journey wouldn't be enough to get from Chang'an Intersection to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

"So, 'bus' doesn't refer to an ordinary bus, but rather to the Supernatural Bus." Yang Jian's heart sank as he realized the gravity of the situation.

He had already suspected that the Supernatural Bus and the Ghost Post Office were somehow connected.

After all, the number of seats on the bus matched the number of rooms in the Post Office. The bus had 35 seats, excluding the driver's seat, and the Post Office also had 35 rooms.

Now, the appearance of this red letter seemed to confirm his theory.

The Supernatural Bus was likely to pass through Dachang City at 9 PM three nights later, stopping at the Chang'an Intersection station.

As for what would happen afterward, that could only be discovered after boarding the bus.

"This makes things much worse." Yang Jian recalled his previous experiences on the Supernatural Bus, and a wave of unease washed over him.

That bus had deadly ghosts as passengers.

Moreover, the number of ghosts would increase with each stop the bus made.

Add to this, the supernatural power of the bus itself influenced everyone aboard. In other words, those with supernatural powers couldn't act freely on the bus—your powers would be suppressed to a certain extent.

Of course, this suppression wasn't as absolute as that of the Coffin Nail, but rather a restriction on the capabilities of the ghost attached to you.

During his last encounter with the bus, Yang Jian could open his Ghost Eye, but he couldn't see the scenes outside the Supernatural Bus clearly—it felt weakened.

And he wasn't the only one.

Ghosts aboard the bus were also restricted; they couldn't kill indiscriminately while on the bus.

"Captain, the location is actually in Dachang City. This is going to be trouble. Dachang City might face another supernatural incident," Li Yang said, clearly worried.

"You're from Dachang City?"

Eagle, still reading the four rules repeatedly, was startled upon hearing Li Yang's comment and looked at them with surprise.

Leuk Qingqing's eyes subtly shifted. She knew that Yang Jian was the person in charge of Dachang City. Within the supernatural circles outside, this wasn't a closely guarded secret—it was almost semi-public information.

"That's right, Li Yang and I are from Dachang City."

Yang Jian cast a glance over and warned, "So when you come to Dachang City, don't even think about causing trouble; otherwise, I'll eliminate you all before the delivery task even begins. To me, the number of letter carriers on this mission doesn't matter."

Eagle fell silent, fully understanding the underlying warning and threat in Yang Jian's words.

"Since the letter and task are clear now, we should head out. Dachang City is still quite a distance away, and I have no intention of being late," Wang Feng decided, eager to set out immediately and arrive in Dachang City ahead of schedule.

"A red delivery task—this is my first time encountering one. If we're not careful, it might lead to the entire team being wiped out. Everyone should tread cautiously," Leuk Qingqing said, not intending to linger either.

At this moment, the staircase leading down to the Post Office's first-floor lobby had appeared.

All the spirit messengers could use the stairs to leave.

"Li Yang, let's head back too. We need to prepare early to avoid any surprises,"

Yang Jian said before glancing at Yang Xiaohua. "Next time, I want to see you holding that red balloon when you come."

"I will," Yang Xiaohua nodded.

Saying no more, Yang Jian carried Wang Shan's corpse down the stairs, his figure quickly vanishing from sight.

"I should leave this cursed place quickly too." Yang Xiaohua glanced at the red balloon in her hand, took a deep breath, and prepared to leave.

But at that moment.

The middle-aged man named Da Qiang called out to her, "Hey, I need to ask—who exactly was that person just now? He doesn't seem ordinary."

"You're asking me? Who should I ask? All I know is his name's Yang Jian, he lives in Dachang City, his identity is mysterious, and he can handle deadly ghosts."

Yang Xiaohua's eyes flickered slightly, but she didn't hold back and answered directly, "He wasn't forced into the Post Office to deliver letters; he came here on his own. It seems that the spirit messengers' delivery tasks outside have led to certain supernatural incidents."

"Yang Jian and Li Yang came to deal with the Ghost Post Office. He holds hostility toward all spirit messengers and wants to eliminate the risks posed by the Post Office. Haven't you seen Sun Rui on the first floor? They're all involved in this."

Da Qiang chuckled, "I see. So there's someone specifically handling these supernatural incidents. Got it. Looks like that guy is truly not to be messed with. If you cross him, dying would be in vain."

Anyone capable of such deeds would undoubtedly have a powerful background. In the real world, these individuals would hold overwhelming influence.

Seeing that Da Qiang had no further questions, Yang Xiaohua quickly left.

Once she was gone,

the smile on Da Qiang's face immediately vanished, replaced with a cold expression. "Earlier, I was tempted to snatch the red balloon from this woman. A clueless, ordinary person running around like this—it's practically asking for death."

"Precisely because she's a regular person, it just proves how dangerous Yang Jian is. If a man like him can bring a regular person to the fourth floor and even deal with the ghost hidden among the spirit messengers, it speaks volumes. If you steal from someone like that, you probably won't even make it to Dachang City three days later."

"The moment that delivery task fails, you'd lose your life. The curse tied to the fourth-floor letters is exceptionally terrifying, far beyond anything on the first or second floor."

On the other side, the young man named Qin Kai added.

If you ignore the delivery requirements—or even fail the delivery task—it doesn't necessarily mean instant death. However, you would be subjected to the Post Office's curse, triggering a series of supernatural incidents targeting you.

If you can endure those incidents, you won't have to worry about failing the delivery.

If you can't endure them, you'll die.

However, nobody would recommend this course of action, as the Post Office's curse is relentless. You might survive a day, but you won't last 10 days or a month. If you absolutely refuse to deliver, you could try tearing up the letter.

Doing so would only provoke a ghost's attack. If you manage to fend off the ghost, it's considered completing the delivery task.

But who would dare tear up the red letter on the fourth floor?

The moment you shred it, countless deadly ghosts might appear around you claiming your life.

Da Qiang said, "I'm not foolish. Of course, I can weigh the pros and cons. Until I'm sure of my actions, I won't escalate the situation. This task is a crucial opportunity for us—once we complete the delivery, we can move up to the fifth floor of the Post Office."

"Even on the fifth floor, it's not necessarily safe. The messengers there are already facing danger and are dying one after another," Qin Kai warned.

"But it's still better than staying on this out-of-control fourth floor," Da Qiang responded.

