

Revival 1031

Chapter 1031 Acquiring the Memory of the 5th Floor Messenger

Yang Jian encountered Zhao Feng, the Old Messenger of the fifth floor, on the stairs.

Eerie phosphorescence floated in the air, seemingly sparse, yet it dispelled the surrounding darkness and illuminated the vicinity completely. It was somewhat akin to Li Jun's Ghost Flame, but this phosphorescence was evidently a one-time-use supernatural artifact, as its source was the white rib bone in Zhao Feng's hand.

Moreover, the white rib bone was already running low, appearing to consume a portion with each use.

"This newcomer is quite unusual. He bears signs of being eroded by a ghost and holds a peculiar long spear, which must be a supernatural artifact he acquired... But the craftsmanship is very evident, resembling a modern artwork. However, this guy dares to roam alone at night, either a madman or a formidable person."

"If he manages to retrieve the black letter from Room 502, it is obviously more likely the latter. To deal with such a newcomer, relying on me alone might be a bit of a stretch."

Zhao Feng, using the time while the phosphorescence burned, observed Yang Jian and analyzed the situation.

And the results of the analysis seemed not very promising.

He felt he might have underestimated this newcomer to the fifth floor. Before coming, he thought this newcomer would be like the ones before, limited in ability, possibly taking the black letter relying partly on luck, as he hardly believed anyone could truly contend with the numerous supernatural presences in Room 502.

But this newcomer seemed to be a special existence.

"My name is Yang Jian."

Yang Jian glanced at the bizarre phosphorescence floating in the air and then said, "No need to scrutinize me. We are meeting for the first time; we've never met before."

"Indeed, we haven't met before. I apologize, I'm just somewhat curious, as it's been a long time since I encountered a newcomer. I heard there was an incident on the fourth floor, with a ghost mixing in among the Fourth Floor Messengers. The post office is issuing a special delivery task intending to clear out the Fourth Floor Messengers. I didn't expect someone would successfully ascend under such circumstances."

Zhao Feng said, then tested Yang Jian's reaction.

Though he seldom comes to the post office, he still pays attention to any changes and situations at the post office, not entirely unaware of the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Jian ignored him and casually said, "I haven't seen other Fifth Floor Messengers at the post office's fifth floor, so I don't know much about the fifth-floor situation. Since you are an Old Messenger on the fifth floor, surely you know more than me about the situation there. How about this, you cooperate a little and give me your memory, so I don't have to take as many detours. What do you think?"

"Wh... what?" Zhao Feng's plump face showed a look of surprise.

He wondered if he had misheard.

This newcomer named Yang Jian actually wants his memory?

"You actually can steal others' memories?" Zhao Feng became calm afterward and grew more solemn, as he read another layer of meaning.

"Yes, stealing the memory of the living is not difficult for me," Yang Jian candidly admitted.

Zhao Feng let out a slight cold laugh: "A secret like this being casually leaked, do you think you have me cornered?"

"Don't say it like that. You can also resist, but I don't believe your resistance would be of any use," Yang Jian said.

He didn't know the purpose of Zhao Feng coming to the fifth floor, as he merely wanted to steal the memory of a Fifth Floor Messenger. Besides, the person whose memory he steals does not die. If they cooperate, they might not even know their memory was stolen.

Hence, Yang Jian didn't find anything inappropriate in his actions.

At most, his approach was a bit domineering.

But how could Zhao Feng possibly cooperate with Yang Jian and let him steal his memory? Once his identity, purpose, and some secrets are known to Yang Jian, everything is exposed.

So this is absolutely an unacceptable request.

"You don't quite seem like a newcomer. I'm somewhat regretting coming to the post office alone. If I had waited for a few old friends to come together, you definitely wouldn't survive the night. Unfortunately, I still have to work overtime tonight; I can't skip work for too long, otherwise, they'll dock fifty bucks."

Zhao Feng realized that this newcomer had the ability to steal the memory of the living, making himself a target.

Nonetheless, he remained unafraid.

He had experienced Messenger conflicts before; this was not the first time.

"I have no interest in your nonsense nor do I want to ask you anything because anything I want to know I can retrieve from your mind. So if you want to make a move, do it quickly," Yang Jian said calmly.

"You think I will make the first move?"

Zhao Feng said coldly, hiding the rusty iron hook deep within his plump hand, completely concealed.

Under circumstances where both were prepared, making the first move might backfire, as neither knew the depth of the other's capabilities. The first to act would expose the depth of their abilities.

"If that's the case, then I apologize."

Yang Jian's words had just concluded when his Ghost Eye locked onto Zhao Feng intensely, and then a scarlet glow flashed by.

Ghost Domain was activated, instantly opening the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain.

The sixth layer of Ghost Domain can halt everything.

Even for a mere second, it was sufficient to reverse the situation.

Yang Jian showed no leniency whatsoever.

Zhao Feng's eyes suddenly widened, hair stood on end, and he found himself unable to move, as if rooted to the spot. He attempted to struggle, but it was to no avail, yet his consciousness remained clear, reminding him of the legend of Sleep Paralysis.

"Boom!"

The next moment.

The fissured long spear flew fiercely, piercing through his body, firmly pinning him to the stairs behind.

Unable to resist, unable to dodge.

Only watch the outcome unfold.

Afterward, the red light dissipated.

Yang Jian slowly came down the stairs: "Because I struck first, you didn't even have a chance to act."

"What a joke."

Zhao Feng widened his eyes, aghast.

However, he wasn't dead yet.

Because the Coffin Nail can only pin down the supernatural, it can't completely kill an ordinary person. It can only inflict a certain amount of sharp weapon damage on the living, though this damage isn't fatal.

But his chest was bleeding, yet his limbs could move. At this moment, he tried to raise his hand to pull out the spear that pierced his chest, only to find he had no strength at all.

The supernatural power within his body lay dormant, as if it had completely vanished and was unusable.

"Who the hell are you?" Zhao Feng's mouth was bleeding, and he growled.

Such a terrifying supernatural attack method, let alone him, even a real ghost couldn't withstand it.

A monster like this couldn't possibly appear among the Fourth Floor Messengers.

"I said, my name is Yang Jian. People in the supernatural circle call me, Ghost-eye Yang Jian." Yang Jian's face remained calm, as if he'd done something insignificant.

"Ghost-eye Yang Jian?"

Zhao Feng had never heard this name, but he was not stupid; he knew some changes in the outside scene.

"So that's it, you didn't enter the Ghost Post Office as an ordinary person but as a ghost handler."

"Save your strength talking; I need to extract your memory and then decide your fate. If you die first, don't blame me." Yang Jian walked over, preparing to extract Zhao Feng's memory.

"There's still a chance, I haven't lost yet, there's still a chance," Zhao Feng thought darkly.

His chubby palm was holding a rusted iron hook.

Just one strike, and he could kill Yang Jian instantly.

The opportunity would come when he approached and took his memory.

But at the moment, Yang Jian stopped three meters away from Zhao Feng. He didn't approach, but the Ghost Shadow underfoot quickly extended over, invaded Zhao Feng's body, and extracted his memory.

Zhao Feng went dumb seeing Yang Jian not coming closer.

This,

This guy is so cautious? Not giving any chance at all?

Damn.

Zhao Feng was angry and unwilling.

But it was to no avail.

Never in his dreams did he imagine that the renowned Soul-Reaper Zhao Feng from the post office would fall dramatically into the hands of an obscure young newcomer.

At this moment, he felt he had become a clown.

A chilling sensation enveloped his mind, Zhao Feng felt like something had entered his brain, but it was only a fleeting feeling that disappeared quickly.

"I see, Soul-Reaper Zhao Feng? Nice nickname, better than mine... Your current identity is a fish vendor, with a monthly salary of fifty-five hundred, and a pretty wife at home," Yang Jian was extracting his memory.

"Losing to you is not unjust, with your abilities, most Fifth Floor Messengers are no match for you, but don't be too happy too soon; there's someone on the Fifth Floor you can't handle," Zhao Feng said with a miserable smile, as he let go of his palm and tossed it aside.

The rusted iron hook attempted to dispose of.

Memory extraction was real, so he couldn't conceal this supernatural item.

It was all meaningless.

Yang Jian, seeing this, gave a glance with his Ghost Eye and then, the next moment, the supposed fallen iron hook appeared in his hand: "You want to throw it away? Too bad, if used well, I could really die at the hands of this thing, too bad you met me; holding the supernatural item in your hand, you don't even get a chance to use it."

"And I know why you came here, you want to kill me to take away the black letter from me, right?"

"Since that's the case, then I can't let you live."

Yang Jian continued extracting more and more memories, even knowing Zhao Feng's intention.

The Fifth Floor messengers seemed to decide to act together to kill him and restore the balance of the Fifth Floor.

Useful intelligence.

Yang Jian quickly completed the memory extraction, then glanced at Zhao Feng, directly erasing all his memories.

Zhao Feng had not yet died, but his eyes slowly became vacant, turning hollow, lacking any spirit, like a vegetative state.

"It's a shame his memories didn't have Captain Yinzi, which means he's never had contact with Captain Yinzi, though I believe I can obtain intelligence from the other messengers."

Yang Jian then walked over, pulled out the spear, and dragged Zhao Feng's body back to the Fifth Floor.

No need to continue wandering around the post office.

Tomorrow at six, the post office will be bustling.

Chapter 1032 Meeting Between Messengers

Early morning.

The sky was faintly bright. For most city residents, it was still bedtime, but for some, it marked the start of a day's work.

Every city is more or less the same.

It seemed there was nothing special today either.

But for some individuals, today's dawn was a signal, one that shattered more than a decade of peaceful living.

The Fifth Floor Messengers hidden within the city began to act.

They were prepared right on time, almost without needing to communicate. Just seeing the supernatural phenomenon appearing at the post office, they knew the balance on the fifth floor was

lost. They must rush back to the post office at full speed to regain the balance. Only then could they continue living the lives they wanted.

So at this moment, the Fifth Floor Messengers almost all united.

Whoever dared to restore the Ghost Post Office to operation was going to die.

There was no reason, nor any excuse needed.

It was all just to stay alive.

"Time to set out." A fifty-year-old man, wearing pajamas and slightly balding, emerged with his body covered in mud from a small grove in the suburbs.

He was slightly gasping for breath, holding something muddy in his hand, as if he had just unearthed it.

In front of him, a path leading to the post office was extraordinarily clear.

The post office was calling them.

If they didn't head to the post office for a long time, the curse of the post office would occur, and the messenger would be relentlessly hunted by a fierce ghost.

So, no one dared refuse the call of the post office.

Very soon.

This fifty-year-old man, wearing slippers and ignoring the dirt covering him, stepped onto the path leading to the post office.

Although it wasn't his first time walking this path, after many years, he still felt a bit sentimental and uneasy because he knew how often walking at night would always make you encounter ghosts, and going too many times to the post office would eventually result in one trip you wouldn't return from.

"Hopefully, this time will be just a false alarm like the previous ones, with the problems quickly resolved." The man was expressionless and indifferent, yet his heart was no longer as cold-blooded as it used to be.

He had a wife and children.

A decade of ordinary life had already turned him back into an ordinary person, and if given another ten years, once his child grew up, he might not even make this trip.

It's just that...

Now, his child was still young, and the family still needed him. He couldn't die, at least not now.

This fifty-year-old man was named Wang Yong, an extremely ordinary name. If not for that cursed letter back then, he would still be a very ordinary person, with an ordinary life, an ordinary family, and an ordinary job.

However, among the former messengers, the name Wang Yong represented a kind of awe.

Because while on the fifth floor, he had successfully delivered two letters, just one short of being free from the post office.

But Wang Yong's luck wasn't good. On the last occasion, he encountered a black letter, forcing his delivery task to stop.

Wang Yong quickly walked the eerie path, arriving in front of the Ghost Post Office.

Multi-colored neon lights flickered, illuminating a signboard with the clearly written words "Ghost Post Office".

His eyes flickered slightly as he looked and then pushed the door open to enter.

The lights in the first-floor lobby of the post office were already on, the dim and yellowed light dispelling the darkness, not bright enough but illuminating the surroundings.

Although it was quite early, the post office lobby on the first floor already had people, more than one person, clearly indicating someone had arrived early according to the time.

There were three people in the lobby.

A middle-aged man in a chauffeur's uniform, slightly out of shape, not in the condition he was in his youth.

Another was a man wearing a suit and tie, looking like an elite professional. He wore glasses, his face holding a faint smile.

The other was a woman, also in her forties, hair disheveled as if she hadn't fully awoken, with dark circles under her eyes and low spirits.

"You are... Wang Yong?" The others, seeing someone pushing the door and entering the lobby, immediately turned around and scrutinized.

Upon seeing a middle-aged man in pajamas, slightly balding, they immediately frowned, recalling familiar faces from the past, and finally, cautiously said from memory, "You're not Wang Yong, are you?"

Wang Yong nodded slightly and said, "We haven't seen each other for a decade; you've changed a lot."

The man in a suit and tie took off his glasses and wiped them, "This time is very peculiar; all night, the post office has been summoning us. Clearly, the black letter has fallen into the hands of that new messenger, but he should still be in the post office. I think we should be cautious, so I'm waiting here on the first floor for your arrival."

"After all, times have changed. Supernatural events are now appearing in the city. Some even control fierce ghosts and deal with such incidents, so we can't underestimate someone just because they're new. It very well could be that the newcomer didn't just get lucky with the game in 502 but genuinely managed to take the black letter with ability. If that's so, many might die today."

The woman in her forties with dark circles under her eyes said, "Over the years, the Fifth Floor Messengers have accumulated quite a few, certainly more than just our numbers."

Li Yong glanced over, "Surviving messengers aren't as many as imagined. Some get possessed by spirits. Though they've left the post office, they won't live long, with fierce ghosts resurrecting over the years, causing a series of supernatural events. It's hard to say how many remain in the end."

"But surviving Fifth Floor Messengers tend to show two extremes: either too weak or frighteningly strong. Those in between inevitably can't last and leave first."

"Our opponent is just one person. I think our four are enough." The chauffeur's face was grim, "Let's kill him; I need to get back to delivering food. I can't let it affect my work."

He seemed to work nonstop, delivering food during the day and driving at night. Considerably exhausting.

"Since we're all here, let's wait a bit longer. If we guard the first floor, that new messenger won't get out." Wang Yong said.

The others found it reasonable and had no objections.

After waiting all night, a little longer wouldn't make a big difference.

About ten minutes later, more messengers arrived one after another. Initially, there were only four in the lobby, but now six were gathered.

They figured six should be enough to take action. Although other messengers hadn't shown up yet, waiting longer was uncertain, and against a new messenger, this number was sufficient. Any more wouldn't add much significance.

"Let's stick with us for now; let's move to the fifth floor." Wang Yong said.

The others couldn't wait. They weren't willing to stay long in the post office, wanting to quickly resolve matters and leave.

A series of hurried footsteps echoed on the old wooden staircase.

They rushed directly to the fifth floor without hesitation, and since it was daytime, they weren't worried about encountering ghosts in the post office. Therefore, they didn't need to be overly cautious, given that this time they were dealing with a human. In all their subconsciousness, humans are much easier to handle than ghosts.

