

Revival 941

Chapter 941 - The Black Paper Umbrella

Chang'an Intersection stop, nine o'clock, a strange bus indeed appeared.

The Ghost Post Office had foreseen this event three days earlier, even knowing the precise time and location.

Perhaps for the other team members, this eerie occurrence had become routine, but to Yang Jian, who knew the inside story, it was still unfathomable because the route of the supernatural bus, its stop patterns, were all unpredictable. At this moment, the supernatural bus might appear in Dachang City, and the next moment it could show up in Dahai City, Dachuan City, or even abroad.

Predicting where it would appear next was extremely difficult, let alone foreseeing its stop three days ahead.

"Is this the supernatural bus mentioned in the headquarters' files?" Li Yang scrutinized it, unable to discern anything unusual.

He only knew this thing was very special, very strange, more intimidating than the ghost taxi they had encountered before.

"The supernatural bus is about to stop, everyone get ready, stick to the prior plan, Feng Quan, watch who gets off, ignore the rest."

Yang Jian was already prepared, giving a final reminder.

"Don't worry, Xiao Yang, with your Daddy Xiong here, nothing will happen."

Xiong Wenwen said through the satellite positioning phone, hiding somewhere unknown, already out of sight, likely not willing to show up until the matter was resolved.

At this moment.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the supernatural bus coming from afar began to slow down at this moment, finally stopping steadily beside the bus platform at the Chang'an Intersection stop.

It's here!

Yang Jian silently thought to himself.

Quickly.

The bus doors suddenly opened, both front and back doors opening simultaneously, everything looking so normal that ordinary people wouldn't be able to tell this bus apart from others, seemingly identical

inside and out, the only slight difference being the bus driver, whose body seemed a bit stiff, both hands steering unmoving, like a corpse that had died long ago.

In normal circumstances, however, no one would notice this issue.

"Board the bus." Seeing the bus door open, Qin Kai, among the messengers, immediately chose to rush onboard.

He knew there might be danger on the bus, but getting on first would undoubtedly secure a spot early, advantageous for the following action.

Not only he, but also Da Qiang, Old Eagle, Leuk Qingqing... nearly all rushed to board at this moment.

"What a bunch of reckless fools rushing to die."

A cold snort sounded from inside the bus, followed by a person quickly disembarking, exhaling a sigh of relief upon stepping off and then attempting a quick departure.

He hadn't taken two steps.

The person immediately froze.

Because he saw someone staring at him.

"The person in charge of Dachang City, Ghost Eye... Yang Jian?"

This person was clearly a ghost wielder, his gaze sharp, responding to that cold stare: "Just got off, I don't want to make a move. Do me a favor, let me pass with nothing happening. You should know what it means for me to be alive and off this bus."

This was a warning.

Also a reminder.

For a ghost wielder to leave the supernatural bus alive, not only must they be powerful, but there's also a good chance that under the supernatural suppression of the bus, their own ghost has fallen into a deadlock state.

This deadlock isn't complete; over time, the ghost will revive, but for a short-lived ghost wielder, achieving this level is impressive, enough to fleetingly match up against a Captain Level figure.

Yang Jian's gaze remained cold, staring at this ghost wielder who just disembarked.

Honestly, he didn't recognize this person, very unfamiliar, never even met before.

"Yang Jian, this person is Ni Sheng, a wanted criminal, who once killed a city official... possesses a Ghost Domain, very dangerous." Feng Quan's voice came through the satellite positioning phone.

Though the voice was not loud, it instantly drew Ni Sheng's attention.

His expression changed dramatically, realizing something was wrong.

Yet in the next moment.

Ni Sheng only saw a crimson sight before him, his Ghost Domain suppressed tightly, striving with all his supernatural power to resist.

Seemed somewhat effective, as the red world before him was rapidly fading, not completely defenseless.

Yet in the next moment.

Ni Sheng felt a massive force pierce through his body.

"Bang!"

A thunderous sound, the ground shattering.

A cracked spear appeared in front of Ni Sheng's chest without any suspense, pinning him dead to the ground.

"Yang Jian!"

Ni Sheng wanted to struggle, eyes bloodshot, letting out a ghastly low growl, as if ready to devour, yet this was merely impotent fury. Subsequently, he felt his body lose sensation rapidly, even the ghost within him seemed stripped of its supernatural power, no longer appearing.

Without supernatural power to sustain, his life force quickly ebbed away.

"I'm not resigned, I survived so many dangers, only to fall here..." Ni Sheng was terrified, utterly unwilling.

He thought, after getting off this time, he could do anything outside, but unexpectedly, as soon as he stepped off, he encountered a Captain Level figure, no less than the most troublesome Ghost Eye Yang Jian.

"A piece of trash, the time before boarding is enough to eliminate you." Yang Jian walked over coldly, wanting to retrieve the coffin nail while preparing to board.

Yet at this moment.

A bizarre figure came down from the bus, its presence seemingly dimming even the surrounding light—not seemingly, but truly.

The surroundings were darkening.

The nearby streetlights, like candles burning out, were rapidly extinguishing.

"Ghost?"

Yang Jian's eyes suddenly narrowed, reflexively stepping back, not rushing to retrieve the spear from Ni Sheng.

He didn't want to meet the apparition walking directly toward him.

That figure, draped in black fabric resembling mosquito netting, was dense, obscuring vision, making it impossible to see the shape within or the face, revealing only a black humanoid silhouette. More eerily, from beneath the black fabric extended an arm covered in scars.

The arm bore bite marks, cuts from sharp objects, punctures from something stabbing through, even bruises resembling handprints.

Yet in the palm of this eerie arm was an old wooden paper umbrella.

The umbrella, also black, appeared exceptionally odd.

Clearly, the black paper umbrella was a supernatural item.

"The Ghost Domain is being invaded..." Yang Jian sensed that the ghostly eye's domain around this ghost was impenetrable.

As if something was blocking it.

This was a phenomenon of supernatural repulsion.

This phenomenon appearing only indicated one thing: the ghost was formidable and possessed a more potent Ghost Domain than his current one.

"Captain, the bus is starting; get on, there's no time left."

At the moment, Li Yang was standing at the bus door. He also saw the terrifying ghost that had just disembarked, yet now there was no time to worry about that. If they didn't board, the mail delivery mission would fail.

"Damn it." Yang Jian watched the ghost with the black paper umbrella coming down, feeling an inexplicable unease.

He wanted to trigger the medium before leaving, slicing the ghost apart.

But he couldn't do it now.

Because the ghost had a Ghost Domain, Yang Jian couldn't trigger the medium, and even with the coffin nail, it couldn't ensure he could pin it down.

Unable to suppress the Ghost Domain, he couldn't effectively counter the ghost.

"Feng Quan, Tong Qian, quickly detain Ni Sheng's corpse. Ignore the ghost getting off the bus; this level of ghost is beyond your resistance. Let it leave," Yang Jian said, swiftly retrieving the cracked spear, then flickering to the bus's door.

"Li Yang, let's board."

He hurried up with Li Yang.

Almost at the last moment, once onboard, barely three seconds later, the supernatural bus had started, the door slamming shut.

The rear door through which they had disembarked closed too.

The supernatural bus started again, slowly moving forward, then gradually accelerating, quickly disappearing from sight.

At the stop, only a ghost holding a black paper umbrella remained, along with the ghost wielder Ni Sheng who had just died at Yang Jian's hands.

Chapter 942 - I'm Fine with Anything

At the very last moment, Yang Jian and Li Yang rushed onto the Ghost Bus. The moment their feet stepped onboard, the bus doors slammed shut on their heels.

The Ghost Bus restarted its journey, carrying both people and ghosts in the carriage to an unknown destination.

At this moment, the Ghost Bus had vanished completely from the streets of Dachang City, as if the entire event had been an illusion, leaving no trace of the bus's existence.

"So this is the fabled Ghost Bus?" Li Yang remarked with some curiosity, not appearing particularly nervous.

After all, being a ghost-handler on the bus afforded some measure of safety.

Though ghosts were present, the environment of the bus seemed to repress them, preventing them from killing easily. This gave the bus a safer reputation compared to a perilous place like the Ghost Post Office.

The others who boarded earlier were also studying the bus's interior at the moment. Their objective was straightforward—find an empty seat. Other concerns could wait until later.

The Ghost Bus seemed fairly full, almost to capacity, but there were still a few vacant seats. After all, someone and one ghost had just disembarked earlier.

"There's an empty seat—perfect."

Qin Kai, up ahead, lit up with excitement. Without hesitation, he dashed to the nearest available seat and sat down.

The moment he settled in, he shivered violently, feeling an indescribable chill creeping from the side. He turned his head slightly, and his pupils shrank in shock.

Seated beside him was a woman. Her long black hair was disheveled, her clothes tattered, her skin coated in a thin layer of frost. Her body was unnaturally stiff, as if she'd just been pulled out of a freezer. She exhibited no signs of life.

A ghost?

As Qin Kai stared at this figure, the frozen woman's corpse twitched slightly. Her rigid neck creaked as it turned, her stiff joints emitting cracking sounds. A pale, lifeless face locked onto him.

"Damn it."

A surge of terror took hold of him. He quickly averted his gaze and prepared to stand up and switch to a different seat.

But as Qin Kai tried to move, he realized the options were dwindling—there simply weren't many empty seats left in the carriage.

Da Qiang had already sat down, Wang Feng had found a spot, and so had the man they called "Eagle." Even Yang Xiaohua, the one holding a red balloon, had managed to claim a seat.

Now, there was only one seat left.

This seat was near the window, but reaching it meant navigating past the passenger sitting on the outside.

That passenger was equally unsettling. Dressed in vividly colored clothes, their skin was waxy and pale, devoid of any vitality. Their face was obscured by a piece of yellow paper, which covered their eyes, nose, and mouth, plastered tightly to their face with no visible gaps.

Moreover, as seconds passed, there was no rise or fall to indicate breathing beneath the yellow paper.

In other words, this person wasn't breathing.

"Another ghost?" Qin Kai hesitated for a moment.

Between two equally terrifying options, his current seat seemed marginally better. At least it was closer to the aisle, giving him a chance to flee if something happened. The other seat, tucked in by the window, offered no such escape route—it would be a dead end if the ghost blocked his path.

With that thought in mind...

Qin Kai suppressed the urge to change seats. Gritting his teeth, he stayed put, shifting his gaze away from the frozen female corpse beside him, unwilling to look directly at it.

However, beads of cold sweat began to drip from his forehead.

Sitting this close to a ghost for three entire stops—it was a pressure few could endure.

Were it not for his belief that the ghosts on this bus wouldn't kill indiscriminately, he would've already bolted, regardless of the risks.

"It's lively on this bus."

Yang Jian, holding his cracked, elongated spear, walked forward step by step.

The Ghost Bus was in motion, yet neither he nor Li Yang had found seats yet. Whatever the consequences of standing would be, few on this bus likely knew—but they certainly couldn't be good.

Now, the priority was to find a seat.

"So Yang Jian, the wielder of ghostly eyes, finally boarded?"

His arrival subtly drew the focus of many passengers. For a brief moment, several pairs of curious eyes discreetly watched him.

Moments earlier at the bus stop, Ni Sheng had stepped off first, only for Yang Jian to kill him on the spot without hesitation—a memory still vivid in everyone's minds.