Qin Kai replied, "Let's survive this delivery mission first. Yang Jian shouldn't have been here; his abilities far exceed the limits of the fourth-floor messengers. That's why the red letter appeared. It may mean little to him, but it's deadly for everyone else."

Fourth-floor messengers are all aware that while delivery tasks can be incredibly dangerous, they always include a chance for the messenger to succeed. There shouldn't be tasks that guarantee death.

But this hinges on the team not including anyone whose power overshadows the floor's constraints.

If there is, then the mission's difficulty disproportionately increases, dooming the others.

"What's the big deal? If we die, we die together," Da Qiang chuckled, remaining unafraid.

Qin Kai said nothing more and left the floor.

"I'm leaving too," Eagle muttered before also departing.

Chapter 936 Convergence of Clues

Very quickly.

Everyone on the fourth floor had completely left, and once again, the place returned to a deathly silence.

Before Yang Jian left the post office, he saw Sun Rui.

Sun Rui was still alive, sitting there keeping watch through the night. Beside him, an oil lamp was lit, casting a dim yellowish glow, while a red candle nearby had burned down about halfway. Clearly, he had also encountered danger last night.

"Last night sure was risky. I spent almost the whole night listening to opera. Someone was singing outside the post office—it was terrifying."

He looked at Yang Jian and recounted an unusual supernatural event from the previous night.

Yang Jian said, "I heard it too. Besides that, I was attacked by other vengeful spirits on the fourth floor. That Door-Opening Ghost from before even showed up again. But are you sure the thing singing opera was a vengeful spirit outside the post office?"

"It must be. At least, the sound wasn't coming from inside the post office. I even saw some eerie figures outside the main gate, something resembling a... woman," Sun Rui said.

"Looks like there are ghosts near the post office as well." Yang Jian frowned slightly.

Sun Rui replied, "I think so too. If this continues, the outside will inevitably be affected. I fear the city I oversee, Dahan City, might be in danger. Yang Team, you need to move faster."

"Don't worry. I'll deliver the letters within ten days and then head to the fifth floor. Once I reach the fifth floor, I won't be taking any more delivery tasks. Even if I have a letter, I'll destroy it. As for you, you won't need to guard this place anymore."

Yang Jian made a promise, speaking with utmost seriousness.

Once he reached the fifth floor, it would be a life-or-death battle between him and the Ghost Post Office.

Either he would destroy or control the Ghost Post Office, or he would be killed by the vengeful spirits within it.

"Ten days? I think I can hold out. I'll wait for your good news then," Sun Rui nodded, forcing a smile.

Holding out for another ten days shouldn't be too difficult.

He still had his oil lamp and ghost candle, giving him a bit of confidence.

"So it's settled. I'm leaving now."

Yang Jian didn't say much, and immediately opened the Ghost Post Office door to leave.

Although Sun Rui was risking great danger by eliminating newcomers to the post office, Yang Jian's task was no less perilous. Each letter represented a hazardous supernatural event, and by involving himself, he was also taking on considerable risk. But he had no choice; in order to uncover the secrets of ghost resurrection and learn about events from the Republic of China period, he had to pursue this path.

Leaving the Ghost Post Office.

Walking down a strange little path, Yang Jian initially traveled side by side with Li Yang, but they gradually grew apart. The road split into diverging paths, cleverly and eerily separating the two of them, leaving them walking alone without realizing it.

By the time the surrounding area featured some buildings, Yang Jian found himself back in Dachang City again, returning to the alley where he had gotten out of the car yesterday.

Turning around, there was no sign of the bizarre path leading back to the post office.

Behind him was a dead-end alley. Everything appeared normal again.

"Three days from now at nine o'clock, Chang'an Intersection." Yang Jian narrowed his eyes slightly, having already memorized the information in his mind.

Li Yang, fearing any mistakes, even took a photo with his phone.

So there was no worry about errors.

"This delivery mission is quite complicated; it might involve the supernatural bus and... the Ghost Cabinet task."

Yang Jian suspected the old mansion listed as the delivery location was most likely tied to the Ghost Cabinet's directive, as well as the backdrop of the ghost-painting woman, leading him to that decrepit, wooden old manor.

Supernatural phenomena interlinked, weaving together.

It seemed that every piece of information pointed in the same direction. No matter how you traced a clue, the end result was always the same.

Be it the Ghost Post Office, the ghost painting, the Ghost Cabinet, or even the supernatural bus, they would lead to the same answer.

"Interesting."

Yang Jian chuckled slightly, slung Wang Shan's corpse over his shoulder, and vanished into thin air.

He felt a peculiar sense of excitement.

Because the long-pursued mysteries were finally starting to take shape. Unfortunately, Yang Jian had been unlucky, circling around and wasting some time. However, without experiencing these detours, how could he have gained such a deep understanding of the interconnectedness of these supernatural events?

Currently, it was not yet seven o'clock.

Yang Jian first handled Wang Shan's corpse, placing the ghost-infected body into the Gold Box, sealing it off, and sending it to the safehouse. Then, he found Huang Ziya, who was on duty at the company, and borrowed the necklace bearing the Deceiving Ghost from her.

His body was recovering.

The wound on his forehead, which nearly pierced through his torso, quickly healed; his icy body began to regain some warmth, and his heart resumed beating.

Yang Jian's body had been restored.

Using supernatural power, his physical state returned to that of a normal person—healthier, even, than an average individual.

But all of this was temporary. As long as his body housed the Ghost Shadow, the Ghost Eye, and the Ghost Hand, supernatural powers would continuously invade his living form, turning his healthy body back into a cold corpse.

So this recovery was only temporary.

Yang Jian did this purely to prepare himself for the next red letter.

"As expected, this thing works best."

He glanced at the crystal that had already turned half-black in his hand. The Ghost Eye on his forehead tore open the healed skin once again and opened wide, emitting a glimmering red light.

The blackened crystal was suppressed once more, the ghost within held captive and unable to escape, avoiding revival or loss of control.

"Keep working; I'll head back briefly." Yang Jian tossed the crystal necklace to Huang Ziya.

"Captain, where did you go? You came back reeking of corpses, and your body's falling apart,"

Huang Ziya asked, astonished, after taking the necklace.

Yang Jian replied, "You already know. I had a confrontation with some ghosts, and this is as good as it gets. Just focus on your own work. This is my personal matter—you don't need to worry. Also, stay sharp for the next few days. Something might happen... no, on second thought, I'll convene a team meeting later and explain everything during the meeting."

