

Revival 811

Chapter 811 Resurrection of the Paper Man

In the afternoon, Yang Jian and his team left the company early.

He arranged accommodations for Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Li Yang, and others, familiarized them with the environment of the Guanjiang Residential Complex, and briefly talked about everyone's duties going forward.

After walking around.

Yang Jian then took them to a safe house located beneath a villa near his home.

"President Yang, this is the No. 2 safe house newly built by Zhang Xiang, personally owned by you, President Yang. I have tallied the expenses and will show you the report later," Zhang Liqin said.

"Let's talk about this matter later."

Yang Jian gestured, and he, along with others, toured the safe house.

This safe house was massive, spanning three levels underground, stocked with various living facilities and supplies, everything one could need. An ordinary person could live here for half a year without any issues, and with supplies intact, over ten years. However, these weren't the most important aspects—the safe house could withstand the invasion of malicious ghosts.

To build this safe house, Yang Jian had invested almost all the money he had earned, including the gold from his last business trip to Japan.

This was a true golden fortress.

Of course, the enormous cost was effective.

The safe house was spacious and could accommodate many people.

Yang Jian estimated that at least fifty people could live very comfortably and freely here; if squeezed, even a hundred people wouldn't be a problem.

"I never expected you had already been planning to build this safe house so early on."

Tong Qian observed around and was somehow impressed by Yang Jian's foresight.

Yang Jian said, "No way around it, I'm afraid of dying. But let's not talk about that now. I didn't bring you here just to show you around. It's about time to start with Xiong Wenwen's matter. If anything uncontrollable happens, this safe house can isolate everything, preventing any supernatural phenomena from leaking."

"This is indeed very thoughtful," Feng Quan remarked.

"So, Captain, how do you plan to resurrect Xiong Wenwen?" Huang Ziya was curious, as she was unaware of the resurrection plan.

"Quite simple."

Yang Jian immediately brought in a paper effigy from the company and placed it inside a room in the safe house.

"Aunt Chen, the photo."

He looked around.

Chen Shumei pursed her lips nervously and handed the black and white photo to Yang Jian.

After taking it, Yang Jian shouted, "Come out."

From a corner of the safe house, a sinister figure scampered out.

It was a child clad in dirty, old shroud, with skin a pale blue-black color, soaking wet as if drowned, devoid of any signs of life, a true, genuine little ghost.

To resurrect Xiong Wenwen, the person in the photo needed to be released.

This release could not be achieved by ordinary means.

It required another supernatural object.

A spirit tablet.

However, the spirit tablet was consumed by it last time, but its bizarre ability did not vanish; instead, it transferred to the Ghost Child.

After all, the Ghost Child's origin traces back to the Hungry Ghost.

It possesses the characteristics of a Hungry Ghost.

"Release the person in the photo into that paper effigy," Yang Jian commanded, handing the photo to the Ghost Child.

The Ghost Child's eyes, like Yang Jian's, glowed red. The only difference was that its eyes lacked pupils, resembling two glass beads, exuding a malevolent aura.

After receiving the photo with its cold little hand, the Ghost Child immediately dashed into the room with the paper effigy.

Yang Jian didn't close the door.

He needed to observe the situation, though he might close it if necessary.

"Ordinary people, step back," Yang Jian cautioned.

As ordinary individuals, Chen Shumei, Zhang Liqin, and Jiang Yan immediately retreated to the door, ready to evacuate at once if things turned south.

"This little one really does listen well," Feng Quan commented, watching the Ghost Child with some envy.

The Ghost Child didn't stop its movements; it entered the room and immediately placed Xiong Wenwen's black and white photo onto the forehead of the paper effigy.

A simple action.

Even somewhat casual.

However, this action enabled the release of the person in the photo due to the Ghost Child consuming the spirit tablet.

The photo, like a bereavement portrait, trapped the consciousness of a living person.

When the Ghost Camera malfunctioned, not only was the consciousness of living people trapped, but ghosts were trapped too.

The consciousness of the living and the ghost were sealed inside a small photo, forming what's known as a supernatural photo.

Now, in releasing Xiong Wenwen, the ghost connected will also be freed.

The uncertainty of resurrection lies here.

Xiong Wenwen might still be alive, or it's possible that the malevolent ghost has completely eroded her, and what comes out is no longer Xiong Wenwen, but merely a ghost wearing her appearance.

For better or for worse.

The outcome will be revealed soon, I believe.

The black and white photo is attached to the paper figure's forehead, and Xiong Wenwen's fearful, panicked expression in the photo is still conspicuous. However, now some subtle abnormal changes have appeared.

The expression of Xiong Wenwen in the photo seems to be changing.

From an expression of terror with her mouth open to one with her mouth closed, her face numbed and cold, those hollow eyes seeming to peer through the photo at everyone present.

"Something's off," Tong Qian slightly furrowed her brows.

"Six people here, we can handle if something goes wrong," Feng Quan said while smoking, "No big deal, let's keep watching."

Xiong Wenwen in the photo now looks like a fierce ghost. The previous panic seemed to be merely a disguise, and now, due to some special circumstance, this disguise has been torn apart, revealing the truth.

Yet the eerie situation continues.

The cold-faced, numb Xiong Wenwen in the photo now begins to struggle; rocking left and right, clutching her head, appearing to be in pain.

However, the image is fixed, and the photo shows afterimages.

One afterimage shows Xiong Wenwen in agony, struggling; another shows her numb, cold expression.

The two expressions alternate, displayed in a slideshow manner.

"Xiong Wenwen is still alive."

Yang Jian's eyes shimmer faintly red as he concludes from this eerie scenario.

The ghost has not completely eroded Xiong Wenwen.

The guess is correct.

The Ghost Camera sealed the ghost, forcibly interrupting the state Xiong Wenwen was in during the ghost's revival and maintaining that interrupted state.

But now Xiong Wenwen's consciousness is recovering, and of course, the ghost is continuing to erode her.

However, this erosion is not severe.

Because neither the ghost nor Xiong Wenwen has escaped from the seal of the photograph.

The change in the photo is just a supernatural phenomenon and doesn't represent how things will turn out.

Afterward.

The image of Xiong Wenwen in the photo begins to fade rapidly, as if accelerating in fading.

In just two or three seconds, Xiong Wenwen in the photo has completely disappeared, leaving the black and white photo blank with nothing left behind.

The ghost and the Xiong Wenwen in the photo have both been transferred.

Transferred into the paper figure before us.

The now-useless photo flutters down from the forehead of the paper figure, turning into a bit of dust before even hitting the floor and disappearing from this world.

Supernatural photos are themselves supernatural products; now, without the maintenance of supernatural power, the photo naturally also disintegrated.

Everyone is staring intently at the paper figure in the room at this moment.

More cautious than curious.

If Xiong Wenwen's resurrection fails, they will not hesitate to take action, confining her instantly so as not to let it escalate into a supernatural event.

After about another ten seconds.

The once inanimate paper figure now begins to move subtly, its eyes slightly revolving, followed by its fingers, and its body starting to quiver.....

The paper figure seems to be bestowed with life, beginning to revive.

"Wenwen."

On seeing this, Chen Shumei becomes somewhat excited; she does not feel fear or dread at this eerie scene.

"Miss Chen, stay calm,"

Zhang Liqin hastily grabs her arm, preventing any rash actions.

Chen Shumei isn't afraid of this scene, but she is terrified.

The paper figure before them might be Xiong Wenwen, but it could also be a malevolent ghost.

The resurrection of the paper figure seems not yet complete, or perhaps it isn't yet accustomed to this strange and foreign body; its movements appear stiff and bizarre.

But as time passes, the paper figure increasingly resembles a living person.

The paper figure lacks a heart and organs, yet it breathes, and breathing sounds can be heard in the room.

This is a good sign.

Because living beings have the habit of breathing, this habit has carried over, influencing the paper figure's motions.

In fact, whether the paper figure breathes is not important, as the air it breathes in will quickly escape through other openings, much like a container that leaks from all sides.

"Can this paper figure help contain the ghost revival within Xiong Wenwen's body?"

Yang Jian stares at the paper figure, pondering secretly.

The others likely share this thought.

The paper figure in the room tries to speak, attempting to open its mouth, but its mouth is empty, lacking a tongue, teeth, a throat... a living person would be unable to cope without these organs.

But Leuk San's paper figure itself was a supernatural product; he could control it, but that doesn't mean the current Xiong Wenwen can.

This requires a process.

"Wenwen, is that you?" Chen Shumei covered her mouth, crying, not expecting that Xiong Wenwen's resurrection would turn her into this.

Strange and eerie.

The paper figure twisted its neck to look at Chen Shumei, its eyes black like ink paintings, dim and numb, devoid of any flicker of emotion, staring at her like an inanimate object.

Unable to discern expressions, unable to read the eyes, also unable to determine whether the paper figure was truly Xiong Wenwen.

Feng Quan said, "Brother Tui, it seems very concerned about Chen Shumei, perhaps it really is Xiong Wenwen resurrected."

"I see, we need to test this, ask it what one plus one equals, and if it can't answer, apprehend it immediately," said Yang Jian.

Although it's the simplest of kindergarten questions, ghosts do not solve math problems.

"Alright."

Feng Quan approached and asked, "Xiong Wenwen, we're currently uncertain whether you're a human or ghost after your resurrection, so we need to test you. Tell me, what does one plus one equal? I'm sorry if you can't answer."

The paper figure clearly heard it.

Otherwise, it wouldn't react to the sound of Chen Shumei's voice.

Very quickly.

The paper figure raised its two stiff arms, flipping off Feng Quan with both middle fingers.

Feng Quan's face turned dark instantly.

"It's Wenwen, it's Wenwen, she came back to life, it worked, she came back to life," Chen Shumei was excited and happy to see this.

However, Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan standing beside were far from happy; they only felt an inexplicable chill.

Paper figure resurrected.

Is this really not frightening?

Not being mothers, the two couldn't understand Chen Shumei's feelings in this moment.

"Captain, perhaps it's just a coincidence, I think it's necessary to test again."

Huang Ziya said, "Xiong Wenwen, I ask you, what does five plus five equal?"

The paper figure then crossed the two raised middle fingers, forming an X, and showed it to Huang Ziya.

"..." Huang Ziya suddenly felt an urge to curse.

"It seems it really is Xiong Wenwen," Tong Qian glanced at Yang Jian, "You succeeded, Xiong Wenwen has been resurrected."

Yang Jian observed the paper figure and then instructed, "Li Yang, lock up the room in the gatehouse, considering Xiong Wenwen's current state, we cannot fully ensure her safety. Keep her locked up for a few days, let her get accustomed to the body of the paper figure, at least she needs to learn to walk and talk."

"Xiong Wenwen, do not resist, this is all for your own good. Once your condition recovers to something more akin to a living person, I will naturally let you out."

At that moment, Li Yang went over to lock the room.

The paper figure didn't entertain thoughts of leaving; it silently looked at Chen Shumei, slightly bowing its head.

"Do not let her out before she learns to speak. If Xiong Wenwen attempts to force her way out, detain her. Zhang Han, you stay frequently in the complex, it's a bit tough but keep an eye on her," Yang Jian instructed.

"This matter is simple," Zhang Han nodded.

Yang Jian said, "Alright, let's leave this matter at this for now, let's all leave this place."

"Captain Yang, could I stay here? I want to stay here with Wenwen," Chen Shumei said at that moment.

"You may, but you can't stay inside the safe house, it's still not suitable for living. Go next door, there's a villa there, consider it my early gift to Xiong Wenwen, you can stay there. I allow you to watch over Xiong Wenwen as much as you want, but let me know when Xiong Wenwen returns to normal, and do not release her without permission."

Yang Jian was not unkind, arranging a dwelling for Chen Shumei.

"Thank, thank you Captain Yang,"

Chen Shumei's eyes brimmed with tears, truly grateful to Yang Jian.

It's only now she realized that although Yang Jian speaks bluntly, even harshly, his words are truthful and trustworthy.

Some people may speak prettily, but when real trouble arises, they do nothing.

"No need for thanks, I didn't do much, if you want to thank someone, thank Xiao Ming, that Professor Wang; this was his plan, I merely facilitated. After all, I haven't given anything, neither the photos, nor the paper figure, nor the spiritual alter, none of it involved me, the only real effort was from that little thing,"

Yang Jian glanced over at the corner where the Ghost Child was hiding.

"I hope this paper figure body can last a while after Xiong Wenwen comes back to life, otherwise..."

He said no more, to avoid wounding a mother's heart.

Immediately.

Yang Jian led the others out of the safe house, returning to the residential complex.

The paper figure Leuk San left couldn't possibly last a lifetime, it too would get damaged, and if Leuk San died, whether this paper figure would cause problems was also uncertain.

In summary.

Xiong Wenwen, besides coming back to life, presented a plethora of risks.

Unless he could return to a living body.

But there are two prerequisites.

First, he must take control of a second ghost, overcoming the issues of fierce ghosts reviving.

Second, borrow the Ghost Camera for another consciousness transfer.

The difficulty is too great.

There is very little room for operation.

But now, there's no other option.

However, if Xiong Wenwen returns to normal, then Yang Jian's team of seven would finally be fully formed.

With one more person who has the Premonition Ability, combined with the Coffin Nail and eerie Firewood Knife in Yang Jian's hands, plus the assistance of others, it would undoubtedly elevate the strength of this team to another level.

In the adult world, it's all about weighing pros and cons.

If it wasn't for Xiong Wenwen's rare and eerie ability, why would Yang Jian willingly spend so much time and effort, and even take certain risks to resurrect someone who was already dead.

But Yang Jian believes that those who consider pros and cons are more dependable and not at all ugly.

Relentlessly playing the emotional card, talking about righteousness, such people are the most hypocritical and terrifying.

Because emotions and righteousness do not require a cost.

Who would believe in something that comes without a cost?

After leaving the second security house, everyone quickly dispersed.

The reason is simple, Tong Qian, Feng Quan, Li Yang, and Huang Ziya were moving.

Zhang Han temporarily stayed in the villa above the safe house, he was responsible for monitoring Xiong Wenwen.

Chen Shumei moved into the neighboring villa; she seemed tired, having not rested properly for several days, she went to sleep.

Yang Jian went home with Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan.

It's been a busy day, but also a rewarding one.

"Why is that woman so beautiful anyway, dozens of times prettier than a movie star, it's infuriating."

Back at home, Jiang Yan started muttering, somewhat annoyed.

"You're just jealous," Zhang Liqin said with a smile.

She then looked at Yang Jian; it seemed like he was the only one who knew the answer.

But she also guessed a bit of the truth, Huang Ziya's beauty was a bit too much, and she being a ghost controller, must have been influenced by supernatural powers, her actual appearance might not be like this.

"Just manage the company's finances well, don't ask too much about other things, it's fine if you know some of my personal matters, just don't talk about them. But knowing other people's secrets could bring big trouble," Yang Jian said calmly.

"Understood,"

They both said in unison, with a somewhat coquettish tone.

Immediately, Zhang Liqin and Jiang Yan exchanged surprised looks and swiftly reverted back, a touch of embarrassment appearing on their faces.

Both of them were very clear about the nature of their relationship with him.

But they couldn't grasp Yang Jian's attitude, so they didn't dare to clarify it.

"Come upstairs with me to take notes," Yang Jian said as he turned to go upstairs.

"I'm coming too," Jiang Yan immediately said.

Yang Jian said, "Aren't you going to prepare the share transfer contract and house contract?"

"Oh right, I almost forgot."

Jiang Yan suddenly realized, then said somewhat heartachingly; "But is it really okay to part with so much money? The shares being transferred are all in your name."

"A ghost controller is inherently very valuable, this amount of money is nothing. What I gave can only be considered average, not much," Yang Jian said.

In the team, the most valuable are Tong Qian and Xiong Wenwen, who was resurrected.

One is a ghost-infested mutant, the other has a rare Premonition Ability.

In other country's headquarters, they would be worth at least several billion.

"Also, if I don't give some benefits upfront, people might feel uncomfortable,"

Yang Jian added, "Never mind, this doesn't concern you much, just do as I said."

"Just complaining a bit, then I'll get busy?" Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian nodded and went upstairs with Zhang Liqin.

Meanwhile.

In a certain city elsewhere.

A man with a wax-yellow complexion and strange skin color lifted his head towards the direction of Dachang City.

"Yang Jian really resurrected Xiong Wenwen after all, a ghost with foresight is indeed terrifying. Although the time is short, it's enough for me."

The man closed his eyes.

He came to the side of the road and then quickly dashed out.

Vehicles whizzed by him as he ran, without stopping.

Eventually, with his eyes still closed, he safely reached the other side of the road.

"One minute is the limit. If it was Xiong Wenwen, it could probably be about ten minutes. If she can utilize the ghost's power to the fullest, maybe it could last a few hours, even several days... For me, stealing some other ghosts' supernatural powers is truly not easy."

"How could puppets have any ability to suppress the resurgence of a fierce ghost, it's just making other puppets distribute the ghost's power,"

The man's eyes shifted, he then sighed and blended into the crowd, disappearing.

Chapter 812 Mirrors and Dogs

Dawn.

Yang Jian opened his eyes and woke up from the bed.

He lived another day in this world, but he did not possess the vitality to welcome a brand new day, as it signified the reduction of his time to live.

The countdown of his life continued.

Fortunately, he was able to withstand the immense pressure of death, preventing him from a mental breakdown like others might have suffered under such stress.

"Now the mutual restraint of ghosts within my body has reached a certain limit, and it seems that some of the lost emotions have returned." Yang Jian contemplated, glancing over at his side with a hint of redness in his eyes.

A mature, soft woman was curled up in his arms, sound asleep.

Yang Jian didn't speak; instead, he gently pushed the woman away, sat up, and looked out the window.

Sunlight streamed in, adding a touch of warmth to the slightly chilly room.

Today was fine weather.

"So early? Why not rest a little more?"

Zhang Liqin woke up; she stretched her fair arm over the man's body in an attempt to hold him back.

Yang Jian said, "My physical condition is different from normal people; I don't need to sleep much."

Zhang Liqin propped herself up, her face still flushed as she leaned her cheek against Yang Jian's back and embraced him, feeling a bone-deep coldness that she could not dispel with her body heat.

"Then can't you spend more time with me? After all, I am your woman."

Her tone was gentle, with a lazy charm.

