

Revival 1041

Chapter 1041 - The Place in the Oil Painting

"Is this inside the oil painting? Unbelievable, it feels like another world," Wang Yong looked around, feeling somewhat incredulous.

It was his first time entering an oil painting.

"No, this is a supernatural space, similar to a Ghost Domain. The oil painting is just a medium; it could be an oil painting, a photograph, or anything else, so there's nothing to be surprised about," Yang Jian said.

He had encountered many things like this before and was used to it.

But naturally, for someone who just experienced it, it would feel quite unbelievable.

"Should we pursue?" Wang Yong asked.

Yang Jian looked at the black door, the only way to leave this small room. The old man escaped through this door earlier, but what's behind it was unknown to him, because this is the world of the oil painting, mysterious and unknown like the ghost painting before.

Rushing in might get them trapped inside unable to escape.

Yet without pursuing, the clue to Sun Rui would be lost.

However, at this moment.

Another person drilled into the oil painting and appeared in this small room.

The newcomer was Zhou Ze. As soon as he came in, he said, "I wasn't assured, so I came to check the situation. What's the status now? Has that thing been resolved?"

"It fled, only leaving behind an arm," Wang Yong shook his head and pointed to the black door.

Zhou Ze saw the very unusual arm on the ground and was also a bit shocked, as if he didn't expect there could actually be someone hiding inside the oil painting.

"Wang Yong, you stay here and watch over this place. Zhou Ze and I will go outside to take a look," Yang Jian made up his mind after thinking, deciding to leave someone behind to ensure an escape route and then go explore the secrets of this oil painting.

He refused to believe that the Ghost Post Office, with so many oil paintings hanging on the fifth and first floors, didn't hold some secret.

After speaking, he immediately took action.

Wang Yong said nothing, just nodded, indicating his willingness to stay.

Zhou Ze asked, "Should we do some preparation?"

"No preparation is needed. If we encounter danger, we retreat immediately. We're just investigating, not risking our lives. What, are you nervous?" Yang Jian said.

"A bit," Zhou Ze laughed awkwardly.

How could he not be nervous, knowing he had already entered a painting and could face danger at any moment, unable to escape.

"Let's move,"

Yang Jian did not give Zhou Ze much time to think, and he immediately walked to the black door and opened it.

Outside, it was dim, without light, yet his vision was normal, able to see some things, but not very clearly.

He saw a small path, winding and twisting, seemingly connecting to somewhere. This path was familiar, like the road leading into the Ghost Post Office, only the difference was that this road wasn't a straight path but had a fork in the middle, seemingly leading to another location.

Yang Jian walked out, glanced back, but found there was no small room behind him, just a wall and a door, like a cage sitting at the end of the fork.

"This place is very strange," Zhou Ze also looked serious, unable to understand it, he could only say it was strange.

Yang Jian remained silent, continuing along the path.

Soon, a fork appeared ahead. The original path split into two, one left and one right, but it was too dark to see what lay in the distance.

However, at this moment Yang Jian opened his ghost eye.

The ghost eye was still usable here, unlike when he couldn't open it after entering the ghost painting earlier.

Clearly,

The supernatural repression here wasn't very strong. Although the ghost painting originated from the Ghost Post Office, such oil paintings were absolutely rare; if every single one had ghost painting-level power, the post office messengers wouldn't survive.

After opening the ghost eye, Yang Jian's vision extended further.

He saw the end of one fork, where there were a few trees, and a strange figure standing among them, facing a direction, unmoving.

"Is the scene presented by another oil painting?"

Yang Jian pondered, "If that's the case, each fork here could be connected to another oil painting, all fundamentally linked to the same supernatural space, with the oil painting itself merely serving as a window."

"But did Sun Rui really enter here?"

He had his doubts.

Considering how dangerous this place was, if Sun Rui entered, he would definitely try to leave.

No.

That's not right.

Yang Jian furrowed his brow afterward.

Why would he assume Sun Rui would leave after entering here?

Sun Rui, like himself, intended to deal with the Ghost Post Office and resolve this creepy place. If he entered here, he would only have one thought, which is to follow the forks in the oil painting to find the source and uncover the truth.

"So, I shouldn't be drawn in by the forks, rather, I should try to avoid all the forks and find the real path, only then might I bump into Sun Rui along the way." After a brief reflection, understanding dawned on Yang Jian.

"Which path should we take now? I observed earlier; both paths are identical in appearance, size, and surroundings, with no difference, and there are no footprints or shoe prints as clues," Zhou Ze commented at this point.

He observed for a while and concluded.

The result was very disappointing because there was no distinction between the paths.

"Just follow me,"

Yang Jian had the ghost eye, which allowed him to see far, so he saw the ends of the forks, enabling him to avoid choosing the wrong path, presenting a significant advantage.

Right away.

He ignored the path leading into the old forest with just a few trees and chose a main path.

Continuing forward.

Another fork appeared, the end of this fork was also an eerie place, not large, but with a figure standing there.

Clearly, that was another oil painting.

Yang Jian avoided it and continued along the main path.

The number of forks on the path was not small, sometimes he even encountered three forks, which would definitely lead common ghost harnessers astray, but with the ghost eye's ability to see the end of forks in advance, he avoided detours.

Zhou Ze followed behind, gradually trusting that Yang Jian ahead had the ability to discern the correct path, otherwise, it couldn't have been so peaceful along the way.

Yet after a long stretch, Yang Jian stopped again.

Because the path had reached its end.

Yang Jian's ghost eye saw there was a small house at the end.

The door of the small house was tightly closed, and he couldn't see inside; it seemed an invisible supernatural force was interfering.

"Is this small house the end of the road? Or is it also just the scenery of one of the oil paintings?" Yang Jian hesitated at this point.

His answer leaned toward the latter.

This main path was also a fork of some oil painting.

Therefore, a main path doesn't exist.

No matter which path one takes, there will always be something blocking the way.

"Another possibility: the real path is hidden behind one of the paintings, through which the correct path is found to reach the source." With this thought, Yang Jian continued forward.

Not far away, Zhou Ze was watching. The surroundings were dark, and his vision was severely impaired, but soon he too saw a cabin ahead.

"This is....." He looked at Yang Jian, hesitating somewhat.

Yang Jian ignored him and went straight to the cabin, opening the door.

However, something strange happened.

The inside of the cabin was chaotic, yet there was no eerie sound; in other words, this painting wasn't a portrait but an object painting.

"I remember this painting, I've seen it on the fifth floor." Yang Jian suddenly caught sight of something inside the cabin.

In an inconspicuous corner, there was a glass bottle with a ghastly white arm soaked inside.

"It's one of the corpse fragments submerged in glass bottles, so this painting is the one I found on the fifth floor earlier." Yang Jian entered the room, he didn't move anything else, simply taking the glass bottle.

With this, he had obtained three corpse fragments.

There's still one in room 501.

"Hold onto it, don't lose it." Yang Jian handed the glass bottle to Zhou Ze.

"Okay, okay."

Zhou Ze nodded, after looking at it he felt a bit creeped out, but still dared not to leave it behind, he just placed it into the backpack behind him.

Yang Jian again looked around the room, quickly focusing on a door.

This wasn't the door they had entered from, but another one.

After opening it, a path appeared behind the door.

The path twisted and turned, seemingly leading to an unknown place.

The darkness intensified, and Yang Jian's Ghost Eye couldn't see the end.

"Keep going." He hesitated for a moment, unwilling to turn back, and decided to press on.

"We're too far from the previous exit; we might not be able to go back." Zhou Ze expressed his concern.

Yang Jian said, "What good is going back? Do you want to deliver letters? It's just a road to death; this path possibly offers a way to live. I've been pondering why the Post Office left so many paintings? Why didn't any of the many couriers investigate such obvious clues?"

"The danger, the unknown, stopped the couriers. No one investigated here, so no one knows what's behind the paintings."

"I think Sun Rui entered here with the mindset of risking it all, so there must be a secret here."

After speaking, Yang Jian continued on the path.

He moved decisively, quickening his pace, as he confirmed there wasn't any danger along the way, so there was no need to waste time.

Zhou Ze couldn't do anything but follow along; he was just a runner, without much choice.

The two continued along the narrow path.

The forks in the road clearly diminished, and after a distance, Yang Jian saw no more forks but rather a special main path.

At least, that's how Yang Jian felt.

He kept walking and walking.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye eventually spotted lights flickering in the distance, and a building loomed in the darkness.

Continuing closer.

The lights became more distinct; colorful neon lights.

The outline of the building gradually emerged—a tall building from the Republic of China Period.

"Is this... The Ghost Post Office?" Yang Jian was momentarily stunned, the main path led to the source being the Ghost Post Office.

The Ghost Post Office within the painting?

Or perhaps.

This is the true Ghost Post Office?

Confusion, bewilderment, amazement.

"Follow me." Yang Jian started running towards the Ghost Post Office at the end of the road.

The closer he got, the clearer the Ghost Post Office became.

Under the gaze of his Ghost Eye, this Ghost Post Office was identical to the real one, with no discrepancies.

At this moment, he doubted whether he was in the real Post Office or the one within the painting.

Sister Hong once said, the Ghost Post Office is a trap.

People within the trap can never solve the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Jian stopped after running some distance, standing in front of the Ghost Post Office's main gate.

The Ghost Post Office was lit, its yellow light illuminating the first-floor lobby where shadows seemed to move about.

He thought he saw that old man with the axe wandering in the first-floor lobby.

"No way, is there actually another Ghost Post Office?" Zhou Ze was also stunned by the scene before him.

Yang Jian's expression changed: "There's someone inside, I can't be sure if it's a person yet, but that axe-wielding old guy is inside, you'd better be prepared, I'm going in to take a look."

Getting to this point, not taking a look is impossible.

He felt the secret of the Post Office was here, entering the Ghost Post Office within the painting might provide a reasonable explanation for many things.

"Doesn't matter, if I die here, so be it." Zhou Ze took a deep breath.

If he hadn't come today, he'd never have discovered this secret.

At that moment.

Yang Jian opened the door to the Ghost Post Office, and as soon as he did, an axe swung towards his forehead.

"Again?"

In the next moment, his Ghost Shadow collaborated with Ghost Hand to grab the person's arm, blocking the axe swing.

As expected.

The attacker was the old man, with a ghastly face and malevolent glare; he only had one arm left, the other was removed by Yang Jian earlier.

"Get lost." Yang Jian kicked, sending the old guy flying away, while snatching his axe.

With an arm lost, the old man's terror level seemed to decrease significantly, unable to directly confront Yang Jian, he was easily kicked away.

However, at this moment.

This eerie Post Office lobby had a group of people, turning to stare at Yang Jian.

Their gaze was bizarre like that of ghosts, yet it carried some special emotions: warnings, threats, differences, apathy...

Yang Jian's eyes scanned those people.

Familiar faces emerged in his mind.

These people were all the portraits in the paintings... except some were unfamiliar, never seen in the fifth floor paintings, but their clothes seemed very dated as if forgotten by time.

Unable to imagine finding such a group in this Post Office, these people all existed from the fifth-floor courier exits, which is why they left portraits, capable of resurrection.

Upon reflection, the situation behind this seems very complicated, the Post Office appears to be a huge trap.

Chapter 1042 - Familiar People

Yang Jian stood at the gate of the Ghost Post Office in the oil painting.

The door opened, and the lobby on the first floor gathered a variety of people. Their attire seemed to span several years, a decade, even decades, all different, and they seemed unlike the living, their eyes revealing eerie expressions.

However, these people weren't Evil Ghosts, because Yang Jian could identify surprise and astonishment in some of their expressions.

True Evil Ghosts wouldn't have these emotions of the living.

Yang Jian stared at them, and these strange people stared back at him. The scene sank into a deathly silence. Zhou Ze, who had come along, also stood frozen, with a shocked expression.

Why?

Why was there a Ghost Post Office in the world of the oil painting?

Why were there so many strange people hidden in this Ghost Post Office?

At the same time.

The old man who had lost his axe to Yang Jian and was kicked away now struggled to stand again. He seemed unable to feel pain, missing an arm was no concern, his sinister dark face showing hatred and anger, as if trying to stand and fight again.

But he was stopped by another person beside him, not wanting him to continue.

"If I haven't judged wrongly, these are all Fifth Floor Messengers who've delivered their three letters. Although some haven't appeared in the oil painting, their identities are easy to guess."