A ghost-handler with a ticket to leave was taken down just like that.

The implications were clear to everyone.

After stealing a few glances, most passengers quickly averted their gazes, unwilling to draw Yang Jian's attention. Everyone planned to survive on this bus for some time yet, and provoking someone like him was absolutely inadvisable.

Yang Jian walked to the middle of the carriage and glanced at the electronic board above.

"11."

The glaring number displayed on the screen read "11."

Yang Jian's expression shifted subtly, a trace of astonishment crossing his face.

This number signified the presence of eleven ghosts on this small Ghost Bus—a figure that didn't even account for the one ghost that had disembarked earlier. Without that, the total would have been even higher.

"Excluding the driver's seat, there are thirty-five seats in total on this bus. So the ratio of people to ghosts is more than a third—no, even greater, since we also need to subtract the seats occupied by the fourth-floor couriers who just boarded."

Yang Jian quickly calculated. If he excluded the Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, Qin Kai, Yang Xiaohua, and the others from the tally, then the ratio of people to ghosts on the Ghost Bus had already reached a terrifying one-to-one.

Every other seat was occupied by a ghost.

Frighteningly close to equal numbers.

"Captain, there's only one seat left. What now?"

Li Yang's gaze swept the carriage, ultimately landing on the sole remaining seat.

Yang Jian's eyes darted around, scanning the faces of several passengers.

"This Yang Jian is short one seat. With his methods, he'll likely grab one by force. As long as we don't respond to him, we'll be fine. Even on this bus, he's suppressed like the rest of us. And with this many ghosts here, the chances of him picking me are minuscule. As long as I don't show any weaknesses, he won't be able to tell if I'm human or ghost."

Someone on the bus clung to this line of thought, maintaining an eerily ambiguous demeanor that was impossible to interpret.

As long as they stayed silent and didn't look around recklessly, no one would dare make the first move against them. If the wrong target was chosen and turned out to be a ghost, the consequences would be fatal—not only might the seat remain unattainable, but they might also lose their life.

Yang Jian's sharp gaze continued to sweep over the carriage.

No one dared meet his eyes. In this volatile situation, making eye contact was as good as asking, "What are you looking at?"—an invitation to be taken down and have your seat grabbed on the spot.

After an almost oppressive pause, Yang Jian's stare moved on, momentarily lingering on the fourth-floor couriers.

The couriers who had boarded earlier immediately felt as if they were sitting on pins and needles, their nerves on edge, fearing Yang Jian might go after them and take their seats.

Most worried of all was Yang Xiaohua.

As an ordinary person, she had almost zero ability to resist. If Yang Jian demanded her seat, she'd have no choice but to comply. In that scenario, she'd be the only one left without a seat, a situation virtually equivalent to a death sentence.

Yang Xiaohua's body tensed up completely, avoiding even the briefest glance at Yang Jian, as if she hadn't heard Li Yang's earlier comment.

When it came to life and death, everyone acted selfishly. No one was willing to willingly give up their seat.

Yang Jian's lips curled into a cold, faint smile, but his gaze moved on, stopping on no one else.

"Li Yang, take the last seat."

"What about you, Captain?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian replied calmly, "I'll manage."

With that, he turned and walked toward the front of the bus. Without hesitation, he reached out and pulled at the driver's seat.

The driver tumbled to the ground instantly.

"What the hell? Yang Jian wants to take the driver's seat? He's going after the Ghost Bus driver?"

The move shocked everyone.

All who boarded the bus assumed there was an unspoken rule: Do not disturb the driver. To them, anything capable of driving such a terrifying bus was surely an exceedingly dangerous ghost.

As such, the driver's seat was considered a forbidden zone.

But Yang Jian unceremoniously dragged the driver aside and sat down himself without the slightest hesitation.

The driver, who many suspected was a fearsome ghost, now lay on the floor like a lifeless corpse, entirely motionless.

There wasn't the slightest hint of anything strange occurring. No ominous transformations, no violent retaliation—nothing attacked Yang Jian for occupying the driver's seat.

Everything remained eerily normal.

Chapter 943 Overloading of Vehicles

Yang Jian didn't make a move to eliminate anyone and seize a seat for himself, although he could certainly do so, given his ability.

But the people on this bus seemed to have forgotten something.

Besides the thirty-five seats, there is one more seat, which is the driver's seat. This seat can be occupied, as Yang Jian had learned from previous information that Old Qin from the headquarters had once been the driver of the supernatural bus.

Since Old Qin once drove the supernatural bus, he naturally sat in the driver's seat.

If someone else has sat there without incident and lived to tell the tale, it naturally means this seat is safe, without danger or curses.

As for the corpse in the driver's seat.

It was just a pathetic soul who attempted to drive the supernatural bus before, and Yang Jian had already seen this corpse before, without finding anything unusual.

Yang Jian speculated that this corpse might have once been a ghost handler, but after death, the ghost within might have moved on.

So, this corpse is most likely just an empty shell.

Of course, even if he guessed wrong, it doesn't matter. The ghosts on the bus would be suppressed, so Yang Jian wasn't worried about any incidents occurring.

"Can someone sit in the driver's seat? Is the so-called driver just a useless corpse there to scare people?"

"No way, is such a thing possible? Does this Yang Jian know something? Does he intend to drive the supernatural bus?"

"If the bus can be driven, that would be terrifying."

Many ghost handlers sitting on the bus for survival were now deeply shocked. Only now did they realize that the bus could potentially be manually driven. They didn't have to drift aimlessly, following the bus into perilous areas and experiencing unimaginable dangers.

"Yang Jian, can you drive this bus? If you can, I'll immediately pledge my loyalty and join your team. What do you think?"

At this moment, an unfamiliar ghost handler couldn't hold back and spoke up first.

Having control of the supernatural bus is equivalent to holding countless ghost handlers' lives in your hands, as most rely on the bus's certain features to suppress the ghost revivals within them.

In such a situation, it's enough to drive everyone crazy.

"Yang Jian, give us an answer. If you can do it, I'll pledge my loyalty to you as well." Someone else spoke afterward.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian, I'm one of the heads at the headquarters and was forced onto this bus to save my life. My name is Fan Xing, and I hope for mutual assistance in the future."

Besides those willing to pledge their loyalty to Yang Jian, there were also people using their positions to get closer to him.

"Shut up," Yang Jian coldly interrupted.

He wasn't interested in any of them, not even if someone wanted to pledge their loyalty. He wasn't willing to accept them.

Untrustworthy team members are a hazard.

With his sharp command, those who were chattering fell silent, obediently quieting down.

Now, Yang Jian sat in the driver's seat, holding the steering wheel. Although he didn't know if he could control the supernatural bus, offending him or making him dissatisfied would be suicidal if he truly could take control.

At this moment.

The supernatural bus continued moving forward along a quiet, silent asphalt road. This road was eerie, seemingly endless at a glance. If it weren't for the changing scenery outside, everyone wouldn't even be sure if the bus was moving, rather than circling in place.

Yang Jian sat in the driver's seat but didn't attempt to control the vehicle, which continued operating according to a certain pattern.

However, Old Qin's driver experience intrigued him somewhat.

Perhaps he could imitate Old Qin and drive the supernatural bus...

"It's worth a try." Yang Jian took off his gloves, revealing a cold, darkened hand.

This was the hand of a fierce ghost, disassembled and stitched onto his body by the Ghost Shadow.

From his experience driving the Ghost Taxi, he knew that controlling a supernatural vehicle required first exerting suppression; only a successful suppression would allow one to reclaim some control.

And this control was the driving power.

But if suppression failed or couldn't be established, gaining control would be impossible.

Therefore, a driver needed considerable supernatural power.

Yang Jian placed both hands on the steering wheel, then tried to turn it.

This old steering wheel felt as if it were rusted and jammed. Despite exerting all his strength, he couldn't move it an inch.

"Not enough suppressive force to seize control. The Ghost Hand can drive the Ghost Taxi, but it can't control this supernatural bus. The difference is just too big," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Even if the Ghost Hand could slightly turn the wheel, he'd accept it.

Such immobility was a little disheartening.

"Try again."

Yang Jian didn't give up, his shadow flickering, slowly covering the steering wheel to add more suppressive force.

While the bus could suppress ghosts, it didn't render them completely immobile. The ghost power could still be used on the bus, albeit heavily restricted.

If the bus suppressed ghosts like a Coffin Nail, the bus would have been filled ages ago, unable even to disembark.

That's why the supernatural bus was so peculiar.

The Ghost Shadow and Ghost Hand overlay, Yang Jian tried to turn the wheel again.

It felt like he was trying to move something immensely heavy. He still felt great resistance, but to his surprise.

The jammed steering wheel finally showed some movement.

It turned slightly.

The rotation was minimal, too small to immediately change the position of the supernatural bus, only shifting a tiny bit with extended travel.

However, the moment Yang Jian let go.

The steering wheel of the supernatural bus immediately returned to its original position, and control was stripped away once more.

"It's already this hard just to move the steering wheel, let alone clutch, brakes, and controlling the doors....." Yang Jian's face darkened.

He had already become an anomaly, a top ghost handler, yet he couldn't even turn the steering wheel of this bus.

It was hard to fathom how Old Qin ever managed to control this bus.

Or was it not because his strength was lacking but because he was using the wrong method?

Yang Jian started doubting himself.

After all, if he couldn't control it, no one else could either, not even matching his capability.

"Looks like I have to give up trying to drive this supernatural bus for now." Yang Jian, after failing his attempt, dismissed the idea.

However, it wasn't a complete loss.

At least he could confirm that he could exert some control.

As time slowly passed.

The supernatural bus kept moving forward, the surrounding scenery changed, and a village silhouette appeared outside the window. The bus was heading into the village along the road.

"Have we arrived at a stop?"

Yang Jian looked out the window at the village outside, his expression serious.

The village outside had old wooden houses with green tiles, steeped in history, mysterious and silent, devoid of people. Weeds grew everywhere, some doors and windows were rotten, leaving just gaping window frames.

But from their style, these were typical domestic buildings.

Is there still such a rural place in the country in this era?

"An incomprehensible eerie place," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Not only did he see the eerie village outside, but the others on the bus also noticed it, and they became inexplicably tense.

Because every time the supernatural bus stopped, there was inherent danger.

If it stopped in a real-world city, the people on the bus could take the chance to get off, but if it halted in such an inexplicable eerie place, then under no circumstances should you disembark.

If the supernatural bus left, you might be stuck in such a place forever, whether you survive would depend on fate.

A bus stop suddenly appeared on the road through the village, and the modern stop sharply contrasted with the village's appearance, looking out of place and very conflicting.

But at the bus stop, there was already an eerie figure standing as if waiting to board.

"Damn, with the bus full, a ghost wants to board....."

Someone couldn't help but gasp quietly.

Anyone who had stayed on the bus for a while knew that the greatest fear was stalling, overloading, and ghost hitchhiking.

Yang Jian had already taken the driver's seat.

Overloading was inevitable, unavoidable.

Chapter 944 - The Elderly Man Who Got on the Bus

The rural countryside outside the bus windows was old and desolate, steeped in dim light, oppressive and dilapidated.

