

Revival 921

Chapter 921 Leaving the Room

Yang Jian knew the situation in the Ghost Post Office after the lights went out at six o'clock.

He had experienced the dangers after the lights went out before, during which he was attacked by malevolent ghosts inside the post office. However, he managed to fend them off with his own abilities at the time.

Still, while the post office after dark is treacherous, the likelihood of encountering paranormal threats diminishes considerably if one stays inside a room.

At this moment, room 402 on the fourth floor was crowded with people: Yang Jian, Li Yang, Yang Xiaohua, Wang Shan, along with Old Eagle and Leuk Qingqing.

Altogether, there were six people.

This number already exceeded the standard capacity for one room.

According to previous speculation, the more people in a room, the higher the probability of encountering supernatural events after the lights go out.

The Ghost Post Office seemed intent on balancing the number of people in each room, preventing all couriers from huddling in one place.

"The fourth floor is fundamentally different from the lower floors. Tonight, there will definitely be ghosts outside the door, and they will be exceptionally aggressive. The room can no longer be considered a safe place. If targeted, the ghost will invade the room without hesitation and kill everyone inside."

"Our only option is to use every method we can to isolate the supernatural forces outside, preventing them from entering."

Old Eagle spoke with a serious tone.

Because this was a matter of life and death. As a courier, he had fought his way here alive to the fourth floor, witnessing too many horrors along the way. This night was particularly unique.

No escape routes. No gambling on luck. Only a direct confrontation with the terror ahead.

Man versus ghost—the odds were easy to imagine.

The lights went out.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

From the silent, pitch-black corridor came a deep, resounding noise. The sound was peculiar, seemingly not the result of knocking but rather akin to someone repeatedly banging their head against the wall.

Heavy and abrupt.

The source of the sound was easy to identify—it came from somewhere close to this room.

If the assessment was correct, it originated from the room without a door nearby.

"What's that sound?" Wang Shan immediately tensed up.

He was a courier from the first floor—a thoroughly ordinary person. Having scrambled his way to the fourth floor, he possessed no means to combat the supernatural. If anything went wrong, he'd be the first to die, followed closely by Yang Xiaohua.

"It's a ghost," Old Eagle answered decisively.

"It's the ghost that spent an entire night banging on the door of Room 404. By the next day, the door had been smashed apart, and all the couriers residing in that room were dead. My friend, Zhu Lei, disappeared mysteriously in Room 404 during that incident."

"But now the thing isn't banging on a door; it's smashing the wall..." Li Yang frowned. "Could the ghost actually break through the wall?"

"I don't know. In any case, that room has become a cursed space. No one can go in there—whoever does will die. However, I'm not worried about whether the ghost can break through the post office walls. I'm more concerned that the ghost might leave the room and wander out," Old Eagle said.

"If it locks onto the door of another room, the consequences will be unimaginable."

"We can't be that unlucky," Yang Xiaohua murmured.

"If it weren't for the courier assignment, I wouldn't have come to this post office. In the past, encountering paranormal events meant I could flee here to escape attacks. Now, this place has become the most terrifying site for supernatural activity," Old Eagle explained, though his demeanor remained calm despite the gravity of the situation.

He showed no panic and was still alert to his surroundings.

There was a reason he had survived to become a fourth-floor courier.

"Tonight's blackout period has just started, and the malevolent ghost has already begun acting. Based on previous patterns, ghosts usually don't start moving until at least ten o'clock. Do you understand what this implies, Yang Jian?" Leuk Qingqing walked over gracefully in high heels.

"These twelve hours are incredibly perilous for us. There's no guarantee we'll make it to tomorrow at six o'clock."

Yang Jian replied, "What are you trying to say?"

"I know you don't trust me. Back in Dachuan City during the courier assignment, I did hide some truths from you. But that's not the point. The point is that tonight, we must unite and cooperate to survive." Leuk Qingqing looked at the fractured spear in Yang Jian's hand as she spoke.

"If I'm not mistaken, you were just planning to attack me, weren't you?"

Yang Jian squinted his eyes. "Your intuition is sharp. A moment ago, I almost couldn't resist taking your head off."

He didn't deny it—he openly admitted it.

His words shocked Old Eagle, who was watching him intently.

Even Wang Shan and Yang Xiaohua froze.

Just now, Yang Jian had been silent, yet he had been entertaining such deadly thoughts.

"Why? There hasn't been any conflict between us and Leuk Qingqing, has there? Didn't she help you back in Dachuan City?" Yang Xiaohua asked, puzzled.

"Uncertain variables should be eliminated. In our line of work, unexpected incidents are impermissible because surprises mean death. Leuk Qingqing's qipao is a paranormal item. Additionally, the Puppet People from Room 301 in Dachuan City are likely with her as well."

"Quietly controlling two ghosts and becoming a fourth-floor courier—she has the potential to ascend to the fifth floor. I also need to head to the fifth floor. This could cause conflict with her in the future, and eliminating her now is the safest option."

Yang Jian explained bluntly to Leuk Qingqing's face, without any intention of avoiding the subject.

He was no longer an ordinary person and had the confidence to speak his mind.

"From your perspective, your reasoning is indeed correct."

Leuk Qingqing didn't refute. "But I pose no threat to you. This qipao was something I stripped from a corpse during a courier assignment. Ever since, it has deeply influenced me. Room 301 was just an accident."

She rolled up the red sleeves of her dress as she spoke.

Beneath the sleeves was not flesh but wooden textures—a wooden arm. Only her hands were made of living tissue.

The eerie combination seemed unnatural, yet it didn't impede Leuk Qingqing in the slightest.

Witnessing this, Wang Shan and Old Eagle instinctively gasped, stepping away from her.

Leuk Qingqing's body had clearly ceased to be human, infested entirely by ghostly influence.

No wonder Yang Jian contemplated killing her.

Having such a person nearby undoubtedly instilled a chilling sense of dread.

However, Li Yang seemed indifferent. To him, it wasn't unusual; that's just how ghost controllers were. Leuk Qingqing's situation was mild compared to someone like Feng Quan or Xiong Wenwen—both had already lost their physical forms entirely, relying only on ghostly objects to form human shapes.

Yang Jian's unease wasn't about Leuk Qingqing's body but about her mysterious background.

"Captain, I don't think now is the time to target Leuk Qingqing. I suggest dealing with tonight's ordeal first," Li Yang advised, making a case for prioritization.

This wasn't persuasion so much as his observation that Yang Jian hadn't fully resolved to eliminate Leuk Qingqing.

If Yang Jian were truly determined, he would have acted earlier. He wouldn't have waited until now.

"The ghost from Room 301 is still active..." Yang Jian's hesitation stemmed from the terrifying ghost in Dachuan City.

The Qipao, the Puppet People infesting Leuk Qingqing's body—everything connected back to that sinister ghost. If Yang Jian acted, wouldn't he risk provoking the ghost to invade here too?

"Your situation will be put aside for now. Until this courier assignment is completed, I won't attack you. But I also expect you to keep your schemes in check. Don't test my limits."

Yang Jian decided against crossing paths with other ghosts at this critical juncture, opting for a stern warning instead.

"You're overthinking. What motives could I possibly have?" Leuk Qingqing replied with a calm expression.

The confrontation temporarily subsided.

The group reached a fleeting consensus:

Figure out how to survive the night.

Outside, the faint thudding of something banging against the wall continued, intensifying steadily. The sound grew louder and heavier.

At this moment, it was only 6:30 PM.

It meant the long, Black Night was just beginning.

"This sound is starting to feel very off—like it's coming from right next door," Yang Xiaohua said nervously as she swallowed hard, staring at the wall next to the bathroom.

The banging sounded as if it were happening just behind that very wall.

"I feel it too," Wang Shan said stiffly, nodding.

"Shush. Quiet," Old Eagle hissed, gesturing for them to shut up.

Both promptly fell silent.

The room lapsed into an uneasy stillness.

Meanwhile, from the pitch-black hallway outside came a sudden burst of footsteps—a peculiar pattern. Someone seemed to pause briefly, then start sprinting, "thud-thud-thud," only to pause again, as if turning around, before sprinting again.

Someone was running back and forth in the dark hallway.

Every dash seemed to fray the nerves, stringing tension tighter with each movement.

In this setting, at this time, no sane person would run laps outside.

Needless to say, it wasn't a person... it was a ghost.

"Earlier, I noticed a trail of soil-covered footprints in that area, but I didn't see anyone," Yang Jian said coldly. "Turns out, those footprints must belong to whatever is out there. Counting the thing banging against the wall, we have confirmed at least two ghosts."

"No, it's three ghosts. That corpse hanging from the lamp in the hallway earlier must also count as one."

"Three ghosts already active as soon as the blackout—this fourth floor really is sinister."

Old Eagle hesitated, then said, "As long as they don't enter rooms, we can manage. Survive the night, deliver the courier assignment, and we'll have at least six months of safety."

"How many assignments have you completed?" Yang Jian asked.

"I've completed one assignment already, and this is my second delivery," Old Eagle replied. "But according to the fourth-floor assignment rules, newcomers usually don't act alongside me, unless under special circumstances."

"Wait a moment..." Yang Jian suddenly raised his hand, signaling everyone to stop.

"Hmm?"

The group immediately shifted their focus to Yang Jian.

"Bang~! Bang~!"

The door to the room emitted sounds like faint, irregular knocks, as if something were lightly tapping against it.

But it wasn't the sound of knocking.

Through the crack left from a previous splinter in the wooden door, a shadow seemed to sway faintly from the other side.

"Something's at the door," Yang Jian said in a low voice.

"No way."

Yang Xiaohua quickly covered her mouth, fearing that any noise she made might trigger something disastrous.

"I'll take a look," Yang Jian said determinedly, stepping forward toward the door. He crouched down and peered through the crack using his ghost eye.

"This guy is fearless, isn't he?" Old Eagle's heart skipped a beat.

To stride directly up to the door and peer outside like that required tremendous nerve and composure.

"Captain, what do you see?" Li Yang whispered.

He couldn't see anything himself.

The hallway was pitch-black, and even ghost controllers needed specialized abilities to make sense of it.

Through Yang Jian's ghost eye vision—a crimson hue tinged with spectral clarity—he saw exactly what was out there.

Dangling in mid-air just outside the door were a pair of emaciated, shriveled legs.

It was the same corpse that had hung from the lamp—it had somehow moved outside their door. The feet swayed gently, touching the door intermittently, creating the faint knocking sound they had heard earlier.

The placement of those dangling legs was eerily strategic, perfectly obstructing Yang Jian's ghost eye vision from scanning further beyond their immediate surroundings.

"The hanging corpse is right outside our door," Yang Jian said after pulling back his gaze.

"What?"

The group startled, a chill creeping through them.

The corpse had moved?

"Are we being targeted?" Old Eagle exhaled deeply, already bracing himself for the unbearable night ahead.

"And the light in here doesn't seem quite right either," Leuk Qingqing remarked, glancing at the ceiling.

The bulb overhead grew dimmer still—not due to faulty wiring but as part of an inexplicable, malevolent change. Shadows now cloaked every corner of the room, and the light could no longer fully illuminate the space.

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

The banging against the wall near the bathroom escalated violently, almost frantic now.

"It's true—the thing is banging against the wall behind us," Li Yang said, rushing to check the bathroom, only to pale at the sight of the protrusion forming on the wall. The tiles nearby had cracked. If this continued, whatever was on the other side of the wall would break through.

"Bang!"

As if that wasn't enough, the door connecting to the adjacent room slammed shut abruptly and loudly on its own.

The sudden sound made everyone's heart jump.

"The room isn't safe either, is it?" Yang Jian glanced at Old Eagle.

"Impossible. I checked this room thoroughly before—it's safe. Last time, I stayed here, too," Old Eagle said urgently.

"Last time? So, you have no idea what happened in between then and now?" Yang Jian asked coolly.

"The entrance was dusted with bone ash—no supernatural force should be able to breach it," Old Eagle replied.

"Should?" Yang Jian shot him a piercing glance. "You trust 'should'?"

"Whether I trust it or not, it's the best result available. Is there even another choice in this place?"

Old Eagle realized the problem but still spoke stubbornly.

"Captain, what now? If the room isn't safe anymore, are we facing them head-on?" Li Yang asked, preparing for combat.