He activated the Ghost Domain and vanished once more.

In the Ghost Post Office, he had barely used his Ghost Eye powers, even refraining from utilizing the Ghost Domain.

It wasn't that he didn't dare use them but feared the clash between the Ghost Domain and the post office might cause unpredictable events to unfold.

Yet outside the post office, he was free from such constraints.

Yang Jian returned to his home at Guanjiang Residential Complex. Taking advantage of the free time, he washed away the nauseating smell of corpses and discarded his filthy clothes, transforming his appearance back to normal. Then, he began to strategize and prepare for the upcoming delivery mission.

"Should I bring along the Ghost Child for this mission?"

Quickly.

That idea was dismissed.

If the mission indeed involved the supernatural bus, the Ghost Child would occupy a seat, and more seats meant additional risk. Thus, it wasn't suitable to bring the Ghost Child out this time.

Although the Ghost Child would stay behind.

Yang Jian decided to bring the ghost doll instead.

The ghost doll obtained from the Ferocious Ghost District in Dachuan City could transfer a ghost attack under certain conditions. He hadn't brought it to the Ghost Post Office before, fearing it might lose control.

Essentially, the ghost doll was just another ghost. However, as long as the doll's killing rules weren't activated, it posed no abnormal behavior.

Of course, the red Ghost Candle also needed to be prepared.

"Three days from now at night; there's no rush right now." Yang Jian thought silently to himself.

Then.

He left his residence, planning to check on Li Yang and warn him about the supernatural bus.

Concerning information about the supernatural bus, Yang Jian hadn't even reported it to headquarters but chose to keep it hidden. It was nearly impossible for others to find out.

Leaving his home.

Yang Jian didn't activate the Ghost Domain; he walked to Li Yang's residence instead.

The place wasn't far—it was located in the row of villas behind his own.

"Yang Team." Someone called out to him on the way.

Yang Jian looked over and noticed that Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei, was sweeping leaves in her villa's front yard. Since he was passing by, he greeted her.

"Hello, Aunt Chen." He nodded slightly.

Chen Shumei asked, "Where are you headed, Yang Team? Been busy lately?"

"Just dealing with work-related matters." Yang Jian replied.

Chen Shumei smiled, "Yang Team, you really are a busy man. By the way, have you had breakfast yet? Would you like to eat something at my place? I noticed Zhang Liqin had already left for work—I doubt she knows you came back this morning."

"Oh, you noticed I wasn't home last night?" Yang Jian asked, slightly surprised.

"I noticed your room's light wasn't on last night. Living so close, I pay attention to such details." Chen Shumei replied.

Yang Jian thought for a moment—it seemed he'd need to start leaving his room light on to make it seem like he was home. Otherwise, the fact he wasn't around would immediately spread.

"Thanks, but I won't have breakfast. I'm just heading over to discuss something with Li Yang."

Chen Shumei added, "Then come have lunch; I'll go buy a few ingredients."

Yang Jian wanted to decline.

His belief was that ghost tamers should maintain some distance from ordinary people to avoid harming them.

"Wenwen has some matters as well. Rarely do we get an opportunity like this. If it doesn't interfere with your plans, let's agree on this." Chen Shumei was very enthusiastic, inviting Yang Jian over as a guest.

"Alright, I'll come by later." Yang Jian didn't continue to refuse upon seeing her insistence.

He quickly left and arrived at Li Yang's villa, which was not far away.

"Mom, I don't have any issues to discuss with Xiao Yang. Why are you inviting him to lunch? When he came back late from his trip last time, he interrupted my gaming."

Xiong Wenwen walked out after hearing the noise. He glanced at Yang Jian, who had walked far off, and said.

Chen Shumei dropped her gentle and friendly demeanor and glared, "What do you know about human decency, you brat? Yang Team has helped us so much—you need to invite him for a few meals to show your gratitude! Now get back to sweeping the yard while I go buy groceries."

With that, she shoved the broom into Xiong Wenwen's hands.

Xiong Wenwen pouted unhappily, but reluctantly got to work.

Chapter 937 Defeat

Yang Jian met Li Yang and told him about the haunted bus. Li Yang was shocked upon hearing it, and even felt a bit of fear.

If it's really as Yang Jian described, and there are many ghosts riding that bus, then this letter delivery mission is far from simple on the surface. Things could go terribly wrong, with a chance of complete annihilation.

It's extremely dangerous.

But Li Yang didn't back down. Instead, he began thinking about how to handle this situation.

"Take a good rest these next few days. We have time. We'll head out three days from now," Yang Jian said as he prepared to leave.

Li Yang said, "Captain, wait a moment. Don't you think the four requirements given by the post office for delivering letters have major loopholes? I've been studying them since I got back."

"What have you discovered?" Yang Jian stopped in his tracks and asked.

Li Yang said, "For example, this one: the requirement for delivering the letter is for us to take that bus and get off after the third stop. This doesn't make any sense. Getting off after the third stop means we need to leave the bus before the fourth stop, doesn't it? If that's the case, then we'll have to jump off mid-way."

"But isn't it impossible to jump off the haunted bus mid-way? If that's the case, the post office's mission becomes a death trap, with no way to fulfill the conditions."

"Your analysis is very reasonable. It does contradict the information I've gathered," Yang Jian frowned. "However, your thinking is still a bit limited. Don't forget that the haunted bus has another possibility."

Li Yang was startled. "Ghosts stopping the bus? The bus breaking down?"

"Exactly." Yang Jian nodded. "That's the only way for all the couriers to get off the bus before the fourth stop."

"Captain, didn't you say the most dangerous things about riding the haunted bus are encountering ghost-stops and the bus being overcrowded?" Li Yang asked.

"Yes, that's what we should genuinely worry about."

Yang Jian said, "If we encounter a sudden ghost-stop, it's unimaginable what could happen. But don't be overly tense—if it gets dangerous, we'll simply open the Ghost Gate to leave and rip up the letter. At worst, we'll face off against the post office's curse again. It wouldn't be the first time."

Li Yang nodded.

Since there's a contingency plan to shred the letter, there's no need to hesitate.

"Alright. You should go rest now. If anything comes up in these two days, contact me immediately," Yang Jian said.

He could tell that Li Yang was very tired. After all, he had spent the previous night in the Ghost Post Office without sleep, constantly on edge. Although he had reached a balance with two ghosts, he still needed rest to relieve his mental strain; otherwise, prolonged stress could lead to psychological issues.