"You belong to me only for now. Once I'm dead, you'll have a new life, new emotions, and even new men. That day won't be too far; maybe next year, because most ghost masters have short lives, and I'm no exception. Even if I wanted to stop, it's impossible."

Yang Jian spoke harshly and indifferently.

Zhang Liqin tightened her embrace on Yang Jian and said, "I'm not that kind of person; I am willing to do anything for you."

"Time dilutes everything. It's the same for you and Jiang Yan; you're just ordinary people who come together for warmth. What you depend on is merely a bit of the fire of survival from me. Once this fire is extinguished, naturally, you will leave and then look for new warmth to rely on."

Yang Jian turned to look at her: "So strictly speaking, our relationship is just mutual exploitation, like a transaction, and moreover, a very brief transaction."

"Normal people can date for years, but our 'transaction' might not even span that length of time."

"You don't need to do anything for me; just do your job well while I'm still alive. Once I'm dead, you'll get a large sum of money, and then you can start over. The same goes for Jiang Yan."

Zhang Liqin was stunned; she hadn't expected Yang Jian to think this way.

No wonder Jiang Yan has been lukewarm around him for the past half year.

Because deep down, Yang Jian believed that his relationship with them was not sustainable and would soon end due to death, so he was never willing to invest much time and emotion in both her and Jiang Yan.

The foundation was crooked.

How could there possibly be a future?

"You really don't understand women at all."

Zhang Liqin felt hurt; she wanted to cry, but realized she had no right to do so.

Because she couldn't make Yang Jian believe that she could always be his woman.

"Whether I understand or not is irrelevant. What matters is that I won't live long; my crisis will come soon, I can feel it. You should remember the Hungry Ghost incident clearly; I almost died then, only surviving by luck, and such crises have occurred more than once. But I can't always be that lucky."

"There will be one time, and I will be completely gone."

Yang Jian said calmly.

"I know your hardship and pain. I just want to ask you, do you hate me?" Zhang Liqin asked.

Yang Jian said, "You are just ordinary women. You have your strengths, a good figure, attractive, conscientious, and ambitious. Of course, you have your weaknesses too, lack of security, love of money, vanity, a bit of scheming... but this is all very normal."

"Because this is what makes you human."

"The perfect woman without flaws only exists in fantasy, it's impossible, so I don't hate you."

Zhang Liqin pursed her lips, mustered up her courage, and said, "Yang Jian, I have decided."

"Decided what?" Yang Jian asked.

"I want to have your child."

Zhang Liqin boldly declared, her cheeks turning red and her heart pounding as she spoke.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, he turned to look at her, sizing her up while also appearing reflective.

No matter the emotions or motives behind Zhang Liqin's words, they did remind him of something.

"You can say that when you manage to do it."

Yang Jian didn't refuse and casually responded before standing up and leaving.

He didn't go to the company but instead went to the first safe house to collect some items.

He needed to prepare for the upcoming survival.

The first safe house was small, storing various supernatural objects and imprisoned vengeful spirits.

There was the Ghost Mirror, the Ghost Skeleton from Wang Xiaoqiang's body, the Grave Soil separated from Feng Quan, of course, there were also bloodstained old newspapers, the bizarre Eight-Tone Music Box, red embroidered shoes, lifesaving dolls, Ghost Candle, Ghost Porcelain... and some specially made weapons.

Besides these, he also had the eerie Firewood Knife and Coffin Nail in his possession.

Strictly speaking, his personal resources were not scarce, in fact, quite abundant.

However, each item represented a terrifying supernatural event that Yang Jian had experienced.

Obtaining these items had its price.

"The Ghost Eye is on the verge of resurrection, and the messenger tasks of the Ghost Post Office are still ongoing, so to be safe, I'll need to bring the Eight-Tone Music Box," Yang Jian's gaze shifted, and he took down a golden box.

Upon opening it.

An old Eight-Tone Music Box with red lacquer appeared before his eyes.

Even before opening it, a chilling aura enveloped the surroundings.

In his mind, Yang Jian involuntarily recalled the terrifying and strange jingle of the music box.

The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box is extremely troublesome.

He didn't bring it when he previously went to Dahai City for fear that he couldn't resist using it inadvertently.

If he were to open this thing again, Yang Jian did not believe he would survive.

The spirit tablet was gone, consumed by the Ghost Child.

Repeating Wang Xiaoming's experiment was almost impossible.

Although the Ghost Child also had the ability to transfer consciousness, do not forget, the Ghost Child itself is an anomaly—without an object to transfer into, Yang Jian opening the Eight-Tone Music Box again would mean he lacked a vessel.

And this vessel would require a supernatural photo.

In other words, Yang Jian needed a living person to be captured by the Ghost Camera, serving as a sacrificial existence to withstand the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

And the ghosts within him needed to be suppressed as well.

However.

Even if these conditions were met, the problem is, even with the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box resolved and the Ghost Eye resurrected, the problem of resurrection still remains.

This was also a dead end.

Unless... Yang Jian glanced at the rust-stained Coffin Nail.

Unless, in the end, using the Coffin Nail to nail himself, putting all the ghosts in his body into slumber, including the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

All sorts of ideas surfaced in his mind.

Yang Jian felt that every plan was unfeasible, each with a fatal flaw.

And this flaw, fundamentally, was due to the resurfacing of vengeful spirits.

"Take the Eight-Tone Music Box, the bloodstained old newspapers, and a lifesaving doll—as well as a white Ghost Candle... Ghost Porcelain is quite useful at critical moments, bring that too. Now that my own abilities are insufficient, I'll have to rely on these items to stay alive," Yang Jian sighed reluctantly in his heart.

This meant a significant consumption of resources.

He felt like he was spending days chopping wood only to burn it all in a day.

"Headquarters still owe me three red Ghost Candles, and that pair of Ghost Scissors, need to remind them to deliver them soon," Yang Jian also remembered an outstanding debt yet to be reclaimed.

After organizing everything.

He prepared to leave the safe house.

But at the last moment, he couldn't resist uncovering the black cloth that veiled the Ghost Mirror.

The transparent mirror appeared in front of Yang Jian.

This mirror had a crack on it, a trace left from when he hung himself and there was a conflict with the Ghost Mirror.

But Yang Jian wasn't concerned about that; he looked inside the mirror.

He saw no reflection of himself.

There were no abnormalities whatsoever.

The interior was empty, nothing got reflected in it.

"As expected, one can't leave a shadow behind. Perhaps a person only has one chance at resurrection? It seems this object can only be used by Feng Quan and Tong Qian." Yang Jian thought to himself.

This supernatural item was of no immediate use to him, but it could grant his teammates an additional chance at resurrection.

"Take it out, put it in the company's office and reveal the existence of the Ghost Mirror," Yang Jian felt it was time to stop hiding this object.

It was time to put it to use.

As the team leader, he had to consider the survival of his team.

The reason he had kept it a secret before was out of fear that they couldn't keep it safe. Now, after fighting with Ye Zhen, he reckoned that there shouldn't be anyone daring to target him for it.

He covered the Ghost Mirror with a black cloth.

Yang Jian then took it out of the safe house.

In the afternoon.

When Yang Jian returned to the company, he disclosed the existence of the Ghost Mirror to its members.

"A bizarre mirror that allows the deceased to resurrect by leaving a shadow? Captain, you actually have such a thing?" Huang Ziya was shocked to hear about such a supernatural item for the first time.

And it wasn't just her.

Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Li Yang, and the others also widened their eyes in disbelief.

"The truth is exactly that, but everything comes with a price. The Ghost Mirror contains many terrifying and innumerable malevolent spirits. When a person is resurrected through the Ghost Mirror, in exchange, a ghost will be released. Additionally, the resurrected person's memory and state will be frozen at the time they looked into the mirror," he explained.

"That means, everything that happened in the middle will be missing."

Yang Jian continued: "This is the pattern I've found so far. Whether it has other strange abilities, I don't yet know. We will need to find out gradually."

"Brother Tui, have you used it before?" Feng Quan asked.

"I've used it once under some special circumstance. Oh right, my friend Zhang Wei has used it too."

"Zhang Wei?"

Huang Ziya's eyes shifted: "You mean that silly kid in the company who does nothing but wanders around all day?"

"Ah Wei is my classmate, and he has helped me a lot in the past. Don't speak of him that way. He's not dumb, just playful. At certain times, he's sharper than anyone," Yang Jian earnestly said.

"Sorry," Huang Ziya immediately apologized.

Yang Jian changed the subject: "The use of the Ghost Mirror comes with its risks. One must not stand in front of the mirror for too long, lest they get sucked into it. Also, there shouldn't be anything reflective near the place where the mirror is kept."

"Otherwise, the ghosts inside can escape through other reflecting objects."

"As for when and how you use it, I won't interfere. Everyone just needs to be careful with it," he said.

Tong Qian remarked: "Maybe it's not a good idea to bring out such a dangerous item. Resurrecting one person releases one ghost—that's too great a cost. Plus, there's no precedent for resurrecting a ghost manipulator without their powers. Maybe a person comes back to life, but the ghost inside them is stripped away, and a regular person might not be significant enough to bring back."

"In addition to that, we will need someone to guard the Ghost Mirror, otherwise, the person resurrected within it will soon be killed by the ghosts inside."

She pointed out many drawbacks and believed the disadvantages of the Ghost Mirror outweigh its benefits.

Feng Quan glanced at Tong Qian and said: "Tong Qian, this is resurrection, an actual return to life from death. Any costs, in my opinion, are negligible. Reversing life and death is taboo in itself, and the Ghost Mirror having such a bizarre ability is of inestimable value."

In this world, dying is easy.

To truly come back to life is something that even the top ghost manipulators cannot achieve.

Strictly speaking, Xiong Wenwen's case yesterday couldn't be considered a resurrection, only an awakening.

Because Xiong Wenwen's consciousness was still there.

But the Ghost Mirror can truly bring back the dead from nothingness.

"Then we must use it cautiously. It should not be used on meaningless individuals. We can't save one person and release a ghost, leading to more deaths," cautioned Tong Qian, who deeply cared about this issue. "Yang Jian, you wouldn't mind making me in charge of the Ghost Mirror, right? Honestly, I don't trust anyone else to manage it."

"If some ordinary person is allowed to look into the mirror, wouldn't that lead to chaos?"

She prioritized the bigger picture and did not want the resurrection capability of the Ghost Mirror to become rampant, causing one supernatural event after another.

Only those who were extremely important should be resurrected, warranting such a significant cost.

However, the temptation of resurrection was immense.

Those with selfish desires might even bring their pets to look into the mirror without considering the potential impact on the outside world.

The previous owner of the Republic Era Ancient House had a reason for keeping the Ghost Mirror locked away in a room.

He wanted to leave a bit of hope and help, but worried it might be misused by future generations.

"Alright, you'll be in charge of the Ghost Mirror." Yang Jian gave it some thought before nodding in agreement.

He trusted Tong Qian's character.

"Team leader, I want to be the first one to look into the mirror. I want to preserve my beauty, just in case I am resurrected after death and my body is stripped of its ghosts, then I can still become the most beautiful woman in the world," Huang Ziya hastily said.

She would go to extreme measures for the sake of her beauty.

"I don't think you're qualified yet," Tong Qian dismissed her request in a official manner.

Huang Ziya instantly turned to Yang Jian with a pitiful look.

Yang Jian said, "The right to use it should be kept for team members."

This was a method to increase team cohesion; he brought it out to stabilize the team.

The unity of interests was achieved yesterday, and now it's time for survival unity.

The Ghost Mirror is key.

Everything was considered; he wasn't acting recklessly.

Tong Qian frowned, pondered for a moment, and finally nodded in agreement: "You have a point, let her try it then, and let everyone get familiar with this dangerous item as well. What do you think, Yang Jian?"

"That's what I was thinking too," Yang Jian said.

"Love you, team leader,"

Huang Ziya threw Yang Jian a coquettish glance and then eagerly wanted to use the Ghost Mirror.

The others planned to observe and see what the Ghost Mirror was all about.

Very soon.

Inside the dimly lit safe house.

The Ghost Mirror was placed inside.

The cloth covering it was removed, and Huang Ziya, somewhat nervous, stood in front of the Ghost Mirror.

Even in this dim environment, the mirror's surface was clear and somewhat luminous.

In the mirror, there was no reflection of Huang Ziya.

"Failed?" Huang Ziya asked in doubt.

"No, it has arrived."

Yang Jian said solemnly, his slightly red eyes particularly conspicuous in the dim light.

Everyone saw it.

A strange figure appeared in the depths of the mirror.

It was as if a fierce ghost from the depths of hell was coming closer and closer, attempting to invade the real world through the mirror as a medium.

At first, the figure was unfamiliar, not like Huang Ziya.

But as it drew closer.

The figure distorted and reshaped.

The outline of Huang Ziya appeared, and then her head full of thick black hair grew out in the mirror—prior to this, the dreadful ghost shadow in the mirror had been hairless.

Everything changed as Huang Ziya stood in front of the Ghost Mirror.

"Unbelievable," Feng Quan's eyes narrowed.

This seemed just like the ghost inside the mirror was imitating, copying the person outside of it.

Very quickly.

The person in the mirror approached closer and closer, finally forming the complete figure of Huang Ziya.

However, the Huang Ziya in the mirror was expressionless, numb and cold, with a rigid body, like a walking corpse.

And what was most chilling was that the Huang Ziya in the mirror, differed completely from the bitingly nervous appearance of the real Huang Ziya.

The two people inside and outside the mirror had two different expressions.

But soon, the Huang Ziya in the mirror began to change again.

The numb and cold expression gradually changed, the cheeks twitching rigidly, looking very strange, but soon, the rigidity disappeared.

A living person's expression emerged.

Huang Ziya and the figure inside the mirror looked more and more alike.

Some details are continuously overlapping.

"Enough." Yang Jian suddenly shouted.

Tong Qian immediately reacted, quickly picked up the black cloth on the ground, and covered the Ghost Mirror with it.

The eerie changes stopped.

"In this world, there are no two people who are exactly alike. Once the shadow in the Ghost Mirror overlaps with your reality, you will be pulled into the Ghost Mirror, and the ghost inside the mirror will replace you in this world," Yang Jian said gravely.

"Indeed, it's dangerous. This Ghost Mirror has too many taboos. One misstep could be fatal," Tong Qian said, looking at the mirror beside her with a heavy heart.

This thing holds the temptation of resurrection, but also the terror of unleashing supernatural events.

It's just like a Pandora's box.

The others also fell silent, with lingering fear in their hearts.

At that moment.

Zhang Han suddenly spoke up, "Leader Yang, can I also use the Ghost Mirror? My child is only one year old. If resurrection is possible, I would like to spend more time with him."

"You can. As I said before, the team has the right to use it. This is the privilege I give to everyone as the leader. But just as Tong Qian said, we can't misuse it, so its use is limited to just the few of us," Yang Jian nodded and said.

"I understand, thank you, Leader Yang," Zhang Han said gratefully.

He had known Yang Jian for a long time, having met him back at the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, surviving the Ghost Coffin incident in Huanggang Village and the Hungry Ghost event together.

If it wasn't for Yang Jian's care a few times, he would have died long ago.

So, he had made his decision. With this chance of resurrection at hand, he feared nothing anymore.

Tong Qian sighed inwardly.

Sure enough, no one can resist the temptation of resurrection.

There's no helping it. Since Yang Jian brought out this item, they had to use it. She hoped that everyone would stay united to handle enough supernatural events in the future to make today's opportunity worthwhile.

The black cloth was lifted again, and the Ghost Mirror was used for the second time.

The mirror was now empty, with nothing inside.

As long as there's no reflection, there would be no anomalies.

"My shadow has disappeared," Huang Ziya said.

Yang Jian said, "It will appear when you die, and by the way, let's see if Zhang Han can try to store the shadows of two people in it at once."

"Wait, what is that?"

Suddenly.

Tong Qian's eyes moved, and she pointed to an inconspicuous corner of the Ghost Mirror.

Something foreign manifested within the mirror.

It looked like a leg, but not the leg of a living person, covered with a layer of black hair.

"There's something in the mirror," Tong Qian said.

"No, something is being revealed by the Ghost Mirror, this is not something inside the mirror," Yang Jian said. "If nobody is using the Ghost Mirror, no supernatural apparition would occur, I've confirmed it several times."

Feng Quan immediately walked over, turned the mirror from the back, and adjusted the direction of the Ghost Mirror.

The Ghost Mirror gradually turned, and everyone else stepped aside to avoid being reflected.

Soon.

The inconspicuous foreign object in the corner was fully revealed.

Immediately.

Everyone was shocked.

It was a crawling wolfhound, covered in thick black fur.

Yes.

A dog.

But the dog was asleep, motionless, as if a dead object.

"Brother Tui, the mirror is facing the coffin in the room," Feng Quan exclaimed.

The coffin was not shown in the mirror because it doesn't reflect light, it's a dead object, incapable of leaving a shadow in the mirror, but the object inside the coffin was projected into it.

No, it should be said to be revealed.

The dog was not inside the mirror, nor outside it; its shadow merely hovered on the surface of the mirror.

The Ghost Mirror seems capable of displaying spirits invisible to the naked eye.

This is yet another newly discovered ability.

"Team leader, did you keep a dog inside the coffin?" Huang Ziya asked, surprised.

Yang Jian was also astonished in his heart.

What was placed inside his coffin was not a dog at all, but a corpse, the body of a malevolent spirit, an entity codenamed Ghost Dream.

Why has the corpse turned into a dog?

And this was a dog he had seen before.

"It seems that the lingering memory of my deceased father really intends for a dog to control this unsolvable level of Ghost Dream."

Yang Jian's expression fluctuated, seemingly realizing the imminent events.

For now, the dog is still asleep, perhaps contending against the malevolent spirit in its dreams.

If it triumphs in the struggle.

The dog will awaken.

Then the dog will become the dominator of spirits, taking control of Ghost Dream and transforming into a malevolent specter.

Moreover, the most terrifying aspect is that this dog does not exist in the real world.

It is an invisible dog.

"Don't mind it, turn the mirror away, do not let it face the coffin; the anomaly is incubating, and when it awakens, you will understand," Yang Jian retracted his various thoughts.

"Since it's a false alarm, then there's nothing to worry about." Feng Quan shifted the Ghost Mirror, so it would no longer face that coffin.

Zhang Han heaved a sigh of relief, and continued to preserve his shadow following the manner previously demonstrated by Huang Ziya.

To preserve a chance for resurrection.

