

Revival 991

Chapter 991 Unable to Resist

The terror of this eerie old woman is beyond imagination. As a ghost tamer, Zhou Deng was merely approaching and was subjected to inexplicable supernatural erosion, on the verge of being erased. Moreover, while erasing Zhou Deng, a blurred figure appeared again by his side.

It's as if it's swiftly invading reality from some supernatural space.

Once Zhou Deng is erased, a second old woman will appear once more.

If we can't deal with one, let alone two.

If this situation arises, everyone here will definitely be wiped out; there's no other possibility.

Leuk Qingqing had previous experience with the Room 301 supernatural event, so she unhesitatingly rushed forward to pull Zhou Deng back.

The bright red qipao shielded against the influence, and she successfully dragged Zhou Deng back.

Zhou Deng's face bore a Human Skin Mask. With the change in his identity, he transformed into a vengeful ghost.

He possessed the characteristics of a vengeful ghost.

Unable to be killed.

Erase, halted.

The blurred figure finally dissipated, and the grayish complexion on Zhou Deng's face gradually recovered.

Although the erasure process caused no pain and left no physical imperfections, the feeling as if disappearing from this world left a lingering fear.

"How did this ghost lock onto me? Just being close, would it attack? That can't be it, when the bus stalled and we got off, it didn't kill anyone." Zhou Deng, initially panicked, quickly calmed down and began analyzing the situation.

"There must be certain conditions as a prerequisite, proximity is just one aspect."

He tried to analyze the killing pattern of this vengeful ghost.

Why does this ghost selectively erase me and not everyone who comes near?

This point is crucial.

If identified, it could potentially prevent being killed by this vengeful ghost.

But time is pressing, fearing there isn't enough to analyze slowly.

"An untouchable vengeful ghost, existing at a past time point, can we truly deal with this ghost?" Li Yang, holding a blood-stained wooden mallet, appeared anxious.

He initially intended to make a move.

But Zhou Deng's situation immediately discouraged this idea.

No supernatural power can touch the vengeful ghost, so this last supernatural item also had no chance to be used.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian had already escaped the ghost's restraint through a reboot and successfully seized the cracked long spear.

Although recapturing the supernatural weapon, it did not bring a sense of relief.

Because.

The ghost had turned around.

The lifeless, basket-carrying, heavily wrinkled old man was now facing Yang Jian.

Like most vengeful ghosts, those ashen eyes were numb and vacant, devoid of any spark.

"Trigger the medium, once again."

Yang Jian knew he couldn't touch this vengeful ghost, but the Firewood Knife was different; it triggered the medium, chopping the medium, regardless of the ghost's presence or absence, the result remained the same.

But triggering the medium for this vengeful ghost was extremely dangerous.

Yet, he still did it without hesitation.

The Ghost Shadow wavered, directly spreading across the ground.

Though the ghost doesn't exist now, it left footprints on this ground. Whether it's because this yellow dirt path is special, or because this vengeful ghost influences reality too thoroughly, it barely differs from having a corporeal body.

Immediately.

Yang Jian's vision shifted, a strange old man's figure emerged before him.

The medium appeared.

Incredibly, the old man in the medium differed completely from other vengeful ghosts' mediums, suddenly twisting its neck and staring intently at Yang Jian, seemingly breaching some supernatural barrier.

It's here!

Yang Jian was targeted by the old man in the medium, the attack formed as expected.

He was being erased.

He had no second doll in hand now, and the first doll had already absorbed a previous attack, rendering it unusable a second time.

Thus, the attack from the old man's medium required Yang Jian to withstand it alone.

His body was rapidly losing color, turning black and white, grayish, losing its reality, as if vanishing from this world, while the old man in the medium grew clearer, manifesting before his eyes.

This manifestation wasn't solely visible to Yang Jian; others could see it too.

"What's Yang Jian doing, is he targeted by the ghost for the second time?" Zhou Deng exclaimed urgently: "He's being erased... it's over, the second ghost is going to appear."

"Last time I triggered the medium, hunted by the ghost's medium, failed to use the Firewood Knife. This time is different. Despite the vengeful ghost's attack, I must dismember this ghost." Yang Jian's Firewood Knife immediately hacked down.

The chop was fierce.

Directly splitting the old man's medium into two.

Yet, the split medium did not disappear, still existing before him.

Simultaneously, Yang Jian's erasure didn't reverse, continuing.

This process seemingly couldn't reverse, couldn't stop; even the Firewood Knife hitting the medium was ineffective.

"How could this be, how could it be like this?" Yang Jian widened his eyes, appearing in disbelief.

For the first time.

This was the first time the Firewood Knife dismembered a vengeful ghost without stopping the ghost's attack.

Moreover, the old man approaching wasn't affected at all.

As if the Firewood Knife's curse was isolated, failed to affect another medium.

Or perhaps, each old man was an individual, and Yang Jian's Firewood Knife could only dismember the ghost within the medium before him, unable to impact any other ghost.

"Reboot!"

Yang Jian was shocked and frightened; he didn't dare continue fighting, as he would surely be erased if he did. Although he was now a Ghost Shadow and couldn't truly die, the ghost could still erase his body and invade the real world.

This situation must never occur.

Facing a single ghost was already unmanageable, much less two vengeful ghosts.

Under the reboot.

His state regressed.

The Firewood Knife's curse wound on Yang Jian had just appeared before disappearing; the erasure signs halted and reversed, his skin gradually returning to normal, while the old man in the medium rapidly vanished...

Because of the failure to erase, the medium couldn't invade the real world.

In other words, Yang Jian, after failing, now had a chance to start from scratch.

All abnormalities vanished.

Yang Jian stood still, unharmed, everything reverted to before he acted.

"Can't trigger the medium to use the Firewood Knife anymore; even using it fails to address this situation, Coffin Nail certainly has a use, but the Coffin Nail can't touch this vengeful ghost..." At this moment, Yang Jian found the situation incredibly tricky.

He felt no method could affect this old man.

Yang Jian involuntarily recalled what the Republic of China Period woman had said about him in the old house before.

His level was too low.

Now it seems that what that woman from the Republic of China Period said might be true.

Faced with this level of terrifying ghost, he has no means of coping, even the supernatural artifacts he usually relies on will fail.

After all, many supernatural artifacts were made by those ghost tamers from the Republic of China Period.

The people who could create these supernatural items have now died, and their ghosts have revived, surely their terror surpasses the supernatural artifacts they crafted in life.

"What to do?"

Cold sweat was appearing on Yang Jian's forehead as he retreated, because the old man in front of him was slowly approaching, continuously getting closer.

"Did the attempt fail?"

The others saw it all, though many supernatural phenomena were unclear, they understood that Yang Jian must be trying something when the second old man tried to infiltrate just now but vanished in the end, but it didn't have much effect so he was forced to give up.

"Try this red balloon, see if it works?" Yang Xiaohua said cautiously, her expression tense.

Li Yang immediately said: "It's useless, this red balloon needs to touch the ghost to be effective, but this old man is untouchable, if he could be touched, the red balloon wouldn't be needed. One Coffin Nail from the Captain could just nail this ghost down."

"Damn it, why are there so many variables in this letter delivery mission, last time it was the ghost in room 301, this time it is too."

They knew that the current methods couldn't deal with the ghost from room 301, so after delivering the letter last time, they immediately left Dachuan City and directly sealed that area to prevent the ghost from roaming out.

But last time conditions allowed them to avoid direct confrontation with the ghost.

This time is different.

The ghost has blocked their path, the corpse in the red coffin is starting to become abnormal and restless, if the coffin isn't buried soon, the danger will increase.

"I can go over and hold off that ghost for a while but not for long." Leuk Qingqing chose to step out after a moment of silence.

"During this time, you must find a way, otherwise, everyone could die here."

She felt that she had to seize the time now, or there would be no chance at all.

If Yang Jian is eliminated, this letter delivery mission will definitely fail.

Not just because of the red letter on Yang Jian, but more importantly, only Yang Jian could deal with the danger under these circumstances, others could only help on the side.

Leuk Qingqing walked over.

The cheongsam she wore seemed radiantly red in the dim environment, showing no trace of fear as she proactively approached the old man.

Yang Jian was forced back.

Leuk Qingqing decided to intervene and buy time.

The next moment.

The old man stopped his footsteps then turned to face the close Leuk Qingqing.

The red cheongsam was so striking, her tall and graceful figure so perfect, forming a sharp contrast with the dead and hunched old man.

The old man made no move.

Leuk Qingqing made no move.

But the supernatural change appeared.

The red cheongsam on Leuk Qingqing dimmed, grew old... like it was rapidly oxidizing, no longer so vibrant.

The old man chose to erase Leuk Qingqing.

But the erasure process was slow.

That cheongsam was special, it could withstand the erosion of supernatural powers, allowing Leuk Qingqing to hold on for a while.

"Making a move at this time?" Yang Jian stopped his steps and saw Leuk Qingqing's action.

No sense of being moved at all.

Everyone's fighting desperately to survive.

This is just temporary cooperation; if anyone hesitates and retreats now, the final outcome will be everyone dying together.

Having come this far, those who survive can't be shortsighted.

"How long can you hold?" Yang Jian asked.

"Not sure, maybe three minutes, maybe five minutes, you must find a way before I die, or once I'm gone, you know what the consequences will be." Leuk Qingqing took a deep breath, she stood before the old man without moving, which was already the greatest use.

Diverting the old man's attack focus, buying Yang Jian time.

Yang Jian didn't speak, immediately circled around the old man and Leuk Qingqing on the path.

In passing, he picked something up from the ground.

An old, faded-looking doll.

It seemed to be in a deep sleep, eyes closed, unable to open again for a while.

Clearly.

The time this doll could hold out had passed, otherwise Yang Jian wouldn't have been so easily targeted by the ghost again.

Yang Jian swiftly returned to the vicinity of the red coffin and reunited with Zhou Deng, Li Yang, and Yang Xiaohua.

"Captain." Li Yang called, his eyes already conveying lots of information.

Yang Jian said nothing, just glanced at the red balloon in Yang Xiaohua's hand, then the red coffin, and finally looked at Zhou Deng...

All the information connected, he quickly thought, formulating a countermeasure.

"It's pointless, I've been thinking of a way, but up to now, I haven't thought of a good solution, none of my supernatural powers can affect the ghost present, maybe we'll really be stuck and killed by this ghost here." Zhou Deng understood Yang Jian's message, shaking his head, indicating he also had no solution.

"Bang!"

While speaking, a loud bang echoed from the red coffin on the ground, causing the coffin to shake.

The corpse inside grew increasingly restless.

Yang Xiaohua glanced over, her eyes shrinking, feeling a chill all over.

Indeed, trouble comes in pairs.

The blocking ghost hasn't been dealt with, the coffin is also unsettled now.

"If one person could lead this ghost away, maybe it's a way." Yang Jian's eyes shifted, proposing a very grim plan.

A person needs to be sacrificed to lead the ghost off the path, avoiding direct confrontation.

But under these circumstances, almost nobody would volunteer.

"That's a good idea." Zhou Deng stroked his chin.

He saw no problem with the suggestion.

In this situation, necessary sacrifices were understandable.

"But this method requires someone very important to execute; Yang Xiaohua is unsuitable, she would be erased instantly, basically suicide, Li Yang can't act swiftly enough, so only I, you, or Leuk Qingqing can be chosen." Yang Jian said coldly.

"Yang Jian, I won't do such a thing, I can help you buy time, but I absolutely won't die for you." Leuk Qingqing gritted her teeth.

Clearly she heard the words behind her.

"So it's just you and me left." Yang Jian looked at Zhou Deng.

This operation must be voluntary.

Cannot be forced.

"Throw dice to decide then, so no one can regret." Yang Jian took out a red dice.

Zhou Deng shook his head: "No need, I'll go, Captain Yang, you're a Captain Level figure, burying here isn't right, I'm just an insignificant person, dying here wouldn't matter."

He, in a change of heart, unexpectedly agreed to the task.

Chapter 992 Erasing Desperation

Zhou Deng's decision was unexpected; he actually volunteered to take on this almost certain death task to lure away the fierce ghost.

Yang Jian was surprised, and even Yang Xiaohua and Li Yang beside him showed expressions of disbelief.