Yang Jian thought to himself, feeling an inexplicable chill.

So many people gathered together. What was the Ghost Post Office planning?

And were these people truly humans?

"Who are you? Can you speak?" Yang Jian asked seriously.

But after he spoke, the lobby of the post office remained quiet, as if no one heard him, or maybe because this place itself was in the Supernatural World, alive humans never entered, and the sudden arrival of two living people made these people uncomfortable and unable to accept.

"How many years has it been, finally a messenger has dared enter this place."

Yet amidst the deathly silence, a voice emerged.

Everyone in the first-floor lobby looked towards the direction of the voice.

The speaker was a man who appeared to be in his early thirties, neatly combed hair, well-dressed, but his style was out of place with the modern era, belonging at least decades past.

"Who are you?" The man's eyes moved, devoid of light, akin to an Evil Ghost.

"Who are you?" Yang Jian looked at him.

The man paused for a good while, seeming silent, before saying, "I am Zhang Xiangguang, a person who has died."

"Yang Jian, a person who is still alive."

"I can tell." The self-proclaimed Zhang Xiangguang nodded slightly, "Do you know what this place is?"

"The Ghost Post Office within the oil painting?" Yang Jian replied directly.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "This is a supernatural prison, holding things like us, neither human nor ghost, living ones dare not set foot here."

"You all should be messengers from the Fifth Floor, and according to my deduction, all have delivered three letters and escaped the post office's grip; only those who've left the post office have their portrait in the post office's oil painting... so, do the painting's people possess individual consciousness?"

Yang Jian scanned with his gaze.

If this were true, then there would be someone familiar here.

That would be his father.

Because on the Fifth Floor, Yang Jian had seen the portraits of his father and cousin, which indicated they also lived in this Supernatural World.

"You are clever, seems you have figured some things out." Zhang Xiangguang said, "Our lives are forever fixed at the moment we sent the last letter and escaped the post office, though to the real us, we have left the post office, but for us, we can never truly escape."

"This is an inescapable curse."

At this moment, another person spoke: "Bearing such a curse is akin to falling into hell, merely to await a result."

"Resurrection?" Yang Jian wondered immediately.

Someone else chimed in: "Indeed, resurrection. After delivering the last letter from the Fifth Floor, a messenger can choose one person here to leave the oil painting world and truly resurrect, but in return, that messenger loses the chance to leave the post office, returning to the first floor to deliver letters again, endlessly repeating."

"No one's willing to waste an opportunity to resurrect an irrelevant person, so we're doomed to never be freed, merely coexisting with the post office to the end." Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Jian remained calm, nodding: "I see, reliant on supernatural consciousness, unable to return to reality, merely existing in the supernatural realm. So from the post office's inception until now, all messengers who've left the Fifth Floor have a backup here?"

"Backup? Interesting term, but quite apt actually."

Zhang Xiangguang said, "No, not everyone can exist here, some people will still disappear, he's about to disappear..."

Saying this, he glanced at the old man who had wielded an axe against Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's eyelid twitched: "Will getting hurt lead to death?"

"No, people here won't die from harm, but once they're forgotten, they will disappear."

Zhang Xiangguang said: "If the outside world forgets us, then that person will completely vanish, completely wiped from this world, hence why one must show themselves in the post office, to be remembered, ensuring they won't disappear, because the post office presumes those abandoned by the world won't have a chance for resurrection."

"Forgotten equates to death?" Yang Jian understood, recalling the rules of the ghost painting's killings.

Back then, he had decoded the rules of the ghost painting's murders.

When the ghost painting appeared, the first step was that ordinary people must see the actual ghost painting, the second step was recollection, when they idly recalled the ghost painting, that painting would appear in their home, the third step would be imagination... never imagine the woman in the painting appearing, as once thought, the ghost from the painting would truly emerge.

So the killing rule of the ghost painting was recollection.

This murderous rule was terrifying and unsolvable, as the more one fears something, the more they think of it.

Yang Jian realized this point; thus whenever he remembered the ghost painting, he immediately ignored its details, making the recollection incomplete or cut off mid-thought, then the ghost painting could not appear.

"Some crave to be forgotten, some crave being remembered, so, those wanting oblivion are remembered, those wanting to be remembered are forgotten... if there's hell, this is the Endless Hell, we are merely Evil Ghosts trapped forever, unable to break free." Zhang Xiangguang said.

Endless Hell?

Yang Jian's lips lifted into a slight smile: "Interesting saying, seems you no longer have any way to seek release."

"Why?" someone coldly asked.

Yang Jian said: "Because I have seen you, remembered you, as long as I don't die, someone in this world will always remember you, so you will never disappear again, it's impossible to be freed."

"Kill him, I don't want to be remembered, I want to be forgotten, to completely disappear from here."
Among the crowd, a woman spoke.

She was very young, wearing a floral skirt, had two big braids, and dressed in an outdated fashion.

These words were quite stirring.

Immediately, quite a few people stared at Yang Jian with strange eyes, carrying a kind of inexplicable ferocity.

Being trapped in the supernatural world for a long time, they were neither human nor ghost, their personalities already twisted, and those in the oil paintings also possessed certain supernatural powers. Together, they could not only deal with ordinary people, but even top ghost handlers could be taken down.

Zhou Ze's heart shrank sharply upon seeing this, he glanced at Yang Jian and whispered: "The situation looks bad, we should find a chance to retreat, let's not fight to the death with these supernatural individuals here."

Yang Jian was unmoved upon hearing this.

Although these supernatural beings were very dangerous, they were the elite messengers since the establishment of the Ghost Post Office, their knowledge of it was beyond imagination, if he could communicate with them, handling the Ghost Post Office would be a breeze.

"If you want to try, go ahead." Yang Jian said coldly, picking up the ax in his hand.

"That ax won't save you, it's not a true supernatural object, it was painted, everything on everyone will be retained at the moment of finishing the mailing, items can only be used in the oil painting world, cannot leave, once it leaves it will disperse completely. How much power do you think a painted supernatural item can possess compared to the original?"

A messenger spoke with a smile, with a bit of a warning tone, clearly not everyone was hostile.

"So that's how it is." Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly: "In other words, in the outside world, does a real ax like this still exist?"

"It seems ridiculous that you're still thinking about those things at death's door, don't you think?" the woman in the floral skirt said coldly.

A group of people acted, they gradually closed in, wanting to attack Yang Jian together and take him down.

Although they couldn't appear outside, Yang Jian had come to the oil painting world, so they had an advantage, even if the supernatural power painted didn't possess much from life, as top figures previously, together they were a terrifying existence.

Yang Jian took a step back, he gripped the ax tightly, preparing to fight with the door as the boundary.

He didn't feel fear because he didn't think he would lose.

"You cannot act, at least I won't agree." But at this moment, a voice emerged, the voice was low and somewhat threatening.

The ones acting stopped in their tracks.

They looked in a certain direction with changing expressions.

In the depths of the post office hall, a person walked slowly, he was very young, about in his early twenties, yet unbelievably, his appearance was seven or eight points similar to Yang Jian, only slightly different in temperament.

He exuded stability, calmness, and a hidden sharpness.

"Has he appeared?"

Yang Jian's demeanor tightened as he looked at that person.

"You both have the surname Yang, now I understand... I should have realized long ago." Zhang Xiangguang said.

"It's interesting for a son to follow in his father's footsteps, saying how many years have passed outside, has the successor become so distinguished? Dare to venture into this place at such a young age."

Many people already associated the truth through their names and appearances.

"If you act, I'll make sure you can never be freed." The young man said coldly at this moment: "Haven't had a nightmare in a long time? Want to try it?"

"We long to be forgotten, seeking relief, death means nothing to us." Someone said.

"You won't die in nightmares, but it'll be a hundred times worse than now." The young man said: "Some have tried it, but some have not."

The remaining people fell silent.

They believed, offending this person is far more terrifying than death.

Because this person's nickname is Nightmare Yang Xiao.

Even in the oil painting world, he possessed certain supernatural powers from life.

The young man walked over, he seemed quite threatening among those neither human nor ghost, of unusual status, at this moment no one dared remark, just watched this scene unfold.

Soon.

He arrived at the door, facing Yang Jian.

Two similar-looking people, spanning over ten years, with the help of supernatural powers, met formally for the first time.

"What he said is right, if you pursue the answer, you'll surely appear here." He said: "But this should be our first meeting, hello, my name is Yang Xiao."

Yang Xiao, clearly this is a pseudonym, as his full name is Yang Xiaotian, meaning, filial beyond heaven.

Being in the post office, few use their real names to represent themselves, it's not strange.

"Yang Jian." He extended his hand.

Yang Xiao's mouth curled into a smile, the two shook hands, both knowing each other's identities.

One was his son from a few years in the future, and one was his father from over a decade ago.

The supernatural made this improbable scene.

"Zhang Xiangguang is correct, this is an Endless Hell, hence you appeared." Yang Xiao said a sentence:
"Your name represents the meaning of ending everything, hope you won't dislike it."

"So my name comes from this." Yang Jian's expression slightly moved: "Luckily it wasn't named Yang Wei, I'm not suited to be a great person."

"Since you entered here, you must have your considerations, so what do you plan to do?" Yang Xiao asked.

Yang Jian said: "Does my word work?"

"As long as my word works, let those not listening dream during the day." Yang Xiao said.

"That's good." Yang Jian said: "I have an idea in mind, but I want to understand here first."

"Everything you should know, you will know." Yang Xiao nodded: "Come in and sit, some things indeed need to be discussed."

He invited Yang Jian into the post office, and no one dared oppose.

Zhang Xiangguang said; "The situation has changed, looks like he was right, you can't be freed."

Everyone still remained silent, with strange expressions watching Yang Jian and Zhou Ze walk into the post office.

Chapter 1043 Incomplete Idea

Yang Jian and the messenger Zhou Ze together entered the post office hall in this world of oil painting.

The setup here is exactly the same as the outside, but the surrounding environment is completely different, making it feel somewhat unreal. It's hard to tell which post office is real and which is fake.

There were quite a few people in the hall.

A group of people stood scattered in the hall, their eyes strangely fixated on Yang Jian and Zhou Ze.

Some wanted to eliminate Yang Jian and Zhou Ze, seeking liberation. Some chose neutrality, letting events unfold as they would, while others chose to help Yang Jian because, for some, this might be an opportunity, a chance to break free from curses and gain freedom.

But regardless of the choice.

The emergence of the nightmare Yang Xiao completely disrupted this scene.

As long as Yang Xiao opposed, no one had the ability to intervene in the following developments.

"The father and son duo each control the Ghost Post Office outside and the one within the world of oil painting. Now that they have joined forces, it's enough to decide the direction of this entire supernatural place." Zhang Xiangguang observed this scene, vaguely understanding something.

This might be the opportunity he had been waiting for decades.

"Under these circumstances, no one is allowed to cause trouble." He immediately made his stance clear, anticipating a result.

No matter if the result is good or bad, at least this life akin to Endless Hell can come to an end.

Others looked at Zhang Xiangguang. Some nodded slightly in agreement, while others frowned in thought, and some concealed their faces without speaking, pondering their own plans.

"Sit."

Yang Xiao pointed to a wooden bench beside him, then found another one to sit down.

People nearby gathered around to watch, wanting to hear the conversation because this discussion could greatly affect their fate.

After Yang Jian sat down, Zhou Ze did not take a seat but stood aside, feeling unqualified to participate in this matter and content to be an observer.

"You can ask whatever you want to know. Although I might not be able to answer you, there are many seniors here. They believe they can give you a satisfactory response. The truth needs to be passed on; perhaps that is the meaning of our deceased existence." Yang Xiao's tone was calm, appearing very rational.

At this moment, Yang Jian's eyes flickered, not beating around the bush, and directly asked, "The Ghost Post Office has been around for a long time, supposedly built during the Republic of China Period and lost control in modern times. What happened in between doesn't interest me. What I want to know is, what is the purpose of the messengers delivering letters?"

His question went straight to the core, wanting to understand the purpose of the Ghost Post Office.

Yang Xiao replied without hesitation: "The emergence of supernatural events is often first detected by the Ghost Post Office, so messengers are dispatched. Messengers are the first to come into contact with these supernatural events. Their purpose is not to resolve the supernatural events but to explore and transmit some signal."

"Explore and transmit signals?" Yang Jian frowned, "What's the significance?"