Yang Jian soon left Li Yang's residence and headed to Xiong Wenwen's house nearby.

He had previously promised Chen Shumei to stay for a meal, so naturally, he wouldn't break his word.

Just as he arrived at the villa's entrance, he saw Xiong Wenwen sitting in the yard, playing games on his phone.

"Do you relax like this every day? Why don't you come along with me this time? I'll take you to a good place," Yang Jian said, eyeing Xiong Wenwen and pondering whether to bring him along.

If he could endure the dangers of the haunted bus, Xiong Wenwen could play a significant role in this delivery mission.

But.

If things went badly, Xiong Wenwen could end up paying the price.

Yang Jian had to weigh the pros and cons—he couldn't always do whatever he pleased.

"I'm not going! Xiao Yang, you're up to no good; you're definitely trying to get my Daddy Xiong killed. My mom told me to greet you, so what are you waiting for? Hurry up and go inside, or Daddy Xiong's going to get scolded again," Xiong Wenwen said warily.

Yang Jian said, "More like you're going to get a beating. Since I've got nothing better to do, why don't I deal with you now and pass some time?"

"..."

Xiong Wenwen paused for a moment, then grabbed his phone and bolted away.

Inside the house, his voice could be heard: "Mom, Xiao Yang just told me he likes you and wants to marry you. I have no objections."

"?!"

Yang Jian stared in disbelief for a moment before realizing this kid was spewing nonsense again. To save himself from trouble, he even sold out his mom.

But this wasn't unusual behavior for Xiong Wenwen.

"I need to find an opportunity to secretly teach this kid a lesson,"

Yang Jian suddenly had a plan in mind: one night, he would infiltrate Xiong Wenwen's room using the Ghost Domain, give him a good beating, and leave.

Not for any particular reason.

Just to vent.

With these thoughts, he walked into the house.

At this moment, Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei, was wearing an apron and bringing out freshly cooked dishes. Her face had turned a little red, showing embarrassment. She apologized earnestly: "I'm sorry, Captain Yang. Xiong Wenwen is too unruly, speaking nonsense again. Please don't take it to heart."

Saying that, she glanced sharply at Xiong Wenwen.

Xiong Wenwen, however, stood his ground: "I wasn't speaking nonsense! Yang Jian clearly said it. I heard it ahead of time using my Premonition Ability—it's never wrong on matters like this, Mom. You know my precognition has always been accurate about little things like these."

"I..." Yang Jian was at a loss for words.

Wow.

Just wow.

Throwing the blame on his Premonition Ability—this was airtight logic. Denying it was futile.

"You stop that right now! Captain Yang already has a girlfriend, so stop making jokes like this," Chen Shumei said with frustration as she tried to lecture Xiong Wenwen.

But with Yang Jian present, she didn't feel comfortable taking any drastic action.

Chen Shumei awkwardly said, "Captain Yang, please don't mind Xiong Wenwen. The food is ready, so please sit and eat. I didn't prepare much in a hurry today, so I don't know if it's to your taste."

"I think Xiong Wenwen has too much free time. I'll send him dozens of workbooks for extra homework later—he'll surely love them," Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"Thank you, Captain Yang. I actually think I've been assigning him too little homework recently," Chen Shumei surprisingly agreed with Yang Jian.

Xiong Wenwen's eyes widened instantly.

"What are you staring at? Don't you think Captain Yang is right?" Chen Shumei glared at him.

"I'm not eating!" Xiong Wenwen sulked as he sat on the sofa and picked up his phone again.

Chen Shumei said, "You don't need to eat anyway."

Xiong Wenwen's body was paper-made; he couldn't be considered alive anymore. He didn't need food or drink at all.

"By the way, Aunt Chen mentioned earlier that there was something she wanted to discuss with me about Xiong Wenwen. What was it?" Yang Jian asked, steering the conversation away.

Chen Shumei suddenly became somber and melancholic: "Captain Yang, I might be asking for too much, but Xiong Wenwen's current situation will definitely cause problems down the line. Is there any way to give him a normal child's body? You see, he doesn't need to eat, sleep, or grow up. In the future, I'm afraid..."

She trailed off, unwilling to complete her thought out of fear.

"It's very difficult," Yang Jian shook his head slightly. "I already discussed this with Aunt Chen before."

"I... I know. I was just asking again. Please try this, Captain Yang." Chen Shumei pushed aside her sadness, forced a smile, and served Yang Jian more food.

Yang Jian said nothing and simply continued eating.

At the dining table, the atmosphere was somewhat quiet.

Chen Shumei wasn't the type to be good at socializing.

So after Yang Jian finished eating, he prepared to leave.

"Xiao Yang, what do you think about what I said earlier? Say something! If you ask me, you should just dump that girlfriend of yours and be with my mom instead," Xiong Wenwen chimed in again.

Yang Jian replied, "Alright, but you'll have to call me Dad first."

"You wish! Not unless you marry my mom first."

"You first."

"You first."

"..." Chen Shumei's face turned red watching them argue.

It was utterly mortifying.

If their argument progressed and they actually agreed, what would she do? Reject them outright or agree?

If she rejected them, Xiong Wenwen would surely be hurt, and what if Yang Jian meant it seriously?

But if she agreed, wouldn't that be too impulsive?

Chen Shumei wasn't a strong-willed person. Though she appeared mature, she was easily influenced by close acquaintances. If Yang Jian and Xiong Wenwen really aligned, she might end up not refusing them.

After all, Xiong Wenwen trusted Yang Jian greatly, and she herself was immensely grateful to Yang Jian.

If they truly ended up together, their lives would probably run smoothly, without much conflict.

Yang Jian finally gave up for the first time during the argument.

He bolted.

This was Zhang Wei's forte—after all, Zhang Wei never lost an argument but never won a fight, whereas Yang Jian never lost a fight but never won an argument.

Chapter 938 Control the Messenger

Top floor of Shangtong Tower in Dachang City.

Inside Yang Jian's office, a meeting was held today. All team members were present, along with Liu Xiaoyu and several staff assisting her.

"Starting tomorrow, all buses in Dachang City will cease operations for three days, including passenger vehicles. I don't want a single vehicle running on the roads of Dachang City. If there are any vehicles from out of town, they will be stopped directly. Liu Xiaoyu, can you handle that?"

During the meeting.

Yang Jian's tone was cold, carrying an inexplicable sense of authority that commanded awe.