At least they wouldn't feel fear and dread.

Very quickly.

The group, resolved to restore the post office's tranquility, traversed the last flight of stairs.

They pushed open the wooden door and entered the fifth-floor hall.

Even though some messengers hadn't returned here for years, the oil paintings that covered the walls, and this silent hall often appeared in their dreams, drawing them back in the middle of the night.

"The mere smell here is enough to make one's heart race. If possible, I never want to return to this place in my lifetime," the man in a suit surveyed his surroundings, growing wary and tense.

"The door to room 502 is broken. What happened last night to not only damage the door? Has the ghost inside the room escaped?"

The speaker, a middle-aged woman, stared at the empty doorway and the wood shavings scattered across the floor.

One could only imagine someone had forcibly wrecked the door last night using brute methods.

"Now is not the time to worry about the door. This newcomer on the fifth floor is indeed not simple. His ability to break the door means his methods are formidable. By now, he should be resting in a room, so be cautious. Our presence may have already alerted him,"

Wang Yong's gaze shifted slightly as he eyed the other doors.

Excluding rooms 501, 502, and 505, there weren't many rooms left for people to stay in.

"A group of people can't handle a newcomer? I don't believe it," another unfamiliar fifth-floor messenger said gravely.

"It's not wrong to be cautious. Even if we win, the opponent isn't defenseless. They could take a few of us down with them," the man in a suit added.

However, as they spoke,

suddenly.

"Bang!"

A loud noise shattered the heavy atmosphere, and the door to room 507 swung open abruptly.

The next moment,

a person was thrown out, rolling to the ground, and finally lay on his back, motionless.

This somewhat overweight man wore an apron, stained with blood, his eyes wide open but devoid of any light.

"This is... Soul-Reaper, Zhao Feng? How did he end up here?"

"He probably couldn't resist coming to the post office alone last night to deal with this newcomer and ended up getting killed. This guy used to be somewhat overconfident, didn't expect he still hasn't changed," someone sneered.

"No, he seems to be breathing; he's not dead yet."

Someone checked and found that Zhao Feng hadn't completely succumbed; he was still alive.

"Even if he's not dead, his current state isn't much different from being dead. The other party spared Zhao Feng's life for some reason? Doesn't want to burn bridges? Or perhaps doesn't want to deal with a corpse?"

"Quiet, all of you."

Wang Yong immediately barked lowly, silencing the murmurs of the fifth-floor messengers.

Seeing Zhao Feng in this state, didn't any of them have the slightest sense of alertness?

Between killing Zhao Feng and capturing him, which is harder? It's obvious with just a bit of thought.

Although Zhao Feng used to be overconfident, it couldn't be denied that he was indeed very capable, having previously taken out new messengers on their way to the fifth floor by himself.

The rest of the group, after Wang Yong's outburst, set aside their varied thoughts.

Everyone turned their gaze to room 502.

At this moment,

the door of the room was open, and heavy footsteps could be heard from inside, signaling someone coming out.

"You came to the post office so early; you must not be here just for the mail delivery task. Also, there should be more of you fifth-floor messengers, yet not everyone is here?" a cold, emotionless voice echoed.

A young man in his twenties, holding an odd long spear, appeared at the doorway with an expressionless face.

As expected, Yang Jian had been waiting for them since a little past six.

They couldn't wait to come to the post office to restore the so-called balance.

"So you're the one who took out Zhao Feng? Are the new post office people so formidable now? An old fifth-floor messenger ending up so miserably," Wang Yong stepped forward, showing his stance and attitude.

"Wang Yong?" Yang Jian looked at him and said, "A ruthless man who delivered two letters on the fifth floor."

"You know me?" Wang Yong frowned, then glanced down at Zhao Feng on the floor.

This guy probably spilled all the information about the fifth floor; no wonder the newcomer captured him first and didn't kill him outright — to extract crucial intel.

"I know what I need to know. There's no need for false pretenses. You're after this thing, right?" Yang Jian waved his hand slightly.

A black letter appeared in his hand.

"So it was with him." A person nearby immediately showed a change in expression and couldn't help speaking up.

"Return that letter to room 502, and we can avoid conflict. The messenger's curse shouldn't continue. You should leave the post office like us and return to freedom. If you keep delivering letters, you'll meet a grim fate," Wang Yong glanced at the letter, not rushing to tear the situation apart.

He hoped to perhaps persuade this newcomer to stand on their side if possible.

If the stance changed, then there would be no enmity, and the misunderstanding could be alleviated.

"What if I say no?" Yang Jian pocketed the black letter.

"You better think carefully before you answer. The black letter is crucial to the balance of the fifth floor in the post office. Once it leaves, the post office will continue assigning mail tasks, and all of us fifth-floor messengers will lose our freedom, controlled by the post office. You, coming up from downstairs, should understand the dangers in delivering mail,"

"I just can't figure out why something beneficial for everyone still faces opposition," the man in a suit and glasses spoke slowly.

"Liu Ziwen, formerly an old fifth-floor messenger at the post office, who delivered a letter once," Yang Jian looked at him and named him, even knowing some of his past.

The suited man Liu Ziwen's gaze flickered: "Since you know so much, I don't understand your actions even more."

"No need to understand, because you won't grasp my methods either,"

Yang Jian said, not intending to explain, but instead said, "However, I can offer you an opportunity. If you're willing to cooperate with me, I'm willing to help you completely deal with the Ghost Post Office. Even if that's not possible, at least take control of it and free yourselves from delivering mail."

He extended an olive branch.

Yang Jian believed that the fifth-floor messengers were remarkable talents. If any were willing to side with him, he could recruit them to work for him in Dachang City.

"Think carefully before answering. I'll only give you this one chance. If missed, it will cost lives," Yang Jian finished, and the ghostly eye on his forehead suddenly opened wide.

The eerie eye rotated, scrutinizing everyone.

Chapter 1033 Instant Reversal

The atmosphere was heavy.

The messengers who rushed to the fifth floor of the post office early in the morning were all staring at Yang Jian, both scrutinizing and guarding against him. Some had already prepared to take action, wanting to kill Yang Jian immediately and retrieve the black letter.

However, Zhao Feng's miserable defeat made them hesitant.

This newcomer to the fifth floor was not simple at all; if they really engage, they might win, but there would definitely be casualties among them.

With these concerns, Wang Yong stepped forward, attempting to change Yang Jian's stance. If they could change his stance, this conflict could be avoided.

"Do you want us to help you completely resolve the Ghost Post Office or control it?" Wang Yong's eyes flickered with a hint of surprise as he looked at Yang Jian.

A wild idea.

Ordinary messengers wouldn't even dare to imagine such a thing, but Yang Jian seemed to have planned this all along.

"Fate is in your own hands, not in the hands of the post office. Leaving the black letter in the post office might grant temporary freedom, but that's just self-deception. Balance will be broken one day, and for your so-called freedom, who knows how many others have been indirectly affected."

Yang Jian said, "Today, I'm giving you an opportunity to think and choose. Join me, follow my arrangements, and I can help you completely free yourselves from the curse of being messengers. Of course, there will definitely be dangers along the way, and some will die, but I believe those who make it to the fifth floor are already aware of this."

"Additionally, from the looks of you, it's clear life isn't going well. While hiding your identity, you lose the ability to attain higher social status. It's normal for life to be difficult. If you agree to my terms, I'll provide a settlement fee substantial enough to relieve your worries."

"How much can you offer?" the man in the delivery uniform asked with a sullen face.

The others glanced at the delivery man, their expressions varied.

Yang Jian extended one finger: "One billion per person, regardless of life or death."

This time, he was willing to spend heavily, offering an exceptionally high price, enough to tempt any ghost handler struggling at the bottom of society.

"One billion? Have you read too many novels? Do you know how much one billion is? Looking at your youth, you probably can't even come up with ten thousand. I think you're using this opportunity to divide us and achieve your own aims. Don't believe him, speaking so audaciously without having the credibility."

Someone sneered immediately, with a bit of mockery.

"Whether I can deliver or not, you'll know with a try. There's no signal in this post office, otherwise one phone call could prove it to you." Yang Jian said, "The issue isn't the money, but your attitude."

"Money isn't very tempting for us. If it weren't for hiding our identities, obtaining wealth wouldn't be hard."

The man in the suit, Liu Ziwen, said coldly: "We care about freedom and life. The post office curse has affected us for a long time. Without resolving it, no amount of money means anything — we won't live to enjoy it."

"Rather than trusting you to resolve the Ghost Post Office, it's better to proceed as usual and return the black letter to room 502. Wang Yong, what's your take?"

Then he looked over at Wang Yong, who was in pajamas and slippers.

With both sides yet to take action, there's still room for deliberation. But once they do, there'll be no room for negotiation.

Wang Yong was silent, also thinking.

To be honest, he was indeed shaken. He previously thought Yang Jian simply wanted to take the black letter and start the delivery task. Unexpectedly, Yang Jian aimed to completely resolve the Ghost Post Office or even control it.

If Yang Jian succeeds, the messengers can truly regain their freedom.

This was much better than continuing to carry out delivery tasks.

Moreover, Yang Jian promised a settlement fee, and it was a sizable amount. Although Liu Ziwen mentioned money wasn't important for the messengers on the fifth floor, it was just words; in reality, the money was indeed significant, important enough for someone to risk their life for Yang Jian.

Hope, benefit, Yang Jian offered them both.

Wang Yong believed that more than just him was tempted; the only concern was whether Yang Jian was worth betting life and assets on this gamble.

"At this point, there's no need to look at others. You're all grown enough to make your own decisions, so decide for yourselves." Yang Jian said coldly.

Yet after a brief silence, no one publicly agreed to support Yang Jian.

Though some were tempted, that's all it was — temptation. Despite Yang Jian's offers sounding nice, no one dared easily believe him, and these words couldn't break the ten-year mutual understanding among the fifth-floor messengers.

After all, breaking this understanding would come at a cost.

If you choose the wrong side, you'll certainly face consequences later.

Moreover, the most crucial point.

As it stood, it was six against one; no matter how you looked at it, their side seemed more likely to win.

Some indeed pointed out that Yang Jian's words might be intended to divide them, causing them to lose their coordination.

"First, return the black letter to room 502, then let's arrange a time and place to talk outside the post office. If you can truly provide a billion settlement fee for each person, we can consider your request."

Wang Yong said, proposing a compromise that could potentially benefit both parties.

The others nodded silently, without saying much, implicitly approving of Wang Yong's approach.

After all, having another option is a good thing.

Deciding now would be somewhat reckless.

This moment, Yang Jian smiled coldly. He lifted the long spear in his hand and brought it down heavily, causing a loud noise and shattering the floor: "I think you all have yet to understand a fact. I'm not pleading with you, I'm offering you an opportunity. You don't have room to negotiate."

"The opportunity is given, but if you don't seize it, then all of you will die here today."

"It's understandable for young people to have tempers, but when you say such things, can't you weigh your own capabilities? The waters on the fifth floor are deep, not something a newcomer from the

fourth floor can comprehend. You'd better show some respect to us veterans, otherwise you'll die miserably."

The speaker was that middle-aged woman, and though her appearance was one of earnest persuasion, she was actually very assertive, giving an imposing feeling.

Yang Jian didn't respond directly, and merely said: "Since no one is willing to seize this opportunity, I won't persuade any further. Now I just want to know, how much supernatural power can you all still use? After enduring for more than ten years, how much longer can you last?"

"Don't worry, it's still possible to eliminate you." Said another messenger.

"Then there's nothing more to talk about. Let's get to it, kill me, and of course, you can take your letters back. If I knew it would come to this, I should've ambushed you earlier so you couldn't make it to the fifth floor alive. Now it's not too late to correct my mistake." Yang Jian stated coldly.

He didn't act first, considering whether he could draw a few messengers from the fifth floor to his side.

Although the messengers on the fifth floor rightfully deserve to die, from a broader perspective, he needed talents to handle supernatural events, not for himself but for future considerations.

At his words, the six messengers exchanged a quick glance and immediately made a decision.

Move!

Kill this newcomer, so everything on the fifth floor of the post office remains as is.

Shh! Shh!

The next moment.

The lights on the fifth floor of the post office flickered eerily, and even though it was daytime, the surrounding light seemed to be disappearing, rapidly dimming, despite the lights within the post office unable to prevent this encroaching darkness.

Wait.

This isn't darkness.

But like something covering the eyes, gradually losing light.

As the light dimmed further, Yang Jian saw a vague silhouette appear before him, like a child's finger, waving in front of him, trying to cover his eyes.

"Is this move already prepared? Upon seeing just one of my ghost eyes, they immediately took countermeasures, attempting to use a ghost to blind my ghost eyes, all they're doing without knowing the abilities of my ghost eyes."

"Looks like the messengers on the fifth floor are not bad."

A ghost trying to blind, yet unable to completely cover Yang Jian's eyes, because he has more than one ghost eye, and at most, the ghost can only cover two ghost eyes.

Two ghost eyes lack sight, meaning the ghost eyes are suppressed.

But that's not all.

The entire hall of the fifth floor of the post office started to twist and shake, lights changing, the bodies inside would become elongated, then shortened, tilted... a supernatural power disturbed everything here, forming a Ghost Domain.

"Don't give him the chance to act, finish him off in one go. This person is even more powerful than imagined. I can't affect his body." The middle-aged woman hastily said, her own body untouched by the disturbance.

She was the one using the Ghost Domain.

"Wang Xiuying." Said the man in the delivery uniform.

The middle-aged woman, named Wang Xiuying, immediately understood.

The hallway twisted, the man running with the delivery clothes also twisted, his position changed, aligning with Yang Jian's location, becoming very close.

As if instantly transferred within the Ghost Domain.

Though this way was a bit more unique.

The man in the cab armor appeared holding a sharp knife, a fruit knife, not large, but stained with blood, like a murder weapon.

The next moment.

The bloodstained fruit knife stabbed into Yang Jian's body.

Then quickly withdrawn.

The twisted place restored, the delivery man who, even after not moving, had already distanced from Yang Jian.

The stabbed wound kept bleeding incessantly and couldn't heal. At the same time, starting from the wound, the surrounding flesh began to turn ashen and cold, losing vitality, as though suffering some kind of erosion, rapidly becoming a corpse.

The blood-stained fruit knife was clearly a supernatural weapon.

For a living person, even a minor cut would cause unstoppable bleeding and they would quickly die, becoming a corpse. Even a fierce ghost would be affected.

Ghost Blind.

Blood-stained dagger.

Twisting hall.

Three messengers made their move, while the remaining three people, although showing signs of taking action, stopped when they saw things going smoothly.

"He's doomed," Liu Ziwen, wearing a suit, adjusted his glasses and said.

"Don't celebrate too early; something seems off about him. He hasn't moved at all," Wang Yong said.

"Can't move. Ghost Blind covers more than just his sight; his physical sensations are also obscured. This means he doesn't even realize he's in danger until he's already dead."

Liu Ziwen said, "Perhaps he has some ability, but during the previous conversation, I was already prepared to act, waiting for this moment. Lacking experience made him a bit overconfident, but that's fine; it saved me some trouble."