Places like this felt deeply eerie—like they didn't belong to this world. Yet, judging by the scale of the village, it must have been prosperous at some point. Though the wooden houses had aged considerably, the carved floral patterns on them were still visible.

However, the passengers on the bus had their attention elsewhere.

The village lay a certain distance away from the road. Although its sinister appearance gave everyone chills, since no one planned on spending the night there, the concern was minimal. What unnerved them was the sight of someone standing at the bus stop near the village entrance.

In a place like this, amidst such an environment, would anyone really be waiting for the bus at that stop?

Everyone's minds instinctively settled on one word: ghost.

The one waiting for the haunted bus wasn't human, but a malicious spirit preparing to board.

"Can we really be this unlucky? We've only traveled one stop, and now there's a ghost about to climb aboard. And the bus is full too—this can't end well."

The courier known as Eagle was ordinarily calm and collected, but now, unease gripped him profoundly. He cast a quick glance at Leuk Qingqing.

Leuk Qingqing's gaze was equally heavy, her expression betraying faint traces of deep worry.

The same went for several unfamiliar passengers. Though they weren't couriers, they had inexplicably stayed aboard the haunted bus. Faced with the looming danger, they were visibly tense.

"I have an idea. A whole group of people boarded earlier and filled all the seats. Once this ghost climbs aboard at the next stop, the lack of seating will surely lead to fatal consequences. Instead of passively waiting for disaster, why not take the initiative?"

"Kill someone now and free up a seat for the ghost. That way, we'd defuse this crisis altogether."

A man seated near the front of the bus spoke coldly and bluntly.

It was evident he was also a ghost tamer, unfamiliar to most, and hadn't been aboard for long.

"It's a decent idea, but do you dare to act on it? Ghost-eye Yang Jian's right next to you. If you kill one of his people, do you think you'll survive to reach the next stop? Just moments ago, Ni Sheng stuck around on the bus longer than he should've. He was taken out by Yang Jian in a single move. How long have you been on this bus? Five days? Six days?"

Fan Xing, a city official seated nearby, sneered derisively.

"You don't know your limits, rookie. Picking a fight with a Captain-level figure—are you tired of living?"

Someone else silently shook their head, convinced the man was courting his own death out of sheer ignorance.

It was clear to those paying attention that Yang Jian had been prepared when the haunted bus stopped in Dachang City earlier.

He had deliberately waited for the bus's arrival before leading his team aboard.

In other words, the people Yang Jian brought aboard weren't going to stay long. Their purpose wasn't to ride indefinitely but to reach a specific destination.

Under these conditions, avoiding conflict was already a struggle; picking a fight would be outright foolish.

Yang Jian was currently analyzing and observing some changes in the driver's seat, paying absolutely no mind to the stranger's earlier remarks. He responded indifferently, "If you want to clear out a seat by taking someone out, I have no objections. Just make sure you can go through with it. If you can't, then I'll take you out instead."

Hmm?

Those words made several faces subtly shift.

What did he mean?

Was he giving tacit approval for someone to act and eliminate one of the existing passengers?

Or was this a warning and a show of dominance?

Whatever the case, Yang Jian's statement caused a ripple of unease among the couriers. They felt a sudden and inexplicable surge of crisis deep within.

If it came down to an actual confrontation, none of them felt confident about surviving.

"They wouldn't really resort to violence, would they?" Yang Xiaohua murmured, her unease evident.

She sat clutching a red balloon, trying her best to maintain composure. Despite being an ordinary person, as long as she didn't reveal this fact, who would suspect her true nature?

Besides, there was something undeniably peculiar about her.

After all, who rides a bus while holding a red balloon the entire time?

Adhering to the principle that "the stranger something appears, the more dangerous it might be," few were inclined to target her.

Instead, most of the scrutiny landed on Wang Feng, Qin Kai, Eagle, and Da Qiang.

From their appearances and attire, they seemed indistinguishable from ordinary people. This either meant they were exceptionally powerful ghost tamers or terribly weak ones, barely touched by supernatural erosion.

Most likely, it was the latter.

Given Yang Jian's reputation in the ghost-taming community, his strength was widely acknowledged. If any of these companions were remotely noteworthy, word of them would have spread by now.

"No point in provoking Yang Jian. Once the bus stops, there's a chance a ghost might get off."

Someone muttered a cautionary remark, hoping to deter any missteps that might lead to an all-out battle aboard.

Such a statement had an immediate calming effect on everyone's thoughts.

True enough.

A ghost might disembark at the next stop, which would naturally free up a seat.

In the end, no one acted on the idea of killing to free a space.

The couriers seated in the bus secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yang Jian... to think just his name alone can suppress these hardened fighters who've dealt with malicious spirits. It's almost unreal. What kind of history does Yang Jian have to command such fear?"

Eagle clenched his fists, his gaze drifting toward the driver's seat occupant.

Though Eagle knew little of Yang Jian's background, he could feel that to intimidate such brutal figures, Yang Jian had to be even more ruthless and terrifying.

From their previous interactions, Eagle had gathered that Yang Jian had his methods but didn't seem overwhelmingly fearsome.

So... was his perspective too limited? Could he only glimpse the tip of Yang Jian's iceberg?

"The bus is stopping."

Someone, voice barely above a whisper, announced.

No matter what had transpired aboard, the haunted bus operated without interference. Slowing gently, it came to a stop beside the station near the eerie village.

Only now did the passengers get a clearer look at the figure waiting at the station.

It was a hunched-over elder, gaunt and lifeless, dressed in a black cloth jacket. One frail arm held a bamboo basket covered in floral fabric.

The figure resembled an old villager returning home from the marketplace in earlier times.

"An old woman... no, a sinister granny."

"Looks human—could it really be?"

"Someone lingering here? Are you out of your mind?"

The haunted bus halted, and its doors abruptly swung open—both the front boarding door and the rear exit door.

All eyes swept across the interior, vigilantly checking to see whether any ghosts would get off.

Meanwhile, the eerie old woman slowly approached, prepared to board.

Yet, no one on the bus made any move.

Not a single ghost disembarked.

"Damn it."

Realizing this, many passengers' faces darkened instantly.

They understood fully well that if a ghost planned to leave the bus, it would've acted by now. The lack of any movement meant only one thing: this stop would see arrivals but no departures.

The ghost would board.

If there was no seat available, trouble would escalate quickly.

"This old woman looks... familiar..." Leuk Qingqing stared at the approaching figure, fragments of memories from a bygone era surfacing faintly.

She'd seen her before—or rather, encountered her somewhere.

"The source of Dachuan City's Ferocious Ghost District, Room 301—could it be that horrifying old woman?"

Sitting in the passenger seat, Yang Jian fixed his gaze indelibly on the boarding figure.

Initially, he also felt a sense of familiarity.

But it wasn't until he noticed the basket in the old woman's hands that realization solidified in his mind.

This granny was the owner of Room 301 in Dachuan City.

"That's impossible. That old woman's already dead—her corpse was lying on the rickety bed in the room to the left of 301. How could she be here?" Yang Jian's expression shifted unpredictably.

This defied his understanding.

He couldn't fathom a reasonable explanation for it all.

No matter his thoughts...

The old woman climbed aboard nonetheless.

As she did, the electronic screen displaying the passenger count flickered noticeably.

Previously, it had read 11. Now, suddenly blinking, it displayed 13.

The count had jumped by two.

One figure had boarded, but the bus recorded the addition of two ghosts.

Chapter 945 - The Mask

The moment the elderly lady in a black cotton shirt stepped onto the bus, the digital screen inside the bus abruptly changed its displayed numbers. It jumped directly from 11 to 13.

Two whole numbers were added.

This number wasn't random; it precisely recorded the count of ghosts onboard.

This meant—

The old lady, though appearing to board alone as a single ghost, had actually brought another ghost aboard.

"Is she a human or a ghost?"

Sitting at the driver's seat, Yang Jian's restless Ghost Eye swiveled continuously, fixating intensely on the elderly lady.

There was a fear born out of familiarity.

The last time he encountered this ghost in Dachuan City, he nearly got wiped out by her; he only managed to come back thanks to the rebooting.

Yet his Ghost Eye couldn't discern her true nature. Staring at her, Yang Jian saw an elderly woman seemingly on the brink of death, yet he faintly sensed traces of life—a mixture of a living person's presence and a ghost's menace. He couldn't definitively determine if she was a ghost.

After boarding, the elderly lady carrying a bamboo basket let her dim, cloudy eyes shift slightly, landing momentarily on Yang Jian at the driver's seat.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian immediately gripped the cracked long spear beside him, preparing for a confrontation with the ghost.

But the elderly lady made no move, only let the corners of her mouth curl into a faint, almost sinister smile before proceeding inward down the aisle.

"Are you a person or a ghost? Based on your age, you should have lived from the Republic of China era to now, but I saw your corpse in Room 301 in Dachuan City..."

Without hesitation, Yang Jian asked directly.

The others were visibly unsettled by Yang Jian's boldness.

"Does Ghost Eye Yang Jian think this elderly lady isn't a ghost, but a human?"

"No, the captain isn't sure. He's probing to confirm her identity." Li Yang, fully aware of Yang Jian's methods, explained.

When facing ghosts, his first instinct is to figure out a way to test them, then quickly analyze the situation to decide the next course of action.

It seems reckless, but in reality, it's calculated and strategic, far from impulsive.

The elderly lady acted as though she hadn't heard anything, continuing to walk forward at her own pace. She moved to the back of the bus and finally halted there, standing motionless.

The bus was full now.

There were no seats left for her.

The passengers at the rear broke into a cold sweat, desperate to flee and distance themselves from this old lady.

But they didn't dare to act.

Because there was nowhere to escape.

"The haunted bus isn't starting..." Yang Jian soon noticed that the vehicle wasn't moving. It seemed stalled, as if someone had cut the ignition, while the doors remained open.

Apparently, as long as the elderly lady didn't take a seat, there was no way for the bus to leave.

Still, the bus engine hadn't been shut off.

Which meant the cabin was at least temporarily safe.

The elderly lady stood motionless, like a corpse, seemingly waiting for a seat to become available.

However, with no ghosts exiting the bus, every seat was occupied.

"Huff! Huff!"

Outside, a chilling wind began to pick up, and the scenery beyond started to shift again. In the dim spectral village, lights appeared suddenly. No, those weren't lights—they were lanterns glowing with eerie candlelight.

The lanterns flickered, swaying as they approached the bus.

The shadows cast around the lanterns revealed sinister, terrifying figures.

And as time went by, the number of lanterns steadily increased, all converging toward the station.

"The ghosts from the village are emerging! Damn it, if this keeps up, everyone's going to die. Someone must give up a seat for that old thing to sit down, or else this bus won't start and we'll all perish," an experienced passenger urgently hissed.

From afar, a swarm of ghosts clutching eerie lanterns closed in.

The bus door was open, and once the spirits boarded, death would come for everyone in the cabin.

A choice had to be made: sacrifice one, or lose everyone. That much was clear to everyone.

In an instant, the tense, oppressive atmosphere inside the cabin flared into explosive hostility.

If the ghosts couldn't leave, perhaps the humans could be forced off?

"This is bad."

The messengers who had followed Yang Jian onto the bus were now acutely aware of the dire situation.

Once the bus was full, a sacrifice was inevitable to get it moving; if no one acted, the stall would attract the surrounding ghosts to board, sentencing everyone to death.