Yang Jian said, "Going head-to-head probably means only I'll survive by the end. It's practically a wipeout in disguise. The number of ghosts is increasing, and the most dangerous ghost here hasn't even appeared yet."

He was referring to the ghost that haunted the lower floors—the one that killed anyone who opened a door.

Codename: Door-Opening Ghost.

"You mentioned earlier that several people died unexpectedly in different rooms? Were they all killed inside the rooms?" Yang Jian asked again.

"For the most part, yes," Old Eagle replied.

"Got it," Yang Jian said.

Without further hesitation, he strode to the door, grabbing the handle and pulling the door wide open.

"Yang Jian, what are you doing?" Leuk Qingqing yelled, trying to stop him.

But it was too late.

The door was opened.

The dimming light in the room seemed to waver like a remnant candle before flaring dimmer still. The surroundings instantly plunged further into shadow.

The darkness outside appeared to encroach upon the room vehemently.

Suspended outside was the half-visible figure of the hanging corpse, shuffling subtly in the air.

The sound of footsteps in the corridor halted briefly, only for them to speed up—thud, thud, thud—heading straight for their location.

"Creaaaak." Meanwhile, the door to the adjoining room creaked open slightly, revealing a faint hint of something lurking in the shadows, peeking inside.

"Bang!"

The bathroom wall finally cracked under the relentless banging—the sound of bricks and tiles tumbling down grew audible.

"Anyone who doesn't want to die, follow me outside," Yang Jian said coldly, staring at the ghostly remains hanging in midair near the doorway.

It remained a spine-chilling silhouette, its face unseen.

This was undoubtedly a ghost.

But for now, Yang Jian hadn't triggered its killing pattern. The ghost simply drifted closer without taking action.

Even in the Ghost Post Office, rules dictated a ghost's activities.

Yang Jian didn't touch the stiff, straightened legs of the corpse but sidestepped them carefully, entering the hallway.

"What the...?" The others were dumbfounded.

Leaving the temporary safety of the room for the uncertain dangers outside—wasn't this asking for death?

"I trust him," Li Yang said without hesitation, stepping forward to follow.

He believed in Yang Jian.

If staying inside the room were truly safer than being outside, any fool could make the right choice.

Was Yang Jian a fool?

Absolutely not.

Thus, there had to be a reason behind his decision.

"Let's do this," Yang Xiaohua gritted her teeth, resolved to take the plunge. She followed behind Li Yang, nerves jangling as she carefully avoided the dangling corpse and stepped out of the room.

She prayed that Yang Jian's judgment wasn't wrong this time.

If it was, she wouldn't survive until morning.

Soon, the room contained only Leuk Qingqing, Old Eagle, and Wang Shan.

"What are you waiting for? Shut the door! I don't want to die!" Old Eagle shouted, his urgency peaking.

The corpse now hovered even closer, half its body already drifting into the room.

The ghost was invading.

"Wait—you need to calm down first," Leuk Qingqing said, grabbing Old Eagle's arm to stop him.

Wang Shan hesitated briefly before steeling himself to follow Yang Jian.

He didn't know what would happen—he only knew he trusted Yang Jian more than Old Eagle or Leuk Qingqing.

"Trust his judgment. Ghost Eye Yang Jian is no ordinary man," Leuk Qingqing said.

Old Eagle froze, staring at her with a mixture of surprise and indecision as thoughts raced through his mind.

"Damn it—let's go," he finally decided.

Abandoning the supposed safety of Room 402, Old Eagle bolted outside.

Leuk Qingqing followed closely behind.

All of them left the room, choosing not to stay inside.

Chapter 922 The Wanderers

The fourth floor of the Ghost Post Office, the time was just shy of six thirty-five.

The lights had been out for only a little over half an hour, yet the supposedly safe Room 402 had already been invaded by supernatural entities. What's worse, signs of ghostly intrusion were evident in three different locations: the bathroom, the room itself, and the front door—where a corpse hung suspended in mid-air. Three places in total.

In the face of this imminent peril, Yang Jian chose not to stay inside the room to fend off the approaching specter. Instead, he willingly opened the door and stepped out.

The seemingly safe room was abandoned by Yang Jian. Not only that, but he took Li Yang and the others with him.

Even Leuk Qingqing and the Old Eagle ultimately decided to trust Yang Jian and followed him outside.

The hallway plunged into utter darkness.

At the same time, from another direction came a series of hurried footsteps.

The footsteps were heavy, as though someone were sprinting in that direction. The sound was deeply unsettling, because it seemed impossible for any living person to linger in such a pitch-black hallway.

It was yet another ghost, steadily approaching.

Yang Jian used his Ghost Eye to scan, hearing only the footsteps without catching sight of the ghost itself.

But he distinctly saw a string of footprints left behind on the ground—footprints smeared with soil, starkly clear, even revealing the tread pattern.

"Go this way." Yang Jian refused to approach the side where those pressing footsteps stemmed from, instead leading toward another direction.

Li Yang heard the sound and followed behind, unable to see the surrounding scenes but listening to Yang Jian's voice ahead and focusing on a faint, lingering red glow in the darkness.

That red glow came from the Ghost Eye.

The square-loop hallway was interconnected, and Yang Jian hadn't walked far before he stopped near Room 401.

Behind him was Yang Xiaohua, walking briskly to keep up, though in her haste, she bumped into Li Yang in front of her.

"Stop here. You don't need to move forward anymore," Li Yang said.

Yang Xiaohua shuddered all over and hurriedly halted her steps. "Aren't we moving to another room?"

She guessed Yang Jian was abandoning Room 402 to seek refuge in a different room.

"The captain has already stopped. If you want to live, don't ask too many questions," Li Yang replied in a low voice.

Yang Xiaohua's heart tightened. Though panic surged, she stiffened her resolve and stopped as instructed, refraining from any further steps forward.

She reached out to touch the wall beside her as waves of dread began overwhelming her.

Unable to see Li Yang or Yang Jian ahead, nor anything around her, she could only hear faint sounds in the air. She had no clue what else might lurk nearby.

The consuming sensation of being swallowed whole by darkness filled her with unspeakable terror.

"Who's there?"

Suddenly.

Yang Xiaohua heard a noise from behind, as if someone were steadily approaching.

"It's me, Wang Shan. I ran out too."

Wang Shan followed suit, feeling his way along the wall. Like Yang Xiaohua, he was consumed by fear and unease, unsure whether this choice was right or wrong and terrified of getting lost in the darkness.

"Yang Jian stopped moving, seems like he intends to remain in the hallway. This behavior is strange," Yang Xiaohua observed, her rationality intact despite the fear.

After all, she was a messenger who had lived through supernatural events.

"We don't have a choice. If the ghost enters the room and we don't have Yang Jian's protection, we'd die for sure. Coming out might give us a better chance," Wang Shan muttered after a pause, clenching his teeth.

"You're right, and that's why I followed Yang Jian," Yang Xiaohua echoed within the darkness, steadying her nerves to remain calm.

Further behind.

The Old Eagle and Leuk Qingqing also hurried out, carefully avoiding the cold, lifeless corpse dangling by the door before they rushed to catch up with the others. But their steps had barely left the room when an urgent set of footsteps rapidly approached from the opposite side of the hallway.

By borrowing the faint, yellowed lights within the room, the Old Eagle noted something peculiar with his peripheral vision—the ground suddenly bore footprints smeared with dirt.

At this moment, the ashes scattered by the doorway played their role. The forefront footprint appeared to step onto the white ashes and eerily vanished halfway through, leaving only the heel behind.

The forefoot of the print had disappeared.

The ashes did not reveal a trace of the print either, as if the eerie force within the ashes had erased it.

The hurried footsteps halted abruptly at this moment.

The ghost.

Stopped moving.

But this situation didn't last long. The footprints reappeared.

A complete set of footprints suddenly materialized at the doorway of Room 402.

These were the final footprints—with no new ones emerging within the vicinity.

It seemed these were the ghost's last movements.

The ghost lingered at Room 402's door, neither entering nor leaving, standing motionless as if rooted there.

But no one could see the ghost.

Even Yang Jian's Ghost Eye couldn't detect it.

"That was close..."

At this moment, the Old Eagle exhaled in relief, grateful to have narrowly escaped disaster.

Had he delayed those two precious seconds, he would have collided directly with the muddy footprint on the ground.

If that had happened, it would almost certainly have meant death at the hands of the ghost.

Yet even narrowly avoiding a ghost offers no solace but rather evokes an uncanny terror.

After everyone left, a ghostly shadow emerged within the room.

The corpse suspended mid-air had somehow entered the room without anyone noticing and now hung from the living room lightbulb.

The corpse blocked most of the light, rendering the space chillingly dim.

The rigid, icy cadaver swayed slightly inside as if reenacting the scene of a hanging suicide.

"Creak!"

At the same time, the bedroom door produced a peculiar noise as it repeatedly opened and closed, over and over again.

The bathroom remained devoid of sound—the eerie thuds against the wall ceased, as if the ghost inside had quieted down.

Yet it was certain the ghost had broken through the wall and entered the bathroom.

The bathroom was another perilous location.

It appeared Yang Jian's decision to leave had proved wise; he had successfully avoided the encirclement of four ghosts. Had they stayed in the room, many would have been slain.

"Did it not follow?" Yang Jian squinted, keeping his gaze fixed on the doorway of Room 402.

The corpse suspended above the door hadn't drifted over.

Nor had the footprints followed.

These signs confirmed his calculations were accurate.

"Li Yang, light the Ghost Candle. Gather everyone here so no one gets lost," Yang Jian ordered.

"Now?" Li Yang asked in surprise.

Could he really use the Ghost Candle so casually?

Yang Jian replied, "Yes. Don't hesitate. Consumable supernatural items should be used when necessary to ensure safety and maintain order."

Li Yang, hearing this, did not delay and immediately ignited the red Ghost Candle.

The moment the red Ghost Candle was lit, its eerie green glow spread outward—resembling the Ghost Domain of Li Jun, sharing some degree of similarity.

Once the Ghost Candle's light appeared, the oppressive darkness around them receded like retreating tides.

The chilling, stifling tension abruptly dissipated.

"Its burn rate seems manageable," Li Yang remarked while observing the Ghost Candle, noting that its consumption appeared slow enough to last for half an hour if no disruptions occurred.

As the light emerged, Yang Xiaohua, Wang Shan, the Old Eagle, and Leuk Qingqing immediately felt a sense of security and hurried to the safety of its glow.

Seeing everyone alive and gathered around the candle brought relief, restoring a semblance of safety amongst them.

"What kind of candle is this, capable of warding off the darkness of the fourth floor after the lights go out?" The Old Eagle's gaze locked onto the red candle, burning brightly yet ominously.

The candle resembled those used in rural wedding ceremonies, but with an exceptionally vivid red color and unsettlingly eerie flames.

"This is the Ghost Candle, a supernatural item. Once lit, its glow offers immunity against ghost attacks. In other words, as long as the Ghost Candle stays lit, everyone within its illumination is absolutely safe," Li Yang explained.

Though it was his first time using the Ghost Candle, he had a thorough understanding of its properties.

"Such a useful thing... Is there no cost to using it?" Leuk Qingqing asked.

Typically, supernatural items demanded a price—often involving risks of spiritual erosion.

Li Yang replied, "There's no cost."

"If something this powerful has no downside, it must be incredibly valuable," Yang Xiaohua remarked, glancing at the ghostly flame of the candle as she subtly moved closer to Yang Jian. Observing the candle's unusual, accelerated burn rate, she doubted it could last long.

Ultimately, survival would depend on Yang Jian.

Li Yang added matter-of-factly, "More than mere value—this Ghost Candle could easily fetch at least one billion on the market."

"That... That's incredibly high," the Old Eagle murmured, visibly stirred.

In his shoes, he'd sooner sell the Ghost Candle than burn it, finding the cost hard to justify.

"Ghosts have all entered Room 402 and haven't followed us. The burn rate of the Ghost Candle is stable, further proving my guess is right," Yang Jian said calmly.

The candle's burn rate was undeniable evidence.

"You opened the door and led us all out so suddenly. You must have noticed something, right? Care to share?" The Old Eagle hesitated before asking.

