

Revival 1051

Chapter 1051 - The Torn Black Letter

Although Sun Rui, the head of Dahan City, has been missing for many days, Dahan City still maintains its former prosperity and stability.

The city has not experienced any supernatural events.

But it doesn't mean that this place is absolutely safe.

A Ghost Post Office with far-reaching implications is currently on the brink of losing control. If this matter cannot be resolved, Dahan City will face a massive crisis.

"Is that all?"

At this moment, a young and handsome man in his early twenties stood on the sidewalk, slightly raising his head to look at the long-abandoned building across the street.

No one was around.

This place is within a sealed area.

Without Sun Rui's authorization, the seal on this area will not be lifted.

But all of this is meaningless to Ye Zhen. He set out from Dahai City, arrived in Dahan City, and descended from the sky, reaching this appointed location.

The result was somewhat unexpected.

Here, Ye Zhen didn't see a single living person, and even inside the agreed-upon abandoned building, there was no one. He neither saw Yang Jian nor saw any ghost.

"Could I have been deceived?" Ye Zhen lowered his head slightly, pondering this.

"No, that's not right. This place is indeed sealed off, and the area of the seal is quite large, which indicates that a supernatural event must have occurred here. I am at the right location, but not the right place."

"Interesting, I think I understand now."

Ye Zhen adjusted the long sword hanging at his waist and walked straight towards the abandoned building in front of him.

As he advanced, things around him twisted, nearby scenery vanished, and he suddenly entered a deeper layer of the Ghost Domain, attempting to use supernatural power to see the truth around him.

Indeed.

This method worked.

In the deeper layer of the Ghost Domain, the abandoned building in front of him completely changed shape.

A building with a Republican era style appeared before him, and it seemed to be still in use. The colorful neon lights flashed at the entrance, and a sign with the words "Ghost Post Office" was particularly eye-catching.

"As expected, even a mystery game can't stump me, Ye Zhen."

Ye Zhen nodded in satisfaction and immediately headed towards the Ghost Post Office.

His intuition told him that Yang Jian was inside.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian inside the Ghost Post Office was quietly waiting.

"Captain, I've already connected with the people from the supernatural forum. They said Ye Zhen has set off, and based on the time estimate, he should be able to reach Dahan City within an hour, although there is a possibility that Ye Zhen might no-show."

After Li Yang finished the call, he returned to the Ghost Post Office to report the news.

Yang Jian found a spot and sat down casually to rest, and beside him, Sun Rui's corpse stood upright.

Ghost Shadow was still helping suppress the fierce ghost within Sun Rui's body, maintaining a temporary balance.

"Since he promised, Ye Zhen shouldn't stand us up. The supernatural forum still holds some respect and can't possibly do such a about-face. Just wait patiently." Yang Jian said.

"No one knows how dangerous tearing up the black letter will be. It's not like the delivery task; the post office gives you a chance to survive with the delivery task, but tearing the letter invites a genuine fierce ghost attack. If one can't withstand it, everyone will be wiped out here."

Wang Yong, standing beside, said; "The danger of tearing the letter is at least ten times greater than delivering it. When I delivered letters before, there were many who personally proved this through their experiences. After the first time tearing a letter, survivors from the second attempt were barely one out of ten, and facing a special letter would be even more difficult."

"The advantage is also obvious. If one can survive tearing the letter, then it's equivalent to unconditionally completing the delivery task. If this succeeds, then the deadlock on the fifth floor can be broken, and we can remain safe even without participating in the delivery task."

Zhou Ze added: "Perhaps this is the only way to escape the post office rules."

"Maybe the purpose of the post office sending out this black letter isn't for us to complete the task but to unite in tearing the letter for a desperate fight." The bald old man named Brother Long said.

The woman named Zhong Yan curiously asked, "Why do you think that?"

"Maybe it's old age speaking. As one grows older, their thinking changes; I just feel young people united together is better than scheming against each other. Young people may create a new future; it's such a waste if they die in mutual deceit." Brother Long said with a touch of emotion.

"Is this also the post office manager's thought?"

The others pondered slightly.

While everyone was chatting and discussing, not long after.

Suddenly.

"Bang!"

A loud noise and the post office door suddenly opened, accompanied by a gust of wind that blew in, making it almost impossible for everyone to keep their eyes open. As the gust faded, a dazzling light angled in from the sky outside the door.

Darkness, gloom, and oppression were driven away entirely.

At this moment, the long-hidden Ghost Post Office was once again exposed to sunlight.

"What's happening? It's so bright," someone commented.

After becoming accustomed to staying in a dark environment for a long time, the sudden intensity of light made many people's eyes somewhat uncomfortable.

"He's here."

Yang Jian, leaning against the wall beside him, slowly opened his eyes.

The crimson Ghost Eye ignored the glaring sunlight looking towards the outside of the door.

In the vision of Ghost Eye, a figure approached from afar, stepping on the light towards the interior of the Ghost Post Office.

"The weak don't even qualify to look directly at me."

A cold and arrogant voice echoed, familiar as ever.

"Yang Wudi, your insight is indeed correct, knowing to seek help from the strongest person. As per your invitation, I, Ye Zhen, have arrived. A mere Ghost Post Office, I can obliterate it in an instant."

With the voice falling.

Ye Zhen stepped into the Ghost Post Office.

As the door behind them gradually closed, the dazzling sunlight that had shone in also slowly faded away.

"He's not a messenger, but used his supernatural power to forcibly invade the Ghost Post Office?" Wang Yong's heart skipped a beat upon seeing this.

"Someone can force their way in without being a messenger? Who is this person?" Zhou Ze also blinked, observing the person who broke into the Ghost Post Office.

The others looked at Ye Zhen as if they had seen a ghost.

He was young and handsome, resembling a bored rich second generation on a trip, not like someone from the supernatural circle at all. But there was a long sword hanging around his waist, very exquisite, like a piece of art.

However, as messengers, they didn't think it was just an artwork, more likely it was a supernatural weapon.

"You got here quickly, only twenty minutes have passed since the call. Dahai City is nearly eight hundred kilometers away from here, so no transport could have brought you here. Did you travel via the Ghost Domain?"

Yang Jian slowly stood up.

Ye Zhen smiled slightly: "It's no big deal. As long as I, Ye, want to go somewhere, there's no place I can't reach."

The two parted ways after the Fushou Garden incident in Dahai City last time, and met again today in this small Ghost Post Office.

This time, Ye Zhen didn't act aggressively, but was very restrained.

Seems like that fight last time was indeed necessary.

"I'm dealing with the Ghost Post Office this time, just in case, so I called you to help me. By the way, to settle that favor from the other day, so today is official business," Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen said: "Official business? That's truly a pity. It's rare to meet up, I wanted to spar with you a bit. I've made some progress recently, and maybe I could defeat you and regain my invincible title."

Invincible title?

Who the hell cares about such a nerdy nickname, and isn't it a bit too much to give people random nicknames like that?

Yang Jian couldn't help but twitch his mouth.

"But since it's official business, the sparring can wait. Once I've taken that crucial step, we can have our match. So, tell me, what kind of ghost are we dealing with this time? With someone like me, Ye, here, those small fry can step aside."

Ye Zhen waved his hand, as if shooing away trash, intending to drive all the Fifth Floor Messengers away.

The Fifth Floor Messengers' faces sank at this attitude.

They were no pushovers, being able to deliver letters on the fifth floor, yet being insulted like this was certainly displeasing.

"I strangely feel the urge to punch him," Zhou Ze couldn't help but complain.

"You can't beat him," Li Yang stated calmly, speaking the truth.

Ye Zhen heard it and laughed heartily: "Young man, you have courage. Although I've lost my number one title, I'm still confidently invincible. If you want to fight me, you're welcome anytime. Relax, when dealing with small characters like you, I, Ye, will show mercy. After all, where's the sense in adults seriously fighting with children?"

He was clearly in his early twenties, only slightly older than Yang Jian, the youngest among them, yet he acted like an adult, a senior.

Zhou Ze's expression shifted, but he didn't respond.

He was past the age of acting impulsively, merely voicing his discontent earlier, not seriously contemplating fighting Ye Zhen.

"No more nonsense, if you're so careless, you'll truly die here today. It's not as simple as you think," Yang Jian stared at Ye Zhen, reminding him.

Ye Zhen restrained his smile and said: "Are you scared? I, Ye, am not afraid. If I can win, I'm naturally unafraid. If unable to win, I would simply face death calmly. But I, Ye Zhen, will not die, only rise in adversity and keep getting stronger until I become the strongest."

"Fear is merely the nutrient for invincibility."

Yang Jian didn't want to talk to this person, feeling it insulted his intelligence. If possible, he would rather let the Ghost Child communicate with Ye Zhen.

"Let's begin."

With that, he wasted no more time, signaling others to prepare.

Then.

Sun Rui's corpse moved, the Ghost Shadow controlling it walked forward, while Yang Jian took out the black letter and handed it to Sun Rui.

Upon seeing this, everyone else looked very solemn.

They had been prepared, just waiting for things to start now.

Under everyone's gaze.

Sun Rui's corpse calmly and naturally tore the black letter to pieces after receiving it.

The black letter, intact for decades and seemingly possessing some supernatural power, decayed immediately, as if its power dissipated when torn, turning into shreds, dust, falling to the ground.

The black letter disappeared.

But correspondingly.

The Post Office's curse was about to manifest.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Almost the instant the black letter was torn, something bizarre happened. With a series of bangs, the dim yellow lights in the daytime Post Office burst one after another. After the lights on the first floor exploded, a cracking sound from bulb explosions came from the second floor of the Post Office.

The third floor, fourth floor, fifth floor... even unknown places.

All the lights burst at this moment.

Although it was daylight outside, inside the Post Office, it instantly turned into night.

Darkness suddenly engulfed everyone.

Even though they were already prepared, the sudden change made their hearts shrink desperately.

"I, Ye, shine brightly, how can darkness befall me?"

After being engulfed by darkness, Ye Zhen snorted and took a step forward.

The Post Office door behind him abruptly swung open, letting in a ray of sunlight.

However, the next moment.

An even stronger supernatural power emerged, and the door slammed shut with a bang, followed by a humanoid shadow mysteriously standing outside the Post Office as if it blocked the door firmly.

"What the hell?" Ye Zhen's eyes widened.

Chapter 1052 - Confrontation

Ye Zhen looked at the post office door that had suddenly closed behind him and showed a few expressions of surprise.

The post office door wasn't entirely made of wood; there were also a few pieces of transparent glass in the middle. At this moment, through those pieces of glass, a strange figure could clearly be seen standing behind the door, blocking it from opening again.

The bizarre figure was almost like the Door-blocking Ghost driven by Li Yang.

But the situation was not just as simple as that.

There was not just one shadow behind the post office door; a second and third shadow appeared afterward... These black silhouettes gathered together like a black wall, completely blocking the door.

It seemed like a Fierce Ghost Post Office outside.

The most terrifying thing was.

The door began to vibrate violently at this moment, as if affected by a massive force, twisting, cracking, making creaking sounds, seemingly on the brink of shattering at any moment.

"The ghosts aren't here to block the door; they're here to enter the Ghost Post Office from outside and kill us." Someone suddenly shouted this sentence.

This statement sent a chill down everyone's spine.

Because at this moment, they were in the lobby on the first floor of the post office, just a few meters away from the door. If the ghost broke through the door and invaded, it would be a huge threat to everyone, and it was unknown how many fierce ghosts would appear outside the door.

"The door can't break. We can't face the fierce ghosts inside and outside the post office simultaneously," Yang Jian said in a deep voice.

"I'll go block the door."

Li Yang said nothing more. He quickly rushed to the back of the door and directly braced against it.

The door's violent shaking diminished, and the cracking stopped. Although it still creaked, it no longer seemed about to shatter.

However, the current Li Yang only controlled two ghosts, and after using supernatural powers several times before, his state wasn't good now.

He looked particularly terrible, with obvious signs of being corroded by fierce ghosts. He looked like a bloodless corpse, with patches of corpse spots even on his face. If this continued, he wouldn't last long before dying from the resurgence of fierce ghosts.

"I'll go help him." At this time, Zhou Ze immediately said.

"I'll go too." The woman named Zhong Yan and the bald man known as Brother Long also sprang into action.

They knew their skills and realized that it's unrealistic to completely block all the fierce ghosts' attacks; they could only handle the easiest part. The most dangerous parts were left to Yang Jian and Ye Zhen.

"What door? Are you underestimating me, Mr. Ye? Open the door and let those ghostly things in; today, Mr. Ye wants to fight ten of them, not one less."

Ye Zhen felt quite humiliated, eager to take action.

"Save your energy; the real threat is definitely not from the fierce ghosts outside the post office. The fierce ghosts hidden inside this post office are unimaginable."

Yang Jian said coldly, "Let them block the door; we'll handle the ghosts inside the post office. The purpose of calling you here to help is simple: withstand this attack from the fierce ghosts and keep as many people alive as possible."

"As long as you hold on for a while, this supernatural event will end, and everything will return to normal then."

Ye Zhen retorted, "Yang Wudi, you're too petty. Just standing here taking blows without striking back isn't my style. If those ghostly things dare to appear, I'll dare to beat them so they won't raise their heads. How about you and I join forces, go upstairs and have a blast; wouldn't it be delightful?"

After speaking, he laughed heartily, already holding the long sword that hadn't been drawn, eager to test its edge.

"If you're impulsive like this, you'll die quickly too. Wang Yong, catch this and survive today before anything else."

Yang Jian at this moment casually tossed an old, dirt-covered shovel to Wang Yong.

Wang Yong instinctively caught it, with a few expressions of surprise on his face, but he quickly nodded to show he understood.

At this moment, he indeed needed this supernatural item.

Now that Yang Jian dared to hand him this item, it showed that Yang Jian, the captain, was still trustworthy, at least trying to consider the bigger picture at a critical moment, without holding grudges over past tensions.

"What is there to fear about life and death?"

Ye Zhen looked at him seriously: "Yang Wudi, shall we see who gets to the top floor first? If I win, I'll return to being the best in the world."

