

Revival 1021

Chapter 1021 - The Disappearance of Sun Rui

Yang Jian and Li Yang did not have a letter delivery task this time, which means they did not need to deliver letters during this trip to the Ghost Post Office because their delivery task had not yet arrived.

Thus, the main purpose of this trip was to thoroughly address the issue of the Ghost Post Office itself.

They lit the letter paper.

A twisted, eerie path appeared out of nowhere in a green area of the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

The road to the post office appeared.

This path can only be seen by the messengers; neither ordinary people nor ghost riders can see this road.

Yang Jian and Li Yang have walked this path more than once, and although it looks strange and dangerous, it is actually very safe.

Only messengers can enter the Ghost Post Office, which can also be understood in reverse as ghosts cannot enter the post office.

If you are being watched by a ghost, walking on this path in time can actually help you avoid the attack of fierce ghosts and ensure your safety.

But Yang Jian and Li Yang have not yet enjoyed this little benefit.

At the end of the twisted path, a building from the Republic of China Period loomed faintly, and as the distance closed, the building became increasingly clear, while the scenery behind them had long been replaced by a bizarre dimness.

Yang Jian and Li Yang had already left the Guanjiang Residential Complex and entered the area of the Ghost Post Office.

Five-oh-five.

The two of them once again stood under the flickering neon sign at the front door of the post office.

No matter how many times they come, this building always gives an uncomfortable feeling.

"There are two objectives for this visit: either to completely control the post office or to completely destroy it. As for delivering letters, it's no longer necessary. According to previous information, after delivering the three letters on the fifth floor of the post office, messengers can escape the post office curse and regain freedom to leave this place, but we don't need to."

Yang Jian said very seriously.

This time he was well prepared.

"It's been hard to get to the fifth floor of the post office; I hope there will be a satisfactory result." Li Yang nodded.

"Let's meet up with Sun Rui first."

Yang Jian, without hesitation, pushed the door and entered.

The old wooden floor emitted a musty smell and creaked underfoot, the post office interior dark and oppressive, as there were no windows, only dim lights for illumination. The post office had not yet turned off the lights, so the danger hadn't descended; once the lights go out, fierce ghosts wander in the post office, very dangerous.

There is a large counter in the position of the first-floor lobby.

"Sun Rui is gone." Li Yang's face changed slightly when he saw that no one was behind the counter; the Sun Rui who was originally sitting there had disappeared.

Yang Jian also saw this scene, his expression darkening as he strode over to inspect the situation around the counter.

He saw an inconspicuous oil lamp placed in a corner under the counter.

The oil in the lamp had burned out, indicating that this supernatural object had been completely consumed and was no longer of use. However, he found a small piece of red Ghost Candle in the drawer of the counter.

Although there was not much, at least it proved that the red Ghost Candle had not been completely burned.

"Could it be that Sun Rui couldn't hold on and was already killed by a ghost?" Li Yang expressed his thoughts.

"No, he wasn't killed by a ghost. I found a red Ghost Candle in the counter, which indicates Sun Rui wasn't at his wit's end," Yang Jian said. "And he may not necessarily be dead; maybe he just stepped out temporarily. After all, he can't truly keep watch here continuously for twenty-four hours."

"Try contacting him by phone to see if you can reach Sun Rui."

Li Yang nodded, immediately taking out a satellite positioning phone to try to contact Sun Rui.

However, there is signal interference inside the post office. Sometimes the signal can be connected, sometimes not, completely unpredictable, depending on luck.

Very unfortunately, this time the signal was interfered with, making it impossible to contact the outside.

"Captain, there's a signal problem. Should we temporarily leave the Ghost Post Office to contact Sun Rui? We don't have to come today; tomorrow would be fine too." Li Yang suggested.

They weren't delivering letters, so they had plenty of time. They had enough letter paper in hand to come to the post office whenever they wanted, without constraints.

Yang Jian thought there was merit in this: "Then let's leave first, contact Sun Rui, and then talk. A day earlier or later doesn't make a big difference."

The two of them decided to leave to make a phone call.

But just as they were about to do so.

Suddenly.

The eerily silent post office lobby was abruptly disturbed by some noise—a heavy object rolling down the stairs, thumping on the wooden steps, growing closer and closer until it landed in the lobby on the first floor.

At this moment, Yang Jian suddenly opened his ghost eye.

Although his ghost eye was impaired and influenced inside the post office, it was far from being completely suppressed to the point of being unable to open.

The darkness dispersed, his vision restored.

Yang Jian's ghost eye glimpsed an object dropped on the first floor.

"I'll check the situation first."

He was attracted by the noise and planned to investigate the situation further, with the phone matter not being urgent for now.

Upon getting closer, Yang Jian recognized what had fallen.

A large glass jar filled with yellow liquid, looking like alcohol or some preservative, inside which a pale yet well-preserved Dead Man's Head was soaking. The head lay quietly with eyes closed, looking serene, floating inside the jar.

And judging by the style and condition of the glass jar, it's evident it has some years on it.

This means the head in the jar has been preserved there for a long time.

But the eerie thing is that this head shows no signs of decay or swelling, but is instead very fresh, as if it had just recently died.

It is unknown whether this Dead Man's Head is special, the jar is special, or the yellow liquid inside the jar is special.

"A Dead Man's Head soaked in a jar, and it even rolled down from upstairs?" Li Yang looked up at the stairs.

He couldn't see the end because the stairs were shrouded in darkness, as if covered by a haze, making it impossible to see clearly.

"There are no messengers on the first and second floors anymore, they've all died, and there are no messengers on the fourth floor either; the last delivery task all died. The third and fifth floors are the only ones with messengers." Yang Jian's eyes moved. "This thing was either thrown down from the fifth floor or the third floor."

The third floor was where he encountered Leuk Qingqing.

But when Yang Jian delivered letters, the messengers in other rooms on the third floor did not appear in the post office, so there might still be some who escaped the net.

The messengers on the fourth floor were the most unfortunate because a ghost had infiltrated, and the post office kept purging the messengers on the fourth floor. With the arrival of Yang Jian, the danger of the last red letter on the fourth floor became immense, and in the end, most people died, leaving only Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Leuk Qingqing alive.

"I think it was something dropped from the fifth floor. The messengers on the third floor couldn't be so foolish as to randomly discard such a bizarre item. It's the fifth floor that has always had a habit of dropping things," Yang Jian concluded after analyzing it.

Li Yang looked at the dead man's head soaking in the glass bottle: "Throwing things down might not actually be about throwing things; it might be a means and method of conveying information. The people on the fifth floor must have known some changes in the post office, so they warned the floors below in advance."

"Makes sense. But does dropping something at this time mean something is happening on the fifth floor of the post office?" Yang Jian squinted his eyes and said.

"Put aside the task of contacting Sun Rui for now. If he's really dead, contacting him doesn't make much sense. If he's not dead, he'll naturally appear on the first floor of the post office. Just leave a signal for him; as long as he can understand it."

After saying this, Yang Jian placed a golden bullet on the counter, left the information, and then quickly headed to the fifth floor with Li Yang along the stairs.

The bullet is a representative's exclusive item, and when Sun Rui sees it, he'll certainly understand Yang Jian was here.

The situation is urgent.

Yang Jian felt that the abnormalities on the fifth floor were more important than contacting Sun Rui at this moment, so he made this decision.

However, during the action, he didn't forget to make Li Yang pick up the glass bottle soaking the dead man's head from the ground. While he didn't know what this thing was useful for, it was better to take it along, at least not to leave such a bizarre item casually in the first-floor lobby. It needs to be handled and stored properly.

They swiftly walked up the wooden stairs.

The view ahead was unclear, shrouded in dimness and gloom. Only by moving forward continuously did the path appear.

As Yang Jian and Li Yang continued to move forward, suddenly, Yang Jian's gaze shifted, and he halted his steps because he saw something else left on the wooden stairs ahead.

It was another glass bottle, but this one didn't hold a dead man's head; it contained a pale arm, lifelike and undamaged, as if it had just been chopped off and placed inside.

"It seems to be from the same body as that head, also dismembered and soaked in the bottle. It appears someone met a grim fate, being dismembered, and the body was stored separately."

Yang Jian walked over, picked it up directly, and continued forward.

"Having to dismember a body for separate storage suggests it might not be an ordinary body, perhaps not a fierce ghost, but a ghost handler," Li Yang speculated.

Yang Jian said, "That's quite possible, but we need to wait until we reach the fifth floor to know for sure."

An arm, a head.

These were the two body fragments found so far.

No other findings on the wooden stairs, indicating the remaining body fragments were not here.

As the two continued moving forward, after surpassing a certain floor height, the steps began to get incomplete and broken, no longer as intact.

Yang Jian noticed the wooden handrails on the stairs were destroyed, and some parts of the steps were missing, revealing gap after gap. These gaps were peculiar, featuring handprints, teeth marks, and cut marks left by sharp tools.

The various marks were countless.

But it was visible that these stairs suffered multiple degrees of destruction, with marks of varying age.

Some marks seemed decades old, while others appeared freshly made.

"Spanning such a long time, yet people performed almost the same action, destroying the stairs within the post office... This fifth floor of the post office is unusual," Yang Jian avoided those gaps.

He understood in his heart.

This should be the way to the fifth floor of the post office.

Because before, when he came to the fourth floor of the post office, the stairs were intact, although old, not damaged. This section of the stairs was damaged, severely.

By normal logic, the damage on these stairs should have caused a collapse.

But the stairs within the post office didn't collapse, seemingly maintained by a supernatural force. No matter how much damage was done, these stairs still existed.

Continuing upward, Yang Jian saw a door.

An old wooden door, a double door, unlocked, half-open, standing at the end of the stairs.

There were no other paths nearby.

But eerily,

The steps leading to this old wooden door were all destroyed, leaving void darkness ahead, swaying with dim shadows.

"Captain, the path is destroyed, there's no way through," Li Yang said.

"The closer to the fifth floor, the more severely the stairs are damaged. It seems someone doesn't want people from below to go to the fifth floor of the post office, or the people on the fifth floor want to cut off contact with the fourth floor by destroying the stairs... However, this shouldn't be. The messengers on the fifth floor couldn't be so stupid; using this method to destroy the stairs shouldn't work."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, "Because the stairs in the post office aren't real but a supernatural phenomenon. The stairs can be destroyed, but the supernatural can't be dispelled."

"So, if I haven't guessed wrong, the invisible stairs always exist."

After saying this, he stepped forward.

Sure enough, there was an unseen staircase in the emptiness ahead, and Yang Jian stood firmly on it, not falling.

Step by step, stepping on air, the unseen stairs were always there, extending to the wooden door ahead.

Li Yang, carrying the glass bottle with the head, followed behind.

However, at this moment.

The previously closed eyes of the dead man's head soaking in the yellowed water suddenly opened.

This scene was just caught by Li Yang, and in shock, he almost dropped the item in his hand, "Captain, this head woke up, it just opened its eyes."

What's more,

Yang Jian also saw the fingers in the glass bottle containing the soaked arm suddenly twitch, as if it came alive.

"Can the corpse still move?"

His face darkened, looking at the head in the glass bottle held by Li Yang.

Judging from the face, this seemed to be a short-haired woman.

"It's not strange for such a supernatural phenomenon to occur here. Be careful, as long as we're not attacked by what's in the glass bottle. As for the rest, we can temporarily ignore it. If this dead man's head tries anything tricky, I'll immediately nail it dead, not giving it a chance for supernatural events."

Yang Jian felt the dismembered body had secrets. He temporarily didn't want to discard it; even though it might be a little dangerous, he wanted to keep it with him.

Chapter 1022 The Problematic Room

Yang Jian and Li Yang smoothly arrived at the fifth floor of the post office.

The fifth floor was somewhat different from the previous first to fourth floors. Since it was the last floor, there was nothing else above it, just a roof without windows, under which was a hall. Surrounding the hall were seven rooms, identical to those on the lower floors.

501...502... and so on.

The hall was empty at the moment, dim and oppressive, with only faint yellow light glowing.

Fifth Floor Messengers rarely gathered together because their mail delivery tasks had long intervals of a year between letters, leading to most of the time the fifth floor being vacant, rarely seeing other Fifth Floor Messengers.

Yang Jian was not on a mail delivery task when he arrived on the fifth floor; he entered the fifth floor by burning letter paper, so he couldn't chance upon another Fifth Floor Messenger on task.

As for Leuk Qingqing, it's likely she won't enter the fifth floor temporarily unless her mail delivery task arises, then it's possible for her to appear on the fifth floor.

"Not a single person here, the Fifth Floor Messengers surely wouldn't linger for long on this floor. Moreover, due to the special nature of their identity, it's estimated that Fifth Floor Messengers would hide their identities and live outside. Catching a Fifth Floor Messenger to gain information from them would probably not be easy."

Li Yang looked around and said.

No matter which floor of the post office one enters, gathering intelligence and information is the most crucial.

Yang Jian and Li Yang, coming to the post office's fifth floor for the first time, knew the best way to quickly obtain information was to target the Messengers.

In previous instances, whether on the third or fourth floor, they encountered Messengers, but this time they were unlucky not to meet a Fifth Floor Messenger.