They all felt that, considering Zhou Deng's personality and previous behavior, it was unlikely for him to take on this task. Moreover, this letter delivery task had nothing to do with him. If he wished, he could simply turn around and leave without any issues.

But he still did it.

"Why?" Yang Jian frowned.

Zhou Deng, however, was surprised and said, "Why not? I'm the most suitable here, isn't that right? That messenger named Leuk Qingqing can't hold on for much longer. Right now, she can't be said to be unwilling; even if she were willing, she can't go far. Actually, the ones truly suitable to act as bait are only you, Captain Yang, and me."

"In a situation where there's a choice between two, my death here is more valuable, isn't it? After all, headquarters wouldn't allow a captain-level figure to be used as bait to save a group of ordinary ghost handlers. This isn't a matter of willingness; it's a matter of worth."

"Even if I let you be the bait, and the few of us left manage to survive today, what about tomorrow? Without you, the remaining people's chances of leaving this ghostly place aren't high."

"Both emotionally and rationally, I'm the most suitable."

Yang Jian said, "Don't you have any opinions?"

"My opinion doesn't matter. What's important is whether the remaining people can survive. I've experienced situations where necessary sacrifices need to be made in a team... This cruel world is like this, and if you can't understand that, you don't deserve to live. Aren't you willing to roll the dice with me to decide who dies, Captain Yang?" Zhou Deng paused for a moment, a hint of sadness on his face.

It seemed like he had been through something similar.

When facing supernatural events, someone inevitably has to sacrifice.

Only that time, Zhou Deng wasn't the one sacrificed; he survived.

"When you took out the dice, I actually knew that we're the same kind of people. We won't hesitate when it's time to die, just depends on whether that moment has come, whether we need to die." Zhou Deng smiled.

"I read the file on the Dachang City Hungry Ghost incident; Captain Yang, you're outstanding. Actually, dying to save someone as valuable as you makes my death worthwhile. Besides, ghost handlers are bound to die one day anyway, so dying in such a meaningful way leaves no room for complaint, right?"

After saying this, Zhou Deng tore off the human skin mask on his face and handed it to Yang Jian: "I don't need this anymore, you keep it."

"No need, a supernatural item is of little use to me. Since you've decided to act as bait, then keep it on your face. With the yellow paper, maybe you have a chance to fall asleep a second time." Yang Jian looked towards that old forest.

But falling asleep in this old forest might mean never waking up again.

At least it was a hope.

Perhaps when he had the capability, he could cut down the entire forest and find Zhou Deng, who was asleep, and bring him back.

Of course, this was just a conjecture.

Whether such an opportunity existed depended on what happened next.

"Understood." Zhou Deng said nothing further, donned the human skin mask, and set off.

His steps were quick and urgent, not wanting to waste time, without even time to say any customary words.

As for his last words,

Zhou Deng had already written them before boarding the supernatural bus. There was no need to discuss these trivial things now.

"Leuk Qingqing, you leave, I'll lead this ghost into that old forest." He shouted low at this moment.

At this time, the bright red cheongsam on Leuk Qingqing's body had turned grayish-white, as if oxidized, and her black hair had also lost its luster, her legs blurring. But most of her body was not a living person's; it was a faceless, armless puppet person.

A ghost couldn't easily wipe out this puppet person or the cheongsam she wore.

But under the influence of supernatural forces, Leuk Qingqing herself was disappearing.

Her face was blurring, her features becoming harder to see. Once she completely vanished, it would mean her death; what remained would be useless, merely a supernaturally constructed body connected to her no longer.

Beside the elder before her, another elderly figure grew clearer and clearer.

Leuk Qingqing was right; she could hold out for a while but not indefinitely.

Upon hearing Zhou Deng's words, Leuk Qingqing retreated swiftly without a word, moving away from the ghostly influence area.

However, the somber old man didn't let Leuk Qingqing escape; as she retreated, the old man moved closely after her.

But Zhou Deng stepped forward past Leuk Qingqing, standing in front of her.

The ghost's steps halted abruptly.

The attacked target shifted instantly at this moment, and the supernatural force erasing Leuk Qingqing dissipated, but conversely, Zhou Deng began to be affected.

Not daring to delay, Zhou Deng immediately left the yellow clay path and headed towards the nearby old forest.

The ghost followed, also leaving the clay path and heading in the direction in which Zhou Deng departed.

"It's a success. The rest is up to you, Captain Yang." Zhou Deng looked back once and said this before his figure was quickly engulfed by the shadowy fog of the old forest, vanishing without a trace.

This old forest was peculiar, easily making people lose themselves, even ghost handlers couldn't find a way out once entered.

But both Zhou Deng and the ghost pursuing him disappeared into that old forest.

Both the man and the ghost vanished together.

Nothing remained on the yellow clay path to obstruct the others' progress.

The remaining people watched in silence.

This ghost was unbeatable; one person had to be sacrificed to lure the ghost away using the most unfavorable method.

"Set off immediately, don't waste time." Yang Jian took a deep breath, adjusting his state, and single-handedly lifted the red coffin off the ground.

The ghost shadow supported the coffin from underneath, preventing it from tilting or falling.

No time to lament Zhou Deng's disappearance.

He set off at once.

Yang Jian knew that even if Zhou Deng had lured the ghost away, it would only be temporary. Once the ghost dealt with Zhou Deng, it might return.

This old grandmother was very strange.

Her actions differed from ordinary ghosts; rather than aimless wandering, she seemed driven by some special consciousness.

As previously presumed,

Humans control ghosts, and ghosts also control humans.

This fierce ghost might have already possessed some traits of a living person.

Leuk Qingqing also glanced at the old forest where Zhou Deng vanished, not uttering a word, just resuming the carrying of the dead eagle's body and quickening her pace.

She left the supernatural erosion.

Her body was gradually recovering, the faded red cheongsam regaining vibrancy, everything turning for the better.

"This elder's supernatural influence isn't complete. If it were the elder from room 301, the body affected wouldn't recover; it's an irreversible action. It seems this ghost doesn't exist in the present, and its terror level is somewhat reduced." Yang Jian watched, his thoughts turning this over.

He had been erased twice before, and he understood somewhat.

Yang Xiaohua, panting, carrying Li Yang, had been walking the entire time, already feeling quite exhausted from the long journey.

Though her stamina was good, having constantly reinforced her body since becoming a messenger,

normal people's bodies have limits.

Her physical limit was approaching, making it nearly impossible to continue walking.

Yet, Yang Xiaohua gritted her teeth and persisted; this physical exhaustion was nothing, because she knew she was still alive, still able to feel tired, which was considerably more fortunate than others.

"Put me down. Though I can't move easily, I can lean over the coffin," Li Yang said, noticing her sweat-beaded face.

"No, I can still manage." Yang Xiaohua refused the suggestion.

Li Yang said no more.

The group is dwindling.

Just now, Zhou Deng was lost, leaving only four people in Yang Jian's group.

Along with one dead eagle.

"We're almost there."

After walking for a while, the surrounding darkness and gloom gradually faded, revealing the end of the yellow path.

It was a huge circular clearing.

This clearing in the middle of Old Lin had been deliberately cleared out; there were several old tombs there, not more nor less, exactly five.

But the second old tomb had collapsed, leaving a mere ruin.

Since he'd been here before, Yang Jian recognized it at a glance.

The red coffin hadn't exhibited any abnormal changes during this time.

This might be considered good news.

Seeing this, Yang Jian subconsciously quickened his pace, hoping to bury the red coffin first to prevent unforeseen complications.

However, just as he was about to finish walking the yellow path and enter the clearing.

At the end of the road, an ominous figure slowly emerged from the nearby old forest.

It was... an old woman, carrying a vegetable basket, with a face full of wrinkles and a lifeless appearance.

It emerged from the forest, seeming unaffected by the enigmatic surroundings, able to easily tread and leave.

The ghost that had circled through the old forest reappeared on the yellow path.

This lifeless old woman stood there motionless as before, blocking the remaining people's path forward, preventing access to the space where the elderly were buried.

"How could this be?"

Leuk Qingqing shuddered all over upon seeing this, her eyes widening instantly, her shocked expression already tinged with despair.

How long has it been?

Ten minutes?

After painstakingly sacrificing Zhou Deng to lead the ghost away, it's now returned again, blocking their path once more.

Does this mean another sacrifice is needed to lead the ghost away?

Yang Jian tightly gripped the cracked spear, his face particularly grim. He peered with his ghostly eye and suddenly turned abruptly to look behind.

In that old forest behind, another lifeless, identical old woman appeared, a second ghost emerged, blocking the group's retreat.

"The second ghost has appeared, Zhou Deng is dead." Li Yang also turned back to see this, his voice trembled, revealing a terrifying truth.

Only because Zhou Deng was erased does the second old person appear.

If the third gets erased, then a third old person would appear... and so on.

Thus, this is a genuine S-level supernatural event, an almost unsolvable occurrence.

"Why, why is it like this? This letter-delivery task shouldn't be this hard." Leuk Qingqing began to doubt reality.

She's had experience with several deliveries, even the terrifying room 301 supernatural incident had a chance of success.

But this time.

From the first day of burial, the difficulty was already terrifying, and now on the sixth day, this old person appears, plunging every messenger into despair.

And reality is just so.

Messenger after messenger died, the fourth-floor messengers were defenseless against this delivery mission.

Even with Yang Jian's leadership, achieving the best possible outcome.

Without Yang Jian, all would have died on the first day.

"There must be something wrong with the Post Office, this delivery task is a suicide mission, the post office wants to erase all the fourth-floor messengers, which is closely linked to the post office being invaded by ghosts." Leuk Qingqing almost went insane, gritting her teeth in anger.

"No, it's not the Post Office having an issue, it's our messenger group that's problematic." Yang Jian replied gloomily.

He was suspicious, the appearance of the Republic of China Period woman forced the difficulty of this delivery mission to escalate.

Why did this old person disappear for so long and now just appear?

Because Leuk Qingqing appeared.

She's alive and participated in this delivery task.

However, discussing that now serves no purpose.

"Captain, what should we do now?" Li Yang turned over: "Direct confrontation offers no chance of success, we can only draw the ghost away like with the coffin to buy time, I can use the eagle's corpse to restore my legs and take away a ghost."

At this moment, he also chose sacrifice.

"But for this plan, Leuk Qingqing must cooperate, she also has to lead away a ghost, allowing the captain to survive and complete the delivery task alone, moving to the fifth floor of the Post Office."

Leuk Qingqing immediately responded: "Why should he survive and not me?"

"Shut up."

Li Yang snarled: "What are you but a third-rate character, alive or dead, it doesn't matter. The captain cannot perish here; he alone can affect the external balance of the world, whereas what's your value? Living is merely to add one more person to the world, will you take responsibility? Will you handle supernatural events?"

"You can't even handle the Ghost Post Office, after all, just an incidental ghost handler."

"What are you saying? His life is a life, while mine isn't? If you deem me superfluous, why not stay here and die all together, anyway I owe no one, there's no reason for me to sacrifice myself for him." Leuk Qingqing was very angry.

Li Yang glared at her with murderous intent: "The captain's right, you're an unstable factor that needs elimination, I lacked foresight, otherwise I should've acted myself."

"No need to argue, there's another method, releasing the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse might work together with the Ghost Dice to stall a ghost." Yang Jian suggested.

"Is it feasible to use the red balloon? No, this method won't work, Yang Xiaohua would get erased immediately upon appearance; when erased, ghosts increase in number, even if the red balloon sends a ghost away it's an equal exchange, no change in quantity." Li Yang quickly thought.

His forehead was covered with sweat from tension.

Time was really running out for them.

Ghosts approached from both front and back along the yellow path.

The distance was decreasing.

Yang Xiaohua was cold all over, her hand was pale clutching the red balloon, but she understood, today might just be the end.

Leuk Qingqing refused to be bait, and Li Yang's plan couldn't be executed.

Also, all methods against the ghost were ineffective...

"If only there was a White Ghost Candle now, there'd still be a chance." Li Yang added.

Yang Jian remained silent, putting down the red coffin: "Bringing the White Ghost Candle so what, too many ghosts to risk lighting it here in the old forest, facing not just these two old people but a horde of ghost attacks."

"True." Li Yang said: "Is there really no way?"

Yang Jian didn't answer; he was thinking too.

Yet, the ghosts wouldn't allow them time to think.