Yang Jian pointed at Sun Rui beside him, "Not going upstairs, staying here waiting for the ghost attacks. The primary goal this time is to ensure he doesn't get killed by ghosts. If he dies, the entire operation will be a total failure."

Sun Rui now has torn up the black letter; he is the most crucial person in completing the mail delivery task. As long as he survives, he can become the controller of the post office.

"It turns out we aren't here to catch ghosts but to protect people. To think that I, Ye, am now a bodyguard. If it weren't for giving face to you, Yang Wudi, I wouldn't do this stupid thing. After all, the weak should be buried, and only the strong can reach the top."

Ye Zhen shook his head slightly, looking rather helpless, but then suddenly changed his tone: "However, I find this place very interesting; it's quite challenging. There aren't many places that can dim my glory. Let's test its weight today; better not disappoint me."

He said a lot, with a tone that revealed a desire for defeat and an almost invincible feel.

The couriers responsible for blocking the door felt speechless, as if Ye Zhen were just a kid bragging, making it difficult to believe.

But despite the feeling, they still believed this Ye Zhen had real skills.

Otherwise, under such circumstances, an average person would have no thought of boasting left, already trembling and nearly crying from fright.

At this moment, Yang Jian's ghost eyes were already open; the surrounding darkness did not exist before his ghost eyes. He saw clearly but did not use the Ghost Domain, as the post office wasn't suitable for it. The interaction might cause the supernatural to invade the real world.

Outside is Dahan City.

Even though it's locked down outside, ghosts can wander.

"It's coming."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's eyelids twitched; he heard a series of urgent sounds, something coming down the stairs rapidly, moving as if running, causing the wooden stairs to shake.

"The ghost is coming."

Wang Yong's expression changed; in the darkness, he couldn't see clearly, but he could sense it, a fierce ghost swiftly approaching.

This feeling made his hair stand on end, very uneasy, and he had the subconscious urge to turn around and flee.

The other couriers too couldn't help but tense up.

They were responsible for blocking the door, unable to attend to other places, and could only hope Yang Jian, Ye Zhen, Wang Yong, and that Sun Rui would withstand the ghosts coming from inside the post office.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The sound of descending footsteps became more and more urgent, the sound coming closer, almost reaching the first floor.

Very quick.

On the wooden stairs to the first floor, suddenly a pair of bare feet appeared. The feet were dead grey, cold, and rigid, just like a corpse, yet bizarrely, only those dead feet were on the stairs, with no body or head in sight.

The dead feet showed no sign of stopping, running quickly towards them as if in a straight rush.

This unnatural approach sent a strong warning to Yang Jian.

A thought emerged in his mind: This ghost thing cannot get close.

"Take action."

Yang Jian felt the ghost had targeted them. Otherwise, it wouldn't approach so quickly; they likely conformed to the killing pattern of this fierce ghost.

There wasn't time to analyze the killing pattern.

These ghost wielders had to withstand the fierce ghost's attack.

Clutching the cold spear in his hand.

Suddenly, his ghost eyes moved, staring firmly at the quickly running dead feet.

Red light appeared, instantly covering the front.

Six-layer Ghost Domain directly opened, giving the fierce ghost no opportunity to kill.

Within the six-layer Ghost Domain, the dead feet stopped and didn't move forward, as if everything was frozen.

But the next moment.

Within a second.

Everything returned to normal.

"Bang!"

With a loud crash, a cracked long spear drove into the ground, piercing those dead feet and stringing them together.

"It's done."

Wang Yong breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the enormous threat dissipate, though he couldn't help but break out in a bit of cold sweat on his forehead.

This ghost was fierce.

If they didn't deal with it first, there might have already been casualties by now.

He looked towards Yang Jian's direction,

and couldn't help but secretly admire him.

In such a situation, immediately dealing with such a highly threatening fierce ghost greatly boosted everyone's confidence.

"I haven't even made a move yet? Hey, I, Ye Zhen, haven't made a move. I was just waiting for that ghostly thing to come over and was all prepared, but now you've made it meaningless," Ye Zhen was poised to act, but ended up waiting in vain.

In the blink of an eye, the ghost was dealt with.

What is this,

he came to support, not just to watch.

"We can't afford any accidents, no one can be sure what will happen when the ghost gets closer, it must be dealt with immediately..." Yang Jian said coldly, his eyes emitting a faint red glow in the darkness, making them particularly conspicuous.

Yet he hadn't finished speaking.

Suddenly, from the pitch-black first-floor lobby came a series of cries, no, to be precise, the sobbing of a child.

The sound came from a corner not far away.

Moreover, the crying gradually moved closer, as if approaching them.

"A second ghost? And coming so fast," Yang Jian's face darkened.

Under normal circumstances of tearing letters, one ghost would attack per letter torn, and as long as you endured it, you would be fine, but this black letter was clearly different.

The first ghost had just been dealt with, and the second ghost immediately appeared.

"I'll handle this one."

Ye Zhen felt that if he didn't showcase his extraordinary prowess right then, he'd become a laughingstock.

There were people watching; if this got out, where would his pride go?

The sobbing was elusive, as if it was beside everyone, yet couldn't be pinpointed to a specific location, making it seem as if ghosts were all around.

"Found you, you ghostly thing."

At this moment, Ye Zhen suddenly shouted, instantly changing position, moving from the front to the right.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes also discovered it at this moment.

At some unknown time,

a child was squatting on the counter in the first-floor lobby, back facing everyone, sobbing into its arms. No, it merely resembled a child in size; under the ghost eyes' observation, the child's hands were unusually large, wrinkled, dirty, and black, like the hands of an adult.

Ye Zhen appeared behind the fierce ghost.

And his sudden appearance seemed to trigger the fierce ghost's killing pattern, as the sobbing abruptly stopped, replaced by a few eerie giggles, then it abruptly stood up as if intending to turn around.

"Playing ghostly tricks, I'm gonna smash you," Ye Zhen moved swiftly and ruthlessly, delivering a punch.

The fierce ghost, just rising and not yet turning around, had its head caved in by the punch, and its small body flew out heavily against the wall, causing even the wall to indent slightly.

This wasn't a feat a living being could accomplish.

For destroying the Ghost Post Office required supernatural powers.

The ghost got embedded into the wall, surprisingly not falling off, immobilized, and stopped sobbing, as if in slumber, losing all signs of movement.

One decisive strike?

The others didn't see it, but could discern from the noise that something significant had just occurred, feeling a sense of shock.

"Even such terrifying fierce ghosts can't withstand a simple attack from Ye Zhen? Yang Jian did the same earlier."

"Incredible, just who are these people."

"With such abilities, maybe we really can settle this Ghost Post Office today."

At this moment, a huge sense of confidence and even a bit of excitement burst forth from them.

"Anyone else?"

Ye Zhen stood unmoving, his cold and proud voice emanating from the darkness.

Yang Jian walked over at this moment, retrieving the long spear pinned to the fierce ghost's feet. He looked at the pierced legs, frowned, contemplating whether to detain it now or have Li Yang open the Ghost Gate to send these ghostly things away.

But just as this thought emerged,

something bizarre happened again.

From the ceiling of the first floor drifted down something.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes saw, and found it to be sheets of black paper, likely letter paper, the same as in the messenger's hand before, yet this letter paper fell like rain, quickly covering the floor densely.

Not only that,

the old wooden staircase once again echoed with sounds.

There was once more a sound of descending footsteps.

This time the sound was heavy, someone taking steps down, unhurried.

"Perfect timing."

Ye Zhen laughed loudly, walking towards the location of the ceiling, ignoring the letter paper covering the ground, intent on confronting a real ghost and displaying his unbeatable prowess.

However, in the next moment,

Ye Zhen seemed to suddenly step into thin air, as if the ground disappeared beneath him, and only managed a short exclamation before falling into the black letter paper covering the floor.

The black letter paper was like water lilies floating on a pond, concealing a chasm underneath, instilling a sense of trepidation.

"What's going on?"

Yang Jian's expression changed, he looked with his ghost eyes but couldn't make out anything; the letter paper was too thick, obstructing the ghost eyes' sight, preventing confirmation of what lay beneath it.

"This..." Wang Yong also sensed Ye Zhen's sudden fall through.

"Don't worry, this guy won't die. I'm afraid the ceiling harbors an incredibly terrifying fierce ghost; let Ye Zhen handle it. At worst, he can hold it back, we have other targets," Yang Jian didn't worry much, quickly retracting his gaze.

At this moment, on the stairs, a corpse-spotted, deathly still old man descended step by step.

The cold, eerie aura was heavy enough to cause unease.

"The Door-Opening Ghost wandering at night in the post office..." Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

He was quite familiar with this ghost.

Had encountered it twice already.

This ghost's killing pattern had two rules: open doors must kill, and extinguishing lights must kill.

Triggering one meant death, with no reasoning required.

However, presently, the post office's lights had all disappeared; without lights, they couldn't extinguish any, and there were no doors here either, so logically they shouldn't satisfy the ghost's killing pattern.

But things are never absolute.

Because the intelligence Yang Jian possessed was merely deduced from actual situations.

"This ghost is also terrifying, the best way is to dismember it, not giving it any chance to kill." Yang Jian thought to himself.

Chapter 1053 - Dismembered Hand

Ghosts kept appearing in the post office one after another, each more terrifying than the last. Although no one had died yet, it was due to the combined efforts of Yang Jian and Ye Zhen. However, the situation now was changing. Ye Zhen, being rather reckless, left the position in the hall, intending to confront the ghosts actively.

As a result, he disappeared.

He vanished entirely into the scattered black letters on the ground, nowhere to be found.

At the same time, the ghost known as the Door-Opening Ghost appeared in the post office.

It was a corpse dressed in a long robe, exuding a faint scent of decay, long dead, yet eerily roaming within the post office, slowly descending from upstairs to the hall on the first floor.

Yang Jian had made a guess.

This Door-Opening Ghost might very well be the same ghost as the Door Knocking Ghost, controlled by the same person, but deliberately scattered like a puzzle for some reason. Otherwise, this ghost would be too unsolvable and impossible to handle.

"Is it aimlessly wandering over, or has it already targeted someone among us?"

Yang Jian, at this moment, stared at the ghost, tightly gripping the long spear in his hand, ready to dismember the ghost.

Only... the Ghost Shadow was still in Sun Rui's body, helping suppress the ghost's resurrection, and using Ghost Shadow now might not determine what impact it would have on Sun Rui.

He couldn't die now.

If Sun Rui died, none of it would matter.

Yang Jian stifled the impulse in his heart, choosing not to strike proactively but to watch and retaliate according to the circumstances.

In the Ghost Eye's sight.

After the lifeless old man walked down the stairs, he paused momentarily. But this pause didn't last long, as the old man then opened his dead-gray, dim eyes and stepped toward the group's direction, unsure whether it was intentional or mere coincidence.

"Still coming?" Yang Jian's face darkened, "There's no other way but to dismember it."

"Bang! Bang!"

Simultaneously, a series of impacts came from the direction of the main door, causing it to shake and tremble, even cracking the glass pane, suggesting that the post office door would soon be broken into by the ghosts outside.

This isn't something Li Yang can seal off with the Door-blocking Ghost.

Even with help from others, it's only a matter of time before the post office door breaks apart.

"I will handle this appearing ghost." At this moment, Wang Yong stepped forward, equipped with a dirt-covered shovel, ready for a determined battle.

"You?" Yang Jian's Ghost Eye flickered as he glanced at him.

"This ghost is perilous, triggering a deadly killing pattern; any other pattern remains unknown, approaching rashly might result in death."

Wang Yong said, "I understand, so it's crucial to fend it off first and I should be able to do it."

"Alright, if that's the case, then I'll leave it to you to handle." Yang Jian didn't refuse the proposal, believing to preserve himself for potentially greater dangers.

These black letters can't merely be on this level.

Wang Yong responded and headed forward with his shovel. Though the darkness made it hard to see, he could sense the ghost's position, likely related to the ghost he was controlling, after all, he possessed a Ghost Domain.

The distance between the man and the ghost was rapidly closing.

The ghost was drifting over step by step, and Wang Yong approached with tension and determination, without a hint of retreat.

He knew well that today he was fighting not only for himself but for his family behind him. Surviving this ordeal would mean breaking free from the cursed mail carrier.

"Can you handle it?" Yang Jian watched with anxiety in his heart.

Wang Yong was among the elite on the fifth floor of the mail carriers, controlling two ghosts and possessing supernatural items. If he failed here, other mail carriers would stand no chance against this ghost.

The eerie aura accompanied by the stench of decay was already upon them.

Very close.

Wang Yong was tense all over, his gaze fixed on the patch of darkness ahead as a vague humanoid form emerged.

That was the horrifying ghost hiding in the dark.

At this moment, he slowly gathered the shovel in his hand, ready to strike.

Yet at this moment, the ghost which had been drifting this way, strangely halted its steps, and above them, an already shattered lamp eerily lit up, like a candle slowly igniting, its brightness going from dim to vivid, increasingly conspicuous.

The dim, yellow light flickered intermittently, barely igniting, already conveying a sense of imminent extinction.

Yang Jian, seeing this situation, his face changed abruptly: "This ghost can control the lights within the post office, you must repel it before the lights go out, or else once the light extinguishes, you'll die."

"So that's how it is."

Wang Yong instantly broke out in cold sweat, realizing the ghost's killing method,

The flickering lights above were like his life signal. Once they went out, his life would end.

So Wang Yong no longer hesitated.

Under the faint glow of the lights, he accurately locked on the ghost's figure, lifting the shovel in his hand and striking fiercely at the ghost.

Simultaneously.

A tall, skinny, sinister ghost figure appeared beside Wang Yong, resembling a shadow and a shriveled corpse, stretching out its arms, bending over to block Wang Yong's head, attempting to shield against the impact of the lamp. This was the ghost Wang Yong controlled.

While attacking, Wang Yong didn't forget to provide insurance for himself, uncertain if it would work, but he had to try.

At the next moment.

The confrontation between man and ghost erupted.