Wang Yong was silent, still feeling uneasy inside.

If this newcomer were so easy to kill, how did Zhao Feng fall for it?

"I told you, this young man isn't very capable, just boastful. Stabbed once, he'll die soon," Wang Xiuying snorted.

"Is it over?"

Some messengers felt it was too easy and instead became worried. Until they confirmed Yang Jian was indeed dead, they would not lower their guard.

"Plop!"

The next moment.

Yang Jian, standing still, lost his life aura and, as a cold corpse, collapsed to the ground.

However, once he hit the ground, something incredible happened.

The person on the ground suddenly changed appearance in a blink, turning not into the newcomer Yang Jian, but a middle-aged man in an apron with a distorted figure.

Is that... Zhao Feng?

Blood still flowed from Zhao Feng's back, his corpse ashen, clearly having died recently.

This scene made all the messengers' eyelids twitch, their hearts squeezing.

If the previous Yang Jian was Zhao Feng, then who was the Zhao Feng's corpse beside everyone?

"Damn it, we were played..." a messenger cried out, but was abruptly silenced.

A blackened hand clutched his throat.

The Ghost Hand, capable of suppressing a fierce ghost, left this messenger helpless to struggle, and with a cracking sound, his neck was easily snapped, and his body limply hung dead.

Behind.

A figure gradually emerged.

The first thing visible were a pair of crimson eyes, glowing with eerie red light.

"You..."

Wang Xiuying suddenly turned around, distorting everything around, but just as she did this, a huge gash violently tore across her neck. Blood spurted, then her head seemed to be severed by something, rolling to the ground.

"How, how could this happen?"

She remained conscious, unwilling to believe it. Despite being so far from Yang Jian, why was she still attacked?

"Wang Xiuying." The ride-hailing man was furious; his facial skin fell off piece by piece, revealing rotten and stinky parts as his body quickly transformed from a living state to a ghostly state.

He retained consciousness, briefly becoming a fierce ghost.

Holding a pointed dagger.

At this moment, he was both dangerous and terrifying, unable to be killed and could easily kill others.

Still, this ride-hailing man stepped forward, intending to attack Yang Jian.

Suddenly.

The collapsed Zhao Feng suddenly opened his eyes and came to, but his gaze was no longer Zhao Feng's. Instead, it was a stranger, seemingly receiving orders, lunging at the ride-hailing man with a rusted iron hook, latching into his flesh and pulling outward forcefully.

"Ah!"

A miserable cry emanated from the ride-hailing man's mouth, his figure shaking as though split in half, the living part was being hooked out from his body by that rusty iron hook.

At a glance, it looked like a soul departing the body.

"Soul-Reaper... Zhao Feng, how is this possible?" Liu Ziwen, the man in the suit, was utterly shocked.

"Bang!"

But before he could finish, a long spear suddenly flew out, directly piercing another messenger's head, pinning him on the nearby wall.

The body twitched a few times and then immediately fell silent.

Blood, screams, corpses.

In merely a moment, the situation was suddenly reversed.

Even the ferocious ride-hailing man was tightly restrained, losing his life to Soul-Reaper's hand.

Wang Yong's hand twitched, wanting to act, yet he suddenly stopped.

Because he felt himself being watched by strange, eerie eyes, as if he might vanish from this world in an instant.

"Ah!"

The last scream came as the alive part of the delivery man was forcibly hooked out by that rusty iron hook Zhao Feng wielded.

But once hooked out, that living part shattered like porcelain and vanished instantly.

The fierce ghost with the dagger stood motionless, without any action.

Clearly.

He was dead.

Not only him, Wang Xiuying was dead too.

The remaining messengers were choked to death, one with a head pierced through and pinned dead.

In an instant.

Four out of six messengers were lost.

Only Liu Ziwen and Wang Yong remained, both in cold sweat, their movements rigid, not daring to act rashly.

It wasn't that they lacked the ability to fight to the death.

But everything happened too quickly, making them feel powerless.

Clearly, the gap wasn't big, so why did they lose so miserably?

"Actually, your abilities aren't bad, but sadly, you encountered me," Yang Jian spoke coldly, then gently placed down the corpse in his hand, discarding it like trash to the side.

He wasn't being modest.

It was because he had stolen Zhao Feng's memory, gaining intelligence.

Otherwise, it wouldn't have been this easy.

"Zhao Feng... did he betray?" Wang Yong glanced gravely at Zhao Feng.

He had suddenly feigned death to eliminate a key figure on their side; otherwise, the situation wouldn't have reversed so thoroughly.

"I am not Zhao Feng."

Zhao Feng spoke, but his tone changed to that of a stranger.

"I see; no wonder Zhao Feng wasn't dead before, still had breath, he had already been replaced by another personality, tossing out Zhao Feng was not a show of force, but a trap," Liu Ziwen took a deep breath, understanding the beginning and end of the matter.

This was something no one expected.

Because when they acted, everyone's attention was on Yang Jian, who would have thought Zhao Feng would suddenly stand up and attack their people.

"But you're out of tricks, and we haven't given our all yet," Wang Yong regained his composure, still confident.

Chapter 1034 - The Final Meeting

Everything happened too fast. The six messengers wanted to join forces to eliminate Yang Jian, but unexpectedly, four of them were killed by Yang Jian in an instant. Although two were incompetent and their deaths were understandable, the deaths of Wang Xiuying and that designated driver were too regrettable.

One of them possessed a Ghost Domain that could distort everything, and the other could transform into a terrifying ghost wielding a sharp knife, incredibly fierce.

If the two cooperated, they would be invincible,

but why.

Why, even after Zhao Feng was stabbed, is he still not dead?

Even if he was replaced, being stabbed should have meant he was certainly dead, there should have been no possibility of surviving soberly.

Confusion.

Perplexity.

Everything that happened just now was too fast, and many things completely defied logic, utterly unreasonable.

But now doesn't seem to be the time to think about this.

Because Yang Jian is still here.

Only Liu Ziwen and Wang Yong were left among the messengers.

Moreover, Zhao Feng is not dead, still watching intently.

"Do we still need to team up and fight?" Liu Ziwen looked at Wang Yong, feeling some anxiety in his heart.

Can they really win if they continue to fight? Won't they be instantly killed like the others before?

"Wang Yong, do you know why I haven't targeted you?" Yang Jian spoke at this moment.

"Because I am the hardest to deal with, you want to clear out the others and then focus on dealing with me and Liu Ziwen."

Wang Yong said coldly: "So all your means were used on others, killing with one blow. It seems terrifying, but actually, everything was planned. In fact, your abilities are not as powerful as imagined, otherwise, I would have been dead by now."

"After all, you even used that paranormal object."

After saying this, he glanced at the long spear nailed to the corpse.

To quickly reduce the number of people on his side, he disregarded the paranormal object. This guy is really bold. Isn't he worried that the two of them would grab the long spear and use it against him?

No.

This must be a trap.

The long spear must not be moved. Otherwise, Yang Jian couldn't possibly be so careless.

Wang Yong realized this, aware that it was another trap, then immediately withdrew his gaze, giving up the idea of taking the long spear.

Yang Jian showed a cold smile: "That's partially true, but another reason is you hesitated, you didn't take action. Otherwise, I couldn't have quickly cleared out the others. This indicates that you were tempted by my previous proposal, maybe even tacitly agreed, you just didn't know it yourself."

Liu Ziwen beside was surprised to look at Wang Yong.

Indeed.

The Wang Yong of the past wouldn't have been so indecisive; now he became the most indecisive among them.

Facing life and death, such hesitation, it's not unjust to lose.

Wang Yong remained silent.

Indeed, he leaned towards Yang Jian's previous suggestion because Yang Jian's words touched his heart.

He longed to completely break free from the curse, and rationally understood that leaving the black letter here was not a long-term plan. He also wanted that large Settlement Fee because his child is growing up and would need money in the future.

"There's nothing to say; things have come to such a point, I can only fight hard, kill you, I can't allow the balance to be disrupted." Wang Yong shook his head and became determined again.

"No matter who it is, I will kill them myself."

Liu Ziwen beside was changing expression, contemplating admitting defeat and yielding. If Wang Yong's attitude shifted, he would have backed down without hesitation.

Unexpectedly, Wang Yong persisted.

"Is that so? Then as I said, come on, kill me, the winner is still you guys." Yang Jian opened his arms, powerful and arrogant.

Thud!

Suddenly.

Zhao Feng behind them suddenly collapsed to the ground for no apparent reason, and his body began to decay rapidly.

"Wang Yong, you're right, this Yang Jian just used up all his means, Zhao Feng wasn't unhurt after being stabbed; the injury was temporarily suppressed but now he couldn't hold on and died, so we still have a chance to win," Liu Ziwen suddenly showed joy upon seeing this.

Without one more Soul-Reaper Zhao Feng, only a Yang Jian who lacks paranormal objects remains. The situation is bad but not to the point of despair.

Yang Jian didn't speak, expressionless, revealing nothing.

"I know, but this guy is still dangerous. Even if we team up, the odds are still not great." Wang Yong continued to keep a close watch on Yang Jian.

"At least there's hope now." Liu Ziwen tightened up, all nerves on edge.

The only good news is, Yang Jian is still so confident, arrogant, unwilling to make the first move; otherwise, the situation might again be different.

However, just as the remaining people were ready to draw their swords.

Suddenly.

Outside the large door behind Wang Yong and Liu Ziwen came the sound of footsteps, seemingly high heels tapping on wooden stairs, crisp and clear with each step. Evidently, a new messenger had arrived on the fifth floor.

But before the new messenger entered, a voice came through: "You'd better save yourselves the trouble. Trying to deal with Ghost Eye Yang Jian is something you absolutely cannot achieve. I can be sure that you will be the ones to lose in the end. This guy can reset himself, reverse outcomes, even if you win he can turn it back."

Liu Ziwen and Wang Yong's expressions changed slightly, they immediately glanced behind them.

Creak!

The wooden door was pushed open.

A woman with a graceful figure, wearing a red qipao and red high heels appeared in front of them. Her features were beautiful, skin fair and flawless, making her strikingly stunning.

"Are you also new?" Wang Yong asked.

He hadn't seen this woman on the fifth floor before, so the only possibility was that she was from the current batch of newcomers.

Therefore, he was wary.

"The people coming up from the fourth floor seem quite extraordinary."

Liu Ziwen scrutinized the woman in the qipao, feeling an inexplicable eeriness at just first glance.

It's as if a ghost from the Republic of China Period was resurrected.

"Leuk Qingqing, you really dare to come, huh?" Yang Jian sneered, "Can't wait to send yourself to death? I remember mentioning at the ancient house, that the moment you stepped onto the fifth floor, I would kill you without hesitation."

"So it's an enemy." Liu Ziwen and Wang Yong sighed in relief upon hearing this.

An enemy's enemy is a friend.

It seems they've gained another formidable ally.

"How about we join forces here to take down this Yang Jian?" Wang Yong extended an invitation.

But Leuk Qingqing shook her head and said, "No, it'll be very hard to win against him even if we join forces, and he's not alone. Li Yang? Let him come out, you're so cautious, hiding Li Yang in the room and waiting to strike at the critical moment to ensure nothing goes wrong, right?"

"Seems like you've observed the captain long enough to understand his personality." At this point, Li Yang came out of room 507 with a stern face.

With the secret exposed, those remaining became alert, losing the element of surprise in the ambush.

"There's more?"

Liu Ziwen and Wang Yong's eyelids twitched, giving Yang Jian, who appeared harmless human or animal, a deep look.

Are today's young people really this insidious?

Zhao Feng's trick of pretending to be dead wasn't enough, the room actually hid another messenger.

If a fight breaks out later, they're likely to suffer a great loss.

"Seems like age has caught up with me, unable to return to my former self, my alertness has diminished." Wang Yong mocked himself, comparing the past to the present.

It seems he has already been eliminated, not fit to be a messenger, not even able to match others in risk-taking skills.

"Leuk Qingqing, you should've died long ago, living until now is partly my fault." Li Yang said.

Leuk Qingqing responded, "Can you kill me with your combined forces?"

"Let's see. After all, I haven't truly made a move against you." Yang Jian extended his arm and opened his palm.

From the distance, a black shadow suddenly sent a spear impaling a corpse flying toward him, landing stably in his hand.

Li Yang reached out and touched the wall.

The next moment

"Bang!"

The door to the hall shut instantly, sealed tightly with no chance for them to escape.

Leuk Qingqing laughed, a very unfamiliar smile, seemingly not belonging to her at all: "Yang Jian, you know I frequently suffer memory loss, unable to control myself, but that's not really amnesia; rather, someone has replaced me, using my identity to think and act."

"After the ancient house incident ended, my clear-headed periods grew less frequent, I'm being eroded and will die soon. However, inversely, the more I lose control, the more memories appear in my mind that don't belong to me, allowing me to understand myself more thoroughly."

"Having understood myself clearly, I realized she is dangerous, and similarly, I am dangerous too. If you insist on killing me, then I'm sorry, but before I die I'll drag you, this Ghost Eye Yang Jian, into the grave with me."

"Aha, so you interfere with each other? Since that's the case, I wonder how much of that Republic of China woman's identity you've stolen." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

He understood this was the last clear-headed time for Leuk Qingqing, coming to the courier station with a certain resolution.

Beside him, Wang Yong frowned.

He remembered Leuk Qingqing saying earlier that it would be difficult for three of them to beat Yang Jian.

Why does she suddenly have confidence now?

Could it be she has other tricks or perhaps other helpers?

Chapter 1035 - The Collision Again

In the hall on the fifth floor.

Blood, the stench of corpses, and broken bodies were everywhere, a gruesome sight.

However, the struggle between the Fifth Floor Messengers had not yet ceased and continued on, for the conflict was unresolved, and the enemies remained.

Yang Jian and Li Yang stood in the middle of the hall, not far in front of them were Liu Ziwen, Wang Yong, and the suddenly arrived Leuk Qingqing.

Despite Wang Yong's side having the numerical advantage, in reality, if it came to a fight, they had little confidence.

The numerous corpses on the ground were the best proof; they had been alive just fine a few minutes ago, and within moments, their lives had been lost here.

Yang Jian's gaze fixated on Leuk Qingqing.

Leuk Qingqing was the only variable.

Because she possessed the memories of a woman from the Republic of China Period. Although it was unclear how much memory Leuk Qingqing had gained now, she certainly had acquired something; otherwise, she would not have dared to come to the fifth floor of the post office like this.

"Leuk Qingqing is wearing those red high heels, which the Ghost Shadow cannot use as a medium to dismember her. The red cheongsam she wears is also a haunted object, and underneath her clothes is not a living body but a headless puppet. By estimation, it's confirmed she has at least three ghosts on her."

"As for that Wang Yong, not only possessing haunted objects, he also likely controls two ghosts, but the intelligence is unclear. The memories of that Zhao Feng also did not contain any information about Wang Yong, but I am sure this Wang Yong is the most powerful presence among this group of messengers."

"Liu Ziwen possesses the ability to be hidden by the Ghost Blind and holds haunted objects, plus the possibility of controlling two ghosts cannot be ruled out."

Quick thoughts surged through Yang Jian's mind.