Liu Xiaoyu, dressed in her work uniform and sporting her signature twin ponytails, frowned. Instead of answering immediately, she glanced at a staff member beside her.

"Don't worry, Captain Yang. It can be done."

"Good. Additionally, starting immediately after this meeting, the area within a three-mile radius around the Chang'an Station intersection will be completely sealed off for four days. If there are residents, evacuate them all. I want a blockage set up there."

Yang Jian tapped a location on the map of Dachang City.

A site suspected to be the location where the paranormal bus would appear was being cordoned off directly.

"That's not an issue either. We already have a plan in place for this kind of situation. If needed, we can activate the lockdown protocol directly," Liu Xiaoyu said promptly, exuding confidence.

After all, blocking off an area for a paranormal event within the city was a routine procedure. It just required reporting to headquarters.

"The most dangerous time will be around 9 PM three days from now. No one should be allowed into this sealed area before or after that time," Yang Jian added.

Liu Xiaoyu replied, "Once the lockdown is in place, no one will be allowed near it."

"Finally, starting today, monitor the movements of these individuals. They may arrive in Dachang City by plane, train, or private vehicle. Once discovered, contain them immediately. If they resist, take them out. Feng Quan, Tong Qian, you two will assist with this task."

Yang Jian finished speaking and placed several character sketches on the conference table.

The drawings depicted figures such as Leuk Qingqing, Yang Xiaohua, Eagle, Wang Feng, Qin Kai, and Da Qiang—all couriers from the fourth floor of the post office.

With Yang Jian's ability, he could sketch these portraits entirely from memory.

"This'll be easy; I'll get it done," Feng Quan nodded.

Yang Jian reminded him, "Stay vigilant. Some of these people are already ghost riders and possess supernatural power. If there's any issue, contact me immediately, and I'll step in."

"Understood," Feng Quan responded, his demeanor turning serious.

Yang Jian continued, "Once all of these individuals have arrived, notify me right away. Afterward, gather everyone here to finalize our preparations for the paranormal event."

Once more, he pointed to the same location.

Chang'an Intersection.

The station where the paranormal bus was expected to stop.

"Is it really that serious?" Huang Ziya asked, a bit incredulous.

"Prepare for the worst. If everything goes smoothly, that will be the best outcome," Yang Jian said.

Because when the paranormal bus makes a stop, only two things could happen:

Either someone gets on, or someone gets off.

However, those who get off might not all be human—there could be vengeful spirits among them. That's why Yang Jian wanted the most thorough preparations to prevent a paranormal outbreak in Dachang City.

The meeting continued.

This operation would mobilize all the forces within Dachang City, whether urban resources or ghost riders—they couldn't afford to lose anyone.

"Oh, and Liu Xiaoyu, report to headquarters that I'm officially taking on the paranormal bus case."

Yang Jian hadn't forgotten that headquarters required captains to resolve at least one paranormal incident.

Since this case was already here, he might as well take it on and resolve it together.

Of course.

Yang Jian could not guarantee that he would be able to contain the paranormal bus; he was merely accepting the assignment. Everything would depend on the circumstances moving forward.

If an opportunity presented itself, he would take action.

...

By the meeting's conclusion, the entire infrastructure of Dachang City had begun to operate.

The area near Chang'an Station Intersection was sealed off. All buses ceased operations. Feng Quan and Tong Qian led their team to monitor the arrival of the couriers from the post office's fourth floor.

Before night fell, the preparations within Dachang City were nearly complete.

By dusk.

A private car exited the highway and entered Dachang City. However, upon approaching the city limits, the driver encountered roadblocks as numerous staff inspected passing vehicles.

"Routine check. Pull over and show your ID." A staff member approached and knocked on the car window.

The window rolled down, revealing a stern-faced man. "Hold on, let me find my ID."

"Here." He handed his ID over.

The staff member glanced at it, then compared it to his records. His expression changed instantly as he triggered the alarm. Immediately, everyone in the vicinity closed in.

Armed personnel surrounded the vehicle, ready to shoot at the slightest resistance.

"You're Eagle?"

The lead inspector questioned him, glaring. "Step out of the vehicle and come with us. Captain Yang has summoned you."

"Captain Yang?"

Eagle's expression shifted. "Do you mean Yang Jian?"

He immediately thought of Yang Jian. Back on the fourth floor of the post office, Li Yang had addressed him that way, and since Yang Jian operated in Dachang City, it wasn't difficult to connect the dots.

"That's right."

"Don't move!"

The leader barked sharply, noticing Eagle's hand creeping toward the glove compartment.

At that moment.

All the armed personnel cocked their weapons and aimed at Eagle, while snipers locked onto his head from a distance.

"Just grabbing some personal items. Don't mind, do you?"

Eagle forced a smile, cold sweat dripping down the back of his neck.

He could sense that even the slightest uncooperative gesture or suspicious move would get him riddled with bullets.

"We'll take care of your belongings. Once they've been cleared and our captain approves, you'll get them back," the team leader said. "Now, step out of the car immediately."

Unwilling to take risks, Eagle complied, raising his hands to signal cooperation.

Though his luggage contained critical supernatural items, under such circumstances, he had no choice but to hand them over.

"Take him away," the leader ordered.

Like a criminal, Eagle was loaded into a specialized transport vehicle and escorted away.

He wasn't the only one caught in such a situation.

At 8 PM that night.

At the Dachang City airport.

A casually dressed man in his early twenties, alighting from a plane, was similarly detained by a group of armed personnel.

"Qin Kai? Captain Yang has summoned you. Please cooperate."

"Captain Yang? I see. Looks like that man has significant influence in Dachang City. Controlling the entire airport... and I only bought my ticket this afternoon."

Qin Kai removed his sunglasses, frowning in surprise as he scanned the group of armed agents.

So this was the authority granted to those who handled paranormal events? Impressive, indeed.

"However, hasn't your Captain Yang told you there are certain individuals you should refrain from provoking? Sheer numbers won't be enough to detain me," Qin Kai said, his expression darkening.

He had no intention of letting himself be controlled, leaving his life in Yang Jian's hands.

"If you want to try something, go ahead. I'll bury you here and now."

A low, raspy voice echoed across the airport terminal.

Feng Quan emerged slowly from a nearby resting station. His complexion was unnaturally pale, and traces of unclean dirt clung to him.

As he approached, a dense fog began to swirl around the area.