Yang Jian responded, "It's the lights. Pay close attention to the lights on the fourth floor, particularly the corpse hanging under one of them earlier."

The lights?

Some turned their gaze upward, others back toward Room 402.

"Captain, is something wrong with the lights?" Li Yang asked while holding the Ghost Candle.

Yang Jian explained, "On the fourth floor, the hallway lights shut off at six, and the room lights turned on. This is a shared pattern from the first floor through the fourth. On the first, second, and third floors, as long as the room lights are on, anyone inside is in a safe zone."

"Exactly—that's why illuminated spaces are trusted areas," said Leuk Qingqing. "What's wrong with that?"

"On the fourth floor, things aren't that simple. During the day, the hallway lights work, yet that corpse hung beneath one of them. If the area lit by the lights were safe, that corpse shouldn't have ended up there. Considering the ghosts moving closer to us within the room, I came to a conclusion," Yang Jian remarked.

"What conclusion?"

"The lighting pattern on the fourth floor has been altered."

"The lights on the fourth floor not only don't protect the messengers but possess a terrifying trait—they attract ghosts toward the illuminated area instead."

With measured composure, Yang Jian revealed a haunting truth.

"The lights attract ghosts!"

"That's—That's not possible!" Yang Xiaohua exclaimed in horror, her complexion pale.

"No—No way. If that's true, the moment we stayed inside the room, wouldn't that mean...?" Wang Shan trembled all over as dread consumed him.

If true, staying in the room was akin to inviting an attack.

"You're acting on mere observation to draw conclusions and proceed straight to action?" Leuk Qingqing questioned, her eyes fixed on him.

Yang Jian responded, "Remember the black envelopes plastered across some room doors? Those envelopes covered every seam of the doorway. Black envelopes, as I recall, don't have the ability to prevent supernatural intrusions, correct?"

"Right. Black envelopes can only guide the messengers out of supernatural locations when burned. They don't block entities from entering," Leuk Qingqing nodded.

Yang Jian explained, "Then the purpose of the envelopes becomes obvious. Their opaque material effectively blocks light. By sealing the door seams, they prevent any light from leaking out. Whoever plastered those envelopes clearly suspected something about the lights—and acted to counter it."

"If this is correct, the messengers in Rooms 406 and 407 could be in trouble," the Old Eagle exclaimed in alarm, his belief in Yang Jian's theory solidifying.

Lights on the fourth floor might indeed draw ghosts toward them.

"Who knows?" Yang Jian remarked, casting a faint glance in their direction.

The doors of Rooms 406 and 407 remained closed, undisturbed, with no visible signs of danger. Everything appeared normal.

Yet this semblance of normalcy was the very anomaly.

If occupied by messengers, the rooms would hardly lack some kind of safeguarding preparations.

Moreover, with ghosts clustering around Room 402 earlier, bypassing those other rooms entirely was peculiar.

"I suspect those two rooms are empty—vacant spaces. The real messengers likely slipped into other rooms to hide. There are seven rooms in total. Exclude 402, 406, and 407, and four remain as options," said Yang Jian.

"But aren't the other rooms occupied by ghosts?" Yang Xiaohua questioned.

Yang Jian replied, "Ghosts merely signify danger? Let's not forget: during the daytime, ghosts in the post office remain inactive. The supernatural events begin after lights-out, a clear rule that the fourth floor hasn't deviated from."

Room 401—the eerily silent room.

Room 404—missing its door.

Room 403—its entry encased in black envelopes.

And Room 405—with muddy footprints at the door.

These rooms appeared bizarre, yet paradoxically, they offered viable temporary refuge.

The more precarious, the safer they might be.

"Captain, the Ghost Candle's burn rate is becoming abnormal," Li Yang suddenly reported, alarmed.

The group turned to inspect with astonished expressions.

They discovered the Ghost Candle in Li Yang's grasp now burning at a visibly accelerated rate.

At this rate, forget holding out for half an hour—it would struggle to last five minutes.

"There's a ghost approaching," Yang Jian remarked grimly, his tone heavy. "This burn rate—it's no ordinary ghost. Under these circumstances, if there's another ghost in the post office, there's only one possibility..."

"The Door-Opening Ghost, roaming the post office at night, has appeared," he concluded ominously.

In the depths of the hallway, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye discerned an eerie sight: a previously untraceable staircase materialized along the corridor wall.

On that staircase, a spectral figure—a gaunt silhouette clad in black garments and shoes—descended slowly, its posture unnervingly rigid. Although its face remained obscured, it exuded the aura of a corpse emerging from a coffin.

"Extinguish the Ghost Candle. Don't waste it. Everyone stick to the walls and avoid obstructing that entity's path," Yang Jian ordered decisively, and with one sharp exhale, he extinguished the Ghost Candle.

The ghostly flame vanished suddenly, plunging the surroundings back into unbroken darkness.

Yet in those final flickers of light, the group saw with mounting dread the horrifying apparition adjusting its direction—to approach them head-on.

Why? Why is it heading our way? Couldn't it have taken a different path?

Such thoughts were absurd.

In a square-loop hallway, regardless of its starting point, the ghost would inevitably cross paths with them—an unavoidable truth.

The fourth floor's configuration resembled the second floor's layout. At its center lay an open atrium rather than the platform seen on the third floor.

There was nowhere else to go.

"I might be able to resolve this," Yang Jian murmured, his Ghost Eye radiating its ominous crimson glow.

Faced with the specter advancing steadily toward them, Yang Jian felt a sudden impulse to act.

Chapter 923 The Exploding Lamp

The ghost candle extinguished, and the last glimmer of light in the corridor vanished. The surroundings were once again enveloped in darkness.

However, in the final moments before the ghost candle went out, everyone caught sight of a strange yet terrifying silhouette standing in the corridor not far away. That thing descended from an unknown staircase and arrived on the fourth floor, now drifting in their direction.

An eerie greenish glow illuminated the figure, faintly revealing an old man, emaciated, clad in a black long robe and black cloth shoes.

He resembled a corpse that had been dead for seven days, resurrected and rising from its coffin.

Just a single glance caused a chilling sensation in their hearts, their bodies involuntarily trembling in fear.

This ghost is ruthless!

Yang Jian's act of extinguishing the ghost candle had already revealed the grim reality.

If the ghost candle could fend off the fierce ghost, there would be no need to extinguish it. The fact that the candle was put out was proof enough that even if it continued burning, it would be of no help; it couldn't stop this dreadful ghost from approaching.

"Don't die here, no matter what."

At this moment, Wang Shan shut his eyes tightly, pressing himself firmly against the wall, desperately trying to stay calm.

Yet, his forehead and back were drenched in cold sweat.

"Will it target me?"

Yang Xiaohua was equally gripped by fear. She, too, pressed herself against the wall, her hand instinctively clutching the corner of Yang Jian's clothes nearby.

At this point, her life was no longer in her hands but in Yang Jian's.

If he intervened, she might survive. If he chose to ignore her, there was no chance she'd make it through the night alive.

"Captain, what should I do?" In the darkness, Li Yang quickly asked, his tone tinged with urgency.

Facing a ghost this menacing, he could no longer maintain composure.

"Do nothing. Just stand against the wall. Don't walk in front of that thing; leave the rest to me." Yang Jian said, then stepped forward.

Yang Xiaohua felt her grip loosen as Yang Jian moved away in the darkness, distancing himself from her.

Without anything to rely on, her hand recoiled as if touching a searing iron, quickly retreating for fear of brushing against something she shouldn't in the darkness. She pressed herself tightly against the wall.

The cold, solid surface of the wall offered her a faint sense of security.

After all, a ghost was unlikely to appear on the wall, and the post office walls were incredibly sturdy—even the ghost that rammed its head against the wall previously couldn't damage them in a short time.

Leuk Qingqing and the veteran Eagle also stood pressed against the wall without a sound.

They knew all too well that their odds of surviving a direct confrontation with the fierce ghost were slim. Since that was the case, they might as well gamble on luck.

Maybe the ghost wouldn't target them.

At the very back, Eagle could already hear the heavy footsteps drawing near, and the surrounding air began to shift, carrying an unshakeable stench of rotting flesh.

Even in the darkness where nothing could be seen, the minor details betrayed the truth.

The ghost was right in front of him.

If Eagle reached out his hand now, he might even be able to touch it.

But he held an old, worn gun, ready to fire at a moment's notice.

"Its appearance is almost identical to the Door Knocking Ghost. Is this the vicious ghost that wanders within the post office at night?" Yang Jian gripped the cracked long spear in his hand tightly, standing in the corridor and blocking the ghost's path.

In the darkness, his ghostly eyes emitted a faint red glow, flickering like sparks in the void.

He could see clearly.

The clothing, the corpse-like appearance—everything about this ghost closely resembled the Door Knocking Ghost he had previously confined.

But this ghost was more vicious. Yang Jian realized this the last time he encountered it and determined that this ghost followed two certain death rules.

Opening a door meant death. Turning off a light meant death.

Upon reflection, its killing methods were utterly devastating to messengers confined to rooms. If not for Li Yang blocking the door last time, escaping would not have been so easy.

"If I stay out in the corridor, where there's no door and no light, does that mean its death rules wouldn't trigger?" Yang Jian pondered.

If that were the case, he could avoid a direct confrontation with the ghost.

After all, the night had just begun. A comprehended ghost was far less dangerous than an unknown entity.

The ghost kept moving forward. It passed directly by Eagle without killing him, completely ignoring the man standing mere inches away.

This indicated that Eagle hadn't triggered the ghost's death rules. Though it seemed perilous, it was, in fact, safe.

The ghost continued ahead.

It ignored Leuk Qingqing as well, who was clad in a striking red qipao. Still, it did not specifically target her, now a ghost wielder.

"Safe for now?"

Yang Jian contemplated this and briefly considered stepping aside.

It wasn't a good night for action.

If this ghost could simply wander through and leave, that outcome would be ideal for everyone—no conflict, no harm, and they'd safely endure the night.

After all, the Coffin Nail could hold only one ghost. If used here and another ghost attacked later, he wouldn't have the nail to rely on anymore.

Yet he remained vigilant, fully prepared to act at a moment's notice.

But right then, an inexplicable anomaly occurred as the ghost slowly neared Wang Shan's position.

The ghost halted its steps and tilted its stiff, icy neck, lifting its lifeless head.

Huh?

Yang Jian paused, momentarily confused by the ghost's peculiar behavior. His gaze instinctively followed the ghost's raised head upward.

Above the ghost stood a single light.

No.

To be precise, it was a light bulb hanging from the ceiling of the corridor.

Since it was nighttime, naturally, the bulb was off.

But, astoundingly, as the ghost raised its head and fixed its hollow, sunken eyes on the extinguished bulb, it began to light up—gradually, not suddenly like when electricity is restored, but like a piece of heating iron gaining brightness slowly.

This ghost can manipulate the lights in the post office?

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, immediately sensing the severity of the situation.

If the light came on, the ghost from Room 402 might be drawn back here, and, most critically, with lit bulbs, this ghost's death rule could trigger.

Turn off the light, and death follows.

"Move!"

At that moment, Yang Jian no longer hesitated. His previously motionless body sprang into action like an abruptly powered machine, surging forward.

The ghost eye fixated on the ghost with unwavering focus.

The split long spear in his hand, tipped with the Coffin Nail, stabbed directly at the ghost.

A simple movement.

No room for error. As long as the ghost was pierced, the Coffin Nail's horrifying power would suppress it, rendering this Door-Opening Ghost a motionless corpse.

"Hit." Yang Jian saw it with his own eyes—the Coffin Nail embedded in the ghost's body.

But something felt off, unreal even.

It appeared to have hit its mark, yet there was no expected reaction, no familiar sensation.

The supernatural phenomenon lingered, undeterred.

The ceiling bulb above continued to brighten gradually, and the ghost showed no sign of lowering its head.

"Something's really wrong with this ghost..." Yang Jian's eyelid twitched.

The darkness receded slightly, allowing others to glimpse flickering light. Their silhouettes gradually emerged once again.

For a split second, they thought the situation had taken a turn for the better.

But upon seeing Yang Jian confronting the ghost, everyone froze in shock.

"Captain!" Li Yang shouted.

Yang Jian said, "Light the ghost candle. This ghost is affecting the corridor lights."