Wang Yong's shovel slammed heavily onto the body of the fierce ghost. The lifeless old man had his head knocked to the side by the impact. Furthermore, the elderly body seemed to have lost some supernatural power's support and fell straight to the ground.

The heavy corpse didn't move for the time being.

But right after, the eerie light above Wang Yong's head suddenly went out.

The terrifying killing pattern was triggered.

Lights off, certain death.

Ah!

However, within the dark environment came a strange and piercing scream. Its source turned out to be the tall, slim figure beside Wang Yong, looking like a black, mummified fierce ghost.

The fierce ghost opened its mouth, seeming as if its cheeks would tear apart.

The horrifying scene wasn't over. The ghost's black skin was falling off in chunks, disintegrating, as if being eroded by other supernatural powers.

Wang Yong instinctively covered his ears; he felt he would go deaf from that piercing scream.

Fortunately for him, he didn't die.

It was unclear whether he had repelled the ghost in time or if the ghost he controlled had blocked out the light, so personally, he did not trigger the deadly rule when the light went out.

"Succeeded?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered, witnessing the scene, feeling a bit surprised.

This Wang Yong successfully faced the Door-Opening Ghost head-on and survived.

Indeed.

This messenger still has some strength; the previous decision not to eliminate him was the right choice.

"But he only repelled the ghost once; ghosts won't be killed; he's still in danger." Yang Jian didn't become optimistic for this reason.

He saw that the ghost lying on the ground now showed signs of stirring. The ghost's wrinkled dead hand began to move, having broken free from the prior restraint, quickly reviving; judging by this timing, it would regain previous status in a few minutes.

In other words.

Wang Yong's desperate struggle only earned him a few minutes of safe time.

"This is enough." Yang Jian wouldn't let this opportunity slip. He swiftly stepped forward.

"I'm alright, the ghost I control took the hit for me." Wang Yong said at this moment, "The ghost is temporarily still, but I don't think I've won; I must think of another strategy, otherwise, it'll stand up again."

He sensed Yang Jian coming this way, immediately explaining the situation.

Wang Yong's judgement aligned with Yang Jian.

"Won't allow this ghost to have an opportunity to stand and move again." Yang Jian had already arrived beside that corpse.

He raised the firewood knife. It needs no trigger medium to dismember fierce ghosts, as long as it's struck on a ghost, not a living person; otherwise, it's ineffective.

This is a supernatural weapon targeting fierce ghosts.

He swung the lance.

The ghost's head was directly chopped off, the old man's head rolled to the side.

But this was not enough.

Yang Jian didn't believe that dismembering its head would temporarily pacify the ghost; he acted again, removing one of the ghost's arms.

Under the ghost eye's scrutiny, the right hand on this corpse emitted an exceptionally chilly aura, giving him reason to judge that the killing curse of 'Opening the door, certain death' was contained in this ghost's arm.

The firewood knife was absurdly sharp.

The corpse was effortlessly dismembered.

The ghost, showing signs of activity earlier, now returned to calm, as if falling into slumber, with no immediate chance of awakening.

Yang Jian kicked the head aside, picking up that eerie arm, hesitated for a moment, then tossed it toward the gate: "Li Yang, this is the Door-Opening Ghost's arm, it carries the 'Open the door, certain death' curse. If you can't hold out and the ghost is about to revive, trying to harness this ghost's puzzle may be of use."

Li Yang is the Door-blocking Ghost, and this is the Door-Opening Ghost.

Perhaps a subtle balance can be formed.

"I understand, captain. If I can't hold out, I'll take the gamble." Li Yang touched the stiff and cold dead arm that dropped to his feet.

This puzzle piece dismembered from the ghost; strictly speaking, this dead arm could also be revived by the ghost.

"If successful, you'll have three ghosts under your charge." Yang Jian said, instinctively touching his neck.

A crack appeared, and nearby flesh was quickly decaying.

The curse belonging to the Firewood Knife had appeared.

But Yang Jian didn't intend to reset himself, as this level of curse he could still withstand.

"Haven't woken up yet?" Yang Jian looked at Sun Rui standing aside, thinking.

Having lost the Ghost Shadow, his condition wasn't well.

However, after Sun Rui tore the black letter apart, the terrifying curse was already unfolding. Initially unconscious, with only residual awareness left, Sun Rui's eyelids slightly moved, like a person about to awaken from a long sleep.

Still needs more time.

The curse still needs to brew.

He can't solve his ghost's revival problem so quickly.

Chapter 1054 - The Thing Buried on the First Floor

On the first floor of the hall, Yang Jian, Wang Yong, Li Yang, and others continued to face the assault of vengeful spirits. The situation was still under control; despite the dangers, they managed to temporarily resolve them.

The only concern was, they didn't know how long this curse would last.

If it drags on too long, many will succumb to the resurgence of the spirits.

Meanwhile,

At the atrium on the first floor.

Ye Zhen was walking at the atrium, and as he accidentally stepped into nothingness, he did not disappear but instead fell into a strange supernatural space.

This place was identical to the post office's first floor.

However, the walls and floor were not made of stone or wood but were plastered with sheets of black letters, making it seem like a world made of paper. The eerie part was that each sheet of black paper had names dazzling like blood, Zhang Lei, Zhao Feng, Qin Kai...

These names were unfamiliar to Ye Zhen, but some of the couriers found them vaguely familiar.

They were all names of deceased couriers.

The black letters with blood-red names formed a place filled with death and the bizarre, as if foretelling that the entire post office was built with the lives of countless couriers, and Ye Zhen's fall into this place might also mark the end of his life here, becoming another innocent life under the Ghost Post Office.

"Oh, you creatures are audacious, daring to attack me suddenly. Fine, very well, today I'll show you my skills," Ye Zhen was a bit angry.

After all, he disappeared as he walked. It was quite humiliating if word got out.

So, Ye Zhen wanted to solve the troubles here swiftly and then meet up with Yang Jian. If he could not display his extraordinary talents in front of Yang Wudi, then what was the point of this support mission?

Without hesitation.

He reached out, spreading the Ghost Domain, attempting to tear apart everything in front of him.

The sheets of paper with red names were suddenly torn, with cracks extending, seemingly trying to destroy the eerie place built by these letters.

However, the cracks only stretched about four or five meters and then stopped.

The cracks quickly began to restore, the traces disappearing.

Though the cracks were restored, the red names on the black letters blurred, the red blood seemed to melt, dripping from the paper.

"I see." Ye Zhen mused upon seeing this.

He roughly understood some of the dynamics of this strange place, and he was quite confident he could easily escape.

But he didn't want to leave just yet.

Having been humiliated, he felt the urge to wash away the disgrace with the blood of the spirits.

Ye Zhen stepped on the ground paved with black paper, looking around, trying to find the source of the paranormal.

Soon, he found it.

Under a wall plastered with black letters, a corpse lay motionless on the ground, its body also covered with black paper, resembling a wrapped mummy, yet more like an ancient corpse displayed in a museum, the sheets of paper forming a precious Gold-threaded Jade Garment.

From time to time.

The papers on the corpse peeled off, but soon new sheets fell and adhered to the corpse.

In a cycle, the corpse couldn't ever reveal its true form, perpetually sleeping here.

But this dead body wasn't truly asleep; it remained the source of the paranormal.

Originally, this place wouldn't have manifested.

But because the management of the post office chose, the tearing of black letters disrupted the balance of the entire building, causing this supernatural space to appear on the first floor.

Couriers couldn't enter here, as entering meant death.

Each sheet of black paper bore couriers' names, including Li Yang, Wang Yong, and Yang Xiao... However, oddly there was no Yang Jian.

Ye Zhen wasn't a courier; he forcibly entered as an outsider and hadn't started any letter delivery tasks, thus wasn't affected by the post office's curse.

This allowed him to remain safe here.

"Is it that ghost thing?" Ye Zhen fixed his gaze on the corpse, snorted, and approached confidently.

Soon,

He arrived next to the corpse.

With a grasp of the hand.

The black paper peeled off the corpse, and as he flicked them away, the falling letters quickly faded from black to white. The white paper bizarrely bore lines of black handwriting, clearly spelling two words: Ye Zhen.

White paper with black letters, it possessed a potent curse.

Ye Zhen suddenly froze, standing still, his body rapidly chilling, life fading, with cold aura enveloping him.

Instantly, he seemed to transform into a corpse.

Yet, swiftly after, the coldness disappeared, his body warmth returned, life signs reappeared, but within a second, the situation worsened again, he died once more... This cycle repeated five or six times.

Finally, Ye Zhen roared, "A mere curse intends to kill me?"

All cursed letters fell to the ground, quickly disappearing, seemingly losing some kind of paranormal support, directly weathered away.

Without the paper cover, a jagged opening appeared ahead.

The corpse revealed its true form.

The body was pale, drained of blood, yet its skin was still very elastic, as if it hadn't long passed away, plus some features hinted it was a female corpse, and a very beautiful one at that.

"Despicable."

When faced with this corpse, Ye Zhen didn't hesitate, stepping on it and punching down.

The corpse shook violently, the nearby ground cracking, walls collapsing.

Another punch.

The ceiling shook and cracked, even some light appeared overhead; this supernatural space was disturbed, unable to maintain.

"So, it was your ghostly setup," Ye Zhen vented his anger then; the female corpse was deformed and twisted under his blows.

Meanwhile, the supernatural space rapidly distorted and vanished, and finally, the phenomena returned to reality, everything came back to the post office's first floor.

Ye Zhen stood in the atrium's position, but the female corpse disguised by black paper still remained, beginning to show in front of others.

"Back, is it?"

Yang Jian's ghostly eye twitched, seeing Ye Zhen suddenly appear on the black letters. Clearly, he was alright, safely returning, but apparently, his foot was on a spirit, deformed.

Wait.

Something's off.

Abruptly.

As fewer black letters covered the female corpse, its image gradually cleared.

It was a female corpse without arms, its arms seemed dismembered, incomplete.

Moreover, the corpse had no head.

The head was instead composed of several sheets of black letters.

Furthermore, the corpse had no legs...

"Is that part of the jigsaw from the body in the glass bottle?" Yang Jian immediately recalled.

The female corpse in the glass bottle had head, arms, but lacked a body, also a missing thigh, unable to fully piece together.

If the body was fully found, then the remaining leg should be in room 501 on the fifth floor.

"No wonder no one had ever found this entire female corpse, it was buried on the post office's first floor, only when the post office is out of control can the burial place manifest," Yang Jian understood now.

Yet, Ye Zhen was still destroying the corpse.

Bruises appeared on the body, a result of Ye Zhen's blows; if this continued, the corpse would soon be completely shattered, making it challenging to reassemble into a complete female corpse.

"Ye Zhen, spare that corpse for a moment, I need that incomplete body; it's useful to me," Yang Jian immediately halted him.

Ye Zhen lifted his head abruptly, "What? Yang Wudi, you fancy this? Truly worthy of defeating me, so unique, fine, since you like it, I'll let you have it."

Then he hurled the corpse toward Yang Jian.

"..." Yang Jian's face darkened.

The corpse had a lot of black letters stuck on it still, the letters bearing one red name after another, looking extremely eerie.

However, the corpse had never acted out of the ordinary.

Yang Jian didn't speak; he merely examined and decided to set it aside temporarily.

"Don't underestimate this thing; it possesses a strong curse that can kill someone instantly."

Ye Zhen said, "Luckily, it's me handling, otherwise anyone else would have fallen."

"Wait, I think I heard something again? Seems like someone is singing..."

Then he perked his ears as if hearing something eerie, immediately without a word, rushed up the stairs, wanting to face a new opponent.

Chapter 1055 - The Broken Door

Yang Jian saw that Ye Zhen was causing trouble again and immediately wanted to stop him.

But it was too late.

Ye Zhen had already swiftly climbed up the wooden stairs, pursuing a mysterious and eerie song, looking for a new adversary.

"Forget it, can't rely too much on him to cooperate with my actions, but his role is still very significant, at least he dealt with two ghosts in a short time." Yang Jian gave up, thinking it was best to let Ye Zhen act alone.

At least he would proactively deal with some dangerous and terrifying existences.

This would indirectly reduce the danger here.

At this moment, indeed, there was a song coming from upstairs. The voice was intermittent and elusive, the kind found in Peking Opera. He had heard this voice twice before and it was said to originate from room 504 on the fifth floor of the post office. Previously, Sister Hong, who replaced Leuk Qingqing during awakening, entered that room.

Yang Jian looked at the incomplete female corpse on the ground with a black letter stuck to it and at the Door-Opening Ghost whose head and arms were dismembered, then at the recessed wall, where a fierce ghost resembling a child... These ghosts had all fallen into deathly silence.

Ghosts don't die, nor can they be killed.

This silence is temporary; after a while, the fierce ghosts will revive.

"Open the Ghost Gate, send these ghost things away from the post office, can't let these things affect us," Yang Jian said.

He hadn't forgotten the long spear in his hand still pinned a pair of dead feet.

In a brief moment, the number of ghosts gathered around had already reached a staggering four, all of which were high Terror Level existences, hence they must be sent away quickly and appropriately.

However.

He had just finished speaking.

Suddenly.

The post office's main door suddenly emitted a loud noise amidst the conflict of supernatural forces.

The door completely shattered.

Li Yang, who was blocking the door, grunted and flew out under the impact of a huge force, landing heavily on the floor with several bones fractured, black blood flowing from his nose and mouth. But others didn't fare much better and fell to the ground, those few messengers possessed supernatural powers but were of no use at this moment.

The unluckiest was Brother Long, due to the sudden occurrence, his arm completely twisted and broke, obviously affected by the supernatural forces outside the door.

Once the door shattered.

A gust of cold wind poured in from outside, the entire post office began to howl, as if it were a drafty hut, and besides that, at the position of the shattered door, several eerie shadows of fierce ghosts reflected askew from afar and landed on the post office floor.

There were as many as five of those shadows, each different.

The first shadow was very thin, stretched long on the ground, the second shadow was much shorter but more proportionate, not so tall and thin, the third shadow was female, as the figure was very slim, the fourth was a child, the fifth shadow was an adult, this adult's shadow held hands with the child next to him... The five fierce ghost shadows lined up together, like a wall of black.

