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WRITTEN BY
Blackegg

YOU'VE GOT MAIL
The PERILS
of
PIGEON
POST

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WRITTEN BY
Blackegg

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY
Leila

INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS BY
Ninemoon

TRANSLATED BY
alexsh



Seven Seas Entertainment



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Cover Illustrations by Leila

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TRANSLATION: alexsh

ADAPTATION: Abigail Clark

COVER DESIGN: G. A. Slight

INTERIOR DESIGN & LAYOUT: Clay Gardner

COPY EDITOR: Vera Klimt

PROOFREADER: Imogen Vale, Nino Cipri

EDITOR: Hardleigh Hewmann

PREPRESS TECHNICIAN: Melanie Ujimori, Jules Valera

MANAGING EDITOR: Alyssa Scavetta

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Julie Davis

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VICE PRESIDENT: Adam Arnold

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Introduction

“WuXingzi,” he called out.

The name tasted rather sweet rolling across the tip of his tongue.

Inexplicably, this person now held a place in his heart—something he would have never imagined was possible.

WU XINGZI, an adviser to the magistrate of the remote Qingcheng County, had recently come to the conclusion that life was not worth living. Both of his parents were dead, and he didn't have a single property to his name. Not only was he attracted to other men, he was a virgin to boot, and his looks...well, they were rather forgettable. He felt like he might as well just die. With all of this

weighing on him, Wu Xingzi decided to kill himself on his fortieth birthday.

Before committing suicide, he ventured out one last time to confess his long-time affection for the local fellow who sold tofu. While on this final errand, he discovered the existence of a secret association that matched male couples through messenger pigeon: the Peng Society for Gentlemen. After a few bouts of hesitation, he joined the ranks of these men becoming pen pals through the pigeon post, searching for his springtime lover.

Spring hadn't even sprung when he was faced with a field of blooming flowers, allowing him to finally experience the joy life had to offer. How could he bear to kill himself when there was such a blissful collection of cocks to explore?!

One day, he received an illustration that claimed to portray the prick of the Lanling Prince of the Peng Society. His heart aflutter, Wu Xingzi could no longer suppress his erotic desires—he had to get to know the owner of this magnificent meat! Before he knew it, he was entangled in a passionate tryst.

Wu Xingzi felt that meeting General Guan Shanjin for that brief dalliance was truly one of the luckiest things to happen to him. When he arrived home in complete satisfaction, he was surprised to see that not only had the general followed him home, but he also wanted to stay—despite the fact both of them had already gotten what they wanted. Instead, the other man continued to circle around him, refusing to leave him alone...

Thus, a philandering pengornis¹ met a timid little quail holed up in the bottom of a well. One man treated life like a game because he had never obtained his heart's true desire; the other was isolated, robbed of money and companionship. Two people who had never known romance were now stumbling toward a journey of love.

Chapter 1:
The First Encounter with The Pengornisseur

Dear Sir,

If I may be so bold, with just one glance at The Pengornisseur, I was captivated by your looks and charm. I hope for us to forge a friendship through the pigeon post; perhaps this may result in a happy union.

SOMETHING ODD was going on with Adviser Wu Xingzi of the magistrate's office.

Every other day, he hired Old Liu's cart and headed to Goose City, which was half a day away. He didn't stay for long, always ready

to head home again before Old Liu was even halfway done smoking his pipe.

At first, Old Liu didn't mind, since he earned more money when someone hired his cart. Winter was fast approaching, and it was never a bad thing to have more cash for the New Year. However, this had gone on for ten days, and Old Liu was growing concerned. He was worried that Wu Xingzi had fallen for some kind of scam.

After all, everyone in Qingcheng County knew Wu Xingzi. He lived alone and penniless and had been working as an adviser in the magistrate's office for the past twenty-odd years. He was about to turn forty, but he had no one to take care of him; there was no sign of any companion by his side.

The more Old Liu thought about it, the more likely it seemed that Wu Xingzi was being scammed out of his money. He doubted Wu Xingzi was seeing a lover every other day... How embarrassing would that be, if he couldn't last for more than a quarter of an hour every time?

In the beginning, Old Liu had only mentioned this issue to his wife in passing. Who would have guessed that within a couple of days,