

## Revival 821

Chapter 821 Sun Rui's Determination

Inside the second floor of the Ghost Post Office.

The wooden, old staircase reappeared, shrouded in a black, ominous mist, unclear to see, but one could tell that this staircase extended upwards, seemingly connecting to some place.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate; he crossed the corridor and stepped onto the creaking, ancient wooden staircase and started ascending.

Li Yang, following him, did not shrink back either.

Although he was covered in wounds, having just controlled two ghosts, he was more confident now, and with Yang Jian leading the team, he didn't seem to worry about reaching a dead end.

Yang Xiaohua, Liu Mingxin, Cai Yu, and Wang Shan hesitated for a moment but quickly followed suit because other areas on the second floor were being eroded by darkness, rooms were disappearing, and everything on the second floor was being erased.

This floor was already rejecting them.

The appearance of the staircase up to the next floor at this moment proved that they no longer had a choice.

The staircase to the third floor seemed much longer than it felt in reality. Normally, the distance between the second and third floors is only a few meters, but this wooden staircase had already exceeded twenty meters in length.

The staircase was enveloped in black mist at both ends, its end and the way back obscured from view.

The more they ascended, the sights and scenes of the second floor began to rapidly fade away.

Gradually, the layout of the third floor became visible.

Like the second floor, there was almost no change, with corridors arranged in a square pattern, but the only difference was that in the middle courtyard space, there was no longer emptiness, but a vacant area, with a few pieces of furniture arranged, giving a feeling similar to having returned to the first floor.

There were also seven rooms, which hadn't changed either.

"31, 32, 33..." Yang Jian glanced at the room numbers.

No mistake, this was the third floor of the Ghost Post Office.

"However, it seems that there are no people around in the Ghost Post Office on the third floor today."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly: "It looks like there's no task of delivering letters today, so the messengers are not inside the Ghost Post Office."

"I've heard that the third floor's messengers deliver a letter every three months, which means they have a long span of time between tasks, giving the third floor's messengers ample time to maintain a semblance of normal life."

Cai Yu took a moment to look around, then spoke gravely.

"What about the messengers on the fourth floor?" Wang Shan asked.

Cai Yu replied: "They're probably tasked with delivering a letter every six months, and the messengers on the fifth floor are likely once a year. However, there are some variations I don't know about; I've only heard this from a former second-floor messenger and can't confirm."

He had some connection to the messengers on the third floor.

After all, he had already delivered two letters on the second floor, and he was a newcomer when he first arrived on the second floor, where he naturally met some of the old-timers.

"Without messengers or people, it seems a bit difficult to get to the fourth floor in a short amount of time," Yang Jian murmured in contemplation.

"Captain, it's already fast for us to have gone up two floors in one day; if we keep pushing, it will definitely come at a great cost. It might be good to slow down," Li Yang suggested.

Yang Jian replied, "No, I don't have time to waste. If it normally takes three months to deliver a letter, it would take nine months to ascend through the floors. Even if you have controlled two ghosts, I doubt you can last that long."

Li Yang was stunned for a moment before remembering that he was a ghost controller with a not so lengthy life expectancy.

Even without frequently using the power of fierce ghosts, he would eventually die from their resurgence.

Indeed, he could not afford such a drawn-out delay.

"If there are other messengers, we could steal their letters," Yang Jian said.

Wang Shan cautioned, "Even someone as capable as you can't possibly tear up three letters in a row. That red letter must appear under special circumstances and won't be present every time."

"A red letter signifies danger, requiring all the messengers of a floor to deliver it, and the red letters from the first floor should have the lowest level of risk, followed by the second floor... If you tear one up here on the third floor, the danger won't be as simple as adding one plus one," Yang Xiaohua added, analyzing the situation.

"Moreover, you've already torn up a letter before. Doing it again would definitely increase the risk. It has been analyzed before that if tearing up the first letter is rated as danger level 1, then the second would be 2, the third would be 4, the fourth would be 16... A messenger can only tear up to three letters at most."

She was afraid of Yang Jian making careless moves, tearing the letters to hasten their ascent.

"No matter the risk, I will tear up the red letter without hesitation," Yang Jian stated coldly. "You cannot imagine the tremendous impact a red letter can have on the outside world."

"Sacrificing a few of you to avert a supernatural incident involving the safety of an entire city is a worthwhile trade-off."

"You..." Yang Xiaohua wanted to argue but held back.

Some conscience told her Yang Jian's approach might not be wrong.

Although it was cruel to them, it was the correct thing to do for those outside.

"So what do you plan to do next? Now that we've arrived on the third floor, everything is going according to your plan," Yang Xiaohua asked, pursing her lips.

Yang Jian said, "You seem to talk a bit too much. Are you so concerned with my every move? It's a pity that what I want to do, you'll never understand. But since you're all messengers who have come up from the first and second floors, to some extent, I deem you trustworthy. Therefore, I need you to stay with me for now."

"Why?"

Liu Mingxin asked, visibly frightened, "Why do we need to stay with you?"

"Because I need to ascertain the situation on the third floor, and your interference would give me a headache. Enough talk, let's find a room to rest. I plan to stay here for a few days to see if we can wait for a messenger to come with a letter," Yang Jian said indifferently.

Li Yang sensed around and spoke up, "Captain, these rooms are unoccupied, and there's nothing inside them."

"Good, then let's take room 31," Yang Jian said and then walked over.

The others exchanged a glance, all feeling a sense of powerlessness.

They had no choice but to follow Yang Jian and abide by his arrangements.

"This can't go on like this; this man is too dangerous. He can handle dangerous situations that we can't. I nearly died during the letter-delivery task on the second floor. Without any preparation, we came to the third floor, and now with Yang Jian acting recklessly, we won't live long," Liu Mingxin said through gritted teeth, in a low voice.

"We need to find a way to get away from him."

"How do we do that?"

Cai Yu glanced and said, "We can't shake off the status of being messengers, and we must deliver mail. As long as Yang Jian doesn't leave the Ghost Post Office, we have to follow his arrangements. You can choose not to listen, go talk to him, and see if he'll just kill you directly."

"I wouldn't dare to provoke such a person, let alone he's not even human anymore. He's become a freak who's stolen Supernatural Power and is now half-human, half-ghost. Yang Xiaohua, you know how terrifying these two are, right?"

Yang Xiaohua nodded seriously: "Yes, they can deal with ghosts, so handling us would be a piece of cake. For now, let's not entertain any other ideas. Surviving is the most important thing. Whose orders and arrangements we follow are not the critical issue; let's think about what comes after afterwards."

"We can only take it one step at a time for now," sighed Cai Yu.

Wang Shan suddenly said, "Why don't you think of it the other way around? This might be an opportunity, a chance to break free from the Ghost Post Office."

Hmm?

The others looked at him.

Wang Shan continued, "Yang Jian is clearly a very terrifying and peculiar person. He's not here to deliver letters but to go upstairs, to the fifth floor. I've heard what he's up to. He aims to investigate the Ghost Post Office and then eradicate it, making sure this place ceases to exist."

"If he can do it, we'll be completely liberated, no longer suffering from the curse of being messengers."

"Even if he's powerful, the idea of him destroying the Ghost Post Office is pure fantasy," Liu Mingxin completely disbelieved.

Yang Xiaohua's eyes flickered, "No, maybe we should try to believe. After all, if we continue to ascend floors and deliver letters, it'll lead to death sooner or later. His brute force approach could indeed be an opportunity, but that's assuming we can last that long."

"If we die before that, then it's all meaningless."



"Exactly, why not take a chance? Maybe a miracle will happen. I'm fed up with living each day in fear; I'd rather take a big gamble," Wang Shan said with a grin.

The group continued discussing and planning in the background.

At this moment, Yang Jian had already entered room 31.

But at the same time.

On the first floor of the Ghost Post Office.

A person, looking sickly and leaning on a cane, was sitting at the post office counter, watching the entrance with an eerie gaze.

He is the person in charge of Dahan City, codenamed Sick Ghost, Sun Rui.

Sun Rui had indeed arrived at the Ghost Post Office, but he did not go upstairs; instead, he chose to stay in the lobby.

Yes, he was neither on the first floor nor the second, but in the lobby.

This was a dangerous move, as there are no rooms in the lobby. Once it gets dark and the post office lights go out, the malevolent spirits wander, and anyone outside would perish.

But Sun Rui also had his plans, intending to survive here and guard this floor.

"Without the replenishment of messengers, the task of delivering mail on this floor cannot continue. The Ghost Post Office will soon become an empty building. Once the messengers die out, and no one sends out the curse letters that draw others in, the operations within the Ghost Post Office will be suspended, and everything will vanish."

"Yang Jian wants to go upstairs; I'll guard the ground floor. One of us will succeed."

"Even if I truly die here, my ghost will wander this floor, killing any messengers who enter."

Sun Rui squinted his eyes, determined to go all out to deal with the Ghost Post Office.

"Creak."

Suddenly.

The door to the Ghost Post Office was pushed open at this moment.

A middle-aged bald man with a nervous demeanor entered.

"What... what place is this?"

He looked terrified, apparently a newcomer to such a bizarre location. By all indications, he was definitely a novice.

"You shouldn't be here; this place doesn't welcome the living."

Sun Rui immediately stood up, his expression ice-cold as he leaned on his cane with murderous intent.

He intended to take down this newcomer.

To forbid him from delivering mail.

At least not while he was still alive.

"What... what are you going to do..." Seeing the bad turn of events, the bald man quickly backed away.

Sun Rui didn't speak, simply limping closer with a cold face.

Ah!

Suddenly.

A scream echoed through the first-floor lobby of the post office.

Then everything returned to calm.

Sun Rui went back to his seat at the counter, subtly observing the portraits of people hanging on the post office walls.

Among the paintings was a portrait of a woman in white clothing, with long hair, looking refined and elegant.

But if Yang Jian were here, he would doubt it, because this woman looked very much like the ghost that appeared on the second floor.

No, it might even be the same person.

Just one alive and the other dead.

Chapter 822 The Anomaly That Sneaked into the Room

Ghost Post Office Third Floor

Room 31.

Only after entering this room did Yang Jian realize it was somewhat different from the rooms below. There were no walls in the room, as the places where the walls should have been were shrouded in a layer of black fog. Yet, when reaching out to touch it, one could feel the cold wall surface, which was quite eerie and bizarre.

Moreover, as the number of people in the room increased, the black fog inside kept dissipating.

Some spaces that initially didn't exist began to appear.

Those were additional bedrooms that had emerged.

"Does that mean a bedroom appears for each person who enters?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, observing the changes within the room.

"If that's the case, couldn't a single room on the third floor accommodate an infinite number of messengers? If so, there might be more messengers on the third floor than I had imagined."

The first and second floors of the Ghost Post Office are for selecting newcomers.

Reaching the third floor means one has already become a qualified messenger, so the restrictions on the number of people in a room are lifted—this is considered a small but significant benefit.

However, given the death rate of delivering letters, adding a few bedrooms probably won't help much.

Just looking around, enveloped by the black fog, Yang Jian felt a very strong sense of crisis, as if the fog hid some indescribable danger.

He looked up at the ceiling.

The light in the room was not turned off at this time, even though it was supposed to be daytime outside, the lights were still on inside the room.

Yang Jian had somewhat figured out some of the rules within the post office.

Places where the lights are on are definitely safe zones—such as the first-floor room, the second-floor corridor... While places where the lights are off are very likely to have ghosts appear.

"Is this a third-floor room? It feels very special."

Li Yang now looked a bit grave: "I feel like there are countless rooms."

"These rooms are probably not real, likely conjured by the influence of the Ghost Domain on matter. But I'm curious, the lights are on during the day—could it be that there's something dangerous hidden behind these black walls, and that's why we need the lights on to protect the messengers?"

Yang Jian reversed his thinking, inferring the opposite.

"That's very possible." Li Yang suddenly felt a chill.

Behind those black walls might be something connected to a terrifyingly dangerous place.

"We can't afford to joke about this. If there is danger in this room, then where else can we stay?"

That man named Liu Mingxin, who had just entered the room, now looked pale and startled.

"Even if there is danger, staying in the room seems to be the only option. At least there are lights. Once it gets to six o'clock in the evening when the post office turns off its lights, fierce ghosts will wander outside, and it will be even more perilous."

Yang Xiaohua said: "Moreover, I believe that since the third floor of the post office is designed with these rooms, there must be a reason. It's not likely they'd let us move in only to be killed. And, based on my personal experience from the first floor to the second, there has never been an incident where a messenger died bizarrely within the rooms."

"So I still believe this room is safe, at least within this eerie post office."

"A good analysis, your mind is very rational." Yang Jian glanced at her, agreeing with what Yang Xiaohua had said.

"However, that is just one aspect. While the Ghost Post Office provides a safe room, I believe it's also a form of threat. If anyone touches some taboos within the post office, I reckon this room will no longer be a safe area, but will turn into an extremely terrifying paranormal zone, just like what happened on the second floor before."

The others shuddered upon hearing this.

This speculation was grounded, not a mere guess out of thin air.

"Everyone rest for now. We will decide on our next move in a few days, and until then, you remaining few must follow my orders. Absolutely no reckless actions."



Yang Jian reiterated the warning with a stern look to remind them once again.

"Understood, understood."

Yang Xiaohua, Wang Shan, Liu Mingxin, and Cai Yu all dared not resist.

The six people thus temporarily settled down in Room 32.

While Yang Jian continued his investigation of the Ghost Post Office.

Elsewhere.

In Dahai City, inside the Mingzhu Building where the supernatural forum was located.

"How is it going, has the boss come out today?"

Ah Wu from the supernatural forum came into Ye Zhen's office and inquired about the situation from the manager.

"Last time, President Ye spent several days in Fushou Garden digging for something. He didn't find any treasures, instead, unearthing several corpses, almost causing a paranormal incident. It was with great difficulty that I persuaded him to stop such reckless actions. Now, he has locked himself in the safe room, and who knows what he's doing."

"It's been four days. President Ye hasn't even watched any anime; occasionally, I hear the sound of hammering and punching inside, probably using a ghost as a punching bag to vent."

Ah Wu said, "It seems that the matter with Yang Jian has greatly affected him. I'm quite worried something might go wrong with the boss."

The manager nodded, and turned to look at a painting hanging on the office wall.

It was printed out recently.

In the painting, a person lay on the ground like a dead dog, not moving at all.

And that person was none other than their supernatural forum's boss, Ye Zhen.

This masterpiece had already spread throughout the paranormal circles.

Claiming to be invincible, Ye Zhen could be said to have been thoroughly disgraced, but he insisted on hanging this painting in the office, muttering to himself about washing away the disgrace someday, and spouting things like "how the mighty have fallen, but they will rise again," and "don't underestimate the youth's ability to grow rich."

The provocation was indeed immense.

"However, these are all minor issues. As long as President Ye is alive and kicking, Dahai City will always belong to the supernatural forum, and others wouldn't dare to intervene." The manager then added.

"Speaking of which, any news about Yang Jian recently? His condition must be very bad; I wouldn't be surprised if he drops dead any moment."

Ah Wu shook his head and said, "Yang Jian is doing well. After returning to Dachang City, he started the Captain plan and quickly gathered six teammates. The list includes Li Yang, Feng Quan, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Zhang Han, and that Xiong Wenwen who had a mysterious resurrection. I've had someone prepare all the details, and they will be sent over shortly."

"A team of seven? That's another force on the level of the supernatural forum."

The manager's eyes flickered, then he sighed, "Yang Jian is becoming a force to be reckoned with. Right now, he should be considered the headquarters' first team. Fortunately, due to the incident with the friend circle last time, there has been a rift between him and the headquarters; otherwise, if one day the headquarters summons him to deal with us, that would be bad news, especially considering Wei Jing is also a significant figure."

"Balance is the most important, isn't it? The headquarters wouldn't dare to monopolize power. I believe the indulgence shown to Yang Jian is intentional by the headquarters," Ah Wu said.

"That's right, a Yang Jian who doesn't follow orders is more suited to the current situation than an obedient Yang Jian. If the headquarters had Yang Jian, Ye Zhen, and Wei Jing, three top ghost controllers, along with second-tier Captain-level individuals, then international pressure would mount. After all, overseas headquarters are eyeing us eagerly. If they see us becoming too powerful, they might join forces to suppress us."

The manager said that he had been paying attention to the foreign situation recently and commented on the current state of affairs from this perspective.

While they were chatting.

In the neighboring safety house.

"Bang! Bang!"

Dull thumping noises came from inside the house, as if someone were hammering iron or throwing punches.

This kind of noise had already lasted for several days.

Ye Zhen, at this moment, was wearing a filthy, mud-smeared shirt, his hands covered with blood and grave soil, as if he was hammering at something.

At this moment.

The noise stopped.

Only then did Ye Zhen pick up a pitted and slightly twisted long sword from the workbench.

This sword was a handicraft, nothing special.