"No hurry, let's look around."

Yang Jian held a cracked long spear solemnly, grasped a glass bottle with one hand, then walked into the fifth-floor hall.

Li Yang also held the glass bottle containing the Dead Man's Head and followed.

They hadn't walked many steps when the old wooden door behind them suddenly slammed shut with a bang.

As soon as the door closed, Yang Jian immediately sensed that something was off.

The surrounding yellowish light flickered, an indescribable supernatural power interfered with everything around, and their perception became blurred for a moment.

Yet this influence vanished as quickly as it came.

As if it were all a hallucination, the next moment everything returned to normal, the surrounding lights stopped flickering, and the strong supernatural interference vanished.

Yang Jian frowned.

Despite the occurrence being brief, he could confirm he had indeed experienced some supernatural interference, which targeted not individuals but the surrounding environment.

At that moment, it seemed they entered a deeper supernatural space, not the actual fifth floor.

After all, the post office's fifth floor was merely a name. Here could be called the fifth floor, and a supernatural space could also be called the fifth floor. At that moment, Yang Jian even doubted if he was still inside the post office, wondering if the fifth floor could be another supernatural place with the post office staircase as a connection to supernatural places.

This thought briefly appeared in his mind before Yang Jian was distracted by something on the hall's walls.

Oil paintings.

The first floor hall of the post office had series of oil paintings, and the fifth floor hall's walls were also filled with oil paintings.

All the oil paintings seemed to originate from one individual's hand, sharing a common style — dark, oppressive. They were clearly normal landscape paintings yet emitted a sinister, eerie feel. However, landscape paintings were few here; most were portraits with varying degrees of newness and differences in attire, ornaments.

Some portraits' attire styles resembled the seventies to eighties, some had modern styles, and others seemed even older, wearing long gowns likely from the Republic of China Period.

Portraits included men, women, elderly, and youths, beautiful women, and vicious people, with varied appearances and expressions.

With such a multitude of portraits displaying varying quality and styles, they obviously couldn't have been painted out of thin air but created with live people as references.

Yang Jian approached one portrait, touched it, then sniffed it.

A familiar scent.

"The scent is the same as the one from the Ghost Cabinet, just like our previous assumptions — the Ghost Cabinet originates from the post office," he thought, "and very likely is a lost painting from the fifth floor of the post office."

He scanned these portraits.

Imagining if the Ghost Cabinet were here and hung among these, would it appear particularly incongruous?

The answer was clear.

Not at all incongruous; the artistic style and form of the Ghost Cabinet were identical to these paintings, and since the Ghost Cabinet was also a portrait, hanging it here would be akin to returning it to its rightful place.

"Captain, these paintings look quite unusual, giving off an uneasy feeling, as if they're connected to some supernatural powers." Li Yang frowned, having also seen the Ghost Cabinet, his worry was amplified.

"At least there won't be any danger for now; the time hasn't reached six yet, the post office hasn't turned off the lights, and even if there were a ghost, it wouldn't be active yet." Yang Jian checked the time.

It's now five-thirty.

Half an hour left till six. Before then, just staying in a room would suffice since the post office rooms are safe.

They continued to observe.

Suddenly.

Li Yang called, "Captain, come and take a look at this painting, doesn't it resemble you?"

"What?"

Yang Jian quickly redirected his gaze, heading toward Li Yang.

Li Yang, staring at a painting on the wall, appeared somewhat baffled, pointing at it.

Indeed, it was shocking because the portrait depicted a man in an old suit standing on a road, with a barely visible village behind him, and the man's appearance had an uncanny resemblance to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's expression instantly turned grim as he recognized the painting.

"This is not me."

"If it's not you, then who is it..." Li Yang asked in surprise.

Yang Jian replied, "It's my father; it's a portrait of my father. I recognize the road in the painting, it's the road leading into my hometown, and the village in the background is my hometown. Though painted ambiguously, I can still identify it."

He furrowed his brow.

Why did his father's portrait appear here? Had his father entered the post office's fifth floor before?

"It seems it's not just my father's portrait here."

Suddenly, Yang Jian noticed another portrait beside his father's. It was of a young woman in a blue floral dress, with a braid, appearing very youthful, likely under twenty. Her background was architecture from the Republic of China Period, indicating she also belonged to that era.

He recognized the woman as his father's cousin, her appearance unmistakable, because this woman still lived in his hometown.

"Now this gets interesting; the woman in the portrait is from the Republic of China Period, Yang Yuanyuan in the archives is from the eighties and drowned, and there's still a woman identical to her alive."

"Republic of China Period, forty years ago, now — three periods, three identities, one appearance; she's like someone who's lived three lives. I now understand why my father left such a unique person in our hometown; she evidently harbors great secrets, entangled with many things."

Yang Jian pondered.

He felt his father had significant connections with this woman during his life, but all these old stories were buried with his father's death.

Yet now was not the time to dwell on these matters.

Though Yang Jian found his father's portrait here, it held no real significance beyond speculating his father may have visited the fifth floor in the past, nothing more.

"Let's find a room to rest. After tonight, we'll continue investigating the conditions of the post office's fifth floor." Yang Jian suggested, ceasing his study of the portraits.

Though aware of the portraits' eeriness, his primary objective was the post office itself, not these unrelated portraits.

Li Yang nodded.

The two decided to first find a room to stay for the night, arriving at Room 501.

The door was locked, unable to be opened.

"Captain, the door won't open." Li Yang lowered his voice and said, "I'll try the other doors."

He sensed something was wrong and quickly headed to room 502, but the result was obvious, the second room's door wouldn't open either.

Then he tried room 503 and 504, but ultimately every room was locked and couldn't be opened.

"All the rooms are locked. Is this place so unfriendly to messengers?" Yang Jian said, "Did you use supernatural power?"

"It didn't work either." Li Yang tried using the Ghost Door Blocker power to interfere with the entire room.

But soon, the door in front of him shook violently twice, directly bouncing Li Yang away. A stronger supernatural power blocked his influence.

The Ghost Door Blocker failed.

"Using supernatural power couldn't open any of the doors. What's going on with the fifth floor? Or are all the rooms occupied, with doors locked from inside?" Yang Jian squinted his eyes and raised the cracked spear in his hand.

He had a vague suspicion.

Immediately.

He swung the Firewood Knife at the door of room 501 without hesitation.

The Firewood Knife was usually dull, but when it touched the supernatural, it became exceptionally sharp, easily dismembering spirits and fierce ghosts. Previously, he had smashed the Ghost Cabinet with the Firewood Knife.

The next moment.

The door was instantly split open with a cut.

The lights were still on, but the room should have been pitch black. However, once the cut was made, a light emerged from inside. It wasn't from a light bulb but a candle. No, accurately, it was from an oil lamp, faint and wobbly, indistinct, making it hard to tell if there was anyone inside or not.

"It seems it wasn't a matter of being unable to open; it was a matter of not having the right means."
Yang Jian said.

His methods were somewhat violent, and he intended to lift the Firewood Knife to split the door open again, but at the next moment, a slight cough came from inside.

"Cough, cough, a new messenger?"

A voice came from the room, weak and seemingly unhealthy, but Yang Jian didn't see anyone inside through the doorway crack.

"You just arrived on this floor, and you're trying to destroy the doors? Do you want to get everyone killed? Didn't the experiences from the first to the fourth floor teach you the rules here?" Though weak, the voice revealed a hint of dissatisfaction.

After all, no one would be pleased if their door was smashed while they were peacefully staying here.

"I thought there were no messengers on the fifth floor, but it turns out there actually are. That's good news." Hearing this, Yang Jian was not apprehensive; instead, he seemed delighted.

Without a word, he intended to rush in and pull out the messenger.

However, the next moment.

Creaaaak!

The door of the neighboring room 502 suddenly opened, and a man in his fifties, appearing somewhat aged, quickly walked out, with a grim expression, saying, "Don't enter room 501, open your eyes wide and see clearly if there's really someone in that room."

Yang Jian's expression tightened, and he halted his steps to look at the man who suddenly appeared, "Are you also a messenger on the fifth floor?"

"I don't want to see young people like you dying needlessly on the fifth floor, and I noticed you stopped in front of that portrait just now. Unexpectedly, you look almost identical to him in the portrait. If it weren't for this reason, I wouldn't have opened this door."

Yang Jian frowned and scrutinized the man.

"It's normal to be suspicious of me, but I have to tell you one fact: there's no one in room 501. It's a deadly room, and once you enter, it's unlikely you'll come out alive." The man in his fifties said cautiously.

Yang Jian glanced at room 501.

He peered through the crack with his ghostly eyes.

Inside, the oil lamp still flickered, but no one could be seen, yet the voice continued, "Get out of here, don't disturb me further, or I won't let you go."

It seemed someone truly resented Yang Jian, issuing a warning.

But in reality, there was no one inside, making the situation extremely bizarre.

Yang Jian almost got lured in by the voice, nearly rushing in.

"The other rooms probably won't open their doors for you. Stay in my room for the night. Anyway, I have some things to ask you. I've been here too long, and I've lost clarity on many things."

The man in his fifties waved his hand, signaling Yang Jian to enter, then turned and walked back into the room alone.

Li Yang looked at Yang Jian, "Captain, what should we do now?"

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, and after thinking for a moment, he said, "Let's stay in room 502 for now. We can try to gather some information from that person about this place. This room does seem a bit sketchy, so let's avoid it for now."

Li Yang nodded in agreement.

The two turned and headed towards room 502.

But just as they were about to enter the room, the weak voice from room 501 suddenly arose again, "Oh, interesting, you barely reached the fifth floor, and your alertness is this low? Room 502 has always been vacant, and you're actually entering it? It's said there was a fierce ghost locked up there. I just heard the door open; the ghost likely got out."

"However, the fifth floor of the post office is unique. The ghost is confined in the room, unable to leave the door, so it can only lure people inside."

Yang Jian shuddered upon hearing this, stopping abruptly as he looked at room 502 ahead.

It was pitch black.

The man in his fifties was walking forward with his back to Yang Jian and Li Yang, seemingly with no intention of turning back.

Li Yang was also startled into a cold sweat.

Because the voice from room 501 was right, the person from room 502 indeed hadn't stepped out of the room, only greeting them from the doorway.

So was the person from room 502 really a fierce ghost confined in the room?

The man in his fifties then turned around in the dark room and said, "Don't believe the voice from room 501. That ghost thing talks nonsense every day. No one knows where the voice originates from. Some speculate it's a supernatural item, others think the room itself haunts the fierce ghost, and some suspect a former messenger didn't die but was trapped inside for some reason."

"Time is short, the lights will go out soon. If you don't want to die outside, get inside quickly. I won't keep the door open for you forever. If you doubt me, I'll immediately shut the door and won't care about your life or death anymore."

"Captain, who should we trust? Both sides seem a bit odd." Li Yang couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat.

Is the situation on the fifth floor of the post office really so perilous?

They had just arrived and had already encountered a fierce ghost.

And the ghost was right inside the room.

"Although I don't know the rules of the fifth floor, I believe it's unlikely that each room could be so different. Some rooms can house people while others house ghosts. However, there's also the possibility that some rooms are invaded by supernatural forces..."

Yang Jian furrowed his brow deeply.

The two rooms had people accusing the other of having problems.

The voice from room 501 accused the person in room 502 of being a ghost.

The person in room 502 said the voice from room 501 was a supernatural occurrence, that the room had long been empty and entering would likely mean not coming out.

In any case, the only certain thing is, one of the rooms definitely has a problem.

If there weren't a problem, they wouldn't be accusing each other of it.

Of course, there's also the possibility that both rooms have issues.

"Don't enter either room, find a third option." Yang Jian hesitated, not wanting to take this gamble.

Avoiding the gamble means not losing.

At this moment, Wang Chaling's advice proved right.

Yang Jian and Li Yang turned around, trying to open doors to other rooms.

Chapter 1023 Lights Out on the Fifth Floor

501 and 502, these two rooms seem to have issues. Yang Jian doesn't want to distinguish between which room has problems and which doesn't, so the best way is simply not to choose, to select another room to rest in. After observing for a few days and understanding the situation here, it would naturally be easy to discern.

So he and Li Yang turned around without hesitation and left, without stepping into room 502.

The fifty-something man in room 502 looked over from the dim room: "The doors of the other rooms will not be open for you, and some rooms have been arranged by the messengers, making them even more dangerous. Although you don't trust me, I still kindly remind you."

"Good luck."

After saying these words, the door of the room slammed shut, and the surroundings returned to silence.

No sound continued to come from the neighboring room 501 either, but through the cracks in the door, the light flickered inside, still exuding a strange aura.

Yang Jian heard the words of that person just now and couldn't help but ponder.

It seems the situation on the fifth floor is more complicated than imagined.

Walls covered with various oil paintings, rooms suspected to have wandering ghosts, doors that won't open... now add to that, other rooms even contain traps, arranged by other fifth-floor messengers. The purpose should be to occupy a room, ensuring a place to land whenever they come to the post office.

If this is truly the case, then Yang Jian has another issue to consider.

Maybe, the number of messengers on the fifth floor isn't as few as imagined.