He hoped that after his resurrection, he would become an ordinary person and return to a normal life, watching his children grow.

Even if using the Ghost Mirror for resurrection involves certain taboos, he did not care.

Soon after.

Zhang Han successfully left his shadow behind.

The group, knowledgeable of the rules and taboos, avoided many crises and averted any possibility of losing control.

"Does anyone else want to use it? If not, I'll seal the mirror here," Yang Jian said.

The others shook their heads.

Feng Quan smiled sheepishly: "I would rather wait and see; no offense to you, Brother Tui, but this matter is a bit eerie."

He had his reservations, wanting to see if Huang Ziya and Zhang Han could successfully be resurrected.

If anything went wrong.

It would simply be asking for trouble.

Such supernatural items come with a price; they aren't without side effects.

"That's fine, being cautious is the right approach," Yang Jian did not feel displeased.

It's a normal way of thinking.

Only someone like Huang Ziya, who would risk everything for beauty, would be fearless.

Zhang Han was gambling on a future, hoping to strip away the specter within him using the Ghost Mirror and to then resume a normal life with his family, staying at home with his wife and children.

After the matter of the Ghost Mirror had temporarily come to a close.

In the following days, Yang Jian was somewhat idle, only busy with some trivial team matters.

Such as contacting the headquarters to send over a dozen satellite positioning phones for better coordination within his team, and also urging the headquarters to deliver three Ghost Candles and Ghost Scissors promptly—he was still waiting for them to arrive.

Then, he had the team members get to know each other's backgrounds.

To become familiar with each other's abilities.

And three days later.

Chen Shumei contacted Yang Jian, asking him to visit the second safe house.

Because, over the past three days, Xiong Wenwen had grown accustomed to the paper man's body and could now speak.

Yang Jian arrived alone at the front of the villa.

He saw that Chen Shumei was already waiting there early.

Today, Chen Shumei was wearing a light-colored long dress, with a silk scarf tied around her neck, giving off a gentle and virtuous beauty, just like a devoted wife and loving mother.

"Captain Yang."

She was in a very good mood today, her beautiful eyes twinkling with vitality, without any trace of the exhaustion and weariness from the past few days.

"Aunt Chen," Yang Jian greeted: "Has Xiong Wenwen returned to normal?"

"Yes, Wenwen is all right now. It's all thanks to Captain Yang's help that Wenwen was able to be safe and sound," said Chen Shumei politely.

Yang Jian said: "Let's go see him then. If Xiong Wenwen has indeed recovered completely, then we should let him out."

Chen Shumei's visit was not for the sake of reminiscing; it was to have him confirm Xiong Wenwen's condition and to release him.

"Captain Yang."

Inside the villa, Zhang Han was in charge of monitoring the situation. Seeing Yang Jian and Chen Shumei coming in, he greeted them.

"I'm going to check on Xiong Wenwen with her. You've worked hard these past few days. If everything is indeed safe and sound, I think we can stop being on alert," Yang Jian said.

To be safe, he had arranged for Zhang Han to keep watch these days.

Just in case any supernatural event occurred.

So, he had to nip any such possibilities in the bud.

Zhang Han had been rather homebound during this time. He seldom left the complex, preferring to stay in and spend time with his wife and child, so this task was right up his alley.

"Alright, Captain Yang, please be careful. If there's any trouble, call me immediately," Zhang Han said.

Yang Jian nodded and then proceeded to the third level of the underground safety room with Chen Shumei.

The door to the room where Xiong Wenwen was kept was still locked tight.

This indicated that Xiong Wenwen had not tried to come out these days.

Very cooperative.

The more he was like this, the more it proved his condition was normal.

"Wenwen, it's me, I've come to see you," Chen Shumei knocked on the door and called out.

"Mom, Mommy."

There was movement inside, and an odd voice came out, but from the tone, it was still possible to recognize it was Xiong Wenwen.

Chen Shumei said, "Captain Yang is here too; he says if you're completely normal, he'll let you out."

"Yang Jian, hurry up and let me out, you heartless man! I've been through life and death with you, and now you're locking me up," Xiong Wenwen shouted.

"Very lively, not bad," Yang Jian nodded in approval.

Xiong Wenwen shouted again: "You're not going to ask me what one plus one equals again, are you? I'll have you know, if you're going to ask next time, at least make it three-digit multiplication or division, or mixed operations. That way, it'll show I'm smart."

"A mere primary schooler, and yet you're so picky. Believe it or not, I'll make you solve equations," Yang Jian said.

This moment, he exuded the authority of a high school student.

Xiong Wenwen was suddenly at a loss for words.

He didn't know how to do those problems...

"Damn it, I haven't learned that yet. When I do, are you going to stump me?" Xiong Wenwen said defiantly.

In conversing with him, Yang Jian confirmed that he was indeed Xiong Wenwen, not some malevolent ghost.

"Alright, I'll let you out. But from now on, you need to obey me. The situation outside has changed. A kid like you without anyone to look after you tends to die especially quickly," Yang Jian said.

"However, I've always been a person with a kind heart, so I'll take the trouble to look after you."

With that said, he opened the door.

Instantly, Xiong Wenwen came out looking indignant: "You think you could be that kind-hearted? I don't believe it. Mom, are you dating him now?"

"No, no, Wenwen, don't talk nonsense," Chen Shumei gave her a stern look.

Xiong Wenwen disdainfully glanced at Yang Jian; "I knew you couldn't do it, I even gave you the chance, but you couldn't chase her down, worthless as a deadbeat, still a single dog, aren't you?"

"It seems this bratty kid needs a beating from an adult."

Yang Jian clenched his fist, his mouth twitching, unable to resist the urge to thrash the guy.

"I don't care whether you manage to chase her or not, but you better take good care of my mom, otherwise, I definitely won't listen to you in the future," Xiong Wenwen said arrogantly.

"Wenwen, don't talk nonsense. Team Leader Yang has taken great care of me, and it took a lot of effort to rescue you this time," Chen Shumei said, feeling embarrassed that her son was making her lose face.

Then she apologized to Yang Jian: "I'm sorry, Team Leader Yang. Kids don't know any better and just like to blurt things out. I will make sure to discipline him properly when we get back."

"Mom, I'm telling the truth. Only Yang Jian has the ability to take care of you," Xiong Wenwen asserted with confidence.

Though he is a bit of a brat, he still understands some things.

He also wishes that his mom could live a good life in the future, protected by someone.

And after going around in circles, Xiong Wenwen has recognized Yang Jian.

"You're still talking," Chen Shumei said, feeling somewhat embarrassed now. Despite being a mother, she was also a woman.

It was too much to constantly be matchmaking in front of someone else,

really lacking in propriety.

Yang Jian said: "I can take care of your mom, but first, let me hear you call me 'dad' a few times."

"Holy sh*t..." Xiong Wenwen's eyes widened, feeling like he'd been struck by lightning a thousand times over.

This time, he'd almost buried himself in the hole he'd dug.

"Why are you joining in on the child's nonsense?" Chen Shumei balled her fists, somewhat annoyed as she lightly punched Yang Jian.

It was a soft tap, which instead seemed somewhat intimate.

After realizing this, Chen Shumei's cheeks instantly turned red, her eyes flickering as she could no longer bear to look directly at Yang Jian.

The one who spoke was unintentional, but the listener might have taken it to heart.

At this moment, she had also considered this issue... luckily, Xiong Wenwen wasn't against Team Leader Yang and tended to obey his discipline.

Plus, Team Leader Yang was very caring towards her.

In fact, getting together wouldn't be unacceptable.

The more she thought about it, the more chaotic Chen Shumei's heart became, pounding uncontrollably.

What if Team Leader Yang really did make a move, should she reject or accept him?

She probably... couldn't reject.

"I just think Xiong Wenwen needs to be disciplined properly to prevent him from offending people all the time," Yang Jian said: "What do you think, Aunt Chen?"

Chen Shumei came back to her senses, blush still on her face: "If, if Team Leader Yang is willing to discipline him, that would be best, after all, Wenwen listens more to you, Team Leader Yang."

"Aunt Chen, just say the word, and I'll make sure to discipline him properly for you," Yang Jian offered with a smile, looking towards Xiong Wenwen.

"Mom, you can't do this, I'm your biological son, Yang Jian will surely beat me to death," Xiong Wenwen exclaimed in horror, envisioning his future life in darkness.

It was like being trapped in the photograph once again.

But Chen Shumei didn't side with Xiong Wenwen this time, instead she said with a bit of scolding: "If you're not disciplined properly now, what will become of you later? If Team Leader Yang has to hit you, I definitely won't stop him."

"Is it still possible for me to just go and focus on my studies now?" Xiong Wenwen asked cautiously.

Mom and Yang Jian have formed a united front.

It looks like I'm doomed.

He wanted to study, to go to school, to see his old friends again.

But alas, that bygone youth will never return.

"Team Leader Yang, you haven't eaten yet, right? Would you care to come over and have a meal at my place? You've helped Wenwen and me so much, and I haven't properly thanked you yet," Chen Shumei extended the invitation then.

Yang Jian didn't refuse: "That sounds good; I'll take you up on that, Aunt Chen."

"Don't be so formal; you've been such a help to Wenwen and me, and we might continue to need your help in the future," Chen Shumei said apologetically.

"These are just trivial matters; in times like these, just being alive is not easy, and there's no point fussing over such things."

Yang Jian shook his head: "Now that we've established Xiong Wenwen is alright, let's go outside. I'll let the others know that Wenwen has come back to life; he's going to be a very important member of our team."

"Mhmm," Chen Shumei nodded softly.

"By the way, I'm not sure what Team Leader Yang usually likes to eat..."

"I'm not picky; I can eat anything," he said.

Xiong Wenwen spoke: "I want chicken legs."

Chatting with each other, the three of them left the safehouse.

To outsiders who didn't know them, they did look quite like a family of three.

Chapter 813 Return to the Post Office

By the time Yang Jian finished his meal and was ready to return home, it was already evening.

Xiong Wenwen's mother, Chen Shumei, was very enthusiastic and offered to accompany him part of the way to express her heartfelt gratitude.

Considering they both lived in the same residential area and it wasn't far, Yang Jian did not decline.

"Mr. Yang, you have been such a great help during this period. Without you, Wenwen might not have been able to come back to me. Even though Wenwen has become like this, he is still alive and as lively as before. I'm already very content," Chen Shumei said as they walked along the road.

"As for the future, I'm asking Mr. Yang to please continue looking after Wenwen. He's still a child and doesn't know any better. If he says something wrong or offends you in any way, I hope Mr. Yang won't take it to heart."

"How could I possibly take offense at a child's words? Aunt Chen, you are worrying too much," Yang Jian responded in an even tone.

Chen Shumei continued with a touch of worry: "Mr. Yang, does that mean Wenwen will be alright from now on? Can he continue to live on like this?"

"Unclear. Within the Supernatural Circle, many people have unique experiences. How one may change, and for how long they may live, no one knows. Moreover, Xiong Wenwen has become a special kind of exception. Although the future is uncertain, he is certainly in a much better state than before," Yang Jian said, choosing not to hide the truth.

"I understand."

Chen Shumei nodded, mentally beginning to accept this reality.

However, at that moment, two streetlights by the roadside suddenly flickered and then went out entirely.

Yang Jian seemed to notice and subconsciously stopped in his tracks. His eyes, faintly glowing red, turned towards the direction where the streetlights had gone out.

Between the two extinguished streetlights, where there should have been a green belt within the neighborhood, there now inexplicably lay a small path.

The path meandered and grew increasingly dim as it wound deeper, and at its intricate end, a five-story building in the architectural style of the Republic of China Period loomed indistinct through the mist, like a mirage, resembling a blurry projection in the distance. It was hard to see clearly, yet the neon sign above the building's entrance continued to flicker.

The garish neon lights gave off an eerie, secretive vibe.

"Mr. Yang, what's wrong?" Chen Shumei, fixing her hair tousled by a cool breeze, asked curiously.

Standing still, Yang Jian furrowed his brow and said, looking towards where the lights had gone out, "There's a path there. Do you see it?"

"No, I don't see anything. Is something wrong?" Chen Shumei felt puzzled.

Yang Jian had a realization.

This path would have been visible only to him; irrelevant others would not be able to see it.

"Aunt Chen, you can stop here. Go back home immediately. I have some personal matters to attend to," Yang Jian spoke.

"Of course, Mr. Yang, I'll leave you to your affairs. Feel free to come over for a casual meal when you have the time," Chen Shumei said.

Yang Jian complied but did not say much else. His gaze was drawn to the suddenly emerged mysterious path.

That path led to the Ghost Post Office.

He was in Dachang City, and the Ghost Post Office was in Dahan City, such a great distance apart. Yet, the influence of the Ghost Post Office could reach all the way here.

It was beyond comprehension.

After Chen Shumei left, Yang Jian received a phone call.

It was from Li Yang.

After Yang Jian answered, Li Yang said anxiously, "Mr. Yang, there's trouble. The Ghost Post Office has appeared; a path has emerged in front of me, seemingly leading to the Ghost Post Office. I can already see the building from the Republic of China Period."

"Mr. Yang, what should we do now?"

"I'm facing the same situation here. It seems the mission of the Old Messenger is about to begin. I hadn't expected the Ghost Post Office to appear in such an unfathomable way," Yang Jian said via the phone. "Get ready to join me at the Ghost Post Office right away."

"Given the situation, if we do not follow the path back into the postal service, some kind of danger is likely to occur. The post office won't let the messengers off that easily."

"Okay, I got it, but is it just us going, aren't we calling others?" Li Yang asked, thinking that the more people, the more power they have, and the safer it would be.

Yang Jian said, "No need, we've unexpectedly become messengers, others are not, they probably can't see the existence of that post office, so it's still going to be just the two of us going. Moreover, Sun Rui must have encountered the same situation by now. Contact him and have him prepare to come to the Ghost Post Office."

"Okay, got it, Captain Yang," Li Yang said.

After hanging up the phone, Yang Jian immediately hurried home.

He needed to take with him some previously prepared items for safety in case he ran into another crisis.

However, when Yang Jian went home to grab his stuff, it shouldn't have been an illusion that he felt the winding path leading to the Ghost Post Office was getting closer to him.

No, it wasn't the path moving toward him, but rather the building from the Republic of China Period, the Ghost Post Office, moving closer to him.

The distance was closing in.

That eerie building seemed to be targeting every messenger, and if you don't return to the post office, after it closes in on you, you'd probably be forced inside regardless.

This was something you couldn't choose to avoid.

Unless you are a top-tier ghost controller, who can open up the Ghost Domain to the fifth level, perhaps then you could avoid the influence of the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Jian didn't plan on delaying any further; he was fast in his actions, quickly arriving at the fifth floor of his home, gathering his things, ready to leave.

"Jiang Yan, I need to go on a business trip, I won't be in Dachang City for a while," he called out.

"What?"

Jiang Yan, upon hearing the voice, rushed out of the room, but as soon as she got out, she saw Yang Jian heading out the door at a brisk pace, his figure swiftly disappearing from view.

Yang Jian stepped onto that winding path and sent a message to Feng Quan.

In his absence, Feng Quan would be temporarily in charge of the team.

After all, Dachang City needed someone in charge, how to arrange that, Yang Jian didn't bother with. He'd let Feng Quan handle it, as these matters were quite trivial compared to the current situation.

"This road does not exist in reality, yet it connects reality and the Ghost Post Office, transporting people into a Supernatural Space."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly as he continued along this winding path.

The distance he walked wasn't long, but the Ghost Post Office in an incomprehensible manner was rapidly drawing nearer ahead of him.

He could feel the interference of Supernatural Power, unable to determine just how far the Ghost Post Office really was from the entrance of the path.

This phenomenon wasn't new to Yang Jian; he'd encountered it more than once before, such as in the case of haunted paintings, so there was nothing particularly alarming about it.

Soon enough.

He once again stood at the entrance of the Ghost Post Office.

Neon lights flickering, the lights dazzling.

But the surroundings were enveloped in darkness, like fog, nothing else visible, no signs of life, as if the post office was everything here, isolated in some supernatural world.

Or perhaps, this Supernatural Space existed because of this Ghost Post Office.

"Now it's five thirty," Yang Jian checked the time.

At six o'clock, the lights inside the post office would go out.

Then fierce ghosts would roam inside the building and also attack the people inside the post office, although the trigger conditions were unclear at the moment.

It might be because last time Yang Jian wasn't a messenger, yet he forcefully invaded the post office, or it might be because of a group of people staying in one room.

In any case.

Under these circumstances, Yang Jian absolutely cannot be targeted by that fierce ghost again, or it would be incredibly dangerous.

"Captain." Suddenly.

By the side of the post office's main entrance, the figure of Li Yang appeared, his expression slightly tense, as he too arrived at this place.

"It's about time, let's go in." Yang Jian nodded his head and pushed open the large doors of the post office.

He and Li Yang once again entered the Ghost Post Office.

The old wooden floorboards creaked with each step, the air filled a cold, damp, and musty scent, and in the dim environment, a few dim lights struggled to illuminate the surroundings.

On the walls to both sides hung a series of ancient paintings.

The portraits featured men and women, old and young, all different from one another.

Yet, these images exuded an indescribable eeriness in such an environment.

As if the figures in the paintings were secretly watching you with an odd gaze.

It made one feel uneasy, inevitably leading to suspicious and paranoid thoughts.

"This is the first floor of the post office, the lobby..." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

Li Yang asked, "According to our previous speculation, we should be on the second floor by now. Could it be that the red letter wasn't counted as part of the task? Does it not allow us to go to the second floor?"

"Let's go in and see."

Although Yang Jian had been here once before, he knew very little about this place, because the information he obtained from Wang Shan and Wan Xing was limited. They were newcomers among the messengers and could not truly touch upon the real secrets of the Ghost Post Office. Only the old messengers upstairs might know more.

The two stepped on the worn wooden floor and delved deeper into the post office.

At this moment, the scene before their eyes changed.

The original first-floor room with a spiral layout had disappeared, rooms 11, 12, 13... all of these rooms no longer existed, replaced instead by a wide staircase several meters across.

The staircase was also wooden, made of the same material as the floorboards they had previously walked upon, but it was enveloped in dimness, becoming darker the higher one went, eventually making it impossible to see what lay at the top of the stairs.