Despite moving slowly, they kept nearing.

Closeby, Leuk Qingqing was fading; besides, the ordinary Yang Xiaohua was the first to be affected, her body blurred and disappearing... she was being erased.

Even the red balloon she held was fading.

Chapter 993 The Possibility of Reversing Everything

This deathly old woman became extremely terrifying after transforming into a ghost.

Under the interference of this ghost, both the red cheongsam on Leuk Qingqing and the red balloon in Yang Xiaohua's hand started fading at a speed visible to the naked eye.

This indicated that the supernatural had been suppressed.

However, the red balloon cannot be erased; it still exists, merely temporarily losing some supernatural power. After fading, the balloon gradually descended from mid-air, finally landing on the ground, unable to float anymore.

But now is not the time to worry about this.

Approaching from front and back, two ghosts subjected the group to unimaginable supernatural attacks.

"Yang, Yang Jian....."

Yang Xiaohua widened her eyes, looking at Yang Jian. She merely called his name without saying anything else, because she was already disappearing. This disappearance felt like a blessing, as she couldn't feel any pain, just watching her figure fade away bit by bit, being erased from this world.

At the same time, in front of her, the figure of the third ghost emerged.

It was still that deathly old woman.

As an ordinary person, she was getting erased too quickly. If she were a ghost-wielder, she could rely on the ghost she's harnessing to resist for a while, slowing down the erasure.

Only a dozen seconds passed.

Yang Xiaohua's whole body blurred completely, and then after a few more seconds, the last bit of her outline disappeared before everyone's eyes, thoroughly erased by the ghost's supernatural power.

The third ghost seemed to appear from nowhere, replacing Yang Xiaohua's existence, successfully invading this place.

At Yang Xiaohua's location, a balloon that had lost its color landed there, also remaining motionless.

"It's over, it's already too late."

Yang Xiaohua vanished, and Li Yang fell onto the ground; his body was also fading, and the erasure speed accelerated, because another ghost appeared beside him.

The supernatural influence intensified, and the level of terror increased.

"Captain, tear up the letter. I believe with your ability you can withstand the curse of failing to deliver the letter, and you can evade this ghost's attack. There's no need to linger here anymore," Li Yang also looked at Yang Jian.

He knew that Yang Jian could leave alone.

If he wished, very few ghosts could kill Yang Jian. Although this ghost was terrifying, it definitely couldn't erase the captain.

If it could, it would have succeeded last time.

Yang Jian glanced at where Yang Xiaohua had disappeared, then at Li Yang: "You're right, it's too late. The number of ghosts has turned to three, the mission to deliver the letter is destined to fail. Even if I tear the letter, it doesn't mean much. The ghost we're facing has nothing to do with the letter delivery mission, so tearing it or not results in the same outcome."

"If Leuk Qingqing had been willing to make a sacrifice, things wouldn't have turned out this way," Li Yang said unwillingly.

If you have to die anyway, why not choose a proper way to die.

If Leuk Qingqing had coordinated with their actions, Yang Jian and Yang Xiaohua could have survived, and this letter delivery mission would likely have been completed. Although most would have died, at least the sacrifice would have been worthwhile and meaningful.

But now...

Everything has lost its meaning.

Three ghosts appeared around, and the remaining people couldn't cope.

Li Yang's body was disappearing, and he also saw Leuk Qingqing's body fading. But it wasn't her entire body that was disappearing, just certain parts, only her hands and face were being erased.

Most of the body still existed.

At this moment, Li Yang saw clearly, under Leuk Qingqing's cheongsam was not a human body, but a puppet person, the puppet person lacked arms and a face.

So after erasing part of Leuk Qingqing's body, the ghost didn't fully invade.

There only remained a strange old man's floating face in mid-air beside Leuk Qingqing, along with the indistinct body.

Similarly, the ghost that erased Li Yang was also incomplete.

The arms and legs were unreal; only the upper body fully materialized.

This looked very similar to Li Yang's disabled state.

"Captain, go, don't stay here anymore."

Li Yang gave one last shout, throwing out an old wooden doorknob.

That was the important thing to open the ghost gate; through this doorknob, anyone could open the nonexistent door and leave this place directly.

After completing this last act, Li Yang disappeared completely, leaving no corpse, just some eerie objects remained.

Similarly.

Leuk Qingqing also stood there motionless, her face and arms gone, only the cheongsam-wearing puppet body, and the high heels underfoot were left.

She never spoke a single word till the end.

Whether she regretted not agreeing to Li Yang's plan to make her sacrifice meaningful, no one would know.

Yet none of that mattered anymore.

Only Yang Jian remained.

Holding a cracked long spear, he stood on the yellow muddy path, with only a red coffin beside him.

Everyone was dead.

After trying so hard, ever since entering the ancient house on the first day, though people died one by one, at least there was hope of living and leaving alive, yet this last strand of hope was extinguished here.

All ghost-wielders who entered the ancient house, including the messenger on the fourth floor, were annihilated on the sixth day, the day of the funeral procession, leaving only Yang Jian.

The dead were dead.

But the remaining ghosts were still there.

Moreover, the number of ghosts had reached a remarkably alarming level; after erasing Zhou Deng, Yang Xiaohua, Li Yang, and Leuk Qingqing, there were five ghosts on the yellow muddy road.

Even though the disappearance of Li Yang and Leuk Qingqing prevented those two old men from fully invading reality.

But it no longer mattered at this point.

The terror level of the ghosts far surpassed what Yang Jian could cope with; having one more or one less didn't make any difference.

Faced with everyone's disappearance.

Yang Jian was very silent, his hand tightly grasped the cracked long spear, a nameless emotion surged within his deathly still heart, and he didn't even pick up the wooden doorknob that fell at his feet.

For he knew well that picking it up meant the end of everything.

The failed letter delivery meant he couldn't reach the fifth floor of the post office, and the deaths of others were meaningless.

"I can't leave, I haven't lost yet, I can reverse all this. As long as I can open the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, I can restart the entire area, just like the pendulum clock in Dadong City's ancient house, making the dead reappear, after all, others have died for a short time, the possibility of bringing them back is high."

"But merely opening the Eight Layer Ghost Domain isn't enough. Even if I succeed in restarting, the ghosts are still there, and the scene will repeat, the tragedy will play out again."

"Restarting the whole area is just the basic condition, the key is to deal with the ghosts in front."

Yang Jian's eyes were emitting a strange red glow, with the ghost eyes seemingly awakening at this moment.

The towering black ghost shadow behind him swayed, appearing restless and uneasy.

At this moment, he realized the situation couldn't be solved by one restart; if it could, he would have already rebooted, not caring about the risk of resurrection after opening the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

What truly stumped Yang Jian was how to deal with the ghosts after the restart.

Like Liu Baimu in the Pendulum Clock Ancient House before, he had been killed once, and after restarting, he was killed again; although the process differed, the result was the same.

So Yang Jian must find a method to handle the ghosts to reverse the outcome.

Otherwise, no matter how many times it restarts, it's meaningless.

Ghosts were still approaching.

Yang Jian's body also suffered from the supernatural influence, blurring quickly, disappearing swiftly, as if soon he would be utterly erased like the others.

At the same time, another old person's eerie figure gradually appeared in front....

"Bang!"

However, at this moment, a loud thud came from inside the red coffin, with a large commotion, shaking the coffin as if something inside was awakening.

At that moment.

Yang Jian's fading body turned toward the red coffin.

A pair of scarlet eyes remained unaffected, real and clear as ever.

Ghosts couldn't erase ghost eyes.

The parts disappearing were only irrelevant parts of the living body.

"I have thought of a way."

Yang Jian's body flashed with red light, directly restarting himself, restoring his body. But this recovery was temporary, only delaying the erasure time.

However, this moment was enough for him.

He immediately grabbed the lid of the red coffin and opened it.

"Since you're dead already, lend me your body. The ghosts from the Republic of China period should be dealt with by people from that era."

The ghost shadow behind Yang Jian stood up, escaping from his body, and walked into the red coffin.

Inside the red coffin.

A corpse of an old man, full of wrinkles and covered with corpse spots, lay there motionless, a weird hint of peace on its face.

Chapter 994 Borrowing a Corpse

At this moment, Yang Jian took the initiative to lift the coffin lid.

He saw the corpse of the old man lying in the coffin.

The corpse was the same as before, without any change. The old man lay peacefully, motionless, as if the commotion in the coffin just now was merely an illusion.

But regardless of what abnormal changes had occurred in the coffin earlier.

Now, there was only one path laid out in front of Yang Jian.

At this moment.

The Ghost Shadow had already stood up. The tall, black Ghost Shadow's face had an image branded onto it, as if drawn with fresh blood — a face that was identical to Yang Jian's. This was the residue of the blood-stained old newspaper, now part of the Ghost Shadow Puzzle, granting it the ability to alter others' memories.

With the departure of the Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian's body had already lost sensation, and he collapsed to the ground like a corpse with a thud.

Yang Jian abandoned his own body. He took away the Ghost Eye, leaving the curses of the Ghost Hand and the Eight-Tone Music Box on the corpse.

One by one, bizarre eyes opened on the black shadow.

Yang Jian could see everything around him.

He was now the Ghost Shadow.

Being able to survive without his body was his greatest trump card after becoming an anomaly.

In such situations, no ghosts around could erase him.

But this alone was not enough.

The Ghost Shadow was insufficient to contend with this terrifying elder woman, far from it, so to win, he had to grasp new supernatural powers. In this vicinity, the only one qualified or capable of countering this elder woman was the old man who had been dead in this coffin for many days.

Consequently.

Without hesitation, the Ghost Shadow walked into the coffin, then, as if melting, it rapidly disappeared.

No.

It didn't disappear; instead, it swiftly merged into the corpse of the old man inside the coffin.

Yang Jian couldn't be sure if the Ghost Shadow could control this corpse, but there were no other options now; this was the only path available, so he had to try no matter what.

In supernatural events, nothing is guaranteed 100% successful; all unknowns must be boldly tried.

Abandon your own body and directly control a horrifying unknown corpse.

This act is nothing if not risky.

Because nine times out of ten, the old man in the coffin was a ghost handler from the Republic of China Period who lived until now. Although he is dead now, who knows what terrifying things reside in his

body; if things go wrong after the Ghost Shadow invades, it might be suppressed, let alone control the old man's corpse, Yang Jian himself might become part of the puzzle and die here completely.

Thus, Yang Jian was also gambling, betting his life.

He knew very well that relying on the Ghost Shadow to control a revived ghost handler from the Republic of China was impossible, but the current situation was different.

First, the red coffin could provide some suppression.

Secondly.

Today was only the sixth day after the old man's death, not yet the seventh, so today the corpse in this coffin hadn't reached the time for the ghost to resurrect. Given this, it provided Yang Jian the opportunity to control.

He didn't need to control it for long.

Only need to control for ten minutes.

No, five minutes would do.

Even just three minutes would be fine; as long as he had these precious few minutes, Yang Jian could create a miracle, reversing everything that just happened.

Soon.

The Ghost Shadow quickly disappeared.

All the black shadow invaded into the corpse of the old man inside the coffin.

At this moment, it seemed to plunge into a deathly silence.

Everything around fell into silence.

Yang Jian's body lay motionless beside it; it seemed like his body wasn't targeted by the fierce ghost, not disappearing or being erased. This was strange, as it seemed the body couldn't trigger the murderous pattern of the fierce ghost since the eagle's corpse, lying nearby from earlier, was similarly not targeted by the ghost.

The surrounding ghosts also stopped their actions.

Several eerie old women stood around the red coffin like this, towering.

The ghosts didn't leave, nor did they advance further.

The whole scene seemed to be frozen. Unless something unexpected happened, the corpses remaining beside the coffin would be the final witnesses of this supernatural event, telling future visitors that a team had been wiped out here by a fierce ghost, though no one will know the story behind it.

As time slowly passed,

thirty seconds...one minute, two minutes.

About three minutes later.

There was a commotion from inside the red coffin, the sound of a radio with no signal, which Yang Jian had previously thrown into the ancient mansion's great hall, hoping to suppress its supernatural effects with the red coffin.

But now.

For some reason, the eerie radio sounded again.

The static crackled a few times and then quickly disappeared.

The signal of the eerie radio was connected.