The number of messengers needs to exceed the number of rooms for them to have to compete for a room; otherwise, each person would have a room without any conflict.

Furthermore.

There's another possibility that living in a room comes with advantages, beneficial to the survival of messengers. So, the room's value isn't just about residence, but also interest, which makes it worth occupying and competing for.

Such a scenario doesn't occur on floors one to four.

Because everyone can crowd into one room, it's just that with too many people, the room might be visited by ghosts wandering within the post office, but other than that, there are no disadvantages.

"Captain, do you think his words are credible?" Li Yang was also full of doubts, unable to judge the truth of that person's words.

Yang Jian said, "The truth isn't really important; what's important is that there indeed exist many dangers here. The previous rules and information explored in the post office might all fail here..."

Before he finished speaking.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian turned his head abruptly, his gaze focused, and the Ghost Eye opened immediately, looking over at a certain place.

"I just felt something was spying on me, and that gaze seemed to come from one of the oil paintings on the wall."

He scanned the wall in that direction, saw many portraits, but they seemed normal now, unable to determine which painting really had a problem.

"It's already five forty. Every twenty minutes, the lights would go out; if there's a ghost here at night, it would definitely come out."

Li Yang said, "If these paintings really have something wrong, they would be terrifying with their numbers... very dangerous."

The paintings are almost covering the walls; if the paintings have issues, it would indeed be a nightmare.

Yang Jian didn't speak, just slowly withdrew his gaze: "I'll wait and see at night. I've purposely chosen this time to come to the post office, wanting to see what happens on the fifth floor at night. Maybe it could unveil the secret here."

No further delay.

Yang Jian scanned around, eventually choosing the last room.

507.

If the first two rooms have issues, then the last one should be somewhat normal.

Yang Jian walked over, directly covering the entire door with Ghost Shadow.

He tried to use Ghost Shadow to suppress the supernatural power on the door, then forcibly open it.

Yet, unfortunately.

The door swayed but remained unopened, seemingly sealed from the inside. And this seal wasn't an ordinary means, involved a kind of supernatural seal; that's why each door couldn't be easily opened.

"The usual way, Li Yang, step back a bit."

Yang Jian then wielded the Firewood Knife in his hand, not planning to drag, continuing to smash the door.

The room 507 seemed vacant; there was no movement from inside after cracking the door, nor did any lights turn on, very quiet.

This proved his choice was right.

After smashing several times, the door split with a huge gap. Yang Jian reached in with Ghost Hand to feel what was blocking the door so much it couldn't open.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian touched something, swiftly withdrawing his hand, and found himself holding several strands of black hair. The hair was rotten, as if buried underground for some time, carrying a corpse stench.

Black rotten hair was tangled on the handle behind the door, blocking it, making it impossible for people outside to push.

"Someone deliberately used this thing to stuff the door, making it hard to open," Yang Jian frowned, clearing out a small pile of rotten hair.

Under the suppression of Ghost Hand, these hairs might be eerie, carrying some supernatural power, but they couldn't exert their original effect and could only be swiftly removed.

It's hard to imagine such a little thing could seal a door.

Could Ghost Shadow not even handle this bit of hair?

Yang Jian found it incredible, but he thought it might be due to the special nature of the fifth-floor doors; these doors seemed to withstand more potent supernatural power. To open from outside requires paying a greater price.

With doors so sturdy, those inside must be very safe.

It can also be considered this way: the post office's fifth floor requires such sturdy doors; does this prove that the fifth floor of the post office is far more dangerous than other floors?

"Creak!"

Regardless, after clearing a small pile of rotten hair, Yang Jian smoothly opened the door.

The room was pitch dark inside, but for Yang Jian, it made no difference; his Ghost Eye ignored the effect of light, clearly seeing everything inside.

The rooms on the fifth floor are larger than those on the fourth floor, no longer a single room, but a spacious living room. In this living room, there's a dining table, a sofa, and some seemingly valuable decorations and ornaments. Moreover, the overall style is no longer the old wooden furniture of the fourth floor, but a more modern style.

"Something's not right."

Yang Jian felt an unreal sense in the room, opening several Ghost Eyes again to enhance their vision.

Very soon.

The room within sight began to twist and blur.

The modern-style decorations became illusory, no longer real; everything in the room was a false image created by supernatural interference.

This illusion is almost indistinguishable from reality. Ordinary people, even typical ghost handlers, cannot tell the difference.

Ignoring the effects of the illusion, the room revealed its true appearance through Ghost Eye.

The dim and oppressive atmosphere, the walls old and mottled, covered in moss; the furniture too was very old, uncleaned for many years, stained with dirt, and even traces left by dried bloodstains.

In such an environment, living for a few days would make anyone feel mentally repressed.

Supernatural illusions alter the room's style, reducing its dark and oppressive feel, which is actually beneficial.

Even if you know all of this is fake, it's much better than facing an unbearable reality.

"The room has been set up by other messengers. According to the person in room 502, there might be traps inside. I'll go in and check it out first." Yang Jian glanced at the time.

There's enough time, not overly urgent.

Li Yang didn't speak, just nodded slightly.

Yang Jian immediately strode inside, arriving at the living room. Ghost Eye scanned the surroundings, but because of the post office's unique nature, Ghost Eye couldn't penetrate the walls, so some areas were unclear, needing a detailed walkthrough.

Everything in the living room was normal, nothing noteworthy.

Ghost Eye dispelled the illusion and revealed the real scene within the house.

Yang Jian then went to the bathroom. After inspecting, he found nothing unusual, but upon entering the room, he immediately sensed something amiss, noticing something under the bed with Ghost Eye.

At once, he bent down slightly.

He saw a mutilated corpse under the bed, lying there motionless.

"This is not an ordinary corpse, but a Specter yet to trigger its killing pattern."

After a brief observation, Yang Jian quickly concluded.

Because if it were an ordinary corpse, it would have decomposed long ago. Furthermore, the corpse only appeared in the Ghost Eye's line of sight; in normal visuals, it was non-existent.

Just these two peculiarities alone affirm it's definitely a Specter.

"The messenger in room 507 cannot possibly be unaware of this. The messenger here must have intentionally placed the corpse under the bed, aiming to utilize this ghost to kill anyone attempting to enter this room, thus ensuring the room remains perpetually vacant."

"And for the messenger to dare such actions, he must know the ghost's killing pattern, aware of how to avoid the risk of being targeted by the ghost, hence the confidence."

"If this is the case, then the post office's fifth floor needs reevaluation."

"This floor allows ghosts to appear, even within rooms, suggesting that room safety hinges on the messenger's abilities. If insufficient to dispel the ghosts, the room is more of a trap than protection."

Yang Jian glanced at the corpse under the bed, then without hesitation, used Ghost Hand to drag it out.

Under Ghost Hand's suppression, the mutilated corpse remained unmoving.

Evidently, the ghost's terror level isn't high.

If it were too terrifying, the room's messenger wouldn't dare place it under the bed.

"The room is fine; only someone placed a Specter in here, thankfully I discovered it. Otherwise, carelessly staying overnight might attract the ghost's attention." Carrying the corpse, Yang Jian pondered, then tossed it in front of room 501's door.

The mutilated corpse remained motionless, showing no signs of awakening.

Yet, for now, he didn't intend to deal with it but returned to the room with Li Yang and shut the door.

Room 507 was temporarily occupied.

After Li Yang sat down inside, he promptly said, "Captain, we have no delivery task now. With plenty of time, we can spend some to identify the fifth floor messenger, locate them outside, and detain them for post office intel."

"Jumping in here so rashly was somewhat hasty."

"I understand, but ultimately, we're supposed to be here. Now there's a breakthrough; room 502 possibly houses a messenger. Capturing them could unveil many secrets." Yang Jian's eyes glinted.

He planned to act immediately.

Li Yang added, "That person in room 502 could also be a Specter."

"Hence the need to act; action clarifies everything. Keeping the fifth-floor messenger is just trouble; killing them is inconsequential." Yang Jian felt disdain towards the messenger's identity.

He believed these messengers indirectly or directly triggered outside supernatural incidents.

And due to their messenger status, they wouldn't care like managers do, about external impacts or handling supernatural events.

Their sole focus is delivering letters.

As for anything else, messengers disregard it, even if a letter causes Specter's rampage; to them, that's negligible.

Therefore, killing post office messengers is justified.

The time reached 5:50.

Only ten minutes left.

"Don't waste the final minutes; continue checking the room and prepare accordingly. Tonight, I plan to check outside the room," Yang Jian declared.

Li Yang felt a shiver, "Wandering the post office at night? That's not a wise choice."

"Past experiences show the post office's secrets surface at night, so venturing is essential for gain. I'll act alone; just guard this room. I need a temporary safe haven for peace of mind."

Yang Jian finished and glanced at the glass bottle in Li Yang's hand.

"The corpse within this bottle is undoubtedly extraordinary. I'd like to see if other parts can be found; perhaps assembling them might yield results."

Upon double-checking the room's safety, Yang Jian and Li Yang divided their tasks.

Then time reached 6:00 PM.

Exactly six.

The post office lights went out.

Chapter 1024 The Peculiar Hall

At six o'clock, the post office lights turned off.

This rule seemed to equally apply to the fifth floor of the post office.

Yang Jian and Li Yang were staying in room 507, when suddenly the dimly lit room brightened as if a power source had just been connected. Meanwhile, the outside, which was merely dim earlier, suddenly turned pitch black. The light from the room couldn't extend outwards.

"It's six o'clock now," Li Yang observed, paying attention to the changes around.

Everything in the room was normal. The deliberately left corpse had been disposed of, so there were no ghosts in this room, and it had been repeatedly confirmed as safe.

Yang Jian held a cracked long spear in his hand, his ghost eye glowing red under the dim yellow light, as he moved his body slightly.

"I should take action now, as I mentioned before, room 507 will serve as our retreat. It absolutely must not encounter any issues. Other than myself, nothing can be brought in here. If an unstoppable ghost appears, use this."

With these words, he put down an old doll.

This time, Yang Jian was better prepared, bringing along any possible useful supernatural items.

"Captain, don't forget, I also have this, so captain you should keep the doll. This thing is very powerful, and can withstand very terrifying ghosts at critical moments," Li Yang said, shaking a blood-stained small mallet in his hand.

Once hit by this tool, a ghost can be repelled or even put into a temporary dormant and suppressed state. It's considered a fairly powerful supernatural item.

But Yang Jian had the Coffin Nail, so he didn't need this item.

Li Yang lacked strong means to suppress ghosts, so this item greatly enhanced his abilities after he obtained it.

Yang Jian thought for a while and nodded; "Although the doll can only be used once briefly against a ghost, it's strong enough to even delay the old woman in the ancient house for a period of time. You may not always get the chance to hit the nail on the head, so it's better if you keep it."

The doll can be used remotely, but the blood-stained small mallet must be used at close range to hit the ghost, which complements each other perfectly.

"Since the captain said so, I'll gladly accept it. There will definitely be no issues with room 507," Li Yang assured.

He was well aware of this room's importance, because if Yang Jian encountered hard-to-handle danger out there, he would have to retreat. If there's a problem here, it means Yang Jian would die outside once the retreat is cut off.

Such cautiousness is understandable.

After making the decision, Yang Jian no longer hesitated and directly opened the door of room 507.

The dim yellow light from inside seeped out, but the outside darkness was like a wall blocking all the light, meaning the light couldn't spread and illuminate the outside condition.

But it didn't matter.

Yang Jian's ghost eye could glimpse through the darkness and wasn't concerned about being affected.

In his ghost eye's sight, darkness was no longer an obstacle, and a blood-soaked perspective unfolded before him.

Everything was clear now.

"Just like during the day, nothing much has changed, but the corpse in front of room 501 is gone," Yang Jian frowned, looking toward the previous room's entrance.

He had thrown a ghost there, but now after the lights went out, it was gone.

Though the fifth-floor lobby was vast, there were no obstacles blocking the view. A quick glance would reveal everything clearly, so a mangled corpse lying on the ground would be impossible not to see unless someone were blind. Now, only two possibilities existed.

Either the post office dealt with the ghost.

Or the ghost had moved, entered a room, or hid somewhere.

"I intended to test room 501, but the result seems ineffective," Yang Jian said as he stepped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Captain, be careful. I'm guarding at the door," Li Yang reminded inside the room.

Yang Jian nodded and started observing the changes in the rooms at night.

However, just after he closed the door and walked into the fifth-floor lobby under the night, an eerie scene occurred.

On the walls of the lobby, a series of oil paintings, some new, some old, suddenly cast out eerie gazes as if they noticed Yang Jian. Hundreds of eyes turned toward him simultaneously, and even some of the characters in the paintings had restless, turning eyes staring dead at him.

Even the oil painting of Yang Jian's father was glaring at him.

"Are all the character oil paintings problematic?" Yang Jian tightened his grip on the long spear, staring hard at a half-human-sized oil painting.

As it emitted the most malevolent gaze.

This was a middle-aged man with an expressionless, slightly dazed look, akin to an old farmer, appearing both unknown and exuding a sense of being out of touch with the times. In the painting, behind this man was a wasteland, a messy field, but faintly visible was a massive burial mound standing in the distance.