Even as he spoke, his hands didn't falter. A thick, dark shadow extended over the ghost's footprint, ready to trigger the Firewood Knife's curse and dismember the ghost.

Yet, just as he activated the medium...

The fourth-floor corridor was suddenly flooded with countless figures of all shapes and ages.

These people spanned various eras, both male and female.

They were all former messengers of the fourth floor.

Within these mediums, Yang Jian quickly spotted the ghost, yanked the Coffin Nail free, and swung the Firewood Knife.

With one stroke, he cleaved the spectral form in two.

The Firewood Knife unleashed its terrifying power.

The entire floor trembled as if the clash between supernatural forces caused a violent upheaval. Every bulb in the corridor shattered in sequence.

The newly lit bulb also burst instantly.

The death rule of "turn off the light and die" activated in that moment.

Everyone bathed in the light's domain found themselves unable to escape.

But in that crucial moment, Li Yang once again lifted the ghost candle, igniting its eerie glow.

Chapter 924 The Confrontation of Consumption

Yang Jian's firewood knife triggered the medium, attacking the ghost in front of him. This supernatural attack seemed to cause some kind of conflict at this moment, creating a chain reaction. All the light bulbs in the fourth-floor corridor exploded simultaneously.

The lights that had been influenced by the ghost and lit up just moments ago also extinguished in an instant.

And this seemed to have triggered the ghost's killing pattern.

Once the lights go out, death is inevitable.

A second before the darkness engulfed them, the Ghost Candle, which had just gone out, suddenly burned bright again.

The Ghost Candle in Li Yang's hand behaved abnormally, burning at an astonishing rate, as if its time had been accelerated.

One second, two seconds, three seconds... In less than five seconds, the Ghost Candle had already burned more than halfway.

Moreover, the flame of the Ghost Candle was unusually large, as if it had been catalyzed.

"This burning speed... It's absurd. Can it hold up?" Li Yang gasped, unable to suppress the urge to immediately light another candle.

If it's too late, there won't even be time to extend the burning.

But he only had one Ghost Candle left. He had given another to Sun Rui in the ground-floor lobby of the Ghost Post Office earlier.

"The ghost disappeared?"

At this moment, Yang Jian noticed that the terrifying ghost beside Wang Shan had disappeared after being struck by his firewood knife. Contrary to expectation, there was no dismemberment; instead, the ghost vanished the instant the light bulbs shattered.

This strike seemed to have failed to achieve the anticipated outcome.

There was something even more horrifying in the Ghost Post Office. The ghost in front of them wasn't as simple as it seemed—it appeared to be connected to something else, not an isolated entity.

"Captain, the Ghost Candle won't last much longer." Li Yang shouted.

Yang Jian's eyes shifted. "I see it. Although the ghost was repelled, its supernatural power remains. The curse of certain death upon lights extinguishing hasn't disappeared and is still affecting us. The light of the Ghost Candle is counteracting this deadly curse triggered by the lights going out."

"The burning speed is indeed remarkable, but we can only observe for now. If this Ghost Candle fails to withstand the curse, we're all in danger."

He immediately recognized the crux of the issue.

This situation was reminiscent of the time he used the Ghost Candle in the Caesar Hotel to combat the firewood knife's curse, though the burning mechanism of this candle was different.

There, the Ghost Candle burned out instantly, while here it was burning continuously at a rapid speed.

"Will we die after this candle burns out?"

Faced with this chilling conclusion, the others widened their eyes, staring fixedly at the rapidly burning red candle in Li Yang's hand.

Now, ten seconds had passed.

The Ghost Candle in Li Yang's hand had burned down further and left barely a small segment. Its consumption rate seemed to have eased from its earlier frenzy, though the anxiety was still palpable.

Yet even this small segment of the Ghost Candle continued to burn.

The rate of burning slowed down again, as if the most critical danger had passed, leaving only the last traces of supernatural struggle against the candle's light.

But even the faintest trace of this deadly supernatural curse could still be fatal—easily enough to eradicate Wang Shan and Yang Xiaohua, ordinary people.

The remaining Ghost Candle shortened further, leaving now barely three centimeters.

Yet the candle's flame remained unaffected, burning brightly.

But this brightness came at the cost of over-consuming the Ghost Candle to persist.

"It's still burning? We're about to lose it. Isn't there anything we can do?" Old Eagle asked anxiously.

A solution?

What kind of solution could possibly exist right now?

The ghost's attack had already taken shape, the condition for certain death had been triggered, and everything now depended on the Ghost Candle to withstand. But the Ghost Candle was consumable—once burned out, there was no replacement. And Yang Jian didn't have any additional candles on hand.

"If the Ghost Candle truly burns out and the ghost's attack hasn't dissipated, can I withstand such an inevitable elimination in my current state?" Yang Jian contemplated grimly, preparing for the worst and assessing his own ability to resist the supernatural.

Clearly, even he didn't know for sure.

This pattern of inevitable death, he'd encountered before. Back then, though, it had been warded off by the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box or the surrogate doll.

Now...

Yang Jian had become an anomaly himself but had yet to personally experience such an inevitable attack.

After all, if he didn't withstand it, wouldn't that simply be courting death?

Two centimeters.

The Ghost Candle in Li Yang's hand had reached its critical point. Only a tiny portion remained.

It seemed that fortune hadn't entirely abandoned them this time.

After enduring more than ten seconds, the Ghost Candle reached the last two centimeters and resumed its normal burning pace, no longer accelerating as it had before.

"It stopped. The candle's consumption rate has changed." Yang Xiaohua, fixated on it, noticed the shift and exclaimed with joy.

"Is it safe now? Is everything okay?" Wang Shan muttered, staring blankly as the tension slowly unwound. It felt almost unreal.

His nerves had been stretched to their extreme; now he was dazed.

"Yang Jian, what does this mean now?" Old Eagle, still steady, glanced around and asked for clarity.

"Obviously, we burned through a significant amount of the Ghost Candle and blocked the curse of certain death caused by the lights going out. This attack appears to have been neutralized—it won't affect us further. Fortunately, I extinguished the candle in time earlier, avoiding excess consumption; otherwise, the situation now would've been much less certain." Yang Jian spoke calmly, though his forehead revealed a sinister crimson crack. It ran down his face, to his neck, and onto his chest... as though he were on the verge of splitting apart.

Thick, sticky blood seeped from the wound.

The side effect of using the firewood knife had surfaced.

The curse erupted on his own body as well.

These wounds didn't only manifest on his physical body—his Ghost Shadow beneath his feet was also torn and splitting.

In this moment, he chose not to restart to repair himself.

Tonight was too dangerous, and Yang Jian decided to let the Ghost Shadow heal itself instead. If he used the restart function now, he wouldn't be able to easily fight back should future threats arise.

After all, his ability to restart only covered himself for a few minutes at most.

The ultimate limit of this ability hadn't been tested, but it was clear he couldn't use it frequently. Otherwise, triggering further resurrection of the Ghost Eye would bring Yang Jian, this anomaly, even more trouble.

"Your face..." Leuk Qingqing noticed Yang Jian's condition.

"I'm fine. Just a minor injury." Yang Jian dismissed these wounds without concern.

He simply resolved that the firewood knife couldn't be used lightly for the foreseeable future. If a second wave of curses erupted and the Ghost Shadow was further torn apart, its recovery speed would only diminish.

However, retaining his restart ability meant he could counteract the firewood knife's curse once in a critical moment.

Alternating his abilities ensured he wouldn't become vulnerable in a short time.

"That ghost has temporarily disappeared, but what happens next?" Li Yang's worry resurfaced.

As long as the ghost wasn't contained, it implied that it could reappear at any moment.

Because ghosts cannot be killed.

Even the firewood knife could dismember ghosts, but given some time, they would always regenerate.

The last bit of the Ghost Candle continued to burn, maintaining a surrounding radius of light and shielding the group from plunging into darkness anew.

The group huddled around this glimmer of flame, their expressions grim.

Yang Jian checked the time: it was only 6:57 PM.

This meant less than an hour had passed since the lights went out.

There were still eleven hours until dawn.

The length of time was suffocating and despair-inducing.

"We need to find a room that won't light up and has a door to stay in. Being in the corridor is slightly better than room 402, but with the fourth-floor lights shattered, there's no guarantee the ghosts in room 402 won't go out of control," Yang Jian analyzed.

At this juncture, Li Yang would need to utilize his Ghost Door Blocker ability.

The Ghost Door Blocker could isolate paranormal phenomena, offering some safety within a room.

The caveat was ensuring the room wouldn't light up again—if the ghost was drawn over, that would be suicide.

"Which rooms are left? Which one seems safest?" Leuk Qingqing asked.

Yang Jian activated his Ghost Eye to survey the eerie atmosphere emanating from room after room.

These rooms each likely contained ghosts.

If fortune turned sour and they entered a deadly room, someone would undoubtedly perish.

Though Yang Jian, as an anomaly, wasn't easily killed by ghosts, the Ghost Post Office was deeply perilous. Facing something genuinely terrifying could still carry deadly risks.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Yang Jian, awaiting his decision.

The chaos they had just witnessed was fresh in their minds.

Yang Jian had more than enough ability to ensure their survival.

Chapter 925 Defend the Room

Yang Jian felt that staying in the hallway all night was also unsafe. The fierce ghost he had repelled earlier still had the possibility of reappearing, and the post office itself often had many strange supernatural phenomena during the night.

However, staying near a room with the lights on was also impossible, as the ghosts would be attracted to the light.

After circling around, his gaze finally stopped at Room 404.

Room 404 didn't have a door, as it seemed to have been smashed apart by a fierce ghost's head. Inside, it was pitch black with no light shining through.

But the ghost that was banging its head against the wall earlier had already entered Room 402.

So that room should be safe now.

"Follow me before the last bit of Ghost Candle's flame goes out." Yang Jian moved decisively, without hesitation, heading straight for that room.

None of the others dared to delay for even a second; they hastily followed, afraid to fall behind.

Yang Jian didn't turn back but chose to circle around to reach Room 404. Turning back would require passing through Room 402, where many fierce ghosts lingered and roamed near its entrance, which would spell trouble if one was targeted.

The hallway wasn't very long, so even circling around wouldn't take much time.

The Ghost Candle's flame was still burning.

Without any supernatural interference, the Ghost Candle could burn for quite a while, much longer than a regular candle.

The green flame flickered as everyone cautiously pressed forward.

They originally thought this small stretch of path would be smooth, devoid of further dangers.

But suddenly, the man known as Eagle at the back of the group spoken abruptly: "Yang Jian, I think I'm hearing an extra set of footsteps behind me, as if something is following me."

"What?"

The words startled Leuk Qingqing, Wang Shan, and Yang Xiaohua.

"Don't stop walking; the Ghost Candle is still burning. Even if there's a ghost lurking, it won't attack us. As long as we enter a relatively safe room, we can survive the night." Li Yang responded quickly with a sharp command, unwilling to waste the last moments of the Ghost Candle's flame.

The Ghost Candle he held was already wearing thin, close to burning out entirely.

Yang Jian heard it too.

Among the group's footsteps, an erratic and chaotic sound had joined them.

Fast-paced, like someone running, yet it never drew closer. The steps would stop abruptly after moving a short distance ahead, only to resume as the group distanced themselves further.

The thing seemed afraid of the candlelight, unable to come too close.

"Looks like another ghost has started following us. Earlier, muddy footprints appeared near the entrance of Room 402; evidently, that ghost didn't enter but lingered at the doorway. The reason it's following now must be because the hallway lights turned on earlier."

"The light attracted that ghost, and now it's targeting us."

Yang Jian quickened his pace, his brow furrowed. Ghosts don't stick around people without reason; if it keeps following, that can only mean one thing.

Someone has already triggered the ghost's killing pattern, which is why the ghost won't relent.

"Captain, the Ghost Candle is holding up. This ghost doesn't seem as dangerous as we expected; it hasn't approached, and the candle is burning slower than anticipated. We've got a few more minutes." Li Yang reported promptly.

"Won't need a few minutes."

Circling most of the hallway wouldn't take that much time.

Soon.

A few dozen seconds later, Yang Jian reached the entrance of Room 404.

Though the interior was completely dark, he could still make out his surroundings.