These three people joining forces were not weak from the information disclosed, especially with Leuk Qingqing having the memories of a Republic of China Period woman, perhaps she could find a way to counter his reactivation.

The atmosphere was somewhat heavy at this moment.

No one made the first move.

The corpses on the ground already proved the brutal nature of this struggle; once a move was made, there was no chance of escaping injured. It would undoubtedly end with the death of one side.

Such is the brutality of a struggle between ghost controllers. Once action is taken, life and death are inevitable outcomes.

However, this tense atmosphere did not last long.

Leuk Qingqing, dressed in a red cheongsam, slowly walked forward at this moment. She glanced at Yang Jian, then at Li Yang, and said, "Aren't you going to make a move? This is not like your style. Are you wary of me, or are you wary of the one inside my body?"

She extended her finger, lightly tracing the red cheongsam before her.

In the dim environment, the cheongsam on Leuk Qingqing appeared even more vivid, as if it were glowing red. Strangely, the places she walked with those red high heels left vibrant shoe prints.

Akin to being smeared by fresh blood.

Unexplainably, those red high heel footprints didn't vanish, but eerily started moving, spreading around as if an invisible person was walking in the high heels, and fresh footprints followed where they trod.

New footprints continued to spread, and in no time, dense red footprints appeared all around Leuk Qingqing.

"This woman named Leuk Qingqing is indeed very peculiar." Wang Yong's gaze sharpened upon seeing this, feeling like there was an unfathomable aspect to her.

She didn't seem like a messenger but rather someone from the Republic of China Period appearing in the present, very similar to the eerie things encountered during the message delivery process.

When the blood-stained footprints on the ground spread to a dense degree, the earliest footprints began to disappear.

Evidently, this spreading had limits and wasn't endless.

But soon, Leuk Qingqing's figure began to fade, as if she were going to disappear with those red shoe prints.

Leuk Qingqing showed no surprise. She smiled strangely at Yang Jian, her eyes revealing a sinister and venomous look, as if what Yang Jian had done pushed her onto a path of no return. At this moment, she wanted revenge, to drag Yang Jian along with her out of this world.

"Leuk Qingqing has made her move. Wang Yong, should we act?" Liu Ziwen kept his voice low, sounding nervous.

Wang Yong gave Yang Jian a long, deep look and said, "We have to act, we have to go all out this time, but not now. This woman's enmity with Yang Jian seems even deeper than ours."

Liu Ziwen understood immediately.

This was about making a move based on the situation, not wanting to be the first target, especially given the earlier situation they witnessed. Rashly acting first could make them Yang Jian's initial target and get them killed. Let Leuk Qingqing withstand the first wave of attacks, then it would be much safer to act.

Yet at this moment,

Leuk Qingqing's body faded away, eventually disappearing in front of them, leaving only a conspicuous red shoe print, but that red shoe print quickly blended into the dense prints around, and soon, the one belonging to Leuk Qingqing herself couldn't be identified.

All that was known is that Leuk Qingqing had become one of the blood-stained shoe prints and mingled in.

Afterwards,

The red high heel prints spread, each seemingly representing a fierce ghost, wandering around.

The hall on the fifth floor was large, but now it was all marked with these blood-stained shoe prints, seemingly enclosing Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's expressionless face showed no change as his Ghost Hand eyes opened one by one, attempting to see what lay behind those red prints.

However, the moment his Ghost Hand eyes opened, the surrounding light dimmed, and in his vision appeared the terrifying outlines of fingers, each cold finger beginning to close, blocking his view, making it impossible for him to see clearly.

The Ghost Blind phenomenon manifested itself on him once more.

At this moment, Liu Ziwen continued to intervene, trying to interfere with Yang Jian, not allowing his eyes to continue seeing where they shouldn't.

This time, the Supernatural Power of Ghost Blind seemed stronger than before.

Yang Jian felt more hands blocking his eyes; previously, it had covered his two Ghost Hand eyes, but now even in the vision of the third Ghost Hand eye, the outline of the fierce ghost appeared.

Blocking three Ghost Hand eyes meant that in his Ghost Domain, he could not open more than six layers at most.

Thus, he couldn't even reactivate himself.

"Just now, Leuk Qingqing leaked the intelligence to Liu Ziwen. Now they desperately try to suppress my Ghost Hand eye reactivation? The judgment from the Fifth Floor Messengers is indeed sharp. Leuk Qingqing only mentioned my Ghost Hand's title and my ability to reactivate myself, and they realized reactivation depended on the Ghost Hand eye."

Yang Jian remained expressionless, knowing this confrontation had just begun.

Liu Ziwen's eyes were fixedly staring at Yang Jian, his pupils were turning white, like those of a blind man, and his body began to twitch slightly in pain.

The supernatural power was in use, which meant the fierce ghost was also eroding his body.

He wasn't a supernatural being, using these powers came with a heavy price, especially as he was now trying to harness them to blind Yang Jian's ghost eye.

"Therefore, Liu Ziwen must be killed first."

Even Yang Jian's eyes seemed blinded, unable to see clearly even when open. However, his ghost eye, crimson and eerie, still peered around.

Covering three ghost eyes, he still had other ghost eyes.

At this moment.

Yang Jian moved, then the whole person disappeared from the spot.

"He's coming at me."

Liu Ziwen shouted low, cold sweat streaming from his forehead, as a sense of impending death flooded his mind.

"Go!"

At this moment, Li Yang also moved sharply. The clothes in front of him were suddenly torn open by a huge supernatural power, revealing a chest full of scars engraved in the shape of a door, with blood already flowing around it, forming a crimson door, which opened at this moment.

Underneath his skin seemed to hide a long-haired fierce ghost, this ghost targeted Wang Yong.

Wang Yong immediately felt his balance lost, uncontrollably flying towards Li Yang. He felt himself being bound, as if caught by a fierce ghost, being dragged into that bloody door, to disappear from this world.

"You've picked the wrong opponent."

Wang Yong always dreaded Yang Jian, not the Li Yang behind him. If this Li Yang had the same strength as Yang Jian, they wouldn't hide in room 507; the two of them would join forces to kill them all directly.

In the air, Wang Yong counterattacked.

An icy cold breath gathered in front of him, vaguely revealing a thin, eerie fierce ghost. This ghost stood there, straight like an electric pole, spreading its bony hands to block the middle.

Subsequently, Wang Yong broke free from the supernatural constraints, dropping from mid-air.

But it wasn't over yet, as Wang Yong vanished into thin air as he fell.

"Ghost Domain?"

Li Yang was instantly shocked.

He didn't expect this Wang Yong to also be a ghost master possessing a ghost domain.

"Is his target me?" Li Yang felt the danger.

It seemed as if someone was closing in, about to make a move against him.

Yet he couldn't determine their location, because he didn't possess a ghost domain, unable to counter it all.

However, the next moment,

Li Yang found himself suddenly enveloped in a red light, the darkness dissipated, entering Yang Jian's ghost domain.

Ghost domain confrontation,

At this time, Li Yang saw Wang Yong appear beside him, with a fierce look on his face, wielding a dirt-covered shovel at him, resembling the one used for digging graves during the ancient house messenger mission.

However, this shovel was clearly not the one outside the ancient house.

The shovel for digging graves outside the ancient house was a common object, whereas this seemed to be a supernatural item.

Moreover, the surrounding red light twisted around the shovel, affecting the ghost domain.

In such a situation, even Yang Jian couldn't transfer Li Yang using the ghost domain.

But Li Yang was not afraid, almost instinctively reacted, raising his hand which held a bloodstained wooden mallet.

Supernatural item against supernatural item.

The dirt-covered old shovel heavily struck the bloodstained wooden mallet.

A bizarre sound emerged, like a fierce ghost's scream mixed with a tooth-grinding friction sound echoing.

The bloodstained wooden mallet in Li Yang's hand shattered instantly, turning into wood chips on the ground, emitting a foul stench, yet the old shovel remained unharmed.

In the battle of supernatural items, Wang Yong obviously won.

Li Yang felt his body suddenly become heavy, stumbling and falling to the ground, he struggled to get up but found half of his body numb, losing the ability to move.

"Die."

Wang Yong, expressionless, with murderous intent in his eyes, raised the shovel again to strike down.

This time, he aimed to smash Li Yang's head, to kill him completely.

"Taking my life isn't that easy." Li Yang gritted his teeth, moving half his body, then struggling to turn over.

A tattered puppet doll appeared on his body.

The puppet doll was upside down, its round big eyes eerily rolling, fixating on Wang Yong.

The shovel came down, accurately supposed to smash Li Yang's head, yet inexplicably struck the puppet doll instead.

"Wah~!"

The puppet doll was hit flying, letting out a strange baby-like scream, yet carried an inexplicable ferocity.

Li Yang was also struck in the chest, a dent formed in front, spitting a mouthful of blood, feeling his internal organs shattered.

This shovel is not simple. It seems to have the ability to repel all supernatural forces, no, not just repel, but also a more powerful suppressive force.

At the moment of being hit, it feels as if being nailed down by a coffin nail.

The reason the blood-stained mallet shattered is because of this.

Li Yang now also understands that if he's hit on the head with this thing, even if his head doesn't shatter, he would instantly die.

And in this brief life-and-death struggle, there is no doubt that Li Yang is not a match for this Wang Yong. If it weren't for Yang Jian's Ghost Domain temporarily offering some protection, or relying on two supernatural items for support, he would have been taken out by now.

"Damn it, so hard to kill?" Wang Yong was both shocked and angry at this moment.

Even though he had the upper hand, he was getting anxious.

Failing to eliminate this man named Li Yang immediately means that once Yang Jian frees up his hands, it will be very difficult to deal with him.

"Why won't you just stay dead?"

Wang Yong raised the shovel for the third time, but this time his movements were slow, as if the shovel were heavy, or as if some supernatural power interfered with him, preventing easy use.

Obviously.

He was paying some kind of price for using the supernatural item.

The worn-out puppet doll beside him stood up again, glaring at Wang Yong with malice and resentment, as if being slapped away earlier had made the puppet hold a grudge.

But the worn-out puppet doll also moved awkwardly.

After being slapped away, it seemed to be undergoing supernatural suppression, limping with its crawling speed very slow, unable to easily close in to attack Wang Yong.

Li Yang, with half his body numb, still struggled to stand up during this moment, but he did not retreat a step. He understood in his heart that if Wang Yong's third shovel strike came down, he would surely die.

However.

Supernatural confrontation is all about pushing limits.

The stronger the attack, the less it can be used casually.

"If I block his third attack, the win will be mine. If it doesn't work, I'll drag him with me to death." Li Yang tightly gripped the last supernatural item.

It was a wooden door handle.

This was the key to the Ghost Gate, only to be used at critical moments. Using it usually brings disadvantages rather than benefits.

Meanwhile, on Yang Jian's side.

What he was facing was even more bizarre, making it impossible to lend a hand to Li Yang.

As Yang Jian activated the Ghost Domain to charge at Liu Ziwen, the ground was swiftly covered in dense red high-heeled shoe prints, surrounding him.

Each red shoe print affected a part of his Ghost Domain, and combined, they covered the ground, forcibly blocking him.

The interference of the Ghost Domain and red shoe prints prevented Yang Jian from killing Liu Ziwen immediately.

When he tried to strike again, Leuk Qingqing's figure reappeared before him.

But Leuk Qingqing who appeared had no hands, no face, only a red cheongsam-wearing, high-heeled shoe-stepping, incomplete corpse.

These corpses were not real but could be touched and felt.

The red cheongsam on the faceless, handless corpse was particularly striking, and each corpse was the same.

"Get lost."

Yang Jian slashed with his Firewood Knife, brutally dismembering several corpses.

The fallen corpses did not disappear, just a few red shoe prints were gone.

But the remaining cheongsam-wearing corpses rushed in again, making up for the number of corpses just dismembered.

It seemed like Leuk Qingqing wanted to wear Yang Jian out this way.

No wonder she said she wanted Yang Jian to go down with her.

If Leuk Qingqing could really hold on, perhaps it might just be possible.

"Trying to wear me down?" Yang Jian sneered, "Do you really think you can do it?"

Amid countless corpses, there was a special existence mixed in. This was a person with hands and a face, the hidden Leuk Qingqing among them.

Only she was well-hidden, making it impossible to pinpoint the location.

Leuk Qingqing said, "If I can't wear you down, I might as well revive the malevolent spirits. Yang Jian, don't underestimate anyone, and now your Ghost Eye is being suppressed, maybe I don't need to wear you down to kill you."

All the corpses in red cheongsams surged, closing in on Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's vision was obstructed, his Ghost Domain was blocked, its range compressed.

"If you can hold on, Liu Ziwen also has to hold on."

Among countless mediums, Leuk Qingqing fell silent for a moment.

The corpses surged more urgently, trying to engulf Yang Jian.

Clearly, Yang Jian was right.

Leuk Qingqing could hold on, but Liu Ziwen couldn't.

Forcing the closure of three Ghost Eyes wasn't an easy task for him. Although temporarily, Leuk Qingqing and Liu Ziwen had joined forces to suppress Yang Jian, this balance would eventually break.

"If it really comes to that, I still have a more dangerous way to deal with you." Leuk Qingqing's voice came, she still had methods yet to be used.

"Then let's give it a try."

The dark Ghost Hand of Yang Jian directly clamped a corpse. The corpse began to disappear, unable to maintain its form under the suppression of the Ghost Hand. However, the red qipao on the corpse was striking, briefly sustaining the existence of the medium, allowing it to hold on for a little while longer despite being on the verge of vanishing.

This brief support proved fatal, as the speed at which the corpses were being eliminated couldn't match the speed at which they were increasing.

"Is this the consequence of the puzzle being completed?" Yang Jian's face darkened.

The red high heels and the red qipao complemented each other, amending some deficiency, and it wasn't just that—Leuk Qingqing also controlled a third ghost.

The Puppet People.

Yet this ghost's abilities hadn't been utilized, but if they were all part of the puzzle, it would likely be quite troublesome as well.

"It seems Leuk Qingqing has acquired part of the memories from that Republic of China Period woman and learned how to use her supernatural powers, something she'd never understand this quickly on her own."

"However, that doesn't mean she can suppress me."

The Ghost Shadow under Yang Jian's feet immediately spread out around him.

The red shoe prints stopped, no longer advancing, as the surroundings were shrouded in black shadows, leaving no place for the red shoe prints to step.

These shoe prints couldn't step on the Ghost Shadow.

Because the Ghost Shadow wouldn't leave any shoe prints.

The media, dressed in qipao and resembling corpses, all came to a halt.

Then, cold, dark hands appeared on these corpses, clutching their legs and arms tightly, further restraining their movements.

Soon.

The corpses ceased their activity.

Yang Jian, holding a long spear, directly pushed the corpses to the ground, no longer using the Firewood Knife because using it came with a cost.

The corpses were toppled over, losing their balance, instantly triggering a deadly curse.

The fallen corpses disappeared one by one, and the medium was being erased.

Though the red qipao was extraordinarily bright, possessing supernatural power to sustain these corpses, it couldn't last long.