But through his efforts over the past few days, he had forcibly hammered a ghost into the sword.

On one side of the sword was branded the twisted imprint of a fierce ghost, a cracked ghost face, terrifying and cold, that just one glance could strike a living person dead on the spot.

"This sword must not be seen; to see it means certain death. Perfect for countering Yang Jian's 'Ghost Eye'," Ye Zhen said as he closed his eyes and reached out to touch the sword.

The ferocious ghost on the sword twisted and struggled, trying to break free.

But some supernatural force confined the ghost, forcibly imprisoning it within an ordinary sword blade.

The sword is the vessel.

The fierce ghost is the truly terrifying source.

Stimulated by Yang Jian, the adolescent Ye Zhen began to make great efforts to forge ahead, and in just a few days he had crafted an item imbued with supernatural powers, specifically to counter Yang Jian.

"I will make a scabbard out of gold so I can carry it with me at all times. With such a weapon, I, Ye, am bound to rule the world," Ye Zhen nodded to himself, thinking he was a genius.

If he couldn't dig up a Coffin Nail or find a supernatural weapon, couldn't he just make one himself?

However, this still wasn't quite up to Ye Zhen's highest satisfaction. He felt the sword being merely invisible wasn't enough; if it could be combined with something else more lethal, that would be even better.

"No rush, let me, Ye, ponder it slowly."

Ye Zhen began to rack his brains again, preparing to add something extra to the supernatural weapon he had made.

Inside the Ghost Post Office.

Unknowingly, Yang Jian and the others had been on the third floor for a day.

Besides them, no other messengers appeared on the third floor.

As night fell, the lights on the third floor went out.

The room was still lit, the yellowed light providing a sense of protection to everyone.

Li Yang was seated by the door; as usual, he and Yang Jian took turns keeping watch through the night.

Who could rest easy in such a place?

That would be tantamount to having no regard for one's own life.

Yet tonight, Li Yang heard footsteps from outside on this floor.

Unlike the situation on the first floor, the footsteps didn't head towards Room 31 but instead seemed to wander by, with no intent to enter.

That made Li Yang extremely anxious.

In the pitch-black Ghost Post Office, footsteps at this hour mostly meant a fierce ghost was prowling around.

He guessed it was the Door-Opening Ghost that had appeared on the first floor, as the footsteps were similar.

But soon, Li Yang, seated behind the door, felt a sudden shock, as in the middle of the night, he heard a second set of footsteps.

These footsteps were like the sound of high heels walking.

Vastly different from the previous ones.

"How can this be? Are there two ghosts wandering around the Ghost Post Office at night? The Door-Opening Ghost and this one who wears high heels?" Li Yang's eyes narrowed as he sensed an inexplicable danger.

But the situation hadn't ended there.



The sound of the high heels didn't fade away but walked towards a certain direction on the third floor.

"Creak!"

An old wooden door opened, making the sound of wood friction.

The noise came from the darkness, exceptionally clear, probably from one of the rooms being opened.

The footsteps of the high heels gradually disappeared.

It seemed... they had entered one of the rooms here.

Then the creaking sound of the door closing came again; the door of that room closed.

"My God, a ghost has entered one of the rooms on the third floor," whispered Li Yang, who was on watch. He felt a chill all over, not sure whether to feel relieved or worried.

Relieved that the ghost with the high heels hadn't entered Room 31, yet anxious since he had no idea which room the ghost had entered.

Because the echo from outside made it hard to pinpoint, he could only confirm it wasn't near rooms 32 or 33.

As for the other rooms, the further back, the more likely it was that the ghost had entered.

Rooms 34 through 37 were all possibilities.

After these two sets of footsteps disappeared one after the other, the third floor of the Post Office returned to a deadly silence, as if nothing more were to happen.

The night passed quietly and safely.

Chapter 823 Letterhead

Spent another night at the post office.

At six o'clock in the morning, quite punctually, darkness quickly dissipated inside the post office, and weak, yellowish lights turned on, restoring the usual gloomy and dim atmosphere.

After confirming everything was normal outside, Yang Jian and others left Room 31.

"Last night, there was a bizarre sound of high heels walking outside, eventually opening one of the doors and entering inside," Li Yang immediately brought up the unusual occurrence he noticed yesterday.

After speaking, he pointed ahead: "Roughly in that direction."

35, 36, 37.

There were three rooms in that direction, their doors closed tight, with no couriers stepping out.

"Do you think the sound of the high heels walking belongs to a ferocious ghost?"

Yang Jian frowned slightly, glanced over, and then asked.

Li Yang said: "Captain, do you really think a regular person would be moving around in the pitch-dark post office at night? I think that's highly unlikely; it's probably a wandering ghost on the third floor."

"Don't be so conclusive. It's true that it's very dangerous inside the post office after lights out, but you've fallen into a misconception—that being outside the rooms after dark is a certain death sentence. While dangerous, as long as we don't encounter the Door-Opening Ghost like we did on the first floor, it shouldn't be lethal."

"Of course, this is just my own guess. I still maintain a skeptical attitude, as it hasn't been confirmed yet."

Yang Jian said this and walked towards the room Li Yang was pointing to: "If there's a ghost, we'll find out everything by going in. You didn't hear any sounds of doors opening and leaving outside while on night watch, right?"

"No."

"That means the owner of those high heels stayed in one of these rooms. I'll look around." Yang Jian approached the door of Room 35, pushed it open with his hand, and entered.

"Don't come in; I can handle this alone."

He wasn't afraid at all, seemingly indifferent to whether there could be danger in the room.

In fact, with Yang Jian's current state, many things are no longer worthy of his concern. The only thing he feared was the resurrection of his Ghost Eye.

Yang Xiaohua, Cai Yu, Wang Shan, Liu Mingxin—these four stood at a distance, unwilling to approach the rooms suspected of having issues.

Yang Jian could afford to do this because he was bold and skilled; they could not.

To the couriers who had risen from the first and second floors, this level was as new to them as it was to newcomers; any abnormality could cost them their lives.

Shortly after.

Yang Jian came out from Room 35.

"No situation inside, everything is normal. The layout is the same as Room 31 which we stayed in last night."

After saying that, he successively went to Rooms 36 and 37.

Inside everything was normal, no ferocious ghost lingering, no couriers inhabiting, the rooms were eerily empty.

"How is that possible."

Li Yang felt it was quite inconceivable: "I clearly heard noises last night."

"In many places in the Ghost Post Office, we are still in the dark; some anomalies are to be expected—don't get too worked up. Previously, when we were going upstairs, we even saw a corpse on the staircase, so hearing the sound of high heels walking at night is nothing strange."

"The Ghost Post Office has been in operation for at least fifty years and has never stopped. Who knows what has happened in this ghostly place over such a long time? Maybe right where we're standing, hundreds of people have died. The more you experience, the stranger things get."

Yang Jian's investigation was mainly to reassure Li Yang and the others.

In fact, he wouldn't be surprised if a ghost suddenly appeared at the bedside in the room one day.

"Yang Jian, a letter has appeared."

Suddenly, at this moment, Wang Shan, who had come up from the first floor, shouted after noticing something.

"A letter? Where?" Yang Jian immediately strode over.

He had previously searched the rooms and hadn't found any letters, thinking that since the letters were torn up yesterday, it wasn't time for delivery yet, leading to a safe period. So, he planned to wait for the couriers on the third floor to appear before figuring out what to do.

Wang Shan pointed to the middle of the third floor's atrium.

There, unbelievably, a mailbox was placed with a letter inserted on top.

"It's a yellow envelope; it's a normal letter," Yang Xiaohua said, slightly relieved.

She was afraid it would be another red letter, which would mean Yang Jian would have to tear it again.

"Are all third-floor letters found in this mailbox?" Yang Jian hesitated a bit.

This situation was different from before.

Regardless, he decided to take down the letter and look at it first.

Based on previous experience, once a courier comes into contact with a letter, it means taking on the task of delivery. However, considering the special circumstances of the previous two red letters, Yang Jian brought quite a few people up to the third floor, and they hadn't been delivering as per normal mailmen, so whether it would affect things later, no one knew.

"The letter on the mailbox isn't yours; if you're in such a rush to deliver, you'll die soon. Didn't you just come up from the second floor? Shouldn't you have a safe period of three months? Isn't it better to just get through these three months safely?"

Suddenly, a voice unexpectedly rang out.

The door to Room 34 had opened at some point.

A disheveled man wearing a padded jacket was lighting a cigarette with a lighter.

"A courier from the third floor?"

Yang Xiaohua, Wang Shan, Cai Yu, and the others simultaneously turned their heads to look.

They thought this floor was uninhabited, but it turned out Room 34 had been taken by a courier without them realizing.

"Room 34 is also suspect; it's possible that the sound of high heels had entered it," Li Yang immediately whispered to Yang Jian.

"Pleased to meet new friends, my name is Li Yi, a courier from the third floor."

This dispirited man seemed quite polite; he introduced himself without showing any hostility.



Strictly speaking, there shouldn't be conflicts between couriers, but it happened on the second floor due to a surplus of couriers with strong animosity toward each other. Conflicts over room occupancy led to violent altercations.

But the third floor does not have this problem.

The rooms inside the third floor seem to be able to accommodate an infinite number of messengers, effectively solving the issue of accommodating them.

Without the conflict for survival, the temperament and characters of the messengers seemed to have greatly improved as well.

"I didn't seem to see you last night," Yang Jian came over and asked.

"I've just arrived, I came out to see what's happening outside after hearing the noise."

Smoking a cigarette and appearing somewhat melancholic, Li Yi said, "It's also boring outside the post office, so I just came in to sit."

"Came in to sit? You can come and go in this place anytime? There's no need to wait for the mail delivery time?" Yang Jian noticed a piece of information.

Li Yi laughed and said, "It's a privilege of the third floor messengers—they can come and go from the Ghost Post Office at any time, even when not delivering mail. Most people just don't want to do that, which is why this place seems so deserted."

"How do you use this privilege?" Yang Jian asked.

"Letter paper."

As he spoke, Li Yi took out a piece of dirty, blackened paper: "Burn a part of this, and the path to the post office will appear. After entering the post office, burn a little more if you wish to leave, and the staircase out will appear. However, only the person who burns the letter paper can enter and exit, no one else can, even if you're in the same room."

"Letter paper? How do you get it?" Yang Jian asked again.

Li Yi smiled: "I don't mind telling you, but then you have to tell me what exactly happened downstairs, why there are so many people coming up together, as many as six."

"I shredded a red letter downstairs, then the staircase appeared," Yang Jian did not mind making such an exchange of information.

A red letter?

This messenger named Li Yi was immediately taken aback upon hearing this.

Then he hurriedly shook his head: "No, that's impossible, the red letter is the most difficult type in the post office, nearly capable of annihilating the messengers of an entire floor. It only appears when something abnormal happens in the post office or for some special reasons. Not only did you not deliver that red letter, but you also shredded it, are you joking with me?"

He is no newcomer, having spent a lot of time as a messenger on the third floor, and he knows a thing or two about the red letters.

"That's the truth, believe it or not," Yang Jian just stated the reality without lying.

"What he said is true, I saw it with my own eyes, and the fierce ghost brought by the red letter invaded the second floor. There were initially over a dozen messengers on the second floor, but almost all of them died yesterday, leaving only a few of us," Yang Xiaohua seriously added.

"Unbelievable, I've only heard of the red letter but have never seen it. It seems that there is some existence among you that is beyond the control of the post office."

Li Yi looked at Yang Jian with a slightly somber expression.

I must not have seen incorrectly just now.

This person's eyes have been emitting a faint red glow, and his pupils don't even look like those of a living person.

That is a sign of being invaded by a fierce ghost.

Surviving an invasion by a fierce ghost most likely means he has stolen some of the ghost's power.

With such a person blending in among the second floor messengers, the appearance of the red letter seems to make sense.

"You haven't told me how to get that letter paper," Yang Jian asked.

Li Yi snapped out of his thoughts and suddenly smiled: "It's simple, you come out of your room at night and wander around outside, you should be able to find some. Of course, there's a bit of risk, since fierce ghosts roam the post office at night. If you don't believe it and end up meeting one, you are as good as dead."

"What? You get this thing by picking it up outside at night?" Liu Mingxin was so scared that his face changed colors.

"What else did you think? Used correctly, this letter paper can save your life at a critical moment. Lighting it up, the path to the post office appears allowing you to quickly escape the supernatural events. Many third-floor messengers risk going out to pick it up at night. Some have good luck and collect a lot, willing to sell a few," Li Yi explained.

"Do you need it? I can sell it to you for cheap, one hundred thousand per sheet. That's already the cost price," Li Yi said.

"How many do you have?" Yang Jian asked.

Li Yi pulled out a stack from somewhere: "A lot."

"..."

Yang Jian felt like he was being fooled. That thick stack must have at least dozens, if not hundreds of sheets. How did this person get all of these?

Unless, these things are easy to get and worthless, and this person is deliberately making them sound rare.

"Don't think this stuff is easy to come by; it's risky. Of course, if the rest of you have the guts, come out of your rooms after the lights out to pick up the letter paper, then forget what I said," Li Yi explained immediately, having guessed Yang Jian's thoughts.

"Doesn't the first or second floor have this thing?" Yang Jian inquired.

"Sure, it's just that people on the first and second floor dare not go out at night, and they die off quickly. Even if they discover the letter paper, they don't know how to use it, and even if they knew, such information wouldn't be casually disclosed. Messengers on the third floor live longer and a lot of information is public. I was told about it by others when I first arrived on the third floor," Li Yi explained.

"I see," Yang Jian's previous speculation was not wrong.

The third floor's messengers know more about the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Jian said, "Let's hold off on the business of selling letter papers for now. Since you've been on the third floor for quite some time, do you know how to move to the upper floors quickly? I don't want to stay long on the third floor; I want to go to the fourth floor, no, even better, the fifth floor."

"Are you in a rush to break free from the curse of the post office?"

Li Yi was stunned for a moment, then said, "It's better to stay calm. The messenger's task is not so simple, and your anxious state can easily lead to trouble."

"It's my business. If you don't know, just say it. If you do know, I can pay more," Yang Jian stated.

Li Yi's expression changed: "How much more?"

"Name your price," Yang Jian said.

"How about a million?" Li Yi suggested.

After all, they didn't seem like rich people, everyone looked very ordinary. A million was already a high price; they might have to sell their cars or houses.

"Sure, I'll give you three million, and you give me twenty more letter papers," Yang Jian said.

"That was hasty," Li Yi cursed to himself.

This man really is a big spender.

Chapter 824 The Same Address

Yang Jian didn't choose to force or threaten the messenger on the third floor named Li Yi, even though he could. He still maintained a sense of principle.

Yang Jian was always rather courteous towards those he held no grudges against.

Of course, this courtesy is in the context of ghost controllers.

After all, there were plenty of ghost controllers with worse tempers and more ruthless methods than Yang Jian.

"If you agree, then we will confirm the transaction like this. You give me the card number, and once I leave this place, I'll have my accountant transfer the money to you," Yang Jian said.

Li Yi smiled: "Once we leave this place, what if you turn your back on me and deny our agreement? I'm a rather straightforward person; I prefer to get paid first before I do the job."

"My friend, do you think a sane person goes around carrying millions all the time?" Li Yang retorted.

"That's true."

Li Yi stroked his chin: "But indeed, many third-floor messengers are indeed untrustworthy, and it's difficult to speak of trustworthiness with them. Besides, people outside strike million-dollar deals and sign contracts—who would dare to agree so readily,"

"How about this, I'll give you a letter first, and after you transfer the money, we'll continue the exchange of information," Li Yi offered.

"I need some assurance of your capabilities, after all."

Yang Jian was getting impatient: "You're such a nuisance. Here, take this item as a pledge."



Having said that, he tossed out a golden handgun.

Catching it, Li Yi's expression shifted slightly. He had handled guns before, but the weight of this one... was substantial.

If there were nothing wrong with the gun, then this weight must result from its material.

He deftly removed the magazine for inspection and, surprised, exclaimed: "Gold?"

Indeed, the entire gun was made of gold, a special firearm custom-made, not something one could simply buy with a few hundred dollars abroad.

"The bullets inside, each is worth a hundred thousand in the market. Just that magazine alone is valued at two million. I'm taking a bit of a loss, but the extra, consider that a gift from me," Yang Jian said calmly.

Li Yi touched the smooth and cold gun barrel, his eyes flickering: "The gold price is indeed surging. Some say that supernatural powers can affect all matter but not gold. If one could build a safe house with gold, it could block supernatural invasions. Unfortunately for me, I'm too poor to afford a safe house's worth of gold."

"This gun is also made of gold material, does that mean it can hit ghosts?"

"In theory, that's not incorrect," Yang Jian stated.

Li Yi paused, then let out a laugh: "Right, even if it hits a ghost, it probably can't kill it, only offer some obstruction. This thing is more for use against humans, against messengers with some supernatural powers... ghosts can't be killed, but humans can be, it seems that coming up from downstairs, you came very well-prepared."