"Surely not all the paintings are depicting non-humans, all being ghosts," Yang Jian thought, unfazed by the malicious gaze of the man in the painting.

Any abnormality.

His Firewood Knife would immediately dismember it.

With this power, he had the ability to resist ghosts, even though ghosts couldn't be killed, they could be temporarily restrained, suppressing them.

But the gazes directed at Yang Jian were too numerous, not just from this painting, but from many other character oil paintings, revealing various eyes, some scrutinizing, some sinister, some numb, some playful...

The eyes were all different.

One couldn't believe the paintings were all ghosts.

Because ghosts don't have such diverse expressions; most ghosts have hollow, eerie gazes.

But in the end, these paintings weren't like ghostly paintings; the people in the oil paintings couldn't escape, couldn't walk out of the paintings.

"Are the people in these paintings just watching me, unable to act? Or are the conditions insufficient to allow these ghosts in the paintings to act? If so, could the previous encounter with a ghostly painting have been a painting that freed itself? Or was the ghostly painting the most unique painting?"

Yang Jian's mind flickered with many thoughts.

Because his only contact was with the ghostly painting.

So Yang Jian thought the ghostly painting might provide him with some clues.

"Creak~!"

Yet at this moment, a slight sound was heard; the fifth-floor lobby's main door had slowly opened somehow, moved by a chilling wind.

A stairway leading down became visible.

This stairway was different from the one during the day, being incomplete during the day, but now it was completely intact, seemingly providing a way back to the post office's fourth floor, third floor, second floor...

"Should I check it out?"

Yang Jian pondered the idea.

Because it was a discovery, and perhaps an investigation could yield some results.

But he then looked at room 501.

The room door still had a notch, a mark made by the Firewood Knife before six o'clock, yet to vanish, and his ghost eye glimpsed a bit of what's inside through that notch.

There was no light in room 501.

Yang Jian's heart tightened: "There's no light in room 501 at night. Sure enough, is this room occupied by a ghost, turning it into a deadly space?"

He also glanced at the adjacent room, 502.

Nothing stirred in this room, indicating perhaps that an answer was forming to the daytime question.

It was room 501 that held the problem.

But this was only temporary information, yet for Yang Jian, both rooms were approached with extreme caution; he wouldn't trust anything said by individuals from either room until the truth was thoroughly understood.

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze and returned to the painting with the fiercest gaze again.

Regardless, the malevolent gaze from the oil painting couldn't be avoided. It kept staring, waiting to launch the most terrifying attack the moment he relaxed, making one feel uneasy, unable to let down their guard.

"Over here, over here..."

Suddenly.

A strange occurrence, as if whispers filled Yang Jian's ear, with a strange guiding voice that seemingly wanted to lead him somewhere.

"It's one of the oil paintings,"

Yang Jian looked towards the direction that attracted him.

It was a human-sized oil painting, hung at a high place, but it was a landscape painting, with no characters inside.

Still, the faint whispering sound emanated from that painting.

Chapter 1025 Night Investigation

A massive oil painting as tall as a person hangs on the wall of the fifth-floor post office hall.

The painting depicts a landscape.

It's an eerie old forest, shrouded under a black moon.

The trees in the old forest are sparse and leafless, resembling dried-up corpses, twisting and deforming as if they've been through a fire. However, the noteworthy detail is the presence of a charred arm protruding from the ground within the blackened old forest.

It seems to be trying to crawl out from beneath the earth.

Yet that charred arm remains still, standing quietly there. If not carefully observed, it would be overlooked as just another branch.

The eerie whispering continues to ring out.

This sound carries a strong allure, compelling one to walk into the painting.

Yang Jian's mind is clear; he is an anomaly and cannot sense this influence. However, terrifyingly, his body involuntarily moves towards that direction.

As he gets closer.

The charcoal-black arm within the sparse old forest in the painting suddenly moves. At this moment, the scenery in the oil painting seems to become real. That charred arm stretches further, as if the canvas is being distorted, until a few charred fingers disregard the painting and stretch outwards.

Night falls.

The supernatural phenomenon within the painting begins to invade the fifth floor of the post office.

Witnessing this, Yang Jian's face changes drastically. He immediately uses the Ghost Shadow to forcibly control his body, halting his steps while also isolating the supernatural influence.

The black Ghost Shadow envelops his body, instantly eliminating the sensation of bodily disobedience.

This eerie force, which bypasses human thought to directly control the body, cannot compete for control against the Ghost Shadow.

After Yang Jian's reaction, the whispering sound in his ear immediately disappears.

Glancing back.

The human-sized oil painting returns to normal again; the charred arm in the painting remains extended from the ground, maintaining its rigid posture, as though everything was an illusion, evoking a sense of unrealness.

"This oil painting is more vicious; other character paintings merely stare at me but don't attempt to attack. This painting, however, can influence ghost handlers. If the fifth-floor messengers come out of their rooms uninformed, they might walk the path to darkness, ultimately approaching this painting and being killed by the ghosts hidden within it."

Yang Jian narrows his eyes slightly and steps back, distancing himself from the painting.

Yet he can imagine in his mind how perilous it would be for someone without ghost eyes to wander through the fifth-floor hall and see through this darkness.

"The paintings on the wall are of two types. One appears meaningless but actually harbors malevolent ghosts as landscape paintings; the other seems eerie but is not dangerous as character paintings. As for the third type... there are some indefinable object paintings whose purpose remains unknown."

Yang Jian finally notices the wall also features relatively few object paintings.

The paintings are small, about the size of a photograph, hung in inconspicuous places.

Those object paintings don't seem to appear during the day... upon careful recollection.

Indeed, there were no such object paintings during the day.

"Anyway, it's best not to approach these paintings for now. Not all oil paintings contain malevolent ghosts, but presumably, many do. At this moment, it's unnecessary for me to waste time on them," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He scrutinizes the eerie gazes from the character oil paintings around him and then circles the hall, observing the remaining few rooms.

Rooms 501 and 502 are suspected of having issues.

Room 507 is occupied by Yang Jian and Li Yang.

As for rooms 503, 504, 505, and 506, their conditions are still unknown. These rooms can continue to be observed.

Passing by these four rooms, Yang Jian notices the lights in each room are on, though dim, the yellow light is visible through the doorways and quite prominent.

He tries to listen closely.

From room 505, faint sounds seem to emanate; the sound should be from the bedroom in 505, screened by two doors, making it faint and elusive outside, yet Yang Jian can barely make out what the sound is.

A tune, like from a theatrical performance.

It has the feeling of being played from an old record player, full of nostalgia.

"Previously, on the fourth floor of the post office, I also heard someone singing drama. But back then, the sound came from outside the post office; it wasn't from within. Could the sound in room 505 be the source of the drama I heard then?"

Yang Jian is curious, wanting to investigate.

At an unknown moment, the door of room 502 suddenly cracks open, revealing half of a coughing, sickly middle-aged man's body who stands gloomily at the door, casting an eerie gaze in this direction.

However, it's noteworthy.

The light in room 502 is dimmer than in other rooms; a few bulbs seem to be out, leaving insufficient light to illuminate the room. Moreover, it flickers intermittently, adding to the eeriness.

"Don't try to open doors recklessly at night, or you'll face dire consequences," the middle-aged man at the door speaks.

Yang Jian immediately looks over: "You again? I thought you were a ghost during the day. Now it seems, room 501's light is out, but your room still has light, albeit problematic... You're less likely to be a ghost. But why do you say not to open doors at night? Can you explain?"

The middle-aged man in his fifties was silent for a moment before he said, "During the delivery tasks on the fifth floor, the couriers inevitably attract some terrifying ghosts. Although the post office is special and can block most ghost invasions to ensure the couriers' safety, things aren't absolute."

"The post office has existed for a long time, so some special cases have arisen. Some ghosts, chasing the couriers, have reached this floor, and this kind of special situation has happened more than once."

Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved, feeling that this person's words were quite reasonable.

The person continued, "After ghosts invade the fifth floor of the post office, only two outcomes can occur: either all couriers are killed, or the ghosts are dealt with. Room 505 once handled a ghost suspected to be connected to the Republic of China Period, which was very dangerous. Hence, that room is a taboo, not a place for couriers to step into."

"But the ghost in the room also never came out. It seems that former couriers used some means to confine the ghost in the room."

"Using one room to imprison a ghost to secure the rest of the floor seems like a good trade-off, but it was only effective for that time."

The man spoke in an unhurried tone, "However, with the passage of time and the replacement of couriers on the fifth floor, this situation continues. Strictly speaking, none of the rooms on this floor are safe."

"I see." Yang Jian understood what the person meant.

The previous couriers could handle one ghost with a room, and naturally, the later couriers would do the same. Over time, all the rooms on the fifth floor of the post office became unsafe. The later couriers had only one option to have a safe room, which was to deal with the ghost in the room using their abilities.

The 507 room Yang Jian had previously stayed in also had a ghost. It was unknown if the previous couriers couldn't deal with it or did so on purpose.

After all, in such a situation, it wasn't easy to clear out a room. Leaving a not-too-threatening ghost inside to guard against someone taking over might actually protect the room from being seized.

"Couriers on the fifth floor only deliver one letter a year, and they leave the post office after delivering three letters. So the rooms on the fifth floor aren't that important to couriers, right?" Yang Jian said.

The middle-aged man added, "You seem to think the post office rooms are just temporary accommodations for the couriers? If that's so, why does the post office set up rooms on every floor? They could just leave the letters in the lobby on the first floor. Couriers could take their task and leave without staying in the post office at all."

Yang Jian frowned.

He had considered this but had selectively ignored it, as he intended to rush to the fifth floor without spending much time inside the post office.

Now that he thought about it, he indeed encountered other couriers on every floor.

Some couriers he met due to their delivery tasks intersecting with his, while some seemed... to live in the post office.

"Couriers involved in delivery tasks triggered a ghost's killing pattern, getting targeted by the ghost. Although they were lucky enough to escape back to the post office and used its properties to protect themselves, the ghost did not stop the pursuit. Once the couriers leave the post office, the ghost from the previous delivery task will still chase them."

Yang Jian then realized something, speaking of a fearful and ruthless reality.

"So, couriers have no choice but to live in the post office for an extended period to avoid the risk of being hunted by ghosts. Furthermore, the higher the floor, the more deliveries the couriers make, and the greater the chance of being targeted by ghosts. What do you think about my theory?"

"Indeed, but that's just one reason. There's another reason... cough, cough." The middle-aged man didn't continue, interrupted by a weak cough.

"You're unwell; it shouldn't be an old condition, right? Did you recently suffer some kind of supernatural attack?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered, suspecting this person might have had contact with the missing Sun Rui.

Sun Rui's code name is Sick Ghost.

His supernatural power can even make ghosts weak and cough. If a ghost tamer were attacked, they might not die but certainly become weak and cough.

"I've stayed at this post office for a bit too long. It's damp, cold, and there's no sunlight all day. It's inevitable to feel unwell." The middle-aged man said.

Yang Jian countered, "You know, I didn't come here just to deliver a letter. The previous delivery task was merely a process for me to reach the fifth floor of the post office. Now that I'm here, I actually don't need to worry about many things."

"For instance, I could take down a courier on the fifth floor and steal his memories. That's something I can do too."

At this moment, his attitude suddenly changed, glaring at the man standing at the door of room 502 with a rather unfriendly gaze.

"Is that what you're thinking? It seems there's a turncoat among the couriers downstairs. And to think, I kindly offered you guidance." The man in his fifties remained expressionless, without any change in emotion.

After all, those who can come to this floor are not simple; whatever they do wouldn't be surprising.

"Right or wrong isn't up to you or me, but up to strength. Plus, I suspect Sun Rui in the lobby downstairs made a move on you, and your cough is caused by him. So I want to see if the result aligns with my assumption." Yang Jian felt this person might be a crucial point to breaking the stalemate.

By acquiring his memories, he could unearth many secrets.

Immediately.

He headed straight for room 502.

"Hmm?"

The middle-aged man in his fifties immediately retreated. With the flickering light from the room, he disappeared into the darkness, and then the wooden door slammed shut.

"A door can't stop me." Yang Jian wasn't afraid of him running.

This fifth floor of the post office is a dead end, with nowhere to run.

He approached the door, and the firewood knife in his hand came down, instantly splitting the wooden door.

However, inside, there was no flickering light, only darkness.

Yang Jian peered through the crack into the room, seeing no one inside. A faint, damp, and putrid smell wafted out, making it very uncomfortable.

For a living person to stay in such a place for a prolonged period would be a form of torture.

Does this room 502 also have issues?

Chapter 1026 The Black Letter

Even though there was something strange about Room 502, Yang Jian couldn't hold back and attempted to hack the door open.

The door couldn't withstand the assault of the Firewood Knife.

This was a huge advantage for Yang Jian, meaning he could forcibly enter any room on the fifth floor of this post office.

Quickly.

The door to Room 502 was forcibly hacked open.

The wooden door cracked wide, unable to close again. If nothing unexpected occurred, this room would be considered useless, as the lack of door protection made it easy for supernatural entities within the post office to invade.