"This is..."

Qin Kai's face changed drastically, his demeanor turning grave. "Who are you?"

"Officer Feng Quan. I'm currently riding three ghosts. Want to test your chances? By the way, I'm not the only one," Feng Quan said, grinning ominously.

His grin revealed a mouthful of grave soil, a horrifying sight.

"Is that Yang Jian your captain?"

"That's correct," Feng Quan replied.

Qin Kai's heart sank. Only now did he realize the true weight of Yang Jian's presence. What he initially thought to be a mere title turned out to signify the captain of a squad of ghost riders.

Terrifying.

Fortunately, there hadn't been any conflict back on the fourth floor of the post office. Otherwise, he likely wouldn't have made it to Dachang City alive.

"I'll cooperate..."

Qin Kai slowly raised his hands. He knew that if he tried to fight, he couldn't even take down Feng Quan and would be killed instantly.

"Smart choice. We've dealt with plenty of guys like you before," Feng Quan said, giving him a brief glance before turning away.

As Yang Jian had instructed, cooperative couriers were spared. Those who resisted were eliminated on the spot.

By the following morning.

At the Dachang City train station.

Leuk Qingqing, wearing a cheongsam and a hat, her graceful figure drawing plenty of attention, was apprehended as she exited the platform.

"Leuk Qingqing, Captain Yang requests your presence. Please cooperate," a group of staff surrounded her, issuing the warning.

"Let Yang Jian speak to me personally, or I won't cooperate," Leuk Qingqing said with a frown.

As a ghost rider, she wasn't intimidated by these workers, even if they were armed.

"Our captain is busy with other matters and doesn't have time to contact you. However, I suggest you cooperate to avoid unnecessary trouble. Otherwise, we'll be forced to deal with you here," a woman's voice replied.

A male figure walked briskly toward her from a distance.

He wore a scarf that covered most of his face. However, under his black hair, two additional eerie faces could faintly be seen.

This man had three faces.

"Ghost Face... Tong Qian?" Leuk Qingqing murmured.

"So you've heard of me. Good. That saves us some explanations," Tong Qian said.

Leuk Qingqing glanced around before saying, "I'll cooperate."

At this point, resistance would undoubtedly result in her death before she could leave the train station.

"Good. This way, please. Someone will handle your luggage, but I warn you to remain fully compliant. Otherwise, we will not hesitate to eliminate you," Tong Qian instructed.

"Understood,"

Leuk Qingqing replied and followed the staff quietly onto a waiting vehicle.

Over the next few days, all couriers from the post office's fourth floor who arrived in Dachang City were swiftly brought under control.

As uncertain factors, they could not be left unchecked.

Chapter 939 Gathering

This time, Yang Jian only issued orders without taking action personally, nor did Li Yang.

Because they needed to rest and adjust their state to prepare for boarding the supernatural bus and completing the letter delivery mission, Yang Jian simply stayed idle in the office of Shangtong Tower for the past few days.

Only twenty-four hours passed.

Yang Jian received the news that he had successfully controlled three individuals: Old Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, and Qin Kai.

By the second day, he had also taken control of Wang Feng and Yang Xiaohua.

"Keep Yang Xiaohua under control and bring her to Shangtong Tower. Let her hold the red balloon, and don't let her mess with it."

Upon hearing that Yang Xiaohua had arrived in Dachang City, Yang Jian immediately gave instructions.

Yang Xiaohua was an ordinary person with no threat, and the red balloon was extremely significant. Yang Jian felt uneasy leaving it outside, so the best solution was to keep Yang Xiaohua by his side.

A single order.

Soon, the vehicle escorting Yang Xiaohua arrived at the base of Shangtong Tower.

The car door opened.

A young woman, appearing in her early twenties and slightly haggard, stepped out of the car. In her hand, she tightly gripped a red balloon hovering in mid-air, never relaxing for fear that the balloon might float away if she loosened her grip.

"Are you Yang Xiaohua?"

Yang Xiaohua looked up.

Standing before her was a mature, well-dressed, alluring woman. Though she was dressed conservatively in a professional skirt suit, her appearance exuded an irresistible charm.

"That's me," Yang Xiaohua said. "Who are you?"

"I am President Yang's secretary, Zhang Liqin. President Yang instructed me to escort you to his office." Zhang Liqin was also sizing up Yang Xiaohua.

At the sight of this woman, Zhang Liqin felt reassured.

This woman posed no competition to her; President Yang wouldn't be interested in someone like Yang Xiaohua. His special attention was undoubtedly for work-related reasons. The one Zhang Liqin feared most was Xiong Wenwen's single mother, Chen Shumei. Chen Shumei far surpassed her in body, appearance, education, charisma, and personality.

"Follow me." Zhang Liqin dismissed her thoughts and led Yang Xiaohua away.

"Is this Yang Jian's company?" Upon seeing the Shangtong Tower, Yang Xiaohua froze in place.

She had investigated Yang Jian.

She never imagined Yang Jian would be so high-profile in Dachang City, owning a nearly iconic building in the city center.

Taking the exclusive elevator, they reached the 45th floor.

"President Yang, Yang Xiaohua has arrived." Although the office door was open, Zhang Liqin still knocked politely.

Yang Jian stood by the floor-to-ceiling window of his office, overlooking Dachang City. A restless ghost-eye rotated, seeming to pierce into some unknown location.

At the sound,

Yang Jian turned around. "Good, the item's still here."

"I never imagined you'd be the owner of Shangtong Tower. Your influence in Dachang City far exceeds my expectations. On my way here, I didn't encounter a single red light. It was smooth sailing throughout," Yang Xiaohua remarked.

Yang Jian replied, "They're just cooperating with my work, nothing special. Including you, I've already taken control of all the fourth-floor messengers, except for one."

"Who?" Yang Xiaohua asked.

"The one named Da Qiang."

Yang Jian continued, "That's none of your concern. For the next two days, stay here and don't wander. My secretary will make arrangements. Also, you can let go of the red balloon. Try tying it to this."

After speaking, he tossed an item over.

It was a baton made of gold.

Yang Xiaohua tried tying the balloon to it, but bizarrely, the string detached by itself and the balloon floated back into the air.

"Seems I was naïve. Does the red balloon's string detach on its own?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

Although gold wasn't affected by supernatural powers,

supernatural items possessed certain inherent traits. Evidently, controlling the red balloon required someone holding it, as tying it to any object would result in the string automatically loosening and the balloon floating away.