"Cough cough."

Li Yang couldn't help but cough a few times, some blood came out, he struggled to stand up because he knew now was not the time to complain.

The door was shattered, the fierce ghosts wouldn't give him any respite, they'd invade and kill soon.

"Captain, captain, the ghosts outside can't be stopped." Li Yang didn't forget to respond at the moment.

"I see."

Yang Jian's expression was grave, watching the five fierce ghost shadows reflecting cutely on the ground.

Outside the door, nobody was there, the neon lights of various colors kept flashing.

Li Yang used his supernatural power Ghost Door Blocker, plus other messengers' help, combined with the post office's main door, yet they didn't stop these five fierce ghost shadows from invading, seems the real danger brought by the black letter was indeed them.

But before he could observe more.

Suddenly.

The first thin, askew fierce ghost shadow on the floor moved, it didn't make any extra moves, just its head slightly turned, seemingly looking towards a certain direction.

"Thud!"

The next moment.

The bald messenger called Brother Long instantly fell to the floor, his eyes widened, like he died suddenly without any warning. He also controlled a ghost but wasn't enough to withstand the fierce ghost's terrifying attack.

"How could it be?"

A nearby Zhou Ze and the woman Zhong Yan fearfully stepped back rapidly, instinctively distancing themselves from the door, avoiding those fierce ghost shadows on the ground.

"The first fierce ghost's shadow moved, then Brother Long died... clearly this triggered a killing rule, erased by the fierce ghost, and this is a trigger for certain death killing rule, not needing any medium, the ghost brought by the black letter, has reached such a terrifying level?"

Yang Jian felt a sudden chill, a wave of coldness surged, meanwhile quickly thinking about the response method.

Either fight head-on, use the Coffin Nail to pin down the fierce ghost, directly suppress it.

Yet the success rate wasn't high since the fierce ghost shadows were five, Coffin Nail could only pin one, and the fierce ghost shadows might not be the source, just a supernatural phenomenon, Coffin Nail might not work.

But still gotta try.

Pinning one of the five fierce ghost shadows could at least reduce the fierce ghost's terrifying level.

This way could buy time, understand the unknown fierce ghost's killing rule.

But Yang Jian had just thought briefly.

The fierce ghost at the door didn't give them time to hesitate, those five fierce ghost shadows gradually began invading the first floor of the post office, although the shadows were uneven in height, yet walking in line, seemed like a huge shadow covering everything on the ground, swallowing everyone.

No additional reminders needed.

Wang Yong, Zhou Ze, Zhong Yan, and Li Yang quickly retreated, not daring to come into contact with the shadow of the fierce ghost, fearing they might be targeted and die mysteriously like Brother Long.

Yang Jian also controlled Sun Rui's corpse to move backwards.

At this moment.

Luckily, the ghosts inside the post office had been temporarily dealt with, otherwise, the situation would have been even worse.

"Find an opportunity to open the Ghost Gate and take these ghosts out of commission. If we don't deal with them soon, the remaining ones will reanimate, and then we'll face complete annihilation," Yang Jian said, "I'll handle whatever's at the door."

Li Yang nodded, saying no more, avoiding the shadow of the invading fierce ghost and heading towards the counter.

He remembered that Sun Rui had left a small piece of red Ghost Candle on the counter before disappearing.

If ignited, it could still buy them some time in safety.

"Follow me," Li Yang said.

"Earlier, that Brother Long got killed, the first fierce ghost moved, meaning he got targeted by the first ghost, but the killing pattern is still unclear. I need to test it," Yang Jian said as he walked forward without hesitation.

Though somewhat apprehensive, he decided to personally probe.

Yang Jian moved swiftly, stepping onto the shadows of those five fierce ghosts on the ground.

There was no sensation.

Unlike the Ghost Shadow, these five shadows were truly just ordinary shadows. Simply stepping on them would not result in being targeted by the fierce ghost or killed.

In other words, the killing pattern was not about touching or contact.

At the same time.

Yang Jian's approach seemed to attract the attention of the fierce ghost, and the five shadows of the fierce ghosts stopped simultaneously. Concurrently, the second shadow of the fierce ghost moved.

It eerily turned its head to look at him.

"I've been targeted."

Almost instantly, Yang Jian realized it, his whole body tensed up, readying himself for an attack from the fierce ghost.

But before he could think further.

His body suddenly became incredibly heavy, uncontrollable, and he crashed heavily to the ground, just like Brother Long had earlier.

His skin turned instantly ashen gray.

All signs of life vanished, and even his consciousness began to blur, and this impact was immense, even disrupting the Ghost Shadow... which was quite an incredible thing.

Because Yang Jian was now different, generally, he wouldn't die.

But now.

Even as an anomaly, being targeted by the fierce ghost seemed to have an effect, trying to kill him.

Faced with the imminent lethal pattern, Yang Jian activated his emergency response.

His fallen corpse was enveloped in red light, directly entering reboot mode.

After just one second.

He stood again in place, the aura of death dissipated, and he came back to life.

"The second shadow of the fierce ghost killed me, strange, why wasn't it the first shadow..." Yang Jian didn't have time to be surprised or fearful, his mind was only analyzing the previous situation.

Both were killed without warning, what was the difference between himself and Brother Long?

While the actions of the fierce ghost were the same, merely the shadow on the ground moved slightly, and the head seemed to turn and focus on him.

However, just seconds after rebooting, Yang Jian began to think.

The fierce ghost targeted him once more.

The shadow on the ground turned to lock on him again, a dreadful assault impossible to dodge descended upon Yang Jian's expression.

Again, he felt his body getting heavy, his life aura fading, and he crashed heavily to the ground once more.

This time, it was still the second shadow that moved.

"Damn."

Yang Jian became a bit angry, unhesitatingly initiated a second reboot, with a flash of red light, he recovered again.

This time he didn't hesitate.

The long spear in his hand was thrown with force, accurately nailing onto the second shadow of the fierce ghost.

Despite the Coffin Nail still stuck in those dead feet, it didn't hinder nailing the second ghost.

The effect appeared, the second shadow froze after being pinned down by the Coffin Nail.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... more than ten seconds passed, Yang Jian was no longer under attack, he successfully avoided the fate of being killed by the fierce ghost.

But the other four fierce ghost shadows continued to encroach, seemingly unaffected by the Coffin Nail.

Indeed.

The previous assessment was correct, the five shadows of the fierce ghost were independent, not a single entity.

Chapter 1056 - Each Collision

"Not a single entity, yet the fierce ghosts don't affect each other... this is the first time I've seen something like this. Perhaps an individual fierce ghost isn't terrifying, but gathered together they produce a certain qualitative change."

Yang Jian stared at the other four fierce ghost shadows reflected on the ground and felt troubled.

He could use the Coffin Nail to pin down one shadow, but not five. So, to handle this situation, he had to understand how these fierce ghosts killed.

"The shadow of the first fierce ghost killed that Brother Long; at the time, the other four ghost shadows showed no anomalies, indicating that Brother Long matched the first fierce ghost's killing pattern."

"And when it was my turn, the shadow of the first fierce ghost didn't move; instead, the shadow of the second fierce ghost stirred, seemingly targeting and attacking me. After a restart, this scenario happened again, showing that I matched the second fierce ghost's killing pattern even if I did nothing."

"So, the issue lies here—the difference between the first and second ghost shadows, as well as the difference between me and Brother Long. Finding the matching points will solve the fierce ghosts' killing patterns."

Yang Jian took a deep breath.

He glanced at the others.

"But just having the info that only Brother Long and I were attacked isn't enough to analyze the crucial point; a third person needs to be attacked."

Meanwhile...

Li Yang had already drawn a door on the wall with blood, and the old wooden doorknob was installed, forming a medium connecting the Ghost Gate.

"Captain, the Ghost Gate is successfully connected; it can be opened anytime now."

Yang Jian immediately said, "Open the door and send the ghosts in; don't hesitate. I'll handle the other issues. Just guard the door tightly; never let the Ghost Gate lose control."

After speaking, he kicked the corpse of the Door-Opening Ghost directly over.

A Dead Man's Head, along with an old corpse missing a head and arms.

The Dead Man's Head of the Door-Opening Ghost rolled to the wall of the Ghost Gate, stood on the ground, and its ghastly dead, white eyes slightly turned as if it was reassessing everything around, seemingly awakened.

"Wang Yong, watch the surroundings; I'm going to open the door. Zhou Ze, Zhong Yan, come help me move the ghosts. They've been suppressed, but they're reviving soon, and we can't fight them a second time."

Li Yang said urgently.

He touched the Ghost Gate, reaching for the doorknob.

An old, dark door detached from the wall and slowly opened.

Zhou Ze's face slightly changed, and without saying a word, he moved the child's corpse that Ye Zhen had previously punched out of the wall. He felt tense and uneasy, knowing the corpse in his hand was already awakening and squirming.

Though Zhong Yan was a woman, she was quite bold, picking up the Dead Man's Head of the Door-Opening Ghost on the ground and dragging the incomplete corpse with one hand.

"We're ready." The two quickly arrived at the Ghost Gate.

"I'm opening the door." Li Yang was sweating heavily.

He understood the great risk of opening the Ghost Gate, as the door wasn't a supernatural item but a connector to a haunted place imprisoning fierce ghosts. They'd already sent in a batch of fierce ghosts in the old residence previously, and if opened recklessly now, those ghosts might rush out again.

The moment the door opened...

Behind the pitch-black door was a chilling and eerie atmosphere with faint strange sounds.

Without hesitating, Zhou Ze and Zhong Yan quickly threw the fierce ghosts and human heads inside.

Two extremely dangerous fierce ghosts vanished from the old residence.

This wasn't imprisonment, but it resolved the risk of the fierce ghosts' revival.

"Bang!"

With a loud noise, Li Yang hurriedly closed the Ghost Gate.

The process was thrilling but safe.

"There are still other ghosts not sent in; don't be careless," Li Yang reminded again.

Inside the old residence was a female corpse without limbs or head and a pair of dead feet nailed below the Coffin Nail.

But neither seemed dangerous now. The female corpse had black letter paper stuck to it and was beaten by Ye Zhen, showing no threat. The pair of dead feet remained nailed by the Coffin Nail.

"Here they come, be careful."

Suddenly, Wang Yong shouted lowly, pushing two people aside and then without hesitation hit the shadow of a fierce ghost on the ground with an iron shovel.

The four fierce ghost shadows invaded the first floor of the post office, even where they stood wasn't safe.

But the effect of the iron shovel wasn't as apparent as imagined; the black ghost shadow merely wobbled and twisted a few times before freezing for about ten seconds, soon returning to normal.

"Not very effective?" Wang Yong's eyelids twitched, wanting to retreat but it was already too late.

The black shadow passed over him, enveloping it within.

Unexpectedly, he wasn't attacked by the fierce ghost; he remained safe.

"So that's how it is; after pinning the second ghost shadow, the killing pattern matching me and Wang Yong was avoided. But what differences or commonalities exist among Wang Yong, Brother Long, and me?" Yang Jian pondered.

Unable to understand the fierce ghost, he couldn't resolve them; they were in a mutual stalemate.

"Can't let the fifth-floor messengers attempt; losing one is a significant loss." Yang Jian made a decision, taking out a crystal pendant from his pocket.

The crystal was black, like a swaying shadow.

A necklace made by the Deceiving Ghost; Yang Jian once again utilized the Deceiving Ghost's supernatural power.

A cold aura gathered, seemingly interfering with the surroundings.

Supernaturals affecting reality, three half-dead individuals suddenly appeared in the post office. They lacked consciousness, but their bodies lived; among them were men and women, all strangers.

Yet, the moment these living dead appeared,

The other four fierce ghost shadows immediately moved.

The third ghost shadow was slim, appearing to be a woman's silhouette, and moved towards the three half-dead individuals. Then, an eerie scene unfolded: the single female among the living dead seemingly lost some support and suddenly collapsed.

Her life characteristics rapidly disappeared, and the corpse quickly grew cold.

But the two remaining living dead remained unmoved, standing there.

This clarity shed light on the information.

Yang Jian sharply looked at the five ghost shadows, finally understanding their meanings: "Ah, so that's it, no wonder Brother Long died first and I was targeted twice; each ghost shadow has a killing pattern, or rather, represents something different."

"The first ghost shadow was skinny and long, corresponding to the elderly. It curses the elderly to death. The second shadow, neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, matches the young, so it targeted me; Wang Yong's ambiguous age was also considered young. The third slender shadow is for women, killing them if targeted."

"The fourth shadow explains itself—it's for children, cursing them to death. As for the fifth one... it's for adults with children, which means those carrying a child die."

"Old people, young people, women, children, caregivers... these five killing patterns essentially cover everyone, ensuring nobody escapes, all facing inevitable death by the pattern."

Yang Jian's face grew grim: "Where in the world did this Ghost Post Office summon these fierce ghosts from, being so terrifying?"

He had just figured this result out.

Another ghost shadow moved, seemingly finding Zhong Yan, approaching her.

These fierce ghosts kill by proximity, which seemed to be their only flaw.

Zhong Yan also noticed this, wanting to escape but no path was left; the shadows became immense, covering almost everything here.

"Hold hands, confuse your own identity, so the ghost won't kill you." Yang Jian immediately reminded.

Zhong Yan's eyes narrowed at these words, and she instantly understood Yang Jian's meaning. Without delay, she quickly grabbed Zhou Ze beside her.

Once there was physical contact, an unbelievable scene occurred.

The Ghost Shadow, which seemed to be manifesting, stopped at this moment.

Its judgment was confused,

because the ghost targeted the woman, but now it treated Zhong Yan and Zhou Ze as one entity, so it didn't match its killing norms, thus it halted.

"It worked." Zhong Yan instantly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling a sense of surviving a deadly crisis.

She understood that once you were targeted by this malevolent spirit, you would surely die, unable to counter such aggressive attacks unless you found a way to survive.

Now, Yang Jian found it.

The ghost could no longer easily kill; the situation was improving.

"Don't act alone; this ghost cannot be contained for now—only delay the danger period brought by the black letter." Yang Jian said, still wary as he gazed at the four malevolent spirits wandering and swaying inside the post office.