"I have a different perspective on this issue."

Beside them, Zhang Xiangguang spoke up, "After the occurrence of a supernatural event, the messenger receives the letter delivery task and proceeds to the supernatural incident site to engage with the supernatural. Thereafter, there are only two outcomes for the messenger: either dying in the supernatural event or surviving... Does it sound like a cliché? But young man, you should recognize that messengers can complete these letter delivery tasks thanks to more than just their intelligence. They also need courage."

"The courage to steal supernatural powers from one supernatural event after another, only by continuously growing stronger can messengers handle the successive letter delivery tasks, until ultimately leaving the post office."

"So, the letter delivery task is actually using newly emerging supernatural events to train messengers?" Yang Jian asked.

Yang Xiao said, "Becoming stronger is the purpose of the messengers, not the purpose of the post office. The post office's purpose is to probe supernatural events and transmit certain information. So I speculate that apart from the post office, there are dedicated people handling supernatural incidents. Otherwise, these events would have spiraled out of control long ago, not mysteriously disappearing after they occur."

In his experience, he had once returned to the letter delivery site to investigate after delivering a letter. The place was devoid of any supernatural occurrences, everything had returned to normal, so he guessed someone had specifically handled the supernatural incident.

As for who they were, it didn't matter to him.

Yang Jian nodded, indicating a temporary understanding of the letter delivery's purpose. The post office's goal is for messengers to investigate supernatural events and transmit information. Another objective is to utilize the supernatural events to train messengers in mastering supernatural powers.

Each level of messengers is a kind of selection process.

Until after a fifth-level messenger delivers three letters and leaves the post office, the post office's selection process concludes.

But since it's a selection, there must undoubtedly be an organization above the post office to receive and train these elite messengers.

However, up until now, based on the information Yang Jian had received from headquarters, there was no presence of such a special place.

"Does the post office have a manager? I heard there's a sixth level in the post office, and reaching the sixth level allows one to manage and control the post office." Yang Jian asked again.

Yang Xiao replied, "The post office does indeed have a manager. I've met him. His surname is Luo, and we call him Old Man Luo. He's a very mysterious person, only appearing when each messenger delivers the third letter to take us out of the post office. However, new messengers are unaware of this secret."

"Now, I think that Old Man Luo should be dead."

Mentioning Old Man Luo aligned all the pieces.

He was Luo Yong's grandfather, the manager of the post office, who died a year ago from a fall. His body was sent to the hospital, resulting in the revival of a fierce ghost, causing an incident codenamed Ghost Door Knocker.

"He did die and caused significant trouble outside. How did he die? Of old age?" Yang Jian asked again.

"No, he was killed." A stranger spoke up.

Yang Xiao also nodded and said, "Yes, he should have died, killed, just we're unclear if he was killed by someone or by a ghost. But judging from the situation, the former seems more likely."

"If he hadn't died so suddenly, the post office wouldn't be without a controller until now."

Yang Jian said, "There's a black letter on the post office's fifth floor. Old Man Luo was alive and in control of the Ghost Post Office during that time. Would he allow that black letter to remain at the office without being delivered?"

"Sending or not sending that black letter doesn't matter. It's a letter for selecting the post office manager. The more fifth-floor messengers there are, the stronger the ultimate manager selected will be. For long-term stability, Old Man Luo tacitly allowed this practice. He didn't think there was anything inappropriate, but for this reason, the difficulty of letter delivery for messengers below the fifth level increased." Yang Xiao explained.

"I see, that Old Man Luo was quite greedy, waiting over ten years intending to select a qualified manager but ended up getting killed. Do you know who killed him?" Yang Jian asked directly.

"Unclear, and no one knows. He died on the sixth floor of the post office, a floor accessible only to the manager." Yang Xiao said, "If you want to know, go to the sixth floor yourself to look, but I think this doesn't have too much meaning."

"Managers inevitably have a day when they die, whether killed by someone or a ghost, death is death. His death only proves one thing: he was outdated and needed someone more outstanding to replace him and regain control over the Ghost Post Office." Yang Xiao said.

"So you shouldn't care about these matters. You should care about how to handle the Ghost Post Office and how to deal with us..."

He finished by glancing at the other people.

Indeed.

Yang Xiao was right, Yang Jian's own struggle over who killed the Door Knocking Ghost before its death was meaningless; his current goal is to deal with the Ghost Post Office.

At this moment.

Everyone's eyes were focused on Yang Jian.

The previous questions were nothing more than inquiries from some juniors, insignificant to them, while the existence and trajectory of the post office were what they truly cared about.

"Regarding the Ghost Post Office, I don't want it to continue transmitting curses and forcing messengers to deliver letters. You don't need to ask why, because delivering letters has lost its meaning. Supernatural events are becoming increasingly frequent outside, almost reaching the point of being out of control and widely known. Having more or fewer messengers doesn't matter anymore."

Yang Jian said, "Therefore, from now on, the post office will no longer have messengers, nor will there be people cursed."

"So you plan to seal off the post office, making this place disappear forever from the world?" Zhang Xiangguang stared at him and asked.

At this moment.

Many of the looks had already changed, if Yang Jian chose to seal the post office, it meant they would become the last batch of lost souls within the post office, forever left here to be eventually forgotten and disappear slowly.

To them, this would be a form of torment.

No one wanted to see this happen.

If Yang Jian nodded, he would become everyone's enemy here.

"Everyone, stay calm." Yang Xiao issued a warning.

The warning was effective.

Quite a few gazes withdrew, hidden away, not wanting to invoke Yang Xiao's enmity.

Yang Jian also understood that his every move was tightly tied to these people's nerves, so he spoke up, "The post office needs a manager. If I abandon it, the harm it could bring would be greater than having a

manager. Besides, I can't completely seal the post office, even if barely achievable, it wouldn't be a long-term solution."

"Selecting a manager, changing the post office rules, canceling the letter delivery task, this is my idea."

"So you want to create a brand new post office." Yang Xiao understood Yang Jian's idea.

"A very nice concept, fitting for the new generation; the post office is indeed too outdated, change is imperative. But how do you plan to change the post office?"

Yang Jian said, "This depends on how valuable the post office is. If it's not of much value to me, I'll privatize it and turn it into a base of operations."

"Quite ambitious, wanting to turn the Ghost Post Office into your own backyard?" Zhang Xiangguang remarked.

Yang Xiao, however, was pondering, and after some thought, said, "The value of the post office lies in two points: one is the messenger, and the second is the fierce ghosts imprisoned within the post office. The value of the fierce ghosts is definitely limited, impossible to fully control. The number of messengers in the post office is also not large anymore and will only decrease in the future. If speaking of the greatest value, perhaps it lies in us, the already deceased ghosts."

"We can never escape from the oil painting, we hold no value," said the woman with two large braids.

Yang Xiao, indifferent yet slightly arrogant, said, "It's not necessary to leave the oil painting. If we can retrieve that lost oil painting, we can turn the outside into the world of the oil painting."

"The Ghost Drawing?"

Yang Jian's expression tightened, immediately understanding the implication behind Yang Xiao's words.

Retrieve the ghost painting and use its mystical power to erode reality, turning outside into an oil painting. They would naturally have a much larger range of movement, and even if not resurrected, they could already use the ghost painting's power to disrupt reality and act with impunity.

A group of souls resuscitated within the oil painting would be unstoppable.

Realizing this, Yang Jian felt a strange stirring in his heart.

This place had a large group of people, all accumulated over decades by the Ghost Post Office, experts who had delivered three letters, once linked with the world of the ghost painting, these people could play a significant role.

And the most terrifying thing is.

They also possess some of the supernatural powers of the ghost painting within it.

As long as someone remembers them, they are immortal.

A group of top-notch expert souls, possessing the traits of fierce ghosts, cannot be killed, and also have their supernatural powers from life; if they were utilized to handle supernatural events, Yang Jian believed most supernatural incidents would be eliminated.

Ordinary supernatural events couldn't stop experts like Yang Xiao and Zhang Xiangguang.

As for S-level supernatural events, even if they couldn't be handled, it didn't matter much, for the number of such events outside was very few.

"That ghost painting is very dangerous, a lot of people died outside because of it, retrieving it is very difficult." Yang Jian said.

To retrieve the ghost painting, they certainly had to retrieve the source painting, not a derivative.

But the true source of the ghost painting had already been sealed by Old Qin at Ping'an Tower, even the one controlled by Li Jun was just a derivative ghost painting.

Only Li Jun was smart, using the derivative ghost painting to connect to the true ghost painting, indirectly utilizing the mystical power of the true ghost painting.

"Danger and profit are proportional." Yang Xiao said, "With great ability comes the responsibility to do great things; controlling the Ghost Post Office and possessing a group of top-notch souls requires a significant price to pay, it's not something easily done."

Yang Jian contemplated for a long while before saying, "I can't bring back the ghost painting."

He acknowledged his limitations straightforwardly.

"That's quite unfortunate then." Yang Xiao showed slight regret.

However, Yang Jian then said, "But I can bring a derivative of the ghost painting, through the derivative ghost painting we can still connect with the world of the true ghost painting."

"It's useless, only the ghost painting can invade reality, allowing us to indirectly appear in the real world. Not being able to control the ghost painting means we, these souls, hold no value." Zhang Xiangguang shook his head.

His point was valid as well.

The ghost painting's characteristic is to bring the real world into the painting; without this medium, they indeed become meaningless.

"The ideal state is naturally that, but going one step down isn't unachievable, even if it's an incomplete method, it has its incomplete uses. I have an idea; the question is whether you are willing to stand with me and help me handle supernatural events? Or do you still insist on seeking relief and complete annihilation?"

Yang Jian asked everyone.

Obviously, with this question posed, these souls now faced a choice.

Chapter 1044 - The Dead

After a brief conversation between Yang Jian and Yang Xiao, the future direction of the Post Office was determined.

The other spirits trapped in the oil paintings also understood that the Post Office only had two possible outcomes going forward: it could either be controlled by Yang Jian, turning it into the Yang Family's private playground, or they could completely dominate the Ghost Post Office, using the ghost paintings to control them and serve these two people named Yang.

No matter which outcome, they cannot possibly achieve liberation.

But the only advantage is that they can temporarily escape the Post Office's control by using the ghost paintings, allowing them some chances to interact with the outside world.

However, the cost is that they have to work for Yang Jian.

These spirits from the oil paintings were people who had delivered three letters and escaped the Post Office in their lifetime; their intelligence and abilities far exceed those of ordinary people. It's generally unrealistic for people like them to comply with someone's arrangements.

Nevertheless, the harsh reality is.

Yang Jian and Yang Xiao need these spirits to make a choice—to reject or to agree with this plan.

The scene returned to a death-like silence.

These spirits began to contemplate, their gazes turning complex as they weighed their options in their hearts.

They were not without choices.

Because they could completely team up and eliminate Yang Jian and Zhou Ze, allowing the Post Office to revert back to its previous state... However, what they would face next would be the reckoning of the nightmare Yang Xiao.

In the future, the world inside the oil paintings may not be peaceful anymore.

The price is too high.

"I choose to support Yang Jian."

Suddenly, a voice spoke first; it was the man named Zhang Xiangguang. He had been here longer than most, considered one of the older generation of messengers. Despite all these years, he hadn't been forgotten, which shows his considerable influence once upon a time.

"Zhang Xiangguang? Have you decided?" someone asked.

Zhang Xiangguang responded: "I've had enough of these endless days month after month. I want to see the outside, even if it means facing fierce ghosts again, it doesn't matter. At least I won't be waiting daily to be forgotten. If possible, I want to do something for people outside. Didn't you hear him? The ghosts are reviving, supernatural events are frequent, the outside world is already unsafe."

"Think carefully about why you're still in the oil painting. It's because people outside remember us. For their sake, I decided to give my last effort and perhaps fulfill a wish along the way."

He chose his side, supporting Yang Jian and Yang Xiao.

The Post Office's unchanged structure for decades needed a change. Continuing to be a forgotten soul is too tormenting; he needs something to do, something meaningful.

Many people remained silent after hearing this.

Indeed.

Zhang Xiangguang was right, there are people outside who still remember them, they haven't been forgotten, and all these years of support have been for a glimmer of hope.

Although the hope brought by Yang Jian is limited, at least it's a different change; for these spirits, it's a rare opportunity after so many years.