Yet, even though the door was damaged to such an extent, when Yang Jian reached out to open it, the wooden door remained motionless, as if stuck.

Something continued to interfere.

No choice.

Yang Jian had to completely destroy the door.

With repeated chopping, the old wooden door turned to a heap of wooden fragments, no longer resembling a door.

The room was enveloped in darkness, with the lights not turned on.

This was highly abnormal.

Under normal circumstances, the room of the messenger must have lights, because ghosts wouldn't appear under light.

The area covered by the lights inside the post office represented a safe zone.

"Is there a ghost in Room 502 too?" Yang Jian used his Ghost Eye to peer inside.

Although he could ignore the darkness, the room's walls blocked his sight, preventing a full view of the conditions inside. He only saw this room was extraordinarily damp, cold, and the walls were moldy, as if abandoned for years, without any sign of residing care.

And yet, the middle-aged man in his fifties had said he lived here for a long time.

Evidently, this didn't match.

The room showed no signs of long-term habitation, while the previous Room 501 seemed relatively clean and tidy, with an oil lamp lit during the day, suitable for living conditions.

"Let's deal with that person first."

Though observing, Yang Jian didn't hesitate much. Soon, he stepped into the room.

He wanted to find that person and seize his memory.

The structure of the room was the same as others, without much difference. After Yang Jian went inside, the eerie eyes in the hallway behind instantly withdrew, as though entering a room wouldn't attract attention from the eyes in the oil painting.

Whether that was good news or not remained uncertain.

He reached the room's living room.

The living room was damp, the old sofa filthy, unattended, with several faded posters on the walls, and some unopened packaged food on the dining table. The production dates on those were from twenty years ago and seemed untouched.

"Only the living need to eat, the dead and ghosts do not need food." Yang Jian, holding the cracked long gun, looked around with his Ghost Eye.

He could be certain.

The middle-aged man in his fifties was definitely not alive.

"In the bathroom."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian moved, sensing something, immediately heading to the bathroom.

The bathroom door was ajar, with everything worn-out except the relatively clean doorknob, indicating frequent use.

He opened the bathroom door.

Immediate.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he saw a body almost decomposed into skeleton lying in the bathtub, mouth agape in apparent agony and unwillingness before death.

"It was that person before."

From the barely decomposed clothes, Yang Jian identified the skeleton as the middle-aged man in his fifties.

Taking a few steps closer and glancing again.

Yang Jian saw the skeleton's hand tightly clutching a letter.

It was a post office style letter but with a black envelope unlike any he had seen before.

"A black letter?" Yang Jian furrowed his brow.

He had seen yellow letters and the dangerous red letters, but never a black letter.

Although the post office's letter paper was black.

"A black letter not delivered or torn? What could it represent?" Yang Jian pondered.

Messengers typically faced three outcomes.

Failing delivery and getting annihilated.

Successfully delivering.

Tearing the letter.

This was a fourth scenario, neither delivering mail nor tearing it, dying inside the post office. Dying outside would suggest the first scenario, delivery failure and annihilation.

Yet the messenger died inside without sending the letter, it's incomprehensible.

If unwilling to deliver, a messenger would tear the letter instead of holding onto it.

"Regardless, the letter must be extraordinary, certainly holding a special significance."

As Yang Jian deliberated.

"Cough cough."

The previously dim living room lights abruptly flickered, followed by a weak cough. After the sound, footsteps echoed in the living room as though someone suddenly appeared.

Yang Jian didn't immediately turn around.

His Ghost Eye already caught the scene behind him.

In the abandoned, old room, the middle-aged man in his fifties reappeared, standing like a corpse, unmoving, with an odd gaze directed at him.

"Bang!"

Then, a cracked long gun accompanied by a red glow emerged instantly, leaving no time for anyone to react, the long gun piercing the living room floor and through the man's body.

Yang Jian retracted his hand and turned around: "What are you?"

The middle-aged man still stood there, seemingly unaffected by the supernatural weapon, like a residual image, not truly present.

"Looks like the messengers on the fourth floor faced quite an extraordinary presence."

His expression was calm yet somewhat numb: "You're very special, unlike other messengers possessed by vengeful ghosts. You skillfully control the Supernatural Power and transform it into your own strength. I saw your previous attack. If you were dealing with a ghost, it would have resolved by now."

"You're the first I've seen using Supernatural Power and turning it against vengeful ghosts."

"I thought you'd already understand the existence of Ghost Riders, but it seems you truly can't leave this room." Yang Jian said: "What's your name? What's your identity outside?"

The person appeared with the flickering room light, standing expressionless and replied: "Your analysis is correct, I'm merely a Resentful Spirit trapped in this room, existing through Supernatural Power, unable to die, unable to escape. Haven't you found my corpse in the bathroom?"

...

"As for my name and identity, they don't really matter. Previous messengers often called me Old Li."

Old Li?

Clearly, he's someone named Li who doesn't wish to reveal his real name.

That's quite normal, many people in the supernatural circle choose random names to call themselves, like the previous Old Eagle.

It's not about deceiving others, but rather to avoid unnecessary trouble.

"But you haven't told me your name yet," the person who calls himself Old Li asked.

"Yang Jian."

Old Li continued, "Last name Yang? Also similar to the man in that oil painting. What was your relationship with him before?"

"Are you talking about that painting? The person in it should be my long-deceased father," Yang Jian replied. "Knowing these things doesn't seem useful to someone who's already dead like you."

"I see," Old Li said.

At that moment, the lights flickered as if about to go out, and the person claiming to be Old Li seemed to start fading away, giving a very unreal feeling.

Yang Jian understood.

This person used to be a messenger and had long since died. The reason he still exists is due to some supernatural phenomenon; once the phenomenon disappears or some balance is broken, he will vanish entirely, just like Yang Jian's father, who existed relying on a dream.

This person relies on this room to exist.

However, Yang Jian doesn't know how this person has managed to persist for so long despite being dead.

"You are not the first one to arrive in this room," Old Li suddenly seemed to speak to himself.

"Many have died in this room and never left."

Yang Jian frowned, "So you're trying to kill me too?"

"If I wanted to kill you, I wouldn't be talking to you this much. I hope for someone to successfully enter and leave this room alive, thus ending everything at the post office. Unfortunately, those I selected weren't able to do it," Old Li explained.

"What is that black letter?" Yang Jian asked.

"An end, yet also a beginning," Old Li spoke cryptically.

But the surrounding lights flickered, and the time they stayed off grew longer. With the lights' extinction, his figure gradually vanished, and with their return, he gradually appeared.

No physical form, just a supernatural phenomenon.

Yang Jian looked up at the light bulb overhead.

On the bulb, there was a human-shaped pattern, as if it was drawn or like a person's sticker adhered to it.

So this is how Old Li managed to appear in the room.

"The light appears because the post office's power has the upper hand, suppressing the supernatural, thus Old Li appears. The light extinguishes because there's a ghost in this room. Now there's a subtle balance between the ghost and the post office's room, so Old Li hasn't been entirely devoured by the ghost or wiped out by the post office's power."

"He has survived using a special method in the cracks."

Yang Jian, experienced and sharp, immediately analyzed the situation upon noticing something unusual.

"Leave the room with the black letter, the post office's operation will have a new beginning. It's the final chance and the only chance, otherwise, this place will completely spiral out of control, all messengers will perish, and all vengeful spirits imprisoned in the post office will be released."

Old Li said, "Be careful, the ghost is about to appear..."

Without giving Yang Jian more time to ask, he vanished along with the final extinguishment of the lights.

The room returned to a deathly silence.

Then, from the bathroom behind, came a clear dripping sound, as if someone had turned on a faucet, and the surrounding air became increasingly cold.

"He wants me to leave with the black letter, and judging by his words, I wasn't the first to enter this room. Others have been lured into the room by Old Li, but they failed and were killed by the ghost..."

Yang Jian squinted, "Interesting."

A person dead for years seemed to have set a trap before dying and is searching for a person to break it.

Let's see who can leave the room with the black letter.

"So, everything begins with interacting with that black letter."

Yang Jian returned to the bathroom.

A corpse, resembling dried bones, remained in the bathtub, clutching the black letter tightly, as if it were very important.

Water droplets fell one by one from above.

The bathroom walls were covered in water droplets, signaling some unwelcome supernatural occurrences.

But for now, it's not completely out of control because Yang Jian hasn't touched the black letter.

But the next moment.

Yang Jian strode forward and directly snatched the black letter from the corpse's hand.

The moment the black letter was taken, it seemed a certain balance within the room was broken, and unexpected events immediately occurred. Previously, the bathroom walls were merely seeping water droplets, but now those droplets turned to beads of blood, ceaselessly flowing from the wall seams.

Furthermore, the tiles on the walls bulged one after another, as if something was trying to push through from within them.

"Simply leaving this room should be easy, but why couldn't the messengers who entered manage to take the black letter and leave?"

Yang Jian, puzzled, ignored the surrounding supernatural occurrences and headed straight to the living room, holding the cracked long gun, heading toward the door.

But before he could take a step, he discovered the door to the outside had vanished.

A mottled wall appeared before him.

"It's not an illusion, the room's environment has truly changed," Yang Jian, with the ghost eye's gaze, confirmed the wall's authenticity.

"A ghost is influencing reality, altering everything in the room, this is right. A ghost capable of affecting reality, that is indeed difficult for any messenger to deal with."

To fully affect reality means the ghost can twist all aspects of it, similar to the Deceiving Ghost in Yang Jian's possession.

The Deceiving Ghost needs human intentions as reference to influence reality, but the ghost in this room doesn't require that.

"There's no longer a way out of this room; to leave, the ghost here must be dealt with," Yang Jian abandoned the thought of searching for an exit.

Everything in reality can be altered, the way is impossible to appear, only by severing the supernatural source can one succeed.

"Bang!"

Suddenly.

At this moment, a wall in the room suddenly collapsed.

Perhaps too old and frail.

But within the wall, several rotting corpses appeared, stacked together, as if built within the wall, at least seven or eight corpses, male and female, some with particular corpses glaring with dead gray eyes, without a trace of rot.

"Previous messengers who died in this room?"

Yang Jian glanced, roughly guessing the identity of the corpses.

No wonder the room is so dark, damp, and the lights flicker unpredictably.

One must know that messengers able to reach the fifth floor are basically ghost controllers.

The more corpses, the more dangerous the room.

Chapter 1027 Anomaly

A wall collapsed, scattering corpses all over the place.

These corpses are not ordinary; they are messengers who died in this room before. In life, they more or less harbored cursed weapons, and now being released, anyone with a clear mind knows what consequences might follow.

The true danger is emerging.

The exit to leave here has disappeared, ghosts are reviving, and various supernatural phenomena are emerging one after another. The current situation is a dead end for any ghost handler or messenger.

With the ability of the Fifth Floor Messenger, not one person can leave here alive.

But unfortunately.

Yang Jian cannot be considered a normal messenger; he did not enter the post office as an ordinary person but as a captain level to handle the Ghost Post Office.

"We cannot let these ghosts revive first, no matter what, we must suppress these corpses for a while, or else if too many ghosts appear in the room, even I might face danger."

At this moment.

Yang Jian moved without hesitation, wielding a cracked long spear, not needing the medium to trigger the Firewood Knife. He directly strode forward, hacking at the corpses scattered on the ground.

His strength is immense, and the Firewood Knife is ridiculously sharp when touching supernatural corpses.

One corpse after another, dismembered by him.

A particularly terrifying corpse, seemingly freshly dead, its pale eyeballs rolled slightly as Yang Jian used the Firewood Knife, glaring at him, while a bloodless, pallid arm raised, gripping the cracked long spear tightly.

"Can you ghost hold my supernatural weapon?" Yang Jian's eyes turned cold.

The next moment.

This fresh corpse emitted a ghastly scream, then began to rapidly rot, its arm that gripped the cracked spear feebly fell.

Because the corpse lost balance, triggering the Fatal Curse on the supernatural item.

This curse even Yang Jian dares not touch; a ghost touching it will also suffer, although the ghost won't die, their supernatural power will be suppressed.

Once the supernatural power is suppressed, a fresh corpse naturally decays swiftly.

Seemingly bizarre, but in fact very logical.

Without hindrance from the Firewood Knife, Yang Jian directly beheaded the corpse, rendering countless bizarre corpses fragmented before the ghosts could revive.

And dismembered ghosts cannot revive for a short time.

Subsequently.

The curse of the Firewood Knife erupted.

Cuts appeared on Yang Jian's body, and even on the Ghost Shadow behind him, crisscrossed as if trying to slice him into countless pieces. If the curse were allowed to spread, his Ghost Shadow would become fragmented, devoid of capability.

But next, a scarlet glow enveloped him, and those newly torn cuts healed in an inconceivable way.

Less than a second passed.

The curse seemed obliterated, leaving not a single scar on Yang Jian.

"Cannot be stingy, a reboot is necessary, exchanging for dismembered corpses is very worthwhile," Yang Jian thought to himself.

The danger from the scattered corpses, he effortlessly neutralized.

Though seemed simple, Yang Jian actually used the strongest supernatural power he could control so far.