The room was messy, with scattered furniture and decorations. The walls bore dried bloodstains, and there were clumps of hair and bits of scalp on the floor.

Something terrifying had evidently happened here not too long ago.

The door was gone, but Yang Jian stepped inside and checked; the bedroom door was intact, sealed and undamaged.

"To the bedroom."

Yang Jian said briefly, ensuring there was no immediate danger before walking swiftly toward the bedroom of Room 404.

The others swarmed in, fearing they might fall behind.

But behind them, the hurried footsteps rang out once again, crossing the entrance and into the room.

The ghost was still tailing them.

Yet the Ghost Candle burned on, casting its eerie green glow. The unsettling light kept the group calm despite their circumstances.

It seemed the bedroom door was locked. Yang Jian grabbed the handle but didn't open it.

Without hesitation, he summoned Ghost Shadow to permeate the door through its cracks.

"Click."

The door handle turned, and the door was unlocked.

The moment it opened, a rotten, murky stench swept across.

"Everyone inside."

Yang Jian quickly stepped in, gesturing for the others.

Li Yang entered promptly, holding the Ghost Candle aloft to block any fierce ghosts that might try to sneak in.

Yang Xiaohua, Wang Shan, and Leuk Qingqing rushed inside next, while Eagle followed close behind, running as fast as he could.

He had seen it. A pair of muddy footprints was right beside him.

Fortunately, they all made it through without incident, Eagle included.

The footprints pursued them, but stopped abruptly at the door, unable to move further due to the candlelight at the threshold.

"Bang!"

The door slammed shut fiercely.

Without waiting for an order, Li Yang immediately stationed himself behind the door, blocking it.

The supernatural force of Ghost Door Blocker activated, sealing the room entirely from both sides.

The footsteps outside were no longer audible, and the surroundings grew quiet.

"Are we safe now?" Yang Xiaohua asked cautiously.

"Safe? It's too early to say that. It's only a bit past seven—we can't predict what's going to happen next. For now, let's get some light in here," Yang Jian replied.

"Won't the light attract ghosts?" Eagle questioned.

Yang Jian explained, "Not all light attracts ghosts. Only the lights on this post office's fourth floor seem to possess supernatural properties that draw fierce ghosts. Regular lights don't have that capability."

"And if you're wrong?" Eagle remained cautious. "People could die."

"If I'm wrong, Li Yang and I will handle it. No need for you to worry." Yang Jian dismissed his concerns coldly.

If it weren't for the information Eagle might provide about the fourth floor, Yang Jian wouldn't bother dealing with him.

Eagle fell silent.

Yang Xiaohua had already pulled out several glow sticks, cracking them into activation before tossing them into the corners of the room. She also turned on a handheld flashlight she had brought along.

Instantly.

The darkness of the room faded, replaced by dim illumination. Though not bright, it restored the group's vision.

At that moment.

The Ghost Candle's flame shrank further, finally burning out completely.

Yang Jian's mouth twitched slightly at the sight.

A whole Ghost Candle wasted, with practically nothing gained. Not even the Firewood Knife had been effective in dealing with the ghost in the post office.

The only accomplishment was that everyone was still alive—no deaths yet.

Though that held little value for him personally.

"Bang!"

Suddenly.

The bedroom door shook violently, as though something had kicked it hard enough to nearly break it open.

But soon, the door clamped shut tightly again.

A unique supernatural force manifested in the door, blocking whatever anomaly lay beyond.

"The ghost's trying to kick the door in," Li Yang said, his voice low as he braced himself against it.

"Bang!"

The ghost kicked again, the strength unnervingly powerful, yet the door held firm.

"Without the Ghost Candle, the ghost might try to attack us now. If it keeps this up, I'll deal with it myself." Yang Jian's face turned icy as he stared at the door.

He wasn't about to let the ghost drain Li Yang's strength and energy needlessly.

If it came to it, Yang Jian wouldn't hesitate to wield the Firewood Knife, dismembering this ghost completely.

"I understand. I'll hold it for now," Li Yang replied.

"Bang!"

The ghost kicked a third time, even harder than before. The door bent slightly, opening up a small gap.

But Li Yang held firm, refusing to let the door be breached.

After the third kick, noises stirred outside.

The ghost stopped kicking and began pacing rapidly at the threshold, making repeated, unsettling footsteps.

The ghost was lingering at the door.

It seemed unwilling to let the room's occupants go.

"Not kicking the door anymore?" Yang Jian listened closely to the sounds outside, then relaxed slightly upon hearing no further impacts.

No matter what the ghost did outside, as long as it wasn't kicking the door, they had some respite.

"It seems that way. But we still can't let our guard down. I'll keep blocking the door, just in case." Li Yang spoke.

Yang Jian nodded.

The others, seeing this, also let their guarded hearts ease slightly.

"No wonder so many of the fourth floor's couriers have died; it's incredibly risky here." Leuk Qingqing remarked with a hint of lingering fear.

Eagle nodded in agreement: "This is the first time I've encountered a night this out of control. After delivering my first letter on the fourth floor, I didn't stay here, so I've never had a similar experience. But given the level of danger, I have no doubt that the fourth-floor couriers will eventually all perish."

If Yang Jian hadn't been here tonight, they all would have met their demise in Room 402.

Chapter 926 The Large Wardrobe

Entering the bedroom of room 404, Li Yang's Ghost Door Blocker supernatural power came into play, providing everyone with a temporary safe haven.

But the danger was far from over.

Because in the living room separated by just a door, the ghost was still pacing back and forth, its footsteps urgent and unsettling.

Though everyone knew the ghost couldn't kick the door open at the moment, the sound of its movements was enough to push their nerves to the limit. No one dared to relax even for a second, as if the ghost would break through the door the moment their minds wandered.

"Will we even make it through tonight?"

Yang Xiaohua and Wang Shan shared the same thought. They felt despair and exhaustion, even with someone as capable as Yang Jian on their side, their confidence was minimal.

After all, there were too many supernatural entities, and far too many ghosts.

One small mistake would cost them their lives.

The fourth-floor messengers were truly unlucky. Delivering letters here felt more like delivering themselves to death.

The earlier analysis had been spot-on.

The post office was targeting the ghost that had snuck into the group of fourth-floor messengers, initiating a purge to kill everyone until the ghost was exposed.

As for the messengers' lives, they were completely expendable.

Moreover, given the abilities of the fourth-floor messengers, it was almost impossible to survive in such an environment. As long as the delivery task remained, the messengers were inevitably doomed to be killed by the post office sooner or later.

"Rest for now. The night is still long. If all goes well, you might just make it to dawn," Yang Jian said as he touched the crack on his forehead.

The wound inflicted by the cursed Firewood Knife was now in the process of healing.

But the recovery wasn't as quick as he'd hoped.

Evidently, the cost of that slash from earlier had been too steep.

"Even if we survive tonight, once tomorrow's delivery task comes, we'll still end up dead," Yang Xiaohua said, curling up on the floor against the wall, her tone filled with despair and a sense of resignation.

She felt drained.

Might as well just die here and now.

Yang Jian glanced at her, expressionless: "We've made it this far. What's the point of saying that now? Are you planning to kill yourself? If you want to, you'll need my permission first."

"I don't even have the right to die?" Yang Xiaohua asked.

"No, you don't even have the ability to die," Yang Jian replied. "If you don't believe me, you can try."

Yang Xiaohua's eyes flickered as she pondered the meaning of Yang Jian's words: "I don't think I hold much value to you. If I die, wouldn't it mean you'd be rid of one more burden? Surely that's a good thing for you."

"That's true. If you agree, I'll throw you out right now," Yang Jian nodded, admitting it without hesitation.

"You..." Yang Xiaohua didn't dare to say another word.

She could tell Yang Jian was serious. If she uttered another word, she'd unavoidably be thrown out of the room.

"Completely useless garbage. You should've died back in Dachuan City. With your level of competence, you think you can work for me? I wouldn't take you even if you paid me," Yang Jian stated coldly.

"Yang Jian, come take a look... there seems to be a dead body on this bed," Wang Shan suddenly pointed to a bed nearby.

The bed was covered with a white sheet, but when he lifted the corner, he discovered a highly decomposed corpse hand sticking out from underneath.

Not just Wang Shan—Old Eagle and Leuk Qingqing also saw it.

"It's not a ghost, just a corpse. Probably one of the fourth-floor messengers, likely killed by a ghost," Leuk Qingqing observed.

"This corpse looks familiar," Old Eagle remarked, furrowing his brow as he pulled the sheet down further.

A heavy stench of decay wafted out, enough to make everyone gag.

The severely rotted corpse was fully revealed before them.

The corpse's hand held a photograph and a handwritten letter.

"It's my missing friend, Zhu Lei," Old Eagle examined the body and his eyes narrowed.

"He died peacefully and even left behind a letter and photo, which means he wasn't killed by a ghost. It was likely suicide," Leuk Qingqing concluded.

Old Eagle frowned: "Zhu Lei wasn't the kind of person who'd take his own life. He wasn't that weak."

"It doesn't matter. He's been dead for some time now," Yang Jian remarked indifferently, showing little interest in the corpse.

Old Eagle didn't say anything further. Instead, he took the photo and letter from the corpse's hand.

Without hesitation, he unfolded the letter to read it.

It was indeed Zhu Lei's handwriting, explaining a few final wishes. The photo was a family portrait—evidence that he had been thinking of his loved ones until the very end.

"After everything he's done to become a fourth-floor messenger, he still couldn't make it," Li Yang said, glancing at the scene with a note of melancholy.

Having followed Yang Jian all the way to this point, Li Yang fully understood the immense difficulty involved in becoming a fourth-floor messenger.

If they could just hold on a little longer and make it to the fifth floor of the post office, there was a real chance to escape this cursed place entirely and gain freedom, without having to complete the delivery tasks.

"Hmm? Do other fourth-floor rooms have furniture like that?"

Yang Jian's attention shifted to the corner of the room, where a large wooden wardrobe stood.

The wardrobe was substantial in size, yet unassuming because it blended seamlessly with the room's decor. It appeared as though it belonged there, drawing hardly any attention, even when noticed.

"No, the other fourth-floor rooms don't have such wardrobes. The 402 room I stayed in earlier only had a bed and a nightstand—nothing else. Each room is decorated differently, but large furniture like this is highly unusual," Old Eagle reasoned.

"Do you think there's something wrong with it?"

"Hopefully not, but let's not take any chances," Wang Shan quickly moved back, putting distance between himself and the wardrobe.

Yang Jian approached it: "It's hard to say. Better to check it out. We're going to be stuck here until morning, after all."

"Leuk Qingqing, are you planning to stand there all day?"

"I get it. I'll go check," Leuk Qingqing replied, understanding Yang Jian's implicit criticism.

She had followed the group throughout their journey and hadn't contributed anything. All the danger had been handled by Yang Jian, and even Li Yang was busy blocking the door. As a ghost manipulator herself, refusing to help would be indefensible.

She had no reason to refuse, nor was she in a position to.

Leuk Qingqing approached the wardrobe.

Even with her tall, 172 cm build, she appeared comparatively small next to its imposing presence. She took a careful look, then cautiously opened the wardrobe door.

But as soon as she opened it...

Something lunged out and struck her head violently.

In an instant.

Leuk Qingqing's head was knocked off, falling to the floor with a dented section and rolling to the side, her wide-open eyes filled with shock.

Her body, however, remained upright, frozen in the act of opening the wardrobe.

"What?"

Everyone was stunned by the sudden development.

"Attacked?" Yang Jian's expression darkened as he noticed what was inside the wardrobe.

A hand holding a blood-stained old wooden mallet emerged from amid the hanging clothes.

"There's someone inside. I was attacked by a living person."

Leuk Qingqing's severed head spoke—she hadn't died. Her neck contained no flesh or blood, instead revealing wooden segments like a puppet. Everything but her face was artificial.

Despite the terrifying assault, Leuk Qingqing had determined she wasn't hit by a ghost, but by a human.

"A supernatural object?"

Yang Jian's eyes remained fixed on the bloody old mallet, his lips curving into a cold smile.

It seemed the night wasn't entirely devoid of gains.

"Come out, whoever is hiding in there."