If they miss this chance, who knows when the next messenger will enter the fifth floor of the Post Office and venture into the oil paintings?

"You make a lot of sense, I'm not content being forgotten this way. No matter what I do, I at least want my existence to be known. If solving supernatural events is possible, then that's naturally the best outcome—to contribute to the outer world and to make up for past mistakes." Some nodded in agreement.

"Count me in, after such a long time together in the oil painting, if we're going to act, let's act together."

These spirits began to express their willingness to support Yang Jian and Yang Xiao, one after the other.

But all this has a premise; they agree to support Yang Jian because he needs their assistance to solve supernatural events. If it wasn't for this, most spirits would not agree.

Bringing peace to the outside world and indirectly protecting some relatives and younger generations is a lofty ideal.

This reason is enough to convince capable and intelligent people, but if it's about working solely for Yang Jian, they would never agree to it.

Working for Yang Jian, how is it different from being controlled by the Post Office before?

It's just a change in name.

They are clear about this, so every spirit standing by Yang Jian's side is for this reason.

Yang Jian also expressed himself: "Don't worry, as the person in charge of Dachang City, I've always been handling supernatural events, although words are unconvincing, you will see in the future."

He isn't boasting.

Since entering the supernatural circle, he's been dealing with supernatural events, though personal conflicts were intertwined, the essence remains unchanged.

Otherwise, why did Yang Jian become a captain?

"Things went smoother than expected."

Yang Xiao nodded slightly and then looked at the others: "So, what about you? Do you want to take action against Yang Jian? If he doesn't die, you can't be forgotten, escape is impossible, so you have no choice."

The remaining spirits were silent.

Yang Xiao's words were accurate.

If Yang Jian doesn't die, they can't achieve liberation, because Yang Jian noticed them and remembered them, so their plan to be forgotten has already failed.

"I choose to join, just to see the new world." A spirit relented, expressing his resignation.

But he's too old, having been trapped here for at least fifty years; though he hasn't disappeared yet, he's not far from vanishing, as he has lived through three generations, those who know him outside are definitely old.

Soon, several spirits changed their stance.

Finally, only the young woman in the floral dress with a ponytail and a few old spirits remained.

They have lived long enough, not fearing death, how could they choose to compromise now?

"I want to see what you people can achieve. Because of a single statement, I can't even wish for death. I hope you won't regret it in the future." The young woman glared at Yang Jian with a look of resentment.

She didn't choose to act.

Because even if she acts, there's no chance of success, she can only let this situation develop.

So she turned around and left after saying this, heading deeper into the Post Office, going upstairs.

"Rest assured, if there's a chance, I will help you find liberation." Yang Jian replied calmly.

These spirits seeking death are not needed; he doesn't want to keep them in the Ghost Post Office, as they are an uncertain threat that needs to be removed.

"Until now, no one has found a way to eliminate us spirits. Perhaps the secret is in that ghost painting, or maybe it's necessary to understand what created these oil paintings to find the method."

A departing spirit turned back to remind Yang Jian.

They wish for their own annihilation, but they can't achieve it.

Soon.

All those spirits quietly departed.

The number of people in the hall slightly decreased, but the remaining spirits were already numerous, a number worth Yang Jian taking a gamble.

"After leaving the Post Office, I intend to retrieve a ghost painting, although not the source, my plan should be feasible. But before that, I need someone to take control of the Post Office. I have someone in mind; his name is Sun Rui, suspected to have disappeared in the Post Office. I suspect he entered the oil painting, but I haven't encountered him, can you help me find him?" Yang Jian said.

He hadn't forgotten that the purpose of this trip was to find Sun Rui.

"Sun Rui? Is it the lame one? I've seen him from afar, he indeed entered here but took the wrong path, heading towards a place with fierce ghosts; as for what happened to him, it's still unknown." Zhang Xiangguang commented.

Someone added: "In the world of oil paintings, besides us spirits, there are also fierce ghosts from the Post Office stored here. Even we wouldn't want to meddle in those places; an unfortunate encounter would bind you to a ghost forever, making escape difficult, and a life worse than death."

Though reliant on supernatural acts within the Post Office, they aren't at risk of death but are still susceptible to ghost attacks.

Being targeted by a ghost leads to endless confrontation because you won't die, nor will the ghost, hence no one wants to approach fierce ghosts.

"I need to find Sun Rui, even if he's dead, I want to see his corpse." Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangguang replied: "I can guide you."

"You believe he has the potential to manage the Post Office, then I'll accompany you for the journey." Yang Xiao spoke up.

"Why not move together, so we won't worry about encountering fierce ghosts." Someone suggested mobilizing everyone.

This way, any situation can be resolved.

"No need, a few of us will suffice; the rest can stay here; this place needs oversight as well." Zhang Xiangguang declined the suggestion.

Yang Jian stood up and said: "Don't waste any time, let's move."

He disliked procrastination and wanted to set off immediately.

Chapter 1045 - Sun Rui's Path

Yang Jian took action once more.

He set out with Zhou Ze, accompanied only by the two spirits, Yang Xiao and Zhang Xiangguang. The others were left at the Post Office.

"Yang Jian, remember, here, no one is worth trusting. They've agreed to the previous proposal, but that's all they've done—agreed. Everyone has their own plans and thoughts. You must always be wary of them. If possible, erase them, remove them without hesitation."

On the road, as they gradually moved farther along the winding path, Yang Xiao suddenly spoke after they had distanced themselves from the Ghost Post Office within the painting.

"Well said, you can never know what these dead might be planning or what kinds of plots they might be scheming. Be on guard; many fear not even death. Once chaos arises, they might become lawless."

Beside them, Zhang Xiangguang nodded, agreeing with Yang Xiao's words.

The conversations earlier seemed smooth, yet it was only a choice without a choice.

But for those spirits, agreeing doesn't necessarily mean it's the right choice.

They who lack life cannot rule, they must be vigilant, and sometimes use strong means to remove some unruly individuals.

"Is this the reason you got rid of them?" Yang Jian asked.

Yang Xiao replied calmly, "When encountering a real ghost, or at the right opportunity, some people won't hold back and might directly kill you. Don't test their humanity or loyalty, for they are not truly human, so never give them a chance, not even a tiny bit."

"Since that's the case, does that mean you two are also not trustworthy?" Yang Jian frowned and asked directly.

Yang Xiao said, "Yes, neither I nor Zhang Xiangguang are trustworthy. I am Yang Xiao, not your real father. I am only doing what I must do; you do not need to trust me."

He spoke very directly, even suggesting Yang Jian shouldn't trust himself.

This is a very harsh way of survival, as the dead are already dead, and those who live must continue on.

"I understand." Yang Jian nodded thoughtfully.

Zhang Xiangguang was leading the way up front. He's very familiar with this area, having been trapped here for so long that he could recall clearly what each end of the divergent paths led to—whether a path was dangerous or safe—almost like having a complete map in his mind.

With such a spirit leading the way, a lot of unnecessary trouble was avoided along the journey.

However, Yang Jian didn't let his guard down, keeping his Ghost Eye open, observing the surroundings, ensuring the situation was safe.

Zhou Ze, silent and carrying a backpack, acted as a tool, not saying a word while he too remained alert, not lowering his guard.

On the road, Yang Jian questioned about other things: "Earlier at the Post Office, I found a dismembered body placed inside a glass jar, and now I've located four limbs but am missing one. Do you have any information?"

"That body in the glass jar? You're not the only one who has attempted to gather it. I also tried before, but unfortunately, the last piece of the puzzle was never found. So, I left those four items in a room at the Post Office, hoping a future messenger might complete it, but now they all seem to have failed, so I

speculated that perhaps the final piece of the puzzle is on the sixth floor of the Post Office or outside of it."

Yang Xiao revealed some past experiences, admitting he was curious too but couldn't complete the task, thus abandoning it.

"In my era, there wasn't such a dismembered body," Zhang Xiangguang said.

During his time, earlier than Yang Xiao, the Post Office hadn't yet encountered that body during deliveries.

Its history seems not long, only around fifteen years or so.

"I'm not in a rush, just curious about the outcome. If I can find it, great; if not, it doesn't matter," Yang Jian said. "It's not that important to me, just inquiring."

"By the way, do you know that Sister Hong on the fifth floor of the Post Office?"

He inquired about Sister Hong's information.

Yang Xiao said, "I don't know her. The only thing I can deduce is that she's a spirit who successfully achieved resurrection. I'm not sure about the method, but it's clear she's eroded a messenger's body. If

you can, take the opportunity to eliminate her, as resurrected spirits from the old era usually bring old people and affairs along, often leading to bad outcomes."

"She's not easy to kill," Yang Jian stated.

He knew Sister Hong was special, but eliminating her seemed notably challenging.

"Bring her into the painting, there she can be killed," Yang Xiao advised.

Yang Jian understood that using the power of these spirits within the painting, they could indeed kill someone like Sister Hong since these spirits retained certain supernatural powers from their lives.

"It seems I must hurry to reclaim the ghost painting." He found another reason for urgency.

However, Yang Jian secretly felt fortunate as he had retained a ghost painting when he left originally, which hadn't been discovered until now and could prove useful.

"This way," Zhang Xiangguang turned from the main road, heading down a side path.

At the end of the path was a sparse forest; the trees were not real, appearing bizarre and twisted, as if drawn. The surrounding environment suddenly became Black Night, but surprisingly, there was a moon overhead providing light, allowing visibility.

Yang Jian realized it was another painted world, not of portraits but hiding a fierce ghost.

"There is a ghost there. The Sun Rui you mentioned should have entered, but later on he never came out," Zhang Xiangguang said.

The group continued moving closer.

They were already standing at the edge of the Old Lin.

In the sparse forest's center, the soil slightly bulged, where they saw a rigid, seemingly dead hand extending from the ground, grasping the sky as if someone had been buried alive and was struggling unwillingly to climb out from underground.

Yang Jian's expression showed a slight change,

He didn't bring any supernatural weapons inside, so he couldn't act too recklessly and had to be a bit cautious.

"What is the pattern of this ghost's killing? How can we avoid being targeted by this malevolent spirit?" Yang Jian asked directly without any courtesy.

These spirits have lived here for years, bored and monotonous, he didn't believe they wouldn't know the pattern of this ghost's killings.

Yang Xiao explained, "Beneath this old forest is buried a malevolent spirit, which will drag living people alive into the soil and bury them. See those twisted trees? They are the transformed spirits here because we cannot die, so fighting against the supernatural created these twisted trees. They have no way to escape, and no way to die."

Each tree represents a failed spirit.

Yang Jian's eyelid twitched, at a glance at least a dozen spirits had been captured by the malevolent spirit.

"The pattern of killing is simple, pay attention to the direction of that Ghost Hand's palm, do not face it directly, as once you face it directly, you will be targeted."

Yang Xiao said confidently, having long understood the pattern of this ghost's killings.

Yang Jian asked, "Is that all?"

"More than that, the hand protruding from the soil can sense people around, and keeps changing position ceaselessly, requires constant attention, if one carelessly thinks there's nothing to worry about, then you're not far from death."

Zhang Xiangguang said, he clearly also understood the pattern of killings of the malevolent spirit here.

With two seasoned experts leading the way, it indeed alleviates quite a bit of pressure.

"Since we know now, let's go in and take a look." Yang Jian, being bold, directly stepped into the area with the malevolent spirit.

The ground was soft and cold, with each step feeling like it would sink.

He looked at those twisted strange trees, indeed, on those odd trees he saw a distorted and blurry human face, all composed of the tree bark's textures, appearing extremely eerie.

Indeed.

Just as the two had said before.

Once a living person steps in, the malevolent spirit buried in the ground senses it.

That stiff dead hand protruding from the earth suddenly started creaking and moving, making slight sounds.

The terrifying hand was slightly twisting, as if the malevolent spirit had revived, ready to crawl up from the ground at any moment.

However, the ghost did not appear.

The hand twisted while also changing its position, but the position facing the palm remained without a living person, Yang Jian used his ghost eye to watch, adjusting his position in time, avoiding being targeted by the ghost.

"Seems like a simple killing pattern, if I didn't know, surely I'd be attacked by this ghost, then it would be another troublesome affair."

Yang Jian watched the ghost's movements with his ghost eye while investigating the oil painting.

Soon.

Results were achieved.

Sun Rui indeed did not die here, because no traces were left behind, if Sun Rui had really died, surely some clue would remain behind.