"The staircase has really appeared, Wang Shan was right. Once a messenger meets the conditions to ascend, the staircase to the next floor will emerge."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly: "Given the previous situation, the structure within the Ghost Post Office, the lobby is shared. The first floor, second floor, third floor, each level is probably segmented, and without the correct path, you can't go upstairs. The probability for a ghost controller attempting to force their way up is indeed very low."

"Not to mention the ordinary messengers, they simply cannot resist the rules within the Ghost Post Office."

He looked behind him.

The dimly lit post office lobby was empty.

It seems Sun Rui had not yet arrived.

"Let's go upstairs first." Yang Jian did not hesitate and immediately stepped on to the wooden staircase, heading upstairs.

Li Yang naturally followed.

Having joined Yang Jian's team as an official member, it was natural for him to act together, and he had no complaints, always obedient to Yang Jian's orders.

However, having only recently entered the Supernatural Circle, Li Yang was not seasoned enough, lacking in both courage and experience.

The wooden staircase bore a resemblance to walking on the winding path they encountered before.

One's sense of distance and space felt muddled due to some supernatural influence.

It seemed like they had only ascended a dozen or so steps, but in reality, even Yang Jian had no idea where they had actually entered.

Looking ahead, everything was still shrouded in darkness; the darkness concentrated deeper in, turning into pitch blackness, blocking all sight, and the same was true when looking back.

Now, the only thing visible was this section of the staircase.

"Creak, creak."

The noise from Yang Jian stepping on the stairs seemed even louder, and he could even feel the staircase shaking, as if it might collapse or break apart at any moment, very unsafe.

But.

In a Supernatural Space, the sensation of impending collapse never truly materializes.

This staircase wasn't maintained by the wood itself, but was shaped by some sort of supernatural force erosions.

"Stop."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed; he suddenly saw a person on the staircase ahead.

He wasn't sure if it was a person.

Because the person was lying on the stairs, in a prone and fallen posture.

But that person's attire was old-fashioned, not from this era, somewhat resembling the Republic of China Period suits, and the body was so rigid that it did not move at all, seemingly devoid of breath.

"Could it be a ghost?" Li Yang whispered cautiously.

"It might just be a corpse. Of course, we don't rule out the possibility of a ghost, let's go over and have a look. We'll discuss what to do if something happens."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly; he didn't turn and flee at the sight of a corpse lying on the staircase, but instead approached boldly.

Even if it were a ghost, as long as the ghost's killing rules are not triggered, the likelihood of being targeted is still low.

Upon getting a bit closer.

He saw the dead person even more clearly.

It was indeed a corpse.

With a pale complexion, some areas bruised, the body cold, as if it had been dead for several days.

But judging from the clothing, it seemed as though the person hadn't just died a few days, but rather had been dead for a very long time.

The body wasn't decomposed, and Yang Jian couldn't determine how many days the person had been dead.

All he knew was that, at the moment, this person posed no threat.

Because there was no movement.

"A false alarm, ignore this body and continue forward." Yang Jian said.

The two did not linger for too long.

Wishing to proceed to the second floor, they also feared staying here too long, in case some unforeseeable danger occurred.

Although the corpse just now posed no threat, its appearance had already cast a shadow over their hearts.

After all, there were indeed vengeful ghosts within the Ghost Post Office.

As Yang Jian and Li Yang left,

The corpse that had been lying quietly on the stairs, rigid and immobile, somehow slid down a few steps under mysterious circumstances.

The body remained in the same position as before.

It was as if nothing had happened at all.

Chapter 814 Occupying the Room

Having crossed over the bizarre corpse sprawled on the staircase, Yang Jian and Li Yang seemed to pass through the dim, foggy shroud over the stairs, under some supernatural influence, and arrived at an unknown place.

The second floor of the Ghost Post Office had arrived.

A U-shaped corridor, old and gloomy, barely illuminated by a few yellowing lights in the stairwell.

The walls nearby were mottled and dim, covered in many stains, resembling dried blood smeared across, along with some strange scratches and bizarre black drawings, seemingly formed by someone writing on the wall with ink.

The structure of the second floor was no different from the first, the sole distinction being the absence of the visibility of the Ghost Post Office's main hall.

"Team Yang, we've arrived, this should be the second floor of the Ghost Post Office," Li Yang glanced around, then noted behind him, "The staircase we came up has disappeared."

Behind them was an old wall, with flaking paint and various spots.

The wooden staircase no longer existed.

"It seems this is a point of no return, those who enter the post office can only go up but cannot go down, similar to what that Wang Shan mentioned," Yang Jian remarked while checking the time again.

"We have twenty more minutes until lights out, let's find a room to stay in and then assess the situation,"

Li Yang then said, "Captain, that Sun Rui hasn't arrived yet."

"Did you notify him earlier?" asked Yang Jian.

"I did."

Yang Jian said, "That's enough then, being the head of Dahan City he might be detained by some matters, we can ignore it for now,"

saying this.

He walked along the old corridor towards the nearest room.

The numbers on the rooms above have changed: 21, 22, 23... up to 27.

2 is the floor number.

The following number is the room number.

This floor still only had seven rooms.

Corresponding to seven messengers.

But this is just an ideal scenario, there are no definite rules stating that a room can only house one person, the last time on the first floor Yang Jian and his group stayed in one room without issues.

However.

If more people stay in a room, they might be attacked by the roaming ghost in the post office.

Perhaps.

There might be a limit to the number of people in a room, exceeding that limit could lead to a ghost clearing out everyone in that room.

Of course, this is merely speculation, whether this is actually the case has yet to be confirmed, nor is there any specific information available.

As Yang Jian walked down the corridor, he curiously peered down with a part of a rope to see if he could view the first floor.

To see if it was possible to view the first floor from the second.

The result was disappointing.

He couldn't see anything on the first floor; below the second floor's darkness stretched below, becoming unclear after a few meters, like an abyss with no end, instinctively inducing an inexplicable fear.

Even knowing it was the second floor, probably no one would dare attempt to jump down.

"Bang!"

However, just at this moment.

Suddenly.

From the nearest room, number 21, the door burst open with a bang, and a violent voice echoed, "Bloody woman, get out, you think you can just stay in my room? Who do you think you are?"

A woman with bruises was violently kicked out of the room and then painfully landed on the ground, her skin scraping against the rough surface and breaking.

Blood quickly seeped out.

Her disheveled appearance was quite pitiable.

"Captain, it's that woman named Qian Rong, we saw her last time downstairs, I didn't expect she had also come to the second floor, it seems our previous deduction was correct, red letters are difficult but allow messengers of an entire floor to advance earlier,"

Li Yang recognized the woman at once.

And quickly understood what was happening before them.

It must be because Yang Jian successfully delivered a letter, and she had come up earlier than them.

But upon arriving on the second floor, with not enough rooms available, Qian Rong had obviously tried to enter one of the rooms, necessarily having to interact with the original room's owner.

Clearly.

The interaction failed, and she was driven out.

Now, less than twenty minutes remained.

Until six o'clock.

The lights in the post office went out, and the fierce ghosts began to wander inside.

Who dares to stay outside?

Qian Rong raised her head, with fear and despair in her eyes, her entire body trembling as she tried to crawl back into the room, only to be kicked over again by a male with a grim face.

"This room is already full, get lost."

"Don't, please don't do this, I beg you, let me stay for just one night, just one night, I can agree to any condition....."

Qian Rong was kicked to the ground, but despite her pain, she continued to plead.

The grim-faced man said, "Keep making a fuss here, and believe it or not, I'll throw you down from upstairs right now? In this post office, couriers are not prohibited from killing, especially since you are of no value to us."

"Ah, you liars, you clearly agreed earlier that as long as I accompany you each time, I can stay."

At this point, Qian Rong broke down screaming; she was wailing in despair.

But she never thought about fighting back.

Because she couldn't resist, she was just an ordinary woman.

In this post office, the law of the survival of the fittest still prevails.

"Humph."

The grim-faced man then glanced at Yang Jian and Li Yang, with a move in his eyes that seemed to carry a strong warning, telling them not to attempt to trouble Room 21.

Then there was a loud bang.

The door was shut.

"Woo woo....." Qian Rong lay on the ground crying, looking utterly miserable.

Yang Jian observed this, and slowly walked over, arriving next to the woman called Qian Rong, looking down at her expressionlessly.

"Do you really wish to survive?"

Seeing Yang Jian, Qian Rong's sobs somewhat subsided, and like grasping a straw, she clung to Yang Jian's trouser leg: "I, I don't want to die, I have a husband, children, and parents, I don't want to die.....my daughter is only five years old, I don't want to die."

"It seems you have a strong desire to survive, but just being an ordinary person entering this post office, death is merely a matter of time."

Yang Jian stated a cruel reality with an indifferent tone.

He was like a cold statue, devoid of any mercy or sympathy.

"Please, I beg you, help me, I don't want to die, woo woo," Qian Rong cried, she wasn't thinking much, just wanted to survive.

As for how long she could live, she didn't know, nor could she control.

Yang Jian's tone was still cold: "Fine, I will help you this one time."

"Really?"

Qian Rong suddenly lifted her head, her haggard face bearing bruises and bloodstains, her eyes widened incredulously.

"Just this once, because the messenger on the first floor came upstairs early because of my arrival, which might have interfered with the normal operation of the post office, so consider it as compensation. Moreover, the look that man gave me earlier was very wrong, seeming like a challenge, and coincidentally, I need a room to stay for the night, so let's settle them."

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, looking towards Room 21.

"Li Yang, open the door."

"Okay, Captain."

Li Yang immediately went to the doorway of Room 21.

This old wooden door was bolted from the inside, making it not easy to open.

Yet, he merely touched the doorknob, and the old wooden door creaked open effortlessly, somewhat unbelievably.

The door opened.

A murky air rushed forward.

Smoke, mold, and a sour stench... it was very uncomfortable.

"Who the hell opened the door at this time, do you want to die?" a roar came from inside, a man in a tank top angrily said.

But before he could finish, he saw Li Yang and Yang Jian standing at the doorway.

"Are there still people outside? Friends, if you know better, just scram, this room is already full, we don't welcome you, and if you ignore this warning, I can't guarantee what I might do later."

The man in the tank top looked ferocious, threatening.

Yang Jian didn't speak, ignoring this person's warning and just walked into the room.

"Brat, I'm talking to you? A mere courier who just arrived on the floor daring to act tough here, are you looking for death?"

The man in the tank top casually picked up a baseball bat from nearby and charged over, raising his hand to strike.

Really not holding back.

However, the next moment.

A cold golden pistol was pointed at his forehead.

"Bro, brother, calm, calm down, killing is illegal."

The man in the vest suddenly froze with his hand in mid-air, and cold sweat involuntarily broke out on his face.

While speaking, he glanced subtly toward the wooden table beside him.

There, a luggage bag was placed.

It also contained firearms.

As he had come to the second floor to be a messenger, he naturally wouldn't be unprepared.

Usually, such items are taboo. They were kept in the luggage bag and not easily exposed, for if caught, he would definitely face prison time.

At that time, the consequences of failing the delivery would be as bad as unknowable death.

Bang!

However, the next moment.

The gun fired.

The man in the vest immediately collapsed to the ground with a thud, blood spraying, his body convulsing.

"Trash like you, left outside, is nothing but a vicious criminal. Rather than keeping you for messy deliveries, it's better to send you off now."

Yang Jian's expression was cold, without a hint of hesitation, he simply finished the guy off.

However, as soon as the gun rang out.

The room inside suddenly opened.

"What's happening? What happened?"

Hearing the sudden loud noise, the previously grim-faced man quickly rushed out. When he saw the convulsing body on the floor and Yang Jian standing in the living room, his eyes narrowed instantly.

"Is it you?"

Earlier outside, he had seen Yang Jian.

He thought this guy wouldn't dare to make trouble, but unexpectedly, he stormed in.

"Not good."

The grim-faced man realized the situation, knowing Yang Jian had a weapon, he turned and headed back to the room to prepare for confrontation.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, looking towards him, then he walked over with large strides.

The man who had just closed the room door quickly rummaged through the luggage bag, getting ready for confrontation.

"Chen Xing, what happened outside, why was there gunfire?" There was another man in the room.

"Someone came up from the first floor, not just that woman earlier, but also two men. Damn, what's going on today, why did so many people come up at once, and this guy is tough, he just killed Old Xu, and now he's rushing at us."

Cold sweat appeared on Chen Xing's forehead.

Although it wasn't a supernatural encounter, this kind of firefight was very dangerous, and things could easily go wrong today leading to death here as well.

"Then, let's take out those two outside."

The other man didn't care about Old Xu's death, he rolled out of bed and directly grabbed a weapon.

The reason they had so many weapons was because Chen Xing had been abroad.

The post office could bring people from anywhere, naturally, they could also utilize this convenience to do some deeds.

But their weapons were only meant to bully some newbies coming upstairs.

Facing some special messengers, weapons were not much of a use anymore.

However, as the two were preparing to act.

The door was kicked open by Yang Jian.

The immense force directly knocked one person flying, instantly knocking him unconscious.

"You....." Chen Xing was shocked, hastily trying to retaliate.

However, his fingers stiffened, unable to move.

He didn't know when, but a cold, darkened hand had covered his own, tightly grasping his fingers, preventing him from pulling the trigger.

A ghost?

Chen Xing's scalp exploded on the spot, instinctively wanting to shake off that thing.

"Are there just the three of you in this room?" Yang Jian ignored him, taking only a slight glance.

Indeed, just three.

It seemed that these three people had teamed up temporarily, as delivering alone would have been quite difficult.

Or perhaps, they were all messengers from room number 21, just lucky enough to have survived, so they stayed in the same room.

"Who exactly are you? Downstairs messengers couldn't possibly have someone like you."

Chen Xing felt the icy cold palm on the back of his hand had stopped moving.

He understood.

All of this was concocted by the person in front of him.

This person can actually control the fierce ghosts in the supernatural realm.

Such a skill, even the messengers on the third floor may not be capable of.

But the more so, the more afraid he became.

It seemed that he had been targeted by someone formidable.

"It doesn't matter who I am, what matters is whether you can survive on the corridor outside after the lights go out at six," Yang Jian said coldly.

Click!

"Ah!"

Chen Xing screamed in agony, his entire arm grotesquely twisted, all caused merely by a palm resting on his arm.

It was just a palm, with no arm, cold and dark, yet inexplicably possessing such strength.

Although the allotted quota of Ghost Hand was used on Ghost Eye.

The supernatural power of Ghost Hand itself was still present.

It couldn't deal with ghost tamers, but it was very easy to handle ordinary people.

"Let, let me go, killing me won't benefit you, although, although messengers are not allowed to harm each other, some letters require specific numbers of people, and if there are fewer people, it's almost impossible to deliver the letters successfully," Chen Xing said, sweating profusely.

"Is that so? That's really a pity, I have enough people on my side," said Yang Jian.

Before he could finish speaking, the man screamed again.

A leg twisted and deformed, and the sound of bones cracking rose dully.

A moment later.

Yang Jian dragged the man out of room 21.

"Let him spend the night outside tonight, see if he will be alright. Also, help me clean up the trash in my room," Yang Jian said.

"Alright, Captain."

Li Yang glanced at the man named Chen Xing, without a trace of sympathy.

This guy was no good person; it served him right to be taken down.

He hadn't died yet only because he still had a bit of residual value left.

But out of carefulness, Li Yang still asked, "Captain, do we need to extract some information from him?"

"No need, the information that the messengers on the second floor know is probably very limited anyway. My goal is at least to reach the fourth floor," Yang Jian said.

Soon, Chen Xing was thrown into the corridor, sweating profusely, in extreme pain, and filled with rage, wishing he could kill the entire family of this man.

But he dared not say it.

This messenger from the first floor actually gained supernatural powers; it was simply unthinkable.

Facing such a person, he had no capital to resist.

However, soon, a sense of fear surged from within him; he knew that six o'clock was about to arrive, and the post office would turn off the lights.

The terror after lights out, no messenger on the second floor was unaware of it.

After all, they were not newcomers anymore.

"You can come in now."

Yang Jian looked at a woman named Qian Rong.

Qian Rong was nervous at the moment, she didn't even dare to lift her head to look at Yang Jian, walked into the room with her head down, timid and shrinking.

Yang Jian checked the time.

Less than ten minutes left until lights out.

"The people from the first floor, Wang Shan, and that person named Wan Xing, as well as Sun Rui haven't shown up... This is no coincidence, they must have already reached a certain room earlier," Yang Jian observed.

But at this moment, no room opened its door.

Each room was tightly shut, the recent disturbance did not attract the others out.

But this was somewhat unreasonable.

If Sun Rui had arrived, there would be no reason not to reunite.

"Could something unexpected have happened?" Yang Jian pondered again.

"Forget it, will see the situation tomorrow."

Without dwelling much on it.

He turned and went back to his room.

After all, the lights were about to go out, and in his current state, he didn't want to encounter the ferocious ghosts within the post office.

Chapter 815 The Second Letter

Inside the Ghost Post Office, the lights went out promptly at six o'clock.

The yellowish glow in the dim corridor was immediately extinguished, and everything nearby was shrouded in darkness, the only source of light being from the rooms.

But before the lights went out.

There was still one person lingering in the corridor.

That person was Chen Xing, who had been thrown out of room 21 by Yang Jian.

Of course, Chen Xing standing in the corridor was not necessarily doomed to die; he still had a chance to seek refuge in other rooms to avoid the dangers after the lights went out.

However, Yang Jian's action had eliminated this possibility for him.

Because Yang Jian had broken his arms and legs.

He was now like a cripple, utterly unable to move freely, forced to remain at the door howling in pain, gradually waiting for the moment when the light would go out.

There might be other couriers in the other rooms on the second floor, but at this moment no one came out to save him.

It seemed as if such occurrences had become normal, or perhaps, during their time as couriers, many had learned to be indifferent and would not bother themselves with such matters.

In the midst of Chen Xing's terrified gaze, his figure was quickly swallowed by the darkness that followed the extinguishing of the lights.

Everything within the post office fell into a bizarre silence.

"Does Captain Yang want that guy to probe some of the rules inside the post office?" Li Yang sat down leaning against the door inside the room.

To prevent anything from suddenly breaking in through the darkness.

Yang Jian said, "That's just a side benefit. The real reason is that I wanted to kill him. I just thought simply killing him would be letting him off too easy, and I wanted him to taste the flavor of fear."

"Such scum really doesn't deserve to live." Li Yang fully agreed with this approach.