"Hello, is anyone there? I'm back again..." a voice came from the radio, but before the sentence was finished, this voice suddenly changed drastically.

The unfamiliar voice suddenly became sharp and piercing, bearing an indescribable fear, like it was shocked.

"I have to leave; he's not dead yet... rustle, rustle!"

The signal on the radio was cut off, leaving only the static sound, and soon even that disappeared.

The eerie radio became silent again, no longer revealing its oddity.

And just as the radio's sound disappeared.

The corpse of the old man in the coffin suddenly opened its eyes wide.

Those eyes appeared blood-filled, a scarlet hue, even emanating a faint red light.

At this moment.

The old man, dead for a full six days, astonishingly awoke in an incredible way.

The moment the old man awoke.

The eerie old women standing around the coffin immediately turned their heads. There was no liveliness in their ashen eyes, only unspeakable deathly silence and horror.

The ghost's target shifted.

The old man's corpse, which opened its eyes within the coffin, became the target.

The red coffin began to lose color, starting a process of inexplicable terrifying erasure.

But simultaneously.

The corpse in the coffin suddenly raised a hand to place on the edge of the coffin and used it to support the seemingly rotting body to slowly sit up.

An unbelievable scene unfolded.

The fading red-painted coffin reversed rapidly, the originally dim and gray coffin wood becoming bright red once more. The ghost affecting all this seemed suppressed by an even more terrifying supernatural power. At this moment, not only could the ghost not erase the reawakened corpse in the coffin, but it couldn't even affect the surroundings of the coffin.

Unfamiliar, uneasy, cold, out of control...

Though the old man's corpse awakened, it seemed like a newborn baby, slow and clumsy in movement, finding even just sitting up so difficult, let alone easily manipulating itself.

Nonetheless, the old man's pair of reddened eyes revealed a familiar feeling.

It was Yang Jian's gaze.

He had relied on the Ghost Shadow to invade the old man's corpse and forcibly seized control.

"The Ghost Shadow can't hold out for long." Yang Jian felt that as the Ghost Shadow controlled this old man's corpse, it was being eroded.

If this continued, he even had the feeling he couldn't detach himself.

It seemed as though the Ghost Shadow wasn't using this old man as a puzzle piece, but the Ghost Shadow had become part of this old man's puzzle.

Once this circumstance happened, Yang Jian would also completely disappear from this world.

It was unclear if it was remnants of instinct at work or if Yang Jian had stolen some fragment of memory from this corpse that didn't belong to him.

Having just taken control, Yang Jian seemed to know how to use this body. He slowly reached out that hand covered with corpse spots and wrinkles, shaking it at the fierce ghost beside the coffin.

It seemed like he was bidding farewell to this fierce ghost, or perhaps triggering a terrifying killing pattern.

The fierce ghost in front, as if erased from a picture, was disappearing rapidly.

This erasure was somewhat similar to that of the elder woman but distinctly different.

This erasure seemed even more terrifying, like wiping a stain off a piece of glass. Even a fierce ghost couldn't resist.

The erased ghost was evidently gone.

Not a trace was left behind.

"Is this the power of an elite ghost handler from the Republic of China Period? To forcibly erase supernatural traces." Yang Jian inexplicably thought.

He didn't yet know how much supernatural power resided in this corpse; he was merely mimicking based on the corpse's instincts and some lingering memory fragments.

Even with just this, a medium for the ghost's invasion of reality disappeared.

Chapter 995 Restart Everything

Yang Jian used the Ghost Shadow to resurrect and forcibly occupied the corpse in the red coffin, coercing it to open its eyes.

At this moment.

Yang Jian temporarily borrowed the supernatural power of this corpse.

Controlling this dead body to make a move was shockingly terrifying, as a fierce ghost surrounding the coffin was wiped out by a single palm from this corpse.

A bizarre old woman disappeared this way, vanishing completely without a trace.

Although the invading ghost wasn't the original source, its terror level was equally high. Yang Jian's previous team had no means to deal with it, only able to forcibly protect themselves through restart, but to this corpse, it was just a wave of the hand.

The gap was immense.

Yang Jian was astonished at this moment, as if witnessing something incredible.

"Indeed, facing a fierce ghost of the same level requires a person of the same level to contend with it. This scene reminds me of those Ghost Slaves killed in past supernatural incidents, equally easy, without difficulty."

He quickly calmed down.

This level of ability doesn't belong to him; he's only borrowing it temporarily. Once a certain limit is passed, his Ghost Shadow must abandon this corpse and cannot possess it for long.

At this moment.

Yang Jian became gradually familiar with controlling this old corpse; his movements were no longer sluggish, and he started to move his limbs and body.

Holding onto the edge of the red coffin.

The elderly with corpse spots and wrinkles slowly stood up, his slightly withered body wavering but eventually stabilizing.

His pair of scarlet eyes eerily rolled around, observing the surroundings.

It was as if this mysterious ghost controller from the Republic of China Period, who died in the ancient house, was briefly revived, trying to glimpse the world again and settle some unfinished tasks.

Some fragmented memories appeared in Yang Jian's mind.

These memories weren't from the old man's life but rather some instinctual memories of the body, such as actions when using supernatural powers, or certain hidden terrifying curses within the body.

There were four ghosts left near the coffin.

The ghosts didn't leave due to Yang Jian's resurrection but continued to approach, attempting to wipe away the current Yang Jian.

That ghost, which would have been despairing to others, now seemed like a mere joke.

Erasure was ineffective.

The approach of the four ghosts didn't even fade the red coffin.

Yang Jian, transformed into an old corpse standing in the coffin, remained unaffected, as if some unknown curse within the corpse wore away the erasure. The curse was also a supernatural power, initially a deadly curse but was harnessed by the corpse during its lifetime, becoming part of the supernatural puzzle.

"You should disappear."

The scarlet eyes stared at this old man, whose withered hand wiped in front like cleaning glass.

The ghost's body was being erased.

With a wipe from the dirty, withered hand, a large part of the ghost's body disappeared. After two or three swipes, the ghost's form largely vanished. Merely wiping four or five times, the second ghost disappeared again from sight.

After erasing two ghosts.

The remaining two ghosts were incomplete because one appeared after erasing Leuk Qingqing, and the other after erasing Li Yang. Both Leuk Qingqing and Li Yang were incomplete, so the resulting ghosts were incomplete.

Yang Jian first dealt with the most threatening ghost to prevent future troubles.

However, now Yang Jian hesitated because he needed to do something else.

Restart the entire area, reverse everything.

Without hesitation now, the Ghost Domain opened directly.

This wasn't the corpse's supernatural power but Yang Jian's Ghost Eye.

The Ghost Eye opened all eight, and eight Ghost Eyes stacked, delving into the deepest, most taboo supernatural power.

Red light was emanating from the coffin.

This red light was thick, spreading around quickly, almost like it lost control, the supernatural power spilling out indiscriminately.

"It feels completely calm with no resurrection; it's not me suppressing the Ghost Eye, but this corpse suppressing it." Yang Jian noticed the Ghost Eye was unusually calm, without the agitation of resurrection.

Bear in mind, he's opening the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

This is close to the revival limit. Even if the Ghost Shadow crashed before, he didn't dare touch this layer of taboo, fearing that the Ghost Eye would resurrect and he would become a puzzle piece for the Ghost Eye.

"In that case, there shouldn't be any hesitation."

Yang Jian released further within his heart.

The Eight Layer Ghost Domain recklessly loomed; he wanted to grasp this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to explore the limits of his power.

The red Ghost Domain engulfed the yellow mud road, the nearby Old Lin, and even the entire ancient mansion in the distance.

The range had no boundaries and kept expanding, seemingly wherever the eye could see was the realm to be restarted.

But the larger the Ghost Domain's range, the more likely it would stimulate the Ghost Eye's resurrection; that was certain.

And within the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, everything became entirely different.

Although the surroundings hadn't changed, he saw a phone inside the ancient mansion's time starting to reverse continuously.

"No mistake, just as I calculated before, the Seven Layer Ghost Domain can only affect myself, allowing only me to restart. But with the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, I can impact the surrounding things, restarting everything around. I just don't know if I can make other supernatural entities restart with it."

Yang Jian was observant, watching closely.

He noticed that the ghosts erased with the corpse weren't reappearing due to the restart, for reasons unknown. Similarly, the split spear standing nearby wasn't affected by the restart.

The Coffin Nail, Firewood Knife, and the gold material on them couldn't be restarted.

The split spear was untouched by the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

But this was also expected.

Soon after, Yang Jian noticed his own corpse suddenly moved, seemingly affected by the reboot. Moreover, his Ghost Shadow was trying to leave the old man's body, as if it wanted to exit this coffin and return to his previous body.

"I've been affected by the reboot. No, I can't reboot myself; I need to maintain this state."

Yang Jian understood.

He was reversing everything and needed to return to his previous state.

However, he was the one in control now, and he could keep his corpse in the Five Layer Ghost Domain, avoiding the reboot's influence.

This is where supernatural logic makes no sense.

Yang Jian can reboot other places, other supernatural occurrences, yet can avoid being rebooted himself.

His corpse was isolated in the Five Layer Ghost Domain, not entering the reboot range of the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

Therefore, everything around was changing except Yang Jian and the elder standing in the coffin.

That's the most stable way.

Otherwise, if even he rebooted, the only change for Yang Jian would be gaining a memory of the future, significantly reducing the advantage of this reboot.

He needed to control the past and reverse the future.

"It's appearing..."

Suddenly.

He saw a blurry figure appearing in front of him.

It was Yang Xiaohua's figure. She stood next to the balloon that fell on the ground, and as the reboot continued, her blurry image became clearer, until finally, Yang Xiaohua appeared completely in front of him.

Then Li Yang, who was erased by the ghost, also appeared... followed by the faceless Puppet People on the cheongsam with Leuk Qingqing's face.

In one breath.

Yang Jian rebooted to before the team was completely wiped out, saving Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, and that Leuk Qingqing.

But this was not enough.

Yang Jian didn't stop, the reboot continued.

Using the elder's corpse, he aimed to reverse even further.

So, figures within the Eight Layer Ghost Domain started retreating, like a movie ending and then the progress bar is dragged back, everyone kept retreating to ten minutes before, eleven minutes before, twelve minutes before...

Leuk Qingqing, Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, and the eagle's corpse all retreated along the yellow mud road, leaving this place.

However, Yang Jian's corpse didn't move, the red coffin didn't move, the cracked long spear didn't move either.

Yet the remaining two fierce ghosts disappeared.

Because Leuk Qingqing and Li Yang survived, the medium didn't exist, creating a logic conflict, thus erasing the incoming ghosts had no reason to exist.

So those two incomplete eerie old women disappeared during the reboot.

"Back then, the Hungry Ghost rebooted for forty minutes, the Pendulum Clock Ancient House rebooted for half an hour... now, how far can I reboot?"

Yang Jian remained silent, time passed slowly in the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

In fact, this was merely a moment outside.

Fifteen minutes passed.

Sixteen minutes passed...

Then, a critical point appeared.

Zhou Deng retreated from the eerie Old Lin along the yellow mud road and reappeared beside others.

Zhou Deng was pulled back alive from death's conclusion because of Yang Jian's reboot.

Twenty minutes passed.

The reboot continued.

It was twenty-five minutes.

Yang Jian felt the Eight Layer Ghost Domain began to become a bit unstable.

Like it was interfered with, the red world was collapsing, crumbling.

"The limit has come."

He had an epiphany.

Although the twenty-five minutes were not the true critical point, Yang Jian could already estimate.

His limit was at most half an hour.

He could reverse half an hour of the past; further than that, he would be powerless, because the Eight Layer Ghost Domain couldn't sustain for that long, even if the Ghost Eye hadn't been resurrected, the result would be the same. The supernatural power of the Ghost Eye could only achieve up to this step, at most sustaining a large-scale reboot for half an hour.

To prolong the reboot time, unless you have a second reboot ability to link with the Ghost Eye's reboot.

Otherwise, Yang Jian couldn't break through this boundary.

"It's already enough."

The elder standing in the coffin slowly closed his eyes.

The Eight Layer Ghost Domain instantly collapsed, disappeared.

Red light illuminated the darkness, flashed and vanished.

The reboot ended.

Time returned to half an hour earlier.

Chapter 996 A Peaceful Burial

Restart to half an hour ago.