He immediately understood the real purpose of this item.

It's better used against people than ghosts.

"But by giving me this thing, aren't you afraid that I'll turn the gun towards you in the future?" Li Yi inquired.

"You could try, but perhaps at the moment you point the gun at me, you'll already be dead," Yang Jian said with eyes emitting a faint red glow, his tone remarkably calm.

"This man is no ordinary individual." Li Yi took a deep sigh of smoke, pondering silently.

None of the people who could reach this floor were fools. To dare to sell such a lethal weapon, he must be fearless and confident.

"Fine, I'll take advantage of your offer and accept your money. As for the letters, I'll give you ten extra sheets. But having more doesn't help, not all messengers have the reputation to use them," Li Yi said.

The two completed the transaction.

Yang Jian received the black, dirty letter.

Merely touching it, he felt a restless, chilly aura lurking on it, as if it had been touched by a malignant ghost, leaving behind some indescribable traces.

"Twist the paper into a long strip like this; it will burn slower. But make sure you don't let the paper burn away entirely before returning to the post office. Otherwise, what might happen is anyone's guess. I've heard of someone who burned through their paper on the way back to the post office after delivering a letter, and they just disappeared without a trace—never to be seen again, neither in the post office nor outside."

Li Yi expertly rolled up the paper into a scroll, demonstrating to the others.

The rolled-up paper looked like a stick of black incense, reminiscent of something used to memorialize the dead.

"Divide this. Two sheets for each person, keep the extra."

Yang Jian took out ten extra sheets and handed them to Li Yang, instructing him to distribute them to Yang Xiaohua, Cai Yu, Wang Shan, and Liu Mingxin.

"Are we giving it to them?" Li Yang asked in surprise.

Yang Jian nodded without further comment.

Li Yang understood and handed out two sheets of paper to each person.

The recipients all had varied expressions, completely unprepared for the idea that the same person who had almost caused their deaths on the second floor would now show such concern for them on this floor.

This didn't make sense.

Did Yang Jian actually wish for their deaths?

Or was it something else?

Suddenly, Cai Yu, Wang Shan, and Liu Mingxin looked at Yang Xiaohua with peculiar expressions.

Could it be that Yang Xiaohua has already sided with Yang Jian, or that she's ensnared him with her charm?

"What are you looking at me for?" Yang Xiaohua frowned and said.

"Your surname is Yang too; could it be that you're related to him? He seems to take extra care of you," the man named Cai Yu speculated.

Yang Xiaohua replied with annoyance, "Nonsense. The surname Yang is very common. And where have I received special care? Didn't you also get the paper?"

"What happened in the second-floor room before?" Liu Mingxin asked.

"Liu Mingxin, what are you implying? What do you think could happen in such a short time? I was almost killed, and Yang Jian simply fulfilled his promise by providing protection whilst using me as bait. It's just that simple. I understand your paranoia, but don't project it onto me."

"And do you really think someone like Yang Jian, who can imprison ghosts and allow Li Yang to steal the power of fierce ghosts, can be influenced by the few of us? If he indeed decides to do something, all we can do is accept our fate quietly."

Yang Xiaohua was at a loss for words, never expecting these people to think Yang Jian was taking care of them because of her influence.

Does she really have that much charisma?

Yang Jian's behavior on the second floor was simply cold-blooded and terrifying, devoid of any human emotion. The only semblance of normalcy could be his strong sense of principle.

If not for this factor, he was almost as dangerous as a fierce ghost.

While they were discussing, Yang Jian and Li Yi were talking about another matter.

"We've also discussed the topic of ascending floors quickly back when I was on the third floor as a messenger."

Li Yi stroked his chin and said, "Actually, there are quite a few methods. For example, intercepting a messenger's third letter, or the red letters, and there's another way—that's to deliver three letters simultaneously."

"Deliver three letters at once? What does that mean?" Yang Jian asked.

Li Yi explained, "Not every messenger will deliver their letters immediately after receiving them. There's a period for delivery, and if you acquire two more letters during that period, holding three letters at once, some guess it might form a new Song Xin mission, a task that's generated specifically for an individual."

"The level of danger is quite high, considering it's the accumulation of three letters. I guess it's not much less dangerous than the red letters."

"I think the best method is to intercept the third letter. This way, the level of danger won't increase, and the difficulty will be somewhat more manageable. However, the third floor is not like the second; the letters aren't always assigned to individuals, but sometimes by room numbers."

"To put it plainly, the third floor leans towards team missions, like when you picked up the letter from that mailbox. Today, everyone in room 31 has accepted the delivery mission."

Yang Jian said, "Is that so? But there must be some loopholes, right? It's just a few of us living in the room? Other messengers should also have stayed in room 31, wouldn't they be affected?"

"You won't be affected if you're not inside the Ghost Post Office, that's the so-called three-month safety period," Li Yi said.

"Intercepting the third letter is very difficult, you simply don't know which room, which person has taken on the delivery task for the third letter today, and not everyone is willing to give up the chance of having the third letter easily," Li Yi continued.

"From what you're saying, it seems like you know who has the third letter," Yang Jian asked again.

Li Yi smiled: "I do know, but why should I tell you."

"I can offer more money."

Yang Jian said, "I can tell, you have no confidence that you can leave the post office alive. This is only the third floor, there are still the fourth and fifth floors above. Rather than taking risks again and again and dying inexplicably in the end, it's better to make a sum of Settlement Fee to ensure the well-being of your family in the future."

"There are quite a few people who think like me, the life of a messenger is too desperate, I see not a glimmer of hope. Along the way, I thought about leaving this damned place safely after delivering fifteen letters, but as the number of floors increases, and with it the difficulty of delivering letters, I know it's a very slim chance," he said.

Smoking, Li Yi said somewhat sadly, "But people have to live, right? Alright, you give us ten million each, and I'll make the decision and hand over the third letter to you."

"Each person?"

Yang Jian's expression changed, and he immediately looked behind Li Yi.

Noises came from the room, and soon two people walked out one after the other.

A man and a woman.



Both were messengers from room 34.

Yang Jian paid attention to the woman, who had a voluptuous figure, fair skin, heavy makeup, sexy and mature, wearing a cheongsam and draped in a mink coat, resembling a rich lady.

But that wasn't what he was focused on; he noticed she was wearing a pair of black high heels.

"Let me introduce, my companions from room 34, Guo You and Leuk Qingqing."

"Boss, that woman is wearing high heels," Li Yang whispered a reminder.

Without showing any reaction, Yang Jian simply said, "It seems you weren't telling the truth at the beginning. Today should be your day to deliver letters, right? The letters on the mailbox weren't prepared for me, they were prepared for you, that's your third letter."

"Haha, that's not wrong."

Li Yi started to laugh: "The letter was indeed prepared for us, the messengers of room 34. At first, I was surprised to hear the noise outside, because logically, if a messenger doesn't stay in the Ghost Post Office for a long time, the chances of encountering messengers from other rooms are slim since everyone's delivery schedules are staggered."

"So I came out to check the situation. Don't blame me for deceiving you all; after all, in this place, everyone must be extremely vigilant."

"However, I don't have time to waste here. Since this is your third letter, I'll take it," he said.

Yang Jian said, "Moreover, you should be a bit more honest in front of me. I'm not known for my good temper, and if I get angry, it might be difficult to settle things down."

"Looks like someone from the second floor has come up who likes to talk big," the man named Guo You scoffed. "Li Yi, I don't think it's the right choice to just hand over the third letter. If we give the letter to him, we might have to deliver three more letters on this floor before we can go to the fourth floor. If we take this task now, then as long as we succeed, we'll become messengers of the fourth floor, just one step away from the fifth floor, from leaving this place."

"That one step is not so easy to take. The difficulty of delivering letters is increasing, and moreover, we missed a very important period on the first and second floors. That we have survived till now is entirely due to Leuk Qingqing's desperate efforts at critical moments, but luck won't always favor us. For messengers of our caliber, death is inevitable."

Li Yi wore a solemn expression.

He had seen too much death on the way up the floors, and he himself had become numb to it.

And the belief and hope in his heart had been nearly worn away; now all he wanted was to save enough money to take care of things after he's gone.

Today, he had unexpectedly run into a wealthy messenger; if he missed this opportunity, he would end up with nothing.

"Survival is more important than money. If we miss this chance, our chances of survival will be lowered again, and we will have to face three more dangerous times," Guo You said.

"Meaningless deaths are even more terrifying," Li Yi said.

Although the two were teammates, they had differences and were arguing at this moment.

The woman named Leuk Qingqing said, "There's no point in arguing about this. No one knows what will happen with the third letter—we've only heard from previous messengers that it's possible to steal another's third letter, but it's never actually been done. Everything should wait until we understand the situation better before we discuss further."

"That works," Li Yi nodded in agreement.

Guo You said, "You shouldn't let Li Yi act recklessly. The three of us are capable of going to the fourth floor; we shouldn't be trapped and die in this Ghost Post Office."

Leuk Qingqing said nothing, only looked to the side and said, "It seems that the matter is now beyond our control."

At this moment, Yang Jian ignored the dispute among the messengers in room 34 and had already gone to the mailbox to take down the yellow letter.

Obtaining the letter signified that the messenger had accepted the task of delivering it.

Instantly, a cold wind blew across the entire third floor, forming a vortex whirling around the courtyard on this level.

Dust blew up, forming a line of distorted writing.

Messengers from rooms 31 and 34 shall deliver the letter to Dachuan City, Mingyue Community, Building 7, Room 301.

"What? Messengers from two rooms delivering a letter together?" Li Yi's pupils dilated in surprise upon seeing this.

Yang Jian's expression became grave: "This address is... the address for the red letter from the second floor."

The address didn't change, which means the red letter and this yellow letter are the same delivery task.

Only the floor level has changed; the difficulty of the second floor, when assessed on the third floor, appears diminished.

"This is a high-difficulty delivery task. Generally speaking, the more people delivering a letter, the lower the success rate. Together, the messengers from our two rooms amount to a total of nine people..." Guo You counted the number of people and felt an inexplicable chill.

Because he had never been assigned a letter delivery task with a difficulty level for nine people.

"It's the address for the red letter from the second floor." Yang Xiaohua and the others also began to feel fear.

This address seemed unavoidable; the Ghost Post Office was determined to send them there.

The so-called Mingyue Community was probably a cursed place haunted by a fierce ghost—anyone who went there would die.

"What should we do, captain? Do we deliver this letter, or do we tear it up like before?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian, holding the letter, was undecided in his heart.

He indeed wanted to tear up this letter, but some information suggested that the Ghost Post Office seemed determined to send him to that place.

What exactly was there?

Was it like Fushou Garden, where unthinkable horrific events had occurred, or did this address have some other connection?

"Let's go and see. Continuing to tear up letters isn't a solution, and I also want to know why the Ghost Post Office insists we go there. I am curious as to what exactly happened there."

Having said this, Yang Jian handed the letter to Li Yang: "Find a box to seal this thing up, to isolate the letter's influence. If the address still poses a problem even when the letter is isolated, perhaps the Ghost Post Office's involvement isn't just about creating supernatural events."

This was his second attempt.

To isolate the letter's influence and investigate its address.

See if the situation in Fushou Garden would repeat itself.

However, Yang Jian's own condition wasn't good; he couldn't withstand so much turmoil. So he decided he could call on Feng Quan, Tong Qian, and others for support in this incident.

Outside the Ghost Post Office, it was possible to seek assistance.

## Chapter 825 The Oil Lamp

Yang Jian's decision seemed to have taken the others by surprise again.

Yang Xiaohua, Cai Yu, Wang Shan, and the rest thought he wanted to tear up the letter again, after which the messengers on the third floor would suffer the bad luck as well.

But unexpectedly, he appeared to be considering delivering the letter instead.

No.

It should be said that he wanted to see for himself the address to which the letter was to be delivered.

An address appearing twice in succession seemed to have something odd about it.

But that place was not supposed to provoke curiosity, as the probability of encountering danger when delivering to the address was quite high.

"So, do you plan to join us in delivering the letter?" Li Yi, still somewhat uncertain, asked as he saw Yang Jian put away the letter.

Yang Jian said: "I have already delivered a red letter when I was on the second floor. That red letter had a great impact on the outside world. I'm not sure whether the impact was caused by the letter itself or whether something was bound to happen regardless. This letter might help me understand the real truth behind the post office more clearly."

"Moreover, I am not here to deliver letters, but to reach the fifth floor of the postal service. If things seem off, I will immediately return to the post office and tear up the letter."

He didn't hide anything but openly shared his thoughts.

Because there was no need to hide his real intentions, after all, whatever he did, they would not be able to intervene.

"How many letters have you torn up?" Li Yi was taken aback for a moment before he inquired further.

"Does it matter?" Yang Jian asked.

Coldly, the man named Guo You said: "Of course it matters. Tearing up one or two letters is still manageable, but if you tear up three letters, you can't tear up any more. Because after the third letter, the repercussions won't just be a ghost attack once; it'll be countless ghost attacks until the messenger dies."

"Is there a precedent?" Yang Jian asked.



Li Yi explained: "There is a precedent. When I was moving up from the first floor to the second, I heard an old messenger say that a messenger from the fifth floor, for some reason, decided to tear up his letter on what was almost his last delivery. It was the fourth letter he tore up, and as a result, the entire post office was haunted, affecting even the other floors."

"After the incident calmed down, that fifth floor messenger disappeared. No one saw him again. He didn't manage to leave the post office's control; most likely, he was killed by the ghosts, even his corpse vanished."

"So tearing up the fourth letter not only risks your own life but also likely endangers the messengers on the other floors. Although the Ghost Post Office is strange, it is also a safe haven. It's much calmer than other haunted places, and as long as no taboos are violated, the Ghost Post Office can even provide protection."

"But once the Ghost Post Office is out of balance, many messengers will be implicated, dying unforeseen deaths."

Yang Jian laughed and said: "After all this talk, aren't you just worried I'll get you all killed?"

"Even if you wanted to kill us, you would have to be capable enough to survive tearing up the fourth letter."

Guo You said frostily: "Usually, a messenger tearing up the first letter is already a near-death experience. Only those special messengers who have stolen supernatural powers can live to tear up the

second letter. As for the third, even fifth floor messengers may not withstand it. If you're seeking death, then go ahead by yourself."

"Guo You, mind your language," Li Yi cautioned, turning back to him.

"We're all messengers of the third floor. We see each other all the time. Plus, this delivery task is special; we should unite and strive to get through this challenge together. If this letter is successfully delivered, we will proceed to the fourth floor. Isn't that exactly what you had planned?"

"I find these messengers from the first and second floors unreliable. They've just arrived on the third floor and haven't even delivered a third-floor letter yet, but they're already intercepting our third letter. To me, such behavior isn't much different from courting death," Guo You said.

He just looked down on these messengers from the lower floors.

Completely clueless, he had no idea just how dreadful the third-floor messenger's third letter was.

Countless third-floor messengers had died because of this third letter.

"You sure are long-winded. Even I can hardly resist the urge to kill you now," Li Yang said, glaring at him with a malicious air.

Having tamed two ghosts, his growth was met with an increasing dispassion in human emotions.

Guo You retorted sharply, "Why don't you try and see if you can kill me? Do you think I survived up to this point in the post office merely by luck?"

He was not afraid in the slightest.

"Captain, should we kill a third-floor messenger to set an example? So as to prevent any blind fools from affecting us whenever we climb up a level," suggested Li Yang.

Yang Jian was expressionless, neither pleased nor angry: "There's no need to kill a commoner to make an example. After all, this is their last mail delivery task. Let's see if they can live to reach the fourth floor."

As they spoke, changes were taking place on the third floor of the post office.

The nearby walls were shrouded in dimness at some unknown time, and a wooden staircase leading downward just appeared out of thin air.

The letter had been taken, and the exit from the post office appeared once again.

This path was visible to everyone because they were all part of this delivery task.

"The stairs have appeared. We can leave this place now," said Yang Xiaohua.

"Let's get out of this damned place as quickly as possible. No matter how many times I come here, I can never get used to it. The outside world is where we belong," said Liu Mingxin.

But at that moment, the woman wearing a cheongsam and high heels spoke up: "Sir, since this delivery task concerns room number 31 and room number 34, I think it would be better for us to keep the letter. It's not good if such an important item gets lost."

"Do you think we'll be the ones to die first?"

Yang Jian didn't answer her question directly but pointed out the implication in her words.

A letter can't be lost without reason; no one would be careless to that extent. Only the death of a messenger would result in the letter being lost.

"Sorry, I didn't mean that. I just feel that we, the people on the third floor, are a bit more trustworthy," said Leuk Qingqing with a smile, showing no sign of irritation.

"That is not what the trade entailed. Are you suggesting a breach of contract?" Yang Jian glanced at the man called Li Yi.