In this confrontation, Yang Jian not only used the supernatural powers of two ghosts but also employed a deadly curse. Although Leuk Qingqing also controlled two ghosts, she lost out due to lacking supernatural items, so she was being suppressed, while Yang Jian seized the advantage.

"That Yang Jian's not dead yet? No, if this continues, I'll be exhausted to death." At this moment, Liu Ziwen's face was pained and twisted, his body drenched in cold sweat, convulsing.

His eyes under his glasses had turned white and rotten, completely blind.

Aside from that, his senses were fading, with smell disappearing first—he couldn't smell anything, and then his hearing began to blur, not as sharp as it was before. Even his consciousness felt like it was leaving his body, sluggish and dazed.

Using the supernatural power to blind the three Ghost Blinds wasn't something he could sustain; it was deadly.

In his view, he would do his utmost to suppress Yang Jian temporarily, and then Leuk Qingqing would help, and Wang Yong would take out the one called Li Yang, causing the situation to reverse instantly.

By then, three against one, the chances of winning would be high.

But he hadn't heard Wang Yong's voice.

Clearly, Wang Yong wasn't progressing well; he hadn't managed to kill the one called Li Yang initially, and similarly, Leuk Qingqing couldn't take down Yang Jian on her own—it seemed that simply stalling was already an achievement.

"The balance point is on me; if I can't hold on, this Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes will be unsuppressed, and it'll be disastrous," although Liu Ziwen couldn't see, his mind was very clear.

"Wait, someone's approaching."

Suddenly.

Liu Ziwen's heart shrank sharply as he heard sound, the noise of someone rapidly approaching.

That was... Yang Jian.

The corpses surrounding Yang Jian were forcibly pushed away, the fallen corpses triggering the deadly curse of losing balance and beginning to disappear, and the disappearing corpses couldn't be replenished because all around was covered by the Ghost Shadow, leaving nowhere for the blood-stained shoe prints to step, unable to continue increasing in number.

"Even with all my current supernatural power, I still can't contend with Yang Jian, can I?" Leuk Qingqing, mingled among countless corpses in red qipao, stared at Yang Jian.

As the last corpse was pushed away.

Yang Jian emerged, and in front of him stood Liu Ziwen, blind, leaning against the wall, appearing extremely pained.

He didn't say a word, raising the long spear in his hand and thrusting forward.

That was part of the Coffin Nail.

"Yang Jian, I'm not dead yet, why the rush?" Leuk Qingqing suddenly appeared, blocking Liu Ziwen.

The Coffin Nail struck her, but it didn't pierce into Leuk Qingqing's body. The red qipao and the puppet body underneath seemed to render it impermeable.

"Blocked?" Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

Then he understood: "I see, if it can't be pierced, the Coffin Nail's effect won't activate. You dare to block it—who gave you the confidence to think I can't kill you?"

The next moment.

The Firewood Knife was lifted, and it brutally swung at Leuk Qingqing's head.

Leuk Qingqing raised her hand to block the strike, her face cold as she said, "I know a lot about your skills. The Firewood Knife, capable of dismembering all supernatural entities, is indeed formidable. I've been pondering how to counter this, and I found a way, and it's not difficult."

She wore gloves that seemed to be made of gold, insulating her from contact with the Firewood Knife.

Chapter 1036 - Victory or Defeat

Yang Jian watched as Leuk Qingqing reached out and grabbed the Firewood Knife, wearing a confident look, which he found laughable.

"You are truly foolish to the extreme, relying on the qipao to block my Coffin Nail, and using gloves to grasp my Firewood Knife. Do you think that with these two things, you can persist against me without being killed? If it were just like this, today you can head to your grave."

Leuk Qingqing said nothing, staring at Yang Jian, her hands gripping the Firewood Knife tightly, unwilling to let go.

Her strength was immense, not something a normal woman should possess; if an ordinary person were caught in her grasp, their bones would probably be crushed.

But Yang Jian was not weak either.

It was as if, battling till now, even their strength was being utilized.

Seemingly reaching a point of exhaustion.

However, Leuk Qingqing was very clear that she was at a disadvantage because Liu Ziwen was helping to suppress the Ghost Eyes. Once the Ghost Eyes lose suppression, Yang Jian could immediately reset himself.

At that time, he wouldn't be able to be killed.

Facing an unkillable enemy, it would surely be she who dies.

"Yang Jian, stop bragging, the Supernatural Power you command is indeed terrifying, but haven't you failed to kill me until now?"

Leuk Qingqing said, "So you are not invincible, as long as the method is right, you can still be taken down. And do you know why I've only just appeared now?"

"Because I needed to use the power of the Fifth Floor Messenger. Relying on myself alone, I would surely be killed by you."

"But now, the one losing is you."

In the next moment.

Leuk Qingqing suddenly let go of the Firewood Knife she was gripping tightly, instead of retreating, she rushed towards Yang Jian, a bloodied dagger appearing in her hand at some unknown time.

This dagger was not hers; it belonged to the man running the errands among the Fifth Floor Messenger.

Previously, that messenger was killed by Yang Jian using Zhao Feng's corpse, then ignored.

Leuk Qingqing came close, lunging at Yang Jian as if in an embrace, yet that dagger pierced into Yang Jian's chest, sinking deeply within.

"I blended in among so many corpses earlier and was not standing idly by. Yang Jian, you were careless this time, I believe this is real, not an illusion."

She watched Yang Jian's chest bleed, the nearby skin turning ashen and dark, a smile appearing on her face.

A mixture of satisfaction and a sense of relief.

Why should this Yang Jian always have such an arrogant, superior attitude, deciding her life and death?

Today, she was going to drag this Yang Jian down with her.

Because even if she actually killed Yang Jian, she wouldn't live for long.

"Now let me see, whether even the Ghost-eyed Yang Jian can die? This is not an ordinary knife; it's a Supernatural Object. You know very well what happens to those stabbed by it."

Leuk Qingqing gripped tightly, the knife twisting, rotating at the location of his heart as if hoping to bring Yang Jian greater pain and harm.

But when she raised her head, she saw not Yang Jian's pained expression, but one of calm, cold indifference.

As if the physical pain didn't matter at all.

"You do understand me well, but not thoroughly enough. It seems your retrieval of that Republic Era woman's memory was incomplete. Otherwise, this knife would never have struck."

Yang Jian's face was rapidly paling, the wound flowing with blood non-stop, the breath of life dissipating, his physical state deteriorating rapidly.

Despite this, he still seemed unconcerned.

Leuk Qingqing was baffled, still raising her head slightly, staring at Yang Jian, observing the subtleties of changes on his face.

She wanted to see Yang Jian in fear, regret, and failure.

Yet what she saw was indifference, and a faint mockery.

"Impossible, you can't reset now; you're doomed."

Leuk Qingqing relentlessly grasped the knife, desperately pushing it in.

As if trying to pierce through Yang Jian's entire body.

"Dead? Hahaha." Yang Jian laughed: "Have I not died many times? Do you think Yang Jian got here by luck? You want to kill me, then I want to know, facing the real me, how will you kill?"

In the next moment, the spear in his hand stood heavily on the ground.

Then he released it, spread his arms, and his body fell heavily backward.

"Bang!"

Yang Jian, with a smiling face, ashen complexion, blood continuously flowing from his chest, fell to the ground like a cold corpse, with no breath or movement.

Leuk Qingqing was stunned, a bit puzzled, not comprehending.

Yet, in the next moment.

Something horrifying happened.

Beneath Yang Jian's corpse, darkness gathered, and a tall shadow slowly stood up. The shadow's face bore an eerie visage, a face drawn with fresh blood, identical to Yang Jian's, so lifelike it seemed printed on, vividly dripping.

As if a shadow wearing a human blood mask stood up, holding the cracked spear, a cold atmosphere permeating, the tall body giving off a bizarre, oppressive feeling.

It can't open its mouth, can't speak.

But on that blood-stained mask, a pair of scarlet ghostly eyes moved, revealing a strange look.

This look was the same as Yang Jian's before.

So... is it Yang Jian?

Leuk Qingqing was stunned, her arm holding the blood-stained dagger fell powerless, and her whole body involuntarily retreated, a strange fear engulfing her completely.

It turned out.

It turned out this was Yang Jian's true face.

The real Yang Jian was not a normal living person, not even a ghost handler, but a true ghost.

This is Ghost Eye Yang Jian's biggest secret.

A ghost cannot be killed.

These words popped into Leuk Qingqing's mind, and she laughed, a bitter laugh, giving up the foolish idea of dragging Yang Jian down with her, because it was impossible, she could not drag a ghost to the grave with her.

"Is this your true form? So you've already become a fierce ghost, no wonder you don't regard others in your eyes, you're right, they're not your match, neither am I, now I believe you have the ability to deal with the Ghost Post Office and put an end to the messengers' fate."

"All of us were so deceived by you, no, you didn't deceive us, after all, who would tell others such a secret."

"I lost, there's no need for this struggle to continue."

The tall Ghost Shadow still stared at Leuk Qingqing, silent, full of oppressive force.

Yang Jian didn't make a move. He knew Leuk Qingqing no longer wished to resist, resulting from the loss of confidence after knowing the truth.

"But Yang Jian, remember this, though I've admitted defeat, it doesn't mean I've reached my end. I still have means yet unused, but facing a real ghost, all methods are meaningless, and I don't want to cause greater destruction, I'm not that cold-blooded and ruthless."

Leuk Qingqing still had an indomitable spirit, very stubborn and resilient.

But faced with Yang Jian, who was identified as a fierce ghost, these traits couldn't exert decisive influence.

The tall Ghost Shadow moved at this moment, taking a step forward, as if telling Leuk Qingqing, it's time to send you off.

Leuk Qingqing said, "No trouble for you to make a move, my time has ended early, this is the last time I'll be conscious. I've made a deal with her, once I close my eyes this time, I will never wake again, you can rest assured, there will no longer be a person like Leuk Qingqing in this world."

After she finished speaking, she slowly closed her eyes.

The tall Ghost Shadow stopped, watching Leuk Qingqing die.

"Yang Jian, you know, I don't want to die... I just want to live." Leuk Qingqing muttered, shedding two tears, finally closing her eyes completely.

She became motionless, with no more breath.

The red cheongsam on her body still so vibrant, her figure still so graceful and perfect.

But none of it belonged to her anymore.

Unfamiliar memories were replacing hers.

And around, those dense red high heel prints were disappearing, as were the corpses, all supernatural phenomena were dissipating.

The tall Ghost Shadow, after gazing with its ghost eye, slowly retreated, merging once again with the lifeless corpse on the ground.

Yang Jian opened his eyes and came to his senses, his chest still bleeding, his whole body cold, devoid of any warmth.

Even though the body was dead, he remained alive, still conscious.

This is an anomaly.

Forsaken a living identity, almost equivalent to a fierce ghost's existence.

"Lost, did I lose?"

At this moment, Liu Ziwen, who had gone blind, even his hearing was blurry, but he still understood what had just happened, despairingly collapsing to the ground.

He couldn't hold on, was about to die, even if Yang Jian didn't act, he would die from the resurrection of the fierce ghost.

"Yes, you lost." Yang Jian's tone was stiff and cold.

Clang!

Once this side's situation was clarified, on the other side, Wang Yong let out a self-mocking laugh, then dropped the shovel in his hand.

In front of him was Li Yang.

Li Yang leaned helplessly against the wall, unable to resist, just waiting for the shovel to strike down, he was doomed.

But at the crucial moment, Wang Yong stopped, he gave up.

What was the point of killing Li Yang?

Leuk Qingqing couldn't hold on, Liu Ziwen had reached his limit, even if he killed Li Yang, he'd still be killed by Yang Jian, besides, killing his teammate might provoke merciless retaliation.

He couldn't bear the consequences of such retaliation because he had a family behind him.

If it had been ten years ago, he definitely would have struck with the shovel.

Chapter 1037 - Money to Buy Life

The Fifth Floor Messenger attacked Yang Jian, ultimately leading to failure.

As the price of failure, including Leuk Qingqing, a total of seven messengers, five died. Of the remaining two, one is about to succumb to ghost revival, and the other has given up fighting seeing the situation hopeless.

All of this happened within a mere dozen minutes.

This short period wouldn't even be enough for breakfast outside, but here, it has already determined the entire direction of the Ghost Post Office, and its existence is very likely tied to the secrets of supernatural incidents.

Yang Jian ignored Leuk Qingqing, who stood motionless without a breath, and instead walked directly to Liu Ziwen's side.

At this moment, Liu Ziwen's eyes were blind, his hearing was nearly gone, and even his other senses were greatly affected, an impact that continued to intensify.

Ghost revival is an irreversible condition, and to this day, there's still no solution.

Yang Jian didn't care much; he grabbed Liu Ziwen's neck and lifted him up entirely.

Ghost Hand suppression.

The Ghost Shadow invaded, and began to extract Liu Ziwen's memories.

The Fifth Floor Messengers each had their intelligence information. Yang Jian needed to collect the information in these messengers' minds to better understand the Ghost Post Office.

Liu Ziwen struggled instinctively, trying to escape Yang Jian and catch his breath.

But it was all futile.

The Ghost Shadow invaded Liu Ziwen's head, and then a strange memory began to appear.

Liu Ziwen stopped struggling, he only rolled his eyes weakly and dangled, his consciousness was fading, while a supernatural power not only stole his memories but also erased them.

"Ghost Blind... one-time supernatural item, life-buying money, controlling a ghost but managed to prevent ghost revival for ten years... seems like I've discovered some extraordinary intelligence information." Yang Jian's eyes flickered, having extracted valuable intel while retrieving Liu Ziwen's memories.

The reason the Fifth Floor Messengers survived without dying from ghost revival was not only due to rarely using supernatural powers but also another reason.

Someone helped them suppress the ghost revival.

In the memory, Liu Ziwen went to an old shop, a traditional Chinese medicine store located in a dilapidated alley. The store owner was... just as Yang Jian was about to see the owner's appearance, suddenly, Liu Ziwen let out a horrifying scream.

His ears, eyes, and mouth were bleeding, painfully distorted.

The memory was mysteriously interfered with, making it impossible to steal the impression of the shop owner.

Eventually.

Liu Ziwen stopped struggling, his face twisted, covered with blood, dying miserably in agony.

Yang Jian opened his eyes, the Ghost Shadow retreated from Liu Ziwen's corpse, although the extracted memory was slightly incomplete, all that needed to be known was understood.

Although the shop owner's appearance is unknown, he knows the location of the shop.

This intelligence is quite enough.

"That shop owner helped Liu Ziwen suppress the ghost, extending the time of its reviving, and it seems not only him, but other Fifth Floor Messengers know of such a place. Zhao Feng appears not to be that cohesive, surprisingly not in his memory, interesting..." Yang Jian thought secretly.

He set this matter aside temporarily, then fished out an item from Liu Ziwen's pocket.

A paper currency, colorful and green, not too old, like something from ten or twenty years ago, most importantly, it has a denomination, saying seven yuan.

A seven yuan note, falsely made, not even found in printed joss paper.

But this was the paper money Liu Ziwen risked his life to obtain from a postal task, although this was just one of them, memory indicates he obtained three, yet used up two others.

This paper currency is extremely special.

According to the intelligence in Liu Ziwen's memory, in supernatural events, if this currency is given to the ghost, the ghost will never attack you anymore.