This time period changed the fate of everyone getting wiped out.

But Yang Jian cannot reverse the more distant future; those who died in the ancient mansion cannot be saved by him.

And now.

Zhou Deng, Li Yang, Leuk Qingqing, and others appeared on the yellow mud path.

They paused for a moment.

"The coffin? Where's that big red coffin that I was just carrying in my hands?" Zhou Deng looked at his empty hands and was suddenly a bit dazed.

His previous memories seemed to have disappeared, leaving him only at this moment.

So in his memory, Zhou Deng is now carrying the coffin on the road with Yang Jian.

But there was no coffin beside them, nor was there Yang Jian.

"I just saw a flash of red light, that's the captain's Ghost Domain, maybe the captain just discovered something," Li Yang pondered and said.

This matter is strange, but not beyond understanding.

As long as the Ghost Domain is activated, a lot of things can change in one second, he has already grown accustomed to it.

"Is that so? Then where did Captain Yang go with the coffin?" Zhou Deng wondered.

Leuk Qingqing looked ahead: "He definitely wouldn't have turned back, he must be ahead."

"I think so too, if we keep going forward, we will surely meet the captain," Li Yang said.

"What a hassle, and without saying a word beforehand, I almost thought the coffin ran off on its own," Zhou Deng said.

The group, filled with confusion and puzzlement, could only continue to walk forward.

The road was very quiet, with no paranormal interference, nor any malicious ghosts appearing.

After walking a distance, the group saw a large red coffin settled at the entrance near the clearing ahead.

At the moment, Yang Jian was sitting alone, leaning against the coffin, with his head slightly lowered as if he was asleep, and beside him stood a cracked golden long spear, as if it had been there for a long time, and wasn't something that just happened.

"Sure enough, he's here. I was scared to death, I thought the coffin was gone," Zhou Deng said.

"Carry me over to take a look," Li Yang, still being carried by Yang Xiaohua, said.

Leuk Qingqing glanced and said: "Do you guys also think Yang Jian seems a bit off... like he's dead."

"Shut your damn mouth," Li Yang said coldly.

Leuk Qingqing snorted softly, expressing dissatisfaction but said nothing more.

Quickly.

The group approached.

They looked at Yang Jian, then at the coffin beside him.

The red coffin was already closed, with no abnormalities, and Yang Jian was covered in a lot of yellow mud, as if he had just rolled in it, looking somewhat disheveled, with no clue as to what had just happened.

But judging by the appearance, it should be that he hadn't encountered any danger.

"Captain," Li Yang called out once.

Zhou Deng went over and gave him a push: "Hey, Captain Yang, are you asleep? This is not the time to sleep; there are still a lot of things to do."

No one knows if Yang Jian was woken up by the noise, or if he just woke up.

He opened his eyes.

His red eyes were filled with blood, and his face showed an unimaginable fatigue.

"Captain, did anything happen just now?" Li Yang asked.

"Nothing, nothing happened, I just experienced some supernatural interference," Yang Jian raised his head and glanced at the group.

His eyes looked a bit complicated.

But in the end, he didn't say anything.

"It's fine then. The way here was good, very safe, hadn't encountered any danger, and now we are here. Let's quickly get this coffin buried to avoid prolonged dreams," Zhou Deng said.

Yang Jian stood up.

His body seemed quite unfit; as he stood up and tried to take a step forward, his leg didn't move, and he almost stumbled to the ground.

"You don't look good, not like you were before," Zhou Deng immediately supported him: "Did you encounter an attack by malicious ghosts just now? Or did you sense something wrong in the coffin?"

"Nothing serious," Yang Jian lifted his hand and patted his shoulder.

"Just a minor issue, long-term lack of rest might cause some reaction."

He finished speaking and moved his body a bit, and the familiar feeling of controlling his body gradually returned.

"Let's carry the coffin and continue on," he said afterward, pulling out the cracked long spear standing beside him, and continued carrying the coffin forward.

Zhou Deng was puzzled in his heart: "Why did he pat my shoulder? Are we really that close?"

With this question in mind.

The group reached the end, arriving at a large clearing.

On the clearing, there were five old graves arranged in a row, with black-and-white photos engraved on the headstones, male and female, both young and middle-aged.

But the second grave had already collapsed.

However, standing beside the fifth grave was an old iron shovel.

The place it stood seemed to hint at the location of a sixth grave.

The shovel was not a supernatural object, just a very ordinary old item; Zhou Deng and Yang Jian had confirmed this a few days ago.

"Start digging, strive to quickly get this thing buried," Zhou Deng rolled up his sleeves, took the shovel, and directly dug down with a scoop.

Clang~!

The shovel seemed to hit something very hard.

"What is it?"

Zhou Deng dug away the surrounding earth and saw it was a green stone headstone, with no words and no portrait, just blank.

"It's a headstone, this old guy was prepared with everything, even his own headstone was ready," he moved the headstone aside and continued digging.

"You go ahead; I need some rest."

Yang Jian didn't help; he sat down at the headstone of a grave planning to rest a bit.

"I'm also going to bury the hawk," Leuk Qingqing put down the hawk's corpse, also planning to dig a hole beside and bury the hawk's body.

Yang Jian glanced at her without speaking, just recalling what happened earlier.

After the restart ended, his Ghost Shadow almost got trapped in that corpse and couldn't come out. Not that he didn't want to come out, but the Ghost Shadow was unwilling, because the old man's corpse suited the Ghost Shadow better than his own body.

It was an instinctual revival.

Yang Jian almost lost control of his own body.

But in the end, he chose to restart himself, forcefully separated, and returned to his own body.

The old man's body was indeed terrifying, but it didn't suit him; staying too long would cause him to lose himself, unable to control himself, and ultimately become a part of the old man's puzzle pieces.

Although the supernatural powers he controlled were no match for the old man's corpse in the coffin, he could at least move freely.

"The Eight Layer Ghost Domain, restart the entire area, truly a forbidden supernatural power," Yang Jian sighed.

He himself felt a sense of unreality.

Because the people who died truly reappeared before his eyes, without a hint of incongruity, confirming they were truly alive.

The old lady who originally blocked the road was forcefully erased by him using the corpse in the coffin.

So after the restart, the malicious ghost blocking the road never appeared again.

Therefore, the road was free of danger.

Zhou Deng's speed in digging was swift.

In no time, a pit large enough to bury the entire coffin appeared.

"It's done. Should I dig deeper? If it's deeper, it would be more secure, preventing the coffin board from being lifted and something inside getting out," Zhou Deng looked over and asked Yang Jian.

"Then go deeper, we have time now," Yang Jian said.

Zhou Deng replied, "I thought the same."

He then dug a bit deeper into the pit.

"Now it should be enough. Should I lower the coffin for burial?"

"Bury it," Yang Jian said.

Zhou Deng immediately moved and placed the reasonably lightweight coffin into the pit, and then continued to fill up the pit with soil.

The red coffin showed no abnormalities.

This made Yang Xiaohua and Li Yang, who were watching by the side, breathe a sigh of relief.

After bustling about this clearing for roughly two hours, a new mound of yellow soil marking a new grave appeared on the clearing.

This was the sixth grave.

Finally, Zhou Deng set the blank headstone up front, patted his hands: "All done, we were lucky today, didn't encounter any danger, seems like the day of the burial is the safest day, don't know what tomorrow will be like."

"Mine's done too."

Leuk Qingqing, dirty from head to toe, walked over as well; she had buried the hawk's body, giving it a resting place, rather than leaving it outside to decay.

"Captain, what do we do next outside? Should we return to the ancient mansion, or stay here a bit longer to see the situation?" Li Yang asked.

Chapter 997 The Resolution

The burial is completed, the red coffin along with the old man's corpse is buried underground, a new earthen grave stands tall, seemingly announcing the end of an era.

These six graves here bury a past unknown to people.

One can imagine that once, these six people among the old graves gathered, worked, and even experienced a thrilling yet terrifying supernatural event together.

But in the end, the last elderly member of this team also passed away.

He died six days ago.

Now, besides these few graves as evidence of these people's existence, within the outer supernatural circle, no one knows the stories of these ghost handlers from the Republic of China Period, not even their names were left, only a portrait and a blank tombstone.

Yang Jian and the others did not leave immediately.

They stayed here to observe the situation, to see if anything unusual would happen after the burial.

"Do you think we ghost handlers in the supernatural circle will also end up like this, finding a place to bury ourselves? Leaving nothing behind in the end." Zhou Deng looked at the grave mound he personally built, feeling slightly sentimental.

"Don't worry, it won't be like that."

Yang Jian leaned against a tombstone, and slowly said, "Generally, ghost handlers don't live this long, although these graves are varied in age, each person buried lived at least ten years, and the old man we buried probably lived even longer, over a hundred years."

"A ghost handler of the Republic of China Period who lived for a century, what that entails I need not say more."

"Tsk tsk, thinking carefully about it, that is indeed quite terrifying." Zhou Deng smacked his lips.

Ghost handlers who live long aren't necessarily the strongest, but the strongest must be those who live long; even now Yang Jian can't guarantee he'll live a hundred years without using supernatural power.

"Let's rest a bit and make sure there's no situation before returning to the ancient house. The letter transmission task requires us to stay in the old house for seven days, though temporarily leaving isn't a problem, staying outside for long is certainly not okay." Yang Jian then continued.

He glanced at Leuk Qingqing.

Previously when Leuk Qingqing was erased, that woman from the Republic of China Period didn't leave any means to help, just got erased like that?

Or.

Erasing Leuk Qingqing isn't important at all?

Yang Jian had some ideas, but they're not important right now, completing the task of delivering the letter is the priority.

"The key to surviving the sixth day is the old man's corpse, now it's buried, the coffin's buried, what will happen on the seventh-day Night of the Returning Spirit? If there's danger, what method should be used to resolve it?"

Yang Jian found that after entering the ancient house, everything he saw was useful.

Red lanterns, three incense sticks, three bowls of rice, Old Lin who buried ghosts, the red coffin, the old man's corpse.

Now, thinking back carefully, these are all key to surviving in the ancient house.

Missing even one thing would lead to everyone's total extermination.

Moreover, the clues are very subtle, without any information prompt, entirely relying on personal exploration and deduction.

Yang Jian inferred the seven-day mourning process through the seven days and first seven.

"The ancient house is like a setup, a meticulously arranged setup, we, who have come through the supernatural bus, are participants." Yang Jian thought secretly.

He believes the setup is arranged by the old man in the coffin who recently died.

But the person has died, the corpse hasn't left much evidence, it's dead without confrontation.

They rested for a while again.

By now Yang Jian felt thoroughly recovered, he stood up again; "The time is up, let's return, spend the last day at the ancient house, and this task will be completed."

"Seventh-day Night of the Returning Spirit? Hopefully, it'll be just like today with nothing happening, there's no need to worry, let's be optimistic, maybe the dangerous event is past." Zhou Deng stated.

Yang Jian glanced at him, still saying nothing more.

Today wasn't without danger.

They had already faced total annihilation once, it was just reversed because he restarted everything.

So if the first seven day has dangers, it would certainly be more terrifying than today.

Certainly.

There's another possibility.

That the first seven days have everything normal, without danger.

They moved again, leaving the open land, leaving those old graves, retracing the yellow mud path back to the ancient house.

Although the surroundings were eerie, the road was calm, no danger occurred, nor did any ghosts appear again.

Just like that.

After burying the old man, they returned to the ancient house.

The ancient house seemed to have lost some supernatural power, not eerie anymore, no ghosts wandering, nor inexplicable supernatural phenomena occurring.

Just.

This ancient house is very secluded.

Apart from them, there was no one else, those who died in the ancient house didn't even leave corpses, those bodies mysteriously disappeared, perhaps revived as ghosts, or perhaps taken away by other ghosts.

In conclusion.

Inside and outside the ancient house is now very clean.

But this calmness made Yang Jian feel somewhat uneasy.

Even returning here, he still felt anxious, as if danger could suddenly emerge.

Of course, it's not just his feelings, others also thought the same.

Probably already have a shadow over this ancient house.

If possible, those remaining might never come to this ghost place again, and if the ancient house appears in the outside world someday, they might walk far around to avoid it.

"Things are temporarily finished, let's all rest a bit, I'll go close the door, in case anything unexpected happens." Yang Jian said.