Li Yi sheepishly smiled, unsure of how to respond.

Technically, since he had already sold the third letter, this delivery task had nothing to do with him anymore. However, unexpectedly, the post office issued a strange requirement, insisting that the messengers from room 34 participate as well.

Thus, things came full circle back to him.

If it really came down to the delivery task, he felt that relying on his three-person team was more reliable.

Of course, Yang Jian probably thought the same.

Yang Jian said, "You don't need to participate in this delivery. I'll be the one to send it. You just have to wait for the delivery to be completed, after all, the delivery address doesn't concern you."

"Do you think this letter will be easy to deliver, and that you can complete it on your own? I'd advise you to abandon such naiveté. Don't be fooled by the clear address and location, thinking you can follow the trail easily. In reality, when you actually get there, you won't even know how you died," said Guo You.

"We're worried you'll flop around and die there, losing the letter in the process, and ultimately dragging us down with you," he added.

"If you don't trust me, I don't mind if you follow to supervise me," Yang Jian said calmly. "Of course, the premise is that you can survive. I've already given you the best advice. Whether you listen or not is up to you."

"It's about time, Li Yang, we should go. As for the deal I made with you before, it still stands. Send me your card number, I'll transfer you thirty million. After all, I'm a man of my word."

Having said that, Yang Jian didn't stay any longer and immediately turned and walked down the dim wooden staircase.

Li Yang didn't understand why the Captain was in such a good mood this time, but he still followed and left.

"Let's go too. The letter has already been taken, and the address has appeared. Everyone knows what to do," Yang Xiaohua's eyes moved, contemplating what Yang Jian had just said.

Yang Jian wanted to deliver the message alone, without the help of these people.

For them, this was a good thing, as they wouldn't have to take the risk themselves.

But the concerns of Li Yi and others were also legitimate. If Yang Jian were to fail and the letter was lost, all the messengers involved in this delivery would be annihilated; survival would be nearly impossible.

While contemplating, Yang Xiaohua walked downstairs.

Wang Shan, however, laughed: "Looks like I'm in for some good luck again."

He was a First Floor Messenger who had made it to the third floor. He wasn't participating in this message delivery; he would just go home and do whatever he normally did, leaving Yang Jian to worry about it. If Yang Jian failed, he would die along with him, but there would be nothing to say, anyway; if he were to deliver it himself and managed to make it to the third floor, he'd likely die too.

If it ended up being successful, he would have made it to the fourth floor and become a Fourth Floor Messenger.

The thought was pretty exciting.

Determined to continue being a slacker, Wang Shan also didn't interfere with the remaining issues and quickly left down the stairs.

The expressions on Cai Yu and Liu Mingxin, however, kept changing. They were seasoned Second Floor Messengers, and this matter was tied to their lives; they couldn't possibly bet their lives on Yang Jian, whatever their reasoning.

"Li Yi, you're a Third Floor Messenger, what do you plan to do next?" Cai Yu asked.

"What's Yang Jian's background? He seems very peculiar," Li Yi didn't respond but took this opportunity to inquire about Yang Jian.

Cai Yu fell silent for a moment before saying, "Not sure. He came up from the first floor, knows that guy Wang Shan who just left, and only got to the second floor the day before yesterday. But as soon as he arrived, a red letter appeared on the second floor, which Yang Jian refused to deliver. In front of many of us, he tore it up."

"Tore up the red letter? So you guys made it to the next floor thanks to this special letter."

Li Yi frowned and said, "But that's not right. Tearing up the red letter should have resulted in an attack by a fierce ghost; how come there are still so many of you on the second floor?"

"Of course, the fierce ghost attacked all the messengers on the second floor. We originally had close to twenty people together on the second floor, but as soon as Yang Jian arrived, he killed several to seize a room. After the red letter appeared, we had a conflict. Yang Jian wanted to tear up the letter and some of us didn't agree, so a fierce fight broke out, costing us more people," Cai Yu explained.

"Later, after tearing up the red letter and the appearance of the fierce ghost, even more people died. Leaving aside Wang Shan, who came from the first floor, only three of us really survived."

"Out of a dozen or so people, only three survived; now I understand," Li Yi nodded.

"So how was the ghost dealt with in the end?"



Cai Yu hesitated, his face changing subtly: "I don't know the specifics, but I know Yang Jian used living people as bait to lure the fierce ghost's attacks, then collaborated with the guy named Li Yang, and they successfully imprisoned the ghost."

"What, he imprisoned the ghost? Where, in one of the rooms on the second floor?" Guo You asked, slightly shocked.

The Yang Jian downstairs had not only survived the fierce ghost's attack but had also resolved the supernatural incident.

Since when did the messengers on the second floor become so perverted.

"No, he didn't imprison the ghost in a room, but in that Li Yang's body."

Beside him, Liu Mingxin spoke with a touch of terror; "He says this is a way to steal the power of a fierce ghost. It's very risky, but the payoff is great."

"Are you lying to me? Imprisoning a ghost inside a living person's body is suicide. That Li Yang should have died long ago if there was a ghost in him; it's impossible for him to be alive and standing in front of us." Guo You couldn't believe it and couldn't help shouting out loud.

"We also don't know how Yang Jian did it, but that Li Yang just hasn't died and is still well and alive." Cai Yu shook her head: "We didn't witness the process of imprisoning the fierce ghost."

"Right, Yang Xiaohua saw it; she was the live bait at the time. If you want to know more, you can ask her. I have her contact information; you can reach her even if she leaves the post office." Liu Mingxin quickly added.

At this moment, Li Yi fell silent. He believed what these people said.

Because this matter is too absurd. It's such a brazen lie that no one with a brain would dare use it to deceive people.

"Leuk Qingqing, what do you think?" Li Yi looked towards the woman.

"What they said is true. That Yang Jian probably really did imprison a fierce ghost inside someone's body," Leuk Qingqing nodded slightly.

"You actually believe such an absurd thing."

Guo You widened his eyes: "Don't think I'm a frog in a well, ignorant of the world. I'm shocked because that Li Yang is still alive, and that Yang Jian can actually do something like imprisoning a fierce ghost inside a living person's body."

"Both things are impossible to achieve."

Not to mention his disbelief, even some newcomers in the supernatural circle would find it unbelievable, just as initially Yang Jian was shocked when he heard that a spirit messenger extended their life by controlling a second ghost, he felt the same.

"It's very difficult, very difficult, but there's also a possibility of success, only the conditions are extremely stringent, and I don't believe Yang Jian has that ability. If he did, the curses of the Ghost Post Office probably wouldn't matter much to him anymore," Leuk Qingqing said calmly.

"True or false, we'll find out in Dachuan City," Li Yi said.

"Although the letter is in Yang Jian's hands, we still need to go this time. In case he fails, we can take over and continue delivering the letter. We can't bet our lives on someone else."

Guo You nodded: "That's more like it, you shouldn't be thinking about the Settlement Fee all the time, that's too passive."

At this very moment.

Following the old wooden staircase down to the first floor of the Ghost Post Office, Yang Jian found that the corpse he had seen on the stairs earlier seemed to have vanished without a trace.

But he didn't pay much attention to this matter.

When he reached the post office lobby, ready to leave, he suddenly heard an eerie, weak cough echoing in the hall.

"Cough, cough cough."

Even though it was the only coughing sound, it carried a ghostly resonance as if two people were coughing together.

"Hmm?"

Immediately following the sound, Yang Jian looked over and saw someone sitting at the front desk in the corner.

It was... Sun Rui.

"Sun Rui? What are you doing here?" Yang Jian appeared somewhat surprised.

He thought that Sun Rui hadn't come to the Ghost Post Office, but unexpectedly, he was lingering on the first floor and, even more surprisingly, he wasn't dead.

"Captain Yang? How's the situation upstairs?" Sun Rui's complexion was terrible, looking like a corpse that had died of illness. He stood up with the support of a cane, limping and staggering in his movements.

"The situation is somewhat complicated. I can only go as far as the third floor for now. To get to the fourth floor, I need to send out a letter," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui said, "Then that's still smooth sailing. In just a few days, you'll be able to go to the fourth floor. That's pretty fast."

"You haven't answered my earlier question. Why are you staying in this hall?" Yang Jian asked.

Sun Rui said, "I previously conducted some investigations and found some testimonies left by messengers who had died. I discovered some facts and believe that even though each floor of the post office is not connected, the hall is connected. Everyone has to pass through this hall when entering and leaving."

"So the hall of the post office is the most crucial place."

The most crucial place in the hall?

Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly. He had observed the hall upon his arrival, noting nothing but the old and mottled walls adorned with portraits, besides the counter—there wasn't much else.

"My aim in staying in the hall is to cut off the replenishment of messengers to the Ghost Post Office. Passersby on the first floor enter through the main door and the moment they step in, they're already under the control of the Ghost Post Office. If I can eliminate all newcomers who come to the Ghost Post

Office for the first time, then as long as I persist for a while, the operations of the Ghost Post Office will grind to a halt."

"Even if your side fails, the messengers in the Ghost Post Office will become fewer and eventually will be buried forever in this Supernatural Space, completely disappearing from the real world," Sun Rui expressed his thoughts, aiming to undercut and disrupt the operations of the Ghost Post Office.

"That seems impossible though. At night, when the lights go out, there are malevolent spirits wandering in the Ghost Post Office. People will die," Li Yang said urgently.

"You survived last night?" Yang Jian looked at him with a hint of surprise.

Sun Rui nodded: "The night, though perilous, is not certainly fatal. We've been misled by the messengers on the first floor; they know too little and think that going out at night means certain death, which is not the case. Even though there are malevolent spirits wandering in the post office at night, it's exactly when the operations of the Ghost Post Office cease. During this period, many incredible things can happen."

"If you want to find a loophole inside the Ghost Post Office, nighttime is the only opportunity. Coincidentally, on the first night when I was attacked by a malevolent spirit, I found a chance to survive."

Having said that, he took out an old oil lamp from beneath the counter.

The oil in the lamp was black and foul-smelling, not like plant oil, but more like... Corpse Oil.

"Once I light this lamp at night, the malevolent spirits stop attacking me, and I had a very peaceful night last night," Sun Rui explained.

"Similar to a Ghost Candle?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly.

This was nothing but an enhanced version of the Ghost Candle.

Only that the Ghost Candle's burning time is very limited, while this lamp actually helped Sun Rui survive the entire night without light.

And it appeared that the lamp had barely consumed any oil.

Sun Rui said, "No, this is definitely not a Ghost Candle. A Ghost Candle can prevent attacks from malevolent spirits, but the spirits will still fixate on you, lingering around you until the candle burns out."

He also knew about the Ghost Candle and its function.

"This oil lamp is different. Once I light it, I don't encounter any ghosts at all; it seems the ghosts didn't find me. Of course, I didn't see any ghosts either. It's as if I was isolated; the light of the lamp isolated me as well as the ghosts."

"It seems this is a very special supernatural object," Yang Jian remarked. "Much more valuable than a Ghost Candle. How did you find it?"

"When walking around at night, I accidentally tripped over it and almost fell, then I picked it up," Sun Rui said. "But I am certain that this oil lamp wasn't here during the day."

"It feels like someone deliberately placed it here."

Suddenly, he added his own speculation to the conversation.

"Do you think that such a precious supernatural object was deliberately given to you by someone?" Yang Jian asked.

"Otherwise, all this would be too coincidental. Moreover, we are not the first batch of messengers to enter the Ghost Post Office. If this lamp had always existed, then other messengers would have taken it long ago," Sun Rui reasoned.

Yang Jian thought there was some sense in that.

But this speculation also seemed a bit far-fetched.



Li Yang from the side said, "Captain, about the sound of high heels walking last night, it's still uncertain whether it was a human or a ghost. If Sun Rui's speculation holds true, then there must be something active in the Ghost Post Office at night, and it might not be just ghosts."

"Are you saying that this place is busier at night than during the day?" Yang Jian pondered.

What he pondered was not this, but the purpose of Sun Rui and the timing of the lamp's appearance.

It was clear that someone intended to help Sun Rui.

And what Sun Rui intended to do was to kill the newcomers to the Ghost Post Office and interrupt its operations.

If the person giving the lamp was helping Sun Rui, it was equivalent to telling himself that someone inside the Ghost Post Office hoped for its operations to cease, wishing for this place to be destroyed.

Only that some reasons prevented that person from acting personally.

Of course, this was a conspiracy theory, and coincidental factors cannot be excluded.

But between the two, Yang Jian leaned more towards the former.

Because in supernatural events, there are no coincidences, only inevitabilities.

Just like ghosts killing people, it's definitely not a coincidence, but rather you inadvertently triggered the ghost's murderous rules without knowing it yourself.

"Captain, look, look over here," suddenly, Li Yang exclaimed, apparently having discovered something.

Yang Jian and Sun Rui snapped back to reality.

"What's wrong?"

"Captain, doesn't that painting look familiar?" Li Yang pointed to a portrait of an unfamiliar figure on the mottled old wall.

The painting depicted a woman in white clothes, with long hair and delicate features.

The woman resembled the malevolent spirit that came after ripping up the letters on the second floor.

Yang Jian realized the connection instantly, and his expression became complex.

This was not a coincidence either, but a connection.

The ghost and the woman in the painting were the same person.

"Was she a messenger who died inside the post office? And after death, she was revived as a malevolent spirit and controlled by the Ghost Post Office, becoming a tool against other messengers," Yang Jian instinctively speculated.

Death doesn't turn people into ghosts, at most they may become Ghost Slaves. Ghost Slaves are corpses that move by the power of Supernatural Power, not truly ghosts. Only those who control ghosts can become ghosts upon their death, because these controllers have ghosts within them to begin with.

A ghost simply occupies your body, continuing to act in your likeness after you're gone.

"But why hang up portraits of people, and furthermore, the style of clothing on the woman in the painting does not seem modern. It looks like something from the eighties or nineties, which means the vengeful ghost we came across yesterday has been dead for at least two to three decades."

Two to three decades ago, a messenger became a ghost controller, then died for unknown reasons inside the post office. The resurgent vengeful ghost was then controlled by the post office... until yesterday when I tore up the red letter, prompting the post office to release the vengeful ghost once again.

A train of thought formed in Yang Jian's mind.

While contemplating, he took another look at the other portraits.

There were at least a dozen of them here, men and women, old people and children - each oil painting represented a person.

As to whether these individuals are still alive, that remains unknown.

One thing he could affirm was that the subjects of these paintings had definitely come into contact with the Ghost Post Office at some point.

"Wait a second, oil paintings..."

All of a sudden, something clicked in Yang Jian's mind, sending a chill of eerie apprehension through him.

The style of these paintings was eerily similar to that of the terrifying S-level paranormal event, Ghost Paintings.

The same style of portraits, the same artistic method, similarly representing the spirits within.

Right away.

He followed the trail of these paintings along the wall in search of something.

Yang Jian tried to find any gaps where the paintings might be, attempting to determine if these Ghost Paintings originated here.

Unfortunately, he found none.

The portrait paintings here showed no signs of being removed.

He also attempted to take down one of the paintings but failed.

The paintings appeared to be embedded in the wall, immovable, as if they were integrated with the entire Ghost Post Office.

"Am I being overly suspicious?"

Yang Jian let out a sigh in his heart, wondering if he was being paranoid, unconsciously linking different paranormal incidents together.

Even the thirty-five rooms of the Ghost Post Office could be connected to the paranormal bus with thirty-six seats, or even to the terrifying corridors of the Caesar Hotel.

"Captain, there's no problem with the portraits, right?" Li Yang came over and asked.

Yang Jian replied, "This matter remains a mystery for now. Just keep an eye on it. To uncover the truth, you'd have to go to the fifth floor of the post office and inquire with the oldest of the messengers there."

"Now we need to take a trip to Dachuan City. That address is special. It's come up twice, and I want to see it for myself."

"Yang Jian, you're still here? You haven't left the Ghost Post Office yet?"

At that moment, Yang Xiaohua had come down the stairs. She was curious to see Yang Jian and Li Yang still lingering in the hall.

"It's been confirmed that the hall is the common area for all floors," Sun Rui said with his eyes narrowed, revealing an odd smile. "Is this a messenger from the second floor or the third?"

"It was the second floor before, now it's from the third," Yang Jian replied calmly.

Sun Rui said, "Captain Yang, how about I take her down for you?"

"What?" Yang Xiaohua instinctively took several steps back.

She felt a strong sense of crisis with this person's gaze on her, as though a menacing ghost had appeared right behind her like the time she was used as bait.

Yang Jian said, "There's no need. Killing her serves no purpose, and this time, the letter she was supposed to deliver is in my hands."

"Then we'll let her off. But her appearance makes things even more interesting. If I stay here long enough, I might not only catch messengers from the second and third floors but perhaps even those from the fourth and fifth," Sun Rui said.