But at this moment, no one dared to make the first move.

Everyone was wary of each other, unsure of their opponents' capabilities. Attacking the wrong person might lead to self-destruction.

Tensions mounted, and the atmosphere grew heavier, primed for a brutal conflict.

Suddenly, a man sitting inconspicuously in a corner spoke up calmly: "Yang Jian, at times like this, we need to step forward and maintain order, or everyone dies. I'll take out one ghost-wielder, and you take care of one messenger. What do you say?"

Messenger?

The mention of the messengers from the Post Office startled everyone.

Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, Qin Kai, Wang Feng, and the others looked in shock at the man.

The man appeared to be around twenty-five or twenty-six years old, seemingly young but emanating a sharpness beyond his years. His demeanor was both arrogant and chillingly rational, making it impossible to ignore him.

Yang Jian stood from the driver's seat with his cracked long spear in hand, scrutinizing the man: "I don't know you."

"You don't know many people, but now you do. I'm Zhou Deng, familiar with Cao Yanhua. We've collaborated a few times. I missed the captain's meeting; otherwise, we might have already met," the man introduced himself as Zhou Deng, revealing his connection to Cao Yanhua.

He seemed to have ties to headquarters.

The previous passenger, Fan Xing, was also a person-in-charge.

It appeared headquarters had sent a considerable number of people onboard, leveraging the bus to suppress the ghosts' resurgence.

"Interesting." Yang Jian's eyes glimmered faintly.

Zhou Deng's words hinted at many things—his strength was significant, as he was privy to captain-level meetings, which were exclusive to ghost-wielders nominated as captains.

"Are you capable of doing this?" Yang Jian wasn't opposed.

He thought reducing the number of messengers wouldn't hurt in this situation.

"What do you think?" Zhou Deng remained silent but suddenly pulled out a peculiar mask and put it on.

The mask resembled human skin—a disturbingly familiar yet alien visage.

Human Skin Mask?

Once Zhou Deng donned the mask, his demeanor shifted completely, becoming strange and ominous as if a ghost were awakening.

Simultaneously, the digital screen inside the bus jumped in numbers.

13 became 14.

This shift was directly caused by Zhou Deng putting on the Human Skin Mask.

Yang Jian paused briefly to think; he trusted Zhou Deng and ordered, "Then what are we waiting for? Take action."

"This is bad."

The most terrified weren't the ghost-wielders but the four-floor messengers like Eagle, Wang Feng, and Da Qiang.

If Yang Jian started attacking, someone was bound to die—it was just a matter of who.

"Did he target me?"

Spurred by instinct—or perhaps by noticing Yang Jian's movements—the fourth-floor messenger working with Wang Feng shouted.

"You managed to fend off my Ghost Shadow's invasion; you're not bad. Precisely because of that, you can't be allowed to stay." Before Yang Jian could finish speaking, the cracked long spear in his hand flew out.

It pierced through the seat instantly.

But the messenger's reflexes saved him, allowing him to bend down and evade the attack.

"If you want to kill me, you'll have to do better. I've been observing you for a long time; I've got some insight into your supernatural weapon," the fourth-floor messenger countered and grabbed the cracked long spear, lunging at Yang Jian.

"This end of the spear is for pinning ghosts, isn't it?"

The messenger didn't use a Firewood Knife to strike Yang Jian but instead attempted to stab him with the Coffin Nail end of the spear.

"Pathetic." Yang Jian stood motionless.

The messenger suddenly felt a suffocating darkness enveloping him.

A massive shadow crashed into him, sending him flying out of the bus.

His neck snapped upon landing, and he lay lifeless on the ground, blood gushing from his mouth.

"The gap is too wide. Even with the suppression inside the bus, Yang Jian still holds a crushing advantage. He handled it masterfully," Qin Kai, Da Qiang, Eagle, and others couldn't help but think as they watched this unfold.

With this realization, they quietly exhaled in relief.

In quick succession, another unfortunate passenger was thrown off the bus.

Zhou Deng had also succeeded.

A ghost-wielder was slain and discarded like a corpse.

"How was that?" Zhou Deng glanced at Yang Jian.

"Impressive."

Yang Jian fixed his gaze on another passenger with the long spear in hand: "Move to that seat. Two seats must be freed up."

The passenger didn't dare resist and immediately changed seats.

With the seats vacated, the elderly lady finally moved. She shuffled over to the empty spot and slowly sat down, placing her bamboo basket on the adjacent seat.

Two seats occupied by a ghost?

This raised eyebrows among some passengers.

No.

The basket itself counted as a ghost.

The clever ones quickly made sense of the situation.

The earlier number jump was due to this.

Zhou Deng then ripped off the Human Skin Mask, and the digital screen's number changed again: 13.

The number of ghosts on board had decreased by one.

"A Human Skin Mask capable of turning its wearer into a ghost?" Yang Jian glanced at it briefly before resuming his seat at the driver's position.

The risk of overloading had been resolved.

"Bang!"

The haunted bus resumed operation, its doors slamming shut. Slowly, it began to move forward.

Meanwhile, in the eerie village, dozens of lanterns burned brightly, swaying like waves, surging toward the bus station.

But as the bus picked up speed, the lanterns and their ominous glow were gradually left behind, eventually disappearing into the darkness.

Chapter 946 Tranquil County Town

"Finally leaving that eerie village was truly perilous. If the bus had stayed there, heaven knows what kind of danger would have ensued, but now, it's finally safe."

"Survived another crisis. Looks like the dangers of the overloaded supernatural bus are still controllable."

On the supernatural bus, the other survivors let out a sigh of relief.

They felt fortunate, relieved that Yang Jian and that guy named Zhou Deng had not targeted them.

"That Yang Jian, he's so ruthless."

Qin Kai, along with Da Qiang, looked at Yang Jian at the driver's seat with lingering fear, both of them having the same thought.

The messenger on the fourth floor was killed without hesitation.

It was evident that the guy taken out just now was also strong and smart. He resisted the moment he was targeted and even tried to counterattack Yang Jian.

A series of decisions were not wrong.

If it were them, they would have done the same.

But the gap was too large, and they could only be taken out alive.

"If Wang Feng had also acted just now, maybe we could have had a chance to topple Yang Jian here. On the bus, the supernatural is suppressed, which is the same for everyone. The supernatural powers we control are not as strong as Yang Jian's, which actually gives us an advantage. If we can't defeat Yang Jian in this situation, then there really is no chance."

For some reason, Old Eagle's eyes flickered as he pondered this issue.

"However, Wang Feng seems to have tacitly allowed Yang Jian to act, without reacting. Is he scared?"

Old Eagle gave a glance at Wang Feng.

Wang Feng, however, sat in his seat with a calm expression, seemingly indifferent to the earlier death of his companion.

Leuk Qingqing also paid no attention to what had just happened. Many fragmented memories surfaced in her mind again, memories that didn't belong to her, a side effect brought on by the supernatural influence.

Thus, ever since that eerie old woman boarded the bus, she fell into deep thought.

"In that situation just now, Yang Jian didn't choose to attack me..." At this moment, Yang Xiaohua felt a sense of unexpected surprise.

She was an ordinary person; in that situation, there was nothing better than getting rid of an ordinary person to free up space.

There was no risk in killing her and it wouldn't offend anyone.

Yang Xiaohua was the messenger on the second floor, and in this message-delivering team, she had no companions, belonging to those who could be abandoned at any time.

"The captain is using this opportunity to eliminate an unstable factor." Li Yang understood.

The reason Yang Jian chose that messenger was not because of any personal vendetta, but because that messenger had certain abilities. Also, considering their previous encounter at the Ghost Post Office, eliminating potential threats in advance was wise.

After all, the road ahead is long, and there are bound to be more dangers.

If someone were to take revenge against Yang Jian when danger strikes, it could be fatal.

"Moreover, for a ghost to sit down, two people must get off the bus to make space. This is unavoidable, even if the captain doesn't act, others in the bus would inevitable get into a conflict." Li Yang shook his head slightly in his heart.

This is a harsh reality.

If two people have to die, no one wants to be the one sacrificed.

Zhou Deng's timely emergence, teaming up with Yang Jian to kill one each, stabilized the situation without triggering a united revolt.

"I hope no more ghosts get on at the next stop," Li Yang thought to himself.

At this moment.

The carriage returned to quiet.

It was as if nothing had happened just now. No one would discuss the two dead. The remaining ones would only feel grateful for their safety; after all, on this bus, those who have died are not just the two from before.

Yang Jian returned to his seat, continuing to study how to drive this bus.

It seemed like he hadn't gone to kill someone but just took a stroll around the carriage before returning.

When he stopped earlier, he was very clear: when the bus stopped, the doors opened, and the two indicator lights on the dashboard next to it lit up, meaning that just by using this switch, he could control the bus's doors.

"Perhaps I can't fully control the bus's steering wheel, but controlling the bus's door switch should be no problem."

Yang Jian pondered, thinking if he succeeded, he could seize a portion of control and minimize the dangers on the supernatural bus.

He glanced slightly at the interior of the carriage.

The number of ghosts had reached a shocking 13.

It was truly disturbing. If the bus were unlucky enough to stall, it would indeed be interesting.

The whole bus, people and ghosts, would have to get off.

Without the protection of the bus, with so many ghosts and people gathered, they would likely be wiped out instantly.

The thought made Yang Jian's heart chill.

"I must find a way to control the bus's door switch; otherwise, if it stalls, not even I can ensure that among these 13 ghosts, one wouldn't erase human consciousness."

He didn't want to sit and wait for death. He wanted to take control of the supernatural bus, even partially, as a good thing.

At this moment, the supernatural bus continued to cruise on the seemingly endless highway.

The road twisted on; in the distance, it was dim and oppressive, unclear, with only desolate open spaces and eerie old woods illuminated by the bus's headlights; there were no modern buildings or passing vehicles or living people.

The bus stop seemed to have become a junction between reality and the eerie domain, with the bus merely connecting these points.

But not every place has a bus stop.

The distance between this stop and the next seemed somewhat far.

The bus had been driving for at least twenty minutes now, and finally, some changes occurred in the surroundings.

Dim streetlights began to appear along the dark road.

The streetlights lined up along the roadside, lighting the area around.

As the bus continued, it unknowingly arrived at a very ordinary small county town. This small county town, however, revealed some oddities because it was so quiet; there were no people on the streets or roads, empty and desolate, like a dead city.

Yet, streetlights were shining in the small county town, some store signs were illuminated, the streets were clean, and there was no overgrown grass, obviously well-maintained.

If no one lived here, the small county town couldn't be this intact.

"The second stop is coming up, but still, what is this ghostly place?"

"Who knows? These are all styles and decorations from the 1990s; you won't find such a county town anywhere in the country."

"I hope no ghost appears near the bus stop."

The people in the carriage became tense again.

At this moment, the bus was still at full capacity. One more ghost boarding meant someone had to get off to make room.

Soon.

The location of the stop appeared.

Unexpectedly, it was at an intersection on a street.

The intersection was wide and well-connected to this county town, and astonishingly, there stood an old copper basin filled with paper ash in the middle of this intersection, as if someone had been burning paper to honor the dead.

The ash was still fresh, as if it had happened within the last three days.

Moreover, there were unfinished yellow papers nearby.