"The source of the supernatural should not be from the bathroom but from the bedroom. I already checked the living room before without finding anything unusual, only the bedroom wasn't visited. But now the entire room is under supernatural influence, whether or not the bedroom is still the previous bedroom cannot be confirmed."

Despite this, Yang Jian still must identify the source of the haunt quickly.

Otherwise, the corpses on the ground will revive again over time, if failing to escape, he could be exhausted to death here or trapped in this room.

While Yang Jian is trapped in the room.

In another room on the fifth floor of the post office, Room 507.

Li Yang stayed in this room, watching the door, not daring to be careless, always paying attention to the situation outside. If Yang Jian appears, he must open the door immediately for safe withdrawal.

But not much time had passed.

Guarding the door, Li Yang suddenly heard footsteps outside, heavy and methodical, immediately putting him on alert.

"Another night of footsteps?" He reached to touch the door.

Prepared for what might come.

Li Yang hasn't forgotten being forced by a ghost to open the door on the first floor, nearly triggering the fatal pattern of the ghost's killings. Back then, it was him, Yang Jian, and Sun Rui together that drove the ghost away.

"Could it be that ghost?"

Thinking thus, he felt uneasy.

Yet Li Yang was not panicked; he held two supernatural items, a bloodstained little hammer and a dirty old doll.

Used properly, can handle unexpected situations.

"It's here." Li Yang heard the footsteps circle in the hall then head straight towards his way.

No hesitation or pause.

The footsteps soon reached the door.

"Li Yang, it's me, open the door." Yang Jian's voice came from outside.

Li Yang heard this and breathed a sigh of relief, immediately releasing his grip to open the door.

"Creak!"

But as the door opened, a cold presence rushed in, while the room's lights seemed interfered with, flickering.

A cold, pale hand rested on the door's edge, trying to push it open.

Behind the hand was a sleeve of gray-black, old, dirty.

"Not good." Li Yang awoke with a sudden start, realizing that the person outside the door wasn't the captain or a living person, but a ghost.

Although the voice sounded identical to Yang Jian's, upon closer reflection, it was only similar, with a different tone.

In a hurry, he slammed into the door, trying to shut it and block the ghost attempting to enter the room.

The supernatural power of the Door-blocking Ghost appeared.

The wooden door vibrated violently, then twisted and deformed, forming an arc. A tremendous force appeared, causing the door to creak, as if being pushed tightly shut by another ghost.

Yet outside, that ghastly pale hand was firmly pressing against the door.

Even the Door-blocking Ghost's supernatural power couldn't shut the door.

Moreover, in just a moment of stalemate, Li Yang noticed that he was slowly being pushed backward.

The door gradually opened.

"This ghost is no simple thing." Li Yang thought, his heart pounding.

The ghost outside forcefully resisting the Door-blocking Ghost, he knew well what that meant.

As the door gradually opened wider.

Li Yang dared not hesitate any longer. He picked up a small bloodied wooden hammer and struck down on the hand above the door frame.

A small wooden hammer typically doesn't hurt, but this was a supernatural item, carrying strange abilities.

When the hammer struck the hand, it immediately twisted and deformed, then recoiled sharply, as if feeling pain.

The ghost's hand was driven back.

But the door still wasn't shut, as if the ghost's body was still blocking it.

Seeing it was effective, Li Yang immediately reached out, wildly swinging the small wooden hammer into the darkness outside.

He sensed the ghost's position, hitting it once.

With just that one hit, the ghost outside had to retreat, no longer blocking the doorway.

"Bang!"

In the next moment,

the door closed, isolating the ghost outside. It seemed the ghost hadn't left, as there were no footsteps, but cold sweat was dripping off Li Yang's face.

"That was close."

He was secretly alarmed in his heart.

He never imagined the ghost would appear this way, mimicking the captain's voice, almost getting him caught.

"There's still a lack of vigilance," he reflected with some guilt.

But earlier, Li Yang had been somewhat vigilant, leaving a trace of suspicion, otherwise, he would have opened the door outright with no chance to fight back.

Regaining his composure, Li Yang continued to guard the doorway.

Ten minutes passed, half an hour passed, and everything seemed to return to calm.

Yet the real Yang Jian never appeared.

Yang Jian was trapped.

Trapped in room 502, he wasn't dead, but hadn't dealt with the supernatural in room 502 either.

Everything seemed to be at a stalemate.

But outside the post office.

In another small city's ordinary residential building, lived a family.

It was a family of three, a couple with an eleven or twelve-year-old child.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and they had just finished dinner, sitting on the sofa watching TV, discussing news and gossip.

However, at this moment,

the living room lights flickered, like there was a bad connection, and the man in his forties on the sofa suddenly realized something, looking sharply out the window.

Outside the window was the cityscape, but he vaguely saw a distant building with neon lights from the Republic era.

That building didn't exist in reality, like an illusion, and he was the only one who could see it.

"The balance on the fifth floor is being broken... Could someone really manage to bring out that black envelope?" The man stood up, looking unusually grim.

Then, he hurriedly picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"I've already heard, something's happening on the post office's fifth floor again, and it's more serious than last time." A sullen voice came from the phone, also a man's.

"What should we do?"

"The black envelope must not appear, or all of us fifth-floor messengers will be reckoned with. Recently, a newcomer must have gone to the fifth floor, and that newcomer isn't simple. Nothing more to say, deal with him like before, keep everything as it was before."

"It's nighttime now, and the post office is lights-out."

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line: "Then, six o'clock tomorrow morning, before the newcomer knows the purpose of the black envelope, take him down, at worst, seize the letter."

In another city's hotel.

A graceful and beautiful woman in a red qipao was looking up at the flickering lights in the room. She then saw through the glass window, a faint path leading to the post office appear, but it soon disappeared, very unstable.

"Is the post office task about to begin?" Leuk Qingqing fell silent.

What she was most worried about and uneasy about was about to happen.

She had thought it wouldn't be so soon, but now it seemed that her luck was nonexistent.

Chapter 1028 Old Li's Information

Fifth floor of the post office.

Inside room 502.

Yang Jian's eyes revealed a trace of fatigue. He had used too much supernatural power, and even with spiritual weapons, the situation wasn't optimistic.

But the result was considered good.

He successfully entered the bedroom inside room 502 and found the source of the supernatural phenomenon in this room.

In the room, there was something similar to a shrine, with two small red lights burning on either side, scarlet and eerie. In the middle, there was a small figure kneeling, dressed in clothes, with eyes closed, as if asleep.

"This setup seems familiar?"

Yang Jian tightly gripped the long spear in his hand: "That's right, I remembered, it was in the room of the supernatural incident in room 301 in Dachuan City. There was a shrine, too, but it was empty, with no idol being enshrined."

"So, the thing on the shrine is this, then?"

Upon closer inspection, this small figure was neither made of clay nor wood but was a withered and emaciated body that had undergone special treatment.

It seemed as if an incomplete Ghost Infant had been turned into such an idol through some supernatural means.

As for what this thing was used for, Yang Jian wasn't sure, but he was certain it was this ghostly object affecting the whole room.

He approached again with caution.

At this time, he found some clues. Underneath the kneeling small figure, there was a photograph pressed. The photo was heavily faded, indicating it was quite old, but it could still be vaguely recognized. The content seemed to be room 502.

Moreover, the layout of the buildings in the photo was contorting and changing, like a movie screen, with the image in motion.

"This is not a random supernatural phenomenon, but a supernaturally arranged place. Someone used this object to influence the entire room, creating a haunted room where one can enter but not exit, trapping both the messenger entering this room and the ghost within."

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye spied, and he understood most of it.

He approached closer.

The scene before his eyes was rapidly distorting and changing, seemingly preventing anyone from approaching this idol. The originally empty walls now had walls appearing, and the surrounding floor changed. Yang Jian, who was previously in the room, now found himself in the living room.

Yang Jian did not move; it was the entire room moving.

No matter how he maneuvered his supernatural power, it would forcefully return him to the starting point.

On the floor of the living room were mutilated corpses. A dull sound came from the direction of the bathroom, with blood seeping out from the bathroom door gap.

"I roughly know how to handle this situation. The supernatural has affected the whole room, so the key is to interfere with the supernatural entanglement. Once the supernatural is disrupted, a flaw will appear in the room, possibly restoring affected areas to their former state."

"However, the ghost that can influence reality has a significant terror level, and ordinary ghost handlers can't interfere with it."

"But unfortunately, I am not an ordinary ghost handler."

The Ghost Shadow behind Yang Jian flickered, and then a pitch-black shadow spread across the floor rapidly, covering the walls and then the ceiling.

Wherever the room's architecture was, his Ghost Shadow covered it all.

"Now, let's see how you continue to influence reality and alter everything." Yang Jian, expressionless, stepped towards the bedroom.

At this moment, the walls twisted, and the ceiling shook violently, as if an earthquake had occurred in the entire room.

Without wasting time, Yang Jian quickly arrived in the room.

The shrine was still there.

The withered small figure knelt on a photograph as before, unchanged.

The closer Yang Jian got, the more intense the nearby buildings shook.

The ghost sensed Yang Jian's presence and attempted to alter the surrounding environment, but such changes were interfered with because the Ghost Shadow covered the walls and floors. While this influence was powerful, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye didn't need to completely resist; he just needed to hold on for ten seconds.

Such a short time was enough for Yang Jian to act.

He quickly walked to the shrine's side and reached out.

Without taking the eerie little figure kneeling on the shrine, he pulled out the photograph under the small figure's body.

The photograph was the medium, crucial to affecting the entire room.

As the photograph was removed,

The next moment,

The shaking room instantly calmed, and the supernatural power no longer interfered with room 502.

Subsequently, the lights in the living room flickered.

The yellowish light lit up again.

The person who previously claimed to be Old Li appeared once more, still standing expressionlessly in the living room like a cold corpse. He observed the reappeared room door and understood that the supernatural setup in this room had been broken.

"Yang Jian. You really did it."

At this moment, Yang Jian tore up the old photograph.

The shrine remained, and the small figure remained kneeling with no movements. He avoided touching it to prevent unnecessary trouble.

"You've appeared again?" Yang Jian glanced: "You hid things from me. This is not an ordinary haunted room but a supernaturally arranged place to trap you here, no, to keep this black letter here."

"What does this represent? I believe you know."

Old Li said, "To reach this point, it doesn't matter if you know many things. If you can't survive today, knowing won't help. You're right. This room was an intricate setup by the previous messenger. Since the post office had black letters, they had no choice but to devise such a method."

"A method that neither tears the letter nor falls victim to the post office's curse. This method is simple, to keep this black letter eternally in the hands of a Fifth Floor Messenger."

"Ordinary messengers who don't deliver the letter will be killed by the letter's curse."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes: "So, they needed to artificially create an anomaly, someone like you, a messenger, a dead person, yet a fierce ghost... In this case, even the post office's curse couldn't kill you."

"So the letter remained in this room, and some delivery task indefinitely suspended?"

Old Li nodded: "Your deduction is accurate; that's the situation. This method was bold and risky, but the result is evident, we succeeded."

We?

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened: "You cooperated in the action, too?"

"Of course, I thought it was a good method at the time, a chance to end the messenger's fate."

Old Li said, "And at that time, someone had to make a sacrifice, and I was the sacrificial one. It wasn't just my decision, it was a collective decision."

"You set up this situation, why are you now trying to break it?" Yang Jian asked.

"Situations have changed, supernatural events are starting to appear outside, the post office is also getting out of control... everything is moving in a bad direction. I think messengers are necessary. If my death exchanged for the ending of the Fifth Floor Messenger's fate, then the death of the messenger is for the end of the supernatural events."

"That's the conclusion I came to later, so the messenger must deliver the letter, must die, must accept this fate," Old Li said. "So now, it's up to the Fifth Floor Messenger to take on this responsibility."

"I'm afraid the Fifth Floor Messenger is not willing to do this." Yang Jian said coldly.

Old Li looked numb and said, "Indeed, that's why new messengers attempting to break the balance keep dying. You've seen the bodies in the room, those were the Fifth Floor Messengers who died here before. If you can't do it today, you'll be one of those corpses too."

"But if you succeed, then the post office will begin to operate again, starting with this black letter."

"Everything will change for the better."

Yang Jian glanced at the black letter in his hand, "I'm afraid things aren't that simple. Holding this black letter might provoke a lot of hostility from the Fifth Floor Messengers."

"Are you scared?" Old Li asked.

"Scared? They should be afraid of me instead. The Fifth Floor Messenger, even if there's no mistake, should be killed." Yang Jian said coldly, as if intending to purge the entire floor.

"That's good. Tomorrow at six o'clock, the post office lights will be on, and all the Fifth Floor Messengers should gather. Be careful." Old Li said.

"No need to remind me," Yang Jian replied. "I do have a few questions I want to ask you."

He found that in Old Li's current state, he couldn't steal memories, so he had no choice but to ask, because this Old Li had no body, was not a ghost, but a supernatural phenomenon relying on an aggressive ghost.

Today, the balance of room 502 was broken, and he probably wouldn't exist for much longer.

"Whatever you want to ask, feel free." Old Li said, "But I know very little."