The person inside the wardrobe offered no response, not speaking or acknowledging him. Instead, one arm extended through the pile of clothes, clutching the wardrobe door to try and shut it.

"Deaf? Or just ignoring me?"

Yang Jian raised his hand, sending the cracked long spear flying forward. The coffin nail embedded at the spear's tail pierced the arm, pinning it firmly to the door.

There was still no response from within.

But Yang Jian didn't care. He strode over, grabbed the pinned arm, and yanked.

A person inside the wardrobe let out a muffled scream as they were pulled out.

He was no longer holding the bloody mallet, and it was clear he hadn't been the one who attacked Leuk Qingqing.

"It's one of the fourth-floor messengers. I recognize him—his name is Qu Hongtao," Old Eagle said, staring intently as the figure emerged. He identified him immediately.

"Old Eagle? It's you?"

Qu Hongtao gritted his teeth, glaring at him fiercely.

Old Eagle's reaction was neutral, letting out a heavy scoff: "No wonder other rooms had no trace of messengers. You sure know how to hide—running off to room 404's wardrobe. Aren't you afraid this room's ghost will smash the wardrobe door and kill you inside?"

"Of course I was afraid, so earlier we aimed directly at the ghost's head and managed to hit it once. That kept us safe. But I didn't expect things to turn out this way," Qu Hongtao muttered, pinned under Yang Jian's foot. He glanced at Yang Jian carefully.

Just one newcomer?

No.

Several newcomers.

He noticed Li Yang, Wang Shan, Yang Xiaohua, and other unfamiliar faces.

Yang Jian asked, "Anyone else hiding inside? How many?"

"Including me, there are three of us," Qu Hongtao replied.

"Quite a number," Yang Jian remarked. "This wardrobe seems unusual—possibly able to isolate all sounds and activity."

"This wardrobe was acquired during a previous delivery task. It had a ghost hiding inside at the time. Some of its supernatural energy seeped into the wardrobe, triggering certain bizarre changes. If you have questions, let's talk this out. Put that thing down first," Qu Hongtao said.

Observing Yang Jian's long spear poised to strike his skull at any moment, he didn't dare move.

This guy was ruthlessly decisive.

One sign of refusal or resistance, and his head would be skewered on the spot.

Qu Hongtao had no choice but to answer honestly. He couldn't possibly hide anything now.

And even if he tried, it wouldn't work.

Chapter 927: The Bloodstained Mallet

Unexpectedly, the wardrobe in Room 404 was hiding the messenger from the fourth floor who managed to survive by luck.

They certainly had some abilities, managing to obtain an item infused with eerie supernatural energy. This wardrobe isn't truly a paranormal object; it simply underwent some strange transformation because a malicious ghost had once hidden inside it, giving it an odd ability to isolate the interior silence from the outside.

It prevents ghosts outside the wardrobe from finding those hiding inside.

It also ensures that those inside can't hear any commotion outside.

Although it feels quite useless most of the time,

it proves to be extremely useful right now on the chaotic fourth floor of the post office, enabling people to safely endure the most perilous night.

Moreover, the wardrobe's placement is quite ingenious.

It was deliberately put inside a haunted Room 404, to coexist with a ghost.

After all, while the ghost is undeniably a ghost, the messenger might not necessarily be a true messenger, making it an opportunity to avoid the ghost hidden among the messengers.

"So, there really are other messengers who survived. The messengers on the fourth floor are certainly resourceful." Li Yang expressed interest, but he had a more pressing task: blocking this doorway.

Because outside the door, the hurried footsteps pacing back and forth hadn't stopped.

The ghost was still wandering just outside.

Meanwhile, Leuk Qingqing's headless corpse, after opening the wardrobe door, began to move. Her body behaved as though nothing was wrong, slowly walking toward the location where her head had rolled off. She bent over, picked up the crushed and flattened head, and reassembled it onto her own body.

Her neck and body, being part of a puppet, fit together seamlessly, needing no help from the Ghost Shadow's powers.

Leuk Qingqing rotated her neck slightly, producing a series of clicking sounds as she touched her forehead.

The blow from the wooden mallet was terrifying—the forehead was caved in by more than half, and her once-beautiful head was completely deformed. She tried pressing it back, but it wouldn't return to its original state. This seemed to have caused permanent damage. If it had been anyone else, they would certainly have died by now. Even if it were a malicious ghost, it likely would have been driven away by such a strike.

"The puppet body itself is inherently supernatural, but this wooden mallet is decidedly extraordinary." Yang Jian understood how special Leuk Qingqing's body truly was.

Although Leuk Qingqing survived the strike, appearing unaffected,

the fact that the wooden mallet had crushed the puppet body's head suggested that if a real ghost had taken that blow, its head would have been flattened as well.

"Kill him." Leuk Qingqing's beautiful face was now hauntingly grim; she was furious and desired vengeance.

Yang Jian glanced at her: "Killing him or not, that's my decision, not yours."

"Aren't you going to take down the messenger on the fourth floor? He's against us. Are you seriously considering letting him go? If you won't act, then I will." Leuk Qingqing, wearing high heels and with her flattened head, strode forward.

"Calm down," Wang Shan urged.

He definitely didn't want to see Yang Jian and Leuk Qingqing clashing.

"Shut up," Leuk Qingqing snapped at Wang Shan, and simultaneously, an unseen Supernatural Curse descended upon him.

Wang Shan froze in place like a Puppet Person, unable to move, his limbs stiff.

Puppet Person?

Yang Jian remained unmoved upon seeing this: "If I choose not to kill, are you planning on turning against me, Leuk Qingqing?"

With that said, he stamped down on Qu Hongtao, who was lying on the ground, then readied his cracked spear, prepared to strike again.

Although furious, Leuk Qingqing managed not to lose her reasoning entirely. She hated how she'd been transformed into something resembling a ghost, her once-beautiful head now twisted and deformed by that mallet blow.

Faced with Yang Jian's tough stance, she halted her steps, not daring to challenge his limits.

If they truly did start a fight,

she would almost certainly be killed on the spot.

There was no other possibility.

As a messenger who had infiltrated the supernatural realm, Leuk Qingqing knew enough about Yang Jian to understand his capabilities. Many individuals far stronger than herself had been killed by Yang Jian, earning him notable achievements in the paranormal community.

Those unfamiliar with him might think Yang Jian acted recklessly,

but those who understood his prowess would realize that his attitude was remarkably restrained and modest.

"Are you trying to protect him?" Leuk Qingqing suppressed her rage and questioned him.

"Don't question me about how I do things. Just because you were attacked doesn't mean you have the right to question me so self-righteously."

Yang Jian retorted, "If you lack capability, don't blame others. When I was injured fighting malicious ghosts in the corridor earlier, I never blamed anyone."

Although furious, Leuk Qingqing could only swallow her grievances.

"As for you—get inside the wardrobe and bring out the people hiding within," Yang Jian demanded with a harsh kick.

The strike was powerful.

Qu Hongtao, the messenger, was sent flying directly into the wardrobe, hitting it heavily.

"You..."

Qu Hongtao groaned through clenched teeth, glaring fiercely at Yang Jian, as if plotting revenge, intending to resist.

Considering his own circumstances and the surrounding situation, however, he dared not act rashly. Without a word, he ducked back into the wardrobe.

The wardrobe appeared far larger than it seemed. Those who entered seemed to vanish entirely, leaving no trace.

Soon enough...

There was movement inside the wardrobe. The hanging clothes swayed, and several figures climbed out.

As Qu Hongtao had mentioned, there were three people in total, including himself.

"Interesting. I didn't expect the fourth floor to have such capable messengers. My name is Wang Feng. The events earlier were a misunderstanding. How about we resolve this peacefully?" Among the three, the leader—a man in his early thirties—spoke with a tired expression, a smile lingering on his face, his gaze fixed on Yang Jian.

Inside the wardrobe, they must have briefly discussed the situation outside.

"That wooden mallet is quite special," Yang Jian abruptly remarked.

Beside him, Qu Hongtao's eyes flickered with unease, seemingly wanting to speak but refrained.

"You mean this? Indeed, it's quite remarkable." Wang Feng's sleeve revealed a bloodstained wooden mallet carrying an unsettling aura.

"I want it,"

Yang Jian wasted no time and acted immediately, attempting to seize it outright.

"Friend, that's impulsive," Wang Feng's gaze darkened as he raised the mallet and struck Yang Jian's outstretched blackened hand.

The Ghost Hand took the hit, instantly losing sensation.

And it wasn't just the Ghost Hand; Yang Jian felt nearly half his body go numb.

"Foolhardy."

Yang Jian swung the cracked spear with his other hand, slashing at Wang Feng.

Wang Feng failed to evade, his arm sliced deeply, exposing bone amidst splattering blood.

The Firewood Knife's sharpness was terrifyingly formidable.

"That's going too far."

Another messenger stepped forward, shielding Wang Feng.

The Ghost Shadow's encroachment was suddenly blocked, creating a zone of paranormal isolation that prevented the Ghost Shadow from invading Wang Feng.

"Fascinating—messengers on the fourth floor indeed harbor ghost masters." Yang Jian refrained from a full-force attack, merely testing their limits.

If it came to a serious fight, these individuals would stand no chance against him.

Considering the number of malicious ghosts on this floor tonight, Yang Jian preferred not to add more revived ghosts to the mix.

However, Wang Feng misunderstood Yang Jian's restraint, mistaking it for a fully unleashed attack, believing them to be evenly matched adversaries.

"Fighting each other here is pointless. You already have the knife; must you covet my item as well? Let's stop this. Surviving tonight is uncertain—infighting is truly foolish."

He ignored his bleeding arm, warily guarding against Yang Jian's potential next move, though inwardly he was terrified. "What kind of man is this? Taking a strike from my bloodstained wooden mallet and acting as if nothing happened? Furthermore, he utilizes multiple ghost powers—could newcomers from the third floor really be this formidable?"

A monster?

Somehow, Wang Feng felt this unsettling idea solidify in his mind.

"Who would ever think they have too many tools at hand?" Yang Jian flexed his numbed arm.

This sensation likely stemmed from the suppressive force of the supernatural item.

The single strike from the mallet could neutralize a ghost's ability temporarily, putting it into a near-slumber-like state.

Though dangerous, it wasn't lethal.

Provided one didn't get struck repeatedly, which might lead to compounded effects and even a state of unconsciousness.

"Need a hand?" asked Eagle, ready to support Yang Jian.

"Not necessary," Yang Jian replied. "I want to test the capabilities of fourth-floor messengers."

He then added, "It's quite simple to make me stop. Show sufficient strength, or hand over the mallet."

He gripped his cracked spear tightly and strode forward once more.

"This madman," Wang Feng murmured, his face darkening.

He had a strong premonition: if the conflict continued, this man might not die at all—only their group of three would.

Chapter 928: Subduing

The three couriers who emerged from the wardrobe in the room were down on their luck to have run into Yang Jian at this moment.

Originally, they could have spent the night hiding safely in the wardrobe, but now it was uncertain whether they could even survive.

Yang Jian had merely launched a probing attack, yet it was enough to make Wang Feng, the leader of the three, feel deeply troubled, even prompting him to immediately utter words of conciliation.

But just this wasn't enough to discourage Yang Jian from taking further action.

Seeing Yang Jian approaching again, Wang Feng had already steeled himself for desperate measures.

Conflicts between couriers were a common occurrence in the Ghost Post Office; it was nothing unusual. Wang Feng had experienced plenty of skirmishes and clashes on his way up to the fourth floor. The difference had always been that he was the victor.

But this time seemed different.

Wang Feng's two companions stood to either side, watching him as if waiting for his decision.

Would they fight to the death, or would they surrender and admit defeat? He needed to decide quickly.

"The odds aren't in our favor. This guy in front of us is absurdly strong, not to mention the eagle, the woman who survived being hit with the wooden mallet, and the one blocking the door."

Wang Feng quickly assessed the disparity between the two sides.

It was evident they were at an absolute disadvantage.

Though they were couriers on the fourth floor, one couldn't forget that their opponent was as well.

Among couriers who had made it upstairs, aside from the occasional lucky ones, there were none who were easy to deal with.

However, conceding and handing over the wooden mallet wouldn't necessarily resolve the conflict. The opponent might turn against them, kill them off anyway.