This kind of person has lost their humanity, their personality completely warped, and although not a ghost master, they are even more detestable than certain ghost masters.

"You watch the first half of the night, I'll watch the second half. According to our last experience, the letter should appear after dawn." Yang Jian said, "We'll consider other matters after the letter appears."

Li Yang nodded, then glanced inside the room again, "Captain, what about that woman?"

"Never mind her; if she can survive, so be it. If not, we can't be too concerned. It's predictable what would happen to ordinary people who enter here; even if she survives tonight, she won't make it through the next delivery task." Yang Jian explained.

"That's also true."

Li Yang no longer concerned himself with it, gradually understanding Yang Jian's indifferent philosophy.

It's not really indifference.

But that there are too many ordinary people and they simply cannot be saved.

If I were to try to save everyone, then as a ghost master, I would certainly die very quickly.

So it's not that many are indifferent to life, but rather, compared to the severity of supernatural events, life is insignificant.

The night was very calm.

No disturbances came from outside the corridor, and the malevolent ghost that used to wander inside the post office did not seem to appear this time.

Yang Jian's worries seemed a bit superfluous.

But this was a good thing; it at least confirmed that Yang Jian and Li Yang, the intruders from outside, weren't constantly targeted by ghosts.

Although the two had arranged to keep watch over the night in turns, in reality, neither of them slept at all that night.

In this haunted place, normal people suffer from insomnia and struggle to fall asleep, not to mention ghost masters.

Moreover, Yang Jian himself could last several days without eating, drinking, or sleeping, his bodily functions were already different from normal people's, but he still tried to maintain ordinary habits as much as possible to minimize the impact of malevolent ghosts on himself.

Dawn broke.

The lights in the room went out.

Yellow, dim light once again illuminated the corridor outside.

The darkness-shrouded Ghost Post Office welcomed a new day.

Yang Jian first searched around the room and did not find any new letters. Thinking he might have missed something, he searched very thoroughly.

"The new letter isn't in the room; let's go check outside."

Li Yang also regained his vigor, while the woman named Qian Rong emerged from the bedroom looking haggard and pitiful, timidly stepping out.

Yang Jian stepped out onto the corridor outside the room.

A strange thing happened.

The man named Chen Xing, who had been left in the corridor the night before, had disappeared; his figure was no longer on the corridor.

"A living person just disappeared like that? When I was on watch last night, I didn't hear any noise coming from outside the door. If he had encountered an attack by a malevolent ghost, there should have been howling and screaming." Li Yang, following Yang Jian's example, began to analyze the situation.

Yang Jian said, "Maybe he died right after the lights went out. But his death is enough to prove that you indeed cannot stay outside after the lights are out; there seems to be a rule within the post office that one must die after the lights are extinguished."

"It seems that this possibility is very high." Li Yang frowned slightly, looking serious.

This was indeed a very dangerous rule.

Those expelled from the room die when the time comes.

It's no wonder then that there are only a few messengers in each room.

It's hard to know what's in a person's heart.

If there are too many people, who can confidently say they won't be the ones blocked outside the door one day?

But at this moment.

The doors of the other rooms opened.

One by one, messengers from the other rooms came out.

It was not a small number; some rooms were occupied by a single person, some by two, and one room housed three people.

The room with three inhabitants was that of Wang Shan, Wan Xing, and an unfamiliar man.

Clearly, they arrived earlier yesterday and had moved into the room ahead of time.

"Yang Jian? He really has come. It seems the commotion from last night was spread by him, and room 21 was clearly taken over by force."

Wang Shan was somewhat pleased to see Yang Jian, but also noticed that the people who were originally difficult to get along with in the room had disappeared, not coming out from the house.

Everyone had guessed such an ending.

Offending Yang Jian is even quicker than dying from supernatural events.

"Sun Rui didn't come." Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly; he could be sure that among this group of second-floor messengers, there was no sign of Sun Rui.

This could only mean that Sun Rui hadn't come to the second floor at all.

"What's the matter? Why are there so many messengers showing up together this time? Did something go wrong?"

"What a joke, other rooms are occupied too. That makes over a dozen people. I knew something was very wrong. I just delivered a letter last week; it's not my turn now. I should be safe for at least a month."

"Right, did you receive the letter that needs to be delivered this time?"

This group of second-floor messengers immediately began to discuss among themselves, surprised that there were messengers in the other rooms as well.

It was fully booked.

Typically, messengers are only brought in by the Ghost Post Office when it's time to deliver a letter.

That is to say, it's unlikely for all seven rooms on this floor to be fully occupied in practical terms.

The existence of the Post Office isn't to kill people, so naturally, they wouldn't create rules that intentionally kill messengers.

But this time the situation was exceptional.

It seemed as if all the messengers accumulated on the second floor had gathered.

Including Wang Shan, Wan Xing, Qian Rong, and those like Yang Jian and Li Yang who had just come up from the first floor.

"Found the letter, over here."

A man in his thirties with a steady demeanor spotted something and strode over; he reached a corner of the corridor where a conspicuous red letter was placed at the turn.

"A red letter?"

The man obviously paused, seeming somewhat astonished.

"No way, another red letter?" Wang Shan's eyes narrowed, greatly startled.

"Wang Shan, you know about this?" someone asked from the side.

Wang Shan's gaze flickered, unsure how to respond. To tell the truth, he had only seen a red letter before, just a while ago, but that letter was delivered by Yang Jian and was none of his concern; he had simply completed his task while waiting.

Unexpectedly, this rare red letter appeared again.

There must certainly be a reason for so many messengers.

The task is highly dangerous, and sending a single messenger would guarantee death; hence the need to arrange so many people.

To win by number.

He couldn't be sure if this change had anything to do with Yang Jian, but it was very suspicious.

Because this sudden change all started with Yang Jian's arrival.

Wang Shan looked at Yang Jian, hoping to get an answer.

Unfortunately, Yang Jian showed no interest in him.

At this moment.

Yang Jian walked briskly towards the red letter.

The red letter lay untouched on the spot, with everyone wary and hesitating, analyzing the reasons, and weighing the situation.

But Yang Jian didn't care what the others were hesitating about; he intended to take the red letter.

Chapter 816 Shred the Letter

The red letter appeared again, signaling that the normal operations within the Ghost Post Office had been disrupted.

Yang Jian had delivered a red letter once before, and the incident at Fushou Garden was extremely perilous. Even he, a ghost tamer, nearly fell victim, not to mention ordinary people.

It is evident that the red letter represents a highly dangerous delivery mission with a slim chance of survival.

It's not entirely impossible for messengers on the first floor to complete it, but it is extremely difficult.

Of course, the benefits of successfully delivering the letter are clear and evident.

After successfully delivering a red letter, all messengers move up one floor.

However, Yang Jian thought that such a task was over, but upon reaching the second floor, another red letter appeared.

And this letter.

Yang Jian had no intention of delivering it.

With a cold expression, he strode towards where the letter was located, ready to take it away.

"What do you think you're doing?" Suddenly, as he passed by room 21, a man stopped Yang Jian.

"Newcomers from the first floor shouldn't meddle in this matter. This red letter is unprecedented and definitely very special. It's best you stay put until a conclusion is reached."

Yang Jian paused, looking at the man: "Are you talking to me?"

In the dim corridor.

His eyes emitted a faint red glow, sinister and somewhat diabolical. His whole being seemed to exude a chilling aura, unlike any living being.

The man blocking Yang Jian clearly hesitated for a moment and instinctively took a step back.

He felt that this person exuded an indescribable danger.

Those who could make it to the second floor had all encountered supernatural forces. Regardless of personality, most were intelligent since fools had already died downstairs and couldn't possibly make it here.

"There's something off about you."

The man hesitated and then stepped aside: "What happened on the first floor? Many messengers from the first floor suddenly arrived yesterday, at least three or four. There must be a reason."

Usually, it's already quite remarkable for someone from downstairs to come up, let alone so many on the same day.

Thus, he suspected something abnormal happened on the lower floor.

Yang Jian ignored his question, treating him as if he was thin air, and continued walking forward.

"Friend, no one here has dealt with a red letter before. You seem to have plans for that letter? Can you slow down? So many messengers showing up and then a red letter appearing, it can't be a coincidence. There must be a reason."

Outside room 25, a tall man with a physique like a bodybuilder spoke.

"Red usually signifies danger. The appearance of this letter in the hallway means it's a collective delivery task and the number of people involved is incredibly high, obviously, this delivery task will be very difficult." A woman wearing glasses, around her mid-twenties, spoke.

"Of course, if the delivery is successful, there might be some unexpected rewards, but since we have no experience with red letters, I suggest we don't touch the letter yet and see how things unfold."

This statement was meant for others as well as for Yang Jian.

But that didn't stop Yang Jian from taking the letter.

Wang Shan watched from the side, his eyes flickering, not daring to speak.

The messengers on the second floor might not know, but he knew. This Yang Jian is no ordinary figure. During his last trip to Dahai City, he clashed with a top figure from the supernatural circle. That scene was terrifying.

An entire building was torn apart, even the sky's color changed, enveloped in a layer of blood-red, making the whole city seem like it had descended into hell.

The power of the supernatural made this Yang Jian more terrifying than a ferocious ghost.

"Cai Yu, this man is Yang Jian, someone I met on the first floor. You really shouldn't offend him. He's not a typical messenger forced into it by receiving supernatural letters; he forcefully entered the Ghost Post Office," Wang Shan whispered to the man in room 26 nearby.

The two of them had met on the first floor.

The man named Cai Yu narrowed his eyes and said, "What? He barged into the Ghost Post Office? Are you kidding me? Is that even possible?"

"He can prove it." Wang Shan pointed to Wan Xing beside him.

"The Ghost Post Office is a place of supernatural phenomena, ordinary people can't even find it, only those forced to become messengers can enter. You say he barged in, that's impossible." Cai Yu shook his head quickly, not believing such a thing.

Because this was beyond his understanding.

Wang Shan said, "There's absolutely no mistake, he did barge into the Ghost Post Office, and on the first night he entered, he was attacked by a fierce ghost that roamed the building after the lights were out. However, not only did the ghost fail to kill him, but he also forcibly repelled it."

"Moreover, this Yang Jian is even planning to deal with the ghosts inside the post office."

The more Cai Yu heard, the more incredible it sounded, as if he was listening to a story: "Are you joking with me? Even ghosts can't kill this person?"

"Yes, I saw it with my own eyes." Wang Shan nodded earnestly.

"Do you think I would believe that?" Cai Yu definitely didn't believe it.

After all, he was just an ordinary person. Although he had encountered supernatural events, it was only because he was constrained by the Ghost Post Office, and his experience was limited; he was not part of the supernatural circle.

Moreover, Yang Jian is among the top ghost controllers in the circle.

There was a huge gap in understanding, and being suddenly confronted with it, of course, he wouldn't believe it.

"If you can't do it, you might observe more. Anyway, I've already warned you, don't offend this Yang Jian. He not only possesses the ability like that of a fierce ghost, but he also has considerable influence outside. However, he is very arrogant, no, rather dismissive. He generally shows no interest in ordinary people unless provoked."

As he spoke, Wang Shan glanced at Wan Xing beside him.

Previously, downstairs, Wan Xing had offended Yang Jian, but he was still alive and well.

This shows that this person does not have a very strong sense of revenge, but cannot tolerate certain provocations.

Cai Yu frowned, thoughtfully watching Yang Jian passing by in front.

Could it be that the appearance of the red letter was because of him?

At that moment, Yang Jian stopped, immediately reached out and picked up the red letter lying on the corridor. From previous experiences, as soon as this red letter is touched, the task of delivering letters appears, then all the messengers on the second floor have no choice but to go to the exact location indicated by the letter to deliver it.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to kill everyone by recklessly taking the letter? And you're just a newcomer who has just come upstairs from the first floor; even if it's about delivering the letter, you shouldn't take it away. I don't want someone to accidentally lose the letter on the way of delivery." Immediately, a mature and composed man in his thirties grabbed Yang Jian's wrist, preventing him from taking the letter.

This man was named Liu Mingxin, a messenger from the second floor, who had already delivered two letters and would move to the third floor after delivering another one.

He had relatively deep experience.

But upon contact.

This man named Liu Mingxin's expression changed immediately.

What he felt he was holding wasn't even a living person's hand.

Even through the clothes, he could feel the cold and chill emanating from this person's palm.

Like holding the palm of a dead person, with not a hint of body warmth.

As if touching a fierce ghost, Liu Mingxin subconsciously withdrew his hand, his eyes revealing unease and suspicion.

Yang Jian then spoke, "To be honest, I don't care about these messengers from the second floor. It's best if you don't interfere with what I'm planning to do, otherwise, I wouldn't mind taking action right now, clearing out this entire floor, and making all messengers from this floor disappear from this world."

"After all, I really don't have a good impression of this messenger identity inside the Ghost Post Office."

Saying so, he took away the red letter with his darkened palm.

Immediately, a cold breeze blew.

On the walls of the corridor, black ink-like characters emerged, crooked and twisted, revealing a hint of eeriness.

The task from the letter was triggered.

Dachuan City, Mingyue Community, Building 7, Apartment 301...

The handwriting converged and left behind an address.

"Kid, I don't care who you are, put down that letter right now," the tall man spoke with a hint of threat.

Meanwhile.

Someone next to him was already pointing a gun at Yang Jian.

It seemed like a shootout was about to happen right there.

"Nonsense." Yang Jian revealed a cold smile at the corner of his mouth as he tore the red letter into pieces in front of everyone's eyes.

Although it was a supernatural letter, it was no different from a normal one.

It tore apart quite easily.

"Don't!"

The man named Liu Mingxin realized what Yang Jian was about to do and hurriedly tried to stop him.

But it was too late.

Yang Jian acted decisively. He tore it thoroughly, giving no chance to the others.

Of course, they couldn't stop Yang Jian from tearing the letter.

"He tore the letter? Damn it." someone yelled, their voice trembling.

Tearing the letter was equivalent to directly completing a postal mission.

But it came at a huge price.

The messenger would suffer an attack from a vengeful ghost, and such an attack could happen anywhere, at any time, at any place.

Ordinary people simply couldn't withstand such an attack.

For them, delivering the letter still held a slight chance of survival.

Tearing the letter meant certain death.

"I'll be honest with you, I never intended to deliver this letter. I'm going to the third floor, but I think delivering is too slow, I'm taking a shortcut," Yang Jian casually scattered the scraps of paper on the ground, speaking slowly.

"A red letter allows a messenger of one floor to move up to the next. I have already delivered a red letter on the first floor before."

"You madman, if you want to die, go die by yourself, don't drag us into this. Do you even know that tearing the letter would bring a fierce ghost attack?" Liu Mingxin's face turned pale, both angry and fearful.

According to Yang Jian's statement.

This red letter was the delivery task for all the messengers on this floor. Now that he has torn the letter, it means all the messengers on this floor will suffer an attack from the ghost.

This was completely harmful to others.

Yet, Yang Jian calmly said, "I know, but so what? The result is the same for you. To deliver is to die, and not to is to die. Either way, it's death. Why bother going outside and causing more trouble? Die here in the post office, quietly, isn't that much better?"

"Wang Shan, what do you think?"

Having said that, he looked toward Wang Shan who was standing in the opposite corridor.

Wang Shan's forehead was covered in cold sweat, he could feel it.

Yang Jian's attitude towards the Ghost Post Office had changed.

Previously, he was cautious in his investigation, but now he was much more aggressive.

If he wasn't mistaken, it must have been influenced by some events in Dahai City.

"You... you're right, the red letter is very challenging, and it could have a significant impact on the outside world, bringing the supernatural into the real world. If we survive this tearing of the letter, then all the messengers on the second floor will move up to the third floor. It's an opportunity."

His voice trembled slightly as he forced an explanation.

He had to explain it.

Without tearing the letter, who else would dare to complete the task of the red letter?

Only he was qualified to complete it, and even for the messengers on the second floor, it was death for everyone who tried, probably the same odds as surviving the tearing of the letter.

"Bullshit."

The tall and muscular man cursed loudly: "I could at least live for a month by delivering letters, now this mess might actually kill me today. I don't want to move up to be some messenger. I always deliver at the last deadline to buy some more safety time."

The messenger on the second floor had a longer time interval between letter deliveries.

One letter a month.

Downstairs, it's seven days.

A sufficient deadline is indeed why there are more messengers on the second floor than on the first floor.

"This is infuriating. All my plans are ruined by this newcomer. Had I known, I should have just broken your legs earlier."

"What to do now? What can we do now? There has never been a case where someone directly tore a letter inside the post office, especially tearing this never-before-seen red letter."

"The supernatural won't invade the post office, will it?"

People were discussing fervently, some cursing, some panicking, and some worrying.

Yang Jian remained expressionless, ignoring the various gazes of people around. He was just doing what he needed to do.

He couldn't allow another supernatural incident on the level of Fushou Garden to occur outside.

Dahai City has Ye Zhen, with a supernatural forum forcibly suppressing it.

But Dachuan City does not.

Thus, weighing the pros and cons, tearing the letter was the safest bet.

Even if it meant death, it would only be the death of all the messengers on the second floor. It was still better than hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands dying outside.

Besides.

This was indeed the quickest way to move up a floor.

"Bang!"

But just at that moment, a sudden loud noise occurred.

The doors from rooms 21 to 27 all swung open at the moment, an unseen supernatural power began to interfere with the surroundings.

The dim lights in the hallway flickered slightly.

A cold, dark atmosphere was rapidly spreading from downstairs.

A sense of unease immediately rose from everyone's hearts.

"It's here, it really came." Liu Mingxin widened his eyes, his heart trembling.

No more arguing now.

The consequence of tearing the letter had appeared; the Ghost General would attack all the messengers on this floor today.

Yang Jian remained composed, turned around and walked back: "Li Yang, prepare to go back to the room. If we survive this attack, we'll meet on the third floor. If not, we die together."

Li Yang at the door of room 21 solemnly nodded: "It shouldn't be a problem; we are quite prepared this time."

"I hope so." While Yang Jian was well-prepared, his current state was poor.

However, carrying the Eight-Tone Music Box, if he encountered an unsolvable situation, he still considered taking a risk.

Chapter 817 The Terrifying Seven Rooms

Inside the old second-floor corridor.

The chilling wind scoured the hallway, where scattered red letter paper shreds were whirled into the air, spreading everywhere.