"Is this place really safe?" Zhou Deng questioned with some doubt.

Yang Jian responded, "Even if there's danger, it's tomorrow's issue, today the funeral is over, and we didn't encounter danger on the way back, indicating the sixth day's funeral is correct if chosen incorrectly, danger would certainly appear, only by choosing correctly will it be so calm."

"Imagine if we held the funeral tomorrow, would the old man in the red coffin revive as a ghost at dawn and kill all of us?"

"Very likely." Li Yang said.

Yang Jian responded; "So don't worry too much today, as for the first seven day Night of the Returning Spirit, there's no need to worry."

"Why?" Leuk Qingqing asked, "The seventh day should be the most dangerous day."

"Because the seventh-day Night of the Returning Spirit has nothing to do with us, the last day is just about letting fate take its course, if I can successfully deliver the letter, I naturally will, but if conditions don't allow, then I have nothing to say." Yang Jian said and walked away.

He went to the back hall to close the back door, and then bolted it.

Then he went to close the front yard's gate.

After doing all this, Yang Jian returned to the previous room choosing to sleep.

Now it's still early, not yet the seventh day, choosing to rest when certain there's no danger today is also correct.

"You all go rest, I'll keep watch here, if there's any situation I'll call you." Zhou Deng said, choosing to stay guard.

While mentioned there's no danger, but in this ghost place who really have such peace of mind to all sleep?

"I'll stay to watch you, lest you mess around again." Li Yang said.

Zhou Deng widened his eyes: "You don't trust me, Zhou Deng? Under these circumstances what can I possibly do?"

"What are you holding in your hand?" Li Yang eyed him.

Zhou Deng touched the black Taishi Chair: "I'm studying it, this chair is extraordinary, I calculated seriously, there are four chairs in total, two in the main hall, one was pushed out by the ghost, the other placed in the passageway there, I moved it here together, maybe can figure something out."

"Don't mess around, the chair was previously very unusual, could block the ghost's invasion." Li Yang said.

"Relax, I won't mess around." Zhou Deng said.

"I'm going to rest too, carrying you all the way just now, I'm very tired." Yang Xiaohua glanced at Li Yang, rubbed her sore shoulders.

She quickly left too.

Zhou Deng stroked his chin: "Did you see, she naturally entered Yang Jian's room just now, do you think Yang Jian and this woman have a thing?"

"I stayed in that room before too, do you think I have a thing with Yang Xiaohua as well? Besides, how many among us are interested in women?" Li Yang glanced.

"Who can say for sure, after all, young people nowadays have some tricks, don't worry, I understand, getting a chance to rest during a supernatural event is good, lest waste it by dying someday." Zhou Deng chuckled.

Leuk Qingqing snorted coldly: "Boring."

She turned and left.

Heading to the room across the hallway for rest, unwilling to stay with Zhou Deng.

Chapter 998 Day 7

After the funeral on the sixth day, everything returned to normal.

All the dangers seemed to have vanished, and no supernatural signs were present anymore within the ancient house.

In the old room.

Yang Jian was not afraid, lying down directly on the wooden canopy bed to rest. He seemed to have fallen asleep, eyes closed, no movement.

On the side of the room, Yang Xiaohua found a sleeping bag from the luggage left by other messengers and after eating and drinking a bit, she curled up in the sleeping bag to rest. She was very tired, having suffered great fatigue both physically and mentally.

Those who can survive under such pressure in this environment are either crazy or have extraordinary willpower.

As for ordinary people, they either perish or transform.

Clearly.

Yang Xiaohua made it through. She was adapting to this strange environment haunted by supernatural forces, and so instead of giving up, she was replenishing food and water, seizing every opportunity to rest and improve her survival rate.

She chose to stay close to Yang Jian because being around Yang Jian was comparatively the safest spot.

However, the time left for everyone to rest was limited.

It was already seven o'clock on the sixth evening.

Only five hours were left until the arrival of the seventh day, and no one knew what kind of danger might occur tomorrow. Although the mansion was free of ghosts now, everyone still felt uneasy.

After all, the experiences of the previous days had taught them a profound lesson.

"Why does my appearance feel somewhat unfamiliar?" Meanwhile, in another old room.

Leuk Qingqing took out a pocket mirror she carried with her, looking at herself, touching her face and features.

Her features were perfect and exquisite, with no blemishes; not even a dark spot could be found. Even without makeup or foundation, her face remained smooth and flawless, but this whiteness was not healthy and rosy but rather pale and bloodless.

However, today, she found that the image in her memory appeared very unfamiliar now.

Though her appearance was still the same as before, Leuk Qingqing felt that the face didn't quite seem like hers, and she should have had a different face.

What should that other face look like?

Leuk Qingqing tried to recall, but then she was suddenly filled with a sense of dread.

She couldn't remember what the other face should look like; she now couldn't distinguish whether she had always looked like this or had changed without realizing it.

"Did my body undergo some change after being invaded by the supernatural, or is my memory undergoing some transformation?" Leuk Qingqing realized something was off, feeling a chill in her heart.

If this continued, she felt she would eventually become a different person.

Completely different from who she was a few months ago, transformed.

For example, she had increasingly liked cheongsams; both on her and in her home, all her clothes were gradually being replaced by cheongsams of various styles.

For example, she, who rarely wore high heels, started wearing them daily, with no thought of taking them off.

Leuk Qingqing tried wearing other shoes, like slippers or flats, but she felt uncomfortable, as if something was missing, making her whole body uneasy.

In the end, she couldn't help but switch back to high heels.

Moreover...

Leuk Qingqing touched a pocket on her body and surprisingly found a handkerchief.

She never carried a handkerchief.

"Yang Jian had long noticed something was wrong with me; he knew I was being influenced and changed, so he was uneasy about me, afraid I would become another strange person, which is why he wanted to get rid of me prematurely," Leuk Qingqing recalled some conversations with Yang Jian.

"The last time I went to Dachuan City with Yang Jian to deliver a letter, I had a short memory lapse, but it hadn't lasted long back then. This time, however, I completely lost my memory for several days, not even knowing where I woke up."

"If my memory, my habits, my lifestyle were to change in a short time and I became another person, would I still be me?"

Leuk Qingqing realized this, feeling a chill all over.

This change was silent, and those who knew her likely couldn't imagine a person changing so much in just a few months.

"What can I do? I can't stop this change," Leuk Qingqing looked down at the bright red cheongsam she was wearing.

The embroidery and patterns were incredibly exquisite.

But this was something she took from a dead body during the letter delivery process, hinting at something eerie while seemingly harboring a terrible curse.

It seemed that the original owner of this cheongsam, whose spirit refused to go, still lingered on this cheongsam, influencing everything about her.

"I must quickly get to the fifth floor of the post office and then leave the post office, or else I will soon no longer be myself," Leuk Qingqing thought all these issues stemmed from the post office.

As long as she left that ghostly place and stopped encountering haunted paranormal places, she could escape this influence.

Meanwhile, in the hall.

Zhou Deng placed the four black Taishi Chairs neatly in the middle, then folded his arms, stroked his chin, and stared at them for a long time, seemingly pondering something.

"These four chairs don't appear to have any peculiarities, even if you stare at them for a day," Li Yang leaned against a wall nearby, speaking to Zhou Deng.

Zhou Deng said, "Very strange."

"What's strange?" Li Yang asked.

"The four chairs, exactly the same," Zhou Deng said.

Li Yang said, "Isn't that obvious? The four chairs are supposed to look identical."

"No, what I'm saying is, even the wood grain and craftsmanship on these chairs are the same," Zhou Deng said. "You know, there are no two identical objects in the world, but at least to my eyes, I can't see any difference in these chairs."

"So, these four chairs might as well be just one chair."

Li Yang said, "And then what?"

"And then? That's all I've discovered for now," Zhou Deng said, then walked over and sat down again.

"Sitting on it doesn't feel any different, it's like an ordinary chair. By the way, do you remember what happened to the old man's corpse on the first day?"

Li Yang recalled, "At some point, the old man's corpse moved from the left chair to the right. This phenomenon frightened many people back then, but it ended without further issue, and no one cared why the corpse moved from the left to the right at night."

"And no one saw how this process happened."

"Details make or break success, this is worth pondering and analyzing," Zhou Deng said.

He and Li Yang were analyzing the situation, hoping to discover something in advance and understand what the black Taishi Chairs were for.

After all, the seventh day was coming soon, and being more prepared could improve their chances of survival.

The few people left in the ancient house seemed to be passing the time in their own ways.

But at eleven o'clock in the evening.

Leuk Qingqing stepped out of the room early, her expression calm, still as graceful as ever, but unfortunately, this was just a beautiful facade, as beneath the red cheongsam lay only terror and horror.

At the same time.

Yang Jian in the room also opened his eyes and awoke.

"You're awake."

Yang Xiaohua had already woken up. She had been keeping an eye on Yang Jian, and upon seeing him open his eyes, she immediately spoke.

"I never actually slept," Yang Jian said.

"Then what were you doing for these hours?" Yang Xiaohua was taken aback.

Yang Jian replied, "I was resting."

"Not sleeping to rest? Closing your eyes for hours pondering things, aren't you tired?" Yang Xiaohua found it hard to understand.

"Let's not discuss this boring topic anymore, it's eleven o'clock now, with one hour left, the last day will arrive. After delivering this letter, everything here will end, and those who survive will proceed smoothly to the fifth floor of the post office." Yang Jian sat up and got out of bed.

He picked up the long spear standing beside him and walked out.

"Wait for me."

Yang Xiaohua also took a deep breath, hurriedly flipped up, adjusted her status, and, holding a red balloon in her hand, planned to give it a final try.

If she made it through, she would completely leave the post office.

If she couldn't make it, Yang Xiaohua would silently meet her demise like the others in this eerie ancient mansion.

The two people walked out of the room.

In the lobby, Leuk Qingqing, Zhou Deng, and Li Yang had already arrived. Counting them, the remaining five people gathered once again.

"Captain." Li Yang greeted.

Yang Jian looked and said, "Zhou Deng, why are you putting these four black Taishi Chairs together?"

"It's nothing, I'm just studying them," Zhou Deng replied.

"Have you found out anything?" Yang Jian asked.

Li Yang said, "There's a very bold hypothesis, related to the strange movement of the corpse on the first day."

"Indeed, on the first day, the old man's corpse moved on the chair, it should not be man-made, it's a supernatural phenomenon." Yang Jian nodded, recognizing its significance.

Zhou Deng pointed to the chair and said, "I think there should be more than four chairs, there should be other chairs. There are seven rooms here, six old graves, but only four chairs, which is very unreasonable."

"You think there should also be seven chairs?" Yang Jian asked.

"Heh, Captain Yang is smart, you catch on quickly, isn't that so? If the old man of this mansion had six teammates in his lifetime, then seven rooms, seven old graves, and seven chairs would be reasonable. Now, one grave is missing, and three chairs are missing, the numbers don't match."

"And as a controller of ghosts from the Republic of China Period, do you think they would place the most ordinary chairs here?"

Yang Jian said, "So are these seven chairs supernatural items?"

"It should be, and I don't think the movement of the old man's corpse was due to the corpse moving," Zhou Deng said, "The real reason should be the chair being moved."

"Chair movement? Some sort of supernatural power that could transfer the person sitting on it to another chair? Or are all seven chairs interconnected?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted, immediately drawing connections.

Zhou Deng exclaimed, "Were you eavesdropping earlier? Li Yang and I analyzed the information for several hours to come up with this, how did you guess it so quickly?"

"It's not difficult to understand, is it?" Yang Jian said.

"If the seven chairs are interconnected, was the old man's corpse taken away on the first day? Then returned, just placed on the wrong chair, on the right side?"

"That's exactly my guess," Zhou Deng said.

Beside them, Yang Xiaohua said, "So, the thing receiving letters on the last day might appear in the mansion through these chairs?"

"Very possible, after all, the so-called Headless Night is just named by us. If the old man truly revives as a ghost, this place would have gone out of control long ago, how could they still safely let you deliver letters?" Zhou Deng noted.

Yang Jian asked, "You seem to know quite a bit about messengers."

"Not exactly, just know a bit, headquarters has a captain who is a messenger, didn't you know? She seems to be on the fifth floor of the post office, I've interacted with her and know a bit." Zhou Deng touched his chin.