Yang Jian gave them no time to think. He attacked again.

This time, he targeted the man who had just blocked the Ghost Shadow.

The ghost that man controlled seemed to possess a Ghost Domain. Earlier, he had used the Ghost Domain—though its scope wasn't large, it was certainly remarkable, as it managed to repel the complete Ghost Shadow. Unfortunately, it couldn't last long, maintaining itself only for a brief moment.

But this also proved that the man was only controlling a single ghost and, thus, was merely a novice among ghost tamers.

"Oh no."

The man's expression suddenly changed as if realizing something.

He felt something unusual within his body, as if something was crawling around inside. A wave of intense nausea surged up.

He bent over, dry heaving. Yet, nothing came out. Instead, a blackened, icy hand stretched out from his mouth. It wasn't just one spot—he could feel the same eerie movements in multiple parts of his body.

Even those next to him could see the outlines of hands crawling beneath his skin.

It was as if an evil spirit had invaded his body, sending chills down everyone's spines.

"What's happening?" Qu Hongtao exclaimed in shock from the side.

"It's a supernatural attack," Wang Feng muttered in astonishment, lifting his gaze to Yang Jian.

There was no doubt that this was his doing.

But before anyone could react, Yang Jian was already in front of them. Without resistance, he grabbed the man by the neck and lifted him off the ground with a single hand.

"Dammit."

Wang Feng hesitated for only a moment but realized he had already fallen into a passive position. He no longer contemplated whether peace was still attainable. At this moment, if he didn't rescue his companion, then even a potential truce would mean little.

Clutching the wooden mallet, he charged forward once more, intending to force Yang Jian back, just as he did before.

But this time, he wasn't so lucky.

Without the help of his teammates, Wang Feng was immediately enveloped by the Ghost Shadow, which invaded his body in an instant.

Before he could make a move, he froze in place. His body lost all sensation and was paralyzed. At the same time, an icy, cold aura enveloped him completely, even seeping into his mind.

"Did you really believe that the three of you, working together, stood a chance against me?"

Yang Jian spoke with an expressionless face, his gaze shifting toward the remaining Qu Hongtao.

"This... this..."

Qu Hongtao froze on the spot, unsure of what to do.

There was no point in making a move now. The fight had ended before it even began. His two companions hadn't even had the chance to counter before being subdued. Even with him joining in, it would make no difference.

With a light squeeze of his hand, the man Yang Jian was holding let out a painful groan. It felt as though his neck would snap at any moment. However, what terrified him most was that the supernatural force inside him had suddenly gone silent, ceasing all activity.

This person in front of him hadn't just subdued him; he had also subdued the ghost within him.

"The gap in strength is unbelievable," the eagle muttered, stunned.

Mere moments ago, Wang Feng and his team had managed to repel Yang Jian, creating the illusion of being evenly matched. Yet this time, they lost so quickly and so thoroughly. Yang Jian appeared to be using the same supernatural abilities, so why was the result so different?

Li Yang, on the other hand, was unsurprised.

He understood that the captain had merely been testing the trio's capabilities earlier. Now that he had gauged their abilities, the second encounter required only minor adjustments for an effortless victory, without any unnecessary effort.

Any outsider wouldn't grasp the subtleties of such an encounter.

Only a skilled ghost tamer could comprehend just how terrifying such ease of action truly was.

"Now, let's see what you know," Yang Jian said without wasting any words, using the Ghost Shadow to invade Wang Feng and extract his memories.

Information from a fourth-floor courier could still prove useful to him.

Previously, he had considered invading the eagle's mind, but Leuk Qingqing had dissuaded him from doing so.

Now, with a better candidate, he wasn't going to let the opportunity pass.

"T-The wooden mallet is yours. Please spare us. Killing us won't benefit you," Wang Feng stammered under the suppression, struggling to speak.

Yang Jian remained silent. As he extracted Wang Feng's memories, he also modified them, preventing Wang Feng from harboring thoughts of retaliation or covertly causing trouble later.

After all, Wang Feng wasn't wrong—killing them at this time wasn't ideal.

With ghosts lurking outside the doors, stirring up more chaos inside the room would make the night unbearable. Yang Jian himself might not mind, but he had to consider his team. The delivery mission hadn't even begun yet; losing teammates prematurely wasn't an option.

"See? If you had spoken like this earlier, it would've spared us all this trouble," Yang Jian finally said, his voice cold. He released his grip and let the courier drop to the ground.

The Ghost Shadow slowly retreated from Wang Feng's body.

The memory extraction was complete, and the modifications were successful.

Dealing with someone of this level posed virtually no risk.

Wang Feng's expression shifted. He felt the icy presence inside him withdraw, and his mobility returned. Yet he couldn't shake the sense that something fundamental within him had changed. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but the unease was palpable.

"He really let us go?" Wang Feng said, still somewhat incredulous.

Conflict among couriers was normally resolved in blood, with no quarter given once one side gained the upper hand.

"What's the matter? Thinking of coming back for more?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, here. Take it. We apologize for what happened earlier."

Though unwilling, Wang Feng handed over the wooden mallet.

Yang Jian took it and examined it briefly.

The mallet wasn't large, resembling an old carpenter's tool. The main difference was its worn appearance, with dried bloodstains marking its surface, evidence of its use as a murder weapon.

Undoubtedly, this was a supernatural object.

However, the cost of its use... Yang Jian probed Wang Feng's memories but found no relevant information about its specific price.

The reason was simple—Wang Feng had acquired the mallet not long ago and had used it sparingly. He had yet to uncover its true cost.

"More trial and error, is it?"

Yang Jian sighed and tossed the mallet casually toward Li Yang.

"Hold onto this. It might help us fend off a ghost in a pinch."

With the Firewood Knife and Coffin Nail in his possession, Yang Jian had no immediate use for the mallet, so he entrusted it to Li Yang to bolster his abilities.

"For me?" Li Yang looked surprised.

"No need for formalities within a team. Figure out how to use it. We still don't know its cost, so don't overuse it unless absolutely necessary," Yang Jian replied.

"Understood, Captain," Li Yang said happily, picking up the wooden mallet with a smile.

Having this supernatural item greatly increased his odds of survival.

Qu Hongtao, Wang Feng, and the other courier all darkened at the sight.

Something so critical for survival had been handed off so casually to another teammate, as if it were nothing more than a trinket.

"If there's nothing else, we'll return to the wardrobe," Wang Feng said, clearly eager to leave.

Yang Jian, however, stopped him. "No, you'll stay in this room."

"You..." Qu Hongtao almost exploded in anger.

But the other two couriers quickly held him back, shaking their heads slightly to signal restraint.

They'd already suffered enough losses; it wasn't worth risking their lives over this now.

Chapter 929 Death Appears

The bedroom of Room 404 in the post office seemed more crowded than usual tonight.

Yang Jian, Li Yang, Wang Shan, Yang Xiaohua, Leuk Qingqing, Eagle, and the three couriers who were hiding in the wardrobe earlier made for a total of nine people.

Yet, this group was splintered into several smaller factions.

Yang Jian and Li Yang formed one group, Leuk Qingqing and Eagle another, while Wang Feng, Qu Hongtao, and the other two couriers made their own alliance. As for Yang Xiaohua and Wang Shan, they were just irrelevant ordinary people who could switch sides at any moment just to survive—true opportunists swaying with the wind.

The silent, somber atmosphere inside the room felt strange.

Although everyone seemed to be at peace, their inner thoughts were far from certain.

Outside the door,

hurried footsteps continued to pace back and forth.

The ghost remained outside, lingering by the door without leaving.

This peculiar environment and situation forced everyone to restrain themselves, preventing any outbreak of violence.

But everyone understood that when an opportunity arose, a deadly clash would be inevitable.

At this moment, Leuk Qingqing's eyes were locked onto Wang Feng, as if staring at a mortal enemy. After all, he had struck her earlier with a wooden mallet, caving in her entire skull. Even now, the damage hadn't fully recovered, and it seemed unlikely to ever properly heal.

Though the injury wasn't severe,

she couldn't tolerate the way it left her.

Wang Feng, on the other hand, was being extremely cautious around Yang Jian. His two companions were equally wary, convinced that Yang Jian posed the greatest threat.

"Interesting," Yang Jian muttered to himself, observing everyone's reactions.

He hadn't killed anyone today—not directly, anyway—and had shown remarkable restraint. Otherwise, not only would Wang Feng's group of couriers be dead, but even Leuk Qingqing and Eagle wouldn't have made it this far.

The reason for his restraint,

was largely because the fourth floor of the post office was incredibly dangerous tonight, and Yang Jian didn't want to create unnecessary complications.

Moreover, there was no urgency to act now.

"Let some people live a little longer. Tomorrow morning, everything will be dealt with." Yang Jian found a spot to sit down, closed his eyes, and began to rest.

Seeing this, Yang Xiaohua sat close to Yang Jian.

Although she knew Yang Jian had offended many people here, none of them were important. From beginning to end, the only person capable of ensuring her survival was Yang Jian.

If the opportunity arose, Yang Xiaohua wouldn't mind currying favor with him in exchange for a chance to live.

"It feels like it's not as dangerous as before,"

Li Yang remarked, seated by the door to guard against any intrusion by the ghost outside. Compared to earlier, the situation now seemed relatively safe, as though the worst had already passed.

But it was only eight-thirty; not even nine o'clock yet.

The night had only just begun.

Inside the room, none of the nine people spoke much, maintaining an eerie silence. However, not a single one of them appeared sleepy—they all remained highly cautious, ready to react to the slightest disturbance.

Time crept forward.

Nine o'clock. Nine-ten. Nine-thirty... ten o'clock.

The next few hours passed peacefully without incident.

Yang Jian's decision proved wise. Staying in Room 404 indeed greatly reduced the risk of ghost attacks. If they had remained in the hallway, who knew what horrors might've befallen them by now?

The extended period of safety, combined with the relentless tension, led to a slight sense of relief. Some individuals even felt an overwhelming urge to sleep.

Yang Xiaohua began to doze off. She wasn't fully asleep but was on the verge, jerking awake each time and resorting to slapping her face or pinching herself to stay alert.

She glanced to her side,

where Yang Jian remained seated, unmoving. His presence was oddly reassuring.

Then she turned to look at Li Yang on the other side, noticing that Li Yang was wide awake, showing no sign of drowsiness.

She scanned the rest of the group.

There wasn't much variation—some people stood to force themselves to stay awake, while others struggled to keep their eyes open but remained vigilant.

Finally, Yang Xiaohua's gaze landed on Wang Shan, who was huddled near the wall with his head down, completely still, as though he had fallen asleep.

"Wang Shan? Don't fall asleep,"

Yang Xiaohua whispered, trying to warn him to stay awake and avoid any untimely dangers.

But Wang Shan didn't respond, seemingly unaware of her words.

Yang Xiaohua gently nudged him, but just as she was about to say something, her hand recoiled violently upon touching him.

Wang Shan's body was unnaturally cold—so frigid it felt like a corpse, devoid of any warmth.

"Wang Shan?"

This time, she shook him harder, but his body simply toppled over, collapsing onto the floor with a heavy thud. His entire body was ice-cold, showing no signs of life.

Dead. Was he dead?

After a brief moment of shock, Yang Xiaohua suddenly realized the gravity of the situation.

"Wang Shan is dead!"

Her voice rose sharply, breaking the room's silence and snapping everyone to attention. One by one, all eyes turned to the scene.

Under the dim room lighting, they could see Wang Shan's lifeless body.

"Dead? Impossible!" Eagle leaped to his feet and rushed over to examine the corpse.

"He really is dead. And not for long—there's still residual warmth in his chest. But there are no obvious wounds or signs of supernatural attacks... it looks like sudden death," he concluded.

Sudden death?

"Eagle, do you really think a perfectly healthy person could just drop dead like that out of the blue?" Qu Hongtao, one of the couriers, asked coldly.

Wang Feng interjected, "I'm not saying it's impossible, but it's highly unlikely. For the record, his death has nothing to do with us, so don't you dare try to pin this on us. Honestly, we wouldn't waste our efforts on someone irrelevant. Isn't that right?"

Fearing that Wang Shan's death would spark conflict, Wang Feng scrambled to distance himself from the incident to avoid blame.