"He's not here, surely passed through this forest, heading deeper." Yang Jian said.

"There's a path ahead, continue forward, there are forks in the road, but need to search slowly." Zhang Xiangguang pointed ahead.

This clearly wasn't the end of the fork, as there was another path here.

Soon.

Yang Jian followed that path out of here, avoiding further entanglement with the malevolent spirit.

Once he stepped outside.

He saw clues.

On the twisted path were several shoe prints stained with mud, one deep and one shallow, disappearing not far ahead, proving someone passed through this old forest not long ago and successfully got out.

"The deep and shallow shoe prints indicate that the owner has a problem with their leg, limping, it should be the Sun Rui you're looking for." Yang Xiao said, frowning and looking forward.

Because there were ghosts ahead.

The malevolent spirit's oil painting connects to other malevolent spirit paintings, and some depths are places even they haven't ventured, fearing once past they won't come back, trapped within a painting.

But Yang Jian continued forward, he thought Sun Rui wouldn't go too far.

Because Sun Rui's ability and condition weren't enough to support him going far, he'll stop somewhere or perhaps die somewhere.

"Keep moving forward."

Yang Jian remained expressionless, neither hesitating nor fearing.

Chapter 1046 - Another Yang Jian

Leaving behind the haunted Old Lin, Yang Jian continued forward.

According to his deduction, Sun Rui couldn't have gone far because his ability and physical condition wouldn't allow it.

So Yang Jian wasn't worried about getting lost in here.

Continuing along the winding and twisting path, they soon encountered a forked path, splitting left and right, with no indication of which pathing each led to.

"There's a fork here, and there are no marks on the ground. We can't tell which way Sun Rui went," Zhang Xiangguang said. "We either split up to search or randomly choose one path."

Yang Jian remained silent, using his ghostly vision to observe both sides of the forks, soon presenting the scene at the end of each path.

The left side's scene was peculiar; multiple large barrels laid on the ground, each filled with different colored dyes—black, red, green...—giving off a sinister vibe though no traces of ghostly presence were seen. It was unclear if the painting represented items or ghosts.

On the right, the view appeared more normal, a small garden with blooming flowers that didn't quite seem real, more like they were painted. He vaguely saw someone standing in the middle of the garden, the figure somewhat unclear, yet suggesting a feminine shape.

"There's no need to split up; this place is no longer the domain of lost souls, but that of vengeful spirits. Splitting up here is dangerous, and none of you are exceptions," Yang Jian stated.

Facing a supernatural event, splitting up was foolishness he wouldn't entertain.

Yang Xiao remained silent, seemingly observing Yang Jian's leadership, merely nodding in agreement.

"Let's go left," Yang Jian said, stepping forward first.

No one opposed this decision, and everyone immediately set off to the left.

"The path has a fifty percent chance of being wrong."

On the way, Zhang Xiangguang suddenly spoke to Yang Xiao: "If chosen wrong, risks must be borne. Is the one you're waiting for slightly reckless? Can he lead the Ghost Post Office down a completely different path with those paintings?"

Yang Xiao glanced: "Is right or wrong that important? That's the idle thought of mediocrity. No one goes a life without making mistakes, nor knows the outcome from the start. Decision-making skill is what matters most. If any path might be wrong, why let others choose? Why not choose oneself?"

"He is a leader, not a follower."

Zhang Xiangguang said: "It seems you have high hopes for him."

Yang Xiao replied: "I just want to prove something, to await a result, that's all. What I could do, I've already done. His entrance into the Ghost Post Office indicates the outside me is already dead; I've lost meaning. Now it's up to him."

Their gazes rested again on Yang Jian ahead.

Continuing forward, they quickly reached the end of the fork, matching the previous ghost-eye observation; there was an open, spacious area. Large water barrels sat on the ground, not filled with water but various bizarre dyes.

The dyes' colors and strangeness were unusual.

The red dye was thick like blood; the black dye exuded a corpse stench, its contents unknown; the green dye gave off a strong moldy smell. Other barrels contained odd dyes, colors unattainable in the real world.

Yang Jian approached a barrel and glanced inside. His ghost-eye couldn't penetrate the dyes to see the scene within.

"This seems to be the source area of dyes for the paintings," Yang Xiao observed briefly and immediately concluded.

The conclusion brought surprise.

However, upon closer inspection, the possibility seemed genuine.

The dye colors here truly matched those on the paintings, especially the red thick as blood, outstandingly vivid—a color no living being could formulate, only some supernatural force could achieve such vivid crimson.

"I've never been here before," Zhang Xiangguang said. "This forked path shouldn't have existed previously; it emerged recently, missing an exit to the outside world, which is peculiar."

Judging by normal circumstances, an eerie place corresponds to a painting.

A painting implies an exit.

But here, there's no exit, merely these odd dye barrels.

"If there's no exit, it indicates these dye barrels aren't painted entities but real items within the painting," Yang Xiao said.

"Why has nobody discovered them in all these years, yet suddenly they appear here?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

Yang Xiao said: "Who knows, maybe it was prearranged long ago, or someone intentionally laid it out. This question can be set aside for now. If these are indeed ghostly painting dyes, combined with some supernatural puzzle, perhaps one could master painting creation."

"Yang Jian, can you paint?"

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze from the dye barrel: "I know a bit."

He had many people's memories in his mind, which included those of more than a dozen painting professors from art colleges. Mastering painting techniques wasn't difficult.

"A mere supernatural painting isn't enough to confine vengeful spirits here nor sustain so many lost souls. Completing a standalone painting isn't within anyone's ability, unless they touch the source of painting," said Zhang Xiangguang.

"This is a clue that should be firmly grasped," Yang Xiao said.

Mastering painting creation, what this signifies is self-evident.

Yang Jian didn't dwell on this topic further; he lacked Yang Xiao's ambition to grasp the painting creation. His present task was locating Sun Rui.

He circled a few dye barrels and eventually halted before the most unsettling red dye barrel.

The red dye had become indistinguishable between blood and dye. When Yang Jian approached, the barrel immediately reflected his image, yet as he slightly shifted, the reflection inside remained unchanged, as if his image was permanently trapped inside.

Instantly, Yang Jian's expression changed, yelling: "Everyone step back, away from the barrels."

Immediately, Zhou Ze retreated in fright, not daring to get closer, halting Zhang Xiangguang and Yang Xiao too.

"What's going on?" Yang Xiao asked with calm demeanor.

However, the next moment.

The red dye barrel rippled, then slowly a figure emerged from within the barrel.

The thick, blood-like dye audibly splashed, as an eerie head floated to the surface, gradually protruding from the barrel.

The person covered in blood emerging from the barrel resembled Yang Jian exactly, only their entire body was red, dyed in blood, extremely bizarre.

"Is that... you?" The others were stunned at the sight.

But what followed was even more terrifying.

The ghost emerging from the barrel not only mirrored Yang Jian physically but had a sinister crack on its forehead, a crimson eye swirling as it eerily observed its surroundings.

A ghost eye?

No.

And—more than that—suddenly the dye barrel foamed further, red dye began leaking and quickly stained the surroundings, yet it didn't continue spreading. Instead, in a heap, it appeared to stand up.

No, not appearing so—it genuinely stood up, forming a tall red shadow appearing behind the ghost.

"What a joke," Yang Jian instinctively stepped back several paces.

The ghost was imitating him?

Not only could it mimic the ghost eye, but also the ghost shadow? No, not just the ghost eye and shadow—the ghost's distinct hand was exceptionally vivid despite the color discrepancy, implying it was the Ghost Hand.

The real ghost had turned into Yang Jian himself.

The next moment.

The ghost in the dye barrel nimbly flipped and leaped out, scrutinizing Yang Jian and examining Zhou Ze, Yang Xiao, Zhang Xiangguang, yet it remained crimson, like blood gathered form, filled with an inexplicable wickedness.

Chapter 1047 - Corpses on the Road

In the red dye vat, simply because Yang Jian took a closer look, leaving a reflection, a ghost identical to Yang Jian stepped out of the vat at this moment.

The ghost's appearance was exactly the same as Yang Jian's, whether it was height, features, or the traits of controlling a fierce ghost, the only difference was the skin color.

The ghost's color was consistent with the dye in the vat, a sticky red, like a skinned corpse drenched in blood.

But what Yang Jian cared about was not this, but that this ghost could actually replicate his ghost eye, Ghost Shadow, and even Ghost Hand.

Imitation? Duplication?

Or is it a supernatural reflection of Yang Jian himself?

It's still unclear now.

"Don't get close to the dye vat anymore; once you leave your reflection beside the vat, a ghost identical to you will emerge, and this ghost seems to be able to replicate even the other ghosts you control..."

Yang Jian perceived the information and reminded again.

The blood-stained ghost looked at Yang Jian, with a bizarre look in its eyes, not the kind of gaze from normal people, but a sort of inexplicable ferocity.

"Even if it is a ghost, it can't disguise itself as an exact living person; there must be differences."

Yang Xiao calmly said: "So the ghost's appearance is not the key; the key is to what extent this ghost can mimic the fierce ghosts you control. If the ghost surpasses you, then the situation will be dangerous. Neither I nor Zhang Xiangguang can contend with such a supernatural force; if this is truly the dye from the ghost painting, we risk being erased."

"Because the reason we exist is that these paintings were created with this dye; a painting made with the same dye has the possibility of being repainted, in other words, these dyes are the nemesis of us wandering souls."

Zhang Xiangguang, upon seeing this, said nothing and stepped forward, his finger touching a drop of scarlet dye on the ground.

The next moment, an unbelievable scene occurred.

His finger melted, and the drop of scarlet dye fell back to the ground like fresh blood, while half of his finger had disappeared, with no chance of restoration.

"Yang Xiao, your guess is correct. These dyes are the nemesis of our souls; we've found a means to eradicate wandering souls. It seems some people can find release in the future." Zhang Xiangguang said with gleaming eyes.

"Let's worry about the current situation first. If Yang Jian can't deal with this ghost, everyone will die, and even the entire oil painting world will go out of control."

Yang Xiao said: "Take a good look at how many supernatural features that ghost has. If we were alive, we wouldn't have to worry, but now, if such a ghost survives, plus it's naturally a curse to us, all wandering souls will be eliminated, with nowhere to escape."

"So, there's only one way now."

Yang Jian took over and said: "That is to confront that ghost here and eliminate it."

"Can you do it?" Yang Xiao asked, somewhat skeptical.

Because he didn't know to what extent Yang Jian could control the supernatural powers of the fierce ghosts he commanded.

"Of course."

Yang Jian was very confident; he signaled: "Zhou Ze, back off, guard the two of them, don't let them get erased, I'll handle this thing."

"Alright."

Zhou Ze retreated with trepidation, choosing to stand with Yang Xiao and Zhang Xiangguang.

Both as protection and self-preservation.

However, as soon as he moved, the blood-red ghost suddenly locked eyes on him, the ghost eye turning, and everything nearby swiftly turned red.

"Ghost Domain?" Almost everyone had this thought in their minds.

"We can't touch the Ghost Domain, otherwise we'll be erased in an instant," Zhang Xiangguang immediately said, his expression somewhat urgent, but he didn't retreat.

There is no retreat here, and even if escaping, it would be impossible to outrun the spreading speed of the Ghost Domain.

"Can even utilize the Ghost Domain from the ghost's eye? But I'd like to see how far this ghost can take the Ghost Domain from the ghost eye." Yang Jian's ghost eye also opened at this moment.

The next moment.

Red light flared around him, quickly spreading outward in all directions.

The two rays of red light touched each other; from a mere eye observation, there appeared to be no difference; the two Ghost Domains seemed identical, but each belonged to a different owner, one ghost domain belonging to the fierce ghost from the dye vat, and the other to Yang Jian.

At this moment, Yang Jian's gaze grew slightly cold, and he unhesitatingly opened the Ghost Domain to the fourth layer.

However, he felt his Ghost Domain being eroded and suppressed, and it was happening quickly, seemingly leaving little room for resistance.

"Can this fierce ghost's ghost eye actually reach such a degree? This is not a simple imitation; in this world, its ghost eye seems to be real, just like these wandering souls, although unable to leave the oil painting, they are a living person in this world."

Yang Jian's expression was serious; it seemed he had underestimated a bit.

But it was not enough to make him afraid.

If a four-layered Ghost Domain isn't enough, then the fifth layer it is.