Yang Jian explained, "There are no messengers left on the first and second floors; I've cleared them out. There are messengers on the third floor who deliver a letter every three months. On the fourth floor, it's every six months, and on the fifth, a letter yearly. The chances of running into a third-floor messenger are high, but very slim for the fourth and fifth."

"Moreover, I have reason to believe that the messengers from the fifth floor are not just simple messengers, but definitely ghost controllers. If you truly encounter them, you better be careful. Don't take them lightly."

"Also, your oil lamp has limited fuel; it can't burn indefinitely. So if one day you can't hold on any longer, it's best that you leave this place. I'll take care of the rest."

Sun Rui said, "Captain Yang, I know you're powerful, but I have my own business to attend to. Once this Ghost Post Office loses control, as the person responsible, I'll have nowhere to run here in Dahan City, so it's better to tackle the risk now rather than later."

"You still have to survive first," Yang Jian retorted.

"Don't worry, I won't die that easily," Sun Rui asserted.

Yang Jian said, "If you know your limits, that's best. I won't say more. My mission is about to begin. I'll borrow your private aircraft; I need to go to Dachuan City."

"Dachuan City, huh? I remember the person in charge there is called... Li Leping."

Sun Rui recalled a name and shared, "But I've never met that person. I've heard he is now at the Captain Level, maybe someone you know, Captain Yang."

"Li Leping? I've heard the name, but I haven't met the individual," Yang Jian remembered, but he couldn't recall ever encountering this person.

A complete stranger, yet the name felt familiar, which was quite odd.



"No matter, I'll get to know him when I get there. If he's from headquarters, it should be easy to deal with properly. At least we can interact normally," Yang Jian stated.

"Good luck on your journey, Captain Yang. I'll be here waiting for your good news," said Sun Rui.

Yang Jian nodded, "You too, take care."

After finishing, he and Li Yang left the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Xiaohua's expression changed. She hesitated for a moment before carefully making her way out.

If not for Yang Jian's words, she might have been killed right there by that man.

What was the background of these three people? They all seemed more domineering than the next.

Definitely not new recruits to the post office.

Chapter 826 Dachuan City

Sun Rui chose to stay in the lobby on the first floor of the Ghost Post Office, and Yang Jian did not object.

Everyone had their own tasks, and Sun Rui also realized the danger of the Ghost Post Office; not wanting it to spiral out of control in Dahan City, the best method was to halt its operation.

And in the lobby on the first floor, blocking the new arrivals from entering the post office, was the best method.

Without equal.

However, before leaving the Ghost Post Office, Yang Jian gave Sun Rui several sheets of letter paper he had bought from Li Yi, and told him how to use them, allowing him to freely enter and exit the Ghost Post Office.

After leaving the Ghost Post Office, Yang Jian realized he had not appeared in the Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City, but was instead in Dahan City.

It indicated that the Ghost Post Office only transported messengers back to the location where they first entered.

Similar to a set of coordinates.

Yang Jian contacted Sun Rui's subordinates in Dahan City and borrowed their private jet to fly directly to Dachuan City.

Without any delay in between.

He had come fully prepared, barring the Ghost Child he didn't bring, but all other supernatural tools that should have been brought were with him, including the Eight-Tone Music Box on his body.

On the plane, Li Yang took a shower, cleaned the blood off himself, and checked his physical condition.

On his unhealthy skin, there were fierce cuts with flesh turned inside out, the blood already drained, which after being soaked in water turned somewhat pale; these scars put together, looked like the shape of a door, resembling a crude tattoo.

He reached out to touch it and felt a prickling pain, while also being able to sense beneath the flesh.

Behind that door, something cold and terrifying was writhing and roaming within his body.

The fierce ghost that had been imprisoned inside the Ghost Post Office was now inside Li Yang's body, creating a new balance with his Door-blocking Ghost.

But this balance was not absolute.

Li Yang could still feel the fierce ghost slowly eroding him; although the speed of this erosion wasn't fast, it couldn't withstand the test of time.

However, the good news was that, at least without recklessly using the power of the fierce ghost, living another half a year was not an issue.

After all, he was not an Abnormal, the fierce ghost didn't have a death mechanism, and the two controlled ghosts had not reached an absolute balance, it was still rather crude.

There were medical staff on the plane.

With his torso bare, Li Yang sat in the cabin allowing the medical staff to help stitch up the wounds, trying to alleviate some of the pain.

The medical staff was terrified upon seeing such wounds and body condition because according to normal medical knowledge, a person in this state should have long been dead and couldn't possibly still be alive. However, the medical staff on Sun Rui's private jet was obviously trained, and though nervous, they were skilled in suturing.

"Captain, I just thought of something. Since Sun Rui is staying in the first-floor lobby of that ghostly place, doesn't that mean he's neither a first-floor messenger nor a second-floor one? Isn't this a perfect escape from the post office's control?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian sat in a chair not far away, resting his head on his hand and looking out the window, seemingly lost in thought. He took a while to respond: "Compared to delivering messages, those recurring dangers after the lights go out are the deadliest, aren't they? If someone can handle this, whether they deliver messages or not doesn't matter."

"Moreover, Sun Rui is prepared to die; although he controls two ghosts, coping with such a situation is still a bit of a stretch for him. The fierce ghost that we encountered last time that opened the door has already proven the danger inside the Ghost Post Office."

"There's only one way for Sun Rui to block all newcomers from entering the Ghost Post Office while on the first floor."

Having said that, Yang Jian paused.

At this moment, Li Yang also realized and exclaimed in shock: "Sun Rui intends to die on the first floor, making the first floor of the Ghost Post Office haunted, killing all who enter."

"Correct, only after death when the fierce ghosts revive, can the entrance to the Ghost Post Office be completely sealed," Yang Jian said, "For him, things that couldn't be done in life can be accomplished after death."

"This, isn't this too extreme?" Li Yang found it unbelievable.

Even using his own death to his advantage?

Yang Jian said: "Extreme? When do people like us not risk our lives in what we do? Sun Rui is from the same generation as Feng Quan, a spirit controller, and has lived a long life. He is neither an Abnormal nor skilled enough to control a third ghost, so he sees no future ahead of him. Choosing an appropriate time and place to bury himself, to exert his final value, isn't hard to understand, right?"

Li Yang fell silent.

Although this was the reasoning, when it actually came down to it, there would be many who couldn't do what Sun Rui was prepared to do.

"Take advantage of this resting time to contact headquarters, tell Li Leping in Dachuan City that we will be staying in his jurisdiction for a few days to investigate a place called Mingyue Community, and see what his attitude is," Yang Jian said.

He had lost his satellite-positioning phone last time.

Li Yang had a phone in his hand, and he could contact Vice Minister Cao Yanhua through his operator.

Soon enough.

The message was responded to.

"The Li Leping from there heard we are coming and expressed his welcome," Li Yang put down the satellite phone and said.

Welcome?

Yang Jian immediately frowned: "Didn't say anything else?"

"No," Li Yang shook his head.

"That's rare indeed. I wonder if it's because the person in charge is more accountable, or if it's because something has happened in Dachuan City, and he needs our help."

Yang Jian said: "Contact Feng Quan and Tong Qian as well, let them know our plan, and if needed, I would require them to make a trip to Dachuan City."

"Get ready for the upcoming days."

Li Yang nodded and reached out to his former teammates again.

The response was that Feng Quan was on a business trip, but Tong Qian and the others were around.

"Let Tong Qian and Xiong Wenwen get ready then. Huang Ziya and Zhang Han, forget about it, we need to leave a few people in Dachang City to watch out and avoid any problems."

"Alright."

Li Yang then contacted them again, and quickly got everything arranged.

"Just having Tong Qian and Xiong Wenwen prepare for support, is it okay? Should we add more people?" He once again expressed concern.

"That address was, after all, provided by a red letter, it's the same delivery mission, and the level of danger might be even more severe than the incident at Fushou Garden in Dahai City."

Yang Jian said: "If things are more serious than we imagine, taking our entire newly established team over will be of no use. Moreover, to be cautious, we must first investigate what the issue is in Dachuan City; we can't just bring everyone to a dangerous place."

"Once something unexpected happens, the chance of a total wipeout is quite high."

As the team leader, he had to make his own considerations.

First, he and Li Yang would take the lead to scout the situation, and if backup was needed, they would call Tong Qian and Xiong Wenwen over.

Although Dachuan City was a bit far, it was still quite fast to get there by plane within the country.



Li Yang nodded, feeling that this arrangement was a bit more prudent.

Time passed by.

About an hour later, Sun Rui's private jet successfully arrived at the Dachuan City airport.

The person in charge here was a man named Li Leping.

Since they had notified in advance and made a phone call, they did not encounter the same conflict as in Dahai City.

Yang Jian and Li Yang disembarked from the plane.

Strangely, the entire airport was deserted, and other than a few airport staff, there were no other passengers to be seen. Many areas were cordoned off with warning tapes, and there were security guards patrolling, as if the place was under strict management and closed off.

"Something seems off about the atmosphere here."

Yang Jian then asked, "Li Yang, did the headquarters mention anything happening here when you contacted them? The control and closure here don't seem to have been established in haste today; rather, it looks like they've been in place for some time."

"No, the operator didn't mention that there were any issues in Dachuan City," Li Yang shook his head.

"I hid the special situation here and chose not to report it."

Suddenly, a voice echoed abruptly in the empty airport terminal.

A stranger, along with a few staff members, walked over briskly.

This man had a very ordinary appearance, very common, the kind that would be hard to find if he were lost in a crowd, and he also dressed simply, in jeans paired with a grey down jacket without any distinctive colors.

"Are you... Li Leping?" Yang Jian stared at the man, feeling that he seemed familiar, as if he had seen him somewhere before.

But after carefully recalling, he had no memory of this person in his mind, so he could only tentatively guess.

"Yes, it's me." Li Leping nodded.

Yang Jian said, "Have we met before?"

"I was sitting next to you during the team leader selection meeting at the headquarters, of course we have met," Li Leping replied.

"I have no impression of you whatsoever, I only remember a name. If you tell me you're not Li Leping, I wouldn't doubt it at all. I think either my memory is failing, or for some special reason, I can't remember you," Yang Jian's gaze sharpened.

Li Leping said, "I'm not someone easily remembered by others, you'll get used to it. If you doubt, my assistant can prove my identity for me."

Having said that, he gestured to his assistant, who was dressed in a suit beside him.

The assistant presented the person-in-charge's credentials, along with a satellite-positioning cell phone, and a service pistol.

"It seems that your territory has a problem? Even the airport is closed," Yang Jian observed.

"Yes, that's why I welcome your arrival. I think there's a possibility of cooperation on certain matters. After all, we are both responsible persons from headquarters, and everything is carried out to solve supernatural events," Li Leping remarked.

Yang Jian said, "That depends on whether my matter is the same as yours. If it's the same incident, cooperation will be no problem."

He wouldn't reject a responsible person's offer for cooperation. Working together could save a lot of trouble and offer a great deal of help.

Li Leping stated, "Let's not talk about this yet. You've come all this way to Dachuan City, I should arrange for you to rest and eat first, we'll discuss the following matters afterwards."

"Okay."

Yang Jian nodded.

The group then left the airport.

However, as soon as they had not walked far, he suddenly heard a dull thud coming from a direction in the airport, like something had dropped on the ground. The sound echoed in the empty hall, making it rather noticeable.

He instinctively looked in the direction from which the sound came.

It was a somewhat dim security corridor, and the sound came from around the corner of that corridor.

"What happened over there? Go take a look," Li Leping said.

"Alright."

An assistant immediately strode over, but soon came back, saying, "Everything is normal, a staff member dropped some luggage."

"It's good nothing's unexpected, let's get going," Li Leping stated.

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, not lingering any longer.

But... that sound didn't seem like luggage or something similar dropping to the ground.

Was he being overly suspicious?

Without giving it much thought, he and Li Yang quickly boarded Li Leping's private car and left the airport.

However, shortly after the group had left,

within the security corridor from which the sound had come, stood a well-proportioned flight attendant in uniform, perfectly still as if she were a mannequin.

The eeriest part was that the flight attendant had no head on her neck.

A head painted with light makeup and a slightly pale complexion had rolled to the ground not far from the headless woman.

The sound of something falling just now turned out to be the sound of this head hitting the ground.

At the same time,

Another man dressed in a uniform, looking like airport staff, walked over from the other end of the corridor.

Upon reaching the spot, the man with an expressionless face bent down, picked up the head from the ground, and put it back onto the neck of the flight attendant.

The previously motionless flight attendant blinked her eyes and began to move again, continuing to walk forward.

She seemed aimless and not working, simply wandering within the airport, as if she was still playing her role, adding a semblance of life to the otherwise deathly still Bizarre Airport, maintaining the appearance of normal operations.

Chapter 827 The Shadowless One

Yang Jian and Li Yang were traveling in a dedicated car in Dachuan City.

This city is also a very important metropolis, although it's not as significant as Dahai City, it's on the same level as Dachang City in terms of population, economy, and prosperity.

Logically speaking, there shouldn't be so few vehicles and pedestrians on the streets of this city.

Although Yang Jian felt that the city seemed operational during the car ride, he sensed as if there was a lack of vitality.

There wasn't that noisy, lively atmosphere.

There was a sense of oppressive lifelessness.

"Li Yang, check to see if there have been any supernatural incidents here," Yang Jian instructed.

Li Yang immediately contacted headquarters to look into Dachuan City's supernatural case files.

In such a big city, there are bound to be supernatural incidents. Before the Hungry Ghost incident, Dachang City had several supernatural events, but they were small-scale and under control.

Soon.

Li Yang received a response, "There were two supernatural cases on record, one is a Grade C supernatural event, codenamed 'Forgotten.' The other is a Grade B supernatural event, codenamed: Ferocious Ghost District."

"Both cases were resolved by the Dachuan City official Li Leping. There should be no issues now, and Dachuan City has been peaceful without any further peculiar occurrences," he said.

Yang Jian nodded, "For such a large city to have only two supernatural incidents, that's really quite fortunate. But the truly chosen place is Dahan City, managed by Sun Rui, with not a single supernatural event occurring. Compared to them, I seem to have much worse luck."

"Sun Rui isn't having an easy time now either, with a Ghost Post Office placed in the city center. If it goes out of control, it could lead immediately to a Grade A supernatural event," said Li Yang.

Yang Jian spoke, "Pull up these two case files for me to have a look."



"Okay."

Li Yang immediately contacted the operator to pull up these two case files.

The first file, "Forgotten"

The name of the file was odd, seemingly picked by someone with no sense of grounding.

Yang Jian flipped through the file and according to the narration within, at some unknown point, Dachuan City began noticing a decrease in its transient population, prompting officials to investigate.

Shockingly, a demographic survey revealed numerous instances of family members going missing.

The most eerie part was that after a family member disappeared, the rest of the family had no awareness of it. A family of four would become a family of three, and life would proceed as normal.

It was precisely because of this that the supernatural event was discovered relatively late.

Exactly how many people went missing remains unknown to this day.

Afterward, these strange disappearances ceased, and Li Leping contacted the headquarters, stating that he had resolved the supernatural event.

There's no record of the process by which the supernatural event was resolved, nor is there any data on the malevolent ghost involved.

This is an incomplete file, containing only a personal report from Li Leping.

The credibility is very low.

But headquarters still archived it, after all, it is a supernatural case file and holds certain reference value.

"Was that ghost controlled by Li Leping? Is that why he became someone who is easily forgotten?" Yang Jian pondered this.

Then he opened the second case file.

Codename, Ferocious Ghost District.

The event began three months ago.

In the city center of Dachuan City, nightfall on the streets and alleys, corpses with ghastly death appearances were discovered one after another, and the number of deaths increased day by day. Stories of murderous ghosts had also become a scary urban tale a few months earlier, frightening many citizens.

Many chose not to go out at night.

But occasionally, security cameras on the streets captured terrifying images of ghostly figures.

It seemed there was an unknown malevolent ghost wandering a certain area, unremittingly attacking the living.

After that, the area was sealed off.

And the sealed-off area was the Ferocious Ghost District.

Later, Li Leping entered the sealed-off Ferocious Ghost District alone.

A few days later, the blockade was lifted.

Because he reported back to headquarters that the supernatural event was handled, and the ghost would no longer appear.

But strangely, the file still lacked any details on Li Leping's process in resolving the supernatural event, as well as any information about that malevolent ghost.

This was another incomplete file.

"Li Leping is purposefully hiding the process of resolving the supernatural events. Is it a way to protect his own intelligence, or is there something in the process that he does not want others to discover?"

Yang Jian fell into deep thought.

There was something odd about this city, and even the official in charge, Li Leping, seemed to be under a shadow.

And now, the address of the Ghost Post Office pointed to this city.

Obviously.

Something was definitely happening here, or had happened already; it's just that he had yet to find out since he was new in town.

"No rush, let's investigate slowly," he thought to himself.

But suddenly, he remembered an important detail of this letter delivery mission.