Moreover, without the weight of a red letter, the balloon would soon drift off into the distance.

"Looks like you'll have to keep holding it."

Yang Jian waved his hand. "Zhang Liqin, take her to rest. Her movement is restricted to within the company. If she tries to leave, have the guards at the door kill her on the spot."

"Understood, President Yang."

Zhang Liqin's heart shivered as she studied Yang Xiaohua deeply again.

Sure enough.

Her intuition was accurate—when it came to work, Yang Jian was entirely devoid of emotion. No matter how gorgeous a woman was, if she disrupted his plans, he wouldn't hesitate to act ruthlessly.

"You don't plan to trap me here, do you? If I miss the bus, the curse of the post office will kill me, and when that happens, your company will be implicated," Yang Xiaohua worried aloud, reminding Yang Jian.

"No, I'll call you before departure," Yang Jian replied.

Yang Xiaohua said no more and followed Zhang Liqin out.

Indeed, she needed rest. Staying here was more reassuring than being anywhere else, as Yang Jian's company guaranteed protection. If anything went wrong, Yang Jian would handle it, and she wouldn't need to worry herself.

With that thought, she planned to sleep well for the next two days before facing the task of delivering the letter.

Live one day at a time. She had come this far, and Yang Xiaohua even saw a glimpse of hope for ascending to the fifth floor.

She just had to get through this. Just this once.

"Yang Jian, there's been an incident. That man named Da Qiang has already entered Dachang City, but his whereabouts are unknown..."

Suddenly, Liu Xiaoyu rushed upstairs urgently to report new updates.

"Oh, is that so?" Having just sent Yang Xiaohua away, Yang Jian replied, "How could you let such a big fish slip through your hands?"

"No, it's not that. He suddenly appeared in Dachang City. We located him through the street cameras, but by the time we arrived, he had already vanished. It seems he's aware we're searching for him. This man displays an exceptional ability to evade surveillance. So far, we've failed to detect further traces of his activity," Liu Xiaoyu explained, sounding aggrieved.

"You mean Da Qiang possesses supernatural powers, allowing him to bypass inspections and enter Dachang City unnoticed?" Yang Jian speculated.

"It has to be the case," Liu Xiaoyu confirmed.

Yang Jian pondered briefly before saying, "I'll handle this. Tell the others to cease their search. Since he's gone into hiding, you're not likely to find him."

"Got it. Thank you." Liu Xiaoyu nodded.

"Go get busy now." Yang Jian gestured dismissively.

After Liu Xiaoyu left, Yang Jian returned to the floor-to-ceiling window in his office. His ghost-eye abruptly opened wide, emitting a crimson glow that spread rapidly across the sky, blanketing the city.

He had activated his Ghost Domain.

"Let's see where you're hiding, you bastard." Yang Jian decided to intervene personally.

He needed to locate the last fourth-floor messenger and ensure no unexpected events surfaced.

At this moment,

Beneath a bridge on the outskirts of Dachang City, an isolated area seldom visited by people...

A middle-aged man with a backpack, resembling a trekking tourist, arrived at the site. He was arranging a newly purchased sleeping bag, preparing to spend the night there.

"Dachang City sure has tight security. Without some skills, it's impossible to escape surveillance. Seems like someone has already made arrangements to control all the fourth-floor messengers before the delivery mission starts. But I'm not foolish enough to entrust my life to someone else's hands. The only one who would attempt something like this must be the newcomer from the third floor."

Da Qiang's eyes narrowed as he speculated the operation was Yang Jian's doing.

After all, it wasn't hard to guess.

"I'll lay low for a couple of days before heading to Chang'an Road's station." Da Qiang thought to himself.

But the next moment...

The river surface nearby reflected a crimson hue, and the entire world became eerie and surreal as if descending into an unknown dimension.

"Da Qiang, you have two options: comply with my arrangements or refuse—and I'll kill you right now." A chilling voice echoed around.

The surroundings were silent and empty.

The entire reality seemed to have dissolved, leaving only the voice behind.

"It's you, isn't it?"

Da Qiang's face darkened instantly. "You plan to control all the fourth-floor messengers? Aren't you afraid of overreaching and choking on your ambition?"

"You have three seconds—or die." Yang Jian wasted no time, delivering his final ultimatum.

Rage surged within Da Qiang as he considered resisting instead of submitting.

But he quickly realized something, causing sweat to cover his body.

He couldn't even see this person—how could he possibly resist him?

As the thoughts raced, the crimson-tinted world began to morph strangely.

The surrounding structures vanished rapidly, consumed by the red light, as though attempting to erase Da Qiang from existence.

"This doesn't feel right."

Da Qiang jolted awake and blurted, "I'll cooperate."

"No tricks. You won't get a second chance to speak," Yang Jian's voice faded as the crimson-hued dimension swiftly receded.

The red glow vanished.

Everything returned to how it was before.

"This guy's scarier than I anticipated..."

Da Qiang took a deep breath, realizing he had underestimated the newcomer's strength.

The cold wind from the river gave him chills.

Without hesitation, he revealed himself and cooperated with Dachang City's personnel to be escorted away.

Chapter 940 The Bus Appears

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

Dachang City's Chang'an Intersection.

Though it was the evening rush hour, the road was eerily deserted and silent. Not a single pedestrian could be seen nearby, nor any vehicles, making this area feel entirely out of place compared to the rest of the city.

This road had been sealed off for two days now.

Even the residents were evacuated, ensuring that no ordinary person would appear here.

It wasn't even 9 PM yet.

At a bus stop along Chang'an Intersection, Yang Jian and Li Yang had arrived early.

According to the direction of the post office's cursed delivery task, at precisely 9 PM, a bus would arrive and stop here. At that time, all couriers were required to board that bus.

However, Yang Jian had already suspended all public and passenger bus services in Dachang City to prevent any vehicles from being mistaken for the post office-designated bus and to avoid errors.

Of course, he also wanted to see how the designated bus from the post office would manifest in the absence of any buses in Dachang City—whether it would appear in the way he suspected, as the haunted bus.

Though he was already certain in his mind.

Still, before it happened, Yang Jian maintained a skeptical attitude.

This time, it wasn't just Yang Jian and Li Yang present at Chang'an Intersection.

Not far from them, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Xiong Wenwen, and even the Ghost Child were all present.

They simply had not shown themselves yet.