Remember, forever.

Even if you meet killing criteria, the ghost won't target you. You could dance before a ghost if you're daring enough.

This reminded Yang Jian of the saying: Money makes the ghost turn the mill.

"An incredible supernatural item; Liu Ziwen never used this last note, unexpectedly benefiting me. Ensuring a ghost never attacks you has far stronger effects compared to a substitute doll, a Ghost Candle. Used wisely, it can solve an S-level supernatural event."

Yang Jian was astonished, wishing he could fish out more from Liu Ziwen's corpse.

Sadly, this thing appears to be one-time, non-reproducible; Liu Ziwen himself acquired it accidentally, once used, possibly gone.

Looking at the special seven yuan currency in hand, he solemnly pocketed it.

Then.

Yang Jian inspected Liu Ziwen's memory once more, ensuring nothing was overlooked before discarding the corpse aside.

As for the ghost within the body.

He doesn't need it.

The ghost Liu Ziwen controlled wasn't strong, merely restricted Yang Jian's Ghost Eye somewhat, but limitedly so, offering little value unless captured to sell or tossed into the Ghost Gate.

Yet now wasn't the time to clean up the scene.

Leuk Qingqing lost consciousness but isn't dead, a new awareness is emerging.

Additionally, Wang Yong is still alive.

At this moment.

Yang Jian turned to look at Wang Yong, and spotted Li Yang who nearly got killed.

It was clear that Li Yang wasn't a match in the earlier confrontation between them.

But Li Yang did his best to stall Wang Yong, preventing him from aiding Leuk Qingqing. If Li Yang couldn't hold on and died suddenly, Yang Jian would have had to face another Messenger, and the situation might have taken a different turn.

"Why did you hold back?" Yang Jian saw the shovel Wang Yong had tossed aside.

That was no ordinary shovel. If it hit, Li Yang would have surely died, yet Wang Yong abandoned it.

"Killing him wouldn't solve anything, there's no point. Leuk Qingqing has already lost, Liu Ziwen is dead, and I can't handle you alone," Wang Yong said.

Li Yang struggled to stand up again at this moment: "Captain, I'm sorry to have disappointed you."

"No, you did well. The Fifth Floor Messengers vary in strength. You faced a relatively strong Messenger. Making it this far is commendable. Leave the rest to me; go back and get some rest later on, after all there's no delivery task now," Yang Jian said.

This Wang Yong controlled two ghosts, possessed a Ghost Domain, and had supernatural weapons.

With such power, he would be a top-notch ghost handler in the supernatural circle outside, and in the headquarters, he would even qualify for a team leader nomination. He's impressive, but still a bit short compared to Yang Jian. However, dealing with Li Yang and Feng Quan, he could easily gain an advantage.

"He has the Ghost Domain, and that shovel is very dangerous. Wang Yong has the ability to counter-kill instantly; Captain, be cautious," Li Yang reminded.

This wasn't reserved in front of Wang Yong.

Although Wang Yong seemed unwilling to act now, who knows if he's doing it on purpose. The shovel might be on the ground, but as long as Wang Yong wanted, he could immediately pick it up and smash it onto Yang Jian's head.

This possibility cannot be ignored.

Wang Yong said, "You outside ghost handlers are truly extraordinary. Adding the experience of a Messenger, losing to you isn't unjust at all."

Even though he's a Fifth Floor Messenger, so are Yang Jian and Li Yang.

More importantly, they have an additional role, ghost handlers.

They have long dealt with supernatural events, boasting more experience and cunning than the Fifth Floor Messengers.

Moreover, the Fifth Floor Messengers have been mingling among ordinary people for over ten years, so their skills have undoubtedly declined. Thus, losing this time isn't seen as capsizing; it's simply that Yang Jian and Li Yang are stronger, and they are falling behind, facing elimination.

"Now, you can do it. Kill me, and this matter will end here. The affairs of the post office won't concern us dead ones anymore," Wang Yong said, his expression peaceful, ready to die here.

Being a Fifth Floor Messenger, this point of acceptance was something he already had.

Lost is lost.

Nothing unacceptable.

Yang Jian looked at Li Yang, then at him and said, "To be honest, I don't really want to kill you. You have the capability, the brains, and the Fifth Floor Messenger also has experience in handling supernatural events, you're talented. And although you won against Li Yang earlier, you didn't kill him. While I don't know what you were thinking, since you gave Li Yang a chance, I'll give you a chance too."

"What chance?" Wang Yong frowned.

"A chance to choose again."

Yang Jian said, "I mentioned before, either oppose and die here or join me to handle the Ghost Post Office. Those who didn't believe I could do nothing about, so I had no hesitation in eliminating them. Now, what are your thoughts? To die like this or join us and survive."

"Why me?" Wang Yong didn't rush to answer but asked instead.

"You have concerns and don't do things extremely, so you should be able to follow orders."

Yang Jian spoke bluntly, "This means you have the possibility of change. They're different; they can't change. Even if they're not dead now, I would still send them on their way."

Wang Yong became silent. The first thing that came to his mind was his wife and children back home.

Indeed, his heart wasn't as ruthless as before, and he did have concerns.

In fact, when Yang Jian proposed to handle the Ghost Post Office, he already had thoughts. But out of concern, he dared not make a decision because other Messengers were watching him. If he stood on the wrong side, his entire family might mysteriously die.

Now.

Wang Yong no longer needed to pick a side because everyone else was dead.

"If I join you, will you trust me? Instead of seizing a chance to use me as an expendable piece?" He expressed his concerns.

Yang Jian replied coldly, "Trust isn't given; it's earned. If you're willing to work hard and take risks, naturally you'll earn our trust."

Wang Yong said, "I can join you, work hard for you, but I need money, the same amount you promised before."

"No problem." Yang Jian nodded.

He's not afraid of Wang Yong taking the money; he's afraid he won't take it. Because someone who doesn't need money tends to be prepared to die at any time, making such a person the most dangerous.

Wang Yong needing money indicates there's someone he needs to provide for, a connection, an attachment, which also means he won't take extreme actions.

"Once the money is in place, I will fulfill my promise and won't let you down." Wang Yong said.

He felt that if he was going to die anyway, if it happened like this, with no value at all, it would be better to die with some value.

"After leaving the Post Office, I'll have my secretary transfer the money to you. But for now, you need to work," Yang Jian glanced at the corpses scattered around the hall.

Under the dim lights, the torn-up bodies exuded a bizarre aura.

If not dealt with quickly, the fierce ghosts would be revived.

"Li Yang, open the Ghost Gate and put all these bodies into the Ghost Gate. Keep anything useful; some of these Messengers have special supernatural items that shouldn't be wasted," Yang Jian said.

The blood-stained dagger, the rusted hook, the dirt-covered shovel, as well as the death-purchasing money he obtained from Liu Ziwen's body earlier.

The Fifth Floor Messengers really had quite the fortune.

However, Li Yang did suffer some losses. His small mallet was shattered, beyond repair, and of no further use. But all in all, it was still a gain.

Chapter 1038 - The Future of the Post Office

A bizarre door opened.

Wang Yong was wearing pajamas, covered in blood and dirt, filthy, yet he said nothing, remained silent, and simply collected all the corpses on the ground and threw them into the door.

He glanced at the door, and it seemed to be connected to an unknown supernatural place, not existing within reality, possibly a place to imprison malevolent ghosts.

Yang Jian didn't help; he was paying attention to the deceased Leuk Qingqing.

Li Yang sat resting on the side, his body numb, took a long time to recover.

In no time, all the corpses in the fifth-floor hall were cleared.

"Captain, are there only this many Fifth Floor Messengers?" At this moment, Li Yang glanced at Wang Yong and then said.

Yang Jian said, "No, not just these, there are plenty more."

He learned from the stolen memories that the Fifth Floor Messengers were not limited to these; it's impossible to have accumulated so few over ten-plus years, especially since after the appearance of the black letter, there have been other messengers on the fifth floor.

"So, only part of them came today, and there will be more messengers arriving one after another?" Li Yang said, "Will we have to act again later?"

"This is the most stubborn batch; their death means the greatest resistance is gone, and the remaining messengers, scattered, will be easier to deal with." Yang Jian said.

Then he threw something to Li Yang.

It was a rusty iron hook.

Also a supernatural item used by the Soul-Reaper Zhao Feng, this item is very powerful, much stronger than the blood-stained mallet.

"You can carry this from now on; it suits you better."

Li Yang accepted it unceremoniously, "The puppet doll seems to have been in bad shape this time, previously got knocked flying twice, now actually closed its eyes, quite unbelievable."

He took out that old puppet doll; now this eerie puppet doll actually had its eyes closed and was motionless.

"What's with the shovel? This puppet doll can perfectly withstand the attacks of malevolent ghosts and attack and gaze at living people. Now it's having its eyes shut by a shovel." Yang Jian frowned, looking at the shovel Wang Yong was holding.

He was using the shovel to shovel while moving the bodies, not using his hands.

This shovel seems to have the ability to suppress the supernatural.

"It must be an incredible supernatural item." Li Yang said in a low voice, "It can't stay in Wang Yong's hands; he is not trustworthy yet, and having such an item on him could be fatal if he turns on us at a critical moment."

"I know, I'll have him hand it over." Yang Jian said.

At this moment, Wang Yong finished his tasks and came over.

"All the corpses have been dealt with, only Leuk Qingqing remains. What are you going to do? If needed, I can throw her into that door too."

Yang Jian said, "No need, Leuk Qingqing is dead, but there is another person hidden in her body. I am waiting for her resurrection. Also, the shovel in your hand is extremely dangerous, I cannot let you use it for now, but I won't treat you unfairly, take this in exchange."

With that, he tossed out the blood-stained dagger.

Wang Yong's face showed a slight change; he looked at the shovel in his hand, eyes complex. The greatest reason he managed to survive to the fifth floor and almost deliver three letters and escape from the post office was not because he controlled malevolent ghosts, but he obtained this shovel early during a previous letter delivery task.

Without this shovel, he would have died several times over.

"You're the boss, you've decided."

He sighed, showing no regrets or reluctance; after accepting the blood-stained dagger, he handed over the shovel.

Yang Jian took the shovel, "Rest assured, I will return it to you when you are trustworthy, but not now."

"I understand, I have no objections." Wang Yong replied.

"What are you planning next? If you plan to complete the black letter delivery task, the fifth floor will still see many deaths. This task you should already know, only the messenger who succeeds will survive, the others will die from the post office curse, back then we wouldn't deliver the mail, not because we didn't want to, but because no one dared to do so."

He then recalled the past situation, just like now.

Anyone holding the black letter would become a target, back then no Fifth Floor Messenger dared claim they could certainly overcome others combined.

Thus, the plan to leave the black letters in the post office was formed.

This was a solution that pleased everyone.

It avoided being cursed to death by the post office and got rid of the post office's control.

At that time, this plan was ideal, nothing bad about it, otherwise, it wouldn't have brought ten-plus years of peaceful life.

"I am not going to deliver the letter. I came to the fifth floor not to deliver for the post office, delivering letters before was only a helpless act to go upstairs." Yang Jian said calmly.

Wang Yong realized something: "Not delivering, then there's only one option left..."

"Tear the letter." Li Yang said calmly.

Yang Jian took out the black letter, "If tearing this black letter, what would happen?"

"Generally speaking, tearing a letter will lead to attacks from malevolent ghosts; if you withstand it, the post office considers the delivery successful; if not, you'll die. And as you move up the floors, the delivery task gets harder, the more letters you tear, the stronger the attacks. Have you torn letters downstairs?" Wang Yong said.

"Torn two letters." Yang Jian said.

Wang Yong mused, "Someone once said not to tear more than three letters; but this is actually a misconception. As long as you're strong enough, you can keep tearing letters, there's really no limit, most people just can't bear the cost of tearing a fourth letter."

"But I suspect if the black letter is torn, the fifth floor will revert to before, messengers will start normal deliveries, and then everything would lose meaning again, with endless deliveries, messengers will eventually die."

"Since you do not plan on delivering the letter, restoring balance on the fifth floor is not to your advantage."

Indeed.

If Yang Jian tears the black letter, the fifth floor of the post office resumes the delivery task.

He can escape the post office using the black letter, but Li Yang can't; the black letter only allows one person to escape the curse.

"Now this situation is exactly the same as back when we were." Wang Yong said, "But this time, you are the boss, whatever you decide, I have no objections."

Li Yang also looked at Yang Jian, though saying nothing, it was clear he had no objections.

At this time, as captain, Yang Jian had to make a decision.

"No rush, the black letter hasn't left the post office, the delivery task hasn't started, there's time to think." Yang Jian said, "Before making this decision, I also need to consult someone."

With that, he looked at Leuk Qingqing.

No.

She can no longer be called Leuk Qingqing, but an unknown woman from the Republic of China Period.

She is reviving, using Leuk Qingqing's body.

This is a very sinister thing, truly unknown how that woman from the Republic of China Period managed to achieve this, clearly dead for so long, yet still can come back to life.

But according to Yang Jian's hypothesis.

This woman from the Republic of China Period is definitely dead, but her memory has somehow been preserved through supernatural means. Perhaps it resides in that qipao, or maybe in those red high heels, or perhaps she will revive when all the pieces of the puzzle come together.

This revival isn't truly a resurrection in the traditional sense; it's more like an inheritance.

Latter-day ghost handlers inherit this memory, but the key lies in whose memory dictates everything.

Just like Yang Jian, he revived from the Ghost Shadow, and his memory dictated everything, so he is Yang Jian. But Leuk Qingqing failed; she did not dominate this Republic of China woman's memory and was instead replaced.

Yet irrespective of the outcome, when the supernatural puzzle is complete, this Republic of China woman will return.

This is an undeniable fact.

Even if Leuk Qingqing can suppress and take the dominant position over this Republic of China woman's memory, her successor, or the one after, will still become some kind of vessel.

Upon careful thought, it's rather terrifying.

"Do you not want to wake up, or is it that you can't wake up?" Yang Jian stared at Leuk Qingqing's corpse and spoke: "I do not have the patience to wait any longer."

It seemed as though she heard his words.

Leuk Qingqing's cold, lifeless body suddenly moved, her eyes slowly opened. However, her expression completely changed at this moment, unlike Leuk Qingqing's cold and proud demeanor; instead, there was a hint of a smile, a touch of allure, as if she was a charming beauty.

"After so many days apart since the old mansion, I didn't expect us to meet again so soon." She spoke, her voice also changed, completely unfamiliar.

"Replacing the present person and reviving from the past must not be easy; honestly, you should thank me. Without my consent, you couldn't have returned so easily," Yang Jian asked.

She continued: "No, you're wrong, I have not resurrected; I am someone born from the supernatural, neither her nor Leuk Qingqing. You might not understand my words, but it doesn't matter; you can consider me a resurrected person from the Republic of China Period, though I won't be called Leuk Qingqing anymore; you can call me Sister Hong."

Sister Hong?

But given her age, you might as well call her Granny Hong.

"Names aren't important, just labels. I am certain Leuk Qingqing is dead, you being revived just works," Yang Jian said: "This place shouldn't be unfamiliar to you."