"What are those portrait oil paintings outside the Fifth Floor hall?" Yang Jian asked.

Old Li fell silent, still with no expression, until some eerie movements came from the bathroom and he quickly said, "Those paintings existed before I came to the post office. We've speculated that they represent messengers who successfully escaped from the Fifth Floor. Each person who delivers three letters and successfully leaves the post office will have an oil painting."

"Why does the post office do this? What is the significance of this action?" Yang Jian frowned and asked.

Old Li said, "After delivering three letters, a messenger from the Fifth Floor has three choices. I don't know if the information is true or not, I'm only telling you what I know."

"What are the three choices?" Yang Jian asked.

Old Li said, "The first choice is to leave the post office. The second choice is to return to the first floor of the post office, but as a trade-off, you can revive one person in the oil painting."

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, "Wait, only leaving the post office leaves an oil painting, so what's the point of reviving someone from the painting?"

"It should be an arrangement to re-absorb former messengers back to the post office. After all, messengers who manage to leave play a significant role, yet it's all speculation, and no one knows why the post office would do this," Old Li said. "As for the third point, it's neither leaving the post office nor reviving those who left, but choosing to go down a road leading to an unknown floor."

"What kind of road is it? Nobody knows, and nobody has chosen that route. It's a mystery. Some guess there's an unknown sixth floor, and others say it offers insight into the secrets of the post office, but no one dares gamble with the unknown, so there's no relevant information."

Yang Jian furrowed his brow.

It seems there are plenty of secrets on the Fifth Floor.

"One last question, what is the purpose of the black letter?" Yang Jian asked.

Old Li said, "That's also an uncertain answer. If the yellow letter symbolizes the ordinary, and the red letter symbolizes danger, then the black letter likely represents death. We suspected at the time that the post office intended to kill all messengers from the Fifth Floor, which is why the black letter appeared."

"Of course, there's another hypothesis, which I inferred from the sending conditions back then."

"I remember the sending condition at the time was that all the Fifth Floor messengers had to participate in the delivery task, and ultimately only the person who successfully delivered the letter would survive, while the rest would be deemed as failures in sending and would suffer the curse of failure."

"Only one person can succeed in the delivery task?"

Yang Jian's eyelid twitched, "This is indeed a mission to die for—participants all perish, only one can live. No wonder you chose this method to leave the black letter in the post office instead of delivering it."

"Even now, the delivery tasks continue and have not stopped, because the task has special requirements—it only counts from the day you leave the post office." Old Li glanced at Yang Jian.

"If that's the case, then the post office's purpose isn't the delivery task, but to select a special messenger. That person must be strong in all aspects, otherwise, they won't be able to hold onto this letter. And after that person completes the task, something might happen that I think is worth looking forward to." Yang Jian said calmly.

He faintly has a guess.

This black letter might be the post office's manager letter.

The messenger who successfully sends this letter might become the next post office manager.

Of course, that's just a guess; he can't be sure if it's correct.

"Now you should think about how to handle the situation ahead, not continue lingering here. The ghosts are getting out of control; you're in great danger." Old Li added.

From the position of the bathroom, more viscous blood flowed out, while the shattered corpse in the living room gradually seemed ready to move again.

The cold aura in the bedroom grew heavier.

Supernatural power is awakening again.

But the only good news is that the light in room 502 came on again, which indicates that the aggressive ghost was suppressed by the post office, and there's no longer a supernatural effect preventing the door to the outside from appearing.

Now, Yang Jian can leave anytime.

He's not too anxious.

He can handle the appearance of aggressive ghosts and tried to keep probing this person called Old Li for intel and ask some key questions.

"Have you seen a corpse stored in a glass jar?" Yang Jian asked again.

"The room next door sometimes makes sounds of a glass jar rolling, but there's an aggressive ghost in that room," Old Li revealed an information: "There's a painting with that thing, but it's hard to find."

"The room next door and in the painting? Got it, is there anything else?" Yang Jian asked.

He only had two pieces of the puzzle in his hand; those should not be enough to make a complete corpse.

"I'm not sure," Old Li said.

"What is the identity of the corpse in the glass jar? Do you know?" Yang Jian asked again.

"Some people have found it before but never fully assembled it. It's a mystery, and I studied it in the past but eventually gave up," Old Li said.

From hearing this, the corpse in the glass jar must have existed for at least ten years or even longer.

Chapter 1029 Gathering of the Messengers

Yang Jian obtained a lot of useful information from this person named Old Li, information that was crucial and important, allowing him to have a general understanding of the situation on the fifth floor of the post office.

According to Old Li, the messenger on the fifth floor of the post office had stopped delivering letters for a long time because the black letter was left in room 502, causing the post office's operations to be unable to function properly, while the previous messengers on the fifth floor lived comfortably without any issues.

Previously, some messengers who came up from the fourth floor gained temporary freedom as a result, while some chose to, like Yang Jian, enter room 502 to try to take away the black letter to restore the post office to normal, but unfortunately, the previous people all failed.

The prolonged stalemate made Old Li realize the severity of the issue.

The post office was losing control.

The harm caused by losing control was even more terrifying, so Old Li had been waiting for a messenger who could handle this black letter.

Yang Jian's appearance was not accidental; rather, he had the strength to handle the supernatural in room 502.

To put it simply, he was strong enough.

The previous messengers might have had luck, brains, and ability, but they lacked some strength, so regrettably, they could only die here.

"By the way, do you know a woman named Silver?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

"Yes, there is such a person, she also entered this room 502. She left a deep impression on me." Old Li was silent for a moment, as if recalling past events.

Yang Jian looked at the broken corpses everywhere: "Did she die?"

The woman nicknamed Silver was a captain-level figure designated by headquarters, mysterious in identity, and suspected to have been a messenger of the post office long ago, but now she was missing, with no one knowing she was here. Before her disappearance, only Zhou Deng on the supernatural bus saw her.

"No, she didn't die. She was the only one who didn't take away the black letter but managed to escape from this room; after that, I never saw her again. She didn't appear on the fifth floor of the post office." Old Li said.

"I see..." Yang Jian frowned.

From Old Li's words, it's not hard to deduce that the captain named Silver also entered room 502 before him, tried to take the black letter, but although ultimately failed, she succeeded in surviving and then disappeared?

Old Li continued: "Perhaps other messengers know her whereabouts. I have been trapped here for a long time, unable to get out, so I don't know much. Now you should leave; staying longer will only be more dangerous."

At this moment.

Supernatural phenomena frequently appeared in this room, the ghost was resurrecting, making this place very dangerous, not suitable for anyone to stay.

Yang Jian had already stayed at risk for a long time to inquire for more information.

This was Old Li's second urging.

"I understand, I'll handle the matter of the black letter." Yang Jian said no more and turned to leave.

Old Li stood in the middle of the living room, like a ghost isolated from the world, trapped here with no escape, no freedom, his emotions had already faded, holding on till now was nothing more than a belief.

Being able to come to the fifth floor and being willing to willingly sacrifice to leave this black letter must have his own unavoidable beliefs.

This is not something general people can understand.

Just like Sun Rui, a person responsible for Dahan City, his identity and status unparalleled, able to fully enjoy life, but he gambled his life on the first floor of the post office, only to deal with the Ghost Post Office.

After all, some things must be done by someone.

And this Old Li, Sun Rui, are those kinds of people.

Yang Jian returned to the fifth-floor lobby of the post office.

The eyes in the oil painting once again stared at him, some eyes still emitted malice, some assessed, and eerie gazes...the people in these oil paintings are the ones who successfully escaped the post office.

They're the top-tier messengers.

If there are people alive in the oil paintings, then they must be an extraordinary ghost handler.

"Are these eyes all longing for resurrection?"

Yang Jiang turned his Ghost Eye, staring at the painting suspected to be his father's portrait: "If after the three letters on the fifth floor can truly resurrect someone in the oil painting, then would you also want to resurrect?"

The male in the oil painting's eyes moved, seeming to be having a stare-down with Yang Jian.

The appearance of the people in the painting and those outside the painting are quite similar, sufficiently proving the unusual relationship between them.

"If I use one chance to resurrect someone, it means I've come here to the fifth floor for nothing, then I'll have to go back to the first floor and start all over...this isn't worth it, but if I miss this chance, maybe I'll never have the opportunity to resurrect my father again."

Yang Jian thought inwardly.

He didn't have much feeling for his deceased father, even if he did, becoming a ghost handler over the past year had nearly eradicated it, leaving just an obsession, hoping for a good result, that's all.

Yang Jian finally withdrew his gaze with a complex emotion.

He didn't look at that portrait anymore.

Now is not the time to think about these things, the night is not over yet; he should take this opportunity tonight to continue exploring the fifth floor of the post office.

"Old Li mentioned previously that there was a glass bottle containing pieces of a corpse in one of the oil paintings, and another one in room 501. However, room 501 should have a ghost. Today, I don't want to provoke a ghost again, let's see if I can find the glass bottle in the oil painting first."

Yang Jian once again examined the oil paintings, looking for useful clues.

Finally, he found it.

An inconspicuous oil painting.

That painting was hanging in the corner of a wall, covered in dust, abandoned there for a long time, but the oil painting had nothing in it, just a room with various strange things.

There were vases with withered flowers inserted, old tables, broken puppets, and windows nailed shut with planks.....and on the floor of this old room, a glass bottle containing a dead person's arm lay there.

Yang Jian walked over, without saying a word, he directly took down the oil painting.

He reached out to touch the surface of the oil painting.

Something bizarre happened, his hand was disappearing, and at the same time, a hand appeared on the oil painting.

"So that's it, these oil paintings are all a supernatural space, can enter, just like the ghost painting back then."

He retracted his hand because he didn't plan to enter the oil painting at this time, it's enough to find the oil painting, and it's not too late to retrieve the glass bottle later when it's safe.

Yet as he retrieved his hand, the scene in the oil painting suddenly changed.

A dreadful black shadow appeared at the edge of the oil painting, the shadow like a figure was entering this old room.

Afterward, Yang Jian felt a strange sensation with his hand, as if someone inside suddenly grabbed him.

Yes.

No mistake, Yang Jian saw the shadow of that half-black figure in the oil painting with a blurry dark hand covering the place where his hand was.

At the same time, his body was being slowly pulled into the oil painting.

No, it wasn't his body being pulled, rather the oil painting was actively sticking close, seemingly wanting to swallow him.

"There's a ghost in this painting?"

Yang Jian's expression darkened, without much hesitation he directly abandoned this arm, to avoid unnecessary complications.

The ghost shadow's ability to piece together corpses easily freed him from the bond, leaving an arm inside the oil painting, then taken away by the blurry black figure.

He used the Deceiving Ghost's ability.

A new arm appeared once again.

"For safety's sake, I should use the Ghost Hand." Yang Jian thought to himself.

His Ghost Hand was holding a long spear just in case of any incident in the fifth-floor lobby, that's why he used a normal hand to test the oil painting.

Unexpectedly, there was no incident in the lobby, instead danger appeared within the oil painting.

"Can't underestimate each painting here, perhaps they're hiding unknown ghosts." Yang Jian saw the location of that glass bottle.

In the farthest part of that old room.

This means his hand couldn't touch it; to get it, he must risk entering inside.

The ghost in the oil painting seemed unable to leave the painting; after taking Yang Jian's arm, that blurry silhouette disappeared again, and the oil painting restored to its previous state.

No choice.

Yang Jian could only consider taking it back to room 507.

"Li Yang, open the door." He arrived at the door.

"Captain?" Li Yang carefully opened a crack in the door, even ready to take action.

When he saw Yang Jian's Ghost Eye and the supernatural weapon in his hand, he was sure.

Ghosts could impersonate Yang Jian, but they couldn't impersonate the Firewood Knife and Coffin Nail.

"Was there something happened before? Your face looks wrong." Yang Jian asked.

Li Yang lowered his voice and said: "Captain, come in first, there are ghosts wandering outside, earlier a ghost used your voice to ask me to open the door, almost entered the room, luckily I repelled it."

He held a small blood-stained wooden mallet, capable of temporarily repelling ghosts.

Though it seemed minor, it actually could save a life at critical moments.

"This happened? There's a ghost imitating me trying to invade the room? How come I didn't see any ghosts before?" Yang Jian stood outside, he glanced around again.

In the vision of the Ghost Eye, he found nothing.

"Forget it, this ghostly place could have any sort of bizarre occurrences, and the fifth floor of the post office is already confirmed to have ghosts existing on this level. We just have to be more careful. You keep that painting safe; I've decided to continue investigating the situation." Yang Jian handed the oil painting to Li Yang and didn't go inside.

He would rather stay outside than go into the room.

"Did you find any clues just now?" Li Yang asked as he took the oil painting.

"Not bad, I contacted the person in Room 502 and obtained some important intelligence, but the secrets of the fifth floor are far more than just that." Yang Jian briefly described some of the situations on the fifth floor.

Li Yang found it unbelievable after listening.

He didn't expect such things to happen on the fifth floor of the post office.

Previous messengers actually discovered a way to avoid delivering letters and rid themselves of the post office curse, making it so messengers entering the fifth floor from then on wouldn't need to deliver letters.