The size and style of those yellow papers were somewhat familiar...

Suddenly.

Someone realized, turning his gaze to a cold, stiff corpse in the bus.

The corpse's skin was waxy yellow, lifeless, with a yellow paper covering its eyes, nose, and mouth, showing no breath, only the outline of a human face, looking extremely eerie.

"Same yellow paper? How is this possible?"

"Is this ghost from this place? Otherwise, why would this yellow paper be on its face?"

"The good news is, no ghosts near the stop."

The bus arrived at the stop, safely halting at this intersection.

The bus door swung open.

At that crossroads, suddenly, a cold wind arose, blowing around, and the paper ash in the mid-street copper basin flew everywhere in the air, a burnt stench permeating the air.

And inside the copper basin, there remained a lot of unburned yellow paper.

These yellow papers floated in the air, hovering at this intersection, never leaving, making it very unusual.

At the same time.

The wax-yellow-skinned corpse with its face covered in yellow paper suddenly moved. The ghost slowly stood up and moved its body towards the rear exit of the carriage.

"Great, the ghost is getting off."

Seeing this scene, everyone slightly relaxed their tense nerves.

The ghost getting off meant a seat was vacated, creating a space beneficial for the journey ahead.

But before the ghost could get off.

Suddenly.

The man named Zhou Deng from before dashed off the bus to the outside.

"Zhou Deng, what are you doing? Are you crazy to get off here?" the responsible man named Fan Xing called out.

Zhou Deng ignored it. The moment he got off, the gusting wind seemed to intensify, yet at some unknown point, he had donned a strange human skin mask, grabbing three floating yellow papers from mid-air, seemingly dissatisfied, aiming to approach the copper basin.

However, before he could draw near, the flying paper ash seemed to thicken, blocking the sky, obscuring visibility.

"Damn it."

Zhou Deng cursed, attempting to make a move, finding it not so easy.

Meanwhile, he heard a strange knocking sound near the copper basin, a silhouette covered in black paper ash vaguely standing by, edging closer.

"This madman, he wants that copper basin," someone cursed.

"Is an ominous object worth such a risk?"

Evidently, some understood that the copper basin with paper ash was an ominous object; they just didn't know its purpose.

Zhou Deng was both brave and greedy, trying to grab something from this eerie place.

Clearly, his progress wasn't smooth. While the outside was fine before he got off, getting off triggered a change.

The flying paper shreds were like darkness enveloping, dimming the surrounding light.

"Zhou Deng, hurry up and board, you want to die, but we don't,"

The black paper ash had already invaded the carriage, scattered everywhere, with the burnt stench growing stronger.

Zhou Deng saw it was futile, returning swiftly.

At this point.

The ghost with the yellow paper on its face had already got off, reducing the number on the bus's information display from 13 to 12.

The number decreased by one.

The ghost got off.

Zhou Deng headed straight for the bus door.

The rule of this bus was simple, absolutely not to board from the exit, or you would face disaster.

"Not good."

Zhou Deng reached the bus door, preparing to board, but was staggered by the outside wind, nearly swept away, and even the mask on his face seemed ready to fall off.

The mask was barely attached, creating a gap.

He was being corroded by supernatural forces.

This interference proved fatal.

The bus door slammed shut.

Zhou Deng's expression changed, seeing several figures drawing near in the swirling paper ash around him.

"Failed, huh?"

He froze.

However, at that moment, the bus door suddenly reopened, though not entirely, half was enough for a person to pass through.

Zhou Deng's pupils dilated, grasping the fleeting opportunity and rushing onto the bus.

"Bang!"

The bus door shut for the second time.

The vehicle started, moving forward, gradually leaving this paper ash-filled intersection.

"You're very gutsy to risk that,"

Yang Jian withdrew his ghost hand and ghost shadow hand from the switch, staring at Zhou Deng.

"I thought it wouldn't matter, and I'd manage. I didn't expect things to change once I got off. Thank you, Yang Jian. I never thought you would act." Zhou Deng looked at Yang Jian, feeling surprised.

"Your life is valuable," Yang Jian reached out his hand.

Zhou Deng grinned, "I see."

He then opened his palm, revealing the three yellow papers with varying degrees of damage, burned and incomplete, not one intact.

"I can only give you one. Your choice," he stated his price.

"Looks like your luck is bad, and if you really intended to take that copper basin, you wouldn't have made it back alive."

Yang Jian glanced at them, unhesitatingly taking the least damaged yellow paper.

This thing was very unusual.

Pasted on a ghost's face, it must have special use.

But nobody dared to tear it off the ghost's face.

So, the yellow paper outside became Zhou Deng's target.

"That copper basin was very unusual. Had I retrieved it, it would've been great. Since I didn't, it's alright; maybe next time,"

Zhou Deng shook his head, then smiled, returning to his seat at the back.

He was quite bold, as if walking the edge of life and death just now wasn't a big deal.

This was a madman, fearless, daring to grab odd objects in such eerie place.

However, in others' eyes, Yang Jian seemed fiercer, to control the supernatural bus and open the already closed door again, it seems sooner or later he'll fully control this bus.

Yang Jian said nothing, only looking back at the passing intersection.

A horrifying scene occurred.

The gust at the intersection had ceased, no longer sending paper ash flying, everything back to normal; however, abnormal was the presence of ten or so varied and eerie figures at that spot, all with yellow paper covering their faces, without features, and the ghost that had just got off was among them, appearing quite ordinary.

Others saw it too, and some broke out in a cold sweat.

If late, these ghosts would likely have torn the people in the carriage to shreds.

"Barely able to control the door opening? It's effective, but very challenging for me,"

Yang Jian turned his gaze to the yellow paper in his hand.

Rough, yellowish, a bit cold, it looked like an ordinary grass paper but larger than the typical yellow paper, not the kind used for rural grave offerings.

This was a face-covering paper.

Previously used to cover a deceased person's face for burial.

"Indeed, it's an ominous object, similar to a ghost candle, or a doomed doll, probably a one-time consumable because it can be damaged, though its use remains unknown," Yang Jian mused.

He tested his ability to control the doors earlier, conveniently saving Zhou Deng, earning a piece of paper.

Strictly speaking, it was very profitable.

"Study it later." Yang Jian put the yellow paper away.

The second stop ended.

The bus gradually left this quiet small county town.

After exiting the town, it was once again a winding, silent highway just like before.

However, at this time, all the messengers tensed up again.

"After the third stop, we have to get off. The truly deadly danger approaches."

Qin Kai, Da Qiang, Old Eagle, Wang Feng, Leuk Qingqing, and Yang Xiaohua all felt a shiver in their hearts.

Having witnessed the perils of the first two stops, they fully realized the terror here.

Staying on the bus was still okay, and safe.

But if they were to get off at a stop, could they truly come back alive?

This wasn't just delivering a message; it was a near-death mission.

Chapter 947 The Rainy Station

The tense and oppressive atmosphere aboard the supernatural bus eased ever so slightly at this moment.

This was because the malevolent ghost with the yellow paper covering its face had disembarked. Not only had the number of ghosts lessened, but a seat was also freed up.

This was extremely critical.

The freed seat meant that the bus wouldn't hit maximum capacity for now. Even if a ghost boarded at the next stop, it wouldn't result in the same violent clash as before, since there were also ghosts that disembarked after each stop.

However, having only gone through two stops, the couriers on the fourth floor of the post office already felt a suffocating and oppressive presence.

This was the flavor of despair.

Compared to this haunted bus, the post office almost felt like the comfort of home.

Even though the post office had its own ghosts, they didn't compare to the overwhelming number on this bus. And no matter how dangerous the post office was, it never felt like imminent death was lurking at every moment the way it did here.

"We must get off after the third stop. Staying here any longer, and no one will make it to dawn. Judging by the others' reactions, what just happened doesn't even seem to be the most dangerous part yet."

The Falcon took a deep breath as he observed several ghost tamers onboard.

Each of these tamers was extraordinary. They seemed accustomed to staying on the bus and displayed no signs of tension—only showing urgency and unease when Yang Jian boarded or when the bus reached capacity.

In other words,

This current situation of sharing a bus with malevolent ghosts was already the best-case scenario.

"One more stop to go. What horrifying situation will we encounter next?"

As Qin Kai pondered this, he cast an uneasy glance at the seat beside him.

The stiffened corpse of a woman, frozen all over, still leaned her head unnaturally and stared at him with an eerie gaze.

It was as if he had already been marked.

Only the supernatural nature of the bus had kept her from attacking him—for now.

Qin Kai quickly looked away and began observing the other couriers.

They weren't faring much better.

All around them, near or far, were the figures of malevolent ghosts, though a few lucky ones had ghost tamers instead of ghosts seated next to them.

But those individuals were no less dangerous.

Offending them could just as easily lead to death for the couriers.

Fortunately, the survival conditions on the bus had temporarily improved. Without any pressing tension, the living wouldn't turn on each other for the time being. After all, everyone was here to survive, not to seek death.

As the bus continued traveling for a longer period,

A growing sense of unease and anxiety began to bubble up in everyone's hearts.

Since departing from that eerie county city earlier, the bus had been driving for a full half an hour. During this time, nothing out of the ordinary had happened; everything seemed unnervingly calm.

But everyone knew full well,

The third stop of the bus wasn't far away.

At this moment, Yang Jian had abandoned his attempts to figure out how to drive the bus. He shifted his focus instead to observing the changing scenery outside, as he too felt that this was an unusually long stretch of road and that the stop must be approaching soon.

"This time, the route of the bus is completely different from the last time I rode it. The stops we've encountered are significantly different. Looks like this is an entirely new route."

He recalled the events from his first ride aboard this haunted bus.

There was no match to the current ride.

However, this time, the delivery task involving that ancient mansion and the Ghost Cabinet's demand for him to open a specific room within it—they had to be linked. Piecing all this information together left no doubt: the third stop on the bus's route was a place it would inevitably pass through.

As the bus continued moving forward, a few drops of water suddenly struck the glass windshield.

As the vehicle advanced, the rain intensified, and the glass of the bus was soon filled with the sound of relentless pelting. The dense raindrops, like countless fingers, continuously tapped on the windows.

The outside world dimmed even further.

The rain fell heavier and heavier, to the point where it seemed even the headlights of the bus were being swallowed by the downpour.

"No way, it's raining outside?"

"Looks like it. This is the first time we've encountered such weather here."

"Don't look at me; this is my first time seeing rain here, too. It seems like the third stop is almost here. I think all of this is connected in some way. For example, that strange county at the second stop—why did the bus stop there? It's because there was a malevolent ghost on the bus with a yellow paper covering its face, and the bus's task was to return the ghost to its original place."

"Makes sense. At the first stop, because no ghosts needed to return to the strange village, none disembarked—only more boarded."

"I think this stop isn't meant for us. It's likely for the ghost that disembarked in Dachang City earlier. I still remember it clearly: that ghost carried a black paper umbrella. If ghosts are carrying umbrellas, then it must mean it was raining somewhere, which makes this a plausible correlation."

A particularly sharp ghost tamer quickly analyzed some of the clues.

Piecing together everything that had occurred so far, one could begin to discern a faint logic behind the supernatural bus.

The bus's purpose was to return ghosts to their rightful places.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed when he overheard this conversation, as their interpretation coincided with some of his own theories.