That is, this letter delivery mission seemed to have no time limit.

Yes.

Yang Jian recalled carefully and realized that indeed, there was no time requirement for this letter delivery mission.

Previously, the letter delivery mission at Fushou Garden in Dahai City had a seven-day requirement, but this time the deadline wasn't mentioned.

"If no time limit for delivery was mentioned, then by default, it should be three months, because the messengers on the third floor need to send out a letter every three months," he pondered.

Three months' time indicated that this letter delivery mission had a rather generous timeframe.

But this also indirectly suggested that there was something unusual about this letter delivery.

As Yang Jian contemplated, the car that had been running smoothly suddenly started to accelerate rapidly, as though it was rushing past a traffic light intersection.

However, at this moment, a small truck burst out from a side road and slammed straight into the service car.

The service car tried to accelerate quickly to avoid the small truck, but it was still a step too late.

The rear door of the car was hit by the small truck, causing a violent shake felt by everyone inside. Then, followed by the sound of screeching brakes, the vehicle lost control at the intersection, flipped over, and finally skidded for several meters before coming to a stop on top of the roadside greenbelt.

The truck that caused the accident had no intention of stopping at all, simply flooring the accelerator and quickly making its escape.

The twisted wreckage of the service car lay overturned there, silent, with no indication of the condition of the people inside.

However, the next moment.

"Bang!"

A loud noise as the side door of the vehicle was kicked off in an instant.

Yang Jian climbed out of the wrecked vehicle expressionlessly, his slightly red eyes fixed on the rapidly departing truck that caused the accident. He wanted to give chase but restrained himself.

Because the driver of that truck was a living person.

This meant that the attack was not from a fierce ghost, and since it wasn't, there was no need to exert supernatural power.

"This isn't a coincidence, it's intentional. Someone's been targeting me. Could it be a sworn enemy? Probably not. Thinking they can finish me off with a car accident, anyone with a bit of sense knows that's impossible."

Yang Jian watched the car drive away, his expression growing slightly grim.

"What a shock, how could there be a car accident out of the blue, Yang, how's the situation?" Li Yang also climbed out of the car, bleeding from a cut on his forehead.

Yang Jian replied, "All normal, nothing special, just that the driver who caused the accident fled. Let Li Leping handle the arrest; he is in charge of Dachuan City, and catching a person should be no problem for him. I don't want to waste time on this."

"It seems like the driver is dead; he's not moving anymore," Li Yang added.

"Is that so? That's truly regrettable." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

He would not feel any special emotion for the death of a stranger because he was too accustomed to seeing life and death.

Soon.

Several other service cars swiftly stopped nearby.

Li Leping got out and said, "How are you two doing, no issues? I just saw your car accident, and it really startled me. Don't worry, I will definitely investigate this matter thoroughly and apprehend the driver today to give an explanation to you two."

Yang Jian looked at his calm to the point of being almost numb expression, not showing any emotional disturbance in Li Leping, but rather a terrifying composure.

However, as most necromancers are like this, he didn't pay much attention to it.

"Let's change to another car, hoping this was just a misunderstanding," Yang Jian suggested.



Without another word, Li Leping arranged another vehicle for the two of them.

Quickly, everyone left the accident scene.

But inside the twisted and deformed vehicle, the driver in the front seat was already cold and lifeless, slumped over the steering wheel.

His hands still clutching the steering wheel, body in a driving position.

But his neck was missing a head, with no idea where it had rolled off to, and the wound on the neck was too neat, definitely not a result of this car accident, and must have been present before.

Since the front and back seats were separated.

The driver's bizarre state went unnoticed by Li Yang and Yang Jian.

Meanwhile, the small truck that just committed the hit-and-run was now flooring it through the center of Dachuan City.

Strangely, there were very few vehicles on the road taken by the small truck. Even if there were a few other cars, they had changed lanes and left half a minute earlier.

Moreover.

At every intersection, the small truck encountered green lights.

Even if there was a red light, as the truck approached, the green light would suddenly flash, turning back to green again.

The person driving the small truck was an ordinary-looking middle-aged man.

This man's expression was somewhat vacant, like a puppet only knowing to steer and accelerate, not showing the slightest intention to slow down or give way.

The small truck disappeared into Dachuan City, heading for an unknown destination, leaving no trace.

And Yang Jian, Li Yang, upon arrangements by Li Leping, checked into a five-star hotel in the city.

The hotel was desolately empty; apart from some staff like waiters, chefs, and cleaners, it had no other guests but them two.

Li Leping claimed he now owned the hotel, which was specifically to accommodate Yang Jian and Li Yang.

For someone of Yang Jian's stature, this level of hospitality was not unusual.

After all, as someone responsible, he had the capacity for such arrangements.

"I will go handle the aftermath of the accident and give the two of you an explanation. I'll discuss matters of Dachuan City with you tonight, and I hope you don't mind," said Li Leping.

"Okay, you go on. I'll wait for your good news," Yang Jian stood still, watching Li Leping and his entourage depart.

Li Yang frowned, feeling something was off but unable to express it.

This vague feeling, unconfirmed before, strengthened after entering the five-star hotel, making him sure of it.

"Captain, there's something strange here."

A cold smile flashed across Yang Jian's lips: "Of course, it's strange; these people walking about don't have shadows."

What?

Li Yang's expression changed drastically, and he immediately looked towards Li Leping and the others, still not far away.

Suddenly.

A chill surged forth.

Under the outdoor sunlight.

Whether it was Li Leping or the suited assistants by his side, none of them cast shadows.

This was extremely illogical.

Everything should have a shadow.

But there are always exceptions, and in this world, there is something that can defy common sense and exist.

Ghosts!

Only when related to ferocious ghosts and supernatural incidents can all physics common sense and understanding possibly be overturned.

Chapter 828 Dangerous City

Li Yang watched a group of people without shadows leave the hotel and disappear from sight, feeling an inexplicable chill in his heart.

If it were just Li Leping alone, it could still be explained.

After all, Li Leping is a ghost master, and some bizarre traits are completely understandable. However, it is incomprehensible for the others, as Li Leping's assistants are all ordinary people who appear very normal.

Very normal ordinary people, each one without a shadow.

This is obviously very abnormal.

"Captain, are those people controlled by Li Leping? Or is it that Li Leping's supernatural powers have affected the others?"

Only after seeing the group leave did Li Yang shift his gaze and whisper.

Yang Jian still looked indifferently outside: "Not sure, from the moment we got off the plane, to the car accident on the road, and till here, everything seems normal, yet there's a peculiar feeling everywhere. Li Leping and his group didn't even have shadows just now, which clearly involves a supernatural event."

"One thing is certain though, they have all been eroded by supernatural elements. It might be as you said, influenced by Li Leping alone, or maybe not by Li Leping."

"Perhaps he himself is a victim of some situation. Anyway, be more cautious in the coming period, don't let your guard down. Though you've controlled two ghosts and have grown, the involvement of the Ghost Post Office and Li Leping brings significant danger, and a slight carelessness could have serious consequences here."

Yang Jian cautioned Li Yang.

He now had the feeling of gradually stepping deeper into a place of horror.

What stunning things are hidden within this calm city, needing to be slowly uncovered and discovered?

Li Yang's gaze grew solemn, feeling that an originally simple task of delivering a letter had suddenly become particularly complicated.

Although the letter delivery task in Dahai City was dangerous, the process was simple. Not like now, where just having entered Dachuan City things felt wrong.

After all, this is not supposed to be a place of supernatural phenomena, but a big city where normal people live.

"Let's go back to the room to rest for now. If something is odd, the hotel will inform us," Yang Jian said without speaking a word but instead turned back towards the hotel.

"Captain, are you saying that the hotel is dangerous?" Li Yang was quick to catch on.

Yang Jian said: "That depends on whether there is anything wrong with Li Leping. If there's something wrong with him, then there's something wrong with this hotel. If not, then the hotel shouldn't have any issues because he arranged this place. Any problem would definitely be connected to him."

"If the captain is not assured, wouldn't it be better to find a chance to leave now?" Li Yang said.

"If we leave, how do we investigate the issue?" Yang Jian replied calmly.

Li Yang was startled for a moment.

He then remembered that facing danger, Yang Jian's first reaction was not to escape, but to figure out how to solve it.

Escaping is the thought process of an ordinary person. If this mentality does not change, a ghost master can never conquer a malevolent ghost.

Because running away means never resolving a supernatural event, only entering a passive survival situation, and the end result is often very grim.

The two's accommodation was on the hotel's top floor, a presidential suite, with a servant on duty in the corridor twenty-four hours a day.

However, it's still daytime now, and the two do not need to rest, just staying in the room to while away the time, while also trying to investigate through some informational channels what has recently happened in Dachuan City.

Things have been quiet so far, seemingly with no incidents occurring.

But when the time reached the afternoon.

Outside Dachuan City.



A private car had already driven into the city.

Sitting in the private car were three people, Liu Mingxin, Cai Yu, and Yang Xiaohua.

They were previously messengers on the second floor of the Ghost Post Office, so they kept in contact on regular days. This time they chose to participate in the letter-delivering task, so after leaving the Ghost Post Office, they gathered together at the designated spot and drove to Dachuan City.

The reason for choosing to drive was for safety.

After all, this reduces contact with other strangers.

Reducing contact means reducing mistakes, and the likelihood of encountering danger becomes very low.

"We don't even have a letter, even if we successfully approach that address, finding Yang Jian won't help; maybe we shouldn't have come," Cai Yu sat in the back seat, smoking and frowning as he looked out of the window.

"Moreover, the messenger from the third-floor has joined in, I really suggest doing like Wang Shan, staying home to watch TV and snack, life and death are predestined."

Upon hearing this, Liu Mingxin, who was driving, immediately responded, "Do you feel comfortable entrusting your life to Yang Jian? We don't have to get involved, it's just to be on the safe side. If Yang Jian fails, we can immediately join forces with Li Yi to continue the delivery task. If we ignore it like Wang Shan, we might miss out on opportunities when the time comes."

"Cai Yu, since you're willing to get involved, it shows you have concerns. Otherwise, you would have refused outright."

Cai Yu took a drag of his cigarette, flicking the cigarette butt out: "I'm still hesitant, haven't made a decision yet."

Yang Xiaohua said, "This time we don't need to take risks. We just need to find a place to stay in Dachuan City and then observe and investigate without interfering in the delivery tasks."

"That's what I think too, mainly observe and wait for the right moment," Liu Mingxin added.

They aren't dumb.

Of course they understand the risks involved with this delivery task, so this time they came to Dachuan City without the intention to personally complete the delivery but rather to check out the situation to better understand the delivery process.

After all, it's a matter of life and death for them.

"The car is almost out of fuel. I'll stop at the gas station up ahead to fill up," said Liu Mingxin, turning the steering wheel and driving towards a nearby gas station in Dachuan City.

"95, fill it up."

Liu Mingxin turned off the engine and sat in the car, casually instructing the worker.

The worker, somewhat woodenly, took the fuel nozzle to fill up the car.

"I'm going to buy a pack of cigarettes," Cai Yu got out of the car and headed to the convenience store nearby.

Yang Xiaohua sat in the passenger seat fiddling with her phone, searching for news about Dachuan City. If something significant had happened here, it should be reported in the news. She also joined dozens of local groups to collect rumors from various places.

At that moment,

Cai Yu arrived at the convenience store, but as soon as he walked in, he noticed that the interior was dim and gloomy, apparently without lights on, like a power outage.

At first, he didn't mind.

But as he walked towards the counter, his steps suddenly halted.

A chill inexplicably surged up from within him.

He smelled a strong, nauseating stench of a dead body drifting from the front, originating from the dim figure sitting behind the counter.

No, it was no longer a person, but a corpse,

The body sat upright, hands on the counter as though deliberately arranged like a puppet. Most horrifyingly, the figure's neck was empty, void of a head.

The head had somehow vanished from the neck.

"You've got to be joking... this is the downtown area."

Cai Yu was instantly covered in a cold sweat. He no longer dared to buy cigarettes, instead cautiously retracing his steps, planning to leave the convenience store and quickly escape the area.

The headless corpse sitting behind the counter was clearly not just a simple murder case but was linked to a supernatural event.

This was the first time he experienced such a surreal scene in broad daylight in a gas station downtown,

nothing was concealed.

"Ghosts shouldn't be here,"

Cai Yu took a few steps back, ears perked up, surveying his surroundings. Having a decent mental fortitude, he figured everything else seemed normal here, quickly understanding that this place had just been attacked by ghosts and wasn't a point where a supernatural event was occurring—it likely wasn't very dangerous.

Relieved, he took a deep breath.

However, just as he was about to leave the convenience store in haste, his eyes caught sight of a staff photo hanging on the outer wall of the store.

Cai Yu froze for a moment, then his heart suddenly turned terrifying.

Only now did he remember that there was another employee filling Liu Mingxin's car with gas at the gas station just now.

But the headless corpse in the convenience store had already been decomposing for several days, and under such eerie circumstances, it was already very strange that this place wasn't sealed off, let alone someone still refueling there.

Therefore, the employee who just refueled... was probably not human.

Cai Yu abruptly looked towards the direction of the car, where he saw the somewhat wooden employee had already finished refueling. But the employee's expression and appearance did not resemble that of a living person, but rather a creepy, animated corpse.

"Liu Mingxin, quick, drive away, there's something wrong with this gas station."

He didn't dare stay in the car any longer, but instead yelled and turned to run.

That possibly ghostly employee was standing right next to the car; going over at this time was asking for death, and he wasn't going to do such a foolish thing.

Cai Yu's warning was loud.

Yang Xiaohua and Liu Mingxin in the car also heard it.

Upon hearing the shout, both subconsciously looked in the direction of Cai Yu, realizing the seriousness of the situation only when they saw Cai Yu turning to run.

"Run!"

Once they registered the danger, the only thought in the minds of Liu Mingxin and Yang Xiaohua was escape.

But by then it was already too late.

"It's still not full,"

a wooden and somewhat stiff voice spoke up as the employee, holding a fuel nozzle, pointed it towards Liu Mingxin seated in the driver's seat.

Gasoline poured in, soaking Liu Mingxin completely.

He had originally wanted to ignite the car and sprint out of the gas station, but at that moment suddenly stopped himself.

Because a safety instinct in his mind alerted him.

What if igniting the car now would set him on fire as well?

"Get out of the car and run." Liu Mingxin shouted as he pushed open the car door, abandoning the idea of driving away.

"Bang!"

The car door that had just been opened violently closed again, as that wooden and stiff employee placed a pale, corpse-spotted hand on the door.

The force was astonishing, as if the door was welded shut, making it impossible to push open.

Meanwhile, Yang Xiaohua at the passenger seat had already opened the door and escaped.

"Damn it."

Liu Mingxin, soaked in gasoline, abandoned the idea of pushing open the door and instead tried to crawl to the passenger's seat.

Quickly.



Cai Yu and Yang Xiaohua had already escaped the gas station, standing across the street not far away, watching the previous location with a slightly panicked look.

"Did Liu Mingxin not make it out?" Cai Yu gasped out.

"He made it out, he should be okay," Yang Xiaohua saw Liu Mingxin running towards them in a very sorry state, though encountering some problems, he was at least still alive.

"How could this happen, how could we suddenly encounter danger, what happened just now?"

She then turned to look at Cai Yu.

Cai Yu said in a deep voice; "Just now, there was no one in the convenience store, the smell of corpse was pervasive, and I saw a headless corpse sitting behind the counter, seemingly dead for several days. How could a place with a dead person still have an employee refueling vehicles, I suspect that employee... is a ghost."

Hearing this, Yang Xiaohua's eyes widened staring at him, a chill running down her spine.

"But if that employee really was a ghost, then it's impossible for the three of us to have walked out unharmed."

Before she could finish coherently, Cai Yu furrowed his brows again.

At this moment, Liu Mingxin also breathed heavily as he ran over, not daring to look back at the gas station for fear the creepy employee would follow.

Only after putting a sufficient distance between them did he start to feel a bit safer.

"We can't stay here, there's been such frightening supernatural occurrences in the city, not to mention that Mingyue Community, let's hurry and leave this place."

Liu Mingxin was scared, or perhaps he felt the situation no longer allowed them to take risks.

So without another word, he prepared to leave.

But he hadn't finished speaking when.

Suddenly.

A passing private car stopped in front of him.

The car window rolled down.

Liu Mingxin saw a creepy person sitting inside the car.

That person had a man's head but a woman's body, appearing very disproportionate, with a sense of discord as if pieced together.

But the next moment.

The creepy person in the car flicked out a cigarette butt.

The cigarette butt landed precisely on Liu Mingxin, who was drenched in gasoline.

Instantly, Liu Mingxin was engulfed in fierce flames.

Ahh!

Piercing screams and the sounds of struggling echoed.

While the private car closed its window and left calmly and quickly.

"Liu Mingxin!" Yang Xiaohua was stunned by this scene.