The fifth layer of Ghost Domain is sufficient to send some not-so-terrifying supernatural phenomena into the Supernatural Space, and this layer of Ghost Domain is quite powerful, comparable to the Supernatural Space existing within the Ghost Post Office.

The suppression speed slowed down.

The release of the fifth layer Ghost Domain had an obvious effect; Yang Jian's Ghost Domain could no longer be suppressed, reaching a state of equilibrium.

"It's blocked?" Zhou Ze exhaled a sigh of relief upon seeing this, his palms sweaty with tension.

"Only to the extent of the fifth-layer Ghost Domain? If that is so, it is still manageable, not too difficult." Yang Jian thought to himself.

But this thought had barely emerged.

Suddenly.

The bloodied ghost opened another blood-red ghost eye, at which point the ghost's Ghost Domain abruptly reached the sixth layer.

This layer of Ghost Domain was sufficient to pause all supernatural activities within, including living people.

Yet Yang Jian seemed prepared at this moment, opening another ghost eye simultaneously.

Six-layer Ghost Domain against six-layer Ghost Domain.

Neither supernatural force could affect the other.

However, Yang Jian's face grew grim: "It can even open the six-layer Ghost Domain? Luckily, I was prepared; otherwise, it would have been easy to suffer. This ghost is more terrifying than imagined; if one's own exploration of supernatural powers isn't deep enough, the authentic version might not even beat this imitation."

"Since that's the case with the ghost eye, what about the other ghosts?"

At this moment.

Yang Jian stopped observing and took the initiative to attack, striding toward the fierce ghost with a menacing momentum. He brandished a hatchet in his hand, which he had seized from a wandering soul earlier, an otherworldly item that could only exist in the world of the oil painting.

Yet, at this moment, he noticed a detail: that fierce ghost didn't have a hatchet.

Even though the ghost could replicate the supernatural powers of fierce ghosts, it couldn't create an exact supernatural item?

Is it subjected to a restriction, or does this hatchet not follow the replication law, making it impossible to appear?

But this has become Yang Jian's advantage for now.

The Ghost Domains clashed without yielding.

The next moment, the Ghost Shadows collided.

The red Ghost Shadow and the black Ghost Shadow contended against each other, and they seemed evenly matched.

This is quite incredible.

One must know that Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow was already in a halted state, able to exert the maximum capability of Ghost Shadow, yet in the process of confronting the red Ghost Shadow, it only gained a slight upper hand in the mutual depletion.

This advantage was not obvious.

It could not be converted into a victory.

"That's enough; even if the supernatural powers are equal, I still have the advantage." Yang Jian was approaching, his ghost eye and Ghost Shadow contending against the fierce ghost, unable to halt his advance.

The bloodied fierce ghost stood there motionless, its eyes still oddly fixating on him.

Very soon.

Yang Jian rushed over, and he raised the axe, swinging it down on the blood-soaked ghost.

"Wait a moment, that thing is also drawn. It might be useless..." Suddenly, Yang Xiao realized something and quickly warned.

But it was too late to speak; the action had already begun.

The axe fell, enough to split the ghost in two, but as soon as it touched the blood-soaked ghost, the axe melted instantly, even more fragile than paper, unable to inflict any damage.

The ghost seemed to have known this outcome all along.

A ghost hand, condensed from blood, immediately gripped Yang Jian's neck.

The strength was astonishing, and at the same time, the ghost hand's supernatural power emerged. Crimson hands appeared on Yang Jian's body, tightly gripping him, threatening to tear him limb from limb.

"The things in the oil painting can't deal with this ghost?" Yang Jian looked at the dissolving, broken axe in his hand.

The next moment.

His body was torn apart, blood streaming, bones twisting, and struggling only for a few seconds before falling silent.

"No way? Lost?" Zhang Xiangguang's calm face showed some shock.

Zhou Ze also trembled all over, suddenly feeling suffocated, because if Yang Jian died here, then he would accompany him, and there was absolutely no way he could leave alive by himself.

The broken corpse slowly fell from the ghost's hand.

The blood-soaked ghost turned its eyes to Zhou Ze, ignoring the two lost souls beside him.

"We should have acted earlier; now it's too late." Zhang Xiangguang said in a deep voice.

Yang Xiao said: "It's useless; our supernatural power comes from this dye vat, the axe will be erased instantly, and we will too, but it's not over yet, just keep watching."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

However, before the words were finished.

Several spectral eyes suddenly opened on Yang Jian's broken, twisted corpse. The next moment, a red light covered him, and in less than a second, Yang Jian appeared again, intact, without a scratch.

This was the seven-layer Ghost Domain rebooting itself.

Yang Jian, awakened by the reboot, acted instantly, his dark and cold ghost hand grabbing the blood-soaked ghost's head.

The ghost struggled violently, and the red ghost hand also resisted Yang Jian.

Very soon.

The ghost broke free.

Yang Jian immediately retreated, creating distance, and calmly said: "Though a bit troublesome, we still won."

Blood dripped from his hand, tightly gripping an eyeball.

And the ghost's forehead was missing a chunk of flesh.

An opportunity was seized by Yang Jian, and a spectral eye was forcibly dug out, separated from its body.

This was the spectral eye's weakness.

Missing an eye meant that the spectral power of the eye was weakened; if the ghost could previously activate the six-layer Ghost Domain, now it's at most a five-layer.

The balance shifted.

At this moment, Yang Jian had the advantage.

Although the ghost could use the power of the spectral eye to the extent of the six-layer Ghost Domain, it was just shy of rebooting, but this small step short meant failure in the confrontation.

"What happened earlier? How did you recover in an instant?" Zhou Ze looked as though he had seen a ghost, he had never seen this while acting as a messenger.

"Rebooting oneself, it's a supernatural power only fierce ghosts possess."

Zhang Xiangguang's expression turned heavy again: "He still has this trick; it's unexpected. Are today's young successors already so excellent? Surpassing my generation."

Yang Xiao's eyes flashed, and he also felt a trace of surprise.

It seemed that at this moment, Yang Jian had given him too many surprises, exceeding expectations.

Once the balance between humans and ghosts was broken, Yang Jian used the six-layer Ghost Domain again.

At this moment, the ghost could not resist.

Missing an eye, the ghost was suppressed by the six-layer Ghost Domain, instantaneously immobilized, unable to move.

The next moment.

The ghost was missing two more spectral eyes.

Followed by being unable to resist under Yang Jian's five-layer Ghost Domain, although not sent away, the ghost's body began to melt, quickly turning into a pool of scarlet dye flowing on the ground.

The red dye did not dissipate but slowly wriggled again, flowing back into the dye vat in an eerie manner.

Only the dye in the vat was slightly reduced, not as much as before; some dye was consumed, but it was unclear where it went.

Yang Jian stared expressionlessly at the dye vat, although he won, the process was slightly thrilling.

Luckily, he reacted in time; if he had been curious to check out more dye vats, who knows, a group of fierce ghosts might have emerged instead of just one.

At that time, even with reboot capability, he would undoubtedly lose.

"It seems there was no danger, you did well, the ghost was eliminated, and as long as no one else approaches these dye vats, the ghost shouldn't emerge again." Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Jian said: "The ghost within the dye vat basically possesses around six layers of strength like a ghost rider, which is very frightening because most ghost riders can't fully wield six layers of power, so most people facing the ghost within the dye vat will be eliminated."

His Ghost Shadow malfunctioning was barely enough to gain some advantage, but that was also because Ghost Shadow needed to suppress Ghost Hand and spectral eye, and only when the spectral eye reached the seventh layer and rebooting himself did he win back.

But outside, how many ghost riders can fully exploit a fierce ghost's power to such a great extent?

So the ghost within the dye vat possessing six layers of strength is enough to make many feel hopeless.

"These dye vats must be avoided; without a reasonable plan, this thing will cause a disaster, both to the outside world and here alike." Yang Jian said.

"Indeed so." Zhang Xiangguang nodded.

Yang Jian returned his gaze after some time and said: "If Sun Rui has been here, his chances of survival are very slim; he is not the ghost within the dye vat's opponent, he likely was killed by the ghost."

"No, he should still be alive, as no ghost identical to Sun Rui has emerged here." Yang Xiao replied: "So he likely eliminated the ghost that came out of the dye vat."

"If I were him, having eliminated such a ghost would leave me in poor condition, at which point there are only two choices: wait here to die, or struggle onward, and since Sun Rui's corpse is not here, he chose the latter."

Yang Xiao said: "Sun Rui should be ahead, and very close; in such a state, he couldn't have gone far."

"Why wouldn't Sun Rui retreat from here? Or appear on another path?" Zhou Ze asked.

"Having reached this point, there's no way back, no possibility of retreat, and while showing up on another path is possible, I feel he's been here." Yang Xiao explained.

Zhang Xiangguang nodded slightly: "I agree, this path didn't exist before, showing it's not meant for lost souls, but rather for living intruders. I believe something is controlling it all; if this is true, Sun Rui will only appear on this path with no other possibility."

"No need to speculate, keep moving forward; go a bit further and we'll know the outcome." Yang Jian took a deep breath, gathered his energy, and chose to continue.

The group bypassed one dye vat after another, not daring to get close again, and found another small path, leaving here to continue ahead.

However, shortly after leaving.

On the small path not far off, Yang Jian's spectral eyes looked ahead and saw a man lying on the ground, motionless, lifeless, as if having died long ago.

"It's Sun Rui."

Yang Jian paused, finally finding the missing Sun Rui in the depths of this Supernatural Space.

Chapter 1048 - The Awakened Consciousness

After delving into this eerie world of oil paintings for so long, there is finally some progress.

Yang Jian's ghostly eye spotted Sun Rui. At this moment, he was lying motionless on a nearby path in a position that seemed to have been maintained for a long time. Whether he was alive or dead was uncertain, but from a rough observation, it appeared he had managed to escape the ghostly attack from the dye vat earlier. However, reaching this point had already pushed him to his limit.

But the only reason that could cause a ghostly handler to lose their ability to move and remain immobilized on the ground is just one.

A ghostly revival!

If it weren't for the ghostly revival, Sun Rui would be able to stand and move, no matter how poor his physical condition was.

Therefore, after getting close enough, Yang Jian stopped.

"Is he dead?" Zhou Ze asked, somewhat uncertain.

Yang Jian frowned, "Most likely already dead. Although he only went missing a few days ago, he must have already fought against a ghost before, and his condition is no longer sufficient to sustain his survival. However, the real situation requires a closer examination to confirm."

"Let me go and take a look." At this moment, Yang Xiao spoke up.

Yang Jian gave him a glance.

Yang Xiao added, "If he's still alive, I can sense it."

"Alright." Yang Jian nodded, not refusing.

Yang Xiao walked over. He approached with the normal pace of walking, unlike Yang Jian, who was full of caution, his face calm and unperturbed.

Soon, he approached Sun Rui.

But as he got closer, Yang Xiao suddenly felt something amiss. It seemed as though he was affected by something, as he couldn't help but cough twice, his face turning pale as if he were a sick person. The closer he got, the more frequent and severe the coughing became.

"It's the supernatural power interfering with me," Yang Xiao said. "But it's not a big deal, I'm a lost soul, already neither human nor ghost, and I can't die. If a living person were to approach, they would have already caught the disease and died."

"Sun Rui, code-named Sick Ghost, can even infect ghosts. Now that he's dead, a ghostly revival and supernatural power are interfering around. As expected, approaching impulsively was wrong." Yang Jian analyzed the situation, standing not far away.

"Right now, he's like a source of infection. Luckily, he collapsed here. If he had fallen outside, it would have been another significant supernatural event."

As he spoke, Yang Xiao had already reached Sun Rui's side.

His face looked particularly awful, and his coughing intensified, his body feeling exceptionally weak, his limbs lost their strength, as if he would collapse from illness at any moment. His skin also started to show some spots resembling corpse spots or liver spots, as if infected with some contagious disease.

Yet, despite this, Yang Xiao remained unfazed. He didn't possess a living human body; although affected, he was able to endure.

Yang Xiao crouched down and turned over Sun Rui's body, his eyes slightly widened.

At this moment, Sun Rui's face was gaunt, his eye sockets hollow, his mouth agape, emitting a stench not caused by a rotting corpse but an unhealthy odor akin to that of a sick person. Most disturbingly, large patches of disease spots appeared on his skin.

"Too late?"