"There's a headquarters captain on the fifth floor of the post office?" Yang Jian's eyelid twitched, "Why hadn't I seen them participate in the headquarters meetings before?"

The captain on the fifth floor of the post office was definitely not Cao Yang, Li Jun, Wei Jing, Wang Chaling, it must be someone he didn't know.

"Must be another captain who was pre-decided, only so many spots were available at the captain meetings, most of them were divided long ago, and those captains' lists are confidential, my level doesn't allow checking." Li Yang calmly said.

"Can I not check it either?" Yang Jian said.

Li Yang responded, "Captain you definitely have the permissions to check, but it seems you're not very interested, haven't looked into it."

"So that's it." Yang Jian nodded.

Indeed, he wasn't interested in these matters, and his role as captain was mostly in name only, not much different from a person in charge.

"You're straying off topic, let's focus on today's letter delivery task, leave the fifth floor messenger business for when we survive to get there." Leuk Qingqing reminded, "Also, consider how much time is left now."

The conversation consumed nearly an hour.

Now it's eleven forty.

The Headless Night ritual is about to begin.

Yang Jian didn't speak, just took out the red letter and checked it again.

The letter was still there, no problems.

"Then let's wait for the Headless Night and see what happens."

Yang Jian said, "On the last day, the person receiving the letter is bound to appear, today it's straightforward, deliver this letter and it's all over."

"So the last day is a gamble."

Zhou Deng chuckled, "That makes it a bit easier, anything appearing in the mansion now can be confirmed as the receiver, no twists and turns, simpler and direct."

"Exactly." Yang Jian nodded.

The last bit of time passed slowly.

Very soon.

Everyone's phones, watches hit twelve o'clock sharp.

The seventh day, the Headless Night begins.

Chapter 999 The Invisible Recipient

The atmosphere, which was fairly relaxed just past midnight, instantly became heavy.

Because from now on, this old mansion has officially entered the final day, and the person to receive the letter will appear today. Although many dangers were encountered in the previous six days, those dangers are not important.

If the task of delivering the letter is not completed today, no matter how long Yang Jian and the others have stayed in this old mansion, it will be meaningless.

"It seems, everything is normal."

In the main hall, everyone remained silent, paying attention to every move around them.

They thought something might happen at this time, but in fact, everything was normal, no different from before; no ghostly phenomena appeared, nor did anything strange happen.

"Indeed, nothing seems out of place," Yang Jian's ghostly eye scanned the surroundings.

There was no supernatural interference nearby, and his ghostly eye could see many places.

But despite this, Yang Jian still seemed unable to find any information about the person to receive the letter.

"Maybe it's too early, and the recipient hasn't appeared. The post office's task states that the recipient will appear at midnight after seven days, but this midnight might not be this one; it might be midnight tonight, which means waiting another twenty-four hours," Yang Xiaohua said.

"That's indeed what the post office's task description says," Li Yang agreed; "At midnight after seven days, the recipient will appear. We must deliver the red letter to the recipient before they leave."

"It's only the early morning of the seventh day, not yet nighttime."

Zhou Deng said, "After all this, was it just a false alarm? Doesn't this mean we have to wait another day? Well, no problem then, anyone who needs to sleep should sleep. I still have to continue my research."

But Yang Jian said, "That's what the information indeed says, but don't forget, we entered the old mansion before midnight, so if you count the days, then tomorrow is the burial day..."

"Wordplay?" Yang Xiaohua frowned, "It shouldn't be that way, right."

"Regardless of whether it's this midnight or the midnight twenty-four hours later, we shouldn't be careless. Whether it's wordplay or not, it's already midnight now, and if the recipient is going to appear, they will definitely do so in this timeframe, at most just another half an hour wait."

He didn't dwell on this issue.

Since they have to spend the day in the old mansion anyway, even if he doesn't sleep, he must wait for the appearance of the recipient. The task from the post office is very clear about delivering the letter before the recipient leaves.

In other words.

The recipient is in a state of movement, possibly just passing by the mansion, or may only linger in the mansion for a minute or two.

If the opportunity is missed, the letter delivery task is a complete failure.

Yang Jian couldn't be foolish enough to focus on just one time frame.

"That's true, let's wait another hour to see if the recipient appears. If not, then it can be proven that now is not the correct delivery time," Li Yang nodded and said.

Yang Jian said nothing, just took out the red letter and checked it.

The letter was intact, undamaged, with the red envelope completely sealed and unopened.

"Let's keep waiting," Yang Jian casually remarked.

Everyone perked up, paying attention to the slightest movement within the old mansion, awaiting the letter delivery moment.

Minute by minute, time passed.

Soon, it was twelve ten.

The old mansion remained normal, which was a bit different from the task requirements stated by the post office. It explicitly said the recipient would appear at midnight, but ten minutes had passed without any sign, indicating that it might not be this particular timeframe.

"It looks like it really is midnight after twenty-four hours, not now," Yang Xiaohua said.

"You couriers sure have a hard time delivering a letter; that post office is indeed very peculiar, controlling a large number of people to deliver letters. It's hard to imagine the purpose of such a special and eerie place," Zhou Deng remarked casually.

"I'm curious about the answer to that question too, but this Ghost Post Office won't exist for long. After I deliver this letter, I'll handle it," Yang Jian said seriously.

"That's good then. If you go to the fifth floor of the post office, there'll be two captains. By then, you guys can team up and take care of this ghostly place, which would be a good thing," Zhou Deng said.

Yang Jian replied, "Hopefully."

The few of them chatted sporadically, passing the boring time.

However, when time approached twelve twenty-five at night.

"Creak!"

The sound of an old wooden door opening suddenly broke the silence. Though the sound wasn't loud, it was exceptionally clear in the quiet old mansion.

In an instant.

The chattering group immediately fell silent, all of them looking towards where the sound came from.

That was... the direction of the back hall.

The back door had opened.

"The back door and the front were previously both shut and bolted; it should be impossible to easily push open," Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, "It seems the recipient has arrived."

"But the timing doesn't match; it's twelve twenty-five," Leuk Qingqing said, "The post office clearly stated the recipient appears at midnight."

"No, the timing does match; it is midnight now," Yang Jian said.

Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, and Zhou Deng looked at Yang Jian, all feeling astonished.

Even as a captain, you can't just blatantly talk nonsense; all our phones here show it's twelve twenty-five, even if there is a few minutes discrepancy, it still doesn't match midnight.

Yang Jian didn't explain.

He knew why.

Because yesterday, Yang Jian restarted the twenty-five minutes, including the area of the old mansion, so the time for the mansion was affected. Although it's twelve twenty-five now, if the mansion hadn't been influenced by the restart, it should only be midnight.

But he didn't deliberately explain or clarify this at the moment.

Others did not dwell on this issue either, as the backdoor of the mansion had already been pushed open by something, and this anomaly has already emerged, vigilance must be heightened.

Everyone's gaze focused on the corridor leading to the back hall.

Although feeling uneasy inside.

They were eager to know, on this last day, exactly who would appear in the mansion to act as the recipient.

Soon.

A sound of footsteps emerged from the direction of the back hall, very faint, like someone walking in cloth shoes, with little noise, but enough to judge that something had entered the mansion.

The footsteps appeared in the back hall followed by another sound.

"Creak!"

This was the sound of a door closing, with even the sound of a latch being secured afterward.

"That thing came in and even closed the door," the minds of those in the main hall all conjured up the same thought.

The slight noise clearly indicated exactly what the person in the back hall was doing.

Yang Jian wanted to take a closer look, his ghostly eye moved, directly looking towards the position of the back hall.

Even if blocked by walls, as long as there's no supernatural interference, he can still see through the walls to see the situation behind the mansion.

But.....

His ghostly eye indeed ignored the obstruction of walls and saw the back hall.

Yet the back hall was empty, with nothing found, neither the recipient nor any signs of hostile ghosts.

"Another kind of incomprehensible supernatural phenomenon." Yang Jian pondered, choosing not to forcibly search with his ghost eye.

The footsteps in the back hall continued to echo.

That thing not only came in but was also walking towards the main hall.

Step, step step!

The footsteps were very faint, yet very rhythmic. If you close your eyes, you can really hear someone walking over.

However, your eyes can't see it.

Not only can Yang Jian's ghost eye not see it, but other people's eyes can't see it either.

"Can hear the sound, but can't see the person? Wonder if it can be touched." Zhou Deng's expression changed slightly. He put on the Human Skin Mask and walked towards the direction from which the footsteps came.

If the recipient exists in this way, logically, it should be possible to touch them.

Although he wasn't a messenger, he didn't mind helping Yang Jian complete the delivery task earlier and leave this haunted place as soon as possible.

"Zhou Deng, it's too risky to do this." Li Yang said urgently.

"Nothing will happen, I'm not that easy to kill." Zhou Deng said, still bold and fearless.

He walked towards the direction from which the footsteps came.

However.

Incomprehensible things happened. Even though Zhou Deng opened his arms, trying to touch the invisible ghost, it was as if he touched the air; he didn't touch anything.

"Can't touch it either."

Zhou Deng shrugged, expressing helplessness: "Now it's your headache. The recipient indeed appeared, but this thing can't be seen or touched, only heard. I really don't know how you will deliver this letter. Fortunately, this thing seems harmless, for now, it hasn't attacked me."

His exploration this time revealed many things, not meaningless at all.

Thus, the remaining people could basically confirm three pieces of information.

The recipient indeed entered the ancient house and is still there.

The recipient cannot be seen, cannot be touched, only heard.

A way must be found to contact the recipient to deliver the red letter.

"The last day to send the letter, didn't expect it to be like this."

Leuk Qingqing frowned: "Although there's no danger, it's really hard to deliver the letter easily, and the recipient might leave at any time. If we can't think of a way before they leave, this delivery task will fail."

"Captain, what to do now in such a situation?" Li Yang looked at Yang Jian, seeking advice.

Yang Jian said: "The recipient is not unseen because they do not exist, but rather because of a lack of means. Perhaps the recipient and we are not in the same time frame, maybe lacking some connecting medium, or perhaps some method is needed to make the recipient appear."

"Methods need to be tried one by one until successful."

While speaking, footsteps continued to echo in the main hall, and at this time, the sound had some changes; a heavy sigh echoed in the empty main hall.

It seemed the recipient saw the changes after entering the ancient house, and was remembering and lamenting.

The sound was very close, just in the middle of the ancient house, about one or two meters away from them.

But at just this one or two meters position, they couldn't see the recipient.

"We need to quickly find a way; I feel the recipient won't stay in the ancient house for long." Yang Xiaohua suddenly felt an urgency.

She worried that if the recipient left soon, the letter delivery task would fail.

"Don't rush, everyone's trying to find a way." Li Yang shouted lowly.

They were all thinking, attempting to come up with a good idea to complete this delivery task.

"Would Ghost Domain interference work?"

Yang Jian also immediately tried it. Yang Xiaohua was right; the letter must be delivered before the recipient leaves, or the delivery task would fail.

The next moment.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain opened layer by layer, overlapping.

Opened from the first layer to the sixth layer of Ghost Domain.

However, the result was.

Even in Ghost Domain, the recipient was not visible.

That thing is just like a past recording, leaving the sound, not really existing.

"If not Ghost Domain, then there are only two possibilities: either the recipient can't be delivered due to interference with the ancient house's time after I previously restarted it, or a medium is needed to contact the ghost."

"The only thing here that connects the ancient house's establishment to its decline is just one thing."

Yang Jian looked at the four black Taishi Chairs placed in the middle of the hall.

These four chairs are witnesses to the rise and fall of this ancient house.

Moreover, Zhou Deng previously investigated that these chairs are indeed special, possessing some kind of eerie ability that needs to be excavated and discovered.

With a trial mindset, he immediately sat on one of these black Taishi Chairs to see if they worked.

But unfortunately.

It had no effect.

Sitting on it was just like sitting on an ordinary chair, nothing special.

"No use, I tried it before, everything is normal when sitting on the chair." Zhou Deng said: "I tried not only the chair you sat on but each of the other chairs as well."

"Listen, the recipient's footsteps are moving away..." Yang Xiaohua exclaimed.

The footsteps in the main hall echoed again, seemingly leaving, heading towards the courtyard.