The ghost with the black umbrella should have disembarked at this stop. However, for some unknown reason, it had exited the bus prematurely, disrupting its intended route and purpose.

"At the Dachang City stop, the ghost disembarked early. Perhaps it was because someone in Dachang City triggered the ghost's specific killing criteria. The ghost, seizing the right conditions and with the bus doors coincidentally open, took the opportunity to leave," Yang Jian speculated in his mind.

If this hypothesis was true, it was terrifying.

Because this bus had no driver and was in a state of supernatural chaos, situations like the ghost with the black umbrella disembarking at the wrong stop could keep happening. As long as the bus continued running, more ghosts would invade the real world by traveling to the wrong destinations.

"Was this why Old Qin took on the task of driving the bus in the first place? If that's the case, then it all makes sense."

The doubts lingering in Yang Jian's mind began to unravel.

It felt as though he was stepping closer and closer to the truth.

"Look, the next platform is visible now." Someone lowered their voice, speaking gravely.

In the distance, through the pouring rain, lights flickered beside the road. Though the outline was blurry, it was unmistakably the shape of a platform.

Starting from Dachang City, the supernatural bus had reached its third stop.

The torrential rain around the area seemed endless, encapsulating the world in a watery cage. Besides the platform on the roadside, nothing else was visible.

But Yang Jian sensed that the surroundings weren't truly empty—it was just that the rain was so heavy they couldn't see clearly.

The bus began slowing down as it approached the platform.

It was about to stop.

"If the previous guesses are correct, this stop won't see a ghost disembarking due to the black umbrella ghost having already left. Instead, there's a higher possibility of a ghost boarding."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered with calculation. He needed this experience to prove his theories.

Relying solely on conjecture wasn't reliable.

"Look closely. Near the platform—there's something there... a vending machine."

Suddenly,

As the bus drew closer, everyone peered through the rain-covered windows to make out the scene near the station. It looked like any other standard bus stop with nothing particularly unusual, except for an old vending machine sitting next to the platform.

The vending machine flickered unsteadily, its lights occasionally turning on and off as if there was a loose connection.

No one could clearly see what was being sold inside due to the relentless rain obscuring their view.

"Zhou Deng, don't do anything foolish this time. That vending machine looks strange, but this place is way scarier. It's pitch black and pouring outside—who knows what could happen if you step out?" someone warned.

"If anything happens, it's my business. What are you so afraid of?"

Zhou Deng sneered, "If you're scared of dying, you shouldn't have gotten on this bus. Since you're here, be prepared to meet a horrible end. Stop acting like you're my dad or something."

"I'm just trying to give you sound advice so you don't get yourself killed," the other person retorted darkly.

"Save your breath. You're clearly just afraid I'll bring the ghost back with me and jeopardize everyone. Well, relax—I'm not getting off this time. That vending machine is too big; I can't carry it by myself," Zhou Deng shook his head, offering an excuse.

The other passengers darkened at his words.

Was this guy really not disembarking simply because the vending machine was too large to carry? Meaning that if it were easier to move, he wouldn't hesitate to leave the bus?

"This lunatic and troublemaker should just die already," many silently cursed him in their hearts.

But none of them had the ability to kill with malice alone, so they could only fume internally.

Yet suddenly, Zhou Deng suggested, "Yang Jian, how about the two of us team up and get off the bus together to move that vending machine? I think that thing is way more valuable than the copper basin from before."

"Zhou Deng, don't pull us into your harebrained ideas!" someone immediately snapped in frustration.

All of the couriers focused their gaze intently on Yang Jian, deeply fearful that he might actually agree to Zhou Deng's plan and step off the bus.

"I'm not interested. I'll be getting off after this stop anyway, and I don't want any accidents along the way. Plus, I... dislike rainy days," Yang Jian replied coldly, glancing at the weather outside.

"What a pity. If we teamed up, we could've earned a massive windfall," Zhou Deng remarked indifferently upon hearing the rejection.

When the collaboration failed to materialize, everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

But then, Yang Jian added, "This stop will probably see a ghost board the bus. If the seats aren't enough..."

He trailed off without finishing his thought.

Even though one seat had been vacated, there was no guarantee that only one ghost would board at this stop. If two ghosts got on, they'd have to think of a way to force someone off.

These words caused everyone's nerves to tighten once more.

At this moment,

The bus came to a halt.

The third stop had arrived.

The doors opened, letting in wild gusts of wind and rain that splattered into the cabin. The air carried a strong, putrid stench, as though the rain wasn't normal water but some kind of filthy liquid soaked with decaying corpses—an indescribable stench.

"There doesn't seem to be anything visible on the platform. The chance of a ghost boarding doesn't look high," everyone whispered as they stared intently at the platform.

They saw nothing, only the dimly flashing vending machine nearby.

But at that moment,

A sudden chilling gust swept through, and a large sheet of rainwater poured through the front door into the bus cabin.

Then,

Footsteps echoed faintly, splashing through the rainwater outside the door.

There was no visible figure—but in the dim rain, a blurry human-like silhouette emerged.

It was a rain-soaked ghost.

The ghost moved rapidly, drawing closer to the bus.

"Damn it, it's a ghost!" There was no need for anyone to sound an alarm.

Everyone's eyes were already sharpened to catch even the slightest anomalies.

A vague and eerie figure walked onto the bus through the rain but vanished the moment it crossed the threshold—completely invisible now.

"Interesting, yet another ghost that can only appear through a medium like rainwater?"

Yang Jian thought back to his previous experience with the Ghost Dream incident in his hometown.

It seemed that ghosts without tangible forms required specific mediums to manifest.

This rain was anything but ordinary; imbued with supernatural power, it had been chosen as the medium.

"There's a wet footprint on the ground..." someone whispered cautiously.

Inside the cabin, a single wet footprint trailed down the aisle, step by step, before slowly fading away.

Shortly afterward,

A puddle of water appeared on an empty seat—as though it hadn't been wiped dry.

But reflected in that small puddle was a chilling silhouette: someone soaking wet, indistinct in appearance, with water dripping continuously off their body.

"Whew. Only one ghost boarded—what a relief," someone muttered under their breath.

Indeed, no second ghost appeared after this one.

The haunted bus resumed its journey. The doors shut, and it accelerated onward.

The third stop had ended in relative calm.

But what came next would be the deadliest challenge.

The couriers had to get off the bus after the third stop.

This meant that something was bound to go wrong between the third and fourth stops.

There were only two things that could result in a bus malfunction: an engine breakdown or a ghost blocking the road.

In either case, the danger would be immense.

Chapter 948 The Most Terrifying Flameout

"The supernatural bus has already passed the third stop. Next, we'll have to find a way to get off."

At this moment.

Every messenger, including Old Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, Da Qiang, Wang Feng, Qin Kai, Yang Xiaohua, and Li Yang, all looked grim and their nerves were taut.

Because soon they would have to leave this supernatural bus.

Though the bus is eerie, it is at least safe.

The situation outside was already seen before; whether it's the rainy platform, the calm county, or the abandoned village, they're all extremely perilous.

Once they leave here, it's basically like walking onto a road of no return.

Wanting to wait for the next bus to come, who knows if they'd even survive till then.

"Why is this letter delivery task so difficult?" Qin Kai took a deep breath and looked at his fellow fourth-floor messengers, Wang Feng, Da Qiang, and Old Eagle.

Their eyes met, and they all saw panic and unease in each other's eyes.

In such a situation, no one was confident they could deliver the letter and return to the post office alive.

Probably, they all assumed they'd die here.

"Instead of getting off the bus to die pointlessly, it might be better to stay on this bus, as long as we can live a bit longer."

Suddenly, Da Qiang's face showed a slightly ferocious expression as he gritted his teeth and said.

His words shattered the silence in the carriage.

Many people turned to look at him.

Old Eagle's eyes, however, flickered: "Perhaps that's not a bad choice, at least we could live a bit longer, but when the curse of the post office arrives, we'll still die. Even if this bus can withstand the curse, the bus itself is very dangerous."

After speaking, he glanced at the others intentionally or unintentionally.

These people all possess supernatural powers, none of them are simple, they are at least of the fourth-floor messenger level at the post office. If they fall here, their fate would not be much better.

Either way, it's death.

"Risking it to successfully deliver the letter might give us a chance to reach the fifth floor. Staying means certain death; living a few more days or a few fewer doesn't make much difference. I won't do such a stupid thing." Leuk Qingqing said coldly.

No matter what, she would participate in this letter delivery task.

"I agree to deliver the letter. We've reached the fourth floor, and it's just a little bit more, retreating now is foolish."

Wang Feng, who had been silent for a long time, spoke up at this moment.

"Even fourth-floor messengers are scared by this experience." Li Yang thought to himself.

He did not look down on these people but thought their reaction was justified. After all, even top ghost handlers don't want to get on this bus. Those who do are close to ghost resurrection; people like that will die outside even if they don't get on.

They have no other way.

There wouldn't be any alternative methods to coming here.

"The rain outside has stopped..."

The bus continued to move forward, and finally, the rainy area was over; outside returned to the previous state again.

The water droplets on the window were rapidly disappearing, soon not a trace could be seen.

Having left the strange third stop, they were heading towards the fourth stop. In Yang Jian's view, the danger of this road far exceeded the previous three stops.

"That weird old lady hasn't gotten off the bus yet, on the next two stops, the number of ghosts decreases and then increases, leaving the end result unchanged, with the number still totaling an astonishing 13. This is not good news..." Yang Jian felt very uneasy at this moment.

This was a huge hidden danger.

Based on the previous post office letter delivery task, a very bad thought came into his mind.

"Captain Yang, are you getting off at the fourth stop?" Suddenly, Fan Xing, the city manager, asked.

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, and he glanced over: "What do you want to say?"

"Nothing, just curious to ask, at the next stop we might not stop at a safe place, right?" Fan Xing said.

"You better be less curious about my business. What, received orders from headquarters to inquire about my intentions?"

Yang Jian said: "If so, you go report to Minister Cao, tell him I'm handling a supernatural case for headquarters, and if I'm not dead when I return, remember to pay me overtime."

"Okay, sure, definitely." Fan Xing laughed, somewhat awkwardly.

He really wasn't curious, but had received information from headquarters.

The signal on the supernatural bus was intermittent, but could still be contacted, albeit unstable.

But just then.

Suddenly.

The normally running bus suddenly braked harshly, causing everyone inside, even the ghosts in the seats, to lurch.

"What's going on? Emergency brake? Could something have happened suddenly?" In an instant, everyone was doubtful and apprehensive.

Some even suspected Yang Jian, sitting behind the wheel, had casually stepped on the brake.

After all, Yang Jian was sitting in the driver's seat.

"No, no, it's not a sudden brake."

Then, the lights inside the bus began to flicker, as though they were about to go out at any moment.

Moreover, after that brake, it was like the entire bus lost power, its speed decreased considerably and kept getting slower and slower, with even signs of stopping.

"Damn it, it's stalling, the bus is stalling."

Fan Xing suddenly stood up; his face was filled with terror.

Everything came so suddenly, without warning.

The bus seemed to have broken down while on the road, stalling directly. This stalling situation was slightly different from when Yang Jian encountered it before, but the nature was the same.

However, taking advantage of inertia, the bus was still gliding forward.