This malevolent spirit was clearly not the Ghost Shadow; the Ghost Shadow was just a paranormal phenomenon.

The Coffin Nail could work because it temporarily suppressed the spread of the paranormal phenomenon, but the true source had yet to appear.

The crisis here was just slightly alleviating.

Meanwhile.

Ye Zhen went upstairs on the wooden staircase swiftly, moving forward without any hesitation.

He pursued the sound of singing.

He wouldn't allow anyone to be interested in singing during a battle, especially when the singing was so terrible.

The post office was currently out of control.

The wooden stairs were unobstructed, seeming like anyone could freely move up and down.

Finally.

Ye Zhen stopped when he was close to the fifth floor.

Because on the staircase ahead of him stood a woman, a ravishing beauty in a red cheongsam. Her face appeared slightly cold, yet her mouth curled with a smile, giving a subtle, eerie hint of laughing yet not laughing.

Clearly, she was Sister Hong.

Sister Hong naturally understood the situation at the post office; she also comprehended Yang Jian's approach.

"Ripping the letter is a bold and risky move; a slip, and you could be swallowed by the darkness in the post office. But he's smart, wary of the fifth floor, and of me, so he ripped the letter on the first floor, avoiding me as much as possible," Sister Hong muttered cautiously, planning to check downstairs.

However, what she didn't anticipate was a young, handsome yet unfamiliar youth appearing on the stairs, blocking her path.

"I haven't seen you in the post office..."

Sister Hong asked with an enigmatic smile, "What's your name?"

She possessed Leuk Qingqing's memory, but Leuk Qingqing had never come into contact with Ye Zhen, so Sister Hong didn't know about Ye Zhen's existence.

She expected Ye Zhen to exchange a few pleasant words but instead widened his eyes angrily and abruptly shouted, "Audacity! Dare to provoke me, Ye? Truly ignorant of your place! Today, I'll slay you, this ghost woman!"

"??" Sister Hong thought she was only greeting him, should not be considered a provocation, right?

"Kill." Ye Zhen moved.

He sensed the threat imposed by Sister Hong; at this moment, he pulled out the longsword from his waist, prepared for battle.

It wasn't a sharp treasured sword, but a distorted, deformed, dirt-smudged, rust-covered bizarre sword. On one side of the sword, there was a blurred, cracked Ghost Face, no—it didn't seem like a depiction but a real existence, merely residing on that sword.

This was an extraordinary supernatural weapon.

At this moment, Sister Hong perhaps was careless, or inadvertently glanced.

The red cheongsam on Sister Hong glowed conspicuously, emitting a faint red light. Her eyes instantly filled with porcelain-like cracks, a deathly gray hue spreading and overflowing from her sockets, covering her face, which then began to crack like porcelain.

"This sword cannot be viewed; viewing brings death."

Ye Zhen caressed the cold longsword, not looking at that side but fixating on Sister Hong.

"Interesting," Sister Hong remarked, with some mischievousness as cracks marred her face.

But as soon as the words were spoken, the flesh of her face fell off like shattered fragments continuously peeling away.

Yet in the next moment.

Red high heels moved, blood-red footprints appeared around.

One after another, peculiar Puppet People emerged; these Puppet People had no faces, no hands, yet all wore red cheongsams.

"Ghost stuff indeed is extraordinary. People in the spiritual realm tremble at hearing my name, Ye; you are the first not only to dare to provoke me but actively confront my existence—since that's the case... kill."

Ye Zhen merely stomped on the ground, the leather shoes striking the surface crisply. Subsequently, he vanished instantly.

In the next moment, he appeared among countless Puppet People.

The distorted longsword in his hand slashed down, infused with the Ghost Domain, seemingly capable of tearing apart the post office, but unable to tear a Puppet Person in a red cheongsam.

Other Puppet People stepped closer in high heels as if to engulf him.

"Eyes are gone just to restrain my sword? But I, Ye Zhen, am not a figure of empty fame; this sword can't be touched, touch brings splitting." Ye Zhen shouted.

The Puppet Person before him froze at this instant, and then from where it contacted the longsword, a crack formed, the crack stretching out, eventually tearing the red cheongsam.

A Puppet Person fell to the ground, utterly destroyed.

As for the approaching other Puppets, Ye Zhen raised his hand and punched them, sending them flying directly.

Once he made a move, it was like a violent storm; those Puppet People were unresistant, unable to pose any threat.

Yet afterward, Ye Zhen suddenly sensed something unusual; unable to resist, he bent over, beginning to vomit severely; a crimson heart was forcefully expelled from his mouth.

He touched his chest.

It already felt hollow and cold.

Evidently, he had unknowingly been eroded by the supernatural.

"A living person attaining such levels, truly unbelievable."

Sister Hong emerged from the remaining few Puppet People, her face still cracked yet slowly recovering, only what restored became even less familiar than before, no longer resembling Leuk Qingqing much.

Clearly, the inevitable killing norms couldn't erase this unusual existence.

"Remember, the one who kills you—it's Ye Zhen."

Ye Zhen, unafraid of death, reached Sister Hong, slashing his sword onto her.

A tear formed in the cheongsam on Sister Hong's shoulder, followed by the rip extending... seemingly about to cleave her body in half.

Chapter 1057 - The Path of the Administrator

Sister Hong looked at her shoulder with some surprise.

The blood-red qipao had somehow torn open, and the tear was spreading, making the sound of ripping fabric. Moreover, a gash had appeared on her shoulder.

One must know that her body now was not that of a living person; beneath the qipao was the body of Puppet People.

And the essence of Puppet People was a fierce ghost.

In other words, Ye Zhen's attack this time managed to suppress both the red qipao and the Puppet People, two fierce ghosts.

Even Yang Jian, with the Coffin Nail in his hand, could not pierce the red qipao and Puppet People before. Although the characteristics of supernatural items differ, it is enough to prove how difficult it is to harm Sister Hong.

"Have the young people of today come so far down the path of exploring supernatural power? In a certain sense, you've surpassed that Yang Jian."

Blood flowed from Sister Hong's shoulder. Clearly, it was the body of the Puppet People splitting open, but thick blood still flowed from the opening. She quickly collected herself and examined the person in front of her once more.

She had thought Ghost Eye Yang Jian was already the leader of the new generation of ghost tamers.

Unexpectedly, someone even more outstanding appeared.

"So, you have already faced Yang Wudi? That's great, but I, Ye, am always honest. In a one-on-one scenario, I have lost to him before." Ye Zhen was unusually serious at this moment.

Because the speed at which this red qipao woman's body was cracking was too slow, too slow.

Moreover, the sword in his hand was also being resisted by a supernatural force, gradually bending and deforming.

This indicated that he couldn't easily tear the person in front of him in half, and if he continued to fight, the outcome would not be good.

"You only lost to that Coffin Nail; without it, he's not a match for you."

Sister Hong said, "Perhaps, you're more suited to manage this Ghost Post Office. You are more exceptional than he is."

"Nonsense, losing is losing. Although I, Ye, am destined to be the strongest, what path to invincibility has no opponents? Only by defeating all the heroes in the world is the title of 'strongest' truly deserved. You dirty trickster, what right do you have to comment on Yang Wudi?"

"You say he's not good enough? Then what does it say about me losing to him? Such an insult, today we shall decide who's superior and settle this once and for all."

Ye Zhen said very angrily.

"..." Sister Hong felt that the person in front of her was a real oddity.

His way of thinking was hard to digest.

"Young people's impulsiveness isn't necessarily a bad thing, but I'm not as easy to deal with as you think. Besides, I'm not your enemy." Sister Hong still had a smile on her face as she slowly backed away, more blood flowing from her body.

The blood didn't directly drip to the ground but slid down slowly from mid-air as if it were on glass.

As the blood stained the surroundings, the outline of a door emerged.

The door appeared behind Sister Hong, dripping with blood, connecting to some unknown and eerie place.

"Creak!"

The door behind her opened.

It was a red room, all the furniture inside was red, like a lady's boudoir but filled with an inexplicable danger.

"Crack! Crack!"

Sister Hong's whole body quickly cracked, the fissures growing larger, as if losing some kind of supernatural resistance, her body finally shattered easily in front of Ye Zhen, turning into fragments scattered on the ground.

A head placed among the pieces, seemingly smiling at Ye Zhen.

Then everything completely shattered, turning into fragments in the bloody mess.

"What is this?" Ye Zhen watched as all this happened, feeling somewhat puzzled.

However, he suddenly saw a person standing abruptly inside the blood-stained door, wearing a red qipao and red high heels, much like the previous Sister Hong, yet not entirely the same.

"No matter how many times I die, I always return to this place."

In the blood-stained room, Sister Hong sighed, as if lamenting her fate and telling Ye Zhen that all efforts were futile; nothing mattered anymore.

After speaking, Sister Hong slowly walked out of the room again.

The tear on the qipao on her body had repaired itself.

She seemed to have returned to the state she was in when she first met Ye Zhen; the only difference was that her appearance had inexplicably changed compared to before, becoming increasingly unfamiliar and less and less like Leuk Qingqing.

She was practically a different person now.

"Even if I can't kill you, I, Ye, must cut off your head and take it back." Ye Zhen was very persistent, seemingly at odds with Sister Hong.

Without a word, he tried to rush through the door into that eerie red room.

But soon.

Ye Zhen passed right through; he couldn't touch the door or enter the room. To him, this door, this room, didn't even exist. He could only see it but couldn't interact with it.

The Sister Hong inside the room shook her head slightly. She had no interest in tangling with this person, as it was pointless. Her puzzle was not yet complete, unable to kill Ye Zhen and, of course, unable to be killed by him.

So she walked over and closed the door of the room.

Once the door was shut, it started to blur and gradually disappeared before his eyes.

"Don't go, ghost, don't go, come out and fight me," Ye Zhen shouted, not wanting to let Sister Hong off and intending to continue the fight.

But the door still disappeared.

Sister Hong didn't want to continue the conflict with Ye Zhen; she had more important matters upon awakening than fighting with the young one here.

Moreover.

If the fight dragged on and Yang Jian got involved, and those two teamed up, she might truly vanish from this world.

"Damn it." Ye Zhen gritted his teeth, trying to find the door, but it was futile.

It was a Supernatural Space, needing special people and media to enter it; others had no way of finding or entering it.

Unable to eliminate Sister Hong,

Ye Zhen had to vent his frustration elsewhere. He stared at the fifth floor of the post office, hearing an eerie song floating from there, deciding to continue seeking the source, perhaps finding a more significant opponent.

He continued forward, pursuing the supernatural phenomena.

At this moment.

Yang Jian had just stabilized the situation on the ground floor.

The shadows of five fierce ghosts swayed on the first floor; ghosts roamed everywhere, wandering, with the walls and floor shrouded in a layer of black shadow.

The second shadow remained still, its activity halted because of the Coffin Nail, which was why Yang Jian, Wang Yong, Li Yang, and others remained safe.

"Will the supernatural assault brought by the black letter continue?" Yang Jian frowned, a bit uncertain.

Many dangers have occurred from a moment ago until now.

Ghosts have emerged one after another, and even the main door of the post office has been damaged. Under normal circumstances, the messenger on the fifth floor would have been wiped out by now. However, fortunately, the appearance of him and Ye Zhen broke this curse, allowing everyone else to survive with only one messenger dying.

The situation seems to be improving.

Or perhaps, some kind of curse is beginning to manifest.

Sun Rui, who was in a deep sleep, slowly opened his eyes. He had awoken, and the state of ghost revival was being suppressed. This suppression came from the black letter and the entirety of the Ghost Post Office.

Even though he hasn't completely become an administrator yet,

Sun Rui was already transitioning to the identity of an administrator. The greatest advantage of becoming the post office manager is to never worry about a ghost revival, but the premise is not to leave the post office.

"Am I awake? Or am I dreaming again?" Sun Rui said somewhat uncertainly.

He looked around.

In the dim post office, his vision was not very good, but he still recognized Yang Jian not far away.

"It seems that what Sister Hong said is true. After becoming an administrator, the ghost revival situation disappears, and you turn into an anomaly. I thought you would only wake up after this matter was over, but I didn't expect you to regain consciousness so soon." Yang Jian nodded slightly.

His Ghost Shadow could be retracted now.

No need to continue balancing the ghost inside Sun Rui's body.

"So, this isn't a dream? Yang, you really did it. That black letter, the opportunity to become an administrator... So now it's resisting the supernatural attack after tearing the black letter?" Sun Rui quickly understood the situation here.

"Isn't this matter over yet?"

He quickly became vigilant, paying attention to the supernatural phenomena around him.

He saw a strange long spear standing in the middle of the hall, with a pair of dead feet nailed underneath, as well as a person's shadow.

Besides, several black shadows were wandering around. The shadow seemed very dangerous, making people wary, but it didn't kill anyone.

"The matter may not be over yet, but it's probably coming to an end. Enough ghosts have been dealt with." Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui nodded slightly, however, as he continued to observe, he suddenly noticed a staircase appearing on the wall of the hall that had never appeared before, with a blurry person at the entrance waving him over.

Signaling him to come.

"Huh?"

His face changed slightly, staring intently at that place.

"Did you discover something?" Yang Jian followed Sun Rui's gaze but saw nothing there.

"A staircase, with a blurry person calling me over at the entrance." Sun Rui said directly.

Yang Jian fell into a deep thought.

Wang Yong on the side said, "That might be the road to the sixth floor of the post office. Only Sun Rui can see it; we can't see it. I think his awakening at this time is not a coincidence, but the time has come. If I'm not mistaken, he should now go to the sixth floor along that path and become the post office administrator."

Wang Yong was an Old Messenger and knew a lot of information.

He had also seen people leave the post office before. When a messenger delivered three letters, a special road would appear, visible only to the messenger.

"So, should I follow that person over?" Sun Rui limped forward a few steps, finally stopping in front of the wall, and then glanced back at Yang Jian.

"Yang, what do you think? Could it be a trap?"