Yang Jian also saw Sun Rui's current state and understood that Sun Rui had been too deeply eroded by supernatural power, and now with the ghostly revival, he was most likely already dead.

However, just as this thought occurred to him, an eerie scene unfolded.

The air around Sun Rui's body seemed to twist and shimmer, and then a ghostly figure appeared out of thin air before their eyes.

The figure was blurred, but still recognizable as Sun Rui.

"What's happening? Isn't he already dead? How could another person appear? Is it human or ghost?" Zhou Ze was stunned.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Don't be surprised; this is the ability of Yang Xiao's Nightmare. This young man called Sun Rui isn't dead yet; he still retains some consciousness. Now Yang Xiao has pulled him into a nightmare. What we're seeing is merely Sun Rui's projection within the Nightmare World. Through this method, Yang Xiao can ignore reality, communicate with people in dreams, and even interfere with reality through dreams."

Zhou Ze couldn't help but remark, "This is just like the legends of the deceased delivering messages to their loved ones in dreams."

"Almost," Zhang Xiangguang replied.

Yang Jian couldn't help but think to himself, "Is this Ghost Dream's ability? Drawing the living into dreams, and in the world of oil paintings, he possesses such supernatural power as well."

He understood Ghost Dream.

It's a terrifying supernatural event where even the most powerful ghost handlers become exceptionally weak in the Ghost Dream world.

"Am I...alive?" Sun Rui's remaining consciousness regained clarity.

"No, you're not dead yet; you're currently in a dream."

Yang Xiao said, "But you're also close to dying. Your remaining consciousness is being devoured by supernatural power. You can be considered a wounded person waiting to die. Now your consciousness has fallen into a coma. I could only bring you into the dream so you could escape the supernatural influence for a brief respite."

Sun Rui's adaptability was strong; he immediately realized his condition.

He felt an indescribable relief and no longer perceived his body as weak. His leg... Okay, he only had one leg left, the other was gone. Besides that, everything else seemed normal, which clearly couldn't be the case in reality.

If all this appeared only in a dream, then everything made sense.

"How long can this consciousness last?" Yang Jian walked over and asked.

Being an anomaly himself, he didn't need to worry too much about getting infected.

"Hard to say, maybe ten minutes, maybe half an hour, maybe half a day. It depends on how fast his consciousness is being eroded by the supernatural force," Yang Xiao replied.

Yang Jian glanced at Sun Rui's body again. It was no longer a body but a corpse, already starting to emit a stench.

"As long as he's alive, I can figure something out,"

Upon finishing, the tall, dark Ghost Shadow behind him slowly stood up and began walking towards Sun Rui's body.

"Yang Jian, you also ended up here?" As Yang Jian approached, Sun Rui seemed to see him and was somewhat surprised.

Yang Xiao said, "Connecting reality and the Nightmare World, you can communicate."

"Can this be done without a medium?" Yang Jian glanced at him.

The supernatural power of Ghost Dream requires a medium to connect to reality.

"It's just conversation; it doesn't interfere with reality, so it doesn't need a medium." Yang Xiao looked at him, somewhat surprised, as if he hadn't expected Yang Jian to know even the medium of the Nightmare World.

Yang Jian didn't ask further; he directly conversed with Sun Rui, "The post office matter is almost resolved. I noticed your disappearance, so I did some investigation. I didn't expect you'd enter the world of oil paintings."

"I'm not in a good state, even if I left the Ghost Post Office and returned to Dahan City, I wouldn't last long. Once the ghostly revival occurs, it would cause another supernatural event, so this place is suitable for me. I wanted to try my luck here and also find a final resting place, but I didn't expect that after collapsing, there would still be a possibility of regaining consciousness,"

Sun Rui remarked with some sentiment, instinctively reaching out and realizing that his cane was no longer there. He had previously sent it out of the post office, conveying some information outside.

"Now that I hear the matter with the post office is almost resolved, I can be at ease. I've already arranged everything afterward, so there's no need for Captain Yang to worry too much about whether I live or die. After all, for those who control ghosts, death is inevitable one day, and I've lived quite long already."

He's not afraid; he was prepared to die long ago, so now he's very calm.

"For people like us, death can indeed be a form of relief sometimes, but living is what's hard. The problem with the post office stems from the lack of a competent manager. I need to arrange for a manager to go to the sixth floor of the post office to change the letter delivery tasks and end the fate of the messengers, which is why I found you."

Yang Jian plainly stated his purpose.

"Post office manager? I'm just barely conscious now and won't live much longer, I'm afraid I can't help you with this." Sun Rui shook his head.

Yang Jian ignored him and continued, "Becoming the manager of the post office will result in a curse, preventing you from ever leaving the post office. However, correspondingly, the manager will also never face the risk of a ghost revival. You can use this opportunity to survive, but the price is being trapped here forever, unless you die."

"This is not an easy thing to decide, it's up to your choice—whether to endure the curse and live here forever or be relieved now. I hope you can give me an answer."

He didn't think becoming the post office manager was a good thing.

While you can live a little longer, it's ultimately a long-term curse and torment, because agreeing means you could be stuck here for ten, twenty, or even more years.

Sun Rui was taken aback; he didn't immediately agree but hesitated slightly.

He understood the implications.

But then he still agreed: "Thank you, Captain Yang, for giving me a choice, but for people like us, we really never had a choice. Everyone has their own things they need to do. Since you've come to me, then let me stay in this ghostly place for a lifetime, don't trouble anyone else."

"After all, people outside already think I'm dead, I'm an unnecessary person."

"This promise can't be reneged upon, otherwise the Ghost Post Office will have problems again," Yang Jian said gravely, making a final reminder.

Sun Rui said, "I understand, the post office manager definitely cannot be easily replaced. Now the post office is out of control, clearly there's a problem with the manager. If I become the next manager, I must not have problems before the supernatural events are resolved. If the events are never resolved, I might be stuck here for a lifetime."

"I understand the consequences and the cost, which is precisely why I agreed with you."

He explained to Yang Jian, expressing his resolve.

"Since that's the case, it's settled then." Yang Jian no longer persuaded him, finalizing the decision.

The next moment.

The Ghost Shadow invaded Sun Rui's corpse.

With its entry, Sun Rui's corpse immediately harbored three ghosts.

A new balance was forming.

The Ghost Shadow was suppressing the ghost revival, striving for Sun Rui's temporary survival.

Quickly.

In the dream, Sun Rui immediately felt it; his body became less blurred and gradually cleared up, and the consciousness on the verge of disappearing was forcibly pulled back.

"He's come back to life," Yang Xiao said, "but it's temporary. Once your shadow leaves his body, he'll immediately die."

"I understand this state won't last long," Yang Jian said.

Under the Ghost Shadow's invasion, Sun Rui couldn't even wake up and could only continue to sleep.

However, Sun Rui's corpse stood up at this moment. Although his eyes were closed and he looked dead, he could walk like a normal person.

The Ghost Shadow was controlling Sun Rui's corpse.

"I should leave here; there's still something I need to handle in the post office," Yang Jian said.

Yang Xiao didn't stop him but only said, "Bring back that ghost painting, everything here will change. I hope you don't forget about this; there's no doing your best, it's a must-do task. I can feel everything outside has gotten really bad."

He stared at Yang Jian's face, which resembled his own by seven to eight parts.

Because he understood, knowing the information about the Ghost Dream so thoroughly meant something went very wrong during his life, leaving him to rely on others.

Given Yang Xiao's character, he wouldn't consider Yang Jian a good successor, nor would he want his future kin to step into this field. The fact that Yang Jian appeared could only indicate that a more important reason convinced him.

What could that reason be? He didn't know yet.

But regardless, he needed to appear and know more, so he couldn't be trapped in the painting; he needed to play some role.

"Don't worry, I'll do it," Yang Jian nodded.

"Yang Xiao, you should have faith in the younger generation, we're obsolete, just souls now, mere witnesses unable to be participants," Zhang Xiangguang said as he walked over; "Don't put too much pressure on the younger ones."

Yang Xiao didn't respond, only asked once more, "How's your mom?"

Yang Jian replied, "She's fine, now retired in our hometown, and she hasn't remarried."

"Is that so?"

Yang Xiao was silent for a moment: "It's been hard on her, and on you too. I'm sorry, I can't do anything in this state."

"You've done enough," Yang Jian said.

"That's good."

Yang Xiao said, "Go ahead, I shouldn't waste your time; there are still many things outside waiting for you. Zhang Xiangguang's right, this era belongs to you guys, I'm just a ghost."

Yang Jian nodded, then left quickly, with Sun Rui's corpse and Zhou Ze following behind.

"If I had such outstanding juniors, I might have long escaped the curse here," Zhang Xiangguang said, shaking his head.

"That's what worries me the most."

Yang Xiao said, "Do you know, the name 'Yang Jian' wasn't something I thought of first, it was that mysterious person surnamed Qin who told me. The younger and more outstanding he becomes, the more I worry."

Zhang Xiangguang was thoughtful.

He knew who Yang Xiao referred to by that person surnamed Qin.

"After all these years, maybe that person has died too," Zhang Xiangguang then laughed and said.

"People may die, but ghosts won't," Yang Xiao said.

Chapter 1049 - Foreign Aid

"They appeared again, Yang Jian and Zhou Ze's figures have reappeared in the painting."

Quickly.

Li Yang, Wang Yong, Zhong Yan, and Brother Long, who were guarding the lobby on the first floor of the post office, immediately saw several familiar figures appear within the blank oil painting in front of them.

"It's Sun Rui."

Li Yang immediately came closer and saw another person in the painting, who turned out to be the disappeared Sun Rui.

It seems the outcome is just as previously suspected, Sun Rui went missing after entering the painting.

But.....

Li Yang thought Sun Rui's condition was very bad, like a moving corpse, even with eyes closed, not resembling a living person at all.

At this moment, Yang Jian walked out from within the painting, emerging from that eerie place and returning to the actual post office.

Zhou Ze and Sun Rui also soon walked out.

"How are things here? Nothing happened, right?"

Yang Jian glanced around and then asked, especially focusing his gaze on the few couriers from the fifth floor.

He was previously worried that these fifth-floor couriers might try something when he left.

Now it seems they've been quite well-behaved.

"Everything's normal, nothing happened, the post office is pretty safe during the day," Li Yang said.

Yang Jian nodded: "The post office issue can be resolved for now, I found a manager, and I plan to have Sun Rui tear up the black letter to complete the delivery task and head to the sixth floor of the post office. Then he will change the post office's delivery rules, so all couriers no longer have to participate in delivery tasks."

As soon as these words came out, the others immediately showed surprised expressions, looking toward the stranger who had appeared.

A body that was critically ill, deathly still, without a trace of living aura.

"So this is your decision, boss?" Wang Yong asked.

Yang Jian said: "That's right, do you have any objections?"

"No, I have no objections. It doesn't matter who becomes the controller of the Ghost Post Office as long as this matter can be ended, but I want to know that after tearing the black letter, one must bear quite the cost, which may claim many lives," Wang Yong said.

"Indeed, tearing a letter always triggers an inexplicable ghost attack, and the curse's severity varies with different letters. It's hard to imagine the danger faced by tearing a black letter," Zhou Ze also said thoughtfully.

Yang Jian said: "Sun Rui once tore a letter; the curse was limited, but considering the black letter's peculiar nature, this time we all have to join forces to combat the danger. Once we get through it, everything will be over."

"Joining forces to survive the supernaturals doesn't have a low probability."

Li Yang said: "And it's normal to bear some risks to break free from the curse completely; you guys aren't naively thinking you can gain something without any sacrifice, right?"

"Well, we've never thought that. I agree with this plan, to join forces to fend off the ghost attack after tearing the letter. As long as we get past it, everything will be fine."

The woman named Zhong Yan directly expressed her support.

"I have no objections either; it's worth taking the final chance," Wang Yong also said.

"You're the boss, you can decide. I promise not to have any objections," Brother Long thought for a moment and saw no problem.

Zhou Ze also nodded in agreement.

Yang Jian said, "Since everyone agrees, then this plan is decided."

"Since it's about tearing letters, anywhere would do, but I wouldn't feel comfortable if it were at the post office. I suggest choosing a more suitable place to face this ghost attack," Wang Yong said.

Li Yang suddenly said, "Captain, how about the safe house? It might prevent ghost invasions and reduce many troubles."