Their current task was to monitor the surroundings, but if something happened, they would show up immediately.

"Li Yang, notify Liu Xiaoyu to bring over those couriers from the fourth floor. They've been behaving themselves these past two days," Yang Jian said at this moment.

It was currently eight o'clock at night.

With one hour remaining until the delivery task began, this was the time Yang Jian decided to let the other couriers out.

While he wasn't counting on these couriers to contribute much, having more people in some situations had its advantages. At the very least, it reduced the likelihood of any one person being targeted immediately by a malicious spirit.

Li Yang dialed a number. "Liu Xiaoyu, the Captain has spoken. Bring those people over."

"Understood," Liu Xiaoyu promptly responded.

"Be careful while transporting them. If any issue arises, contact me immediately," Li Yang added before hanging up the phone.

Shortly after.

Along the unobstructed road, several specialized vehicles approached from different directions and converged at the Chang'an Intersection, forming a line as they parked.

The vehicle doors opened.

The people inside were escorted out.

Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, Yang Xiaohua, Qin Kai, Da Qiang, Wang Feng, and the courier endowed with the Ghost Domain.

A total of seven individuals.

"It's been a few days, and everyone looks to be in decent shape," Yang Jian said, glancing toward them.

Many of them immediately developed a grim expression upon seeing Yang Jian, some even showing a flicker of anger in their eyes.

Anyone would be upset after being confined without reason for two or three days, let alone the fact that Yang Jian had released them in the final hour. If he'd been any later, they might have missed the delivery time entirely, and their deaths would have been a certainty.

However, under normal circumstances, if another ten minutes had passed, they would have chosen to rebel openly, forcibly breaking free rather than resigning themselves to their fate.

"Yang Jian, if you plan to kill all of us, just do it. What's the meaning of this?"

Leuk Qingqing was the first to question him.

Yang Jian replied, "So, are you saying that me not dealing with you was a mistake? If that's the case, it's not too late. If you're unhappy, go ahead and strike now. This place has been isolated, so even if a supernatural event occurs, it won't matter. Killing all of you won't give me the slightest concern."

As he finished speaking, the fractured spear in his hand struck the ground with force.

The sturdy pavement cracked, and the Coffin Nail pierced deep into the concrete below, emitting a loud thud.

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat.

They all looked at Leuk Qingqing, shaking their heads slightly, signaling her not to act rashly.

At this point, a confrontation would be incredibly foolish.

The mere fact that Yang Jian had released everyone at the last moment showed he was willing to let others participate in the delivery task. While being locked up for days was indeed infuriating, logically, there hadn't been any real losses—just wasted time.

Losing one's life over such a trivial matter? Anyone with a clear head knew what the wise choice was.

"Let's pretend none of that ever happened. After all, this is your domain, and it's understandable that you'd be cautious with us. What we should focus on now is how to handle the delivery task that's about to begin," Wang Feng said, breaking the tension.

He was adept at adapting; he hadn't flipped out even when Yang Jian took his blood-stained wooden mallet earlier.

Now, he was even less inclined to cause a scene.

"Yang Jian, you're the leader here. You call the shots. I have no objections," Eagle said, expressing his stance without mentioning how he'd been subdued earlier.

Seeing the shift in attitude, the others quickly suppressed their grievances, burying any dissatisfaction for now. Everything would wait until this ordeal was over.

The delivery task was fraught with danger. Even sticking together didn't guarantee survival—there was no room to dwell on petty grievances.

Yang Jian scanned the group and declared, "It's simple. If the bus arrives, I'll immediately deal with or eliminate anyone getting off the bus. Afterward, everyone gets on. Once aboard, the first thing you must do is grab a seat. If you fail or there aren't enough seats, then I'm sorry to say that what comes next isn't going to end well for you."

"Most likely, you'll die on that bus."

His words sent a chill through everyone present.

"What if the bus is already full?"

Yang Xiaohua asked uneasily. Lacking any resistance to the supernatural, she was clearly the most vulnerable in this situation.

Yang Jian replied, "Then you'll have to pick someone to fight for a seat. But you'd better choose wisely. Not all the passengers on that bus are human."

"What do you mean by that?" Yang Xiaohua pressed.

Eagle chimed in with an explanation: "It's simple. Some of the passengers seated on the bus might be ghosts rather than humans. So if the seats are full and you can't stand, you'll have to drive someone away and take their seat. But if you target the wrong one—a malicious ghost—then who chases who becomes the question."

"This is..."

Yang Xiaohua's pupils contracted slightly.

This was unbelievably dangerous.

They hadn't even started, yet they were already putting their lives on the line.

Just imagining what lay ahead made it clear how perilous it must be.

Was it even possible to survive long enough to complete the delivery?

It wasn't just Yang Xiaohua—everyone else looked grim. They shuddered at the thought of what challenges they might face.

Time crept forward.

The task deadline drew closer and closer.

Before nine o'clock.

Yang Jian received a message. It was from Feng Quan: "Yang Jian, a bus has appeared. It came out of nowhere, as if from thin air, and it's now driving down the road toward you."

"It's here?"

Yang Jian immediately turned his gaze in another direction.

In the distance.

The streetlights flickered, and a haze seemed to rise around the area, distorting and blurring the view. As two dim yellow headlights lit up, an eerie bus slowly came into view.

At first glance, the bus looked entirely normal, indistinguishable from an ordinary public transit vehicle.

But as Yang Jian's ghostly eye layered its vision fourfold, the bus's true form emerged.

This was no ordinary bus—but a rusted, battered, and deformed scrap vehicle.

"The visuals are affected. This is supernatural interference... Even under my current state, am I still being suppressed?"

He realized the vision from his ghostly eye was growing foggy, as if nearsighted, making it impossible to clearly discern what was within the bus. All he could see were hazy silhouettes sitting by the windows.

Moreover, as the haunted bus drew nearer, the interference with his ghostly eye worsened.

It even gave Yang Jian the eerie feeling that if the bus collided directly with the ghostly eye, it might "crash" completely.

He didn't dare take the risk.

After all, the last person who had tried something similar had died—and that person was none other than Yang Jian's father.

"This is it. This is the bus."

Everyone else had also spotted the haunted bus approaching and immediately tensed up, steeling themselves for what was to come.

At the same time, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, and the others who had been hiding nearby began to move closer.

While the haunted bus itself wasn't an immediate threat, the danger could emerge from anyone or anything disembarking.