At this moment, Liu Mingxin was not dead yet, still howling in agony, rolling around due to the excruciating pain.

"Fire extinguisher." Yang Xiaohua immediately prepared to help, looking for the tool.

Cai Yu grabbed her: "It's no use, his death wasn't an accident, it was targeted by a ghost, there's no such coincidence in this world, we must leave here fast, it's best to leave Dachuan City. We can't stay in this city anymore, otherwise, we'll end up like Liu Mingxin."

Yang Xiaohua's face fluctuated, as she watched Liu Mingxin gradually stop struggling in the flames, she clenched her teeth and turned to leave: "We're leaving."

She knew that if help arrived in time, Liu Mingxin could still survive.

But.

This wasn't a normal situation, it was a special one.

Though Yang Xiaohua didn't want such a teammate to die, under these circumstances where she herself was barely surviving, she couldn't manage so much anymore.

Immediately.

Cai Yu and she turned around to leave, preparing to leave Dachuan City.

But as they turned to run towards the exit of Dachuan City, the number of vehicles on the nearby road started to increase unknowingly.

It was a sunny and bright day.

Yet, it seemed as if countless eerie eyes were secretly watching them.

At this moment, they felt as if they were living humans who have entered hell, being hunted by countless fierce ghosts.

Chapter 829 Each's Encounter

The trio Liu Mingxin, Cai Yu, and Yang Xiaohua, who had just hurried to Dachuan City, had already lost one of their number before they even steadied their feet.

The remaining two began to escape the city in panic after realizing the dangers and oddness of the place, but they soon found that while entering the city was easy, leaving it alive was not going to be as simple, especially since they were just ordinary people, without any supernatural powers.

And to be ordinary meant to be vulnerable, easily killed.

Just like Liu Mingxin before them, who met a mysterious and fiery death.

Meanwhile.

At the Dachuan City airport.

A passenger plane landed.

Li Yi, Leuk Qingqing, and the man named Guo You had also arrived in Dachuan City.

They were messengers from the third floor of the Ghost Post Office, and had decided to take part in this delivery mission, not solely relying on Yang Jian's effort.

"Li Yi, we need to contact Yang Jian as soon as possible to meet up with him early."

Guo You spoke, "Although there's no time limit for this delivery task, I believe the more this is so, the more dangerous it is. That newbie from the second floor is a bit too arrogant, and I'm worried he might lose the letter."

Li Yi checked his phone: "I made a transaction with Yang Jian, and he hasn't transferred the money to me yet. If I receive the relevant message, I'll be able to contact him right away."

"You should have asked for his cellphone number beforehand." The mature and seductive Leuk Qingqing, clad in a cheongsam, spoke up.

"He's not very talkative and seems to want minimal contact with us. He's a rather aloof person. Moreover, this Yang Jian appears to be quite extraordinary. If there was time, I would've liked to investigate him thoroughly to see what his background really is," Li Yi said.

Guo You spoke sternly, "I've already done what you just mentioned before, and unfortunately, found nothing. This Yang Jian is just an insignificant character, not as special as we imagined. In this information age, you can always find something about anyone with some status."

"How did you search?" asked Leuk Qingqing.

"Online, of course," answered Guo You.

"..." Li Yi was rendered speechless.

After getting off the plane, the three discussed their next moves while walking out of the airport.

At that moment, Li Yi's phone rang.

It was an unknown number, the caller ID indicated it was from Dachang City.

"Hello, who is this?" Li Yi answered the call.

A woman's voice, somewhat cold, came from the other side: "Hello, I am the accountant for President Yang. He instructed me to transfer a sum of money to your account, and I would like to confirm if you are the account holder, Li Yi."

"President Yang? Are you talking about Yang Jian? Yes, I am Li Yi," he quickly responded.

"What is the exact amount?" The voice was of Jiang Yan on the other end.

"Thirty million," Li Yi said.

Jiang Yan confirmed, "The amount is correct. If there's nothing else, I'll transfer the money to your account within half an hour."



"Hold on a moment."

Li Yi interrupted immediately: "If you are Yang Jian's accountant, you must be able to reach him. Could you please pass on a message? Tell him that we from the third floor have arrived in Dachuan City and hope to find and join him."

"Is that all?" Jiang Yan asked.

"Yes," said Li Yi.

"Alright, I'll convey your message," Jiang Yan replied coldly, and then hung up swiftly.

Less than five minutes after the call ended, Li Yi's phone received a notification of the money transfer.

"This Yang Jian really is a hidden tycoon, not even batting an eyelash over tens of millions," Li Yi envied, "Being a messenger is like working for free, even paying our own travel expenses. Truly, comparisons can be maddening."

"The incoming call was from Dachang City, maybe you should hire a private detective or something to look into it there, you might find information on that Yang Jian. Searching online is unreliable," suggested Leuk Qingqing from the side.

"It's too late now for investigations, and it's not very meaningful anyways, forget it. Wait, what's happening up ahead? Why are so many people standing there?" Li Yi said.

Suddenly, he noticed a line of people standing near the airport terminal's exit.

These were airport employees, flight attendants from the plane, and some passengers.

They were lined up, blocking the terminal's entry and exit doors, forming a human wall.

"Maybe they're doing some training, let's not bother with that. We should find a place to stay first, have a meal. There's no hurry to get to Mingyue Community; that place is definitely dangerous. We must stay away until we are certain," Guo You said.

However, as the trio was about to leave,

A click echoed.

The airport suddenly fell dark.

All the lights were extinguished in an instant, as if someone had turned off the main switch.

The vast waiting hall was instantly enveloped in dimness.

Li Yi paused in his steps and frowned.

"It seems something is not right... Are there fewer people in the airport than before?" Leuk Qingqing looked around, her beautiful face showing concern and hesitation.

"I wasn't paying much attention before, but now that you mention it, there does seem to be something off," Guo You noted as well.

They weren't careless, but such a place didn't usually raise alarm for them, as crowded areas are subconsciously considered safe, and they had never encountered danger in such public places before.

However, some irrational eerie changes around them alerted the three.

Li Yi immediately took out a small glass vial from his pocket, containing yellowish and murky water.

"Isn't that a bit wasteful?" Guo You's face changed, saying so.

Clearly, he knew what was in the vial.

"Better safe than sorry, just a bit won't be wasteful. This delivery task is also rather unique; there's no need to economize," Li Yi opened the vial and the yellowish murky water was poured onto the ground.

But before hitting the ground, the water turned into a sinister red in mid-air.

Like a pool of thick, frightful blood.

The water had become blood.

The unnatural and eerie change conveyed to the three a terrifying reality.

Nearby lurked a malevolent ghost.

"What?"

Guo You's eyes widened, his heart clenching.

"Let's go, this place is haunted," Li Yi growled, immediately turning to leave.

The others, snapping to their senses, quickly followed.

They didn't head towards the exit, but instead ran towards the apron, planning to escape the airport via the landing area; it's always safer in open spaces, and any danger could be spotted in advance.

This was common sense.

The messengers from the third floor had already memorized it.

However, the trio soon felt another unsettling chill.

In the direction of the emergency exit ahead, stood three well-dressed flight attendants with light makeup. These flight attendants had good figures and pretty faces, three beauties in fact. Yet now, these three beautiful attendants displayed rigid smiles, standing still as if they were marionettes.

No.

Their eyeballs were still moving, and their gazes were eerily watching everyone.

"There's something wrong with these people," Guo You yelled.

"Don't stop, just rush through," Li Yi said with a cold expression. "They're just living humans that have been eroded by fierce ghosts, not necessarily real ghosts."

Despite the pervasively creepy aura, he did not panic and make any foolish decisions, still choosing the correct way to escape.

But their situation was much better than Cai Yu's and Yang Xiaohua's.

The messengers on the third floor had started to acquire some paranormal items from their delivery tasks, and they had some ability to protect themselves, not as utterly helpless as ordinary people.

Soon.

The three of them successfully rushed out of the airport and came to the tarmac, temporarily escaping danger.

Back at the now-blocked emergency exit.

Three headless female corpses still stood there, with several heads rolled to the side, and the surrounding area fell into a silence akin to death.

But very quickly.

Someone walked into the deserted hall, picked up the heads from the ground, and put them back on the corpses.

The heads of the three beautiful flight attendants were mixed up, but this seemed to hamper nothing; even with switched heads, everything still looked oddly normal.

After the heads were placed back onto the necks, the flight attendants resumed normal movements.

But they looked confused and sluggish, as if they were conscious but couldn't quite remember what had just happened.

Like puppets on strings, it seemed as though another consciousness was controlling them.

Everything before was like sleepwalking.

And they couldn't leave this state, unable to regain control of their bodies.

"We can't stay in this city any longer. The fierce ghosts have even invaded such a large public place as the airport. This means the city has lost control. We must go, we must leave here as soon as possible," Li Yi said with an ugly expression, gasping for air as he looked towards the airport in the distance.

It seemed like there were quite a few figures peering in this direction.

Even though the surroundings were empty, he felt very unsafe.

"If we leave, what about the mail delivery task? If the letters aren't sent out, we'll die too," Guo You said from the side.

Li Yi replied with annoyance, "Didn't you see what just happened? There's not a single normal living person in the entire airport. This is just the tip of the iceberg. If we go further into Dachuan City, we'll never make it out alive, let alone complete any mail delivery tasks. The difficulty of this third letter has already exceeded our previous understanding."

"This letter wasn't prepared for us; it was meant for Yang Jian. The difficulty of the delivery task is assessed based on the messenger's approximate strength."

"Did Yang Jian and Li Yang increase the difficulty of this delivery?" Leuk Qingqing looked at him.

Li Yi said; "Obviously, otherwise how could it have turned out like this? We almost perished just getting off the plane."

"The Ghost Post Office wants us to deliver letters, not to die. If all the messengers die, then the Ghost Post Office has no reason to exist anymore, right?"



"Let's not talk about that for now. Look, what's happening with that airplane?" Suddenly, Guo You pointed at the sky and said.

A passenger plane was landing in the sky, but it seemed to be off course and was flying towards them. And it was getting closer and closer, apparently with no intention of stopping.

"Run, the plane is out of control, it's going to crash into us," Li Yi's eyes widened in terror.

"Fuck!" Guo You cursed loudly, turning to run.

The three of them fled once again.

They were acutely aware that the airplane losing control meant that it had also been invaded by malevolent ghosts. Inside, there might not be a single living passenger, only things neither human nor ghost.

Their desperate escape wasn't the only one.

Yang Xiaohua and Cai Yu were in the same boat.

Cai Yu was covered in blood at the moment, his face twisted in agony, limping heavily as Yang Xiaohua supported him towards an old district of the city.

They were still in Dachuan City, having not yet left.

It wasn't that they didn't want to leave; they simply couldn't. They could only keep running and hiding, no longer able to recognize exactly where they were, only knowing that they hadn't left this urban area.

And Cai Yu was having rotten luck, getting hit by a car while on the run.

Fortunately, the impact wasn't severe; otherwise, he would already be a corpse.

Yang Xiaohua wasn't faring well either. Her face had abrasions, and her clothing was worn in many places, the damage from dragging herself on the ground to dodge vehicles.

Recalling that scene, both still had palpitations.

Cars were going out of control from all directions, hurtling straight towards them.

Even more terrifying was that Cai Yu, who could have dodged, was unexpectedly pushed by a stranger who suddenly appeared beside him, nearly dying under the wheels of a car.

"Stop, let's stop for a moment," Cai Yu panted, his complexion pale, weakly leaning against the wall as he sat down.

"We can't stop, this place isn't safe," Yang Xiaohua was still in shock, scanning the surroundings.

No people could be seen, nor any noise heard.

But she wasn't convinced it was safe.

Grabbing her arm, Cai Yu said, "Yang Xiaohua, listen to me, if we keep going like this, we won't be able to get out of Dachuan City. Although it looks normal on the surface, this place has been completely invaded by vengeful ghosts. Anyone who enters here either gets assimilated or killed. We've already been targeted."

"And in my state, I can't keep running, I dare not go to a hospital, and seeking help isn't realistic."

"But we can't give up," Yang Xiaohua said, biting her lip and trembling slightly.

It was the first time she'd felt so desperate. She hadn't even seen the face of a ghost but was already struggling to live. She felt that upon entering this place, the whole world seemed against her, and perhaps everyone in the city was a ghost.

"Now there's only one way," Cai Yu coughed and spat out blood.

Yang Xiaohua asked, "What way?"

"You can't trust anyone in this city, but there's an exception to everything. Yang Jian must have entered this city by now. If you can find him, you might survive. If you don't, you're certainly going to die."

Cai Yu felt pain all over his body, but his mind was clear, thinking of a way to stay alive.

Seeking help from Yang Jian.

In order to survive, it wasn't shameful.

"No, wait, we have another way. We have letter paper; Yang Jian gave us a few sheets of it, which can get us back to the Ghost Post Office and out of here." As she mentioned Yang Jian, Yang Xiaohua suddenly remembered those black, dirty, special sheets of paper.

Cai Yu shook his head: "It's no use. I already asked Li Yi and the others; this letter paper can't be used after receiving a delivery task. It can only be used after completing the delivery, or if there is no delivery task."

"What? There's such a thing?" Yang Xiaohua's eyes narrowed, feeling a glimmer of hope extinguished.

"The Ghost Post Office would never give us such a big convenience, cough cough." Cai Yu coughed up more blood.

This was a sign of internal organ damage.

If not treated promptly, his chances of survival were slim.

But he didn't dare to go to the hospitals in Dachuan City.

Cai Yu continued, "Go find Yang Jian. If one of us can live, then that's something. Li Yi seems to know Yang Jian's location. I'll give you his contact information. Also, don't try to leave the city. You won't be able to leave alive. We are already trapped."

"What will you do?" Yang Xiaohua asked.

Cai Yu replied, "Call an ambulance and take a gamble. If it's people who come, I might be saved. If it's not... \*cough cough\*, that's as far as I go."

Yang Xiaohua fell silent.

It was a gamble, but the odds of winning were slim.

Yet there was no other option.

"Don't hesitate any longer. Haven't enough messengers from the second floor died already? It was them before, now it's us, that's the fate of us unlucky ones. Even if we survive this time, what then? Move to the fourth floor, continue delivering messages; it might be better to just be free from all of this." Cai Yu waved her hand, gave her Li Yi's contact information, and then signaled her to leave quickly.

Yang Xiaohua's expression changed unpredictably; she knew that what Cai Yu said was true.

Seeking help from Yang Jian was indeed the only way out at this moment.

The chances of escaping from here were getting smaller by the minute.

And the closer you get to the center of the city, the less likely you are to be attacked.

The ghosts seemed to be deliberately herding people into the center of the city.

But the city center was definitely not a hundred percent safe. She guessed that there was something even more terrifying there.

After all, the location of Mingyue Community was still unconfirmed.

The destination for delivering the message remained a mystery.

"Cai Yu, take good care of yourself. I really can't help you anymore. If I make it out alive, I'll try to come and check on you. If you die, then I will deliver the last words you prepared to your family," Yang Xiaohua said.

Yang Xiaohua helped Cai Yu to the stairwell of an old residential building, then pursed her lips, wiped the blood from her face, and turned her head to leave immediately.

There was no time for indecision now.

She had already been seen entering this old urban area, so if she doesn't move quickly, she would soon be killed too.

Cai Yu watched her leave with a bitter smile, not complaining about anything, just taking out her phone to dial the emergency number.

"I knew I shouldn't have come to Dachuan City just to take a look. With that look, I've led myself to vanish. Indeed, a messenger from the second floor getting involved in the tasks of the third-floor messengers is too much of a stretch. Wang Shan was right, and right now he's probably sitting at home watching TV and sipping on cola," he regretted his choice a bit.

But it was too late for regrets now; after all, who would have thought that just getting off the car to refuel and buy a pack of cigarettes, you could never return.

"What a hopeless world," Cai Yu sighed, touching his pocket to find that the last cigarette had been smoked on the road, which made him curse subconsciously.

Soon.

The sound of an ambulance rang out in the small alleys outside the old urban area.

But Cai Yu was already drowsy, unable to pay attention to whether there were any dangers around him.

Over with Yang Jian and Li Yang.

Other than an inconsequential car accident they encountered earlier, everything had been calm since they checked into this five-star hotel.

"Captain Yang, there's news. I've had people look into various data from Dachuan City and found a peculiar piece of data about three months ago. Dachuan City had already started a massive outflow of people at that time, and our headquarters had asked Li Leping about this phenomenon. At that time, Li Leping explained that it was for their own good," Li Yang said.



"It seems that the outflow of people was not normal but was intervened. It could be that Li Leping drove people out of Dachuan City," Captain Yang replied.

Li Yang responded, "Are you saying that three months ago, Li Leping had already discovered the paranormal events in the city? Unable to deal with them, he had to consider the bigger picture and drive people out of Dachuan City to ensure their safety?"

"That should be it," Li Yang nodded.