"This isn't suitable for an urban area, and although the safe house can protect us, it might cause other troubles. I don't wish to deal with a ghost event with added worries,"

Yang Jian said: "In my view, it's best to resolve post office issues at the post office."

"Even if it gets out of control here, the problem isn't too big. The only concern is that tearing a black letter at the post office might trigger some uncontrollable special circumstances, which is what concerns me," Yang Jian said.

Tearing a letter at the post office is surely the most dangerous but also the most reliable.

Because if the supernatural occurs here, it won't affect the outside, but tearing a letter outside won't find a suitable location.

"If this matter isn't urgent, we can consider it for a few more days, think up a perfect plan and get thoroughly prepared, thus improving the success rate," Wang Yong said.

Li Yang suddenly thought of something, he came over and whispered: "Captain, black letter matters are very special, if possible, finding some stronger outside help to share the risk would be better, although our strength is not weak, being prepared is wise since this time we must succeed and cannot fail."

"Are you suggesting finding Captain Level people to help?" Yang Jian pondered.

There are quite a few Captain Level figures, Wang Chaling, Wei Jing, Li Jun, Li Leping, Cao Yang, Leuk San.....and that Ye Zhen from Dahai City.

Getting one or two of them would indeed give more assurance against the curse brought by the black letter.

Li Yang said: "Having just the captain alone might lead to errors; with one or two more Captain Level figures, success can be ensured."

Yang Jian pondered.

Li Yang's notion is indeed right, after all, no one knows what consequences tearing the black letter may entail; if a fierce ghost emerges too strong, unable to protect Sun Rui, the entire plan would be in vain.

"Captain Level figures aren't easily invited."

Yang Jian said: "If trying to invite Wei Jing and Li Jun, I'd need headquarters' approval, but getting that approval would mean reporting the post office matter, which involves evaluations, analyses, and a set of procedures that are very troublesome, even if I find Cao Yanhua to shorten the time, whether the Ghost Post Office allows Sun Rui to be controlled is also an issue."

"Moreover, I want the Ghost Post Office's direction to be under my control, not others', so those two aren't suitable, as for Wang Chaling and Li Leping, I don't have a good relationship with them, and they have their agendas, not simple characters."

"So the headquarters' captains are not an option?"

Li Yang said: "Then there's only one choice left, the Dahai City supernatural forum's Ye Zhen."

Ye Zhen?

Yang Jian's expression slightly changed.

He had fought with Ye Zhen, although this guy is quite theatrical, his strength is undeniable. Winning last time was thanks to the Coffin Nail; without it, he wouldn't have been confident of winning against that guy.

"Having Ye Zhen help is indeed suitable; he's not with headquarters, and last time I spared him; he owes me a favor," Yang Jian frowned, still contemplating whether to bring Ye Zhen over.

After all, Ye Zhen is also an uncertain factor.

However, he didn't have much time to prepare.

Sun Rui's condition is currently maintained by the Ghost Shadow, yet even so, he will soon die from the ghost's resurgence, underlining the need to make him a manager to break free from the ghost's resurgence fate.

"Requesting external aid?"

Hearing Yang Jian and Li Yang's discussion, Wang Yong, Zhou Ze, and others couldn't help but tense up.

A figure like Yang Jian is already frightening, and the external aid he seeks would undoubtedly also be on the same level. From their conversation, it seems there are quite a number of such ghost tamers at that level.

Realizing this made them secretly relieved, glad they maintained a low profile and chose Yang Jian's side, otherwise, they would surely not escape if a reckoning came.

Moreover, the more they realized, the more it indicated the consequences once the black letter was torn would be exceedingly severe.

"You leave the post office for a moment to contact Ye Zhen and have him come to Dahan City and enter the Ghost Post Office."

Yang Jian pondered for a long while before making up his mind: "With his abilities, invading the Ghost Post Office isn't difficult, yet once Ye Zhen moves, the entire supernatural circle and headquarters will be aware of the special situation here, so actions must be swift. Have him arrive as quickly as possible; I will tear the letter here and make a conclusion with the post office."

"I understand, Captain, I'll handle it right away." Li Yang nodded.

The post office has signal interference, making normal outside contact impossible, thus requiring one to leave the Ghost Post Office to make a call.

"Go, tell Ye Zhen I am waiting for him here," Yang Jian said.

Li Yang soon set off; he left the Ghost Post Office and disappeared along the winding and eerie path from sight.

Chapter 1050 - Dahai City's Assistance

Li Yang quickly left the Ghost Post Office.

As he retraced his steps, he reappeared within the Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City.

It was morning, with a few residents strolling about in the complex. His sudden appearance did not attract any attention. In an inconspicuous corner, Li Yang immediately pulled out a satellite-positioning phone and dialed to connect with the Lingyi forum in Dahai City.

He didn't have Ye Zhen's phone number.

Not only he didn't have it, but the headquarters didn't have it either. To contact Ye Zhen, he had to go through a group of people under him first.

As Ye Zhen would say, if the boss always had to handle everything, what would they need underlings for?

Quickly.

The call was answered.

A female customer service voice came through.

Li Yang immediately said, "It's Li Yang from Dachang City, the captain asked me to relay a message to Ye Zhen, the matter is very important and urgent. I hope you will take it seriously."

After identifying himself, the other side immediately took it seriously.

Although Li Yang was just a newcomer in the supernatural circle who hadn't joined the headquarters for long, and few knew his name, the force he represented was noteworthy, so the forum's customer service quickly became attentive and anxious, rapidly reporting the matter upward.

After reporting.

The information from the call quickly reached the management of the Lingyi forum, and into the ears of the manager handling Ye Zhen's affairs.

In the office of Mingzhu Building in Dahai City.

Upon receiving the call, the manager's expression immediately became solemn: "Is the information confirmed, is it really a call from Dachang City?"

"Yes, manager, the information location has been confirmed, it's from Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City." A supervisor from the other side hurriedly said.

"Transfer the call over." The manager said in a deep voice.

"Okay."

Very quickly.

Li Yang's call was transferred to the manager's landline, and they began their formal conversation.

"Hello, is this Mr. Li Yang? I am the manager of the Lingyi forum. Our boss is not currently in the company. If you have anything to say, you can say it directly to me, and I will convey the message."

The manager sitting in the office slightly frowned, appearing a bit serious.

Because he confirmed that this was indeed a call from Yang Jian's teammate, Li Yang.

Meaning, this call was actually made by Yang Jian for Ye Zhen.

"Last time, your Lingyi forum's Ye Zhen owed our captain a favor. It's time to repay it. We encountered a supernatural event, and for the sake of safety, we need Ye Zhen's support. If he agrees, let him come to Dahan City as soon as possible. I will send you the specific coordinates and address." Li Yang said.

"What is the specific matter? I need to discuss it with our boss." The manager slowly said, planning to clarify the situation first.

Li Yang said, "I don't want to explain so much to you, just convey the message to Ye Zhen as it is. Whether he agrees or not, just give a definitive answer, and there's nothing more to say."

"If you say nothing like this, then this matter might be difficult to discuss." The manager said.

On the other end of the line, Li Yang coldly snorted, "Remember, your Lingyi forum owes us. If this debt is not repaid, don't expect the headquarters to mediate any future conflicts. That's it. I give you ten minutes; I need a reply within ten minutes."

After speaking, the call was immediately disconnected.

The manager showed a slight change in expression. If someone else dared to speak to the people at the Lingyi forum like this, they would have to visit them by night for a beating.

But not Li Yang.

The impact of the fight between Yang Jian and Ye Zhen in Dahai City hadn't subsided. If conflict arose again, the headquarters would surely side with Yang Jian this time.

After thinking for one or two minutes.

The manager felt that Li Yang's request couldn't be pushed aside, and Li Yang was right, the Lingyi forum indeed owed Yang Jian a favor that wasn't yet settled. Refusing support at this time would completely ruin the forum's credibility.

Immediately.

He picked up the phone, dialed a number, and prepared to inform Ye Zhen.

Meanwhile, on the outskirts of Dahai City.

The environment here was beautiful and very peaceful, a private estate.

And within this estate, there was an ancient-style building.

Rockery, flowing water, a gentle breeze... on a grassy patch in the sunlight, a handsome young man was sitting on a stone, eyes closed, seemingly meditating.

"The highest realm of swordsmanship lies in cutting the flesh, slashing the soul... drawing the sword must be ruthless, the strike must be accurate, but to achieve this, one must have a meditative mind."

"These days I have relinquished my role as the Lingyi forum's admin, quit anime, stopped drinking milk, and only drink clear water, all to take the strongest step."

"Life is a practice, but why does an image of a person always appear in my mind? I thought that person would be my lifelong enemy, Yang Wudi, but it turned out to be a woman I don't know. Although she is rather cute."

"There's no reason, I, Ye, have never been lustful, but always favored fighting. Exactly what went wrong in my steps?"

Ye Zhen was practicing, contemplating, having made a painful decision to walk a lonely path of strength.

If he could take this step, he was confident of reclaiming the title of Invincible.

However, just at that moment.

The phone in the building behind him started ringing. Though not loud, it was discernibly an anime ringtone: How many floors to carry a bag of rice...

"These underlings really never let me, Ye, have peace of mind even for a moment. I really want them to feel some pain, I guess today's practice ends here. Tomorrow, Ye Jiang must put in more effort too."

Ye Zhen silently cheered himself on.

He stood up, and then the sunlight over his head began to fade, everything around became dim.

Today was a cloudy day in Dahai City.

But only where he stood was the sun bright and glorious.

"Can't you underlings give me a break? Is taking a few days off for your boss too much? Do you not want promotions and raises?" After answering the call, Ye Zhen immediately began scolding.

"Boss, it's Yang Jian looking for you." On the other end, the manager's voice immediately came through.

Immediately, Ye Zhen's attitude changed, and so did his tone, suddenly becoming serious: "So it's Yang Wudi looking for me, interesting, very interesting, is it a challenge? Although I haven't taken that crucial step, I still have over sixty percent confidence in winning."

"Boss, Yang Jian is looking for your help, presumably to deal with a supernatural event, and I have also obtained some temporary information, recently Yang Jian has frequently disappeared, seemingly related to some old stories involving a supernatural bus from the Republic of China..." The manager said.

But before he could finish, Ye Zhen laughed: "So he seeks my help, not bad, not bad, it seems he still recognizes the strength of someone like me, Ye. In that case, I will certainly help. Don't worry about any Republic of China old tales or broken buses, just tell me the time and place."

"Would someone like me, Ye, fear ghosts?"

The manager said: "The location is in Dahan City, the city that Sick Ghost Sun Rui is responsible for, I have sent the address coordinates to your phone, Yang Jian is waiting for me to respond, so the demand for time is becoming urgent, I have contacted the private jet, ready to take off, it will arrive above your location within five minutes, please prepare to board."

"Take a plane? If he finds out I took a plane to support, won't that be a joke? Remember how Yang Wudi went to Dadong City to fight?" Ye Zhen said.

"Traveling long distances through Ghost Domain is not cost-effective, that's a great loss," the manager quickly advised: "Our jet flies very quickly, it can definitely reach Dahan City within an hour. Hello, boss, are you still listening? Hello..."

"Haha, finally it's my turn to make an entrance..."

A laugh erupted from the phone, followed by signal interference, and the call was cut off.

Sitting in the office, the manager's mouth twitched, immediately standing up, heading to the window to look towards the direction of Ye Zhen's estate.

Sure enough.

A small crack appeared in the cloud layer in that area, tearing open the clouds, casting a beam of sunlight, disappearing at an unbelievable speed towards the north.

"So willful, learning what's unnecessary, insisting on learning to travel via Ghost Domain, it's just wasteful. Yang Jian goes crazy, and he follows suit," the manager complained frantically.

For once a habit is formed, it's hard to kick, and it takes a great toll in the future.

Even if Ye Zhen wouldn't experience ghost recovery, it's best not to use supernatural power unless necessary.

Holding back his words, the manager returned to his desk, picked up the phone, and contacted Li Yang: "Our boss has departed, he will arrive in Dahan City in the shortest time possible."

"Very well, that's it then." Li Yang confirmed and hung up the phone again.

At this moment, in the Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City, Li Yang ignited the black letter again.

His task was completed, now he needed to return to the Post Office.

As soon as Ye Zhen arrived, the Post Office affairs would need to be addressed, he had to be involved and couldn't back down.