"The Ghost Post Office, right? This place is naturally familiar," Sister Hong began to walk, her steps graceful, more so than Leuk Qingqing, while her eyes glanced at the oil paintings on the wall.

Yang Jian said: "I allowed your resurrection hoping to find a way to deal with the Ghost Post Office through you."

"You can't deal with it; the Ghost Post Office, the Ghost Post Office, it itself is a trap. How can those within the trap handle it?"

Sister Hong paused, turned around, and smiled: "However, I can make you control the Ghost Post Office, make it operate in a healthy manner. As long as you wish, the Post Office can stop delivering letters and instead handle supernatural incidents. After all, the Post Office is too old and can't keep up with the times. Next time, change the sign to the Supernatural Incident Handling Center."

"Change the letter delivery task to deal with supernatural incidents?" Yang Jian's eyelid twitched: "Can it be done?"

"Not hard to achieve, rules can change, and the person controlling the Post Office can alter these rules. However, the one controlling the Post Office can never leave it, just like that person in room 502, if so, are you willing?" Sister Hong said.

Yang Jian immediately refused: "I cannot stay here forever; there are more important matters outside."

"Then find someone willing to stay in the Ghost Post Office and come discuss this with me." Sister Hong said: "I will stay in the Post Office for a while, but not for long. Seize this opportunity."

After saying this, she walked lightly towards a room.

That room is...504.

During the night, strange opera sounds emanate from that room as if someone is performing opera.

Everyone knows on the Fifth Floor Messenger that there is a ghost in that room, and it's fierce. Entering there is courting death.

But Sister Hong didn't avoid it at all; she opened the door and went in.

Yang Jian glanced but did not remind her more.

This Republic of China woman reviving using Leuk Qingqing's body is certainly no simple matter; the ghost in the room surely can't kill her so easily.

"Control the Ghost Post Office, change the letter delivery rules," Wang Yong's face was filled with astonishment at the moment.

Such a thing, he didn't dare imagine before, yet unexpectedly it can really be done.

But the price is leaving someone permanently in the Ghost Post Office.

Then who will stay?

Wang Yong looked at Li Yang; if Yang Jian isn't willing, then it's only between the two of them.

"Right, becoming the controller of the Post Office makes one a kind of anomaly, and there's no need to worry about the ghost's revival anymore. As for that black letter, better leave it temporarily in the Post

Office, it is an opportunity. It allows you to choose anyone to become the controller, even if that person is not the Fifth Floor Messenger."

Suddenly, Sister Hong said this before entering room 504.

Then the door banged shut.

The hall fell silent again.

After a while, Li Yang spoke in a low voice: "Choosing a person to control the Post Office, turning the letter delivery task into solving supernatural incidents sounds good, but is her word credible? If there are traps, that'll be disastrous."

"Moreover, there's no guarantee that this resurrected Republic of China ghost woman doesn't have plans of her own."

Yang Jian remained silent.

Because Li Yang's concerns are valid; this self-proclaimed Sister Hong is unfathomable, leaving no information, her identity a mystery, only known to be associated with people from the Republic of China Period.

"If no suitable candidate is found, I can stay in the Post Office."

Suddenly, Wang Yong said: "I know you don't trust me, but if it can end the messenger's fate, I will not refuse."

"It's pointless."

Yang Jian thought for a moment, looking coldly: "The First, Second, and Fourth Floor Messengers are all dead, leaving only a few of the Third Floor. Now, even turning the letter delivery task into resolving supernatural incidents doesn't mean much. New messengers are ordinary people; are you expecting ordinary people to handle current supernatural incidents? It's just sending them to their deaths."

"Moreover, solving supernatural incidents is harder than delivering letters. Never mind the lack of people in the Post Office, even if it were fully staffed, they'd all die eventually. This place is a death trap with no hope at all."

"So Sister Hong's words can't be trusted?" Wang Yong said.

Yang Jian frowned: "You can believe it, but not fully. I need to control the Ghost Post Office, but how it gets used should be up to me, not this Sister Hong."

"What if she opposes?" Wang Yong asked.

Yang Jian gave him a glance: "She's a resurrected specter from the past; we fight again, it's either her death or mine."

Wang Yong felt a shiver run up his spine.

At that moment, he felt he might've truly made the right choice.

This Yang Jian is genuinely determined to end the Ghost Post Office, willing to risk his life for it, not just saying so.

That's how it should be. This way, he won't repeat old failures. As long as he's strong enough and determined, he can indeed wrap up the Ghost Post Office in his hands, ensuring no more innocent lives are taken here.

What a pity.

If only there had been such a person before, many tragic events wouldn't have happened.

Chapter 1039 - The Final Gathering

As the person who called herself Sister Hong walked into Room 504,

the lobby on the fifth floor of the post office returned to calm once more.

Yang Jian got some information from this Sister Hong and roughly understood the next steps he needed to take.

Destroying the post office completely is unrealistic; the only remaining option is to control the post office, and then, after gaining control of the post office, change its rules to completely cancel the letter delivery task. He hasn't decided on what the Ghost Post Office will become, but he definitely disagrees with Sister Hong's idea of turning it into a center for handling supernatural events.

Because such an approach is essentially no different from delivering letters; instead, it is more cruel, and forcing incapable people to deal with supernatural events is not only sending them to their deaths, but also causing chaos.

"Let's put this issue aside for now; the urgent task is to find someone to take control of the Ghost Post Office. This person can be an ordinary person, a ghost master, can be a messenger, or not a messenger at all..." Yang Jian thought secretly.

If the person is not a messenger, he can forcefully drag them into becoming a messenger.

This is not a difficult task.

So the question is, what kind of person should he let control the Ghost Post Office?

"The safest method is not to choose someone else, but to resurrect someone myself and modify their memory, then make them a ghost master and subsequently the manager of the post office, using the post office's curse to get rid of the risk of ghost resurrection."

Suddenly, an idea took shape in his mind.

His Ghost Shadow controls the memories of countless people, and he can choose anyone from those memories to resurrect.

While Yang Jian was contemplating, Li Yang and Wang Yong exchanged glances.

There was some discomfort between them.

They fought earlier, risking their lives, and almost killed each other. Now becoming teammates is somewhat uncomfortable, but with the situation changed, they both know it's wrong to have conflicts in their hearts.

As adults, they should put aside past events and resolve misunderstandings.

"I'm sorry for what happened earlier, I had no choice, hope you don't take it to heart," Wang Yong said. He was forty or fifty years old, and calling Li Yang a kid was not inappropriate.

Li Yang replied, "It's fine, it's a case of not fighting, not knowing each other. Your strength is formidable, hard to imagine you've reached this level ten years ago. It's truly a waste for you not to join the headquarters. If you'd joined then, you might have become the captain now."

He then explained the existence of headquarters.

The Fifth Floor Messenger who hid his identity for over a decade, during the supernatural resurgence a few years ago, was essentially a leader. Joining headquarters would have had Zhao Jianguo and Cao Yanhua dreaming happily.

At that time, the headquarters was newly established; the number of ghost masters was not only small but also weak.

"Everyone has their own aspirations; can't force it. I just want a simple life, tired of dealing with those ghostly things."

Wang Yong shook his head, "But back then I didn't think those ghostly things would appear in reality, forming bizarre supernatural events. If I had known, maybe I really would've joined the headquarters."

During the time he was active, supernatural events and ghosts were just stories, legends; they hadn't truly appeared. Occasionally, when they did appear, they would be quickly resolved, so he didn't do anything wrong then.

"Now I understand, once stepping into this circle, there's no leaving; simple living is impossible. The best I can do is work hard myself so my family can live simply."

Li Yang nodded, "You're right; when supernatural events happen, someone has to stand up and deal with them. Everyone wanting a simple life is unrealistic; ghosts are unreasonable—once they appear, someone must step up. The captain and I have always been dealing with supernatural events."

"The Ghost Post Office is just one of them; I didn't expect it to be so complex, consuming a lot of time and energy, with limited rewards. But at least it's nearly over this time."

He discussed many things with Wang Yong, revealing some aspects of the supernatural circle so he would quickly understand what's happening outside now.

Although Wang Yong lived in the city, his life in anonymity, avoiding the supernatural circle, with low social status, meant he knew little of the situation, relying solely on news to judge its reality.

But understanding the truth like this is very surface level; he doesn't know as much as Li Yang, an insider.

The more he understood, the more Wang Yong felt suspicious and unsettled.

When he heard that Yang Jian had built safe houses and even set up food and vegetable production bases, it was alarming.

This is more than just dealing with supernatural incidents—it's preparing for the collapse of the situation.

The actions of such characters are essentially indicators.

"Things actually got this bad...yet it's still stable outside," Wang Yong said incredulously.

If the situation outside is indeed as Li Yang said, how could it still be so calm?

"That's because batches of heads have died; take Dachang City for example, it's on its fourth head, and all within two years," Li Yang said.

Four leaders in two years.

You can imagine how many people died dealing with supernatural events.

After hearing this, Wang Yong was silent.

Now he begins to understand Yang Jian's actions, compared to those leaders, they as messengers have indeed justified reasons for punishment.

To leave them doing nothing is one thing, but causing one supernatural event after another due to the letter delivery task would justify not allowing messengers to live. If this issue gets out, I think the headquarters will certainly agree with the leader's approach.

So Yang Jian handling messengers is reasonable, sensible, and legal.

There's no wrong in their deaths.

"You actually chose wrongly from the start; to put it bluntly, even if you really managed to kill the captain, once word gets out, headquarters would definitely put a bounty on you, and other captains would surely band together to take you down, so the only path before you has always been cooperation."

"Refusing means death, with no chance of winning," Li Yang said.

Wang Yong asked, "Why didn't you say so earlier? If you had, Liu Ziwen and the others would definitely have cooperated."

"Whether to cooperate, the captain has the judgment call; if the captain feels you don't qualify for cooperation, or has no need for cooperation, eliminating you is still acceptable," Li Yang said.
"Moreover, you were determined to take us down; would you have sincerely cooperated? Even if you dared to cooperate, the captain and I wouldn't dare."

"Principles aren't spoken but fought for."

"You're right; there was no chance of cooperating earlier, Yang Jian indeed gave the opportunity; it's they who didn't appreciate it," Wang Yong sighed.

While the two chatted, they resolved misunderstandings and eliminated some concerns.

Wang Yong learned about Yang Jian's identity and realized how important it was to have the opportunity to ally, even if it meant dying with him. It would be an honorable death, and headquarters would commend it, leaving a good name, ensuring some care for the family afterward.

"Creak!"

At this moment.

The wooden door on the fifth floor suddenly opened again, and another messenger came out. Although they were a little late and missed a crucial moment, it proved that other messengers on the fifth floor were still alive.

The previous wave was not completely dead.

A man in his thirties appeared, carrying a backpack, wearing hiking shoes, prepared and slightly wary in demeanor.

"Is the delivery mission on the fifth floor starting again? Hello, everyone, my name is Zhou Ze, I came up from the fourth floor a few years ago, and this is my first time waiting for a delivery mission on the fifth floor."

He was clearly a newcomer, albeit from a few years ago, and was unaware of the existence of the black letter, kept in the dark.

"No need to be so formal, Wang Yong, go and explain the situation to him and see if he's willing to join us." Yang Jian waved his hand, uninterested, and let Wang Yong play the persuader.

If this Zhou Ze disagreed to join, Yang Jian would have to invite him to his death.

No room for refusal.

Wang Yong nodded, walked over, greeted, and then explained the situation to this Zhou Ze, telling him, "That's roughly the situation here. We need to work together to deal with the Ghost Post Office and end the messenger's fate. Are you willing to join us? It's certainly dangerous, possibly more than the delivery task, so think it over."

This man named Zhou Ze frowned, quickly grasped the current situation, and then looked at these "veterans" on the fifth floor, cautiously saying, "This action is a good thing. Honestly, I was prepared to die this time. After all, I'm not confident in successfully delivering a letter on the fifth floor of the post office. Since you've made this decision, it shows that delivering the letter is wrong; otherwise, you wouldn't do such a thing as to make things more difficult."

"Count me in; I'll join."

He evidently wasn't a hardliner, leaning towards neutrality. Hence, it was easy for Yang Jian to recruit him.

After all, what Yang Jian was doing was in their interest; everyone here wanted to escape the post office alive.

"Very well, then you should meet Yang Jian; he's our captain. We don't have many rules, everything obeys the captain, whatever he says goes."

After saying this, Wang Yong saw his slight hesitation and added, "Don't have any grievances; his ability is strong enough to convince everyone, and you'll understand later."

Upon hearing this, Zhou Ze temporarily suppressed his concerns and greeted, "Hello, Captain, please take care of me in the future."

"Obey orders, and everything will be fine," Yang Jian said.

"Obey?"

Zhou Ze roughly understood the captain's personality, then nodded, indicating no problem.

Subsequently, several more messengers came to the fifth floor one after another.

A woman in her early thirties named Zhong Yan, with average looks and a professional smile, hard to believe someone like her could make it to the fifth floor.

A bald old man in his sixties with several scars on his face, looking like someone who used to be in the underworld, nicknamed Brother Long. Wang Yong asked him, and the old man said he entered the post office at fifty, previously an ordinary person, not involved in the paranormal.

A forty-something messenger seemed somewhat unstable mentally, unfriendly, and outright refused to join the team.

"I'm here to deliver a letter to survive, not to go crazy with you; I refuse to join."

This messenger named Lu Sheng entered the fifth floor of the post office five years ago, and because of the black letter, he hadn't participated in a delivery mission for a long time.

But as soon as Lu Sheng spoke his rejection, the next moment, a cracked spear whizzed in, piercing through his head, pinning him dead.

The body twitched on the floor once, and then life was gone.

This scene made others' hearts pound with fear.

"Deal with the body," Yang Jian said indifferently, as if it was a trivial matter.

"Killed a fifth-floor messenger just like that? And with no room for resistance? So for us, it's either join or die?" Zhou Ze felt a chill in his heart.

The others were also sweating coldly, strangely feeling fortunate.

Luckily, they made the right choice, or else they would have met the same fate, eliminated instantly like that man.

"I'm running out of patience now; let's follow this process in the future. Wait for another hour and see if any more messengers come. If not, I'll move on to the next step," Yang Jian said.

The next action?

From the sound of it, it seemed there would be some action against the post office?

Both Zhou Ze and Zhong Yan, and the bald old man called Brother Long, understood that this captain named Yang Jian did not intend to deliver letters anymore and also refused others to do so.

Is this to gather all messengers to fight the post office?

But how would they fight?

That's a question.

No one dared to ask more right now; the body on the floor made it clear that this captain had the power to decide anyone's life or death. The messenger named Lu Sheng who could make it to the fifth floor wasn't easily eliminated, dying so simply and smoothly just meant one thing.

Yang Jian's strength far surpassed theirs, significantly so.

Time ticked away bit by bit.

The number of people coming to the fifth floor dwindled.

After Lu Sheng died, no messenger had arrived at the post office for half an hour, as if all the fifth-floor messengers were already there.

"Are all the fifth-floor people here?" Li Yang asked, looking at Wang Yong.