Yang Jian shook his head, "When the time comes, just ask Li Leping directly. You're looking in the wrong direction with the data; such social phenomena are just superficial. You might as well directly investigate Li Leping's daily life and movements. After all, the actions of a person in charge can affect an entire city."

"The paranormal events are the root cause," he added.

Li Yang nodded and continued his investigation in that direction.

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

All of sudden.

There was a knock on the door outside.

The sound startled Li Yang, almost causing him to jump up instinctively.

It was scary to be startled by the knocking of a living person.

"What an uncomfortable knocking sound. If I ever live in one place for a long time, I'll definitely remove the door so that no one can knock when entering or leaving," Yang Jian also strongly disliked the sound.

It could evoke some very frightening memories.

"I'll open the door."

Li Yang immediately got up and opened the door.

A female server entered with a food cart, wearing a slightly stiff smile, "This is the lunch sent by our boss to the two guests, hoping it meets with your tastes."

Li Yang looked at the server and found something odd about her.

But he couldn't pinpoint it.

A vague sense of dissonance.

"Just put the stuff down and leave," Li Yang said coldly, refusing to interact with ordinary people and appearing very unsociable.

"Okay, if you need anything else, you can contact us anytime," the server replied politely, and then turned and left.

Li Yang walked in and said, "Captain Yang, it was a server delivering meals."

Without turning around, Yang Jian asked, "Really? Did you check if there was a shadow behind that server?"

"Huh?"

Li Yang realized the importance of his oversight only after being reminded and immediately changed his expression and rushed back to the door.

At this point, the server had not gone far, still walking down the hallway.

The light from the ceiling cast a bright and clear shine.

However, no shadow could be seen beneath the feet of the departing server.

"Damn it."

A chill running down his spine, Li Yang cursed silently, feeling he'd been too careless, missing such a crucial detail.

Yang Jian had meanwhile approached the food cart, lifting the lid of the silver platter on top, to fall silent immediately.

Instead of food, the dish contained a freshly severed head with eyes tightly closed and a ruddy complexion—as if recently deceased.

Upon opening another platter.

It revealed the head of a young and beautiful woman with braids, as pretty as they come.

"Is this our lunch?" Yang Jian's eyes cast a faint red glow.

"There's definitely something wrong with this hotel. That Li Leping, he needs to die."

"Wait, something's not right. If the server was just here to deliver two heads, it makes no sense... it would only raise our alertness and fail to affect us in any way," Yang Jian realized something, and immediately said, "Li Yang, close the door, block it."

Li Yang was momentarily stunned before slamming the door shut with force.

But the very next moment.

The entire building began to shake violently, and an ear-splitting roar erupted from outside.

It seemed like a massive explosion.

The very next moment.

This five-star hotel building was engulfed by bursts of flames, the powerful blast wave shattered the glass of surrounding buildings, and an unexpected demolition of a building unfolded at the center of the city.

The building collapsed in an instant, becoming a pile of rubble amidst billowing smoke, leaving behind debris scattered everywhere.

Pedestrians passing by nearby halted in their tracks, standing motionless as if they had all been petrified.

Nobody stopped to rubberneck, nor did anyone take note of the building's sudden collapse.

But in that rubble.

The topmost floor, which housed a presidential suite, remained intact, with even the furniture undamaged.

The explosion and collapse of the building seemed not to have affected that room in the slightest.

"Intent on blowing us both up in this building in one fell swoop? That's quite extreme.

The window of that room opened.

Yang Jian, with a blank expression, walked out from inside.

"Li Leping must have lost his mind; he's trying to kill us." Li Yang was both angry and frustrated, unable to accept the situation.

It was only because he had used the Door-blocking Ghost to block the room he was in that he was unscathed from the explosion just now.

If it had been later, they might indeed have been blown to death.

However, it would be quite difficult to actually kill Yang Jian since he possessed the Ghost Domain.

"We must find Li Leping. As for the mail, let's set it aside for now." Yang Jian covered his mouth and nose, emerging from the smog-filled ruins.

But no sooner had he stepped out.

The previously immobile pedestrians nearby immediately resumed their activities, walking down the streets as if nothing had happened.

But this apparent normalcy was precisely what made it all seem so abnormal.

The sudden collapse of such a large building would definitely cause panic and crowd gathering.

Yet now there wasn't a single onlooker in sight.

It was as if the collapse of this building was a minor affair, not drawing anyone's attention.

Yang Jian stood on the street, covered in dust, his gaze cold as he watched the oblivious pedestrians, and then his eyes fixed on a pale-faced man, to whom he strode over.

His icy left hand gripped the man's neck and pinned him to the ground.

But before he could interrogate him, Yang Jian found the man already motionless on the ground, a cold, slightly decomposed body.

A head had rolled off the neck and onto the side of the road.

"The head and the body are rotting at different rates, it seems the body has decayed faster, whereas the head is relatively intact..." Yang Jian fell silent.

A bad feeling arose in his heart.

People without shadows, mismatched heads, like zombies assembled from building blocks.

All of it eerily resembled a paranormal incident he had experienced before.



Dachang City, Furen Mall, Headless Ghost Shadow incident.

At this moment, Yang Jian turned to look behind himself; he had a shadow, but the shadow was missing its head.

And these people had no shadows at all.

At that time, Yang Jian's phone vibrated with an incoming call.

He had a caller.

"It's me, Yang Jian." Yang Jian, his eyes emitting a red glow, cautiously observed his surroundings before answering the call.

"Hehe, it's me, your adorable little housekeeper. Miss me much? Super cute." Jiang Yan's voice came from the phone.

"Speak human language."

Turning away, Yang Jian said, "I've got something to deal with here, I don't have time to chat with you."

"It's like this, I've just sent the money to Li Yi, and also, Li Yi asked me to tell you that he hopes to meet up with you," Jiang Yan said; "Well, that's about it."

"So, those guys are here too?" Yang Jian mused.

"Give me his mobile number; I'll contact him depending on the situation."

Jiang Yan said; "Okay, then when are you coming back from your trip, so I can arrange your airport pickup?"

"Can't come back for now." Yang Jian said: "Also, there's something I need to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Jiang Yan, curious.

Yang Jian replied: "Remember Furen Mall?"

"Of course, it's where we first met, how could I forget." Jiang Yan wondered. "What about it, is there a problem?"

"Back then I asked you a question; whether that ghost thing had a head. Now I can tell you, that ghost does have a head; it's just that I didn't find it at the time. It has appeared now, and many people here have already had their heads switched by that thing." Yang Jian immediately hung up after speaking.

At the top floor of Shangtong Tower in Dachang City, inside an office.

Jiang Yan put down her phone and was momentarily stunned, a jumble of terrifying memories surfacing in her mind.

"Jiang Yan, are you alright? You seem out of it. Are you feeling unwell; do you need a doctor?" Zhang Liqin asked with concern.

"No, I'm fine," Jiang Yan touched her neck, swallowing nervously.

She feared finding a gash on her neck, the skin peeled back to reveal a crimson flesh.

But soon after, Jiang Yan breathed a sigh of relief.

She reconfirmed that she was normal, that her body hadn't been switched, nor had her head.

"Damned Yang Jian, why scare me? Wuu wuu, knowing full well I'm timid." Jiang Yan let out a wail, slumping onto the couch and burying her head into a pillow.

"Wait, I hope nothing's happened to him."

Soon after, Jiang Yan became anxious again, worried that Yang Jian might have encountered some mishap.

This business trip had clearly embroiled him in another terrifying supernatural event.

In the center of Dachuan City, Yang Jian, after hanging up the phone, immediately turned and said, "Li Yang, locate Li Leping's satellite phone, let's find him. No matter what, Li Leping can't be uninvolved. Let's find him and talk about it."

"Okay."

Li Yang promptly began the location process.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian found a car on the roadside that he could start, and then he immediately drove Li Yang towards the located area.

Chapter 830 Supermarket

At this moment, Yang Jian was driving with a grim expression, carrying Li Yang in Dachuan City, completely disregarding traffic rules as they rammed through the streets.

His driving skills were not bad.

If he were to hit someone, it would mean that the person was no ordinary human.

"Turn right up ahead." Li Yang directed Yang Jian using the GPS information on his phone.

However, after making the right turn, the two men found that a dozen or so cars suddenly drove onto the opposite lane, each accelerating to the max with their engines roaring, heading straight for them without any intention of slowing down or avoiding a collision.

"When it rains, it pours."

Yang Jian's eyes emitted a faint red light. He wanted to use the power of the Ghost Domain to eliminate these nuisances, but his Ghost Eye was on the verge of recovery.

He could barely use the Ghost Eye in the Ghost Post Office due to its suppression, but now outside, he dared not use the Ghost Eye casually, particularly against ordinary people who had been eroded by fierce ghosts.

It would be a waste.

However, Li Yang's abilities were not very useful in this situation; he was suited for indoor, room-bound operations.

"No choice then."

Yang Jian's left hand, the cold and darkened Ghost Hand, moved.

The next moment.

Out of nowhere, a series of chilly and stiff palms grabbed the steering wheels inside the oncoming vehicles.

All the cars lost control as they were manipulated by the Ghost Hand.

The cars that were initially poised to crash head-on swerved left and right rapidly, clearing a path on the crowded road.

"Boom!"

Cars crashed, hitting the walls on the roadside, plowing into the shops along the way, leading to a series of accidents.

However, at this time, there wasn't a single pedestrian on the sidewalks adjacent to the road, so no normal person was killed.

Instead, the drivers inside the cars, due to the impact of the accidents and the immense force of the rebound, had their heads shockingly shaken off their necks, rolling to the side.

Without their heads, all the drivers ceased any signs of life, becoming mere ordinary corpses, succumbing to an eerie silence.

"It seems like there are quite a number of people in Dachuan City afflicted by fierce ghosts." Yang Jian's face was expressionless as he continued to drive.

The number of private cars prepared to crash into him on the road were countless; starting from the first wave, this was already the fifth.

The endless stream of vehicles seemed to never cease.

"Are ghosts determined to kill me at all costs?" Yang Jian thought silently, "Or is a ghost preventing me from approaching a certain place? Regardless, continuing like this is disadvantageous for me. These people have become Ghost Slaves, and confronting them will only continuously worsen my condition."

But now he couldn't think of a better way.

Under normal circumstances, Yang Jian would not be afraid of such attacks, but with his current condition, the relentless attacks were giving him a headache.

"How much further?" asked Yang Jian.

He didn't stop while driving; the Ghost Hand invaded and took control of every car that approached, steering them to crash into the side of the road.

A trail of car accidents stretched behind them.

"About five kilometers left," said Li Yang; "Captain, how are you holding up? Can you endure it?"

"It's nothing, it's just that I can't recklessly use my Ghost Eye anymore, or else I would've directly used the Ghost Domain to rush over," Yang Jian shook his head and continued driving.

But his defenses were breached.

A large truck suddenly burst out from an adjacent road with no warning or defense; the invasion of the Ghost Hand had to be within Yang Jian's sight. If combined with the Ghost Eye, there would be no blind spot, but now Yang Jian couldn't do that.



"Bang!"

The severe collision flipped the car, dragging it on the ground before it came to a stop at the roadside.

"Having two car accidents in one day, it's just endless," Yang Jian was getting annoyed. He kicked the car door open again and stepped out.

Still unharmed.

For someone like Yang Jian, even these levels of attacks would find it extremely difficult to be lethal.

"The ghosts seem to be delaying time, or trying to wear us down to death here," Li Yang also emerged unscathed, catching on and sharing his thoughts.

Yang Jian said, "Exactly, I've noticed this as well. Otherwise, if they really wanted to deal with us, why bother with explosions or car accidents? Knowing that these ordinary methods can't kill us easily, they still continue to attack relentlessly. Either they want to wear us down to death, or these Ghost Slaves are simply attacking us without reason."

"When fierce ghosts kill, they simply kill; it's simple and straightforward without a lot of whys."

"How much farther to our destination?"

"About three kilometers," said Li Yang.

No sooner had he finished speaking, the nearby vehicles once again charged towards Yang Jian and Li Yang.

Without the Ghost Domain, an ordinary spirit-controller would truly be worn to death like this.

Yang Jian once again made use of the Ghost Hand's powers.

A series of rigid and blackened fierce ghost hands appeared around the necks of everyone nearby, gripping them tightly.

The next moment.

One after another, the heads of these people who had been eroded by fierce ghosts rolled off, their bodies lost their movement and fell to the ground, the entire process devoid of any resistance.

They were equivalent to Ghost Slaves, able to be easily killed.

However, the quantity... was astonishingly large.

"How long has Dachuan City been out of control? It feels like there's a problem with the entire city," Yang Jian seized the opportunity to find a car and continued on the road.

The roadblocks had not ceased.

But Yang Jian and Li Yang continued moving forward.

Although these hindrances caused some trouble, they didn't completely stop the two men.

After all, neither of them was ordinary, and they could not be defeated by such petty tricks.

Following the parking of a twisted and deformed truck.

Yang Jian and Li Yang arrived at the location given by the satellite phone.

This place was a large supermarket.

But there were hardly any pedestrians around, the streets were deserted and empty, as if isolated from the world.

After arriving here, Yang Jian and Li Yang no longer encountered any interruptions.

It seemed that there was a taboo in this place that forbade those people from getting close.

"Would Li Leping be in a place like this?" Yang Jian wondered, "Are you sure there's no mistake with the location?"

"No mistake, it's very precise, definitely right here," Li Yang checked the phone again and said confidently.

Yang Jian said, "Then let's go find him,"

The two immediately entered the large supermarket.

Inside was dim and oppressive, an unshakeable coldness pervaded, heavy with the stench of decomposing flesh, as though a body was rotting somewhere – impossible to dissipate even with ventilation because the source was present.

Yang Jian walked on the ground, his footsteps echoing in the desolate place with not a hint of other noise around.

Everything was exceedingly quiet.

He followed the source of the signal, moving deeper into the location.

However, as the two passed through the barrier and into the supermarket, they were immediately shocked.

The products that originally filled the supermarket shelves had all been cleared, replaced by neatly arranged dead human heads on the shelves – the elderly, women, men, the young... Each head with closed eyes, pale faces void of any blood.

The heads were closely packed on the upper, middle, and lower shelves.

A sweep over them was horrifying to the sight.

This was no shopping market, but a supermarket for disembodied heads chosen by vicious ghosts as spares.

All the heads, like goods, had become a selection for some ferocious ghost.

Once a ghost's head decayed, a new, intact head would be taken from this place.

"How, how could this be?" Li Yang was also dumbfounded.

Although he had encountered some supernatural events, this scene was far too terrifying.

These heads were not props, but taken from actual living people.

Yang Jian's face was dark and terrifying.

Now he understood why there were so few people on the streets of Dachuan City.

The level of ghostly erosion in this city was deeper than he had imagined, it was completely out of control, possibly even surpassing the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City.

"If a Headless Ghost Shadow invades a person, then the first part to rot should be the head. Logically, if a Ghost Shadow takes over a body, the first to rot should be the body. It needs the body, not so many heads... And can a Ghost Shadow based on a shadowy head erode to this extent?"

"Headless Ghost Shadows are not supposed to be of very high Terror Level. Or is Li Leping so useless that he can't even deal with a Ghost Shadow?"

Yang Jian couldn't understand why things had become like this.

Was Li Leping still responsible? He was even nominated as a team leader, it doesn't make sense for him to be so useless.

But Yang Jian could not explain the situation in Dachuan City.

Or does this have something to do with the address of the Ghost Post Office in Mingyue Community? It's not as simple as Yang Jian thought.

Insufficient information to analyze anything.

But Yang Jian was increasingly eager to find Li Leping, as he would know everything.

But now, is Li Leping human or ghost?

Has he too been eroded by the ghost?

Li Yang, still startled by the dense heads on the shelves, asked with a hint of horror, "Captain, what should we do in this situation?"

"What else can we do, we have to find a way to get to the source and see if we can deal with this," Yang Jian said with a cold face.

"So we just ignore these heads?" Li Yang said, somewhat horrified, "These are the heads of living people."

"If we find the bodies, there's a chance to put them back, but I'm not sure if they can survive. Now is not the time to think about this. Wait, there's movement, someone's coming." Yang Jian suddenly saw someone approaching from the depths, his eyes invaded by the Ghost Eye.

Even in darkness, he could see things better than an ordinary person.

The two immediately hid to the side to observe the situation first.

Once again, sounds echoed through the empty supermarket of heads.

Someone pushed a shopping cart at an unhurried pace, the sound of the wheels rubbing against the floor crisp and clear, reaching the ears of Yang Jian and Li Yang.

"If it's a ghost, you cooperate with me to take action immediately and deal with it," Yang Jian whispered.

Li Yang solemnly nodded his head.



The sound of the cart came closer and closer, and the person pushing it kept approaching, seemingly unaware of the arrival of Yang Jian and Li Yang.