Each piece of red paper shard, at this moment, seemed as if it was possessed by malevolent spirits. All the couriers on the second floor felt an urge to stay as far away as possible, even fearing to touch them, lest they get tainted by some curses and meet an untimely death.

Among the couriers on the second floor, there were quite a few with extensive experience.

Liu Mingxin was one of them. From the moment he became a courier, he had delivered no less than five letters, encountering genuine supernatural forces five times.

And each time was more terrifying than the last.

Under normal circumstances, one more letter and he would have become a third-floor courier.

But unexpectedly, an accident occurred.

The torn red letters would bring the most horrific crisis to everyone on this floor.

Ghost Shadow was about to attack.

The flickering lights in the corridor, the enveloping chill, the surroundings seemed to grow dim, and a black mist gradually crept in, covering the entire floor.

The most terrifying thing was.

The doors of all seven rooms on this floor burst open in an instant, with a loud noise.

From some rooms, there appeared to be strange noises.

"Why did you have to do this? Aren't you afraid of death at all? If you want to die, just do it yourself, why drag us down with you?" Liu Mingxin forcefully maintained his composure as he loudly questioned Yang Jian.

"I should have shot you dead with a single bullet just now, to avoid being killed by you."

"Where did this newbie come from, got the nerve to share your address, believe it or not, one call from me and your whole family is dead."

It wasn't just him; the other couriers were also becoming extremely aggressive, almost as if they wanted to tear Yang Jian into shreds.

After all, they still held hope for survival and wouldn't tear the letters on their own before a desperate situation was upon them.

Darkness engulfed.

Yang Jian's figure in the shadows was somewhat blurry, but his eyes glowed eerily red, and he spoke with an indifferent tone almost devoid of emotion: "If you're not satisfied with me, you can kill me right here and now, no need to make a fuss. After all, to fight for survival, I can understand."

"So, if I'm killed by you guys, I deserved it, and don't blame you. But if you guys are the ones who die, I hope you don't blame me either. After all, coming to the Ghost Post Office, there's no way for you to leave alive. Rather than dying on the journey of delivering letters, it's better if I help you out a bit, reducing the painful process."

"So, does anyone want to make a move now?"

While speaking, he walked down the corridor, passing by rooms 27 and 26, preparing to return to room 21 where he was before.

The Ghost Door Blocker from Li Yang needed to enter the room to be effective.

So Yang Jian planned to withstand the attack of Ghost Shadow from within the room.

Many couriers in the hallway stared intently at Yang Jian, as if they wanted to make a move but held back with trepidation.

They were not fools; they could see that this man named Yang Jian was too calm and appeared so indifferent that it was as if he had no emotions. The most eerie thing was his red glowing eyes, which made those who were gazed upon feel as if they were being watched by a malevolent spirit.

It sent shivers down one's spine.

If it weren't for the fact that this person was still standing here talking with everyone, some might even think that the figure before them was not human.

Yang Jian passed by these people as if they were just air, completely ignoring them.

The second floor of the Ghost Post Office was not worth his linger.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, a gunshot rang out.

The tall and muscular man with a fierce expression on his face shot from behind.

"Stop pretending, did you really think I wouldn't dare to act? If you want to kill me, I'll finish you off first."

After saying this.

The sound of gunfire followed one after another, at such close distance there was no chance of missing.

"Lü Yue, stop it!" The man named Cai Yu's complexion changed dramatically as he shouted urgently.

The other people were momentarily stunned at this sight.

Someone had actually taken action.

Although Lü Yue's actions were understandable, was the person who tore up the red letters really someone to be trifled with?

However, no matter how special the newcomer from the first floor was, getting shot that many times should mean the end, right?

After all, at the end of the day, he was still just one person.

He couldn't be as unkillable as Ghost Shadow.

Many people thought this way.

But the reality was that Yang Jian turned around expressionlessly, his red eyes staring at the tall muscular man.

The gunshots ceased.

Everyone was horrified.

Was this person unkillable?

Lü Yue was also shocked; he widened his eyes, seemingly not expecting such an event to unfold.

But then.

He thought of the noise coming from room 21 last night.

No wonder Chen Xing from room 21 was killed off. Facing such a person, how could he possibly guard that room.

The next moment.

Lü Yue was startled, and before he could react, a cold, dark hand had already tightly gripped his throat.

A strong man weighing over 200 pounds was thus easily lifted by the somewhat frail Yang Jian.

Lü Yue's face turned bright red, he struggled with all his might, but it was useless.

The strength of this person was astonishingly great, no matter how he struggled, he couldn't break free from this terrifying hold.

"Crack!"

Then, a crisp sound of bone breaking echoed.

Yang Jian flung his arm, dumping the man with an indifferent expression from the second-floor corridor.

The body fell, quickly vanishing into the darkness, soundlessly.

Dead.

This messenger of the second floor, the somewhat intimidating Lü Yue, was so effortlessly taken out.

At this moment, everyone else remained silent.

But it seems that they found such an outcome not too hard to accept.

A person who couldn't even be taken down by a gunshot had already stepped out of the ordinary messenger category. On this floor, he was almost an unsolvable existence. If he wanted to kill someone, no one could resist. He could truly do as he pleased.

From now on.

No one dared to criticize Yang Jian for his letter-tearing behavior anymore.

All dissatisfaction had cleanly dissipated. Even if there were any, it had to be deeply buried in their hearts.

"He truly is a person not to be trifled with," reflected the messenger called Cai Yu, as a shadow gradually covered her heart.

Being on the same floor with such a person is a very frightening matter.

"Ah!"

However, just as the atmosphere was heavy, a terrifying scream suddenly resounded.

A man standing in the corridor was suddenly pulled by something, his body flying backward and crashing into the open door of room 23 behind him.

The lights in the already darkened room were dim, almost pitch-black, and nothing could be seen.

But many people clearly felt that something appeared in that room, a kind of terror that was incomprehensible and lurking inside.

"Bang!"

Along with a loud noise, the door of room 23 suddenly closed again at this time, and the screams of the man dragged inside abruptly ceased.

It seemed that the person had been killed by something, or else the closing door had cut off all sounds from inside.

"What?"

A few people nearby, just recovering from the confrontation between Yang Jian and Lü Yue, were instantly filled with panic in the face of this sudden eerie occurrence.

"It's a ghost, there's a ghost in the room, the price for tearing up the letter is coming," cried Wan Xing, who had just come up from the first floor, his emotions becoming somewhat abnormal.

His whole body was trembling, enveloped in fear.

Because he noticed the most desperate fact: the second floor of the Ghost Post Office is very small, with almost no place to escape.

"Ghosts have invaded the messenger's room? What a joke," the second-floor messenger, Cai Yu, narrowed her eyes and subconsciously moved away from the door behind her.

The dim room at this moment not only failed to provide safety for the messengers but became a source of terror.

The corridor seemed to be safe.

Because in the corridor, the weak yellow light was still on, although the light flickered from time to time, it was never extinguished.

"There's a ghost in the room?"

Others were instantly startled, feeling a chill throughout their bodies.

Because they had stayed in their rooms for an entire night before and had done so previously as well.

If Yang Jian tearing up the red letter this time had attracted a fierce ghost attack, then the fierce ghost must have had a source.

Could it be that there were already ghosts in the room?

Those who realized this felt a surge of inexplicable fear and dread in their hearts.

Sharing a room with a ghost for many days?

If they had known this beforehand, who would dare to stay longer in these horrible rooms?

But now was not the time to think about this.

Yang Jian paused in his steps because he now stood at the door of room 21, but his gaze was directed toward the door of room 23 that had just closed.

"Team Yang, it seems there really is something stirring in the room," said Li Yang, standing next to him, his expression slightly changing as he sensed anomalies emanating from deep within room 21.

It was the perception of a ghost controller.

"Where exactly is it?" asked Yang Jian.

Li Yang said, "It should be... in the bedroom."

Bedroom?

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, "The place where the woman named Qian Rong stayed last night?"

"Yes." Li Yang suddenly realized, "She never left the room just now."

"Follow me inside."

Yang Jian dashed into Room 21 with big strides.

Li Yang immediately followed closely behind.

The unlit Room 21 was shrouded in darkness, but the darkness was not dense, just enough to make out the silhouettes of the walls, chairs, and the door.

The bedroom door was tightly shut at the moment.

It was unclear if it had been opened before or not at all.

"Direction." Yang Jian inquired.

Li Yang immediately pointed towards the bedroom.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, emitting a faint red glow that disregarded the darkness, he saw faint traces on the door.

Those were bloodstains.

Even a few woman's fingernails with flesh attached had fallen on the floor.

The blood and remaining fragments of nails were fresh, having occurred not long ago, likely not more than five minutes.

"Was that woman named Qian Rong dragged into the bedroom by a ghost?" Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly.

He immediately walked over and arrived at the bedroom door, leaning close as if to listen for any sounds from inside.

Quiet.

No noise at all, and of course, no cries for help or screams.

Dead?

Yang Jian thought to himself.

That woman, he had saved her once yesterday, yet in the end, she had died anyway.

Although it was indirectly because he tore up the red letter, there was no helping it.

If Yang Jian didn't tear up the letter, he would have to deliver it, and delivering it could spark more deadly supernatural incidents outside.

"Take a look."

After pondering for a moment, Yang Jian tried to open the bedroom door,

The wooden door, though shut tight, was not locked and easily opened a crack.

A chilling coldness drifted out, mingled with a faint scent of decaying corpse.

Still, there was no movement inside.

Yang Jian's gaze peered inside and caught a glimpse of a corner of the room.

He saw the woman named Qian Rong.

Her eyes wide open, her neck hanging from the bed's headboard, her blood-stained hand reaching towards the direction of the door, seemingly struggling in her final moments, but her breath was no more, and her body was rapidly cooling.

No mistake in judgment.

The woman was indeed dead.

Her will to live was strong, but it proved to be futile; the survival rate for ordinary people caught in such events was incredibly low.

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze; he did not feel responsible for her death, nor did he feel guilty.

Because this is the cost of choices.

Without investigating the Ghost Post Office thoroughly, it was impossible to prevent the supernatural incidents caused by the messengers, and not tearing up the red letter, the event at Fushou Garden could recur, this time perhaps in Dachuan City.

He knew many messengers were pitiful and innocent.

But what of it? Everyone involved in a supernatural incident is a victim, Yang Jian included.

"Dead?" Li Yang asked.

"Yes."

Li Yang said, "It's good that she's dead, it means she's been liberated..."

But before he could finish,

Yang Jian's expression changed drastically; he felt a massive pulling force coming from the room's door, as if the door was about to reopen, and some incomprehensible supernatural power inside was trying to suck him in.

"Li Yang, close the door."

He was resisting.

The shadow under his feet flickered.

To avoid being attacked in an instant, Yang Jian used a bit of Ghost Shadow's power.

Not to fight, just to buy some time.

Li Yang immediately rushed over, his hand making contact with the old wooden door.

In an instant.

"Bang!"

Another loud sound of a door shutting resonated as the room's door immediately closed tightly.

At the same time, the supernatural power transmitting from inside was also blocked off.

The ghost's attack was forcefully interrupted by Li Yang.

"How dangerous is it?" Yang Jian immediately inquired.

Li Yang had blocked the door, seemingly having trapped an unknown ferocious ghost inside. He said, "It's unclear, I didn't feel the ghost struggling against me; it seemed to have given up... no, more like it's not there anymore."

Yang Jian's brow furrowed: "Whether it's there or not isn't important, what matters is successfully getting through this attack. This is the second time I've ripped up a red letter, summoning a dangerous ghost, and the threat it poses shouldn't be low. You managed to fend this one off; after we go up to the third floor, I'll make other preparations."

"Don't worry, Captain, I think I should be able to handle it," Li Yang nodded in response.

He too could see that after the last trip to Dahai City, Yang Jian wasn't in good shape, showing signs of erosion by the fierce ghost, so he shouldn't recklessly use the power of ghosts anymore.

"Ah!"

However, before he could finish speaking, a scream of terror emanated from the corridor outside.

Yet another person, due to being too close to a certain room, was instantly pulled in by an irresistible force. After letting out a blood-curdling scream, everything abruptly stopped with the slam of the door closing.

"It's Wan Xing." Wang Shan's pupils suddenly tightened after witnessing the scene.

The targeted person was Wan Xing, like himself, who had just come up from the first floor, thanks to the fortune brought on by the red letter Yang Jian had sent earlier. He had progressed to the second level without much incident, only to die here unexpectedly.

"The ghost is in one of the seven rooms, and it moves randomly. Everyone be careful," the second-floor messenger, named Cai Yu, who seemed to have noticed something, shouted out loud.

He had figured it out.

The ghost could only use the doors of certain rooms to lure people in and kill them.

And when people near Room 23 were attacked, the other rooms were safe; no attacks occurred nearby.

A bit of pattern, but no chance to save anyone.

Because the Hui-style Building corridor consists of seven rooms, and you will always be close to one of them no matter what.

No, that's not right.

There is a safe place.

The four corners of the Hui-style Building corridor.

That's where two rooms intersect, the middle of the dividing line, which might also be a blind spot.

Cai Yu's gaze sharpened, and he quickly moved towards the nearest corner of the wall.

"Be careful? How should we be careful? It's easy for you to say, Cai Yu, when there's nowhere to run here. No matter how you dodge, you can't avoid the seven rooms, unless you jump down from the building," a middle-aged man named Liu Mingxin said through gritted teeth.

"If we don't come up with a strategy quickly, the ghost will kill all of us," a woman interjected, her voice cool and composed. She wore glasses and appeared both demure and efficient.

Her name was Yang Xiaohua, a lawyer and also a messenger on the second floor, who, to date, had delivered two letters; like Cai Yu, she could be considered an experienced messenger on this level.

"No, no!"

As soon as Yang Xiaohua finished speaking, a messenger beside her suddenly let out a scream of horror.

The door of a room a few meters behind her swung open, a dark, enveloping room within which an overpowering suction force emerged, directly pulling the person backward.

Despite the person's desperate grip on the wall, it was in vain, as they were still swiftly dragged inside.

Leaving behind only a gaze of despair and a piercing scream.

Fingers slid across the ground, leaving behind several deep bloodstains.

"Bang!"

The door closed tightly.

All noise once again returned to silence.

"Rooms that have closed after an attack won't have ghost attacks for a short period," Yang Xiaohua observed another detail, and she loudly explained.

Previous rooms where someone had died were now tightly shut, and subsequent victims were those who got close to the rooms that had not yet closed their doors.

This means the area in front of closed doors is now safe.

This pattern came just in time.

It could buy time, a chance to survive.

The remaining messengers were few, and they frantically vied for positions by the doors of the rooms that had already been closed.

"Is she right, or am I?" Cai Yu stood at the corner, his expression fluctuating.

His judgment differed from Yang Xiaohua's.

He believed that the key to survival lay in the four corners of the Hui-style Building, while Yang Xiaohua thought the entrances of rooms where people had died were temporarily safe.

Both were just guesses, unconfirmed.

To confirm would mean to risk one's life.

"I won't change my mind, I'll stay right here," Cai Yu bit down hard, reinforcing his own judgment.

Right now, Wang Shan was in a state of indecision, hesitating and struggling, because he noticed the different approaches taken by Cai Yu and Yang Xiaohua.

A person could only choose one method to survive; it wasn't possible to use both.

Chapter 818 Bait

The terrifying specter invaded the second floor.

Messengers continue to die one after another.

The second floor originally had more messengers than the first, totaling over a dozen people in seven rooms. However, with Yang Jian having killed three in Room 21 last night and the deaths of several more today, the number of second-floor messengers has sharply decreased, and the rate of this decrease is still accelerating.

Because the threat of the specter still exists.

After all, the messengers on the second floor are still within the realm of ordinary people, merely possessing more experience in dealing with matters and a more rational mind than those on the first floor.

But when a ghost decides to kill, the vast majority of people are utterly defenseless.

However, this doesn't mean that ordinary people who cannot fight back will definitely die when they encounter a specter.

Those messengers who have come to this floor and survived until now have sensed, more or less, some truths or patterns within these supernatural events.

There are ways to survive in supernatural events, provided that you can discover them and make use of them.

Yang Xiaohua, as a woman, has managed to survive here not by luck. Her intelligence and psychological quality have been key to her survival multiple times.

At this moment, she is biting her lips, standing eerily in front of the door of a room.

This is room 23.

A messenger had just been grabbed by the ghost into this room; the door is currently firmly shut. She speculates that this closed door may temporarily provide safety.

As to whether it is truly safe, she does not know.

Right now, she cannot concern herself too much with that; first, she needs to figure out a way to survive another moment.

Seeing this, other messengers immediately rushed toward those recently shut doors.

But there weren't many doors that had shut, so a scramble ensued.

"Back off, you dare fight with me for it? Believe it or not, I will throw you down from this floor right now."

"Either way, it's death. If we can't survive this, nothing else matters."

"Seeking death."

The scene suddenly became chaotic, everyone showing a fierce side, fighting desperately like wild beasts for survival.

Wang Shan made a decision immediately upon seeing this.

He couldn't possibly compete with others for the last two closed doors, and wouldn't win anyway. Instead of doing that, he might as well trust Cai Yu and squat in a corner.

There's no other choice.

Wang Shan, also a clever person, immediately gave up the idea of competing and ran to stand in a corner opposite Cai Yu.

His body slightly curled up, retreating to the back, squeezed into the corner, somewhat like a frightened small animal, trembling.

It's impossible not to be afraid.

Ghosts have already appeared, and within a minute, several people were killed without the slightest chance to react. At this rate, all the messengers on this floor will be completely dead in less than ten minutes.

"If someone does survive this time, then it must be Yang Jian and Li Yang."

Wang Shan thought to himself.

He didn't think those two would die, especially Yang Jian, who dared to confront the specter directly, far beyond any regular messenger.

"No, not good."

Another scream sounded, a man was fighting for a door but suddenly felt a huge pull from beside him.

He couldn't resist.

Quickly, he was dragged into the dim and oppressive room next door.

That was room 22.

"Bang!"

The moment the person was dragged in, the door shut, making a loud noise.

The others were stunned for a moment, then roared, "That's right, correct! When a ghost wants to kill, it will first open the door, approaching an open door is extremely dangerous, but a shut door is safe."

Having said that, this person seized the opportunity and rushed to the doorway of room 22.

One person had died in front of it, marking it as a temporarily safe place.

"Is it really going to be okay?" Yang Xiaohua, still pursing her lips, was nervous and frightened.