Wang Yong immediately responded, "No, definitely not. At least based on my influence, there are still a few key figures yet to appear; they've been messengers longer than I have."

Chapter 1040 - Investigating the Missing Person

There are still some escaped messengers on the fifth floor, and from Wang Yong's mouth, it was learned that there are messengers even more senior than him.

It's important to know that he is also a fifth-floor messenger who has delivered two letters, which already makes him quite senior. The messengers he refers to must be those who reached the fifth floor before him.

"Whether messengers more senior than you still exist or not is no longer important. Now that we control the fifth floor of the post office, their appearance or absence doesn't affect the big picture. We hold the decision-making power on this floor,"

Yang Jian reassured Wang Yong at this moment.

The others nodded in agreement.

They now had enough people, with Yang Jian, Li Yang, Wang Yong, Zhou Ze, Brother Long, and Zhong Yan, making a formidable team of six messengers.

Even if some old messengers were still alive and dared to show themselves, their fate would be no different than that of Lu Sheng, nailed to the ground alive.

"Since that's the case, what's your next move, Captain?"

At this moment, Zhou Ze, the messenger, asked somewhat impatiently.

Yang Jian said, "No rush, let's hold off on this matter. There's something else I need to confirm. I want to know if any of you have seen Sun Rui, who was stationed in the first-floor lobby. He's missing, and I want to find him, dead or alive."

"Sun Rui? Who is Sun Rui, and is there even anyone in the first-floor lobby?" Zhou Ze was a bit confused. "Sorry, I rarely come to the post office, so I really don't know about the recent events."

Li Yang said, "Sun Rui is the head of Dahan City. Initially, Sun Rui, the captain, and I teamed up to break into this place to resolve the Ghost Post Office. But Sun Rui chose to stay in the first-floor lobby to cut off the entry of new first-floor messengers. He has been stationed there for some time. Ten days ago, when the captain and I received a delivery task, we saw him; he was still on the first floor then."

"But yesterday, when we came to the post office, Sun Rui had disappeared mysteriously."

"So that's the situation. Is there also a person in charge on the first floor?" Wang Yong mused, understanding what the person named Sun Rui was doing.

This Sun Rui probably intended to kill all first-floor messengers, cutting off the supply of newcomers. This way, the Ghost Post Office's operation would stop.

It's a good method, just very difficult because someone still needs to clean up from the first to the fifth floor messengers.

Thinking of this, Wang Yong looked again at Yang Jian.

It turns out there was such an aspect to Yang Jian's previous killing of messengers.

This is indeed a method. If truly helpless against the Ghost Post Office, then purging all messengers is viable.

Without anyone delivering letters, the curse of the Ghost Post Office wouldn't spread, and the place would naturally remain forever sealed.

"Honestly, I haven't come to the post office for a long time, so I am not clear about this matter and didn't even know of Sun Rui's existence, my apologies," said Brother Long, the bald elderly, shaking his head.

At this point, the middle-aged woman named Zhong Yan said, "I visited the post office three days ago and saw Sun Rui. There was a small conflict between us then, almost a fight, but that was days ago. Now that Sun Rui is missing, I don't have any data or information."

Yang Jian immediately looked at her, "Three days ago?"

Zhong Yan nodded, "Yes, three days ago, Sun Rui was sitting behind the big counter on the first floor, seemingly for quite some time."

"Any clues to provide?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

"Let me think," Zhong Yan was recalling, trying to remember the events of three days ago.

In truth, she hadn't had much contact with Sun Rui, just a brief meeting on the first floor. There weren't many incidents, and the clues she could note down were limited. But as a messenger on the fifth floor, observing surroundings is a must-have skill.

Zhong Yan, although an average middle-aged woman, was recreating the scene in her mind.

Eliminating unimportant details, she tried to focus on things worth noting.

"Sun Rui was seated at that counter, with an unlit oil lamp on it," Zhong Yan said, "He looked unwell, holding a cane, with a gun in hand, specially made."

"These clues aren't important," Yang Jian said, "Anything else?"

Zhong Yan continued to think, then said, "Besides that, there seems to be nothing suspicious. However, when I was going upstairs, I glanced back at him. There was an oil painting at Sun Rui's feet."

An oil painting?

Yang Jian's expression shifted, "What kind of oil painting?"

"Similar to the ones here, but I didn't see it clearly. Still, it seemed special in some way, leaving me with a vague impression," Zhong Yan said.

"Having oil paintings in the post office is quite normal, whether on the fifth floor or in the first-floor lobby. The exact origin of these things is still unknown. I only know that every once in a while, several new and unseen paintings appear," Wang Yong voiced.

"Let's have a look on the first floor," Yang Jian directly said.

During the previous rush upstairs, he hadn't paid attention to the first floor's situation. Now, it's indeed time to take a good look back downstairs.

The post office's fifth-floor hall and the first-floor lobby are quite special places.

As only these two places have oil paintings, while the other floors do not.

Yang Jian immediately took action; he pushed open the door and walked out, quickly descending the old wooden stairs.

Although the black letter was on him, the delivery task would not start as long as he didn't leave the perimeter of the Post Office, so it wasn't a concern for the moment.

Seeing this, the others followed suit.

After all, Yang Jian was the leader here, and it was best to respect his decisions.

The group soon returned from the fifth floor of the Post Office to the first floor.

There wasn't much change on the first floor of the Post Office; it was still arranged the same as before, the light overhead remained dim and yellow, and outside, colorful neon lights flickered, embodying a kind of outdated style.

Yang Jian came to the counter where Sun Rui had been before, his ghost eyes scanning everywhere, especially observing the paintings on the wall.

The paintings depicted various portraits—men, women, elderly, children—all painted in a similarly dark and eerie style, clearly by the same hand.

He also checked around the counter and found no other fallen paintings.

"All the paintings on the first floor are here. If Sun Rui's disappearance is related to the paintings, can you recognize which painting it might be?" Yang Jian turned to Zhong Yan.

She was the only messenger who had contact with Sun Rui a few days ago, so her information was crucial.

Zhong Yan also scrutinized the paintings hanging on the wall, comparing them with the painting she saw three days ago before finally pointing a finger: "If I've judged correctly, the painting I saw three days ago should be that one."

Following the direction of her finger, Yang Jian saw the painting.

The painting depicted an old man, around sixty or so, sitting sideways in a chair, looking forward, with a wall behind him. There was a window on the wall, but it was pitch black, making it impossible to see outside.

The style was rather oppressive, and looking at it for a long time caused an intense unease.

"Take that painting down." Yang Jian glanced at it and immediately said.

"I'll do it." The messenger named Zhou Ze volunteered for the task.

He walked over, climbed onto the nearby counter, and tiptoed, just barely reaching the painting on the wall.

However, the painting seemed embedded in the wall and did not budge.

"There's something wrong with the painting." Zhou Ze immediately said.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes scrutinized, unaffected or suppressed, unlike the feeling he had when facing ghostly paintings before. Yet, at this moment, he saw the old man sitting by the window in the painting blink mysteriously, seemingly glancing in this direction.

"The person in the painting moved."

"Yes, he just blinked and seemed to turn his head slightly, but then stopped."

The messengers, all attentive observers, noticed this detail.

"There's not much difference with the paintings on the fifth floor." Wang Yong pondered: "But it doesn't make sense that it can't be taken down unless someone is tampering with it."

"The person in the painting is problematic; it ought to be related to that person." Brother Long's eyes shifted slightly, concluding.

As if to confirm his words, the person in the painting suddenly stood up and turned to face forward.

At that moment.

The portrait hanging on the wall loosened and fell off.

Zhou Ze's face turned solemn; he quickly took it down, placed it on the counter, and promptly stepped back a bit.

"So, is Sun Rui's disappearance related to this painting?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he stepped forward.

Zhong Yan said: "I only know that Sun Rui was indeed studying this painting three days ago, but whether it is related to his disappearance, I can't be certain. After all, three days have passed, and anything could have happened."

Yang Jian didn't speak, merely extending his Ghost Hand to touch the paint surface.

Nevertheless, his Ghost Hand seemed to sink slowly as if submerging into water.

The old man in the painting started moving again, retreating as though Yang Jian's hand was about to touch him, forcing the elderly figure in the painting to withdraw.

Soon, the old man retreated behind the wall in the painting.

Everyone watched this scene, their expressions particularly grave.

Because the old man in the painting could very likely be a ghost, and if Yang Jian could reach into the painting, then Sun Rui probably could too, thus suggesting that Sun Rui might have disappeared into the painting.

"Be careful."

Suddenly, Wang Yong issued a caution.

Suddenly, the face of the old man in the oil painting changed. It was no longer calm; instead, he slightly lowered his head. A layer of black shadow shrouded him, his facial features became somewhat blurred, and he instantly turned eerie and sinister, as if the hidden fierce ghost had revealed its true face.

In the next moment.

Yang Jian staggered; he felt as if his Ghost Hand had been grabbed by someone, but at that moment, his Ghost Hand also grabbed the other party.

The Ghost Hand had the ability to suppress a fierce ghost.

At this moment, he retreated without hesitation, trying to pull the thing in the oil painting out.

The Ghost Shadow at Yang Jian's feet swayed with astounding strength, and coupled with the suppressive power of the Ghost Hand, he actually managed to pull the old man in the oil painting, who was originally retreating, closer to the painting.

The character occupied more and more area, as if the old man was being forcibly dragged out.

"Is this even possible?"

The others couldn't help but twitch their eyelids at the sight, as if the fierce ghost was about to be pulled out of the oil painting alive.

Previously, on the fifth floor, Yang Jian suffered, losing a hand, so he wouldn't suffer again this time.

With experience came preparation, so this time he used the Ghost Hand.

But just as success seemed imminent.

The old man in the oil painting suddenly moved again; he reached one hand out of the painting, and when he pulled it back, it held an axe, seemingly used for chopping wood in the countryside. The axe was red, the handle black, creating a sharp contrast in color, making it extraordinarily striking.

"Captain, he wants to chop off your hand," Li Yang hurriedly said.

Yang Jian's face darkened, "If he wants to fight, then I'll accompany him to the end."

He reached out and forcefully nailed his long gun to the ground, then released it, abandoning the supernatural weapon, and gave up pulling, pressing himself against the oil painting.

As soon as he got close to the oil painting.

Yang Jian's whole body rapidly sank into it, as if he was about to enter the painting.

"Too reckless."

The messenger named Zhou Ze muttered sotto voce, "No messenger on the fifth floor dared to enter the oil painting, how dare he... It's said that once inside, it's easy to get lost and can't find a way out, ultimately getting trapped inside alive."

But it was too late to say all this.

Yang Jian had already sunk into the oil painting, disappearing from sight, while his figure appeared within the painting.

"Didn't take any weapon inside? Is it because he thinks weapons can't enter the painting?" Wang Yong whispered.

Li Yang said, "Forget about that now; the most important thing is to determine the danger level of the old man inside the painting. Do we need to support him? If needed, we will go inside the painting as well."

The others looked at the long gun standing on the ground and then at Yang Jian in the painting.

"Let's observe first and be ready to act at any moment," Wang Yong said.

Right now, everyone was part of a team, so they naturally had to be united.

At this moment.

The situation inside the oil painting changed again. Yang Jian, who had entered the painting, began to confront the old man, and the old man, who had originally raised the axe intending to chop down, was suddenly grabbed by the arm by a towering black shadow standing behind Yang Jian.

The axe couldn't chop down, but the old man retreated.

It seemed like he was trying to escape.

No.

Something was wrong.

Yang Jian's figure inside the painting was also moving uncontrollably, as if he was being dragged by this old man to some unknown place.

"He became disadvantaged after entering the painting." Zhou Ze observed for a moment, then said.

"Let's go in and take a look."

Wang Yong said, then moved forward without another word, pressing himself against the oil painting, his figure gradually merging into it.

Zhong Yan, Brother Long, and Zhou Ze were momentarily stunned.

Are they really all that brave?

Not afraid at all?

What they didn't know was that after understanding the current situation outside and Yang Jian's identity, Wang Yong had realized what he should do.

This wasn't bravery.

It was a unified front, requiring solidarity and cooperation.

If one does not actively step out when faced with danger, the final outcome is predictable.

Seeing this, Li Yang remained motionless, needing to stay outside to guard against unexpected events.

The other messengers who joined later weren't that trustworthy, so he needed to be wary and also keep an eye on the supernatural weapon left outside, preventing anyone from stealing it.

Inside the oil painting.

Yang Jian was in a rather cramped room, surrounded by walls on all sides, with a window on one wall, but the other wall had a painting.

The scene in the painting was actually a scene inside the post office.

The people inside the oil painting were looking at them, and they were also looking at the people inside the oil painting.

This seemed a bit strange.

However, Yang Jian's attention wasn't on that right now; it was focused on the old man, who wasn't actually that old, yet gave off a very eerie, chilling feel, as if he wasn't quite real, reminiscent of encountering a ghost painting in the past.

Though this old man wasn't as ferocious as a ghost painting.

At this moment.

The two were confronting each other; Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow and Ghost Hand gripped the old man, attempting to subdue and suppress him, but it was clear the suppression wasn't successful as the old man could still move.

This old man dragged Yang Jian out of the room towards a black door.

His strength was immense, making it irresistible.

But Yang Jian could not release his grip; the old man still held an axe in his hand, and who knew what would happen if it struck.

"What exactly is inside the oil painting? A person or a ghost?" This thought emerged in his mind.

However, at this moment, the standoff was broken.

Wang Yong also managed to infiltrate from the post office, entering the world inside the oil painting.

"Let me help you." Wang Yong took a glance at the situation and immediately dashed forward.

"Seize the axe from his hand," Yang Jian promptly commanded.

Wang Yong immediately reached out, grabbing the axe, a struggle with a corpse ensued, and the old man with a pitch-black face and a malicious expression suddenly twisted his arm, momentarily escaping the Ghost Shadow's hold, swinging it at him.

But in the next moment.

A ghostly figure appeared in front of Wang Yong, standing towering before him, blocking the axe's strike.

However, a huge gash tore open on the ghost's body, unable to heal.

"Dare to strike?"

Yang Jian seized this opportunity, and his Ghost Shadow teamed with the Ghost Hand to grasp the old man's other arm.

With the Ghost Hand's suppression combined with the Ghost Shadow's dismantling, the old man's arm was disassembled like a block, one limb removed.

The old man, seeing this, uttered not a word; he turned and ran, swiftly pushing open that black door and quickly distancing himself.

"Don't chase," Yang Jian cautioned.

Wang Yong didn't pursue, apprehensive because even his ghost had been cleaved by that axe. If he rashly pursued, he might get counter-killed.

"If only we could remove the axe-wielding hand," he remarked regretfully.

Yang Jian said, "This old bastard is crafty; he held back, baiting me into a trap. When you appeared, he had no choice but to attack you; otherwise, that axe swing was intended for me. However, I also held back, guarding against him."

With that, he touched his forehead.

The Ghost Eye was usable.

Then he continued, "That the old man has such scheming indicates he isn't a ghost."

"But... neither is he human."

Seeing the arm in his hand, it wasn't flesh, it seemed like wood, or perhaps painted, lacking vitality, lifeless, just feeling very strange.