It seems there truly are many talented individuals among the fifth-floor messengers.

"Unfortunately, there was a flaw in their understanding at the time; although the method was useful, the side effects are greater, which previous messengers didn't realize. The loss of control of the post office now is related to this," Yang Jian said.

"That's about the situation, I'm leaving."

He left some information behind and then turned around, disappearing into the darkness outside the door.

As the black letter finally departed Room 502.

The curse that had been suppressed within the post office for at least ten years began to emerge.

From various places.

Numerous eerie roads leading to the post office started to appear, with each road symbolizing the existence of a fifth-floor messenger.

And through long accumulation.

The number of fifth-floor messengers is more than imagined.

Rumors from previous fourth-floor and third-floor messengers said there was an issue on the fifth floor, suspecting they all died, but now it's clear that was wrong.

The fifth-floor messengers didn't die; they simply didn't need to deliver letters anymore and thus separated from the post office, living unnoticed across cities nationwide, concealing their identities, which created the false impression of an empty fifth floor.

Subsequent messengers entering the fifth floor couldn't see others and discovered fierce ghosts within the rooms, naturally assuming there was an issue on the fifth floor and everyone had died.

"The operation of the post office has resumed, and the black letter was actually taken by a new messenger. As expected, the worst fear has happened after neglecting the post office for too long, assuming it would remain calm. It seems the fate of the messengers can't be changed," in an ordinary residential building.

A man in his forties stood on the balcony in pajamas, smoking a cigarette, deeply furrowing his brows.

"Dad, Mom said not to smoke on the balcony. Come back to sleep," at this moment a cute child around ten years old ran over, pulling the man's hand.

"Tell mom I'll go to sleep as soon as I finish this cigarette." The middle-aged man rubbed his slightly balding forehead, then returned to his senses and said with a smile.

"Don't lie."

The cute child then immediately ran off.

The middle-aged man flicked his finger, tossing the cigarette butt into the nearby trash can, then his face turned somber: "Regardless of who moves the black letters, no matter good or bad, they should be killed. The curse of the messengers has ended and shouldn't continue."

At that moment, he made a decision and then turned back inside.

The lights flickered.

"Honey, I'm going out for a bit." The middle-aged man walked out the door in pajamas and slippers.

Meanwhile, in another city.

"What? Two hundred yuan for the driving service fee, okay, okay, I'm on my way." A man struggling for life ran a nighttime driving service.

He was in his forties, but life made him appear particularly weary.

Yet this man didn't complain about fatigue, continuing his hard work.

However, as this man put down the phone and prepared to set off on his electric scooter, he suddenly saw a strange, eerie path appearing before him.

At the end of the path.

A building from the Republic of China Period faintly emerged.

"The post office's task has started?" The driving service man paused, a terrifying experience from years ago slowly resurfacing in his mind.

"Why now, at least let me finish this job first."

He was still thinking about earning that two hundred yuan.

"No, wait, I'm a fifth-floor messenger, and fifth-floor messengers haven't been delivering letters for a long time, right?"

He remembered that after that incident, the fifth-floor messengers completed the letter delivery tasks, went their separate ways, and never met again.

"Could it be someone took that black letter?"

Details began to resurface in his mind.

The driving service man's face twisted into a snarl: "I've been living so hard, why am I not allowed to have peace, why....."

He was especially vicious.

The street lamps on the entire path flickered, alternating between light and dark.

"If you don't want me to live well, then I won't let you die well. I'm giving up on earning that two hundred yuan, just to exchange for your life."

The weariness on his face vanished, replaced by the ash-gray of a corpse.

The driving service man turned his electric scooter around, as though heading somewhere to retrieve some items and once again pick up the identity of a messenger.

There are many similar situations.

Most of the fifth-floor messengers are hidden among ordinary people in the city.

This was their initial agreement.

Their messenger identity could not be exposed, nor could they use supernatural power, otherwise they might never be able to live as normal people.

Compared to the frightening experiences of delivering letters, they were more than happy to adhere to this agreement, to forget their identity as messengers.

Even though supernatural incidents were occurring in the city, they had nothing to do with them, and they just wished to live, to live well, to live the life of a normal person.

It's a very low demand, but also a luxury for the messengers.

So they cherished this life immensely and worked extremely hard.

But Yang Jian's appearance caused the fifth floor of the post office to start running again, breaking the created balance.

He suddenly became the target of everyone.

No matter right or wrong, good or evil.

If the fifth-floor messengers didn't want to continue the letter delivery task, they had only one choice: eliminate Yang Jian, then return the black letter to Room 502.

All messengers are in action.

They all put aside their tasks, got ready, and rushed toward the post office.

Yang Jian is unaware of all this, after all, it's just his first day on the fifth floor, and he doesn't know how deep the waters of the fifth floor truly are.

Time slowly passes.

But there are still several hours until the post office's six o'clock lights turn on.

Yet some messengers have already become unable to contain themselves and have set foot on roads leading to the post office.

The wait until daylight is too long.

Dark dreams abound during long nights, and the person who took the black letter is currently in the post office, presenting a good opportunity. Although there is danger within the post office after the lights are turned off, for fifth-floor messengers, this danger isn't entirely insurmountable.

"Thump, thump thump!"

A series of hurried and heavy footsteps emerged on the old staircase of the post office.

The staircase runs straight from the first floor to the fifth floor, making it impossible to reach any other floors.

A fifth-floor messenger appeared.

He's a broad and bulky man, about fifty years old, wearing a work apron, carrying a fishy smell, seemingly a fish seller who had been working overtime at night, as evidenced by the fresh blood on his apron, not yet dried.

His name is Zhao Feng.

When he was young, he was a mature and charming handsome man, but time has worn him down, and now he's simply an ordinary fish seller.

During his time delivering letters, previous messengers gave him a nickname.

Soul-Reaper.

The nickname sounds somewhat juvenile, but more than ten years ago, it wouldn't have been perceived that way.

Instead, this nickname represented strength and recognition among the messengers.

"Eliminate this newcomer, and there's still time to go back and butcher the remaining fish. It's not the first time I've done such a thing; it'll end quickly." Zhao Feng's fat face showed no expression, and he wielded a rusty iron hook.

Like a hook used in slaughterhouses to hang carcasses.

Chapter 1030 Encounter on the Staircase

The darkness enveloped the post office, and the entire building was silent.

It is said that after the lights go out in the post office at six o'clock, bizarre things happen. Messengers who stay inside at night are advised not to wander; otherwise, they might inexplicably disappear, never to be found again.

However, the dangers hidden in the darkness do not scare everyone away.

Yang Jian was exploring in the darkness, trying to unearth more information and secrets about the Ghost Post Office. He knew that there might be ghosts roaming inside at night, but he believed he could handle the danger.

"The stairway door on the fifth floor of the post office seems to be open at night."

An old wooden double door was half ajar.

When Yang Jian opened it, a staircase leading down was revealed, seemingly providing a way back to the first-floor lobby of the post office.

He thought for a moment and decided to go down to take a look.

The old wooden stairs creaked ominously in the darkness, seemingly on the brink of collapse due to disrepair.

Surrounding him was a black haze like dense fog, making it impossible to see the situation below. Even the vision of the ghost eye was obstructed, allowing only a limited view.

As Yang Jian reached the end of a flight of stairs, he suddenly stopped.

He heard a sound.

A sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, though it seemed somewhat distant, there was no doubt that the sound was real.

"There seems to be something coming up the stairs from below," Yang Jian frowned at this moment, "Is it a ghost?"

His first reaction was that he had encountered a fierce ghost.

It was post office blackout time, so it was nearly impossible for a living person to be inside the post office, only ghosts would wander after the lights were out.

"Has that footstep sound stopped too?"

Soon after, Yang Jian heard no more footsteps, as if it had halted at a certain step below.

Isolated by the haze-like darkness, the source of the footsteps could not be determined.

Meanwhile, Zhao Feng, who was climbing the stairs from below, also stopped.

His slightly chubby face showed a touch of gravity and vigilance, looking up ahead. He couldn't see anything clearly, moving forward by feeling the handrail.

"I couldn't have missed it, there was definitely a footstep sound coming down from upstairs. My luck couldn't possibly be this bad, running into a ghost in the post office just after arriving? And encountering it on the stairs, indeed, coming to the post office at night after the lights went out wasn't a good decision, I should have waited until six in the morning when daylight returns."

Zhao Feng hesitated.

He didn't want to clash with a fierce ghost inside the post office, as it would be meaningless. The ghosts in the post office were quite dangerous, and if not handled well, he could die there.

"Killing that newcomer heading to the fifth floor shouldn't be rushed. The black letter has appeared, but the delivery task won't be initiated until tomorrow at least, by then I can make my move."

Zhao Feng preferred not to face a ghost on the stairs and wanted to retreat temporarily.

However, just as this thought occurred to him,

the footsteps above the stairs reappeared, as if whoever it was had paused briefly, but now continued to walk down. Judging by the pace, the footsteps hadn't slowed; in fact, they seemed to pick up speed.

"It seems it's coming towards me." Zhao Feng immediately dismissed the idea of turning around and leaving.

He knew very well that if a ghost was really targeting him, turning away wouldn't matter, the ghost would keep following until the attack ended.

"No way, I'll have to confront this imminent ghost first." Zhao Feng prepared himself, staring intently ahead.

In the darkness, he couldn't see clearly, but he determined the distance by the position of the footsteps.

Yang Jian descended the stairs, hesitating only briefly, but not delaying long, as he had confidence to deal with the forthcoming ghost.

Ghost eye observing.

Despite limited visibility, he could still see ahead.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, unsure if it was an illusion, but he saw a person on the stairs—a slightly chubby man wearing an apron, roughly in his forties or fifties. The man's face bore a serious expression, gazing sharply in this direction.

It seemed he was wary of Yang Jian.

"Why is there a living person in the post office at this hour? Is he a messenger? But this is the staircase leading to the fifth floor, a typical messenger wouldn't likely appear here."

"He's stopped moving, seems to be cautious of me, right? No, that's incorrect, it's nighttime, he can't see me, he must be like me earlier, only hearing the footsteps. Therefore, he probably thinks I'm a ghost and prepared himself for an encounter."

"Why is this fifth-floor messenger coming to the post office at night? Message delivery tasks don't happen at night, perhaps he came early to rest? Doesn't make sense either, the fifth floor is too complicated, it's highly unlikely a messenger would wander into the post office unnecessarily at night."

Yang Jian saw Zhao Feng, but Zhao Feng did not see Yang Jian.

So, Yang Jian observed, his mind quickly analyzing the situation.

He believed the person's presence was likely related to the black letters he held. Old Li from room 502 mentioned that once a black letter left the room, the delivery task on the fifth floor would resume.

Once a delivery task emerged, the messengers on the fifth floor would surely receive a signal.

"This person probably realized something was amiss on the fifth floor, therefore he came immediately to investigate, which means he's after me."

Yang Jian squinted, readying himself at once.

Upon understanding, he knew what to do next.

"That footstep stopped again, and it doesn't seem far from me," Zhao Feng stood motionless in the darkness, remaining calm.

With a ghost, the more one moves, the higher the likelihood of being targeted.

He did nothing, standing still was the safest choice.

"Something's off, if it were truly a ghost, the footsteps should be consistently descending the stairs, how could it stop intermittently?"

Zhao Feng, though having not engaged with supernatural events for a long time, still retained his prior experiences.

"What if, the footsteps weren't from a ghost, but a person?"

A hypothesis emerged in his mind.

Then Zhao Feng realized something, a sudden shock hitting him.

"Not good."

Zhao Feng immediately retrieved a white bone from his pocket, resembling a human rib, but only a small part remained. He forcefully scraped it against the stair handrail beside him.

Just like striking a match, the white bone suddenly ignited.

The eerie blue flame arose, like ghostly fires between graves, briefly hovering mid-air. Despite not consuming any material, it couldn't be extinguished in the short term.

The phosphorous fire from the bone quickly dispelled the surrounding darkness.

All at once.

Everything nearby became visible, the illumination was even better than during the day with the lights on.

In the next moment.

Zhao Feng dramatically saw someone, standing above him on the stairs, looking down at him. The person appeared young, in their twenties, with eyes cold and sharp. Most striking was a red eyeball on the person's forehead, restless and noticeably moving.

"This person must be the newcomer who went to the fifth floor and took the black letter."

At the sight of Yang Jian, Zhao Feng instinctively judged.

Admittedly, this judgment was astute, Zhao Feng truly showed strong adaptability, far exceeding other messengers Yang Jian encountered before.

"I'm Zhao Feng, a messenger from the fifth floor, had to return due to some matters, didn't expect to meet another messenger here. Never saw you on the fifth floor before, you must be a newcomer from the fourth floor. Wandering in the post office at night isn't a good habit, you might stumble into danger accidentally."

Zhao Feng remained indifferent, neither hostile nor overly friendly.

For people like them, being too friendly or hostile would provoke others' animosity. Neutrality suited initial encounters for greetings the most.

Having missed the chance for the upper hand, he decided to proceed methodically, observing first.

Most importantly, he needed to understand the situation with the other party first.