"If it wasn't natural causes or foul play, then there's only one explanation: he was killed by a ghost. This room might not be as safe as we thought,"

Leuk Qingqing said, tying her dark hair up to conceal her deformed skull.

Her words sent chills through everyone.

"Don't jump to conclusions. If there were a ghost in this room, it would've revealed itself by now. How could it hide for so long with so many eyes watching?" Wang Feng immediately refuted.

Eagle stayed silent, his gaze drifting to the room's bed.

On the bed lay a highly decomposed corpse—the body of his friend, Zhu Lei.

If there was anything suspicious here, that corpse was the likeliest candidate.

"What do you think, Captain?" Li Yang asked quietly, unable to deduce the truth on his own. He turned to Yang Jian for guidance.

Everyone else also shifted their focus to Yang Jian.

Here, Yang Jian was the authority figure. His words carried the most weight.

Yang Jian slowly opened his eyes, the flesh on his forehead splitting to reveal a crimson eye darting around the room, scanning every corner before settling briefly on Wang Shan's corpse.

"His death is indeed strange. Even I didn't notice it happening,"

Yang Jian admitted. Despite his vigilance, he hadn't paid much attention to Wang Shan, an ordinary person from the first floor. Someone like that could drop dead at any moment without raising eyebrows.

But dying at this juncture? That was unsettling.

Perhaps there really was a ghost hiding in this room.

"Have you all forgotten? There's a ghost among the couriers on the fourth floor," Yang Jian calmly reminded everyone.

"Which means that one of the couriers here isn't human but a ghost in disguise. Wang Shan's death might be connected to that."

His words sent a shockwave through the group.

Of course.

The rumor said that one of the couriers from the fourth floor had been replaced by a ghost, and that was the reason the post office had fallen into chaos.

"You mean to say that the disguised ghost is among us?" Wang Feng's heart sank, cold dread seeping into his limbs.

"We're couriers from the third floor. The ghost can't be one of us. It's only the fourth-floor couriers who are suspicious. Wang Feng, right? Can you vouch for the people around you? Or... could it be you?" Yang Jian said slowly.

"Are you kidding? If one of us were the ghost, do you think we'd have survived this long?" Wang Feng retorted.

Leuk Qingqing remained silent, her gaze shifting momentarily to Eagle.

Eagle couldn't be ruled out either.

"Who knows? Let's wait and see. The night is still long. If the ghost is among us, it'll strike again when it finds the chance," Yang Jian remarked.

"Do you think the ghost will still kill after you've called it out?" Eagle asked.

"Yes,"

Yang Jian replied. "After all, a ghost is still a ghost. It doesn't calculate gains and losses; it doesn't weigh pros and cons. No matter how well it mimics being human, its essence doesn't change. It will strike whenever it gets the chance."

"This is terrible," Yang Xiaohua said, feeling a deep sense of despair.

She had thought the danger had passed. Yet it turned out there was a ghost hiding among the nine of them.

No, now it was eight.

"Damn it," Qu Hongtao muttered under his breath, overwhelmed with frustration.

Yang Jian remained calm. He knew he wasn't in any real danger; if the ghost targeted him, it would immediately expose itself.

Managing to secretly kill Wang Shan under everyone's nose had been hard enough already.

Chapter 930 Who Has a Problem?

The atmosphere in Room 404 had turned rather eerie.

Yang Jian's reminder made everyone realize that something was seriously off.

If Wang Shan's death wasn't due to sudden illness or some underhanded act, then the most likely cause was a supernatural event. The state of the room had been thoroughly checked by everyone just moments ago, though the rotting corpse still lying on the bed remained.

But there was nothing wrong with that corpse.

Therefore, the possibility of an issue with the room itself could be ruled out.

Which left only one possibility: among all the people left in the room, someone might be the ghost.

Everyone knew that the fourth floor had been infiltrated by a ghost. It was precisely because of this that trust among the messengers on the fourth floor had disintegrated, resulting in mutual suspicion, prevention, and even conflicts.

But the identity of the ghost on the fourth floor was still a mystery.

The ghost had hidden itself extremely well.

And it was incredibly hard to uncover. If it were easy, the messengers on the fourth floor would have already found and dealt with the concealed ghost by now.

"So, among us here, who might be the ghost on the fourth floor? If we don't figure it out, someone else is bound to die tonight. It's not even 11 o'clock yet, still over six hours till dawn," said Li Yang, who was still blocking the door, scanning the others with his eyes.

As soon as the words left his mouth, everyone's faces darkened.

Indeed.

If one of them were the ghost, then the next six hours would be filled with paranoia and terror. One person was already dead; it wouldn't be surprising if two or three more ended up the same.

Yang Xiaohua's face twisted with sudden realization. She instinctively moved closer to Yang Jian.

The only thing she was certain of was that Yang Jian and Li Yang weren't the ghost. As for everyone else, she couldn't trust them.

"I think the ghost is among the three of you. Like I said before, the ghost is on the fourth floor, and we're messengers who came up from the third floor. That rules us all out, leaving just you three, along with Eagle—four suspicious individuals in total."

Leuk Qingqing was the first to speak. She stared at Wang Feng and Qu Hongtao.

"The likelihood of Eagle being the ghost is small. On the way here, no one from our team was harmed. If he were the ghost, he wouldn't have waited until now to act. The moment you all appeared, though, trouble began. The answer seems obvious."

She was adamant that one of the three fourth-floor messengers had to be the ghost.

While she couldn't pin down exactly who, one of them was certainly the culprit.

Leuk Qingqing's reasoning, while somewhat accusatory, was grounded in logic. If one followed her train of thought, the three individuals did indeed appear most suspicious.

"Don't smear us! If one of the three of us were the ghost, we would've been killed that entire time we were hiding in the wardrobe. How could we still be alive by now? The problem clearly lies with your group!" Wang Feng retorted with firm conviction.

This wasn't a joke.

If misjudged, it would mean people would die.

"Whether it's true or not can be tested. Let's kick the three of you out of the room and see if the problems persist," Leuk Qingqing said coldly.

"You crazy woman! Just admit you're trying to kill us already. Why go through all this pretense? I think you're the real problem here—taking a direct hammer blow and still not dying? That's definitely not normal!" snarled Qu Hongtao, clearly incensed.

Leuk Qingqing responded, "Your accusation is baseless. Unless you can provide concrete proof, don't assume everyone here is a fool. To survive on this floor, none of the messengers are incompetent."

Qu Hongtao was momentarily speechless, anger choking his words.

He knew, of course, that baseless claims held no weight. He simply wanted to vent his frustrations toward Leuk Qingqing.

Besides, if he truly were kicked out of the room, he'd almost certainly die outside tonight.

At this point, Eagle spoke up: "No matter how much we argue, if the earlier assumption is correct, a second victim will show up soon anyway. Before that happens, we need to come up with a plan. Internal fighting helps no one."

"Yang Jian, what do you think?"

Knowing his own words carried little weight, he redirected the decision to Yang Jian.

In this small room, Yang Jian was the one whose words carried absolute authority.

Everyone else also turned their gazes toward Yang Jian, eager to hear his thoughts.

At Yang Jian's side, the black Ghost Shadow flickered, slowly retracting from Wang Shan's corpse.

He had just extracted Wang Shan's memories.

Though Wang Shan was dead, and not for long, Ghost Shadow could still obtain his memories, albeit incomplete compared to a living person's.

Yang Jian wanted to use these memories to ascertain the cause of Wang Shan's death.

It was disappointing.

He found nothing.

Wang Shan had genuinely died mysteriously in his sleep, without even realizing the cause himself.

"What's the rush?"

Yang Jian raised his head slightly, a faint, icy smile on his face. "If the ghost really is in the room, and none of you want to leave, then let's all just sit here and wait. Once enough people have died, the ghost's identity will inevitably reveal itself."

"You've got to be kidding!" Wang Feng exclaimed in shock.

"Are you the ghost?" Yang Jian asked, studying him.

"Of course not!" Wang Feng replied immediately.

"Since you're not the ghost, your priority should be your own survival, not figuring out who the ghost is. If you're competent enough, even if the ghost comes after you, you can still survive," Yang Jian stated.

"That's your plan?" Wang Feng questioned.

"No. There's another option: I handle this myself by killing everyone irrelevant. The ghost hiding among us will naturally be exposed. It's just that it might be a bit inconvenient for you all," Yang Jian said as his gaze swept coldly over the group.

His eyes made everyone he looked at—Wang Feng, Qu Hongtao, Eagle, Leuk Qingqing, and others—instantly tense up, their hearts racing in fear that Yang Jian might truly take action against them.

After all, Yang Jian was fully capable and willing to carry out such a plan.

"However—if I kill all of you, I'll also have to deal with the ghosts inside your bodies. That would be an even bigger hassle for me. It's much easier to contain one ghost while you're alive. If you're dead, this room might turn even more dangerous than outside," Yang Jian added after a pause.

Hearing this, everyone let out a collective sigh of relief.

As long as he didn't act recklessly, they'd be safe for now.

"In that case, we'll just wait it out. Life or death—it's down to fate," Leuk Qingqing said, giving Yang Jian a glance before falling silent.

Wang Feng also remained quiet, tacitly agreeing to this approach.

The heated argument came to an abrupt halt, and the room plunged into uneasy silence.

A great writer once said: Inside a room full of people, if you propose opening a window, everyone will oppose it. But if you propose tearing off the whole roof, they'll suddenly be okay with opening the window.

Yang Jian proposed ripping off the roof—killing everyone—and the others recognized that they'd all certainly die. Waiting quietly in a room with a ghost became a much more appealing alternative.

After all, it wasn't a guaranteed death.

With so many people, the ghost couldn't possibly target everyone. There was an eight-to-one chance of survival.

Maybe the ghost would be stupid enough to provoke Yang Jian and get itself dealt with—that was always possible.

With this in mind, some saw the plan as feasible.

Yet from this point onward, everyone silently put distance between themselves. Trust was no longer an option; even Wang Feng and his two companions grew distrustful of one another.

Leuk Qingqing's earlier words had planted undeniable seeds of doubt.

Yang Xiaohua, however, was different.

She wasn't afraid of whether Yang Jian was the ghost or not. She simply stayed by his side without daring to leave for even a moment.

An air of fear and uneasiness began to spread throughout the room.

Outside the door, the sound of rapid footsteps continued to echo, never fading away.

Now, ghosts stalked both inside and outside the room.

No place was truly safe.

Staying inside might mean death, but venturing outside seemed even more dangerous.

"I don't want to stay here. I want to hide in the wardrobe. Sitting here feels like waiting to die. If I have to wait, I'd rather pick a safer spot," said Qu Hongtao suddenly, standing with the intention of leaving.

Yang Jian glanced at him. "If you go into the wardrobe, I'll kill you right now."

Qu Hongtao immediately froze and shrank back silently.

"What if I hide there? Please, I'm begging you," Yang Xiaohua whispered, her voice trembling slightly with a hint of pleading. "I have no ability to resist the supernatural. Wang Shan's dead, and I'm sure I'll be next. If the ghost kills anyone, it'll go for the easiest target. I'm the most likely to die."

"The wardrobe won't stop the ghost's attacks. Why do you think it's any safer? Hiding in there just mutes some sound and movement, nothing more. If it were so secure, those three wouldn't have left it earlier," Yang Jian said calmly, glancing at the wardrobe.

"It's better than nothing, isn't it?" Yang Xiaohua asked uncertainly.

"Suit yourself. I promised to look after you, but if you're bent on dying, I won't stop you," Yang Jian replied coldly.

"I... I understand."

Yang Xiaohua abandoned the idea reluctantly.

After this brief clash, the room fell into silence once again.

Unbeknownst to them, midnight had arrived.

So far, everything remained calm. No one else had died.

This made some begin to doubt whether Wang Shan had truly been killed by the ghost from the fourth floor. Why hadn't it shown up again after all this time?

But as they waited in tense stillness, new noises began to surface outside the room.

"Bang! Bang!"

Low, dull thuds echoed through the hallway of the postal office building.

The ghost had started banging on something once more.

Judging by the sound, the ghost was knocking on a door.

It seemed to be the door of the room across the hall. Though the sound was deeply unsettling, the ghost seemed far enough from Room 404 for them to disregard any imminent danger—for now.