The lights inside the bus flickered, sometimes going out, sometimes flickering.

"What happens after stalling?" Someone hurriedly inquired, evidently not too aware of this peculiar situation, having boarded not long ago.

Zhou Deng explained: "After stalling, it means the bus suddenly loses supernatural power and breaks down on the road. At that time, everyone and all the ghosts must get off until the bus restarts, then they can ride again."

"I haven't experienced stalling, just heard about it from previous passengers, but don't worry, the stalling time varies, with luck it might restart immediately."

"And if luck is bad? How long can it take?" the person asked.

Zhou Deng laughed, "Ten minutes, half an hour is possible, but you should be more worried about the fact that once we're stalled, and get off, the ghosts follow too, those ghosts begin to revive and move around."

"And what's the count now? 13? Haha, thirteen lethal ghosts all getting off."

"Why are you laughing in this situation?" Leuk Qingqing frowned.

Zhou Deng said, "No, I just genuinely find it interesting. Come, I really want to know, how many from this bus will survive after stalling?"

He then darted his gaze over the others.

The others felt chilled in their hearts, their faces turned pale.

"Captain, look, there's an ancient house ahead..." Li Yang quickly pointed out at this time.

The bus was still gliding. Although it had stalled, it could still maintain safety inside the carriage.

Only when the bus comes to a complete stop will the horror descend instantly.

After gliding a bit, suddenly there appeared an ancient house in a patch of old woods by the road. The house was a wooden structure bungalow, and if the bus hadn't slowed down, this ancient house would be hard to notice.

The doors of the ancient house were tightly closed, as if abandoned here for a long time.

Yet, above those doors hung two red lanterns.

The lanterns emitted a red light, appearing striking and eerie.

"No, no way, the place we're supposed to deliver the letter, it's actually here?"

The fourth-floor messengers were momentarily dumbfounded.

They did not forget another task requirement from the post office to stay here for seven days.

This ghostly place, mysterious and uncharted, fiendishly ominous, forget seven days, even an hour would be hard to endure.

But no matter how they thought, the reality was that the supernatural bus suddenly stalled on the roadside, a faint, winding path could be clearly seen through the nearby woods, crossing a patch of old woods, directly leading to the main door of that ancient house.

The bus stopped.

The flickering frequency of the lights in the bus slowed, as if they wouldn't turn back on once they go out the next time.

"Li Yang, once the door opens, get off immediately, don't hesitate, the ghosts on the bus will all begin to move, at that time any move could trigger the lethal ghost's killing pattern and be targeted by them."

Yang Jian stood up, holding his cracked long spear, and he shouted in a low voice.

For once, a hint of urgency slipped into his tone.

"I know, Captain."

Li Yang had already left his seat, stood directly in the aisle, staring at the exit door.

"The moment the door opens, leave directly using the Ghost Domain."

A ghost handler also took a deep breath silently, glancing to the side.

The restless lethal ghosts in the carriage made his scalp tingle.

At this moment, Qin Kai was in an even worse situation. He glanced down slightly, a cold and frozen hand was somehow placed on his leg.

The frozen female corpse that had been staring at him now displayed an abnormal behavior, having physical contact with him.

After three stops, it had remained still, merely watching him strangely. Unexpectedly, once the supernatural bus stalled, it turned into this situation...

"Getting off immediately?"

Yang Xiaohua looked, biting her lips gently, trembling all over as she stood up. Her palms were slightly pale, gripping the red balloon firmly.

This red balloon was her only reason for existence.

Once lost.

Her last bit of value would vanish, and in such a situation, no one would save her without value.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... Time ticked by little by little.

The supernatural bus had come to a complete halt, stalled at the roadside, everyone was awaiting the arrival of that critical moment.

This moment was not long.

Soon.

Just as the lights in the carriage were about to completely extinguish, the tightly closed door suddenly opened.

Not just the exit door, the entrance door opened too.

"Hurry and go."

Someone shouted, and all passengers rushed out in a crowd, heading straight out of the carriage.

"Go." Yang Jian also moved swiftly.

He did not leave through the exit door; instead, he left through the entrance door, because after stalling, the supernatural bus had lost its power, it no longer mattered from where one boarded or alighted.

Of course, he wasn't alone in this thought.

Fan Xing also dashed out through the entrance door.

Yang Xiaohua took notice of this detail; she didn't dare vie for the exit door, to avoid accidentally being crushed, so as soon as the door opened she followed closely behind Yang Jian.

Chapter 949 Escaping into Old Lin

Get off the bus!

As the haunted bus fully shut off and the doors swung open, every passenger onboard had only one thought at that moment: get out as fast as possible.

Once the ghostly bus shut off, staying onboard was no longer an option. Forcing oneself to remain would mean inviting a tragic and terrifying fate.

Not to mention, there were thirteen restless ghosts stirring inside the bus.

Even someone as experienced as Yang Jian would retreat in face of such a number of vengeful spirits.

Let alone the ghost tamers aboard who came here seeking survival.

The moment the doors opened, one ghost tamer immediately dashed out and put as much distance as possible between themselves and the bus.

Yang Jian moved swiftly as well.

After getting off, he activated the Ghost Domain. The moment his foot left the bus, he reappeared dozens of meters away in an instant.

Even at this distance, he remained vigilant. Knowing his cautious nature, he would only feel at ease after traveling several kilometers away. However, he couldn't afford to leave the area completely, as the ancient manor nearby posed its own dangers if he strayed too far from it.

"Who else managed to get off the bus?"

Yang Jian kept a watchful eye on the passengers disembarking near the bus.

He saw Fan Xing safely leave the bus and quickly move away, unharmed by the vengeful spirits. He also spotted Zhou Deng donning the Human Skin Mask once more, barreling out without hesitation. He, too, avoided the attention of the ghosts.

Besides them, several other ghost tamers escaped successfully, though they didn't dare to stray too far. They were teetering on the brink of ghostly resurgence themselves.

Without the suppression of the haunted bus to keep the ghosts in their bodies at bay, these ghost tamers wouldn't survive for long.

Thus, they lingered close to the bus, waiting for it to start again, hoping to board and escape.

But while the idea seemed hopeful, reality was cruel.

"Ah!"

A blood-curdling scream broke through the oppressive darkness of the bus. A passenger had triggered the ghost's killing rule, and before they could get off, they had fallen victim to a horrifying attack. It was clear their fate was sealed.

"Damn it, that thing is coming for me!"

Someone else shouted in horror. Though they had made it off the bus, a ghost had now fixated on them. It left a trail of wet, lingering footprints.

One of the ghosts, which had boarded the bus in the downpour at the last stop, had begun killing.

The victim was another ghost tamer—a person who had even been one of the first to flee the bus. Yet, for reasons unknown, the ghost had chosen him as its target. Fear and panic consumed the man.

However, this brought a sliver of relief to the others.

For as long as the ghost focused on him, it wouldn't attack anyone else.

Li Yang also got off the bus. While he wasn't among the first group to flee, he didn't lag far behind.

Yang Jian's gaze lingered on him for a moment before he exhaled in quiet relief. Li Yang's luck hadn't been as poor as Yang Jian had feared—he'd managed to avoid the notice of the vengeful spirits. He was safe.

Seeing this, Yang Jian immediately used the Ghost Domain to envelop Li Yang and bring him to his side.

Meanwhile, Yang Xiaohua was running toward them with the red balloon in her hand. Her face was pale with terror, her breathing ragged, and she didn't dare to look back. She only focused on dashing toward Yang Jian as fast as her legs could carry her.

Old Lin and Leuk Qingqing also disembarked.

However, Leuk Qingqing seemed to be under attack from a ghost. Her expression looked peculiar—though she was off the bus, she glanced about suspiciously, as if constantly on guard against something unseen.

Da Qiang and Wang Feng made it out alive too.

But Qin Kai wasn't so fortunate. As he exited, a frozen corpse clung tightly to him, its icy limbs wrapped around his body, refusing to let go.

He had, too, fallen victim to a ghost's attack.

The one attacking him had been sitting beside him on the bus earlier.

"Damn it!"

Qin Kai growled, his voice filled with helpless rage. Though he made it off the vehicle, each of his steps became increasingly labored. His body seemed to freeze, his breath misted with cold vapor, and a layer of frost formed over his skin and eyebrows.

In only a few moments.

He completely transformed into a frozen corpse, mouth agape in a silent, resentful scream, frozen in the posture of defeat.

Qin Kai clearly had unutilized countermeasures, but it was too late. The ghost's attack had come too ferociously, leaving him no time to fight back before he perished.

"Qin Kai is dead," Yang Jian murmured, his eyes flickering slightly.

The messenger from the fourth floor proved not to be much stronger than the average ghost tamer.

Though they had some ability to resist supernatural forces, it wasn't enough to withstand prolonged attacks.

With Qin Kai's death, the frozen female corpse resumed its eerie activity, its icy pupils darting around as if seeking out its next victim.

Drip, drip.

Suddenly, rain began to fall around the bus. It wasn't heavy, just a sparse drizzle, but the air quickly filled with a nauseating stench.

"We have to leave! This place is becoming more dangerous by the second," Yang Jian said sharply, retreating swiftly.

He left the main road and started along a winding path that led through the Old Forest toward the ancient manor.

It would be foolish to waste any more time here.

Yang Jian's movements immediately drew the notice of others. Though he remained within the Ghost Domain, he didn't bother to conceal himself, so his actions weren't hard to spot.

"Yang Jian is heading toward the ancient manor? Follow him! This cursed place isn't safe—we won't last until the bus restarts."

Fan Xing, though not a messenger himself, decided in this critical moment to follow Yang Jian and move away.

"Yang Jian? I see. He must've noticed something. Sticking with him might help us avoid danger."

Others quickly caught on and chose to follow as well. Sitting idly here seemed fruitless; finding a safe place to hide seemed like the smarter option.

"The ghosts are already disembarking. If you don't want to die, stay far away from here! Don't die near me, or you'll risk causing another ghost to awaken, which will be a nightmare to deal with."

A strange unanimity arose among the remaining passengers—they began converging in Yang Jian's direction.

This was pure desperation.

It wasn't necessarily that Yang Jian's path was the correct one but rather that danger loomed in every other direction. None of them were willing to venture too far alone and risk getting lost in this haunted domain.

Sticking together seemed to improve the odds of survival.

And Yang Jian, who attracted the largest group, appeared to be the safest bet.

Moreover, wherever he moved, no ghosts seemed to follow. The direction he chose seemed to radiate safety.

All these factors combined made the path Yang Jian took resemble a lifeline of hope.

"What's going on? Why is everyone following me?" Yang Jian was momentarily stunned by the scene.

He was heading to the ancient manor to deliver a letter. These passengers weren't messengers and had nothing to do with the delivery task—following him was pointless.

Still, Yang Jian didn't try to stop them.

At this moment, everyone was seeking survival. If he interfered, these desperate people might turn on him with everything they had.

"Keep moving to the ancient manor; don't linger here," he said.

Yang Jian, along with Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, Old Lin, and the others who had caught up, quickly entered the dense Old Forest, putting as much distance as they could between themselves and the lifeless, silent bus.

The ominous, dim sky sprinkled with light rain.