"It might be the road to the so-called sixth floor of the post office, and there is indeed a possibility of a trap." Yang Jian said, "However, while there is danger, the likelihood of a trap is not high."

He peered with his ghost eyes but couldn't see the road.

If it were a ghost, Yang Jian would definitely be able to see it.

And since he couldn't see it, it was likely a supernatural phenomenon set by the post office itself.

"I understand, I'll go and have a look."

Sun Rui said, "Doing nothing might not be very good. Becoming an administrator earlier can also end the supernatural phenomenon here sooner."

Yang Jian didn't speak, just nodded, then looked at Wang Yong.

Wang Yong also didn't refuse and tossed the iron shovel he held to him: "Take this just in case."

"Thank you." Sun Rui didn't refuse, as it wasn't the time to be pretentious.

He took it and immediately limped forward.

In his sight, the blurry figure at the entrance gesturing him over first turned and walked towards the stairs, seemingly implying for Sun Rui to follow.

Although Sun Rui's legs were inconvenient, his movements were not slow, and he quickly caught up.

"Disappeared...", Zhou Ze's eyes moved slightly.

He saw Sun Rui ignore the wall in front of him and walked directly into it, disappearing before his eyes.

"So, have we succeeded?" Wang Yong said, carrying a hint of inquiry.

Yang Jian said, "Not considered a success yet. If the administrator is on the post office's sixth floor, then with the post office lacking an administrator, it's unclear if there will be ghosts on the sixth floor. We need to wait. Once Sun Rui comes back, everything will be clear. Before that, everyone should ensure their own safety."

After saying that, he looked at the pale female corpse with black letter papers stuck to it.

"I need to go back to the fifth floor once; now that the post office is dark, it's an opportunity. I want to retrieve the last puzzle piece from room 501 to see what this female corpse is about. Now that Sun Rui isn't here, there's no need to guard here."

Once Yang Jian finished speaking, he grabbed the female corpse and proceeded upstairs.

"Captain, aren't you taking your supernatural weapon?" Li Yang asked.

"It's pinned two ghosts down, can't move it recklessly, better leave it here." Yang Jian said.

He wasn't worried about this thing being stolen or snatched because his supernatural weapons carried strong curses, and those who didn't understand might accidentally get themselves killed.

Seeing this, Li Yang immediately painted over the bloody door on the wall and then removed the doorknob, quickly following him.

"Should we go and have a look too?" Zhong Yan asked nervously.

"There are four ghost shadows wandering in the first-floor lobby, not suitable to stay here. Going to the fifth floor might not be the right choice, but it's better than staying here, and this Yang Jian seems to

have gathered enough of the corpse puzzle, wanting to understand this secret, I think we should take a look."

Zhou Ze said.

Wang Yong didn't say much, and the group quickly followed.

"Where did Ye Zhen go? I haven't heard any movement from him." At this moment, Yang Jian was climbing the stairs while observing the abnormalities around.

He found everything to be quiet.

This was not like Ye Zhen's style; he had gone up to the fifth floor beforehand, and if there were ghosts, it should be the ghost confronting them right now.

Chapter 1058 Collapsed Floor

Yang Jian returned to the fifth floor again, and there were no abnormalities on the old wooden stairs, nor did any new vengeful spirits appear.

Sun Rui, who had torn up the black letter, went to the sixth floor of the post office. It seemed that the danger brought by tearing up the letter had mostly passed, and the previous threat was gradually subsiding.

However.

The hidden danger remained.

The main door on the first floor of the post office was shattered, and the entire post office was still in a blackout state, which meant the post office was still out of control. Under such circumstances, nothing happening would be surprising.

"It seems everything is normal on the fifth floor, not eroded by the supernatural. It looks like the supernatural occurrences were targeting the person who tore the black letter, and there were no repercussions here." Yang Jian's ghost eyes scrutinized the area but found nothing amiss.

The only noteworthy thing was.

The door to Room 504 was now open.

That room was previously Sister Hong's.

And Ye Zhen had disappeared again, no one knew where he went. Maybe he entered some room, or perhaps he was chasing after other supernatural phenomena.

"The last puzzle piece is in Room 501." Yang Jian immediately set his sights on the first room.

He quickly walked over without waiting for anyone else to join him.

This room's door remained tightly closed, but faint light emanated from the door crack. The light was not bright and flickered unsteadily, clearly from a candle or an oil lamp, not electric light.

He glanced at the incomplete female corpse he was carrying.

Yang Jian hesitated for a moment but decided to bring it along.

He stepped forward to try and open the door to the room, but surprisingly, the door to Room 501 was not locked today and opened easily. Inside, a dim yellow light indeed shone, familiarly coming from an oil lamp.

"Another oil lamp? Sun Rui picked up an oil lamp in the lobby on the first floor before, but the oil in that lamp had already burned out. It was useless now. And here, there's also an oil lamp... could there be a connection between the two? Or did the oil lamp on the first floor come from here?"

He had a slight question in his heart.

With doubts, he strode in.

The layout of this room was identical to other rooms, except the setup was somewhat strange. In the living room was a large table with nothing on it but a solitary oil lamp. The oil lamp was lit, with a small flicker of light swaying in the dim environment.

Nearby, some black shadows were reflected, very blurry and very strange.

The lamp oil from the oil lamp emitted an unusual odor, like some kind of animal fat, but having been stored for a long time, it had a bit of a rotten smell, making one feel somewhat uncomfortable.

"Where is the person of Room 501? Or rather, where is the ghost of Room 501?" Yang Jian frowned, very vigilant.

The person in the neighboring Room 502 said this room held a terrifying ghost that would lure the messenger into the room and kill them, and no living person who entered this room could get out.

But the result was somewhat unexpected.

Yang Jian did not see any ghost, nor did he encounter any danger. In fact, the room was very normal, with no traces of wandering ghosts. On the contrary, frequent strange events were happening in the neighboring Room 502, with stacked bodies of many deceased messengers.

"Regardless of whether there is a ghost in this room, I need to find the last puzzle piece."

To control the post office, he needed to understand everything here.

The female corpse divided into five parts might offer him a better understanding of this place.

Yang Jian went to check the bathroom first.

The bathroom was covered in a layer of dust, as if it hadn't been used for years. Though it was a bit dirty, there were no signs of damage or supernatural occurrences.

Subsequently, he went to the only bedroom in the room.

The door was closed but wasn't locked.

Upon opening, it also turned out to be lit. On the bedside table, Yang Jian saw another oil lamp, identical to the one on the table outside, with no difference whatsoever, still burning what seemed like corpse oil, giving off a rotting smell.

Beside the bedside table.

Yang Jian found a glass jar filled with a yellow liquid, in which a pale dead man's leg was soaked, like a specimen in formalin, but it was not one leg; it was two.

However, though the corpse had been soaked for years, there were no signs of decay. Instead, it was quite fresh, as if it had just been placed inside.

"The dead man's head taken from the first floor, the arm from the oil painting, the body from the lobby, and the legs from Room 501—the corpse hasn't been divided into five parts, but rather four: head, body, arm, leg."

"But there is only one arm. Did I miss something?"

Yang Jian recalled.

Indeed, the glass jar contained one dead arm, not two.

"Perhaps the corpse itself was incomplete, and that arm never existed."

Yang Jian speculated.

Apart from the corpse buried in the lobby on the first floor, the corpse itself might have missing parts, just like a jigsaw puzzle. Without one piece, how could the puzzle be perfectly completed?

"Get out of here."

Yang Jian took the glass jar and then immediately started retreating.

He did not encounter a ghost.

Safely entering the room, he also left safely.

"There is no ghost in Room 501 whatsoever, it's an empty room with only two oil lamps... so the only possible explanation is that the ghost from this room left after the post office lost control, or the person in Room 502 was lying, intentionally hiding some information."

Yang Jian's expression fluctuated as he looked at Room 502.

The door to the room no longer existed, having been destroyed by him. Inside was pitch black, with some strange sounds faintly coming, indicating supernatural occurrences and making one hesitant to enter easily.

"Captain, did you find the puzzle piece?" Li Yang and others arrived at this moment, just as Yang Jian was exiting the room.

Yang Jian said, "Take out those glass jars."

"The previous glass jar is in the room." Li Yang quickly returned to Room 507 where they had been before.

Zhou Ze also took out the glass jar they obtained from the oil painting from his backpack.

Inside was a pale arm.

"Everything's still here, nothing got lost." Li Yang quickly came out of the room, also holding a glass jar, which contained a human head.

It was a short-haired woman's head, eyes open, eerie and frightening, as if she had already awakened.

Yang Jian dropped the corpse he was carrying onto the ground, then tried to smash the glass jar, finding it surprisingly hard. It couldn't be easily shattered. He eventually had to use Ghost Hand to exert supernatural pressure to smash it.

Once the glass jar was broken, the yellow liquid spilled out, and the air was filled with a strange smell, causing a nauseating urge.

He broke the remaining two glass jars one by one.

One arm, and the woman's head were taken out.

"Still missing one arm," Wang Yong said. "It seems we haven't found all the puzzle pieces."

Others looked at Yang Jian.

Indeed, there were four pieces, but the fifth was missing.

"Maybe there never was a fifth puzzle piece, or, perhaps there is, and I just haven't found it all yet, but it doesn't matter. The main parts have been retrieved, I want to see the result." Yang Jian finished speaking and began assembling the corpse.

The cold legs were flexible and fit onto the body, the severed edges perfectly aligned, as if they had been cut by some sharp implement.

The only implement known to Yang Jian capable of this was the Firewood Knife.

No, there was also an axe.

But that axe existed in the world of the oil painting. No one knew who held the real axe outside, or if it was in the hand of the vengeful spirit.

After the legs were attached, the wound at the joint began to disappear rapidly. The corpse seemed to be growing, healing, making it feel astonishingly unbelievable.

"Would this cause problems? The corpses seemed to be intentionally scattered, and the corpse buried on the first floor clearly indicated a desire to remain undiscovered. Reanimating the corpse now might cause some terrible consequence," Zhou Ze looked at Yang Jian, expressing some concern.

"Perhaps leaving it alone is the best choice," said Zhong Yan nervously.

Li Yang and Wang Yong remained silent. Although they felt this approach was wrong, curiosity inevitably lingered in their hearts.

Yang Jian said, "The age of this glass jar is at most a little over ten years. It hasn't reached the point of being established with the post office. This means that, strictly speaking, this corpse doesn't have much to do with the post office itself. Someone simply dismembered the corpse and left it here."

"I'm curious as to why the corpse must remain in the post office and not be taken away. If she encountered an enemy in life and was killed, the corpse logically would have been destroyed or separated and imprisoned long ago. It wouldn't likely be left in one place."

"Do you think there is some reason this corpse has to remain in the post office?" Wang Yong suddenly realized something.

Yang Jian coldly looked on and said, "Ten years ago was exactly the time when that black letter began. The things behind this might not be simple, but this corpse certainly predates that black letter. Yet it's very likely the start of that incident."

As he spoke, the arms of the corpse were pieced together.

But it was still missing one arm,

and the woman's head had yet to be placed on.

"Be careful," Wang Yong reminded.

Yang Jian nodded, signaling everyone to be cautious, then brought over the Dead Man's Head, its eyes wide open, as if unwilling to die, and placed it on the neck of the corpse.

The fit was impeccable.

As if seamless.

Furthermore, the corpse began to grow at a rapid pace, healing and sealing up the final bit of the wound.

Before them lay a paled female corpse missing one arm. The corpse wasn't completely undressed; it had sheets of black letter paper stuck to its body. Those sheets were worn like clothes by the corpse, but they were special, carrying some kind of curse.

Ye Zhen had previously warned Yang Jian, thus he refrained from meddling with the items on the corpse.

"The eyes closed."

Everyone saw the previously open eyes on the corpse slowly shut, as if its resentment had been vented, allowing it to rest in peace.

But that couldn't possibly be what happened.

The corpse had not decayed even after soaking for so many years; some supernatural power must be maintaining it. This was certainly not an ordinary corpse, but either a malevolent spirit or a ghost wielder.

But their past experiences told them.

The likelihood of it being a ghost was greater.

For even a ghost wielder couldn't survive in that state for over a decade and then awaken.

Time ticked by, but there was no sign of awakening.

"Bang!"

Just then, a loud noise came from behind, startling everyone.

The door to Room 505 had been opened.

"Pah, what a filthy thing, so cursed. Lucky for me, Ye, that I'm quite strong. Anyone else would be dead for sure,"

Ye Zhen's voice rang out as he swaggered out, clutching a broken gramophone with fingers from the arm of a hand serving as the needle, playing an intermittent eerie music track.

The interruptions were due to the record's severe damage, purposefully tampered with.

"The final piece of the puzzle?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

He had guessed wrong; it wasn't that the corpse was incomplete, but that the final piece of the puzzle wasn't found.

And the reason it hadn't been found was that the arm had long been taken away and not stored in the glass jar.

"You guys are perverts, actually gathered around to study a female corpse. Ye here doesn't have that kind of taste,"

Ye Zhen remarked, his eyes widening, hurriedly distancing himself from the group of perverts to avoid any peculiar fetishes rubbing off on him.

"What happened in the room just now?" Yang Jian asked, "Where's Sister Hong, did you see her?"

"Sister Hong? You mean that red-cheongsamed ghost thing?"

Ye Zhen said, "Of course I saw her, we had quite a fight at the stairway earlier, and she ran away by cheating. There was nothing in the room, only this ghost thing playing music, which I destroyed."

"You actually fought with Sister Hong and drove her away?" Yang Jian was unsure and incredulous.

No wonder Ye Zhen had been silent; turns out he had a conflict with Sister Hong.

"It's a pity I couldn't kill her, but rest assured, next time I see her, Ye here will definitely settle the score, deciding life and death," Ye Zhen snorted, somewhat embarrassed.

"I have no objections if you can take her down," Yang Jian thought today's smooth progress was likely because Sister Hong had been stopped.

Otherwise, she would surely have been involved.

"The body you are playing with seems to be missing an arm. Luckily, I found it in the room earlier. Here, see if it fits," Ye Zhen said, and then forcefully removed the arm from the gramophone and tossed it over.