"When the recipient leaves, if the delivery fails, the post office curse will descend, and we'll surely die." Leuk Qingqing followed quickly in high heels, also trying to touch the unseen recipient.

Yet it was equally futile.

No matter who it was, they couldn't touch the person, only listen to the footsteps gradually getting distant.

"Can't touch means can't intercept, if this ghost wants to leave, there's nothing that can be done." Li Yang said with a tense face: "Methods are key, your actions are meaningless."

"Have to try."

Leuk Qingqing gritted her teeth: "The delivery task is almost complete, if something goes wrong now, it would be too bad."

"The black chair is the key."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered: "Remember when the ghost invaded the ancient house during the night? There was a ghost pushing the black Taishi Chair over, this black Taishi chair could block an invisible ghost."

"The black Taishi chairs are the medium. If you want to stop the recipient from leaving, the only chance is to use the black Taishi chair to intercept."

"Four chairs set in four directions, just enough to leave space for one person to stand, can trap a person or a ghost tightly in the middle."

"The post office says to deliver the red letter before the recipient leaves, but didn't say the recipient can't be detained."

A plan immediately formed in his mind.

Chapter 1000 The Emerging Person

No one could have imagined that the recipient appearing on the seventh night was actually an invisible presence.

The group could only hear the sound made by that recipient and determine their position through the sound; other than that, no other means could touch the recipient.

Unable to touch them meant the red letter in Yang Jian's hand could not be easily delivered.

"If four chairs are placed in the correct positions, they can indeed trap a person in the middle. These chairs could even stop a fierce ghost before, so it shouldn't be too difficult to trap this recipient," Zhou Deng contemplated, finding Yang Jian's idea quite ingenious.

It has a certain degree of feasibility.

"So now, the most important thing is to move the chairs to trap this recipient? This shouldn't be too hard," Li Yang thought, then looked towards a spot in the middle of the hall.

Just now, the recipient's footsteps had stopped there, with no further movements yet.

"We need four people to move the chairs together. If we move quickly enough and the positions are correct, we can easily lock it down," Yang Xiaohua said. She also thought the difficulty wasn't high and was confident they could do it.

Right now, they had four people who could take action.

Yang Jian, Zhou Deng, Yang Xiaohua, Leuk Qingqing.

Li Yang had lost an arm and both legs in the previous supernatural incident and could now only sit by like a disabled person, unable to move freely.

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's move. This recipient won't linger in the ancient manor forever, and we don't have much time," Yang Jian said.

The group did not waste any words and started moving immediately.

Each of them moved a black Taishi Chair, swiftly approaching a direction in the middle of the hall.

The four chairs quickly closed in, trying to trap an invisible person and block their escape.

But during the approach, the invisible recipient moved again, with faint footsteps sounding in the hall, as the previously paused recipient began walking.

"Bang!"

The black Taishi Chair Yang Xiaohua was carrying was suddenly hit by something, knocked out of her hands, and fell to the ground.

The footsteps passed by her side, giving her a cold sweat, and then the footsteps gradually receded towards the courtyard area.

"That recipient knocked over a chair; it works. This chair can block that recipient," Li Yang exclaimed with wide eyes, quickly saying.

None of them could touch the recipient, but the fact that the chair was knocked over meant Yang Jian's earlier judgment was correct; the black Taishi Chair indeed functioned as a medium to contact that invisible presence.

"The recipient is leaving the ancient manor, heading outside," Leuk Qingqing quickly said.

Zhou Deng quickly moved a chair and walked over briskly, "Quiet. We need to identify the recipient's position by the footsteps."

The ancient manor became quiet again.

No one made extra noises; instead, they swiftly moved chairs while chasing a footstep sound, only able to estimate the recipient's position through the sound since they couldn't pinpoint it.

Luckily, the ancient manor wasn't particularly large, so once a general position was confirmed, it was easy to lock down.

"Bang!"

Zhou Deng quickly placed a Taishi Chair to block the passageway to the courtyard.

The chair landed, and an invisible supernatural force hit it, causing the chair to creak on the ground, retreating half a meter.

"It's blocked," Zhou Deng showed a trace of joy in his eyes.

"You guys, hurry."

Others quickly brought chairs over.

Left, right, back.

Four chairs were placed at the courtyard, blocking routes in all four directions.

"Succeeded?" Yang Jian frowned, looking at the black Taishi Chair.

Although the layout succeeded, the black Taishi Chairs showed no signs of being moved or shaken, making it impossible to tell if they successfully trapped that recipient inside.

"I don't know. This thing can't be touched, and it's hard to determine if it's truly trapped," Zhou Deng shook his head.

There was no proof.

"We'll know by observing. If it's trapped, the recipient won't move," Yang Xiaohua said.

But before she finished speaking.

A footstep appeared beside them. It didn't head towards the main entrance but proceeded towards the right corridor, seemingly trying to enter deeper into the passage to a certain room inside.

"..."

Hearing this footstep, everyone else's faces darkened.

Obviously, the earlier attempt to block it failed.

The recipient was not confined; the earlier position confirmation had a slight error, letting the recipient escape without being trapped.

"There's still a chance. It seems the recipient is heading towards the rooms, which is a dead end. Once the recipient is inside, we can place the Taishi Chair at the passage and easily block the recipient's exit," Li Yang noticed the direction of the footsteps and urgently said.

No one spoke; they just quietly listened to the footsteps' direction and silently followed along.

They needed to listen for position identification, requiring them to remain quiet.

Indeed.

As judged earlier, the footstep gradually walked into the right corridor, which had a total of four rooms on each side. These rooms were uninhabited and abandoned, temporarily used by ghost tamers on the first day. Those rooms were suspected to have something strange about them.

But now, with the ancient manor's supernatural activities eliminated, the rooms were just normal rooms, with no anomalies.

As the footsteps entered the passage, Zhou Deng quickly placed the black Taishi Chair at the passageway and sat down immediately.

"Succeeded. That ghostly thing can't go over unless it flies over my head; otherwise, there's no way it can get past. I'll be sitting here today. Yang, you guys handle the rest,"

Zhou Deng sat on the black Taishi Chair, blocking the recipient from leaving.

This approach was correct and secure.

This greatly extended the time for delivering the letter and narrowed the search area.

"Good, this is a good start. At least now we have enough time to slowly deal with this recipient," Yang Jian nodded, indicating he could temporarily relax a bit.

At least they didn't have to worry about the recipient leaving right away.

"The footsteps disappeared inside, seemingly entering a room. But that's okay; we can check room by room," Leuk Qingqing looked, seeing nothing and hearing no echoing footsteps.

It seemed that after entering, the recipient stood still in no particular spot.

However, all four room doors were partially open, indicating the possibility that the recipient entered any of them.

"Let's place a chair at each room door, starting by checking the one in the back," Yang Jian immediately walked into the corridor.

He dragged a black Taishi Chair down the passage.

While he couldn't touch the recipient, the black Taishi Chair could.

The path quickly led to the end.

It was a wall of blue bricks.

Yang Jian encountered no obstructions, indicating the recipient didn't pause in the corridor.

However, he wasn't in a hurry, placing the black Taishi Chair at the door of the last room.

Then, Yang Jian brought the other chairs over, placing them in front of the second and the third room doors sequentially.

The third room wasn't blocked since Zhou Deng's chair needed to block the exit.

"As long as that invisible recipient moves, there will be disturbances from the chair," Yang Jian said.

"Yang Jian, what if the recipient ignores the barrier of the wall?" Yang Xiaohua suddenly reminded.

"Then there's nothing we can do about it, but that's not something we should worry about," Yang Jian replied. "We can only trust that the recipient will walk through spaces and not truly pass through walls like a phantom."

"Let's wait a moment, we'll know the results soon enough."

Zhou Deng said, "The recipient moves in a sporadic pattern, won't stay in one place for too long."

It seemed he was spot on, or perhaps Zhou Deng had discovered some pattern in the recipient's movements.

Soon,

"Creak!"

The door of the third room silently opened and then closed again, as if there was an invisible person trying to exit the room.

The black Taishi Chair placed by the door was pushed aside, opening up a gap.

Footsteps continued to echo, as if the recipient was walking back.

"Good opportunity."

Seeing this, Yang Jian hurriedly dragged the black Taishi Chair back, reducing its range to ensure the recipient would be blocked by him.

He retreated all the way, encountering no anomalies.

But when he was about to meet Zhou Deng, the black Taishi Chair suddenly wouldn't budge.

It felt like it had crashed into an invisible corpse, obstructed, unable to move forward.

"Got you," Yang Jian's eyes flashed, glancing at Zhou Deng ahead.

Zhou Deng immediately felt a powerful push from behind the chair, almost tipping him over to the ground, the chair wobbling on the floor, seeming ready to topple at any moment.

Yet this black Taishi Chair also seemed to possess a certain supernatural power.

The chair shook violently, several times the intensity of the shake was enough to knock the chair over, but it never did.

Yang Jian pushed against the chair from behind.

With the front and back blocked, the recipient was trapped, stuck in the narrow passage, unable to move or leave.

"Success, this time we mustn't let the recipient leave, otherwise it'll be difficult to trap them again if they get out," Leuk Qingqing immediately said.

"Simple words, but this is dangerous, the recipient you speak of is probably not a living person, but an invisible ghost. Now we've blocked the ghost's path, who knows what will happen," Zhou Deng shot a glance, saying.

Yang Jian said, "That's why the letter must be delivered quickly. For now, we've only trapped the recipient, the next step is to make them appear and have a confrontation."

"The only thing that can touch the recipient is this black Taishi Chair, so the key is still the chair."

He immediately sat on the chair and said, "Zhou Deng, get up and make room on the chair, I need to interact with the sender of the letter."

"I see, sharing a chair is the way to see the invisible person?" Zhou Deng immediately understood, standing up and vacating the space.

However, the black Taishi Chair was still shaking, being pushed.

The invisible sender had yet to sit down, still attempting to escape.

Yang Jian remained silent, his ghostly eye staring intently ahead.

He believed he could wait for this opportunity, the recipient would definitely sit down, and once they did, he had reason to believe the invisible person would surface.

This was an understanding of the supernatural, not a blind guess.

Time passed bit by bit.

The recipient was trapped, unable to escape, the black Taishi Chair was pushed away several times but was always forced back by Zhou Deng.

The chair was like two walls, completely sealing off the path forward and backward.

"How is it, have you seen the sender?" Yang Xiaohua asked.

"Not yet."

Yang Jian glanced at the red balloon in her hand: "This thing might come in handy later, get ready."

"Alright." Yang Xiaohua nodded solemnly.

It lasted for about half an hour.

The time was now one in the morning.

The black Taishi Chair ceased its rocking, as though the recipient had tried everything in vain and finally chose to give up.

Footsteps continued to echo, reverberating.

It could be deduced that the recipient was pacing and lingering in place.

The sound sent a chill down the spine because Zhou Deng was right. Judging by the recipient's numerous behaviors, this was definitely not a person but a ghost. If it were human, there's no reason the black Taishi Chair would've stopped them.

At this height, any living person could easily step over it.

Only a ghost would move so awkwardly, without adaptability.

But whether the recipient was human or ghost didn't matter to Yang Jian; all he needed was to deliver the letter.

A few more minutes passed.

The hurried pacing sound ceased, the trapped recipient fell into a state of quiet, seemingly standing still once again.

Yang Jian wasn't in a hurry, he continued to patiently wait.

Soon.

From in front of him, a sudden sigh sounded.

The invisible recipient was sighing again.

Such lifelike emotions made the situation increasingly eerie.

"Still won't sit down?"

Yang Jian was getting impatient. He even thought of picking up the chair and smashing it forward, forcing the ghost to sit down.

However.

This somewhat violent thought seemed temporarily unattainable.

"Creak!"

A faint sound came from the black Taishi Chair, as if something heavy pressed down upon it.

"Sat down."

Zhou Deng immediately said, "So, do you see that ghost? Tell us what it looks like."

Yang Jian had no time to answer him now.

For right in front of him, a blurry figure materialized from nothing, gradually becoming visible. It was unclear if he was deceived by his senses, or if this black Taishi Chair had some eerie power to reveal the supernatural in reality.

At this moment.

Yang Jian saw the recipient on the chair opposite, and the person across from him seemed to see him too.

The figure was becoming clearer, a familiar yet fear-inducing figure emerged.