The rain wasn't natural. It was supernatural, tied to the presence of the ghosts.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain enshrouded their surroundings, shielding them from the eerie rain's effects and isolating them from other supernatural threats. He had no intention of drawing more ghosts to them—it would only complicate the letter delivery mission.

"Since we can't stay here any longer, we might as well check out the ancient manor. Waiting for the bus to restart seems increasingly unlikely."

Hidden behind the eerie silhouette of the Human Skin Mask, Zhou Deng seemed to entertain this thought.

He suspected the ancient manor held some secret worth uncovering. It seemed a better prospect than engaging in a losing battle with the ghosts.

The passengers who had fled the bus had now split into three distinct groups: those who were actively being pursued by ghosts and forced to flee, those who had been killed outright by the unleashed ghosts, and the remaining survivors who had chosen to follow Yang Jian to the ancient manor in hopes of finding safety.

Even with the risks posed by the manor, it appeared preferable to facing the relentless ghosts disembarking from the haunted bus.

Screams of agony echoed intermittently through the silent, oppressive realm.

The cries came suddenly and ended just as abruptly.

Soon.

The area around the haunted bus fell into a deep, deathly silence.

Only a few lifeless bodies and wandering, nightmarish ghosts remained near the site.

The narrow forest trail through the Old Forest quickly became crowded with fleeing survivors.

Oddly enough.

Once they entered the forest, none of the ghosts seemed to pursue them. Though the haunted bus loomed nearby, the ghosts didn't step into the woods. Instead, they lingered at the forest's edge, as though some unseen force barred their entry.

"This place is safe; the ghosts didn't follow us."

"Unbelievable! This forest can repel ghost attacks! I made the right choice earlier—otherwise, I'd be dead by now."

"But what difference does it make if we survive? The bus is so far away now. If it restarts, will we even have time to make it back? Without the bus, we'll soon die from ghost resurgence."

"Forget it! Survival comes first. If you want to go back to the bus, be my guest. I, for one, won't go near that damned thing again."

Low conversations broke out among the survivors, most expressing relief and gratitude to have escaped. Whatever happened next, they would deal with it later.

"Leuk Qingqing hasn't caught up yet. Is she dead?" Wang Feng muttered from within the crowd.

Old Lin replied, "Not sure. She seemed to be under ghost attack—her fate is unclear. But I doubt she'd die so easily. I only saw Qin Kai meet his end. He was wrapped up by a frozen female corpse. Da Qiang, however, is still alive. He got off quickly and put distance between himself and the bus, avoiding the ghosts' attention."

"What really baffles me is that Yang Xiaohua, an ordinary person, is still alive. It's downright unnatural."

He glanced toward the front of the group, where Yang Xiaohua clutched her red balloon.

An average person had managed to survive from the second-floor domain to the fourth-floor domain, enduring three station stops, and had even survived the bus stalling without falling victim to a ghost. Her survival bordered on the miraculous—it was as though she were a living charm of extraordinary luck.

"Maybe Yang Jian has been protecting her. She and Li Yang are both under his wing," Wang Feng suggested.

"Perhaps," Old Lin said, his expression shifting slightly. His hand remained tucked in his sleeve, where he tightly gripped an old handgun.

In this escalating situation, whether or not such a weapon would prove useful was uncertain.

But he was acutely aware that the real danger would come during the letter delivery mission that lay ahead.

Chapter 950 The Abandoned Ancient Mansion

In order to evade the lingering ghost near the supernatural bus, the group had no choice but to enter this dimly lit forest.

The forest contained a narrow path, winding and twisted, not too long, with the end visible at a glance.

At the end of the path stood an ancient mansion, seemingly abandoned for ages and rarely visited. Yet, hanging on its doorway were two red lanterns, glowing faintly red at this moment. From afar, they resembled a pair of eerie eyes, unsettling and strange.

The forest was incredibly silent, stepping into it felt like entering an entirely different world, giving rise to a feeling of unreality.

What puzzled people further was that the ghost appeared incapable of stepping into this area; it was inexplicably barred from the forest, and did not follow anyone inside. Moreover, even the supernatural raindrops outside avoided this forest, not a single drop fell here.

Because of this, a few passengers who otherwise might have been killed by the ghost unexpectedly survived, turning misfortune into fortune.

Yang Jian briefly observed the people who entered the forest at the moment; there were indeed quite a few.

Including the surviving Fourth Floor messengers from before, there were nearly twenty people in total.

It seemed that despite the bus stalling, the number of passengers killed by the ghost was not as high as imagined.

That made sense.

After all, those who boarded the supernatural bus were mostly ghost tamers; although their powers varied greatly, they all possessed some degree of ability to protect themselves.

The danger had just begun, and they managed to escape into the forest quickly, significantly lowering the death rate.

Had it not been for this forest blocking the ghost's approach, most people would likely already be dead by now.

"I don't want to move forward anymore. I've decided to wait here in this forest until the supernatural bus restarts, and then figure out a way to rush back. If we continue forward and the bus leaves, there's a chance we'll be trapped here. Anyone willing to join me? I'm Wan Zhou, I possess the Ghost Domain, and can bring people onto the bus in the shortest time."

A ghost tamer named Wan Zhou suddenly stopped at this moment, unwilling to delve deeper into the forest. He planned to temporarily seek refuge here and wait for an opportunity to return to the bus.

As soon as he said this, many others halted, looking at him in surprise.

"Are you serious?" Someone asked immediately.

Wan Zhou replied, "Of course I am. Would I joke about this sort of thing? Besides, I need people to help fend off ghost attacks so there's no mishap when boarding the bus. Are you seriously planning to follow Yang Jian to that mansion? They have their own goals; I certainly don't share them."

After surviving the earlier peril, now that things felt slightly safer, some people began to change their plans.

Earlier, the intention was to follow Ghost Eye Yang Jian and find a way to survive. Now, upon further reflection, Wan Zhou's proposal seemed much more pragmatic.

"Count me in, I'll stay with you."

"I agree with your plan too."

A small team quickly formed, choosing to follow Wan Zhou's proposal.

In response.

No one paid attention.

After all, they were strangers; whatever someone wanted to do or wherever they intended to go was entirely their own decision. There was no obligation forcing them to head toward the mansion.

"Idiots."

Zhou Deng cast a glance, muttering this silently to himself.

Would this forest truly be safe?

Don't be so naive.

A place that even a ghost couldn't enter certainly harbors unimaginable terrors. The danger had yet to surface—nothing more.

Which is why staying long in this forest was absolutely not a wise choice; it was imperative to leave quickly.

Leading the way, Yang Jian refrained from using the Ghost Domain, even opting to close his ghost eye. During his earlier use of the Ghost Domain, he felt something in the forest was watching him—a deeply chilling sensation. He didn't want the ghost eye to wander unnecessarily, avoiding provoking entities best left undisturbed.

"Move quickly, we must leave this forest as soon as possible. This place is abnormal and lingering too long might invite trouble. Right now, the danger hasn't arisen yet, and this is an opportunity for us." He urged in a low voice.

Hearing this warning, Li Yang's pupils contracted slightly, and he instinctively quickened his pace.

Other messengers, seeing Yang Jian hasten his steps, followed suit, afraid of lagging too far behind.

They reached the middle point of the forest.

Both ahead and behind were blackened, sparsely-leaved ancient trees. The trunks of these trees weren't thick, somewhat slender—but they were densely packed, standing as though deliberately arranged.

Furthermore, the forest was devoid of any bushes.

The ground was covered in a thick layer of fallen leaves and dead branches.

A thin mist permeated the forest, resembling a veil of gloom, adding a cold, eerie atmosphere.

"Was the path deliberately cleared or something? Not a tree blocks the way, nor a single fallen branch marks the trail..." Yang Jian noted while rushing forward, continuing his observations.

"These trees aren't even species seen in daily life—dead yet not truly deceased."

There were so many irrational elements; he couldn't possibly count them all.

Even so, they hadn't encountered any dangers during their journey thus far.

At least, everyone walking along the path remained safe—no one met a grisly fate in this forest.

And so.

With tension mounting, Yang Jian finally emerged from the forest onto a vast clearing. Ahead in the clearing stood a grand old mansion—the very eerie building seen earlier from the road.

"This is the place," he murmured.

Yang Jian pulled out a photograph for comparison.

In the photo was a woman seated on a red wooden bench, smiling faintly, with snow-white hands exposed.

No matter how one looked, she appeared an extraordinarily beautiful woman. Yet, upon closer inspection, her seemingly perfect smile carried an unnatural stiffness, and the placement of her hands and feet was strangely awkward—like a lovely doll, positioned at someone's whim before being photographed.

What caught Yang Jian's attention was the background.

The backdrop was a much newer mansion—traditional Chinese-style architecture, identical to the one before him. However, the mansion in the photo appeared newly constructed, whereas the one in front of him looked aged, as though abandoned for many years; even the paint on the gate was faded, leaving a grayish-white look.

"The photo was definitely taken here—there's no mistake," Yang Jian inhaled deeply, his nerves tightening.

Every clue pointed to this mansion, as though it was the epicenter of the supernatural activity.

Of course, it likely wasn't the root cause—more likely, it was deeply entangled with it.

Connections to the Ghost Post Office, Ghost Cabinet, and even the Ghost Painting all ran through this place.

"What kind of deranged mind would build such a mansion here? Back in the day, owning a place like this meant you were from a wealthy family."

Zhou Deng also exited the forest, gazing at the mansion with a hint of awe.

Yet, as he spoke, his focus lingered on the two red lanterns hanging from the doorway, an unmistakable intent to grab them.

This guy was eyeing the red lanterns.

He was tempted to take the two lanterns hanging on the mansion's entrance.

"Those are probably supernatural objects—red lanterns. I wonder what their use is."

Zhou Deng looked at Yang Jian, "How about splitting them? One for each of us. After all, with you here, I surely can't claim them all for myself."

Yang Jian replied coldly, "Don't act recklessly. disrupt the mansion's equilibrium, provoke a supernatural incident, and I'll hold you accountable. If you want those lanterns, wait until I leave—then take them at your leisure."

"Fair point. I'll wait until we're gone," Zhou Deng nodded, reluctantly averting his gaze.

"Captain, should we open the door and go inside?" Li Yang asked softly.

Yang Jian surveyed the surroundings, noting the enclosing walls and that there was no alternative route inside, except for climbing over the wall.

Despite this possibility, he felt climbing the wall would be reckless, like inviting catastrophe.

"Open the door; we'll enter through the front gate." He abandoned the thought of scaling the walls.

"Understood."

Li Yang promptly approached the aged, faded wooden door.

The same door featured in Yang Jian's photograph.

Considering potential dangers behind the door, Li Yang seemed the ideal choice to handle this.

"Don't use any supernatural power prematurely," Yang Jian cautioned.

"Got it." Li Yang reached out, touching the weathered wooden door.

Nothing unusual happened.

Applying some strength.

The door creaked and slowly swung open.

The door wasn't even locked—it had merely been shut casually, as if the mansion's owner had only stepped out momentarily and intended to return soon.

As the door opened, the first thing revealed was a spirit screen, obstructing everyone's view.

"Stay close."

Yang Jian gripped his fractured long gun tightly and strode ahead, taking on the greatest risk himself.

Being the team captain, he felt it his responsibility to take the lead. He had no intention of forcing others to scout the way for him.