Upon catching it, Yang Jian said, "You seem quite interested in this body as well."

"Nonsense, no, don't slander me," Ye Zhen quickly defended himself before turning away.

"I just want to know what kind of ghost thing this is, one that could kill me, Ye, multiple times. If possible, I want to fight it again in front of you all to show how Ye handles this ghost thing."

Ye Zhen wanted to save face and continue challenging the peculiar corpse.

Yang Jian remained silent, simply piecing the last arm onto the corpse.

Soon.

The wounds were healing, and an intact corpse appeared.

All the pieces of the puzzle were gathered.

None of the previous couriers had ever accomplished this.

At that moment.

The female corpse suddenly opened its eyes, and the entire ghost post office began to shake, as if an earthquake was occurring, making the whole building appear about to collapse.

This was no illusion.

It was truly an earthquake.

Yang Jian, with his ghostly eyes, saw that the wooden staircase outside the fifth-floor door couldn't support itself and had already collapsed. Cracks even appeared on the ground, quickly spreading into a dense network.

"Is the post office about to collapse?" The other couriers were uncertain and alarmed.

That couldn't possibly happen.

The Ghost Post Office is a supernatural place, how could it collapse.

"No, the post office isn't collapsing; something is emerging,"

Yang Jian saw walls peeling and the ground cracking. While everything appeared on the verge of collapse, in reality, it wasn't. Instead, this upheaval induced certain mysterious changes in the post office.

These changes were happening from the inside out.

It seemed the true nature of the post office was about to reveal itself.

But before he had too much time to observe.

Suddenly.

The ground split open, truly collapsing, and they tumbled down to the fourth floor of the post office.

But then the fourth floor also collapsed, dropping them to the third floor.

The third floor collapsed as well.

The floors were vanishing one by one.

Chapter 1059 The Last 601

The moment the corpse was successfully pieced together, everyone expected to awaken a fierce ghost that had been sleeping for many years, but the change occurred in the entire Ghost Post Office instead.

The post office shook and trembled as if a powerful earthquake was happening.

The post office did not collapse, but the walls inside were peeling off, wooden stairs crumbling, and floors vanishing.

Originally, the atrium of the post office was shrouded in a layer of darkness, but that darkness was now scattered away.

Yang Jian, Ye Zhen, Li Yang, Wang Yong, Zhou Ze, and Zhong Yan all found themselves unexpectedly stepping into thin air and falling down, each floor crumbling, and within moments, they fell back into the lobby of the post office's first floor.

Dust flew, debris scattered.

It seemed the old furnishings could no longer be maintained and finally broke down today.

"Bah, what a lousy building, it collapses just like that. Whoever built this thing must have taken kickbacks, classic shoddy construction. If it meets me, Ye Zhen, I'll surely deal with them."

Ye Zhen stood on the ruins, and couldn't help but spit.

"The Supernatural Power maintaining the post office partially vanished, so this old building reached its limit and therefore broke down. It was due to that corpse; the corpse opened its eyes showing signs of awakening, and then such changes occurred."

Dust was flying.

Yang Jian stood firm, his scarlet Ghost Eye quickly scanned around.

The flying dust immediately dissipated rapidly, and in just a moment, the debris on the ground vanished without a trace.

He used Ghost Domain to clear away the trash.

Quickly.

The surrounding visibility was restored.

Li Yang, Wang Yong, Zhou Ze, and others hurriedly stood up from the ground.

Although they had fallen from the fifth floor, they were unharmed.

They all were ghost riders possessing Supernatural Powers; a common fall wouldn't take their lives.

At this moment, everyone noticed that the layout within the post office had changed drastically; this was a U-shaped building with five floors in total, and at the walls, staircase openings appeared, those stairs being of concrete structure, connecting all floors from top to bottom.

"A staircase hidden within the wall?" Wang Yong's face flickered.

Li Yang said in a deep voice: "When we were on the fourth floor, we were attacked by a fierce ghost, and when the ghost appeared, a staircase emerged but later disappeared. Now it seems the staircase didn't disappear but was always there, just hidden by the walls, making it impossible for the messengers to discover."

"So this is the original form of the post office? The first and fifth floors are mutually connected, without any layer-by-layer separation." Zhou Ze looked up and examined slightly.

"If that's the case, then perhaps the previous post office was modified by someone, and the messengers' rules for going upstairs were set later on and not initially present," Li Yang speculated.

Wang Yong pondered: "Only a manager would be qualified to remodel the post office and redefine the rules for delivering letters."

"Door Knocking Ghost? That elderly man surnamed Luo?" Li Yang looked at Yang Jian.

This possibility was very plausible.

That elderly man surnamed Luo, possibly intending to choose a new manager, had thus established such a ruthless letter delivery rule, aiming to select an outstanding messenger to succeed him.

"Wait a moment, what about that corpse?" Suddenly, the woman named Zhong Yan cautiously asked.

This immediately redirected their focus back.

Everyone's gaze scanned around, searching for the recently pieced-together female corpse.

Abruptly.

Yang Jian and Ye Zhen first raised their heads and looked up.

That's the location of the fifth floor.

Though the fifth floor's lobby had collapsed, a corridor remained around the rooms, and there, on that incomplete corridor, stood an eerie female corpse, entirely pale, covered in sheets of black letter paper, standing there, her eyes slightly lowered, looking at the crowd on the lower floors.

"She's provoking me; no one has ever dared to stand above Ye Zhen and overlook me. Obviously, she's not taking me seriously!" Ye Zhen was furious, immediately wanting to rush up and face the female corpse again.

But Yang Jian stopped him.

"Why stop me? Do you think I'm not her match?" Ye Zhen asked.

"..." Yang Jian found Ye Zhen's thought pattern incomprehensible.

"No need to battle with that thing; there are too many bizarre things within the post office. I just need to wait for Sun Rui to reappear. Until then, fewer problems are better, and this female corpse's state seems odd, doesn't appear to be a ghost. If you hastily eliminate her and trigger adverse outcomes, it won't be good for the situation."

Yang Jian said as he observed the female corpse.

Meanwhile, the situation seemed to have stabilized; he didn't want additional troubles.

Furthermore, the shadows of five fierce ghosts within the lobby were still wandering, which required his attention.

"Relax, I'm not an empty name; I'll return after I cut her down, it won't be a problem," Ye Zhen declared.

Yang Jian replied: "Instead of wasting time on her, why not first deal with the ghosts within the lobby? Hear me out, leave the female corpse on the fifth floor for now."

He believed there were secrets with this female corpse, not wanting Ye Zhen to spoil it.

"Fine, considering your insistence, Ye Zhen shall temporarily let her be," Ye Zhen grudgingly snorted at the female corpse, expressing discontent.

But Yang Jian's words evidently carried weight, as Ye Zhen then turned his attention to those terrifying ghost shadows within the lobby.

Seeing this, Yang Jian slightly relaxed.

He was truly concerned about being unable to hold Ye Zhen back and potentially causing a commotion.

Now it appeared that Ye Zhen was more accommodating, without recklessly following his whims.

"Temporarily ignore that entity, keep waiting; if Sun Rui isn't dead, he should return, and the horrific ghost attack from tearing the black letters has passed, implying a stretch of safety ahead barring unexpected incidents."

Yang Jian advised Li Yang, Wang Yong, and others.

"And what about the unresolved ghosts?" Wang Yong asked.

He meant the four roaming ghost shadows within the lobby.

"Aware of their killing pattern, there won't be any issues for now. Moreover, dealing with those ghost entities isn't possible. Only Ye Zhen can think of a solution," Yang Jian stated.

Everyone nodded.

At this moment, Ye Zhen, rather intrigued, began studying those ghost shadows.

Ye Zhen, despite his eccentricity, possessed the necessary wit during supernatural events, not solely relying on brute force.

"The shadows are mere illusions, the origin is key. Another puzzle-solving game? Ye Zhen can certainly handle this," Ye Zhen contemplated, focusing on the ghost shadows.

Meanwhile.

Another part of the post office.

This is a rarely trod staircase, where Sun Rui currently limped alone upwards, guided silently by a shadowy, eerie figure ahead, seemingly prompting him to follow.

Sun Rui indeed did so.

The stairs were long, seemingly endless, darkness engulfed the path, and the atmosphere was overwhelmingly oppressive and eerily quiet, broken only by the echo of his slow, trudging steps.

The narrow, dim, and tense stairway easily strained one's nerves.

Yet Sun Rui remained calm, unfazed.

With many horror events experienced in the post office during these days, countless solitary nights, this hardly counted as anything.

As if walking forever.

Quickly.

The stairway came to an end.

There was a room.

Dim wall lamps glowed on both sides of the door, and a brass room number plate hung on the door, with the number: 601.

601?

Sun Rui's expression shifted slightly: "Indeed, the sixth floor of the post office exists, and it seems to be a strange place that stands alone, not connected to the fifth floor."

When his gaze returned.

Creak!

The door of room 601 suddenly opened.

The wall lamp flickered slightly, and the eerie old man's figure vanished instantly.

The figure seemed to be some kind of supernatural phenomenon, not a real ghost, merely guiding specific people into this place.

"This is inviting me into that room," Sun Rui thought silently, as he felt his condition improving, with no longer a disturbing resurgence of malicious spirits.

His limping condition was not as severe, and he walked more nimbly than before.

"There are still many people outside enduring the attacks of malevolent ghosts waiting for me to return, I cannot waste time."

Sun Rui didn't hesitate and immediately stepped into that room.

The room was very dark, extremely dark.

So dark that it led one to doubt if they were already blind.

But soon, a peculiar oil lamp flickered to life, and a strange smell filled the air.

The lamp oil exuded a stench of decay, making one feel uncomfortable.

"It's identical to the oil lamp I obtained on the first floor," Sun Rui moved towards the source of the light.

Soon, he reached where the oil lamp was placed.

There was an antique writing desk, with a patina developed over long use, as if it had been in use for a long time.

On the writing desk lay a small black booklet, beside it a calligraphy brush, and an inkstone.

Sun Rui's gaze lingered on the small black booklet,

He ignored the brush and inkstone beside it, for they were ordinary objects, not supernatural items; only the small black booklet carried an ominous aura.

The black paper seemed somewhat familiar.

"It's letter paper..." Sun Rui realized the size and style immediately upon seeing it.

But before he could observe further, an alarming scene unfolded.

A withered old man's hand suddenly stretched out from the depths of the darkness opposite the desk, grasping a page from the black booklet, gently flipping it open.

On the first page, a beautiful name was written using a calligraphy brush: Luo Wensong.

Sun Rui's whole body tensed, his hand instinctively grasped, only to realize his cane was no longer by his side, his face simultaneously darkening.

"Luo Wensong? Surname Luo? Captain Yang seems to have mentioned that the Door Knocking Ghost was surnamed Luo before his death, as for his full name, it's untraceable, for there were no identification cards, records in that era, names were purely passed down verbally, so is Luo Songwen the real name of that Luo?"

"But the name doesn't matter, it's only a code."

He stared at the withered hand, thoughts swirling in his mind.

Soon after.

The withered hand opened the second page.

The second page also had a name, written with a fountain pen, the script delicate.

"Tian Xiaoyue."

Obviously, this is a female's name.

"No, that's not right."

Sun Rui's expression shifted slightly: "This booklet should record the names of managers, Luo Songwen's name on the first page indicates he was the first manager, yet the supernatural event of the Door Knocking Ghost from his resurrection only happened a year ago."

"By this reasoning, a second manager shouldn't exist."

However, the names in the black booklet indeed existed, with Tian Xiaoyue elegantly written.

This implies the post office had a second manager.

But the withered hand in the darkness didn't stop, it turned the third page.

At this moment, what made Sun Rui's scalp tingle was yet another name appearing, the name: Zhang Xiangguang.

Sun Rui didn't recognize this name but Yang Jian did, as a portrait of Zhang Xiangguang was left within the post office, he was the fifth floor's messenger, successfully delivering three letters and escaping the post office's existence.

No one expected Zhang Xiangguang's name to show up here.

Could it be that he was also a manager?

Sun Rui didn't ponder much, only memorizing the names in the booklet for discussion with Yang Jian later.

The withered hand reaching out from the darkness slowly opened the fourth page at this moment.

The fourth page of the black booklet was blank, no name inscribed, seemingly awaiting Sun Rui to fill it in.

"Whoever can reach here and leave their name, will become the manager?"

Sun Rui retrieved a ballpoint pen he habitually carried from his coat pocket, without hesitation, he bent down and swiftly signed his name on it.

The fourth manager: Sun Rui.

As soon as the name was signed, suddenly.

Countless glowing flames appeared abruptly in the dark room, gradually illuminating, they were oil lamps placed intricately throughout the room, brightening the originally dim room 601.

And as darkness receded.

Sun Rui inspected ahead, and realized the spot in front of the desk where the withered hand once emerged, now bore no trace of it, merely a coat rack stood there with a strange, black long robe hanging on it.

This room was windless.

Yet the black long robe on the coat rack inexplicably fluttered a few times, as if someone had touched it just moments ago.

Sun Rui observed it cautiously, his countenance filled with apprehension.

He was certain that black robe wasn't ordinary, the previous supernatural occurrences had been its doing.

But now wasn't the time to delve into this, he needed to quickly ascertain the situation here, alter the post office's rules, and handle the supernatural phenomena within the post office.

Sun Rui, aided by the numerous oil lamp lights, looked around.

Suddenly, he spotted a painting, an unfinished painting with various pigments beside, the artwork was large and eerie, depicting an old edifice: the Ghost Post Office.

The post office in the painting was simplistic, merely a prototype.

"I think I understand now..." Sun Rui mused thoughtfully.

The implication was clear.

The Ghost Post Office was an unfinished painting, each manager painted their desired post office as per their preference.

Chapter 1060 The End of the Age of Messengers

The lights gradually lit up, one floor after another.

Changes were visibly happening at the post office. The lights that appeared now were no longer the dim, yellow bulbs but rather high-brightness white light strips that seemed to emerge out of nowhere, creating a sense of wonder.

"The lights are on? All the lights were clearly shattered before."