Her body remained tensely tight, and though the door behind her was shut, it gave her a sensation

The remaining people, witnessing such a scene, grew increasingly terrified.

But soon.

With the death of the first batch of messengers, the process of the ghost killing was slightly interrupted.

There weren't many survivors.

Only seven people.

The dead messengers had already exceeded half.

Among these seven people, five messengers stood behind five tightly shut doors, while Wang Shan and the person named Cai Yu hid in a corner, similarly avoiding the risk of being targeted by the ghost.

The door to Room 21 was open, but no one dared to approach it.

Beyond the fear of being killed by the ghost, they were also afraid of one person.

Yang Jian.

Room 21 was exactly the room Yang Jian had entered earlier, and although he hadn't come out yet, no one dared to peek inside, deliberately avoiding the room even during the scramble.

"Has the screaming outside stopped?"

At this moment, Yang Jian's gaze flickered, and he turned to look outside the room.

"Your senses are right, the ghost is indeed not in this room. The ghosts on the second floor have moved to other rooms to kill. It seems that these seven rooms are somehow interconnected to some extent."

Saying this, he reached out and touched the wall.

Behind the chilly wall seemed to exist some type of medium connecting the rooms, or perhaps a passage.

Li Yang's Door-blocking Ghost failed to block that ghost and let it slip away, which already explains some things.

"Captain, do we need to find a way to detain that ghost? I feel like I have great restraint over that thing," Li Yang said softly, feeling somewhat confident.

Yang Jian asked, "How many ghosts have you controlled up till now?"

"One, didn't you know?" Li Yang replied, puzzled.

Yang Jian said, "Then, what was the deal with your ability to open doors before?"

"It's a paranormal object."

Li Yang pulled an old wooden doorknob from his pocket: "I can connect with the Ghost Gate at the headquarters, and in critical moments, I can use that door as a back exit or allow personnel from the headquarters to quickly reach my vicinity. Last time, Wei Jing used it to go to Dahai City like that."

"I see now."

Yang Jian recalled the strange wooden door he saw at the headquarters, indeed that was the case.

"By the way, are you interested in controlling this ghost?"

Suddenly.

He revealed a strange smile, his slightly red eyes fixed on Li Yang.

Li Yang suddenly widened his eyes: "Captain, are you joking?"

"No, I'm serious. The ghost will be blocked by your Door-blocking Ghost, which means if you control this ghost, you can delay the resurgence time of the malicious spirit. Although the duration you control a ghost is short, you use the ability quite frequently; we better think ahead, otherwise, it'll be too late when the malicious spirit is on the verge of revival."

Yang Jian had no intention of joking.

"What should I do?"

At this moment, Yang Jian stepped out of the room, "It's simple, just find a way to suppress the ghost. Its Terror Level isn't high. I am a bit confident about it, but I need your cooperation."

"No problem." Li Yang quickly agreed.

It would also be a good thing if he could control a second ghost.

"I thought you all had died, didn't expect so many survived."

Yang Jian stood at the doorway of Room 21, looking left and right, he noticed people standing at other room doorways and also some alive in the distant corners.

He took note.

He realized that Wan Xing, who was previously on the first floor, was gone, probably dead. The one who survived was Wang Shan.

Hearing his voice.

The others turned their gazes, their tense eyes revealing a bit of incredible shock.

This person, he's unharmed?

Keep in mind, from the beginning until now, the door of Room 21 had always been open.

"Indeed, only he could truly remain unharmed," Wang Shan noted, not surprised but rather feeling it was to be expected.

"This guy..." Someone else gritted their teeth at him.

After all, it was Yang Jian who tore up the letter that summoned the ghosts.

One could say, he caused the death of everyone. "At least the deadline for delivering the message is long, we can live for a while," a skinny man said through gritted teeth in front of a door nearby.

"What does that have to do with me?" Yang Jian responded coldly.

"You....." The skinny man wanted to argue but held back.

Arguing with this guy would be very unwise.

The lawyer with glasses, Yang Xiaohua, pursed her lips and said, "Then why are you standing there saying these things? To mock us?"

"Mock you? Am I that bored?" Yang Jian said, "I'm just waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

Yang Jian said, "Waiting for the ghost to appear."

His expression was indifferent, showing no trace of fear, as if the vicious ghost wandering on the second floor posed no threat to him at all.

Fear is for ordinary people, not for someone of his caliber who commands ghosts.

"Besides, you all can't seriously believe that standing in front of a closed room will really prevent ghosts from attacking you, can you? If I'm not mistaken, the ghost's targets should be the people inside the rooms, as well as those near the doorways."

"But there are precisely seven rooms on the second floor, and a cul-de-sac corridor with no escape—it's basically a death trap."

"There might be a slim chance of survival in the corners, but it also depends on how dangerous the ghost here is. If it exceeds a certain limit, any hope of survival is nonexistent."

Yang Jian glanced at Wang Shan and that Cai Yu.

The actions of these two, hiding in the corner, were clear to him at first sight.

For regular people, coming up with such an idea in a short amount of time is commendable, it's the extreme they can do.

"This man is a madman," Yang Xiaohua thought to herself.

She was sure that he indeed had the ability to protect himself in front of a vicious ghost, but just because of that, to tear up the letter, to doom everyone, and even to stand by as the vicious ghost appears and kills them.

This goes beyond mere madness.

Perhaps calling him a psychopath would be more appropriate.

Yang Jian paid no mind to these people's hostility and judgments towards him.

He was just doing what he should be doing.

"It's coming." Suddenly, Li Yang sensed the imminent danger; he abruptly turned his head to look towards a room opposite.

It was Room 25.

The skinny man who was standing at the door just a moment ago.

The next moment.

The eyes of the skinny man suddenly widened, and his tense body was suddenly enveloped in an inexplicable chill.

Just now.

He had heard it.

He heard the noise coming from behind him inside the room.

It was the sound of something quickly crawling across the room floor.

The sound was loud and deep, exceptionally clear in this gloomy and silent environment.

"No, this isn't right."

He suddenly thought of something.

Previously, the person who was dragged inside stopped making any noises the moment the door was closed, not even a scream could be heard. Why were there sounds this time?

Could it be...

The man, covered in cold sweat, couldn't help but glance back, his body already prepared to flee.

This glance made his scalp explode with terror.

Behind him, the room door had somehow slightly opened a crack, and through the gap, he saw a blurry figure, and a horridly crooked, pale dead head. The eyes on that head were hollow, ashen, exuding an indescribable malice.

A ghost?

He wanted to scream for help, wanting his body to quickly flee from this place.

But it was all too late.

A massive pulling force spread from behind him.

"No. No, let me go." The skinny man struggled desperately, screaming in terror, reaching out in the air hurriedly trying to grab anything to prevent being dragged into the room by the ghost.

However, it was futile.

Before the door was fully opened, the man was rapidly flung inside.

The scream along with the arm extending outside the doorway disappeared into the depths of the room.

The dim shadow loomed, and from inside came the sounds of the creature's movements.

"Bang!"

The door of room 25 closed again.

"How, how could this happen?" Seeing this, the people in front of the other four room doors felt completely desperate.

They thought they had found a way to survive, but unexpectedly, a door that had been opened once could be opened by a ghost again.

There was no safe place left here.

Yang Xiaohua also started trembling.

Extreme terror struck, destroying her mental defenses, and the little bit of pattern and survival method she had found was completely overturned by the death of this person.

It's not safe in front of the doors...

"Too far, no time to act, by the time I rushed over, the ghost had already killed and left." Yang Jian stood opposite and saw everything clearly.

He had wanted to take action against the ghost earlier, but the distance wasn't enough, so he ended up just watching and did nothing.

"Captain, we need some bait." Li Yang whispered, "Instead of passively tracking, it would be better to actively wait, just focus on one door; this way, the chances are better."

"Makes sense."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and immediately looked at the others.

He certainly couldn't be the bait, nor could Li Yang.

Because both of them needed to act.

So they could only choose from among the third person.

Yang Jian directly said, "I plan to deal with the ghost on the second floor, but I need someone to stand in front of the door as bait to lure the ghost out. Although there's a high risk, the upside is significant. The person who acts as bait might have the chance to survive under my protection, but I don't know who dares to take on this task."

What?

The terrified and desperate people threw murderous looks at him upon hearing this.

You think people haven't died enough?

The only one not having such thoughts was Wang Shan.

He was somewhat tempted.

Because he knew this Yang Jian didn't really care about ordinary people and wouldn't deliberately harm them.

But Wang Shan hesitated.

Because such actions involved risks and weren't guaranteed to be safe.

What if Yang Jian didn't move in time? Then the bait would certainly die.

"No one? That's really a pity, this is a good chance to live, at least a higher survival rate than all of you hiding and running."

"Ordinary people should have the awareness of ordinary people. When an opportunity comes, you must grab it."

Someone cursed, "Bullshit! Even if I die, I won't be your bait. Haven't you already caused us enough misery?"

In despair, someone exploded with fury and didn't care about Yang Jian anymore, breaking out in abuse.

Yang Jian wasn't angry, he wouldn't get angry with a dead person: "If no one is willing, then I will have to choose someone."

"Wait, I, I'll do it." However, just at that moment, the female messenger called Yang Xiaohua from the second floor spoke up, biting her lip.

"I will be your bait."

"You?" Yang Jian's gaze slightly hardened as he looked at her.

"What is your name?"

"Yang Xiaohua."

Yang Jian said, "I didn't expect you to also have the surname Yang. Very well, then it's you."

"Yang Xiaohua, don't agree to him, even if it costs us our lives; why should you obey his commands? Hasn't he already made us suffer enough? Do you really believe he can resolve the fierce ghost? Don't joke, he's just a bit special, simply unkillable, but when facing the fierce ghost, he is sure to push you forward to die."

"I don't need you to worry about the decisions I make." Yang Xiaohua retorted angrily.

She didn't want to die, and after thinking it through, she believed that the chance of surviving as bait was bigger than doing nothing here.

Doing nothing meant death was only a matter of time.

But if she chose to believe Yang Jian this time, maybe a miracle would occur.

Moreover, Yang Xiaohua wasn't recklessly gambling with her life; she made her decision based on her observations and attention.

Although this person was a bit twisted, he had his remarkable aspects.

"I particularly dislike flip-flopping. People should be trustworthy. Once you've agreed to be bait, you must follow through. If you repent halfway, I don't know what excessive things I might do," Yang Jian said.

"Don't worry, I won't repent," Yang Xiaohua stared at Yang Jian.

Through the somewhat foggy glasses, she could still see the faint red light emitting from his eyes.

In the darkness, it was like two flickering lights, twinkling on and off.

Chapter 819 Successful Suppression

"Then the action to contain this ghost can begin."

Yang Jian spoke at this moment, his cold voice echoing in the second-floor corridor.

This was a temporary decision.

According to his plan, it would suffice for him and Li Yang to just survive this time, but considering some special aspect of this ghost, and Li Yang's current state, perhaps this was an opportunity to take control of two ghosts.

"Does he really intend to take action against the ghost?"

Wang Shan's gaze rested on Yang Jian, not doubting his ability to deal with fierce ghosts but being very curious about the way he would contain them, as he had never seen it done before.

This had already surpassed all the messengers' understanding.

"Contain a fierce ghost? You are boasting big words, Yang Xiaohua. He just wants to kill you and use you as an experiment. If you cooperate with him, you're definitely in for big trouble."

The man called Liu Mingxin immediately shouted, "If you want to live, think of other ways. You can't rely on this guy. He was the one who tore up the letters and summoned the fierce ghost; he's more detestable than the ghost."

"There are no other ways, this is the best choice. Don't you realize there's no escape from this place? If it were outside, there might be some chances, but here..." Yang Xiaohua shook her head.

She had thought things through clearly.

Since the ghost was on this floor, wandering in some room.

Then, everyone on this floor would face the attack.

And Yang Jian in front of her was no exception.

Therefore, Yang Xiaohua believed that the precondition for Yang Jian to survive was to confront the ghost's attack head-on.

And Yang Jian's idea was even more insane; he wanted to deal with the ghost, to contain it.

In either case, Yang Jian must have the capital to contend with the ghost, or he too would die here.

Yang Xiaohua did not trust Yang Jian, but she believed this madman wouldn't dig his own grave.

If he had that ability, then she wouldn't mind taking a gamble.

Liu Mingxin was at a loss for words, his forehead covered with anxious sweat. At this moment, the ghost was still killing; someone had just died, and now the ghost had temporarily calmed down, but this calm would be short-lived. The next death could be among them.

It might be Cai Yu, it might be Yang Xiaohua, or it could also be himself...

Now indeed there was no other choice.

"Judgment is more important than emotion. We've already reached the second floor, and as messengers, you all should have the necessary resolve," Yang Jian said as he stood in front of Yang Xiaohua.

The height difference made him look down slightly at the somewhat petite woman with a slender figure.

"Moreover, I don't think I am the one who has killed you. I have also suffered the ghost's attack and have taken this risk. You can't survive because you are too weak or you have missed the opportunity to grow. If you did more than just deliver letters in the first-floor task, perhaps you wouldn't be so helpless right now."

After speaking, Yang Jian reached out swiftly, grabbing the woman's neck and forcefully pushing her against the door behind her.

"From now on, don't leave your spot."

Yang Xiaohua's eyes flickered uncertainly, and she bit her lip, appearing aggrieved and humiliated.

Although she had agreed to be the bait, this feeling of being controlled was really unbearable.

"What did you mean by what you just said? The first floor is not just for delivering letters?" Yang Xiaohua suppressed her anger, maintained her rationality, and paid attention to some details in Yang Jian's words.

Yang Jian spoke calmly, "I personally judge that the level of supernatural intensity encountered by the first-floor messengers is limited. If it's merely for delivering letters, the task should not be difficult, which is evident from the number of messengers still alive on the second floor. It can't be that difficult, otherwise, so many messengers on the second floor wouldn't have survived. Although the first floor has a high mortality rate, it's also to weed out ordinary people with unstable mental states."

"Those who have some capability and level wouldn't die on the first floor. If you now return to the first floor to deliver letters, what's your confidence level in succeeding?"

"There's probably a 70% success rate," Yang Xiaohua said reluctantly, adjusting her glasses.

Yang Jian said, "That's right. With such a high success rate, do you think you were sent to just deliver letters? What do you think the Ghost Post Office is for? To provide you with benefits?"

"What are you trying to say?" Yang Xiaohua looked up slightly at the man.

"Have you never thought of stealing supernatural power during the letter delivery tasks?" Yang Jian revealed his idea.

Though a common notion, this idea was particularly astonishing in the eyes of these messengers.

"What?"

Not just Yang Xiaohua, the other surviving messengers also turned to Yang Jian in shock.

Steal supernatural power during letter delivery tasks?

"Surprised?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, looking toward a neighboring room with a firmly shut door.

"It seems your thinking has been limited. Most people probably just ran away after delivering the letters, without attempting to unearth the opportunities embedded within a supernatural event. If you

could've stolen some supernatural power during the three delivery tasks on the first floor, then using the supernatural to fight the supernatural, wouldn't your chances of survival increase substantially?"

"Once you have the capital to confront fierce ghosts, the situation where ordinary people are powerless to resist will be reversed, and the chances of survival will increase significantly."

"Impossible, this can't be done at all. Just touching that thing could kill people..."

The messenger called Liu Mingxin on the second floor immediately shook his head, recalling a past delivery task in his mind.

He had encountered terror, which left a shadow in his heart.

Yang Jian glanced at him, "Merely touching it and you would die, then how did you survive? Fear has caused you all to lose your judgment. The best opportunity to improve your survival has been missed by you. I think messengers on the third floor would think of stealing supernatural power. You guys are still a bit too green."

"The purpose of tearing up the letters was to go upstairs, to investigate the existence of the Ghost Post Office on the fifth floor. Therefore, I don't want to kill you, nor do I intend to deliberately harm you. If you can keep up with my pace, you might very well survive."

"Of course, words are just words. Today, I will let you see how I steal supernatural power, and let you die with your eyes closed."

No sooner had he finished speaking than a strange noise came from the room next door. The sound was bizarre, conjuring a terrifying scene in the mind.

It was as if a corpse was quickly crawling across the floor.

"Captain, it's here, in the next room," Li Yang warned.

The room next door was not far away, only about ten meters distant.

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, but he had no intention of taking action.

Even though the ghost was very close, he remained solely guarding the door behind Yang Xiaohua.

Indecision is a big taboo.

Moreover, he was confident in dealing with this ghost, so why disturb his own arrangement?

"Run."

A messenger was lingering near the room next door; he too heard the noise inside and, recalling the tragic state of the previous victims, immediately took to his heels without a second thought.

His expression panicked, he fled from the door that was about to open with the greatest speed.

"Creak!"

The next moment.

The door opened.

But this messenger was lucky; it seemed he escaped to a safer range, as the terrifying pulling force from before did not come.

The door simply opened.

Inside was dim, with shadows of movement that seemed like the presence of something else.

But nothing happened.

The messenger was still alive.

"He's alright," Wang Shan exclaimed, eyes widening upon witnessing this.

"Can we survive too?" Cai Yu, Yang Xiaohua, Liu Mingxin, and several other second floor messengers all shared this thought.

This result was critical.

It concerned the direction of everyone's survival from here on out.

But before the outcome became clear, no one dared to make a move rashly.

This unfamiliar messenger's heart was pounding wildly; a surge of excitement welled up within him, as if he saw a glimmer of hope for survival.

Yes.

Just keep running like this.

Stay away from that door, and maybe then you'll be safe.

"Bang!"

However, the next moment, something terrifying happened.

The door behind the unfamiliar messenger hadn't closed yet, but the door in front of him suddenly opened again.

It was the door to the room of the last victim.

"No~!"

He cried out in horror, a scream of utter despair.

A terrifying supernatural force pulled him into that room.

Like the others, he tried to use his own strength to resist, but it was futile because the supernatural force was so enormous that it lifted him into the air and sucked him directly into the dim room.

"Bang!"

The moment he fell into that room, the door swiftly closed.

The terrified screams ceased, and the sounds of movement inside stopped abruptly; all was quiet once more.

Seeing this, the remaining messengers were drenched in cold sweat.

The ghost's attack was seemingly inescapable.

It turns out the ghost could open more than one door.

"Is hiding in the corner really useful?"

Wang Shan and Cai Yu were truly shivering in the corner now.

Their hearts were filled with doubt and uncertainty.