At this moment, everyone in the lobby looked around at the changes in amazement, feeling somewhat incredulous.

Not only that.

Dirty, stained walls were disappearing, becoming clean and tidy. The musty floor was also vanishing, quickly replaced by bright tiles. Besides the staircase connecting the floors, two elevators even appeared... it seemed the old decor was disappearing as some modern renovations reappeared.

A huge crystal chandelier hung down from the fifth-floor ceiling, suspended around the fourth floor.

In just half an hour, the Ghost Post Office suddenly became magnificently luxurious.

"Someone is altering the layout of the post office. Only the administrator could achieve this," Wang Yong immediately said.

While he was speaking, changes were also taking place around them, with sofas, a bar, and even a mini café appearing nearby...

It's hard to imagine that this was once the Ghost Post Office in such a short time.

If someone came here for the first time, they would mistake it for a very upscale hotel or apartment.

"Each era's administrator has its own layout style. This is a modern style, which means the administrator who took over the Ghost Post Office is from the modern era," Yang Jian noted, "So, Sun Rui has succeeded. He's taken over and is starting to erase the traces of the old era."

"The supernatural events remaining here are being erased. It's just unclear whether he can use the administrator's role to make the ghosts disappear from here."

Although everyone was astonished by the changes, Yang Jian was more concerned about whether the administrator's authority was enough to combat the ghosts here.

At the inception of the Ghost Post Office, there were certainly no ghosts inside.

But with the start of the messengers' delivery missions and various supernatural occurrences, the post office was undoubtedly invaded by ghosts, and even some who controlled ghosts died in the post office, forming numerous supernatural events.

Over time.

The hidden dangers in the post office became numerous.

Yang Jian encountered quite a few, including the ghost on the fourth floor, Room 504 on the fifth floor, Room 502, and the Door-Opening Ghost wandering in the post office... and so on.

Without an administrator, these ghosts couldn't be cleared, making the post office increasingly dangerous.

Now Sun Rui has taken over. He must ensure things proceed on the right track; the only worry is whether he has the capability to accomplish this.

In less than an hour.

The original Ghost Post Office disappeared.

Although the place remained the same, it had transformed into a five-story luxurious apartment with bright lights.

The rooms on each floor remained.

Seven rooms on each floor, a total of thirty-five rooms, seemed unchanged, but all the doors were renewed, no longer the creaky wooden ones but modern-style doors.

The oil paintings on the fifth-floor walls remained.

These were also irremovable, still hanging on the walls.

But their positions had changed.

The paintings continuously fell from the fifth-floor walls, then hung in the first-floor lobby, with portraits appearing as if it was a small art gallery.

Yang Jian noticed.

Some paintings mysteriously disappeared during the repositioning process, seemingly taken away and hidden somewhere.

Those missing paintings were very eerie and dangerous. Their selection and removal alleviated many hidden dangers within the post office, which was a good thing.

"The elevators are functional."

At this moment, Wang Yong approached one of the elevators and tried to operate it, finding it actually opened and operated normally.

"The body on the fifth floor is still there," Yang Jian saw. The female corpse remained there, unmoved.

Apparently, the administrator's authority couldn't affect that female corpse.

This corpse seemed to be a remnant of the previous era's post office.

"What about the shadows of the five ghosts?" Yang Jian immediately turned to look at Ye Zhen.

Ye Zhen didn't move, just stood there looking towards the main door.

The door before was broken, but now it was restored, becoming a revolving glass door. The shadows of the five ghosts were slowly retreating, seen as a new prohibited spiritual zone. They were being driven out, but Yang Jian's spear was pinning them.

The remaining shadow couldn't be removed.

With mutual pulling, the five ghost shadows stood at the door, caught in a dilemma.

Realizing this, Yang Jian walked over and pulled out the spear.

Immediately.

The revolving door quickly spun a few rounds, and the five ghost shadows left the post office, then mysteriously vanished.

Ye Zhen rarely didn't pursue, just giving a soft snort, slightly unwilling.

Because he hadn't found the flaws of the five ghost shadows yet.

"Look outside, there seems to be a street," suddenly, Zhong Yan, a woman, exclaimed in astonishment, pointing outside.

The darkness outside vanished, and the post office path was gone, replaced with a quiet road, nearby there were tall buildings, shops, evidently a bustling street.

"It's Dahan City."

Yang Jian glanced and immediately recognized: "The post office's location was originally in Dahan City, now Sun Rui seems to have changed the rules, allowing post office people to return directly to Dahan City, which should mean that the messenger's curse is lifted. If you doubt it, you can try walking out."

"I'll try," Zhou Ze said curiously, taking the initiative to walk out the post office door.

However, the moment he stepped out of the post office, he froze.

Standing on the road, he had completely left the Ghost Post Office. Looking back, only an abandoned half-constructed building remained, with no trace of the Ghost Post Office.

But the people inside the post office could see Zhou Ze's every move.

"Could the messenger's curse have ended just like that?" Standing on the closed-off street, Zhou Ze urgently took out the black letter paper.

Upon taking it out, the black letter paper lost some supernatural power support and instantly crumbled and weathered, leaving only a wisp of paper shreds blown away by the wind.

He was both shocked and overjoyed.

Looking back at the abandoned building repeatedly, no matter how he observed, it could only ever be a dilapidated structure, not the Ghost Post Office anymore.

Moreover.

He couldn't return.

His identity as a messenger was stripped, utterly disconnected from the Ghost Post Office.

"The era of messengers has ended," Yang Jian retrieved his gaze and slowly spoke.

He did not care about Zhou Ze nor did he want him to return here.

Wang Yong, Zhong Yan, the two remaining messengers suddenly felt as if in a different world, somewhat stunned, seemingly hard to accept.

The terrifying Ghost Post Office that tormented them for over ten years had truly ended today?

They were no longer messengers, free from curses, free from forced delivery tasks, returning to freedom, leaving everything else unrelated to them.

"Indeed, it's over, no more messengers in the future," Wang Yong lit a cigarette and took a deep drag, speaking with relief.

Zhong Yan cautiously asked, "Can I leave here now? Since I'm no longer a messenger, it seems staying here serves no purpose."

"Go on, the remaining matters are unrelated to you," Yang Jian said.

He collaborated with these Fifth Floor Messengers just to settle the Ghost Post Office issues. Now that it's over, he saw no need to remain associated with them, and neither Zhou Ze nor Zhong Yan were considered top-level ghost handlers, not enticing enough to recruit.

However, Wang Yong had great ability, worthy of joining his team.

Zhong Yan nodded, glanced around, made a brief farewell, and quickly left the Ghost Post Office.

Upon stepping out, she encountered Zhou Ze outside.

"Yang Jian said the era of the messengers is over, and all of us messengers on the fifth floor are free now," Zhong Yan said.

Zhou Ze looked at her and said, "It seems the choice earlier was indeed not wrong. That Yang Jian is impressive, managing to handle the Ghost Post Office all by himself. In that case, I should leave too. What about you?"

"Naturally, I'll go back to where I came from," Zhong Yan replied.

"Safe travels."

Zhou Ze didn't ask much, and after bidding farewell to her, he left.

The two of them had merely gathered for survival due to the messenger's curse, without much interaction. Hence, once it was over, they naturally went their separate ways.

After the two messengers left, the first-floor lobby of the post office seemed much emptier.

Only Yang Jian, Li Yang, Wang Yong, and Ye Zhen were left.

The body of Brother Long, who had died, had disappeared.

It was unclear if it was taken away by Sun Rui, the manager.

About an hour and a half later,

the sound of an elevator in operation came from nearby, and suddenly, an elevator door appeared at the spot where Sun Rui had disappeared.

The elevator dinged open.

Sun Rui limped out, leaning on an old iron spade with a stiff smile on his face, looking somewhat eerie, but it was apparent he was in a good mood.

"Yang, how do you find the changes to the Ghost Post Office? I felt it was too old and eerie before, so I changed its style," Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian replied, "Not bad. How did you handle those ghosts?"

Sun Rui tapped the ground with his spade and said, "All buried beneath the post office. As long as the post office remains intact, those ghosts won't emerge because the post office is within the Ghost Domain, effectively trapping the ghosts in the deepest layer. However, it doesn't rule out the possibility of some fierce ghosts invading, so I'll stay vigilant."

The vanished ghosts weren't truly dead but were suppressed by Sun Rui using the Ghost Post Office's properties.

Supernatural incidents are never foolproof, but this result was already the best, after all, ghosts can't be killed, and managing them temporarily is quite good.

"That's good. If fierce ghosts invade again, I'll help as much as I can. Hopefully, it won't cause too much trouble," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui nodded, "Just like you said, I'm trapped here for life, and I can't step out of this door into Dahan City. I can only watch people coming and going at the entrance to Dahan City, so I erased the path to

enter the Ghost Post Office. To come here, one must arrive at the entrance of Dahan City and be pulled in by me."

"Of course, there's another way, like Yang did, by directly invading through the Ghost Domain, but I believe that's an exception, not within consideration."

"Thus, there will be no more strangers dying here."

At this point, his eyes flickered, recalling those innocent newcomers on the first floor previously killed by him.

He didn't regret doing it.

Some sacrifices and casualties are necessary.

"That female corpse is still there, what do you think?" Yang Jian looked at Sun Rui, pointing to the fifth floor above.

The female corpse still stood there, motionless.

Sun Rui pondered, "Honestly, I can't influence that female corpse. It's beyond my jurisdiction, and I have a theory about it."

"What kind of theory?" Yang Jian asked.

Sun Rui said, "I went to the sixth floor of the post office earlier. There was only one room, and on the table in that room lay a black notebook listing past administrators. Essentially, the first page mentions someone named Luo Songwen, whom I assume is the Door Knocking Ghost you mentioned."

"Luo Yong's grandfather, Luo Songwen?" Yang Jian pondered and then nodded, "That's probably correct."

"But the issue is on the second page of that black notebook; there's a second name."

Yang Jian's expression changed immediately, "Are you saying there's a second administrator of this Ghost Post Office, someone listed after Luo Songwen?"

"Exactly. The second administrator's name is Tian Xiaoyue, a female name; I suspect..." Sun Rui explained.

He meant that the female corpse on the fifth floor might very well be the Ghost Post Office's second administrator named Tian Xiaoyue.

Only as fellow administrators would Sun Rui's administrative privileges be ineffective against that female corpse.

"If she was the second administrator, why was she dismembered, and her body left in a bottle within the Ghost Post Office? Was she killed by the messengers? But which messenger could have such capability? Or perhaps, wasn't Luo Songwen dead at that time, and conflicts arose between the two? Differing ideologies led to a clash?"

Yang Jian considered numerous possibilities in an instant but found them somewhat unrealistic.

At this point, Sun Rui spoke in a restrained voice, "Yang, more crucially, it's not about Tian Xiaoyue. However, there was a third administrator, and my name is fourth on the list."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's eyes widened.

A third administrator?

Sun Rui continued, "The third administrator is named Zhang Xiangguang, but there's only a name without any further clues. Logically, this Zhang Xiangguang should be the current post office administrator, considering Luo Songwen died outside the post office, a fierce ghost awoke, and Tian Xiaoyue was dismembered and buried within. Zhang Xiangguang is the most apt to take over the post office."

Zhang Xiangguang?

Upon hearing the name, Yang Jian's gaze sharpened. He almost instinctively looked at an oil painting hanging on the first-floor wall.

But quickly, Yang Jian restrained such instinctive behavior, and his expression swiftly returned to calm.

"I know Zhang Xiangguang, he's a messenger who left the post office. An oil painting of him exists on the wall, but this matter should be kept confidential, don't let it leak, I'll investigate it further later," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui responded, "Then I'll leave it to you, Yang. I can assist with issues inside the post office, but I'm powerless when it comes to outside matters."

Yang Jian remained silent, deep in thought.

How did Zhang Xiangguang manage to both have his portrait left behind and become a post office administrator?

Leaving a portrait implies having left the post office oneself.

Becoming an administrator would mean not leaving a portrait.

"It seems the Zhang Xiangguang within the painting doesn't know he became an administrator; his memory is likely stuck at the moment he left the post office. So, the Zhang Xiangguang in the painting

only holds the fifth-floor messenger's identity, not that of an administrator... No, there's still one more method that could achieve this."

Suddenly, a thought struck Yang Jian.

If a messenger, having left the Ghost Post Office, returns and delivers mail again, could they become an administrator after completing the second delivery?

Since Zhang Xiangguang succeeded once, he could succeed a second time.

"So, Zhang Xiangguang most likely entered the post office twice? The painting version left behind was made after completing the first delivery task. That's the only way to explain it. If so, then technically the real Zhang Xiangguang should still reside within the post office, acting as an administrator, just like Sun Rui mentioned."

"But there is no trace of this person inside the post office."

The further this thought progressed, the deeper the mystery became.

Yang Jian promptly shook his head, deciding to set this issue aside for now.

The matters regarding the third administrator, Zhang Xiangguang, had to wait.

"By the way, now that the Ghost Post Office has canceled the mail delivery tasks and no new messengers are joining, it's no longer appropriate to call this place the Ghost Post Office. Yang, would you like to give it a new name? Consider what would be appropriate for this location in the future," Sun Rui suddenly said.

Yang Jian nodded, "Indeed, the post office is now part of history and should have a new beginning with a new name."

"Name it? If you ask me, Ye, you're asking the right person," Ye Zhen approached at this moment.

"I wasn't asking you," Yang Jian replied.

Ye Zhen pretended not to hear and continued, "This place witnessed the battle of two unrivaled beings from this world. Why not call it the God Slaying Battlefield? Our legend will live on in this world. Then, we establish a monument at the entrance, and I'll inscribe it for posterity's admiration and veneration."

"..."

Li Yang and Wang Yong looked at Ye Zhen weirdly from the side.

"I refuse," Yang Jian said. "That would undoubtedly mar our legacy with infamy."

"This place harbors too many supernatural and horrific elements, resembling hell. Moreover, its layout quite resembles an apartment. How about we call it Hell Apartment?"

Hell Apartment.

A new name replacing the Ghost Post Office, signifying a new beginning.