Although they thought this was an opportunity to survive, it was not confirmed.

"Dead, they're dead..." Liu Mingxin's mouth trembled, his body feeling as if drained of all strength.

The consecutive deaths of messengers had proven that being near the door was dangerous, closing the door was dangerous, and running was dangerous.

And the corridor on the second floor was so small; wasn't this a guaranteed death sentence?

Yang Xiaohua was also biting her lip tightly, nearly drawing blood, her heart pounding violently, her body tense, but she still forced herself to remain calm.

"It looks like there's no choice left, we can only trust this madman now."

She clenched her fist, her decision was firmed by her earlier judgment, planning to stake her life on this bait.

She looked at Yang Jian again.

The man was still calm, even overly indifferent, as if the consecutive deaths just now did not shake him at all.

It was as if the dead before him were not a group of people, but a group of ants.

This was truly the gaze of one who regarded life as insignificant as insects.

"Dead, is he? Looks like his luck wasn't great. So now... who's next?"

Yang Jian slowly retracted his gaze, speaking as if a malevolent spirit was casting a curse, challenging everyone's nerves.

How can he still be in the mood to say such things at a time like this?

In the corner, Cai Yu stared at this man, trying to discern something, but unfortunately, among the people he had encountered, there had been no one similar to this individual.

This was a unique existence.

Seconds ticked by one by one.

After it finished killing, the ghost seemed to enter a brief lull, taking a pause before attacking the next person.

All the survivors were waiting for this idle period to end, bracing themselves for the arrival of the next death.

Each person was sweating profusely.

That was the pressure of being on the brink of death.

Suddenly.

"Captain, the ghost, it's coming again."

The voice of Li Yang pierced the eerie silence.

Although he was unassuming, the others could see that he was able to predict the ghost's appearance in advance and provide intelligence.

"This time it's..."

Li Yang's gaze shifted towards Yang Xiaohua.

It wasn't supposed to be the room behind this woman.

"Looks like your luck isn't that bad after all. Waiting for the rabbit is quite useful."

Yang Jian revealed a trace of a cold smile as he faced the old wooden door directly.

Yang Xiaohua was caught between Yang Jian and the wooden door, her eyes wide open with pupils contracted.

She felt as if she could sense the ghost right there in the room behind her.

Only separated by a single door.

This feeling seemed to be correct.

The next moment.

The door behind her slowly opened.

Yang Xiaohua could feel a chilly breath rushing from behind towards the back of her head.

Because of the profuse sweating, this coldness was particularly pronounced, as if it was going to freeze her entire body.

However, she dared not make a move.

For if she couldn't resist fleeing, not only would she be chased by the ghost, but she would also face retaliation from Yang Jian.

The plan was his, and he would definitely not allow any mistakes on her part.

"Capturing a fierce ghost? Can this man really do it?" Yang Xiaohua stared intently at him, as if to engrave every move he made deeply in her mind.

But at that moment, Yang Jian was still motionless.

No reaction?

Yang Xiaohua felt a sense of panic rising in her, losing confidence in her heart.

However, the next moment.

The door had already swung completely open, and she could glimpse the dim room behind her with her peripheral vision.

Suddenly.

A tremendous pulling force emerged, covering Yang Xiaohua's entire body with a bizarre supernatural power. She trembled violently, then her body flew backward.

There was no suspense.

The ghost attacked her, who was standing at the doorway.

"Save me, save me."

Yang Xiaohua's hands frantically reached out, her eyes filled with terror as she looked at Yang Jian, seeing the doorway in front of her rapidly receding.

"Take action, Li Yang, follow."

At this moment.

Yang Jian made his move, rushing into the room with a speed surpassing that of an ordinary person, grabbed the woman's arm in mid-air, then followed the tremendous pull deeper into the room.

Since Yang Xiaohua was the bait, naturally, through the bait and fishing line, one could trace back to the source.

The supernatural power attacking her was an invisible fishing line.

As it took Yang Xiaohua away, it also brought Yang Jian along.

In the darkness, Yang Jian's eyes emitted a striking red glow as he peered into the darkness, locating the source of the fierce ghost.

It was... the location of the bathroom in the room.

The bathroom door was now open.

A female corpse, her clothing decayed and her body pale with bruises overlaying her skin, was lying prostrate on the ground, her head disheveled and now slightly raised, revealing a pair of hollow, numb eyes.

Bizarre and malevolent.

Why was there an additional female corpse in the bathroom?

No, was it a fierce ghost?

For some reason, this thought surfaced in Yang Jian's mind, but then it quickly retreated.

"Get lost."

Clasping Yang Xiaohua, he flung her aside with force.

This woman actually broke free from the grip of supernatural power, flying sideways before crashing heavily onto the couch beside. Although she felt disoriented due to the shock, she was not injured. However, her arm almost felt like it had been nearly snapped by an icy hand.

The next moment, Yang Jian charged into the bathroom, facing the fierce ghost head-on.

Li Yang followed closely behind, reaching out to touch the bathroom door.

Bang!

Another sound of a door closing.

Li Yang once again used the Ghost Door Blocker's ability, locking the fierce ghost and Yang Jian inside together.

This was planned.

It wasn't an act of recklessness; the purpose was to trap the fierce ghost so that it couldn't break free for a short period, giving Yang Jian a chance to subdue it.

"Is he... okay?"

Yang Xiaohua struggled to get up quickly, her soul still in shock as she gazed towards the bathroom, only able to see a blurry silhouette in the dim environment.

But the event that had just occurred left a deep impression on her.

That Yang Jian had pushed her aside and charged into what seemed to be the source of the fierce ghost... the bathroom.

In other words.

Yang Jian truly saved her.

Yang Xiaohua pursed her lips, her thoughts complicated. She didn't believe Yang Jian saved her out of kindness; it was merely using her to achieve some goal. She had gambled out of desperation, yet the outcome exceeded her expectations.

"Bang! Bang!"

Striking sounds came from the bathroom door, as if some terrifying entity was trying to break free from its restraints and emerge.

"Captain Yang, are you alright?" Li Yang called out anxiously.

He feared an accident, that Yang Jian might fall inside.

If that were to happen, the entire Ghost Post Office would be surely heading down a dead end.

"Open the door." Yang Jian's low growl came from inside the bathroom.

Li Yang jolted, breaking contact with the door immediately.

The Ghost Door Blocker's power dissipated.

All of a sudden.

A crimson light suddenly lit up within the bathroom. The light, almost tangible, burst forth the moment the bathroom door opened, shooting straight towards Li Yang.

Li Yang felt a weird and chilly sensation eroding his body.

It seemed as if some foreign entity had been delivered inside him by the red light.

However, this anomaly lasted only for a brief duration, not even three seconds.

Swiftly, the crimson light dissipated.

The bathroom was once again enveloped in darkness, all returning to calmness.

"Ah!"

But then, shortly afterward, Li Yang's eyes bulged, a surge of intense pain eliciting a scream of agony from him.

Under his skin, a terrifying humanoid contour was writhing and bulging, as if it was intent on tearing his body apart alive.

The ghost, forcibly sent into Li Yang's body by Yang Jian, was now struggling, attempting to kill Li Yang to break free from control.

This ghost's Terror Level was not low - not the kind that could be easily manipulated.

Controlling this ghost posed a difficulty.

"Use the Door-blocking Ghost's ability to trap this ghost inside your body, attempt to establish a balance. Hurry, if the balance fails, you will definitely die."

Yang Jian's voice came from the bathroom. In the darkness, his eyes emitted an ominous crimson glow as he leaned on the wall, panting and walking out.

Just now, he had forced himself to use the fifth level of the Ghost Domain.

It was a struggle.

But it didn't matter.

Since the Ghost Post Office itself was a Ghost Domain, it exerted a certain level of suppression on the Ghost Eye. Although using the Ghost Eye forcefully could lead to its revival, it was still very perilous.

Luckily, it was successful.

Otherwise, if the plan failed, he would have to rely on supernatural artifacts to stay alive.

Chapter 820 The Door Drawn

"Ah!"

The heart-wrenching cry of agony echoed from a room on the second floor of the Ghost Post Office.

Li Yang collapsed on the ground, struggling as a malicious ghost invaded his body, attempting to break free and kill him. This sensation was unbearable for the living, as it was a torment both physically and mentally.

It was visibly apparent as Li Yang's chest bulged outwards, distinctly outlining a human face, while traces of limb movements could also be seen.

The ghost's Terror Level had exceeded the manageable threshold, forcibly controlling it would just lead to its revival.

At the moment, fresh blood was oozing from Li Yang's mouth, nose, and ears; everything inside his body felt like it was being ground to shreds. In agony, he cried out, "No, I can't do it, I can't suppress this ghost, it's like I'm missing a medium..."

Yang Xiaohua, standing by, covered her mouth in shock at this scene.

Although she didn't know what was happening, she could see what method Yang Jian had used to send the ghost into this person's body, trying to control it.

Now, the control had failed.

The ghost was killing him and attempting to escape from his body.

"Lacking a medium? A door perhaps?"

Yang Jian's eyes flickered with a red light as he strode over and firmly pinned down the writhing Li Yang to the ground.

"Come over, help me hold him down."

He commanded in almost an ordering tone.

Yang Xiaohua hesitated for a moment.

"If he dies, there will be two ghosts on the second floor, and you all will die," Yang Jian added.

Upon hearing this, Yang Xiaohua clenched her teeth and ran over, then pressed down on Li Yang.

But the next moment, she jumped in fright.

From Li Yang's body, she saw a terrifying humanoid silhouette writhing.

A malicious ghost?

Yang Xiaohua's heart trembled, yet she didn't choose to retreat.

In such a situation, she knew retreating would mean certain death.

With one hand, Yang Jian pressed down on Li Yang's chest, his cold, dark Ghost Hand forcefully suppressing the struggling ghost, although it still struggled, it was less ferocious now, barely maintaining Li Yang's body from being torn apart.

With his other hand, he lifted up Li Yang's shirt, exposing his chest.

The skin, cold and bruised, resembled that of a dead person.

"The medium is a door; your body has no door, therefore I will draw one on you," Yang Jian said as a rusty iron nail appeared in his hand.

It was a Coffin Nail.

Picked from Fushou Garden in Dahai City, he had kept it on himself at all times to prevent unexpected occurrences.

He did not plan to use the Coffin Nail to nail the ghost, but rather as a surgical knife, piercing directly under Li Yang's skin, then crudely slicing open a ferocious, bloody gash.

Using Li Yang's chest as a canvas.

Holding the Coffin Nail, Yang Jian ripped the skin, dyed it red, and drew the appearance of a large door on it.

Though rudimentary.

But it had all the typical features of a door.

He even drew the door handle.

The body as the medium, to confine the malicious ghost.

This was what Yang Jian intended for Li Yang to do.

But would this actually work?

Using a drawn door to trigger the murderous rules of the Door-blocking Ghost seemed a bit ludicrous, even laughable.

But reality was absurdly so.

The rule of the Door-blocking Ghost was triggered.

The drawn door could also act as a medium.

The next moment.

The struggling ghost inside Li Yang began to quickly calm down, like ripples on water gradually fading, no longer able to attempt to tear his body and break free.

The Door-blocking Ghost had confined the ghost within his body.

A balance was quickly being formed between the ghosts.

Li Yang's cries of agony stopped; his pain was alleviated, and his injuries stopped worsening.

"Did it, succeed?" As a witness to this event, Yang Xiaohua's eyes widened in shock, almost lost for words.

This Yang Jian had actually managed to confine a ghost within a living person's body and successfully controlled it.

Was this what confinement and control were supposed to be?

"How do you feel now?"

Yang Jian let go, his expression grave as he asked, still holding the Coffin Nail.

If something unexpected were to happen, he was ready to immediately nail Li Yang.

Controlling two ghosts was not a guaranteed success, although he was the one wielding the knife, accidents could still happen.

"Good, it feels okay, the ghost inside my body seems to have calmed down, everything is back to normal,"

Li Yang's face was covered in blood, he breathed heavily, but his tone was incredibly relaxed and comfortable.

"This means your condition is good, a balance has been formed between the ghosts and they are not further eroding your body," Yang Jian slightly relaxed.

Li Yang struggled to sit up, feeling the pain of his torn skin, and gasped sharply: "It's so painful, I thought I was going to die, is this what it feels like when a malicious ghost revives? I really don't want to experience this ever again in my life, Captain, thank you so much, I definitely couldn't have done this alone,"

"Don't mention it, I was just incidentally confining the ghosts here, killing two birds with one stone," Yang Jian said calmly.

But Li Yang was very aware that this level of control could only be assisted by someone of the Captain's caliber.

Forcing a ghost into a living person's body wasn't about cramming; otherwise, the person would simply burst. It involved the invasion from Ghost Domain, directly sending the ghost inside.

Then the ghost gradually infiltrates the body, preventing immediate death.

However, it was unexpected that the ghost's erosion of the body was so rapid.

Although the Terror Level wasn't very high, it was certainly not low either.

"So, the ghost that attacked the second floor, did you take care of it?" Yang Xiaohua was still in disbelief, looking at Yang Jian with incredulity.

This madman actually dealt with a terrifying ghost within a minute or two.

You have to know that this ghost almost killed everyone on the second floor just now.

"I didn't resolve the ghost; I was helping him control it. Ghosts cannot be killed. Once the ghost inside Li Yang's body becomes unbalanced again, the fierce ghost will tear apart his body and escape."

Yang Jian squinted and said: "But this is the method ordinary people use to seize supernatural power, and it's also key in combating fierce ghosts."

"So you mean, there was originally a ghost inside his body?" Yang Xiaohua was so frightened that she retreated several steps.

A ghost inside a living person's body?

Is this still a human?

Yang Jian glanced and said: "Becoming a Ghost Controller is very difficult, do you think everyone has the opportunity and potential to become one? It's dangerous but also an opportunity."

"Remember this scene well, perhaps later on you will try everything to become a Ghost Controller. After all, once you become a Messenger, there's no turning back, you can only see it through, and in your

current state, survival is impossible. Only by becoming a Ghost Controller and controlling a fierce ghost, do you have the capital to fight."

"Forget it, talking so much to you is pointless, you might die soon anyway."

Yang Jian spoke no further, he put away the Coffin Nail, and grabbed Li Yang: "Get Huang Ziya to treat the wounds on your body after we return. Now, follow me outside."

"The supernatural event brought by the red letter has been handled by me. According to the postal rules, we should move upstairs now."

"The third floor?"

Li Yang winced in pain: "I hope I can hold on."

"Don't worry, you won't die so quickly. Now, you are a person controlling two ghosts. If you combine it with that doorknob, maybe you could directly send the ghost into the Ghost Gate."

Yang Jian looked at the bloody door on Li Yang's body.

A door carved into his flesh and skin.

If it can be opened, the Ghost Door Blocker combined with the ghost from before can completely imprison the ghost, and send it off through that wooden doorknob.

"Can this be done?"

Li Yang was stunned, feeling bewildered.

Yang Jian said: "Why not? You should try if you get a chance."

Li Yang fell silent and began to contemplate.

He looked at the old wooden doorknob in his hand, wondering if the door drawn on his body could actually be opened.

"They came out, they came out, they are not dead, not dead yet." Cai Yu, hiding in the corner, said aloud somewhat anxiously.

Her tone revealed shock.

The remaining people saw it clearly, Yang Jian and Yang Xiaohua were caught by the ghost into the room, and then Li Yang also rushed in, followed by some horrible screams and a sudden bright eerie red light from inside the room.

They thought they were dead.

Unexpectedly, they walked out safely.

"Where's Yang Xiaohua? How is she? Is she dead?" Liu Mingxin, the second-floor Messenger, paced in the corridor, uncertain, wanting to ascertain someone's condition.

"I'm fine, nothing happened, the fierce ghost has been dealt with, you guys can also come down now, this floor won't be attacked again."

Yang Xiaohua came out too; apart from her having fallen over when pushed by Yang Jian earlier, she didn't have a single injury.

Though it was a terrifying danger, it was just a close call.

"The fierce ghost was dealt with? Yang Xiaohua, what actually happened inside?" Liu Mingxin pressed.

Yang Xiaohua said: "I'm not really sure how to explain the specifics. If you want to know, ask Yang Jian. Maybe he can explain it to you. I can only tell you one thing, the terrifying ghost is now confined inside this person's body."

After finishing, she looked at Li Yang.

What?

Liu Mingxin was stunned and then looked at Li Yang, who was covered in blood, a bit terrified.

The ghost was confined inside his body?

Is this for real?

But if it's true, then why is this person still alive? How has he not been killed by the fierce ghost?

As an ordinary person who hasn't officially entered the supernatural circle, he didn't know about the existence of Ghost Controllers, let alone understand what those three words mean, naturally he was full of confusion.

"It looks like only a few of you Messengers on this floor survived." Yang Jian scanned around.

Aside from him and Li Yang, only four others survived.

Wang Shan, Cai Yu, Liu Mingxin, Yang Xiaohua.

Among them, Wang Shan was the ground floor Messenger, the other three were the second floor's old Messengers.

As for the others, if they didn't die in the conflict with Yang Jian, then they died because of the fierce ghost.

"Wang Shan, you seem to be quite lucky, I hope you keep being so lucky."

Yang Jian's gaze lingered on him.

Wang Shan forced a smile, not knowing how to respond.

He was quite desperate now, as he already knew Yang Jian's intentions.

This person wants to ascend floors at the fastest speed; as for the others, it's best if they can keep up, if not, just like before, they die here.

However, at this moment.

In the middle of the corridor, a dark fog like a gloomy cloud slowly emerged, as if it would cover the entire floor, but after churning vigorously for a moment, it quickly dispersed.

A wooden staircase appeared in the middle and extended over the hallway.

The wall also revealed an opening, connecting the corridor with this wooden staircase.

"The staircase has appeared; indeed, once the red letter is completed, everyone on each floor can directly move up a floor." Yang Jian's eyes flickered; he was not surprised, this was all part of his plan.

"The staircase to the third floor?"

The others felt a chill in their hearts, unsure whether to feel happy or afraid.

The most anxious was Wang Shan.

You must know he's a ground floor Messenger, this rapid ascent like forcing the growth of a seedling, without going through layer-by-layer selection, directly sending letter on the second floor... most likely... will lead to his death.

Wang Shan was on the verge of tears but he knew he had no choice.

"Let's go upstairs."

Yang Jian observed for a moment and seeing no issues, he immediately moved on.